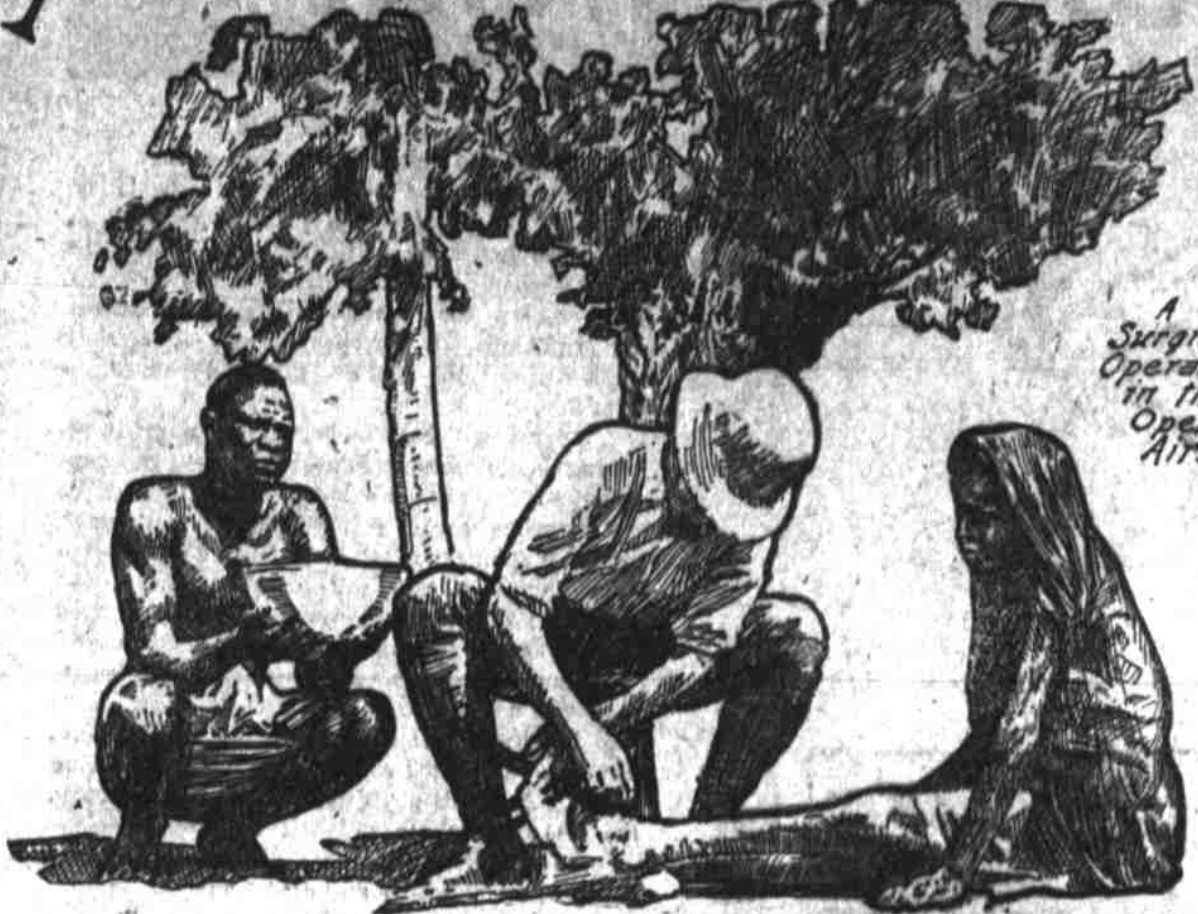


# A PHYSICIAN TO NATURE'S CHILDREN



*Surgical Operation in the Open Air.*



*Some Patients about a Native Home.*

## As an American Doctor Met Them in the Wilds of Africa

BESIDES carrying to the dusky-skinned natives of the African jungles the hope of salvation in the after-life, Christian medical missionaries are giving them freedom from the clutch of disease and bodily ills.

Penetrating the Soudan, traveling through miles of high grass and almost impassable jungles, Dr. J. S. Derr, a graduate of the University of Virginia, last fall visited the savages who had never seen a physician. Many of them, indeed, had never seen a white man.

Working at the station of the Soudan United Mission at Donga, Dr. Derr has cured hundreds of negroes. Journeying from Donga, which is 600 miles inland, he traveled nearly 100 miles toward the interior, treating tribesmen until he reached Gongome.

In that section medicine had never been applied for the cure of diseases. Hundreds of natives suffer from virulent blood diseases, ophthalmia and ulcers, languishing in suffer-



*No Need for Medicine*

600 miles inland from the Atlantic coast and north of the Congo region. The sufferings of the people in that section are harrowing. Many, according to recent letters received from him, suffer from virulent blood diseases. In the interior he has been kept busy, from morning until night, treating the sick. He cured one old chief, who was so overjoyed that he accepted Christianity.

"The medical mission," wrote Dr. Derr, "as an accessory to preaching the gospel, used as a means of gaining the love and confidence of the people, has proved a success in most fields. It shows the people in a tangible form that Christianity stands for love, good works and the relief of suffering. Though they may be ignorant of their mental darkness and moral depravity, bodily pain is as real to them as it is to us."

Traveling in the "Land of Darkness," the Soudan, is not the most comfortable thing in the world. Dr. Derr started on his trip August 15, with more than a half dozen attendants, a number of whom deserted him on his journey.

Provisions were garbled in boxes which the negroes bore on their heads. Thus the journey was made—for three days a weary tramp through land covered with grass which exceeded a man in height. Much of the land was marshy and soggy, and it was with difficulty that progress was made.

Dr. Derr arrived at Sungal August 18. This is the place where, some years before, Captain Parker was met by spear points when he dismounted from his horse.

"The chief of Sungal," writes Dr. Derr, "had heard of my medical work, and he gave me a cordial welcome. The chief is a pagan. He seemed pleased that I visited him, but did not understand what could be done with the materials in my medical case."

What Dr. Derr did amazed the old negro. Immediately on his arrival the doctor went among the people. Scores lay sick with fever, some with limbs swollen by elephantiasis; others suffering from gonorrhea or leprosy. One patient lay with swollen legs, writhing in anguish.

"I gave him morphine and whisky," writes the doc-

Dr. Derr spent several days at Sungal, during the time dressing the wounds of injured natives and administering medicine to the sick. On the night of the harvest festival he sat without the tent of the chief.

"The moon was shining in the clear sky," he writes, "and the palm tree gently stirred. As we sat there members of the tribe appeared, all dressed in white, carrying the strangest instruments. There were horns, made of elephants' tusks, which gave forth the weirdest, most piercing sounds; and strange, blubbery drums made of skins.

"Then the native orchestra played. One could hardly imagine a more weird scene—the moon shining so pallidly, and the strange musicians producing unearthly noises. That night I talked to the natives about Christ, and they were deeply impressed. When I arose, the chief took my hand. He was deeply stirred."

One night Dr. Derr and the chief took a walk into the forest. "I pointed out the stars to him and showed him the Milky Way. I explained the movement of the earth about the sun and the moon about the earth. Then I told him of the majesty and splendor of God's universe and the love and greatness of the Divine One." Sitting under the leafy trees that night I told him more of Jesus.

And so Dr. Derr continued his work, medical and religious. He cured many and converted a number, among them the old chief.

Pursuing his way through the grassy swamps, Dr. Derr and his party reached Jafung, where he heard of a pagan tribe near Gongome. These people, he was told, were warlike and fierce, and were dreaded by the other natives. The Mohammedan missionaries, who are active in the Soudan, feared to go to them. After treating the sick at Jafung, Dr. Derr went on to Bakundi, a large town, which is principally Mohammedan.

In the center of Africa, Dr. Derr points out, the natives do not live in caves or isolated cabins in the jungles, as many persons suppose, but in towns. Bakundi is one of the largest. These villages are much the same. The houses certainly do not resemble the comfortable dwellings of America. The homes of the natives are built of grass, the roof, which is cone shaped, resting on heavy props. Very little clothing is worn, the garments consisting of light wrappings worn about the waist or slung over the shoulder.

injections for a blood disease. I had it carefully explained to them that they could not be cured immediately, but would have to come once a week for treatment. Two came for a second injection, and one of these never came for a third. The one who has received regular treatment now shows decided evidence of improvement, and also seems quite grateful. A boy was brought to me with large patches of chronic yaws on his shoulder, chest and leg. He was a pitiful spectacle, and his expression was that of one resigned to his fate. I cleaned up the sores and applied ointment, but he never came again.

"From all accounts, spectacular operations are those that make the impression on the mission field; but for myself I do not consider it wise to undertake such without an assistant who is able to administer an anesthetic, and without better means of caring for the patient than exist now. Up to the present I have been without some of my most needed drugs, owing to the fact that my station chest has not yet arrived from Ibb."

Many, of course, are the humorous experiences of a physician. Some months ago the chief at Donga sent for Dr. Derr and asked for whisky for his sore leg.

"I had a note from Mr. Berkeley saying that his majesty had a sore leg, and had expressed a desire that I should examine it," writes Dr. Derr. "He told me privately, however, that he thought it was whisky he really wanted. I thought this not unlikely. Putting a box of mustard leaves and a bandage in my pocket, I proceeded to the king's house, where I was cordially received. He looked quite wholesome, except for his dull eyes, and I could distinguish no limp in his walk. After preliminary salutations, I proceeded to investigate the 'leg,' obtaining a history of an enlarged ankle somewhere in the dim past. This, he told me, had yielded most remarkably to whisky, also that it hurt him now from time to time, and it required more whisky to ease it.

"I informed him that my plaster was much better for his foot than whisky; and, after ordering some water, applied it and fastened it on tight with a bandage, giving him instructions not to remove it until it had burned a long time. I learned afterward that the plaster did its work well! He asked for no more whisky."

Dr. Derr has been working in the Soudan about a year. Among the natives whom he has visited are the Munchi people, who are extremely savage. They use a peculiar poison on the tips of their arrows, which is fatal. The antidote is known only to the Munchi people themselves.

How important is medical work in this section of Africa one who has not visited the country cannot realize. Innumerable diseases prevail, and Dr. Derr's days are full of work. He has had to treat patients who suffered from the sleeping sickness—a fatal disease to which thousands of natives have succumbed.

Mohammedanism has been sweeping over the Soudan, and Christian missionaries are now pitting their strength against the spread. The Soudan comprises an area equal to about two-thirds that of the United States without Alaska, and comprises about ten kingdoms, under British, French and German control. There are about 100 distinct free heathen tribes, with a population of from 50,000,000 to 80,000,000.

The medical mission, it is said, is the strongest weapon against the spread of Islamism. "Cured of physical ills," writes Dr. Derr, "the natives will listen to religious teaching. And in sending them physicians Christians have an opportunity which the Mohammedans do not possess."



*Native Orchestra*



*Answering the Coming of the White Doctor.*

ing until they die. Dr. Derr applied his remedies—the natives regarded him in wonder, and, when suffering was relieved and sores healed, they sank to the ground in worship, believing the missionary a god.

Accounts of his work, just received by friends in this country, are intensely interesting. Not only has Dr. Derr cured many physically, but he has converted scores of natives, among them an old chief, at one time one of the most bloodthirsty and implacable in the Soudan.

TERRIBLE maladies infect whole tribes of natives in innermost Africa. Plagues spread and decimate the black nations. Incredible sufferings are endured by the people of the jungle; they die, and the disease or plague continues its ravages unchecked. Frightful poisonings of the blood kill off thousands each year. Infectious diseases crawl through the jungles with a purpose more subtle and virulent than the most poisonous of serpents.

For centuries it has been so. The black man suffered and died because he had not wherewith to cure himself, because he did not know how to treat his injuries, because he did not know how to treat his fevers, because he did not know how to check contagions.

Now, however, hope is given him, cures are promised, for the white man will doctor him and treat his sores. Bandages will be wrapped about his aching, swollen limbs, and lotions will be applied to festering hands and faces. Quinine will dissipate fevers, and various remedies clean out the venomous germs which have devoured the strength and virility of tribes.

Nature herself has dealt bitterly with many of these children of nature. Now civilization promises remedies for their ills.

During the last decade marvelous work has been accomplished in Africa by the vanguards of civilization, the Christian missionaries, who are taking, with the cross, medicine and the surgical case. In the Soudan, particu-

larly, has much been accomplished by missionaries within the last few years.

Physicians have gone among the natives and performed what seemed miracles to those simple-minded people. Accustomed to the witch doctors, who never cured, and to supposedly enchanted remedies, which never, of their own virtue, healed, the natives viewed the applications of medicines and ointments with amazement.

At Gongome, the innermost point of the continent reached by Dr. Derr last fall, the natives at first regarded him as a god endowed with supernatural powers. His work among these primitive people of the jungles is typical of the experiences of physicians who reach uninvaded territory.

Dr. Derr is stationed at Donga, a large town about

tor, "and poulticed the leg with potassium permanganate. His temperature was 103. Day after day I visited him, and, as his pain decreased, he regarded me with wonder and awe. Such treatment had never been given him before, and he thought the easement of pain was done by some divine agency."

The mysteries of the revolver, as explained by Dr. Derr to the old chief, filled him with wonder at the ingenuity of the white man. While walking with the chief along the Sungal river one evening, Dr. Derr showed him the revolver, at the same time discharging it. With a wild cry, the old man threw himself on his knees, his eyes staring in fright at the strange weapon. "When he saw Dr. Derr hit the head of a duck on the river, at a seemingly incredible distance, the old man was speechless.

Here Dr. Derr visited the blacksmith, the weaver and the school. "This was the first time I saw a Mohammedan school in session," he writes, "and it was very picturesque. The little boys were sitting on the ground shouting the Koran from wooden tablets. These were held by the hands, and looked like shovels."

From Bakundi Dr. Derr continued his journey, crossing the mountains. Here, for the first time since he took up his work in that region, he was able to drink pure spring water. In the mountains the air was fresh and pure, the scenery splendid. Passing down the mountains on the other side, he arrived on September 2 at Kingana, a large town, and practically the key to the region beyond. On the 8th he treated twenty patients.

That night the chief visited him and told him the town was his.

When preparing to go farther inland some of Dr. Derr's laborers ran away from him and he was left stranded. He continued his work, taking journeys by day and treating the sick. Near Kingana he treated natives who had never seen a white man. Instead of opposing him, the natives received his attentions with gratitude, and Dr. Derr was so elated he made plans for the establishment of a station.

On his return to Donga Dr. Derr continued his work, leaving behind him hundreds of patients who had been started on the road to recovery. At first, he says, he found difficulty in getting the natives to let him treat them, their faith in the native witch doctor having been implicit, despite the failure to cure.

One old woman recently came to him for treatment. For three years she had suffered from ulcers. The only treatment she had received was applications of fire. Investigation showed that her ligaments had been sloughed into shreds. Although the natives, after seeing a cure, regard a physician as a god possessed with supernatural powers, they show little faith in his medicines at first. Dr. Derr writes as follows:

**GRATEFUL FOR ATTENTIONS**

**DIFFICULTIES BESET DOCTORS**

"Fear on the part of the native, indifference and lack of faith in the white man's medicine retard the work at first. A short time after I came to Donga four men got

## Keeping Warm with Bright-hued Raiment

IF YOU will wear light-colored clothes your body will be kept warmer in winter than if your habiliments be the dark hues which man throughout the civilized world has so long affected. And your spirits will continually be a good deal higher, more cheerful, than the condition which, during the long years you have devoted to somberness of attire, you have trained yourself to regard as normal.

Such is the latest theory advanced in the foremost medical journal known to the profession, the London Lancet.

When the Lancet speaks, medicine and surgery hold their breath. So every circle of civilized humanity, from teachers to tailors, has hastily risen up and taken notice.

ELEMENTARY chemistry, when it deals with the basic properties of light and heat in the preparatory schools, has been accustomed to state that heat and light, in conjunction, as when they are received from the glowing disk of the sun, are uniformly reflected by surfaces that are light in color and as uniformly absorbed by surfaces that are dark.

Part of the rising up and taking notice that developed among the medical men of Great Britain, immediately upon the utterance of its novel dictum by the Lancet, was devoted to announcing that the infallible one must be suffering from an invasion of bats in the belfry, because

light-colored clothing must inevitably reflect the sun's rays of light and, with the light, the heat the rays contain.

But the Lancet's word goes far, and the season in London has produced some specimens of male garments that would have made the queen of Sheba chase Solomon off the block. And already the Anglo-American mind, which still thinks it can't think for itself, is tuning up its wheels for a few preliminary sartorial revolutions.

Mostly these new fashion flowers in buds run to waistcoats. The era of the vest ended finally when Dewey at Manila spoke the historic words, "You may fire when ready, Gridler." That was the occasion when the United States proved it had the punch; and Great Britain commemorated it by admitting that we were no longer her poor relations and receiving our homage in the drawing room instead of the servants' hall. We discovered the Japanese were really human beings as soon as they had slaughtered enough Russians.

America's gratitude for her kind old grandmother's condescension at once ended the existence of the vest, which degenerated into an article of feminine attire henceforth unmentionable, as the grateful Japanese left their flowing national robes to their women while they inserted themselves into trousers and looked like \$3.75 worth of hand-me-downs.

So now America's hall-mark of elegance is the waistcoat, of which the great historical significance is here for the first time explained.

Whenever an Englishman gets excited he sees red. He is so much worked up over the Lancet's announcement that his waistcoats are volcanic. The American is

dutifully taking his in crimson. The glare of State street in Chicago has loosed the steers in the stockyards.

New York is going heavy on cheer-up cravats. The patriotic American necktie became obsolete with the hereditary American vest. It survives only in New Mexico and the adjacent arid zone, where necktie parties maintain some of their old-time popularity; yet even there many prominent citizens, while willing enough to attend, are prejudiced against wearing the necktie themselves.

New York, however, is almost in despair. It yearns, with the fierce longing characteristic of the Great White Way, for cravats which shall be more lurid this year than they were last. But every hue of the spectrum was long ago looted on by New York to whom up its sagging spirits, from virgin whites, which it likes to fancy appropriate, to polychrome braided with gold tinsel.

The inventor who can offer to dear old Broadway a new and gorgeous cravat color will be welcomed from Fulton street to the Park by every haberdasher—notice that word—any time between 1 A. M. and 12 midnight. Sundays included.

It was unfortunate that the Lancet did not move its discovery ahead a few weeks—before all the husbands of all the women dug down for the black pony furs that have nearly frozen the more desirable half of the population this winter.

They didn't know they were freezing until the Lancet told them. But now they do know, it has become apparent that they must change to ermine.

There's certainly something in the cheerfulness and of the theory.

## Some Curious Facts

ON AN average, thirty-one people lose their lives yearly by accidents in the Alps.

For a feat of dexterity and nerve it would be difficult to surpass that of the Bojesman of South Africa, who walks quietly up to a puff adder and deliberately sets his bare foot on its neck. In its struggles to escape and attempts to bite its assailant the poisonous gland secretes a large amount of the venom. This is just what the Bojesman wants. Killing the snake, he eats the body and uses the poison for his arrows.

The latest use of the telephone is in locating shoals of fish. The electric apparatus is a German patent. A microphone, inclosed in a water-tight case, connected with an electric battery and telephone, is lowered into the water. So long as the telephone hangs free no sound is heard, but on its coming into contact with a shoal of fish the constant tapping of the fish against the microphone case produces a series of sounds which at once betray their presence. The cord attached to the microphone is marked, so that the exact depth of the shoal is designated.

The title Lieutenant comes from words signifying "holding the place." Thus, a lieutenant colonel holds the place of a colonel in the absence of the latter, and a lieutenant holds the place of a captain.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by seventy different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

An iceberg often last 200 years, it is declared by scientists.

One sudden death occurs among women to eight among men.

The smallest, simplest and best protected post-office in the world is in the strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small painted keg or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in a manner so that it floats free opposite Terra del Fuego. Passing ships send boats to take letters out and put others in. This curious postoffice is unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

The coldest period of the day is said to be a few minutes after sunrise. This is due to the fact that, when the sun first strikes the earth, it causes the evaporation of a chilling moisture.

One of the strangest prizes offered by the French Academy of Sciences is \$20,000 for the person who discovers a method of communication between planets.

Locomotive engineers in Germany receive a sum of money and a gold watch for every ten years served without an accident.

Insects, as a general rule, have little or no sense of sound. The ant is the insect with the best developed hearing organs.

Great Britain has a longer season than any other nation in Europe. It measures over 200 days, Italy coming second with 247, Russia ranks third and France fourth.