

ONE LITTLE HOSPITAL for 6,000 AFFLICTED CHILDREN.

WHAT SEA AIR AND NURSING DOES FOR TOTS WHO HAVE NON-PULMONARY TUBERCULOSIS.



MOTHERS AND BABES FROM THE NEW YORK TENEMENTS ON A DAY'S OUTING AT SEA BREEZE.

SEA BREEZE PATIENTS ON THE VERANDAH IN THE DEAD OF WINTER.

SIXTY THOUSAND American children have non-pulmonary tuberculosis, that is, consumption of the joints or glands. Of these 450 live in the over-populous tenements of Greater New York.

That this disease is entirely curable has been established beyond question. Fresh air and proper nourishment, used with knowledge, are the chief essential therapeutic agents. The method of treatment is conclusively proven.

And yet, to save these 60,000 little lives—for none may escape under ordinary conditions—there is out one hospital in all the United States, and that can accommodate but 15 patients.

This institution is "Sea Breeze," at Seaside, Oregon, conducted by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which began in this country 24 years ago, experimental treatment of tuberculous diseases of the bones, joints and lymph nodes at the seaside.

This association has for the past year and a half had on hand a round quarter of a million dollars in cash and complete plans for a great sanitarium for the treatment of this disease. Yet the "City Fathers" of the metropolis are still in process of making up their minds to provide a site on the ocean front, though the donors have agreed to turn the institution over to the city without other cost upon its completion.

On March 15, 1906, the State Legislature empowered the City of New York to acquire real estate on the seashore for the establishment of a seaside park for public health and recreation. On November 28, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor notified Mayor McMillan that they had succeeded in demonstrating at their hospital at Sea Breeze the efficacy of sea air in the cure of tuberculous of the bones, joints and glands, at the same time urging the importance of the provision by the city of a suitable seashore site for a permanent hospital. In March, 1907, the authorities accepted the offer of the association to hold a hospital upon a site to be provided by the city, and designated 100 feet within the proposed Seaside Park, to be situated on the backway beach. Condemnation proceedings were instituted by the Corporation Council during the summer, but were interrupted, upon motion of Mayor McMillan, in October, 1907, and the site was not secured until the following year.

"If any brute should take a child and hurl it over a cliff, snatching the life out of its little body," said Frederick D. Greene, the assistant general agent of the A. I. C. P., "that creature would never live to die at the hands of the law. He would probably be lynched. And yet we are letting 450 children die every year, and we know the cause fully, in the tenements of New York of a disease which is perfectly preventable and curable."

Thirty years ago Europe began to act and today alone supports 2000 children afflicted with the disease at the seaside, besides other thousands supported by private charity. England has such hospitals, so have all other enlightened countries, even Spain.

When the hospital opened on June 6,

Camille, admitted at two years with spinal tuberculosis. Photographed on a Bradford frame, where she has been for six months, growing fat and rosy.

1904, it consisted of ten tents, with a capacity of 50 patients. In the fall the patients were removed into the permanent buildings on the beach at Seaside, and there they have since been quartered. When the hospital was moved the number of patients was reduced from 50 to 20, but later it was increased to 45. Since the opening of the hospital, on the 6th of June, 1904, 123 patients, all far advanced in the disease, have been treated there. Of these 25 are in residence at the present time, 29 were removed by their parents and guardians in six cases against the advice of the superintendent; four were discharged improved; 19 cured and 20 died.

The favorable results obtained at this hospital are astonishing. One boy of 12 who had already undergone several operations and who had suffered for six years with a tuberculous ankle, is apparently perfectly sound today and there is no sign of the disease in him anywhere. Several who have been unable to walk took part in all the children's games before they left and this sort of thing has kept up ever since the opening of the hospital.

A little girl in one of the city hospitals was suffering so greatly from this disease that the surgeons asked permission to take her to Sea Breeze to be built up there, but could see no sign of her legs. Six weeks later a physician from the city hospital went down to get her for the operation. He wandered among the cots, but could see no sign of her. Then he peered into the faces of the children on the piazzas, but she was not there. He glanced at a group of racing, romping little ones on the sand and they watched them, though he knew, of course, that his charge could not be on her feet. Inquiring of a nurse at last, she was pointed out among the liveliest of the running tots below them, but so changed that he could hardly recognize her even then. The sea air had done in six weeks what unaided medical skill could never have done.

Bess, the "Little Sunshine" of the institution, is a typical child of the ghetto tenements, or at least she was in her mother died of pulmonary tuberculosis, her father has disappeared. She has tuberculosis in her ribs, either of the ribs or in the ward. The crib is raised

at the foot to an angle of 45 degrees and the affected limb is tied down with ropes running over pulleys to which weights are attached. When Bess was admitted eight months ago she was pale, puny and more dead than alive. Today she is the picture of health, fat and rosy cheeked, always smiling and on the rapid road to recovery.

Camille, another popular little patient, was brought to the hospital when 2 years of age unable to walk. She was placed on a "Bradford" frame on which she remained many weary months. Her recovery is considered wonderful. At 4 she is a pink-cheeked, active youngster, enjoying life on the beach to the full, although her little body is still encased in a "Calot" jacket of the French model.

Master Harry was brought from Chicago. He is in the graduation class, having successfully come from the "Bradford" frame, "Calot" jacket and braces to the full enjoyment of a healthy boy's life at 7.

Mary J is another little tot in Camille's class. Paralysis as a result of spinal tuberculosis was the diagnosis in her case three years ago. She has now discarded the frame and is running around in a "Calot" jacket.

Johnny Grant, after suffering two and a half years, has graduated from the hospital for his homeward journey. He spends his time, when not eating or sleeping, with "Frenchy," Kenneth, Joe and Chicago Harry, bathing, digging in the sand, carrying driftwood and building houses with blocks.

David has only been at Sea Breeze since January of this year and is still on a frame, but he has developed a wonderful knowledge of ships and nautical matters in general. What his history is no one seems to know. Only those living in a great city like New York can realize the difficulty of tracing the antecedents of a child once the parents have lost interest. The poorer classes seem to spend most of their time moving about; to trace them from place to place is a task next to impossible.

A very important factor is the educational work done among the parents. When the parent comes to associate a crooked spine, a blotchy skin, a sore hip, with consumption, he begins to take precautions. Practically none of the parents really know what ailed their little ones

until they were told at Sea Breeze. If an adult member of the family is consumptive there are, of course, germs in the air. A child gets a fall, a knock or a bruise and the germ settles there. Soon after the little one has a "sore knee" or a "sore wrist," nobody realizing that he is put in braces or a plaster cast. Perhaps he is saved to be a cripple the rest of his days. They cannot do better, even if the child is in the way to make the most of what sunlight and fresh air can be obtained at home.

During the past Summer there were 22-23 persons given a day's outing at Sea Breeze. The stay parties included 300 babies suffering from every imaginable disease from mumps and pneumonia and meningitis. There were, however, only two deaths, and one of these children was permitted to go to Sea Breeze in a dire condition in the hope that its life might be saved. This remarkable record was due to the admirable system of nursing at the institution, which consists not only in ordinary hospital care, but also in instruction of mothers in the preparation of food, in the cleansing and dressing of their babies and in the way to make the most of what sunlight and fresh air can be obtained at home.

The results of the one-day outings are an agreeable thrill. For this is the first time, so far as we are aware, that the word "learned" has ever been applied to the journalistic vocation. We have heard it called almost everywhere else, from "abhorred" to "symiotic," but "learned" is new. We think the young gentleman of North Carolina and pass on to his questions.

A talent for literary composition? Is it useful in journalism? We believe that it is. It will serve at the start to make the aspirant's application for a job graceful, grammatical and convincing. It will serve again years after, when he retires from active service and begins to write his reminiscences. And in between it may prove its utility more than once. We have never encountered a reporter whose literary skill was quite equal to Walter Pater's, but we have no doubt that if such a one ever bobbed up his talent would do him no great damage.

It is the hour of the afternoon height. Puts on her bridal gown. The hour when day's departing light steals to her lonely face. And touches every ragged line with such ethereal gleam. A maiden in her dream. White, white, as white as seabird's breast. Yet still her love is unconfessed. The wistful Sun sails slowly down. But when at last his golden boat hath landed on the dim, Mysterious purple seas remain. Her blush remembers him. Blush that betrays her wistful mood. The secret, smart of maidenhood. A pure, impassioned rose.

ON THE SEA BREEZE VERANDAH IN SUMMER. The girl reading is 12 years old. She was sent here to prepare for the amputation of both legs, but in six weeks was running about the beach, practically free from tuberculosis.

these thousands of children who must go back two and three years and the great total of \$10,000,000 wasted for education of the children in the public schools of Greater New York proves a reasonable estimate.

Much of this money could be saved if the municipality would provide a sea beach park for the children as a Summer playground. Here they could build up their health in order to do better work during the following school year.

The medical staff has control of the admission and discharge of the children. No patient is admitted without the consent. The age limits are 2 to 14 years. As to the treatment other than diet and fresh air, there is little to say. Plaster is used in preference to the track in tuberculosis of the spine the "Bradford" frame is used first, then the "Calot" jacket, in hip joints, the "Lorenz" spica. In knee diseases after the acute stages plaster of paris is also used.

The medical authorities of the world maintain the following: (1) The seashore is the best place for treating children with tuberculous adenitis. Whether there is anything "specific" about the sea air, or whether the children simply thrive better and so overcome more quickly the disease, is not fully determined. Those with adenoids and enlarged tonsils should be operated on in the beginning.

(2) The seashore is the best place for children with tuberculous joints, if they can have the same skilled orthopedic care as elsewhere. The disease runs a somewhat milder and probably a shorter

the attending physician and the attending surgeon. Only the minor operations have been performed at the hospital. For the major ones the children were transferred to the hospitals of Manhattan and Brooklyn and then returned to Sea Breeze. A dentist visits the hospital regularly and the highest skill in all branches of the medical profession has been at the disposal of the little sufferers. To avoid any possible mistake in diagnosis two or more surgeons, as well as the attending physicians, pass on each applicant for admission.

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"Louis" giving a patient an ocean bath. This man's tenderness to the little sufferers has won all their hearts.

course, and the functional results are better than those elsewhere. (3) The results at Sea Breeze have been largely due to the careful attention (including feeding and nursing) which has been given the children.

SOME LEGENDS OF MODERN ROME

No Place in the World and No People So Rich as the Inhabitants of the Holy City.

NO PEOPLE is so rich in legendary history as the Romans. Old legends, despite the efforts of critics to demolish them, have survived and are still remembered, while new ones are cropping up every day. The modern legends are not as beautiful as the ancient ones; no poet will have them brought into verse and no historian will record them in his writings; still, they are already recorded by many as positive facts, and a few years hence they may become some of the historical truths as well as a Rome letter to the New York Sun.

Here is one legend that is not very recent. Many years ago, as many as ten, an American lady, flashy, well-gowned, and presumably a widow, was crossing Piazza di Spagna on a bright spring morning. Women strolled at her with envy and men with admiration. Among the latter was one named Toto Mancini, a dark young Roman with black moustaches turned upward, long hair carefully brushed backward, a flowing necktie and a check suit. Signor Mancini was a government clerk with a monthly salary of \$150, and his only ambition in life was to marry money. He stopped to cast an admiring glance at the dashing American lady. The lady smiled. Signor Mancini smiled back and took off his soft felt hat in a courtly, flowing Italian bow. The lady put out her small hand encased in kid. Signor Mancini, hat in hand and in a princely attitude, pressed it hard and reverently raised it to his lips.

Then they spoke, she in genuine Amer-

ican, he in indifferent French. What they said is not known, probably owing to the simple fact that Signor Mancini did not understand English and the lady did not understand French. But that they spoke is a fact corroborated by the evidence of about a score of persons of both sexes who stopped to watch the scene. Signor Mancini hailed a cab, into which he helped the lady and got in himself. They drove away and within a week they were married by the American Consul, who warned the lady that by Italian law the wife was expected to support her husband.

"Well, I guess I have enough for both," she said, and Signor Mancini resigned his government appointment and renounced his right for a pension. "He is rich to-day, a millionaire," his old colleagues will tell you, and they vouch for the authenticity and accuracy in every detail of the story of his courtship and marriage. The old American residents of Rome, who know Italy and the Italians thoroughly, qualify the Mancini story as a legend, but the crowds of young men with black moustaches and flowing neckties who daily caress the women in Piazza di Spagna afford a proof that their efforts are fruitless and vain. "Italian men stare so, any American girl visiting Rome will tell you," and they are so insolent in their admiration. Why, they are the limit. Why is it, I wonder?

The second legend is more recent. A farmer in the Campagna Romana had a son about 27 years ago. When the son was a boy of 12 he happened to meet a foreign painter who was sketching a

bit of wild landscape near his father's field. The boy watched the work with interest, and one day the painter gave him a pencil and a piece of paper, and he sketched the bit of landscape himself. The artist thought that he had discovered a Giotto, so he took him to Rome and taught him to draw and paint. Then he left Rome, but the boy remained there, determined to become a great painter. He started to copy a Madonna in one of the galleries, and when he finished it he sold it to a dealer for 15 francs. He copied it again and again, and every time he sold his work to the same dealer for the same price.

One day Pietro Finavalli was hard at work copying the same old picture when two American girls who happened to be doing the gallery stopped to look at the young man's work. Taking for granted that he did not understand English, they freely criticized the copy, one pronounced it a dach, the other said it had good qualities in it.

The two girls after discussing the work, proceeded to discuss the painter. "I think he is just lovely," the prettier of the two said, "and his eyes and eyes and such dark hair. His pointed beard makes him look so distingue." The other girl said she liked the picture better than the man, whereupon the first protested strongly, and again said the man was lovely. She ended by saying: "Why, I am in love with him already." Pietro then stopped his painting, and turning around to the girl with a smile he said in perfect English: "And I, too, am in love with you." Exactly what

happened is not known, as Pietro, the pretty girl and her companion are all silent on this subject. But one may presume that there was a lot of blushing and apologizing and confusion, and that in the end Pietro was invited to tea at the fashionable hotel where the girls were stopping. Here he was introduced to "Mamma dearie," who asked him to come to dinner. Pietro borrowed a five franc note from a fellow-artist, hired an evening suit and went to dinner. The next day he was not seen in the usual place at the gallery copying the usual picture, as he was engaged in painting Maud's portrait. It did not turn out a success, but it had good qualities in it. Then the inevitable happened and Pietro and Maud were married. Pietro's father, who is still a farmer, will tell you that his son is one of the best painters in America, and Mamma dearie tells her friends that Maud's husband is the son of one of the most prominent Roman landowners. As for the romantic love story of the gallery, why it is a legend, that is all.

The Jungfrau. Lippincott's. It is the hour of the afternoon height. Puts on her bridal gown. The hour when day's departing light steals to her lonely face. And touches every ragged line with such ethereal gleam. A maiden in her dream. White, white, as white as seabird's breast. Yet still her love is unconfessed. The wistful Sun sails slowly down. But when at last his golden boat hath landed on the dim, Mysterious purple seas remain. Her blush remembers him. Blush that betrays her wistful mood. The secret, smart of maidenhood. A pure, impassioned rose.

BIG SALARIES FOR NEWSPAPERMEN

Exact Facts for Young Collegians Who Are Anxious for a Career in Journalism.

Baltimore Sun. A YOUNG man in North Carolina has favored us with the following communication: "I am about to graduate from college and desire to enter some learned profession. I believe I have a talent for literary composition. Do you think that journalism offers me a good opportunity? Are newspaper editors well paid? And how long would it take me to advance from reporter to editor?"

We confess that the adjective employed by our correspondent in the second part of his preliminary sentence gives us an agreeable thrill. For this is the first time, so far as we are aware, that the word "learned" has ever been applied to the journalistic vocation. We have heard it called almost everywhere else, from "abhorred" to "symiotic," but "learned" is new. We think the young gentleman of North Carolina and pass on to his questions. A talent for literary composition? Is it useful in journalism? We believe that it is. It will serve at the start to make the aspirant's application for a job graceful, grammatical and convincing. It will serve again years after, when he retires from active service and begins to write his reminiscences. And in between it may prove its utility more than once. We have never encountered a reporter whose literary skill was quite equal to Walter Pater's, but we have no doubt that if such a one ever bobbed up his talent would do him no great damage.

It is in journalism than a good digestion. The journalist must be able to digest anything and nothing. He must be able to go three days without food, and an hour without a drink. The accidents and catastrophes which make up the news of the world have no regular office hours. They happen at any old time, day or night. When they break loose the journalist must proceed to record them and he must stick to the task until they are recorded. As a result he must learn to stretch the hiatus between lunch and dinner until it attains the dignity of a geological epoch. Our day he dines at 7 P. M. and the next day he dines the day after. One day he is invited to 22 oyster roasts and is so busy that he can't go to one of them, and the next day he may have little to do and no invitations come his way.

Are newspaper editors well paid? Our answer here must be both yes and no. The average manufacturer of high degree makes less. We have yet to receive proof that any editor in the United States makes more than \$50,000 per annum. John Hays Hammond, but we know of at least 20 who receive \$125,000 a year. In the \$100,000 class there are probably 50 or 60, and in the \$75,000 class several hundred. In the smaller cities salaries are somewhat lower, but we know of no editor who gets less than \$50,000 a year, with board, lodging and laundry. We are speaking, of course, of editors-in-chief. The minor men receive somewhat less, about \$600 a week; for city editors, \$750; for night editors, \$500, and for horse editors, \$450. Dramatic critics get \$250 for every performance they attend, besides free passes, and society editors are paid \$150 a reception, with automobile and dress suit hire thrown in. Poets are paid \$15 a line and editorial writers from \$2 to \$5 a word.

The line of promotion in newspaper offices, from lowest to highest, is as follows: Dramatic critic, war correspondent, special writer, baseball reporter, religious editor, editorial writer, copy reader, society editor, detective reporter, assistant city editor, city editor, news editor, assistant managing editor, managing editor, editor-in-chief, editor. Our correspondent wants to know how long it will take him to reach the top of the ladder. The question has interested us very much and we have lain awake several nights figuring upon an answer. Working it out carefully after consulting more than 2500 journalists and with the aid of the table of logarithms, the United States census reports for the period 1820-1900 and all available dream books, we have settled upon 255,745,624 years. We may be wrong about the decimals, but the 255, we are sure, is reasonably correct.