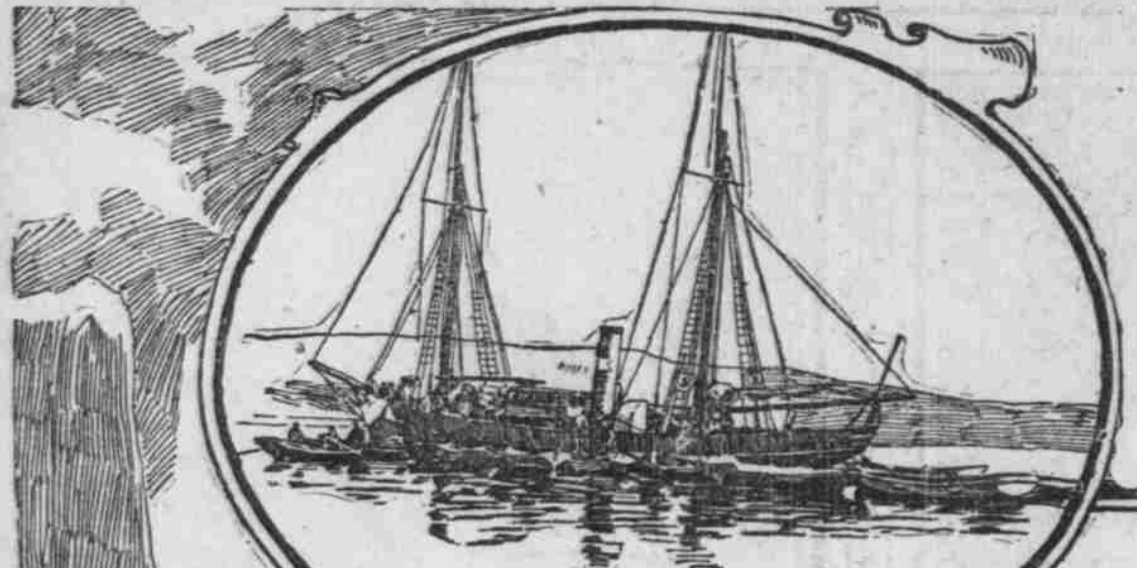
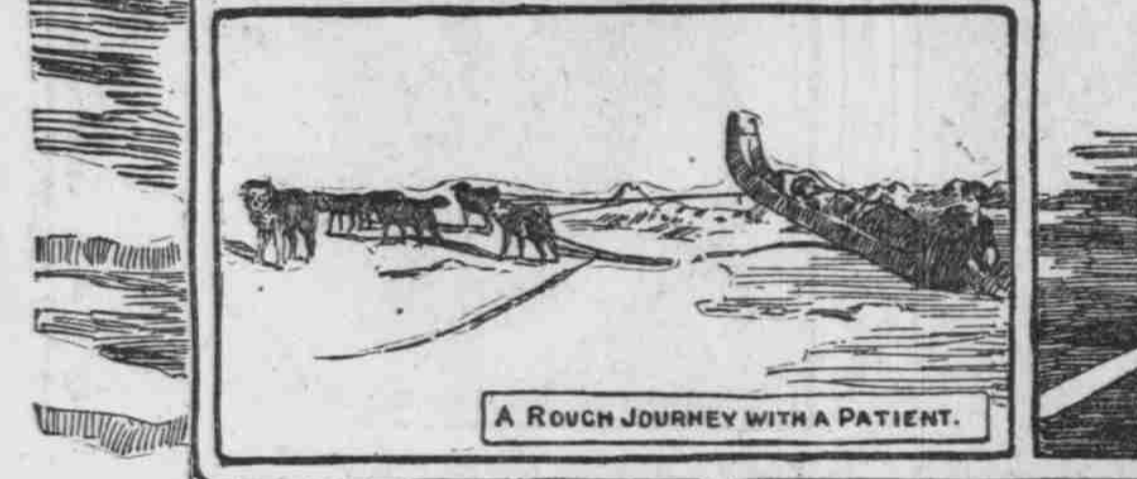


HARDEST MEDICAL PRACTICE IN THE WORLD



BRINGING SUFFERERS TO THE STRATHCONA AT CAPE WEGBEK, LABRADOR.

NURSE ROWING TO INDIAN HARBOR HOSPITAL AND MISSION ARE SEEN IN BACKGROUND.



A ROUGH JOURNEY WITH A PATIENT.



A HARD FIGHT TO REACH A PATIENT.

BRAVE AND BLESSED WORK OF THE LITTLE HOSPITAL SHIP STRATHCONA ALONG THE TERRIBLE COAST OF LABRADOR



NOT MANY DOCTORS HAVE A ROUTE LIKE THIS.

THE hardest medical practice in the world is in swing again this month. While most of us in this latitude are dreaming of hammocks and cool drinks, only a few days' sail from our Northern Atlantic ports a little steamer is rolling and tumbling through great seas and fields of ice floes. And never castaway sailor saw delivering ship approach with such prayers of gratitude as rise from men's lips when the hospital-ship Strathcona is sighted working her way along the terrible coasts of Labrador.

Men and women and little children—white, Indian and Eskimo—are straining their eyes seaward while you read this, looking for the only help that ever comes to them in their solitudes, where ice and gale lock them away from all their human kind. Scattered along more than 1000 miles of coast, fishing smacks, crowded not only with men, but with women who are driven by need to fish for a living, halt the little ship as the only place of refuge for any who become ill or maimed in the hard calling.

The Land of Pain.
There is no spot on the globe where life is harder or serious accidents of all kinds are more frequent than along that stormy stretch of coast from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Cape Childley, at the opening into Hudson Strait. The intense cold, far below zero for the greater part of the year, causes innumerable cases of frost bite, that, with no surgical help, soon develop into gangrene. Every year there is a lack of food, and starvation weakens the people until they are easy prey to typhoid, consumption and intestinal diseases of almost all the painful kinds known to medical science. The only methods for obtaining food are seal-hunting, whaling and fishing. Generally they are carried on in poor craft, and frightful injuries from broken bones to gunshot wounds are necessarily frequent. For nowhere is the pursuit of either animals or fish so fraught with difficulty and peril.

Yet, although the barren land is inhabited by nearly 12,000 persons, when from 20,000 to 25,000 sail to it every year in June and July to fish for cod, there was not a single doctor to be found in all its thousand miles until 19 years ago, when the Royal National Mission, or Deep-Sea Fishermen sent a little 57-ton sailing vessel, the Albert, there under Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.

And it was the most fortunate thing that ever happened to Labrador. For the misery that Dr. Grenfell encountered, the hopeless suffering he found, so cried out to him that he decided then and there to devote his life to bringing what alleviation he could to the unhappy souls that were imprisoned in ice for half the year, and cured with privation and sickness all ways.

Months after month the little Albert worked her way through ice and snow and gale, through hundreds of miles of uncharted and unlighted waters, over reefs pounded by mountain seas, seeking out whom she might succor. When her sail was seen, men came in skin kayaks, in birch canoes, in all sorts of craft, crazy or staunch, bearing their sick and wounded to the visitors.

A Frightful Story.
They found one man whose little one had frozen both her feet. There was nothing in the whole settlement with which to help her, and before long both feet began to gangrene. And when the Albert returned to St. John's she carried back the terrible story of how the unhappy father had been forced at last, being in utter despair and knowing that it was the only hope of saving the child

from a death of torture, to take a hatchet and cut off both the little one's feet. With such knowledge as this to sustain him, Dr. Grenfell and his band of doctors and nurses—Doctors A. O. Beards and Eliot Curwen and the Misses Cecilia Williams and Ada Carwardine—fought their way through the long seasons on the coast, and then, on their brief visits to civilization, fought to arouse men to help them in their efforts. Bit by bit they obtained assistance. First they got a rowboat. Then somebody else helped them to buy a steam launch. Finally another sailing vessel was added to their tiny fleet. But still they knew that all this was but a scratching at the outside of a mountain of misery. And they fought on until now they have the little but beautifully equipped steamship Strathcona, given largely through the efforts of Lord Strathcona, while two hospitals are established on the coast, and one is open in Northern Newfoundland,

where the conditions of life are almost as hard. The Strathcona is a steel-steamer of 34 tons, so built that she can haul her propeller up and proceed with sail alone. Her hospital is amidships, and it is fitted with electric light and a fine X-ray outfit. It is used almost constantly. In her first year more than 1000 persons sought help from her. And each hospital since then has treated more than that number each year; making a total of more

than 2000 who, in the old days, had no recourse except to lie in their rude surroundings and go through torment until they died. Still the service can only reach a percentage of those who need it. For through the winter months even the brave hearts on the Strathcona can not force her through the ice that girdles the coasts as with the iron rig. Then the doctors must rally out in dog sledges to pay their sick calls, and often they go for 100 miles to find their patient. What such medical practice means is told well by the simple report of one of the doctors at the hospital, Mr. Simpson. He says:

"A man from He-Ha arrived, and requested me to go at once to attend his wife. It was exceedingly cold, with a dead head wind, but on we went, over hill and dale, across frozen ponds and lakes and bays, along frozen brooks and streams, until at last Isetto Bay was reached. Now came our hardest work. A light drift of snow was blowing up with the wind, and once out on the bay no sheltering land was near. More than once we had to warm each other of small patches of frost bite on nose, ears and cheeks. Vigorous treatment, however, soon restored the circulation. The poor dog had hard work against the cutting

wind, but eventually we arrived safely at our destination, and although our patient had been 12 hours in distress, and her friends in much anxiety, we were able very quickly to relieve her, and set at rest the fears entertained for her safety. From November 14 to March 25 Dr. Macpherson of the Battle Harbor Hospital, traveled 1823 miles, by sledge, snowshoes and boat, and paid 500 visits. He missed scarcely a hut or a tent on the whole coast from Pania's River, above the Straits coast of Belle Isle, to Rigolet, under latitude 55. He found 26 dying persons, some of whom he saved, while he made the last hours at least easier for the rest. He found a woman who had been walking around for two weeks with a broken and averted arm. He attended up the forearm of a fisherman who had been in agony from a great gash made many weeks before that never healed.

"Scurvy, another affliction that curses the dwellers on the inhospitable coast, was found in many places. One case had gone so far that it had produced internal hemorrhage and required extensive operation. A crippled girl was found and sent by dog team to the hospital, where she was cured sufficiently to enable her to move around freely. A woman was treated who was dying from cancer. She had never been seen by a doctor, or, indeed, by any one except poor, ignorant persons like

Mr. Hennessy. "He done me frind Biv'ridge iv Julyany," said Mr. Dooley. "What's he been doin'?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "He done me frind Biv'ridge iv Julyany," said Mr. Dooley. "An' fr' him fr' leader iv th' party. He's wan iv th' best two-handed orators in th' Sint or anywhere. He has a wonderful left, an' his repartee with th' right is said to be very stingin'. He's intrajuced th' strange hold, he means iv which th' debate can be suddenly cut off. He's me ideal leader.

"I want a leader who's got a good grip on public affairs an' men, who can take hold iv any question or any Raypublican an' choke it or him till they're black in th' face. Baley's th' boy. I followed Tillman fr' a while, but he's gone back. He belongs to th' school of party-ministrants, th' same that Jawn L. Sullivan belongs to. He's clever fr' an old 'un, an' I'd be willin' to back him again any Raypublican in New England at catch weights. His reply to Sintor McLaurin was said to be wan iv th' quickest ever heard since th' days iv Dan'l Webster. It laid open th' scalp. But they tell me Tillman's speeches is not what Hogan calls impromptu. He rehearses them ivry mornin' with a punchin'-bag. Baley is more iv a natural debater. No holds barred with him. Hand or fist, 'tis all th' same."

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anything ye like to a Sintor. Ye can say he wan stole a horse, that he's livin' under an assumed name, that he was made a thurst, that his on'y nourishment iv bees, or that he belongs to New York society, an' th' Sint will on'y yawn. Such is so-an-go (I will not repeat th' beejous wurruds), an' ye must hurry an' schlip on th' brass knuckles. Fr' they're a slap comin' to ye.

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"Twas a pretty scene, Hinnsey, an' what makes me proud iv Baley fr' his courage in pounchin' on his colleague; cry dome. A machine is now in use which loosens the dust and removes it by means of a strong current of air. This is effective and not hard upon the rug. When the surface becomes soiled it can be washed with no fear of injuring the colors, since the majority of Oriental rugs are washed repeatedly before reaching this country, and the dyes used are thereby mellowed and enriched. The best method of washing a large rug is to stretch and tack it upon a clean floor, then scour it well with soap. After the scouring it must be thoroughly rinsed, in order to remove all trace of the animal matter in the soap, after which it should

MR. DOOLEY'S LETTER ON FIGHTING

A Discussion on the Bailey-Beveridge Incident in the United States Senate.

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pool checks; fr th' good name iv women or th' reverse; fr political principals or unprincipled politics; fr th' gate receipts; fr me religion; fr th' look iv th' thing, because th' backseer heard what he said, because he whispored to her; fr th' sacred theory that th' buildin' is higher in Chicago than in New York; fr th' fun iv th' thing, and fr th' fight. That last's th' best iv all. A man that won't fight fr th' fht itself is no role fighter. I don't know what wud make me fight nowadays. I know lots iv things that wud make me want to fight, but I've learned to repress me desires. Me heart is full iv song, but I've lost me voice. In me dreams I'm always punchin' somebody's head. I shall never forget th' night when I put Jerrill out iv th' business with wan well-directed punch an' me in me bare feet, too. I can never forget it fr I fell out iv bed an' bumped me head again th' rocker iv a chair. But in me wakins' hours, I'm a man iv v'ient impulses an' peaceful raysults. In a fight I'd be like a deaf-mute in a debatin' etc'ety. But as I said, Hinnsey, there was a day when th' lightest wurrud was an insult. Nowadays I say to meself: 'Consider th' source. How can such a low biaggard as that insult me? Jus' because he's drunken wretch chooses to apply a foul epithet to me, an I goin' to dignify him be knockin' him down in th' public street an' p'raps not, an' gettin' th' head beat off me? No, no, I will raximber me position in th' community. I will pass on with a smile iv bitter contempt. Maybe I'd better run a little. Dear me, why didn't I think to bring an ax with me?'"

"Th' las' trouble I got into I begun to think iv th' new suit I had on an' I knew me wurrud days was over. When a man raximbers his clothes or his appearance in battle, 'tis high time fr him to retire fr'm th' ring. Th' ca'm, almost deathlike smile that rests upon a man's face when another man is cloutin' him about is on'y th' outward expression iv something about two numbers up th' chest fr'm seasickness. That's all I've got to say about fightin'. Ye can't lay down anny rules about it."

"Ye never will go to th' Sint with thim views," said Mr. Hennessy. "I don't want to," said Mr. Dooley. "Some day th' Sint will be pulled."

Pitiful Tales of Suffering.
There never has been a year when a number of these vessels were not lost, and shocking stories are told on the coast of the sufferings of women and children while drifting in the icy waters, sometimes being adrift on bits of wreckage for days among the ice floes before being rescued or frozen.

herself, who had not tried to do anything to relieve her agony. In one day alone the surgeons opened five badly poisoned wounds—for not only do the implements used in fishing naturally poison the cuts they make, but the cold weather makes it almost impossible for the fishermen to wash their injuries properly with warm water, as even fire-wood is scarce on many hundred miles of shore and almost entirely wanting in the northern parts of the land.

Strathcona's 1100 Miles.
A year ago this July the Strathcona had just completed a voyage of more than 1100 miles, during which she visited 56 harbors. Among major operations, they had one amputation of the foot, one amputation through the knee joint, one laparotomy and one castration.

What the condition of those patients would have been in previous years may be imagined from one case that Dr. Grenfell found in a hut far from other human beings. As he entered the dark, foul little place he saw a man who, moaning piteously, held up two terrible things. They were the stumps of his arms. He had shot off every part of them below the elbows while hunting seal two weeks before, and from that time he had been lying on his back with nothing over the awful wounds except an oily rag that a fellow-hunter had laid over them. The bones protruded, and the necessary operation was something to make men shrink, performed, as it had to be, with few instruments and hardly enough chloroform to do more than ease the poor fellow's worst pangs. Yet he bore it manfully. Despite it all, it was too late, and he died that night.

They found an old woman who had a tumor on the leg. The old man, who could not put her to sleep while they operated, but she would not have it. The next day Dr. Grenfell found five strong men awaiting him. The woman had asked them to come and hold her, and all she asked was if she "might bawl." She did, indeed, bawl, but within a few minutes after the operation was over she was laughing over it, and, in ten days, she was well.

Her Busy Summer.
From this time on until the Winter again sets in, beginning with the September gales, the hospital ship will be kept on the "go" steadily. She will have to face daily not only danger from unknown waters and treacherous seas, but the ever-present menace of the ice. For, as the fishing fleets begin to steam northward "at hazard year by year," the icebergs begin to drift southward in ghostly columns. Many times has the Strathcona been in imminent peril. Once she was so locked in with ice and floes that she was invisible among the encompassing blocks and piles of ice, and the poor fellow's life was over on her decks. Untold tons of it squeezed her keel. She escaped this and many other similar dangers and went out to brave new ones unflinchingly. For these are brave men, and the most miserable of livings than this of hunting the cod on the worst coast in the world. As soon as the ice is blown from the coast by westerly winds they sail eagerly north in every variety of vessel. Dr. Grenfell is the "Vikings of Today" describes this annual voyage thus:

Crowded Fleets of the Poor.
"They come in every variety of vessel, small and large, good and indifferent, mostly of the schooner type. Besides the crew, which varies from five to 10 men with one or two women, most Newfoundland vessels bring a number of people called 'freighters.' They are landed at various harbors where they have left mud huts and boats the previous year and where they will fish all Summer. These persons cure their fish on the spot. Meanwhile the vessel goes on farther north to seek fish for herself. When they come south again they call for the 'freighters,' who pay 25 cents for each hundredweight of fish for their passage."

"Besides the cargo of fish, casks of oil, nets, boats and general goods, 30, 40 or 50 men and women will be crowded into these small vessels, at times with only room to lie down in the hold between the deck and the cargo. On one small schooner of 15 tons we counted 24 men and 18 women. The women, many of whom have children with them, often are very bad sailors. As a rule they are not allowed on deck except in port, and this voyage is a nightmare to most of them. They are pillars of pluck, many of these women. They can handle an oar and sail a small boat with the best, and among them are 'Grace Darlings,' who, in the face of opportunity, they work chieftly at cleaning fish and keeping the huts for the men, though some form parts of the fishing smack crews."

Dr. Grenfell examined many of these schooners and found such instances of crowding as this: A 44-ton schooner, 19 men and 16 women in one hold on a 23-day voyage. From Mr. E. B. Deakins, of Brown University, who visited the region in 1900, was so impressed by the dreariness of life among these poor folk and their helplessness and destitution that he raised a sum of money to establish a cot in one of the hospitals on the coast, and has since then aided the mission in many other intelligent and useful ways.

"Freighters" must face a year in this description of what is the staple delicacy of the menu along shore: "Powder dried cod fine, rub it up with fresh seal oil and add cranberries. A machine is now in use which loosens the dust and removes it by means of a strong current of air. This is effective and not hard upon the rug. When the surface becomes soiled it can be washed with no fear of injuring the colors, since the majority of Oriental rugs are washed repeatedly before reaching this country, and the dyes used are thereby mellowed and enriched. The best method of washing a large rug is to stretch and tack it upon a clean floor, then scour it well with soap. After the scouring it must be thoroughly rinsed, in order to remove all trace of the animal matter in the soap, after which it should

be left in the same position to dry, and the tacks should not be removed until it is perfectly dried. If this be done the rug will not shrink and will lie perfectly flat upon the floor. A small rug may be tacked upon the side of the house or barn, scoured as if upon a floor, and then rinsed with the hose. This is the best manner of rinsing, and approaches most nearly the true Oriental method for thoroughness. The Orientals wash their rugs with soap and water, after which they take them to a river or stream and rinse them. A crease or ridge will sometimes be seen in an Oriental rug which looks like an imperfection in the weaving. This is almost invariably the result of the rug having been folded before it was sufficiently

CARE OF RUGS Hard Brushing Is Less Destructive Than Beating

THE average American housewife wears out her rugs by continual sweeping and beating. The plan of putting them upon a line every two weeks, or even once a month, and there having them whipped, is not to be commended if the rugs are of any value. They should be cleaned with a carpet-sweeper, occasionally put upon a line and washed, and once a year sent away to be cleaned in a proper manner, or else washed at home. The best way of cleaning the smaller, coarser rugs upon the line is to use a stiff barn broom, and to brush the rug in the direction in which the nap lies, never in the opposite direction, as this destroys the luster. Oriental rugs are all made with the knot bent in one direction, so that the nap all lies one way. When a rug is to be thoroughly cleaned, it should be sent where the work is properly done. A machine is now in use which loosens the dust and removes it by means of a strong current of air. This is effective and not hard upon the rug. When the surface becomes soiled it can be washed with no fear of injuring the colors, since the majority of Oriental rugs are washed repeatedly before reaching this country, and the dyes used are thereby mellowed and enriched. The best method of washing a large rug is to stretch and tack it upon a clean floor, then scour it well with soap. After the scouring it must be thoroughly rinsed, in order to remove all trace of the animal matter in the soap, after which it should

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