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Martyrs TO Science

Heroism of Physicians Who Fell in the Service of Humanity Recalled by the Fate of Seven European Doctors Who Succumbed While Coping With the Fatal "Sleeping Sickness."

Gallant Fight of Dr. William T. Bull, Who Became Inoculated With Cancer Germs While Investigating the Disease—Sacrifices of American Physicians in the Yellow Fever Campaign.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

INCIDENT to the visit of Theodore Roosevelt to the zone of the dread "sleeping sickness" in East Africa a little three line news item came to the outside world that added one more chapter to the book of martyrs. It was sent from the sleeping sickness hospitals presided over by Sir David and Lady Bruce and recounted that seven European doctors had succumbed to the fatal disease since attempts to cope with it began.

Not only is the age of heroism not dead, but it was never so much alive. Few more unselfish examples of personal sacrifice for the sake of truth and humanity have ever been recorded than those chronicled in the newspapers day by day of the men who risk life and lose it that they may save mankind from plague and contagion.

One of the most recent examples is that of Dr. William T. Bull, the eminent New York surgeon. Dr. Bull had all that men most prize in life—wealth, education, a young wife and children, social position and a standing in the front rank of his profession. He was of one of the old families of the metropolis, had houses in New York and Newport and married Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., after her divorce. Dr. Bull was the partner of one of the most eminent surgeons in Vienna, and his standing throughout the world was such that when a great English physician had appendicitis just after that disease was first discovered he sent for Dr. Bull to perform the operation.

TWO NOBLE MARTYRS TO SCIENCE AND DOCTORS STUDYING "SLEEPING SICKNESS."

Yet this gifted and fortunate man in the very prime of life gave up everything in the cause of science. In his investigations of cancer he himself became inoculated with the germs, and, though a gallant fight was made for him, his life paid the forfeit. The details of the story are yet fresh in the public mind—the anxious attention of other cancer experts in trying to save their comrade, the application of a newly discovered serum and the false hopes this for a time aroused, the apparent rallying of the patient and his trip to the south, the devotion of his wife and the inevitable end sympathetically noted by newspaper readers of two continents. That is the story, and it makes one proud of his age.

The Battle Against Yellow Fever.

Almost equally well known is the case of the noble corps of American physicians who robbed yellow fever of its terrors. It was but a short time after the close of the Spanish-American war that the United States government undertook to stamp out the plague that was the scourge of her own possessions in Porto Rico and Panama, also of Cuba, for which she felt herself responsible, as well as of Central and South America, where her call was only that of common humanity. To cope with the disease the war department sent Dr. Walter Reed, a specialist in yellow fever, who was assisted by Dr. James Carroll, Dr. Jesse W. Lazear and Dr. Aristides Agramonte, a Cuban, who, having had the fever, was an immune. These physicians worked on the mosquito theory, which had just been promulgated by Dr. Carlos Finley of Havana.

To test the matter definitely as to whether a mosquito that had bitten a yellow fever patient could transmit the disease it was necessary that human subjects should submit themselves to inoculation. Following the splendid scientific code that physicians should not expose others to dangers they would not themselves take, the doctors offered their own bodies as the first sacrifices. All three of the American physicians procured mosquitoes they knew had bitten persons suffering from the plague and allowed themselves to be infected. All three were stricken, but Drs. Reed and Carroll recovered. Dr. Lazear, who upon the first exposure did not contract the disease, again exposed himself and died as a result of the virulent attack that followed.

As further experiments were necessary, volunteers from the army were called for, and several responded, just as they would if the call had been to face death from bullets instead of from the equally deadly disease germs. Nearly all the stricken soldiers recovered, though one afterward developed a spinal affection as a result of the experiments that made him an invalid for the brief time he was left to live. In this notable campaign Dr. Lazear was as truly a martyr as were those who died at the stake for religious liberty. Nor was the sacrifice in a less worthy cause, for these experiments established facts through the knowledge of which one of the most dreaded plagues of the human race was arrested and is in a fair way to be stamped out entirely. One man died that millions might live.

Victims of the Roentgen Ray.

The X ray claimed an even greater array of martyrs. Notable among these were Dr. Louis A. Zeigel of Rochester, Professor W. C. Fuchs of Chicago and Mr. Clarence M. Daily, an assistant of Thomas A. Edison. Professor Fuchs believed that the X ray might be used in curing cancer and skin diseases and to test the matter as to the influence of the fluoroscope on the flesh began experimenting upon himself. He started with one hand, on which warts soon formed, and he was compelled to have a thumb amputated. As his experiments progressed other amputations were necessary until the entire hand was gone. Further tests on his body resulted in death.

The other cases were similar. In one both hands were sacrificed by the daring investigator, and even then he directed that he be made the subject of still further experiments. Through the sacrifice of these and other lives, however, the danger of using the mysterious rays was fully defined. It was discovered that lead is a nonconductor, and from this a safe method of employing the light was devised. It should be borne in mind that the danger is not from one or two applications, but from habitual ones. The patient examined for the first or second time is in no danger. It is the operator that is imperiled by his use of the apparatus day after day. Through the heroism of these brave men the Roentgen rays are today employed with comparative safety, and under their miraculous power physicians are enabled to look through the human body as ordinary men look through glass. To us the wonders of science become almost commonplace, but we do not realize that behind each of these achievements are thrilling stories of patient research, repeated defeats, finally crowned by victory, and the loss of lives that have been unselfishly given that truth may be advanced and humanity protected.

Martyrs In Other Fields.

There were several brave physicians who endangered themselves in the investigation of the bubonic plague, and one of them, Hermann Franz Muller, who carried on the famous researches in Vienna, paid with his life. An assistant was stricken, and Dr. Muller could then have saved himself by ceasing his studies. He chose rather to observe the course of the disease in order that he might make a scientific record, though knowing full well that to do so would mean almost inevitably his own death. He took the chance and paid the price. Science was the gather, and the goal of overcoming one more enemy of man was that much nearer.

When the famous Dr. Koch stated that cholera is contagious a German physician, Pettenkofer, combated the theory and offered to prove his contention by consuming the germs. At first he seemed successful, but on a later experiment demonstrated that Koch was right and himself wrong and paid the penalty with his life.

Among the most heroic of the soldiers of truth are those that visit leper colonies. The name of Father Damien Devenster, a Belgian priest, who was also a physician, is high on the roll. He not only went into a leper colony and ministered to the unfortunates, but devoted the remainder of his life to stirring up the government to care for the disease, proving that it was susceptible to treatment. Both he and his successor became lepers and finally died from the affliction, but they made such progress that Father Damien could say from his deathbed: "The cause of the lepers is now that of humanity. I am no longer needed here."

Another volunteer in behalf of the lepers showed a like heroism, but fortunately did not meet the same tragic ending, although at one time sores did appear on his hands, and he thought himself doomed. They afterward went away, however, though leaving their marks. The man is Dr. Eugene H. Plumacher, American consul to Maracaibo, Venezuela. He not only photographed many cases and made an exhaustive report in the interests of science, but experimented with a secret medicine, obtaining favorable results. In one case that he recounts his well meant efforts came out disastrously. A former president of a certain state had become a leper, but was allowed to remain at his home. Dr. Plumacher's treatment of this patient was so successful that it was reported he would recover. Thereupon his enemies, who had come into power, decided to deport him to the leper colony. On hearing this the victim shot himself.

The Everyday Heroes.

Heroism in the medical profession is by no means confined to the conspicuous cases of those who risk life in some world noted experiment. It is shown in an almost equal degree by surgeons at hospitals, who run constant danger of blood poisoning, and by ordinary physicians, who are under the same danger and who also are in peril of contagion and infection. Two noted cases of physicians that died from blood poisoning contracted while operating are those of Dr. Charles Thomas Hunter of the Pennsylvania Medical school and Dr. Leslie M. Sweetman of Toronto, both receiving the deadly germs through slight scratches in the hand. Other cases of blood poisoning from similar causes, many of the attacks proving fatal, are those of Dr. John Wilson Gibbs of New York, who was bitten on the hand by a raving patient; Dr. George King, one of the most prominent physicians on Long Island, who succumbed through scratching his neck after he had performed an operation; Dr. Andrew J. McCosh of New York, infected by a patient through a slight abrasion on the hand; Dr. Dowling Benjamin of Camden, N. J., who was bitten while trying to open the throat of a young child with membranous croup; Dr. Charles Carroll Lee, president of the County Medical society of New York; Dr. E. W. Burnette, also of New York; Dr. John M. Byron, the bacteriologist, and scores of others.

The cases of heroism in the cause of science are not confined to the medical profession. They extend all the way down the ages from Galileo, who went to jail because he insisted that the world is round, to Professor Matteuci, who underwent grave peril to make scientific observations of the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius a few years ago. The other fine examples are those of Benjamin Franklin, who risked his life in the famous kite experiment by which he proved that lightning is identical with electricity, and William Thomas Green Morton, the American dentist who discovered the use of ether in surgical operations and who established that it is not fatal by experimenting with it upon himself. Happily in none of these celebrated instances was the supreme sacrifice of life exacted as the price for devotion to an ideal.

It is the medical profession, however, where the danger is greatest and the victims most numerous. The doctor is always face to face with disease in all its forms. Others may flee from contagion. He must ever rush into the midst of it. The average man may in most cases avoid infection from cancer, from tuberculosis, from blood poisoning and from the many other agonizing shapes that death assumes. The doctor is constantly exposed to these, and the slightest pimple or abrasion of the skin may offer the bacteria an entrance into his own body. Not only is he endangered in such ways, but he deliberately invites the most terrible scourges in order that he may observe the laws which govern them, discover their causes and if possible arrive at the means of their prevention and cure. Nor does he call all this heroism. He would scorn the name as an affectation or a pose. He faces death as a part of the day's work. It belongs to his calling. Possibly he is right. Perhaps every man should be ready to offer himself for humanity, for what is the unit, after all, compared to the mass?

The Doings Of Gotham.

Honors to Tom Paine a Century After His Death—The Opening of Coney—The Dangers of the Peach Basket Hat.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.
[Our New York Correspondent.]

WE are celebrating all sorts of centennial anniversaries this year. No sooner are we through with the Poe centenary than we are in that of Lincoln, followed by Darwin and Fitzgerald, then Mendelssohn and Chopin, with Holmes, Tennyson and Gladstone yet to come. All these are birthday affairs, however. It now appears that there is one death to be celebrated, and as it occurred in this city it has a local significance in addition to its general interest. Thomas Paine died here on June 8, 1809, and was buried on his farm at New Rochelle, although the body was afterward removed to England, where, owing to a dispute as to its interment, it was concealed, and its present resting place is a mystery. At New Rochelle a monument has been erected, standing in the middle of the entrance to the old road that led to Paine's house. The farm

THE RICHARDS STATUE OF PAINE.

has now been divided up into city lots, and the road is called Paine avenue. The house, which is the oldest Huguenot edifice in America, has been moved to the Huguenot park, which occupies a portion of the old Paine farm. It will be used as a historical museum. It stands but a short distance from the monument, and midway between the two a little green knoll marks Paine's original grave. Here on Saturday afternoon, June 5, several associations from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New Rochelle and elsewhere will gather to hold their centenary exercises over a man that they think has long been misunderstood and abused.

I believe this more charitable and appreciative view of Paine has now become general. The acceptance of his monument by New Rochelle and of his house by the Huguenot association, together with the naming of an avenue in his honor, is an evidence. Other signs of his renaissance are to be found in the appreciative reviews in recent magazines and newspapers not only in America, but in England and France, the acceptance of his portrait in Independence hall in 1876 and of his statue a few years ago, the fact that a Philadelphia paper in calling for candidates in the Hall of Fame got more votes for Paine than any other one man and the existence of one or two national associations formed for the express purpose of perpetuating his memory. It is undeniable that Paine first fired the independent sentiment in this country, that he greatly heartened the soldiers by his stirring pamphlets in the dark days of the war, that in two desperate straits he was instrumental in raising large sums of money for the colonists, that he was a force for good in the French revolution as he had been in our own, that he helped sow the seeds of reform in England which later resulted in peacefully revolutionizing that country, that he wrought powerfully for religious as well as political liberty, that he opposed slavery and dueling years before they were abolished, that he a century ago forecasted woman's rights and humane treatment for children and animals, that he advocated a world republic, that he risked his own life to save that of a monarch whose tyranny he hated, that he would accept no pay for his numerous books and that he was, in the opinion of many students, the greatest political writer that ever lived. In addition to all this, it is a growing conviction that he was the actual author of the Declaration of Independence. There are weighty arguments to support this view which I cannot go into here. I confess they have convinced me. The matter was clinched in my own mind when I discovered the little word "hath" in the declaration, a word never used by Jefferson in his life, but employed by Paine frequently.

Passing from a dead subject to one that is very much alive, Coney Island—the only Coney—is open. The estimate of the crowd on the first day ranged all the way from 125,000 to 175,000. In sizing up a Coney crowd what is a paltry 50,000 more or less? There is always a crowd at Coney, the only difference being that sometimes it is denser than at others. The motto of this year is, "Everything new except the ocean—and it is whitewashed." There certainly is new paint, at any rate, likewise new shows. One of them, umpteen several million gallons of water, I do not know how many, to wash away a mining town. Another also pumps in water by the ocean full. In this case it is used to stage, or, rather, to tank, the wreck of the Republic. Two boats bump into each other in a most realistic and grinding manner, and Jack Binns—the real Jack Binns, not an imitation—pounds the atmosphere full of C Q D's. When we were yelling our esophaguses sore at Jack Binns, hero, a few months ago we never imagined he would come to this and be a hero to make a Coney holiday. Yet I suppose it is all right. If Jack cannot save any more ships he can at least save money.

But, while Coney is open, it is not wide open, and thereby hangs a tale of woe; also a lawsuit. At 12 o'clock sharp Saturday night fifty unfeeling policemen clamped down Coney so tight that even the barkers' faces had to close up. It broke the show owners' hearts and almost broke their pocketbooks. Investigation showed that the mayor was behind the tight lid order, and now the Coney showmen are suing the city, getting out injunctions and yelling for Sunday money. Only four or five months to separate people from their change and then to have one day out of seven taken away from them, and the best day of the week at that—it is too much! No wonder the venders of hot dogs and cold beers are growling and foaming.

Incidentally Coney is causing trouble to the roosters. Down at Sheepshead Bay the poor fowls are deluded by the Coney rockets into the belief that dawn is breaking all night, and they keep up a continual crowing that would wake up even William Travers Jerome. Now, a rooster may think that the Declaration of Independence assures him the right to crow as well as to pursue happiness and worms, but if he lives at Sheepshead Bay he is mistaken. The owners of the fowls have been ordered to shut off either their music or their existence, and for that reason the hens of that vicinity will probably be widows without going to the divorce court.

Nor is Sheepshead Bay the only region in which the roosters are causing trouble. Up New Rochelle way there was so much crowing recently that the matter was taken before the judge, who solemnly issued an injunction against chanticleer tearing loose his steam siren before time for the commuters to catch their trains. The owner of the particular rooster thus tangled up in the legal machinery expressed his sorrow, but what could a poor man do? Would some one please tell him how to keep a rooster from crowing or to regulate it like an alarm clock? Thereupon one correspondent suggested the remedy of Herbert Spencer, who, it would seem, was wise to roosters, even if he was a philosopher. When Spencer's chanticleer awakened him he proceeded to tie its wings, well knowing that no cock will crow if he cannot flap his wings. Firmly tying the rooster's neck might also help.

Recurring to the unescapable peach basket hat, one of these millinery monstrosities recently proved nearly fatal to one poor man. Crossing a bridge over the Harlem, Michael Conlon saw a peach basket hat afloat and jumped into the stream to rescue the woman underneath. When he reached the hat no woman was there. Swimming with his clothes on, he lost strength and was with difficulty rescued and sent to the hospital to recover. Now, if that had been a civilized hat poor Conlon could have seen whether a woman was under it or not; but, being a peach basket, it might have concealed anything, even to a sunken scow.

Following the outcry of a Boston sculptor that modern fashions, especially lacing and high heel shoes, are causing deterioration of feminine beauty, a number of New York physicians have added their testimony to the same effect. Race suicide, puny children, feminine ill health and even divorce are ascribed to the fearful and wonderful garb with which lovely woman now disguises, even though she does not conceal, her charms. Especially did the peach basket hat cause a grouch among the medicos. It was denounced not only for its hideous ugliness, but as being responsible for nervous diseases. I do not know what effect a peach basket hat has on the nerves of the wearer, but it certainly is hard on the nerves of the beholder.

It appears that John D. Rockefeller, who lives in New York when he isn't dodging summonses, has broken into poetry. It is the last crime of which he would have been suspected, but it seems that there are no depths to which he will not descend. Here are the immortal lines that William Rhinelander Stewart ascribes to the richest man in the world:

A wise old bird sat on an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The more he spoke the less he heard.
Why can't you be like that wise old bird?

I have often wondered on what grounds Rockefeller was elected a member of the American Press Humorists. Does this piece of owl poetry explain it?

On arresting a Brooklyn cracksman a few days ago the police found in his rooms what at first seemed an ancient Egyptian description of a whangdoodle, but turned out to be only a part of a yeggman's code. Here is a sample sentence:

"Uss ryo ohsy luzyl are in nine cases out of ten only u lpgnsy zhhk lh moy vylm cut nym pl mk aly thal."

The police finally puzzled out the following translation:

"All keyhole safes are in nine cases out of ten only a single door, so the best way to get them is to use soup."

Soup is the burglarious name for nitroglycerin.

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DIFFERENT STYLES.

How Meredith and Browning Might Describe the Same Incident.

If Browning and George Meredith were describing the same act they might both be obscure, but their obscurities would be entirely different. Suppose, for instance, they were describing even so prosaic and material an act as a man being knocked downstairs by another man to whom he had given the lie. Meredith's description would refer to something which an ordinary observer would not see or at least could not describe. It might be a sudden sense of anarchy in the brain of the assaulter or a stupefaction and stunned sorepity in that of the object of the assault.

He might write: "Walnwood's 'men vary in veracity' brought the baronet's arm up. He felt the doors of his brain burst and Walnwood a swift rushing of himself through air, accompanied with a clarity as of the annihilated."

Meredith, in other words, would speak queerly because he was describing queer mental experiences. But Browning might simply be describing the material incident of the man being knocked downstairs, and his description would run:

What then? "You lie" and doormat below stairs
Takes bump from back.

This is not subtlety, but merely a kind of insane swiftness.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

BEARDED LADIES.

A Parisian Showman Says They Are Quite Numerous.

An Englishwoman who confesses to a mild mania for attending the street fairs common in and around Paris says that she is always impressed by the extraordinary number of bearded ladies among the attractions.

"I was inclined to think that they were fakes," she says in the London Gentlewoman, "but when I discovered that they were quite genuine my surprise at this wonderful supply of phenomena grew stronger. And when a few days ago I saw at the fair in the Avenue d'Orleans a lady exhibited with a long flowing beard I could no longer withhold my curiosity.

"I applied for information to a gentleman well known in the showman world and who acts as a kind of agent to the people owning shows, supplying them with the necessary goods, human and otherwise. This gentleman appeared surprised at my question.

"'Bearded ladies!' he exclaimed. 'I can find as many as I like. You have no idea how many women, if they liked, could rival men as regards whiskers and mustaches. But they are not anxious to enter into that kind of competition.'"

The kaiser's order forbidding men to smoke in the presence of ladies will not be likely to jar the nation at large, but the women are sure to speak their minds out loud.

Uncle Sam's paraphrase of Lalla Rookh, "I never nursed a big fat fine but when I felt 'twas surely mine some judge would up and give it dope."

The figure Jack Johnson cuts on the sporting horizon recalls the fact that a dark planet sometimes puts it all over the brightest of our luminaries.

Washington's Society For the Suppression of Noise boomed along swimmingly until the time came to decide on which noise.