

DISPLAY INTEREST IN PLAN FOR CURE OF TUBERCULOSIS

Hundreds of Thousands of People Watching Method of New Bacilli Discovered by Dr. Frederick Friedman.

(United Press Landed Wire.)
Berlin, Jan. 11.—It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of sick people throughout the world, men, women and children, are awaiting with eager interest the results of the treatment of tuberculosis by the new bacilli discovered by Dr. Frederick Friedman. Dr. Friedman opened his first tuberculosis institute a few weeks ago. Since then hundreds of patients have been inoculated by him. Obvious alike to the skepticism of the ultra-conservatives among the German medical fraternity, who, he declares, have not taken the trouble to investigate his cure, and to the praise of those who are championing him, Dr. Friedman is giving to the world a practical demonstration of the efficacy of his discovery.

Open Modest Institute.
It is a modest little "institute" which he has opened at 49 Lutzow street. The doctor's means are limited. Ten years of experimenting and devotion to his life's work has cost much money. Should the world accord him the recognition which he thinks it deserves, and which he is confident that will come when his work is better known, he intends to build a large institute where hundreds of patients may be cared for daily. He now has only four rooms. The reception room is all too small for the scores of patients who come. A smaller room serves for the doctor's office, where the patients are registered and a history of each case kept. In two other rooms the doctor and his assistants make examinations and give treatments. The examination consumes time, but treatment is but a matter of a few minutes. The pale-faced young doctor whistles and sings as he works.

"Will I get well, doctor?" asks the emaciated young working woman upon whose cheeks burn the unmistakable red flags. The doctor gives her a keen glance, applies his ear to her chest, then to her back. He straightens up and whistles a tune. "Of course you will," he says. "Bare your arm." A spot is painted with iodine. A hypodermic needle glitters in his hand. The point penetrates the skin, the doctor's thumb comes down.

Anxious to Get Well.
"Come back in two weeks," he says and touches the bell for the next patient. That is all. A young woman of 20, who had been laid up for the bones of the right hand since she was two years of age and two fingers amputated, declared that Dr. Friedman cured her in less than three months. A boy of 16, accompanied by his mother, showed the stump of his right leg amputated midway between the knee and hip. The amputation failed to cure the tuberculosis of the bone. Four big sores down to the bone broke out above where the leg had been amputated. He returned to the doctor's office. The surgeon at the royal clinic decided his leg would have to be removed at the hip. The mother said, she heard of Friedman's discovery, applied to him and that he cured the boy with three injections. It is difficult for a layman to pass upon so important a question as to whether Dr. Friedman has discovered a sure cure for tuberculosis in the first two stages. Neither is it a light responsibility to arouse hopes in the hearts of thousands of victims of the white plague that might turn out to be false.

Rights Are in Dispute.
The "human documents," as one might term those cured by Dr. Friedman—men, women and children who knew they had been sick and knew that they were made well—impresses one stronger than the scientific doubters, who declare it is not yet proven that the Friedman bacilli cure tuberculosis. Distrust, skepticism, and no little ill-will on the part of the medical fraternity has been aroused by Friedman's refusal to make known the secret of his remedy or place it at the disposal of the profession. Friedman, it is said, feels that he is entitled to some reward for his life's work. He has not the means or facilities to manufacture the remedy in the quantities to meet a general demand nor to finance such a project. While the doctor is reticent on the point, it is doubtful whether the Friedman remedy will be available to the medical profession at large until the rights of manufacture have been settled.

SNAKE-LIKE CREATURE FRIGHTENS BEHOLDERS

Findlay, Ohio, Jan. 11.—The appearance above this city of what appeared to be a huge snake-like creature with great wings that carried it along at a fearful velocity, has thrown the neighborhood into consternation.

As nearly as it could be described by Mrs. D. Pickle, 1913 Foraker avenue, West Park, who had the first and most distinct view of the monster, it resembled nothing so much as a pterodactyl, a supposedly extinct species of flying lizard, remains of which have been found in geological deposits of the Lower Jurassic or Mesozoic age.

Several times it has been seen hovering above West Park, but the other day it swooped down over the town more than 50 feet of where Mrs. Pickle was standing in her yard, then with a whirling of wings, louder than the clatter of an airplane, it rose to a considerable height and made for a wood several miles distant.

The bird has a long neck, an enlarged snake-like body and, as nearly as she could make out, four feet. What seemed to be brilliantly colored feathers grew from a long, thick tail which the creature used as a rudder to guide its flight. The body and half neck were covered with what appeared small, gray feathers, while the rest of the neck was covered with scales like those of a fish. The head is small and the beak a long, thin, slightly hooked at the end.

The wings spread about six feet from tip to tip and according to Mrs. Pickle's description are attached to the body of the ornithomorph in three or four places. Naturalists have been unable to state authoritatively that the rhamphorhynchus, of which order the air-lizard resembles the pterodactyl, lived on earth where they swarmed some 200 million years ago.

Search will be made of the woods where it is thought to have a resting place. There are many marbles in the vicinity where such a creature might hide.

Wreck Of the Rosecrans Recalls Other Tragedies Along the Pacific Coast

Many Lives and Much Property Have Been Sacrificed in Wrecks in Recent Years Upon Pacific.

DEEDS OF HEROISM PERFORMED BY SCORE

Crews of Lifesaving Stations Have Played Notable Parts in Rescue Work.

It's a tragic story of disaster and death and heroism, the record of the wrecks along the Pacific coast, and the wreck of the all steamer Rosecrans at the mouth of the Columbia river Tuesday, costing the lives of 33 men, adds another chapter to the gruesome record. At intervals since the sturdy master of the "days of gold" made his perilous journeys along the coast to the present day the sea has claimed its full share of treasure and human life. Efforts of the government to protect shipping, to provide life-saving stations and light-houses, have done much to lessen the loss of life, but the winds and the rocks and the sands are beyond the control of man, as the large number of wrecks strewn along the coast fully prove.

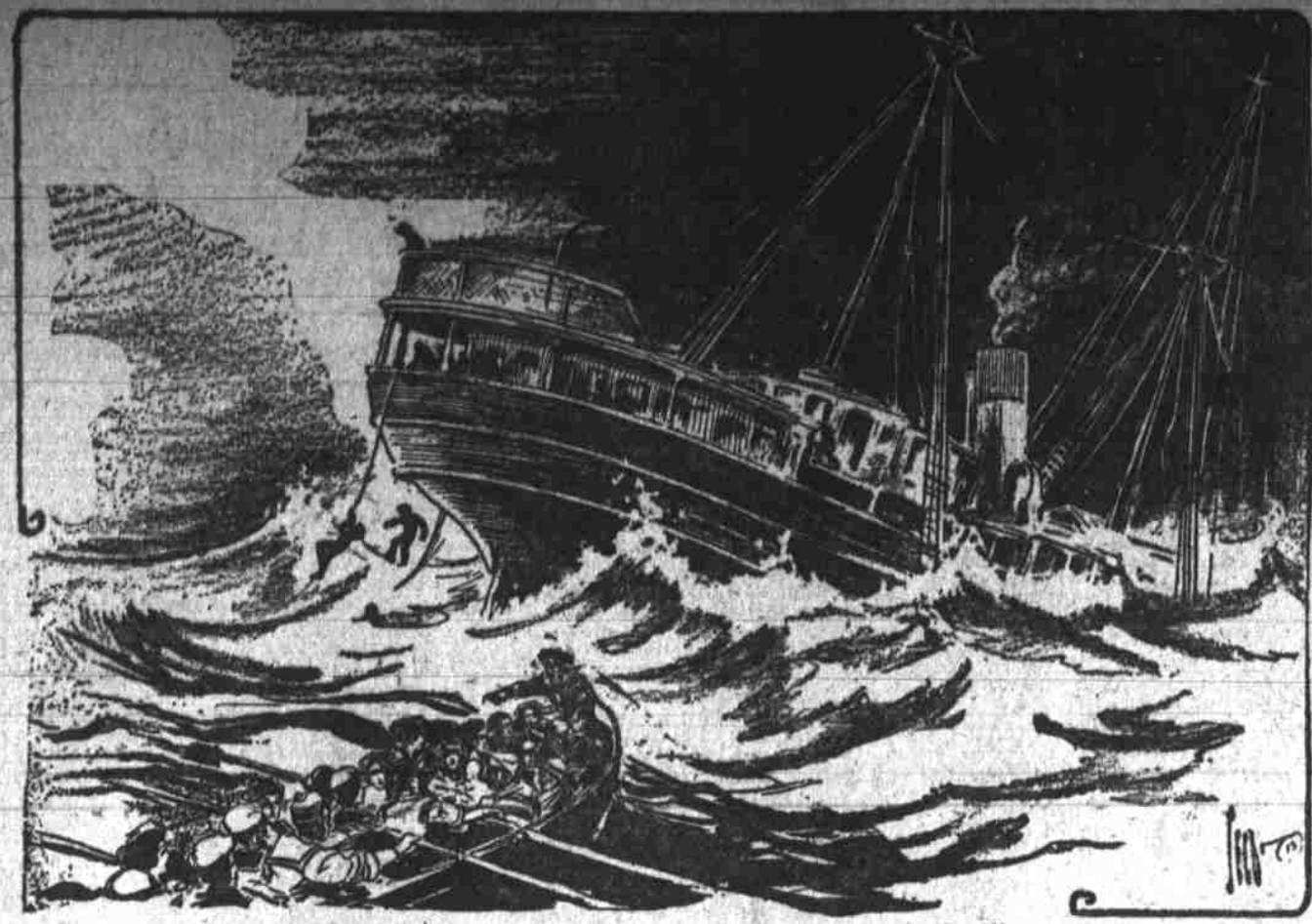
It was in 1882 that the British ship Fernien of Sunderland, England, bound from Wellington, New Zealand, to Portland, went ashore one cloudy night on Clatsop Spit, off Cape Disappointment, on the Washington coast. In a rising wind next morning she was discovered by the lookout in the tower of the life-saving station. With some volunteers from the garrison of Fort Canby the lifeboat started out through the surf. The captain, confident of working off the spit, refused to have his crew transferred to shore. By the end of the second day his ship was a hopeless wreck. She had worked in farther and was heeled over on her starboard side, her masts in the water and the crew clinging to the port quarter rail.

The lifeboat was towed out again through the heavy seas and brought round to windward of the wreck, when the towing was cast off and the life-sewers began to drop down toward the Fernien's battered hull. When they were within 200 yards of her, the wind shifted into the southeast, freshening constantly, and dead against them. Unable to make any progress, they signalled to the tug, resumed the toiling, and circled around, aiming to get to the southeast and repeat their maneuvers from that quarter. The surfmen struggled for hours, without getting within casting distance of the wreck, and finally had to abandon their efforts, making signal to the Fernien that they would return.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, when they reached the shattered hull of the Britisher again, she was deserted. At first it was thought that her men had been washed away, but presently the crew was made out in a whaleboat, headed for the most dangerous part of the beach. By signals the surfmen attracted their attention, and so, finally, succeeded in saving them. The ship was a total loss.

Wreck of the Atlantic.
In December, 1888, the whaling bark Atlantic of New Bedford, just starting on a cruise, went on the sand pit off Point Lobos, not far from the entrance to the bay of San Francisco. The vessel was totally destroyed, and out of the crew of 33 men 27 were lost. She was caught in a dead calm, just outside the heads, and before crossing the bar, and, despite all efforts of her captain to claw her off-shore by the use of anchors, was drifted in closer by the heavy groundswell. At quarter past one in the morning the Atlantic grounded stern foremost in the outer line of breakers. Sea after sea swept in, pouncing her with tremendous violence, smashing her bulwarks, and wrenching her timbers. Her seams below water started, her disintegration was only a question of time.

All of the boats but two had been smashed when the captain ordered the wreck to be abandoned, and one of these was swamped as it lay under the bark's counter. Four of the six men in it were drowned. In the other boat was the captain and some sailors, and although they, too, were upset, the captain and three others managed to reach the shore and run up the beach to the Golden Gate life saving station to give the alarm. The life saving crew pulled down the beach in the misty darkness, got out the Lyle gun, and at the very first shot sent a line across the hull. Before the sailors had pulled in more than 30 fathoms of the whip, it caught in the intervening wreckage and parted. Before another line was fired, the watchers on the shore heard a tremendous crash, echoing high above the monotonous din of the surf, and the heaps of wreckage



that came swirling in upon the following waves told them that the Atlantic had broken up. Four more men, washed in by the surf, were saved.

More or less similar was the fate of the steam schooner Mendocino, which stranded on the south spit of the bar of Humboldt Bay. She was totally destroyed, but the only life that was lost was that of the engineer's child. The life savers did their best to save it after it had been swept out of the small boat containing its father and mother, but when they reached it on the crest of a wave the sea had done its work. In 1889 the schooner Fidelity also perished within a few miles of the spot where the timber of the Mendocino rested. The entire crew of eight men was washed overboard before the life boat could be pulled out from shore.

Another appalling disaster was that which befell the stately American square-rigger Elizabeth of Belfast, Maine, which was driven ashore a few miles to the northward of San Francisco bay in a terrific southeaster. Her captain and 16 men were drowned, as well as Keeper Charles Henry of the Fort Point life saving station, who had taken his crew out to the Elizabeth's assistance. In the enormous sea that was running, he soon realized that they had no chance, and tried to pull back to safety. But they were repeatedly swept by the seas, one of which snatched Henry from the steering-oar overboard.

In the meantime, although the Elizabeth had been battered to splinters on the rocky coast 45 minutes after she struck, the life savers of the shore, ignorant of her fate, were making every exertion to get their apparatus to a point from which they could reach her. The Fort Point crew telephoned to Keeper Holohan of the Golden Gate station of the loss of their chief, and were ordered to join with his crew in attempting to get to the coast opposite the Elizabeth by way of the land. The two crews worked all that night and well into the next morning, and when they finally did come out on the beach at half past nine the wreckage of the Elizabeth was the wreckage that littered the sand.

The Strathblane Tragedy.
Two years later the British ship Strathblane drove ashore at a point nine miles north of the Cape Disappointment station. She was bound in from Hawaii and had overrun her reckoning, although the lack of familiar landmarks and distinctive lights may have had something to do with her captain's blunder. At any rate, when she first struck, about daylight, her captain, by a clever disposition of his sails, managed to bring her off; but only to ground a second time on a neighboring reef. It was early in the morning, a storm had torn down the telegraph wires, and the lifesavers did not learn of the Strathblane's predicament until 8 o'clock. Keeper Harris ordered out his boat, took five volunteers from Fort Canby, and contrived to pull the two miles between the station and the railroad wharf in 10 minutes. At the wharf a flatcar and engine, with steam up, were waiting, and the boat and crew were whisked over the rails to a point near the wreck. At half past nine they had the Lyle gun in place and began to try to shoot the life-line over the wreck. After an hour's futile work in the 60-mile wind, the surf-boat was launched. Twice the life-boat was swamped, and finally as it was creating a huge sea, it turned turtle completely and all the crew were thrown out. Though all got back to shore, they had to abandon

their efforts to reach the Strathblane, as their boat had two large holes stove in its side. The wreck began to break up, and the 22 people aboard—eight had contrived to get ashore in a small boat—began to jump into the sea. Clad with life-preservers, all those who missed contact with the tangled wreckage, escaped. Six, including the captain, were drowned.

One of the most dramatic wrecks in the Pacific coast's history was that of the trans-Pacific liner City of New York, stranded on the rocks off Point Bonita, as she was groping her way to sea through a thick fog. The life-savers boarded her and succeeded in saving all of her crew of 104 and the 133 passengers she carried, as well as \$241,000 in bullion.

In October, 1896, the steamship Arago foundered off Coos Bay after contact

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with the rocks at the north end of the jetty, and in the first few minutes that the seas stormed over her 13 persons out of the 31 aboard were drowned. Three years later the steamship Weott was wrecked on the bar of Humboldt Bay and two lives were lost.

The Rio de Janeiro Sunk.
In 1901 occurred what was said to have been the most disastrous marine accident which the Pacific coast had known up to that time. The American steamship Rio de Janeiro, bound in through the Golden Gate, was caught in a treacherous cross current and swept out of her course against some rock or other obstruction, and sank almost immediately.

The disaster was so unexpected and so instantaneous that even discipline did not serve to help those on board. Of 309 persons, all but 51 perished. The water where the Rio de Janeiro sank is so deep that no trace of the wreck has ever been found, and the first news the lifesavers had of it was when one of the patrols saw a host of survivors pulling up the channel in the early morning.

Among the most recent of the tragedies of the Pacific was the wreck of the large coasting steamship Carina on the Coos Bay bar a few years ago. Only one of the 31 men aboard of her was saved. She had been trying to get to sea, but the buffeting of the waves on the bar was too much for her, and she was tossed on the South Spit. After that there was no hope for her, men especially as her captain had made the mistake of dropping anchor just before she struck, which held her enough to compel her to take the full force of the ponderous breakers that drove in with the regularity of steam-hammers, pounding her sides to pieces and shearing off her upper works. The people on the beach found it impossible to extend the slightest assistance. Man after man was washed out of the rigging to his death.

And so the story goes. Chapters will be added as wind and wave claim their victims, for a long stretch of coast line is the "graveyard of the Pacific."

Boot and shoe workers are planning to organize all the shoe workers in greater New York.

CALLED WIFE "RUNT"; SHE WANTS DIVORCE

Denver, Colo., Jan. 11.—Mrs. Ethel O. Hind, wife of William F. Hind, a sheet-metal worker, wants a divorce because, she alleges, her husband—

Made facetious remarks about her efforts to do her hair up in style. Because she was small he called her a "scrappy little runt."

Joker about her efforts to dress neatly. Made her don a red dress and walk through a field where, unknown to her, a vicious bull roamed. Wanted her to play Jili to his Jack and carry big buckets of water up a steep hill. When she fell down and almost "broke her crown" he jeered her for her weakness.

Mrs. Hind's suit was filed in the district court. Mental and physical cruelty form the basis for the action. Mrs. Hind declares that her husband knowingly induced her to go through the field where the bull roamed, with a view to frightening and possibly killing her. She escaped the mad charge of the animal by diving head foremost through a fence. The same bull, she avers, gored a man to death a short time after her experience with it.

Mrs. Hind says her husband wanted her to carry all water for the household from a spring located at the bottom of the hill upon which their home stood. She was too weak to do so, however, she says, and her husband chided her because of her frailty. Hind, his wife says, was always making stirring remarks about her efforts to appear in style, and was forever casting remarks about her small stature.

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