

FIGHT WHITE PLAGUE IN OPEN AIR

Consumptive Patients at Open-Air Sanitarium Live in Tents, Undaunted by Snow and Sleet

THE pallid Colony of Hope. Have you seen it? Do you know what the consumptive is willing to do, what hardships and privations to endure, what discomforts to bear that he may be able to linger a little longer upon earth, even though ever in the grasp of the Great White Plague?

If you know none of these things then take the car to Milwaukie, and a little beyond get off at the station of Island. From there take the trail over the hill, back into the woods along the county road until you come to a newly-cut lane between the towering firs. Turn to the right when you see the rough board sign that points you to the "Portland Open-Air Sanitarium." Walk through the snow, into the heart of the firs, for a few hundred yards and you will see the cluster of tents in which three patients, hard and fast in the grasp of the monster are fighting hopefully for the life which is so dear to them, so much more precious as the strength ebbs and flows and the pulsing fever paints the cheeks with the last unnatural flush of life-consuming fire.

It was dark last night when the car stopped at the little platform, and all under foot was fast melting snow and ever-widening pools of ice-cold water. Little muddy streams fought their way through the slush as I climbed the hill, while out of the fading sky the drops of rain, half frozen, cut through the clothes to chill the blood.

"Surely," I said, "No one who is sick and feeble can live in a simple tent on such a night as this without courting death." Dr. Woods-Hutchinson, the father of the colony had said otherwise, however, and had told of the patients' improvement and rapid gain.

Five Tents in the Rain.

Soon twinkling lights shone through the trees and the sanitarium came into sight among the trees. It is not much to look at, is this place where it is to be demonstrated that consumption is not the all-devouring plague of common belief. Five tents are grouped among the stumps and trees, and on one side is an unpainted shack of up-ended boards in which are cooked six daily meals.

But it is not so bad when you get there and have escaped from the cold and rain. The little stoves drive back the cold and wet from the open door of the tents, and it is comfortable, at least in comparison with the sleet and damp of the road.

One week ago on Wednesday last the first patient came to the camp, and the dream of Portland physicians who have been laboring for so long in the interest of the consumptive of Portland was ready to be realized. Now three patients, a cook and a nurse, skilled by long practice in similar institutions in Germany, make up the little village, and already the effects of the treatment are beginning to be seen.

Trained Nurse in Charge.

In choosing the nurse, Dr. Hutchinson has surely made a happy selection in Miss Reustle. She is, as she quaintly states it, "A German nach Heidelberg," and has an optimistic nature, proof against cold and wet and hardship. Miss Reustle has been following the profession of a trained nurse for 11 years, two of which have been spent in caring for consumptive patients in the famous sanitarium at Berlin. She is in charge of the camp and leads her patients through each day with a laugh and ever steadfast words of hope. With her is Mrs. L. Finney, the matron and cook, a woman large of frame and undaunted by unusual things. The patients are Miss Julia Nelson, a daughter of Mrs. Finney, Miss Frazier and Mrs. Carney.

The tents are constructed especially for the use to which they are being put. In the roofs of each are a couple of large flaps for ventilation, while at the rear end of each is another window which may be used. Over it is stretched an extra covering, thus giving double protection from the rain. Each tent has a floor of wood, and wooden walls reach for three feet above the floor. Little gates are provided in front, which may be closed when it is desired to shut down the flaps and to warm the tents in the morning and in the evening, as the patients arise or go to bed.

There is but little furniture—a table, a bed, a little glass hung here and a simple picture there, and all is ready for use. In each tent is a stove for cold and rainy

SCENE AT THE HOME OF THE OPEN-AIR SANITARIUM



days. One large tent is not as yet occupied, but in a day or two will be fitted up as the dining-room.

None of the Patients Lose Faith.

In spite of the snow and rain and cold weather of the past week none of the patients have lost faith in their venture and all are gaining in spirits, appetite and flesh. Two of the women, on coming to the camp, had each day temperature ranging from 102 to 106, but during the last two days their temperature has been normal and the fever has left them. One is afflicted with tuberculosis of the neck, and upon going to the sanitarium had ugly ulcers eating at the glands. Already these are healing and one side is noticeably better. Lost appetites have been found and lost spirits have been regained until it is in fact a colony of hope.

It is rest and food and fire, fresh air that the sanitarium gives its proteges. At 7 o'clock in the morning Miss Reustle draws the flaps of each tent and starts a fire in each stove, in order that the patients will not be chilled on rising from their beds. Once the patients are up, the tents are again opened wide and there is no more confinement until bedtime, when for a few minutes the tents are closed that each patient may go warm to bed.

Meals Nourishing and Frequent.

The day would seem to be a continual round of eating. At 7:30 in the morning each patient has a cup of fresh milk. Half an hour later they are treated to two raw eggs each. By the time another half hour has passed breakfast is served, consisting of ham or bacon, eggs, fruit, mush, hot-cakes and any little delicacy that may be desired by the capricious appetite of the patient.

After breakfast nothing is offered to the patients for an hour, but at the end of that time each is given another cup of milk and in still another hour eggs are again served.

Dinner comes at 12:30, and is a substantial meal, in which beefsteak, roast beef and other good things play a prominent part.

A short time after dinner is over the nurse and patients take a ramble through the woods, each exercising as much as will tire but not exhaust. Following the walk two hours are spent in sleep, out in the open air, if the day is fine, otherwise under the tents.

At 5 o'clock more milk and more fruit makes its appearance, and again at 6

Supper comes at 6; at 7 another cup of milk. Nine o'clock is the retiring hour.

Two more patients will begin the treatment at the sanitarium this week, and the physicians have great hopes for the future. Already plans are being laid for buildings and more modern conveniences for the care of the patients. Everything is now of the crudest kind, but even under the disadvantages suffered benefit is being given, and this is thought to be the

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BARS

BY RICHARD DOE.

Officers Burke and Ratz found George. He was near Burnside street on Second, explaining to the moon, which, by the way, was not shining, though George thought it was, that the United States was the only country in the world, that Oregon was the only state in the country, that Portland was the only city in the state, and that he was the best man in Portland. In other words, George thought he was the best man in the world.

George's ravings disturbed the slumbers of the virtuous, of whom quite a number reside in that portion of the city. They held an indignation meeting, voted George a nuisance and telephoned Police Headquarters to quell the riot. Hence Officers Burke and Ratz.

When George saw the officers bearing down upon him, he thought they composed a committee delegated to notify him that he was an honorary member of the commission to arrange peace between Japan and Russia. The officers told him that, instead of being an honorary member, he was an ornery member. George objected and requested to be shown. He was.

Yesterday he found himself facing Judge Hogue in the Municipal Court. "Guilty?" asked Assistant City Attorney Fitzgerald.

George didn't know. He couldn't remember things. He was certain he was only a humble citizen, who wanted work and would be tickled to death to get it. Judge Hogue tickled him to death. He gave him 15 days on the rockpile.

At the same time George was arraigned there appeared before the bar of justice an individual who showed evidences of

beginning of a great and most beneficial institution.

The physicians in charge appreciate the kindness shown in the past, but will not discontinue their efforts for the future until entire success has crowned their work. If snow and ice will not daunt the half-bedridden persons seeking release from disease, the sponsors for the sanitarium will not be driven from their undertaking by temporary discouragements and little disappointments. R. A. W.

having been soaked. He said he had been, by the public in general. And he had visions of being soaked again.

"This proud oppressor of the poor," said he, indicating Attorney Fitzgerald; "this proud oppressor of the poor is about to tell me I am good for nothing. He is about to tell you that I should be given the limit. I have been educated, Judge, and I am a gentleman. Only I'm broke—that's all. I don't see why a man should be persecuted because he has a little bad luck. You may be poor yourself some day, Judge, and this proud oppressor of the poor will tell you that you are good for nothing. He is going to say that about me now."

"Oh, I guess you're good for something, all right," said His Honor. "You're good for 30 days, anyway."

"Babe" Mansfield is called such because she is an admirer of Richard, the actor, and is far distant from an innocent babe. "Babe" Mansfield has been before Judge Hogue on an average of three times a month for the past year. Yesterday she appeared again.

"Babe" explained that she was a better girl than formerly, was trying to live a better life, and that she wasn't arrested because she was committing a crime, but that the officers had arrested her from force of habit. She thought that she ought to be allowed to go.

The Judge did not argue the question. He knew "Babe's" history by heart.

"How quick can you leave town?" asked His Honor.

"Babe" thought she might be able to leave by Wednesday.

"We will make it Wednesday, then," replied His Honor, and "Babe" was led sor-

rowfully away. She stated she would go to Spokane, where the police are more kind, and that after she left, Portland would possess only 10,000 inhabitants, instead of 130,000. "Babe" also announced she would not be in the city to attend the Lewis and Clark Exposition.

INTEREST IN OREGON HISTORY

Miss Johnson's Book is Already in Large Demand.

The historical renaissance occasioned by the forthcoming Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition is bringing into prominence all literature, more or less voluminous, pertaining to the history of the Pacific Northwest, and more particularly to the expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, which eventful undertaking 100 years ago inaugurated an epoch of Pacific Coast exploration and settlement culminating in an era of progressive development to be fittingly crowned by the great International Exposition of 1905.

One little book that is already meeting with a large demand is "A Short History of Oregon," by Sidney V. Johnson, recently published by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago. Miss Johnson is a well-known resident of this city, which for the past 14 years has been her home.

Dating back to the days of Spanish invasion and conquest in America and to that interesting period when the world of geographers believed in the Anian Straits and a Northwest Passage from sea to sea, "A Short History of Oregon" chronologically narrates the important voyages and discoveries in the Pacific Ocean leading up to the discovery and naming of the great Columbia River by Captain Gray, in the ship "Columbia," from Boston, in the Spring of 1792. Even before this date, while he was the representative of the United States at the French court, Thomas Jefferson was observing England's efforts to explore the country from the Mississippi to California, for with statesmanlike foresight and patriotic zeal he earnestly anticipated for his own country possession of that vast, unknown territory.

The Lewis and Clark expedition of exploration, authorized and equipped by the Government of the United States, which started westward from St. Louis on May 14, 1804, and reached the mouth of the Columbia River November 15, 1805, was the direct result of President Jefferson's long-cherished project to "explore the West," a gloriously memorable and rich in results to the American people, but tedious, toilsome and hazardous beyond adequate description was this first overland journey by white men to the Pacific Ocean, and it is most interestingly related in a splendid chapter of Miss Johnson's "Short History of Oregon," well supplemented by a good map of the United States showing the "Oregon Country" of that day, also the route followed by the intrepid explorers to the Pacific Coast and return. This chapter is further appropriately illustrated by facsimile reproductions of two letters written by Thomas Jefferson, one of which is the letter of credit given Captain Lewis by the President in which the latter seeks to augment the somewhat meager equipment of the party of 40 men for an overland journey of some 8000 or 9000 miles by conferring upon Lewis the following authority: "To draw on the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War and of the Navy of the United States, according as you may find your draughts will be most negotiable, for the purpose of obtaining money or necessities for yourself and your men; and I solemnly pledge the faith of the United States that these draughts shall be paid punctually."

The reproduction of this most interesting document in the quaint handwriting and scholarly, dignified phraseology of the patriot and statesman who framed the Declaration of Independence is a feature of interest which alone entitles "A Short History of Oregon" to a place of honor in every home in the land.

The momentous events which quickly followed the Lewis and Clark expedition, the settlement of Astoria and other points of vantage on the Columbia River, the occupation of the "Oregon Country" by rival fur companies, attempted joint occupation of the territory by English and Americans, the advent of the missionary in Oregon—the entering wedge of actual American settlement, the establishment of a provisional government and later territorial and state government, the treaty with Great Britain which at last established the sovereignty of the United States over the disputed territory as far north as the 49th parallel—these and many other events of historical significance are so entertainingly related in "A Short History of Oregon" that the little book fascinates like a romance, yet never departs from fidelity to the true facts of history.

Closing with a brief chapter on "Progress," in which the marvelous develop-



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ment of the "Oregon Country" during the last 50 years is forcibly outlined, "A Short History of Oregon" leaves its reader better informed regarding the past and present of the Pacific Northwest, as also of the historical significance of the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, than any other single book on the market, though many there be much more voluminous and expensive, and Miss Johnson's valuable and timely contribution to the historical lore of the state should become popular as a standard reference book on Oregon wherever and whenever accurate and brief, yet entertaining historical information is sought.

PIANO RECITAL A SUCCESS.

Enjoyable Musical Given at Marquam by Music Pupils.

The Marquam Theater was crowded with a capacity audience last night in honor of the seventh piano recital by the pupils of Miss Marie A. S. Soule, assisted by Miss Mary E. Loger, contralto, lately of Chicago. The event was quite a success, and the young people who played the different piano solos and the teacher who enabled them to reach such proficiency, ought to feel gratified. Commendable ability was demonstrated by these responsible for the enjoyable recital, and every number was heartily applauded. Miss Loger, the contralto soloist, was in good voice, and her pure, even tone and fine phrasing were admirable. Her encore was Lieber's "The Sweetest Flower." She is a welcome addition to Portland's soloists.

The programme: "Miserere" (Bartolotti), Genevieve Butterfield; "Träumerei" (Schumann), Dorothy Gilbert; "Valse" (Godeau), Louise Watson; (a) "Hide and Seek" (Scottie), (b) "The Skylark" (Tschakovsky), Laura Gessing (only ten minutes instruction); "Prelude" (De-Koven), Daisy Chalmers; "Bolero" (Ravina), Edna Wenneberg; "Mazurka" (Liszt), Eva Mitchell; "Tarentelle" (Borodine), Winona Bresler; (a) "Les Myrtes" (Wach), (b) "Aragones" (Mawenet), Ethel Burkholder; "Souvenir Vienne" (Schubert), Aida Broughing; vocal solo, Aria from "Nadette" (Thomas), Mary E. Loger; (a) "Etude Artistique" (Godeau), (b) "Scherzo" (Mendelssohn), Veda Williams; "Ballade," op. 47 (Chopin), May Thomas; "Capriccio" (Mendelssohn), Eva Broughing.

LABOR LEAGUE FOR WOMEN.

Patronage of Home Industry One of Objects of New Organization.

The Women's Labor League was organized yesterday afternoon in Drew Hall, 182 Second street, to which all women laborers, and the wives, mothers and sisters of members of the labor unions are eligible. The principal object of this organization is the patronage of home industry and labor, doing away with alien labor classes

as far as possible. The new league starts out with 50 charter members and expects to take an active part in all matters of interest to the labor union and working people generally. Mrs. L. A. Holbeck was elected president of the new league, and Mrs. H. G. Parsons recording and corresponding secretary. Miss E. Kogan was made financial secretary. C. H. Gram, organizer of the American Federated Labor Union; H. G. Parsons, president of the Federated Trades Council, and A. J. Jones, president of the Pacific Coast Blue Label League were present and assisted in perfecting the organization, explaining to the ladies the objects of similar organizations and the lines along which the Women's Labor League should be conducted. Great interest was displayed by the charter members, and it is anticipated that many more will join at the next meeting, which will be held at the same hall next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Nate Granich left last Sunday night for Byron Hot Springs, Cal.

Sanford J. Kraemer has left for the Eastern cities on a business tour. He will remain for about two months.

Miss Reta Rau and her guest, Miss Belle Folk, of Boise, leave for Boise to night. While there Miss Rau will visit her sister, Mrs. Kohoy.

Ludwig Hesse, clerk and subletter for the Meier & Frank Company, leaves tomorrow for a ten weeks' trip East. His Spring and Summer purchases will be twice as great as ever before, in anticipation of a great demand during the Fair months.

Mrs. C. B. Buckman, wife of Congressman C. B. Buckman, of Minnesota, has been visiting in Portland as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Staples. She has visited the Lewis and Clark Fair grounds and is well pleased with the showing and says there will be a greater attendance from Minnesota to this Fair than attended the St. Louis, as many people want to see the West and will take advantage of the opportunity.

Z. Swett, for seven years buyer of toys, baby carriages, trunks and bags for the Meier & Frank Company, severed his connection with that concern January 12, to become Northwest representative for the American Import Company, of San Francisco. Mr. Swett was kindly remembered by the employees of his department, who presented him with a handsome silk umbrella, suitably engraved. He leaves tonight for San Francisco to complete arrangements for the opening of a permanent office here.

Magnanimous.

Atchison Globe. The average woman's idea of being noble is to speak well of some church besides her own.

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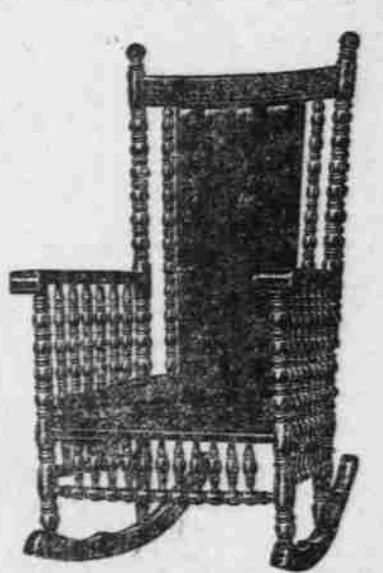
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We are showing a swell line of new designs in Weathered Oak, den fitting. See the discount tags on the pieces for prices.