

# GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TEST MILK

## United States Officials Fully Realize Importance of Keeping Herds Up to Standard of Good Health--All States Should Take Notice and Pure Milk Supply Would Undoubtedly Result

By John E. Lothrop.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18. There is only one method of detecting and eradicating tuberculosis in milk cows and other dairy animals--by inspection and the tuberculin test.

When an animal reacts after application of the test, a veterinarian remains--kill it or isolate it from all other animals.

Dr. E. C. Schroeder, superintendent of the livestock station at Bethesda, a suburb of Washington, thus condensed for me the wisdom of the policies which have been evolved through long years of experimentation and practical experience.

Furthermore, it is in agreement with the body of scientific knowledge in this whole country and Europe. Every speck of coal that has been evolved through long years of experimentation and practical experience. Dr. Schroeder's statements are, so he said, based on 16 years' close observation of tests here at the Bethesda station. It is the result of hundreds and hundreds of demonstrations.

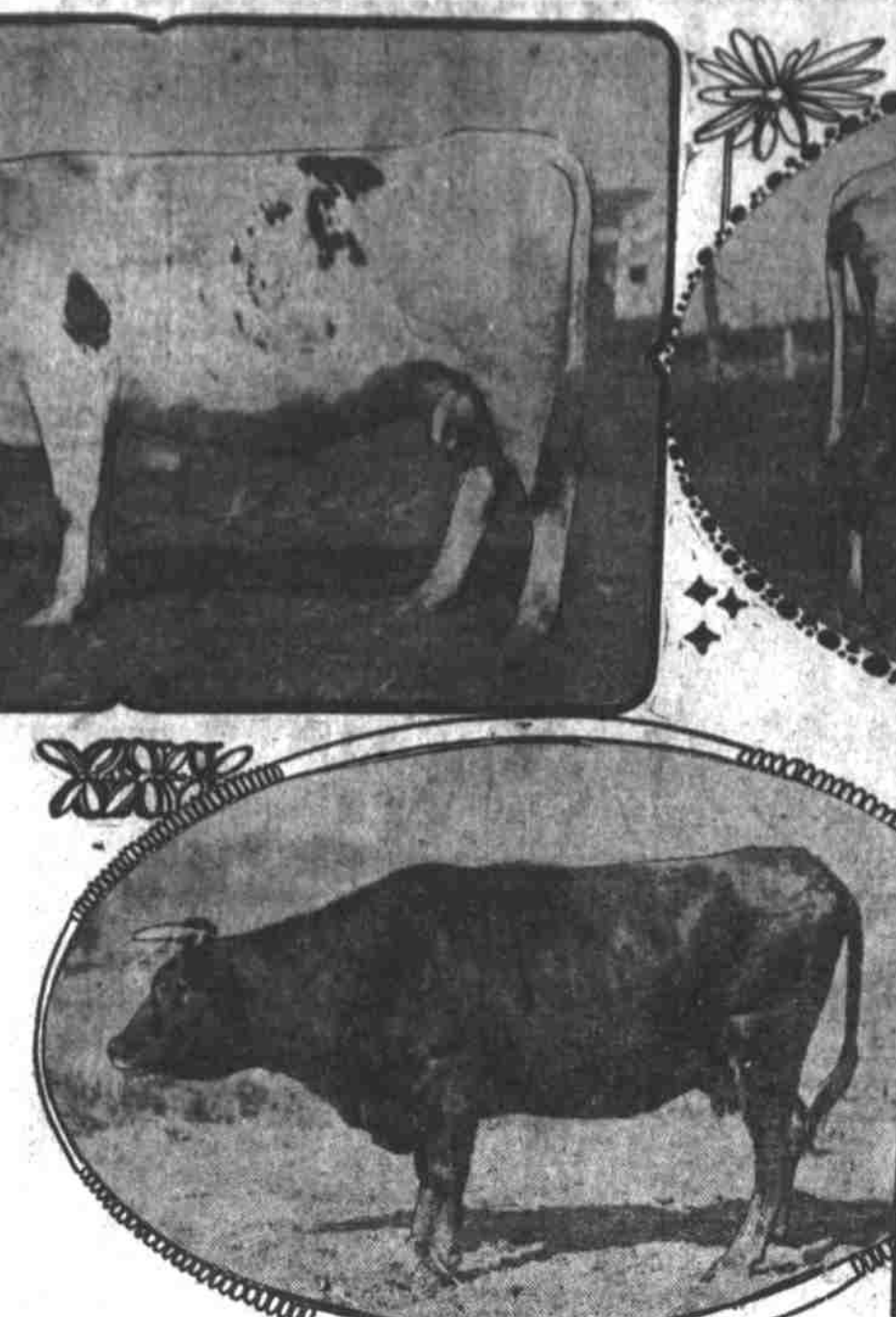
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What as to the remedy? First, all officials, entrusted with the duty of safeguarding the people from these menaces should immediately adopt the measures proven to be effective. The inspection of all dairies should be had. Tuberculin tests should be applied. Infected animals should be killed or isolated. All other dairy conditions inimical to purity of the milk and butter supply should be changed.

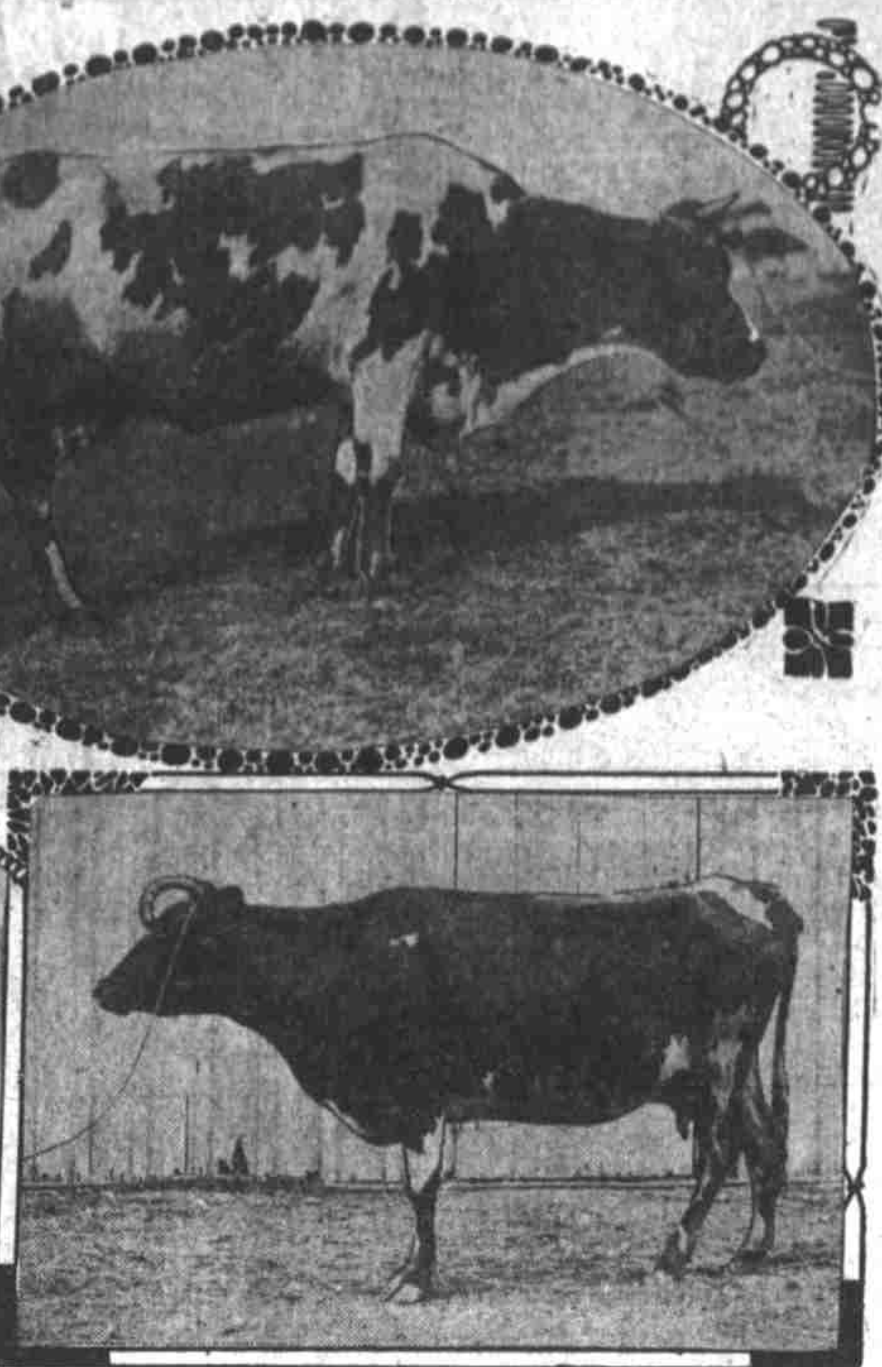
Second, there should be faithful enforcement of the law. A reading of the Oregon law under which the state dairy inspector works assures me that he has abundant authority, especially under the general clause "or any other cause."

What as to the so-called burden imposed on the farmer? The answer is that it will bring larger profit in the long run. The dairyman will not lose, but gain, by eradicating disease from his herds.



Diseased Cows Treated for Tuberculosis at the Government Experimental Station.

He knew that he was not propagating danger of infected milk supplies. He knew that the white death was no longer his ally, but his enemy, and that instead of being a scourge of his fellow man he was a beneficent maker of wholesome food products.



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These pictures will convey to the eye of the layman, unacquainted with the science, the demonstration of this important matter in a way that is most convincing. Under Dr. Schroeder's direction, and for each cow he has filed the exact data showing the things hereinbefore set forth.

Let it be understood that one infected animal in a herd may infect every other animal in the herd. The spread of the disease, by its milk product, in other ways the tubercular germs are spread. If Portland desires a pure milk supply, it must have a testing system in which is such thoroughness as a layman could give, there is just one way to make it, and that is to have the state, city or federal, does its full duty; provide for thorough inspection by competent men, for that is the only way the "O. things are all right" policy and prove in the case of every dairy that they are all right, and if not all right, make it so. This means added deaths from the dread disease, which to eradicate nations are made, in the most successful of men of science devoted their best years.

Just a word as to these scientists. Popularly, in testing quarters, there is a sneering "Them fellows are crazy. This is often heard, especially by back number commissioners who haven't kept their fingers on the pulse of progress. Dr. E. C. Schroeder, superintendent of the Bethesda experiment station, could make in good from dollars a year his present salary were he to go into the dairy business on his own account, or in the "simply of some large concern. He knows dairies, knows dairymen, knows what to feed, how to feed, how to produce conditions which will induce large returns.

He devises conditions which make dairymen pay. So that, not only from a viewpoint of the dairyman, but also from the viewpoint of the consumer, it is a good thing for our dairymen. It really isn't pleasant to have to report to the federal officials here that Oregon pays a commissioner who is "marked" with the march of progress. When one gets into the atmosphere of real enthusiasm, where talented men are in the work, it is inspiring to see them laboring along through the years, underpaid, yet faithful, saying "How much have I received to date? How much more may I do under the law?" Dr. Melvin, Dr. Schroeder, Dr. Farrington, Dr. K... (names partially obscured) and hosts of others are doing some mighty fine things for the American people, under the magnificent direction of that stern old Dr. James H. Dill, secretary of agriculture. Let Oregon officials catch that spirit of enthusiasm, and let us see the progress for our people there, which will in later years rise up to bless them.

# DOCTOR COOK CONQUERED MOUNT MCKINLEY

## Explorer Wrote Story of His Trip for Magazine and Furnished Pictures to Prove He Made the Dangerous Ascent--Feared Death Repeatedly in Climb to 20,391 Feet Altitude

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the present day hero of the world of exploration and science, drove a milk wagon in Brooklyn at \$5 a week. From the milk can to the North Pole is a long jump, but the doctor declares that he accomplished it, and there are many who do not dispute the assertion. According to a New York report, young Cook worked hard in the early morning hours on his milk route and saved enough money to go through the University of the City of New York, where he took his medical degree. He plodded on in the offices of the dairy, which is still run in Brooklyn under the name of Cook Brothers. He made his work finance him again to a higher education, this time graduating from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Dr. Cook was born of German parentage at Callicoon Depot, N. Y., in June, 1856.

H. FREDERICK A. COOK, first to report the discovery of the North Pole, the accomplishment of which was due in no small measure to the detectable gum drop as an agency for speeding Eskimos, gained fame as an explorer through his story of his trip to the North Pole. In an article descriptive of the conquest of this great ice and snow covered mountain, published in Harper's magazine, he told the world that before the discovery of the pole was announced to the world, Dr. Cook wrote that he had taken a course of medicine to see if he could stand the physical torture this essay of the mid-Alaskan peak was his worst experience, and it is doubtful if the North Pole journey was anywhere as near as severe a task, physically.

Two Expeditions Organized. Two expeditions had been organized at a combined cost of \$28,000 to explore and climb McKinley. The first venture, in 1902-4, was unsuccessful, although productive of much scientific knowledge, but the peak was conquered by him in 1906.

After establishing a base camp, Dr. Cook surveyed the country. To the northwest, 40 miles away, far above the clouds, was the top of the continent--old Mount McKinley. Three promising routes were charted with all possible landmarks. Continuous cold and drizzling rains had been encountered, but now the thermometer fell to near the freezing point, and the snow began to accumulate. Several weeks were spent in examining for a route for a future ascent, and in the preparation of a bearable ration of sustaining life for two weeks.

Start Made September 8. Then the climbing began. It was on September 8 that the start was made, and some fresh bear tracks were followed to Ruth glacier. Several icy streams are crossed, in which all bear wet to above their waists, and an old caribou trail was found on the north side of the glacier.

Bottomless Pits Below Them. "As we crossed the glacier and jumped the crevasses Dokkin developed quite a fear of the bottomless pits and said that he would prefer not to trust his life to the security of his footing. Bartille and I had been on glaciers before and did not entertain the same fear. Indeed, we regarded this glacier as one particularly free of danger and hardship. Its surface was unusually smooth.

On to the Top! Hurrah! "It was an awful task to pick our selves up out of the deep snow and set the unyielding muscles to work pulling our legs of stone. The mind was fixed on the glitter of the summit, but the motive force was not in harmony with this ambition. I shall never forget the notable moments when the rope became taut with a nervous pull and we crept impatiently over the heaven scraped granite toward the top.

Terribly Cold at 16,500 Feet. "The next morning--the sixth day of our climb--was colder, the temperature being 15 degrees below zero. Starting from camp at 12,500 feet, picking a trail around crevasse our progress was good. After dragging ourselves up 2000 feet along easy snow slopes we pitched the tent early in the afternoon on the level, snow-covered, snow-bank mountain side of the top.

On the Last Spurs. "In a shallow ditch we fitted ourselves securely for the night. If we slipped from the ditch we would plunge thousands of feet through the clouds to the smoky depths of an arctic inferno. The night was long and stormy. The thought of going to the top of the mountain was dispelled by the misery of that awful night. But with the break of day the scene changed and we resolved to push onward.

View From the Summit. "To the south the eye ran over the steaming volcanoes. Redoubt and Iliamna, down Cook Inlet to the point of Kenai peninsula and the Pacific, 350 miles away. Narrow, winding, pebbly ribbons marked the course of the coast. To the east, the rugged Sushena river. Out of the Pacific rose a line of clouds drifting over the Chugach mountains to deposit their

lands, I sent him back with instructions to read the base barometer and to place emergency caches along the glacier. Treacherous Crevasses. "The snow on the glacier was hard and offered a splendid surface for a rapid march, but the advantage of its hardness was offset by the treacherous manner in which it bridged dangerous crevasses. As we advanced these snow bridges rose and held our horsehair rope with much interest.

Thunder of Avalanches Awful. "Before dark we pitched the tent on the glacier at an altitude of 8,000 feet within a few miles of the northern ridge, the summit of which, 4000 feet above, was at this time our ultimate destination. In three days we had advanced 35 miles. The death dealing spirit of the avalanches created more anxiety here than at any other camp.

Up 14,200 Feet. "Our course was very irregular, winding around polished granite walls into gloomy grottos, over dangerous snow ridges. We uttered a good many sighs of despair before the night was spent. The little color which was left in our note between the cloud rifts indicated sunset. It was 7:30 by the watch, and 14,200 feet by the aneroid. The mercury stood at 11 below zero, and the compass pointed to the point of a new cornice above the clouds 28 degrees east of north.

Where Tropic and Arctic Meet. "We rose farther and farther into the ragged edge of quickly drifting clouds. Rising from ridge to ridge and from cornice to cornice, we finally burst through the gloomy mist on to a bright snow field, upon which fell the parting glow of the sun setting into the great green expanse beyond the Yukon. We were on the divide, the wall between the Yukon and Sushena.

Laundry Work Under Difficulties. "The ice axes were driven into the snow, a rope was stretched, and on this line we hung our wet stockings and gaiters. We had previously learned that the best way to dry things out was to allow them to freeze, and on the following morning to shake off the frozen moisture. Everything else was blown inside the snow walls, and a block of snow was pulled in as a door. Even the sleeping gear of the aviaches was muffled. Outside it was zero.

On to the Big Blue Canyon. "We made an early start over the snow to the hills of a lateral moraine. Climbing the big boulders, we studied the path through which our course forced us. The ice in the dim morning light looked glistening from a picture-book standpoint. Great blue crevasses of ice rose like the pinnacles of the polar cap. We enjoyed the scene, but as we made our way up the mountain, the hair-raising outlook was discouraging.

Terribly Cold at 16,500 Feet. "The next morning--the sixth day of our climb--was colder, the temperature being 15 degrees below zero. Starting from camp at 12,500 feet, picking a trail around crevasse our progress was good. After dragging ourselves up 2000 feet along easy snow slopes we pitched the tent early in the afternoon on the level, snow-covered, snow-bank mountain side of the top. We had seen the summit from various sides, but we were not prepared for

attack over narrow overhanging glaciers and over steep ice-encrusted ridges. Every route was crossed somewhere by avalanche tracks. Pathway to the Summit. "Our only chance, and that seemed a hopeless one, was along the cornice of the northeastern arete upon which we were camped. For some distance there was a smooth line of crushed snow, with a sheer drop of about 4000 feet to either side. At about 13,000 feet this line was barred by a huge rock, with vertical sides of about 1000 feet. Beyond this rock there were other cliffs of ice and granite, and beyond that was a steep arete, over which we could go from the west to the northern face on to a glacier and into a valley between the two peaks which we now saw made the summit.

Arctic Circle in View. "This last night of the climb was one of great restlessness. We were camped at an altitude above the summit of Mount St. Elias, a point highest in the air so near the North Pole. The arctic circle was within sight. The temperature remained uniformly 16 degrees below zero, and an air with a piercing penetration drifted over us, we breathed heavily, and our hearts labored like gas engines in trouble. The circulation was so depressed that it was impossible to dispel the sense of chilliness.