A MILLIONAIRE TRAMP

Edwin A. Brown Describes His Experiences Searching For Work—Cities Do Nothing for the Homeless Man.

EDWIN A. BROWN, known far and wide as "the millionaire tramp," whose efforts as a friend to the friendless have won him recognition by President Taft, is at home again. Prison fare is to be discarded in the future, and a few nights ago Mr. Brown did justice to an elaborate banquet tendered him by his cousin, President W. C. Brown, of the New York Central road. On that occasion, after explaining that he had just returned from a "perusal" of the south, this ex-tramp said:

"I had hitherto visited as a homeless man, seeking work and a temporary lodging, every section of the country except the south, and I felt that, although I had been through the horrors of the "Bull Pen" of Denver, the jails of Pittsburg and other cities, and narrowly escaped the prison at Spokane by revealing my identity because I could not stand another such night as I had spent in Pittsburg, by experience would be incomplete until I had made a circuit of the south.

"I started in as a tramp or homeless laborer in Cleveland last fall. I sought work everywhere, but was unable to find any until, seeing an advertisement in a paper for 'supers' in a show about to be put on, I applied to the theatre. The advertisement called for fifty men. Several hundred applied and I was among those accepted.

"All the 'supers' were to be 'millionaire senators' in the play, and I had been in the theatre only a short time when I found that hardly one of the 'millionaire senators' had enough money to buy a bed for the night.

"The next 'millionaire senator' to me in the theatre was an old man. We were to be paid about 50 cents a performance, payable at the end of the week. When the first performance was over I asked the stage manager if he could advance me enough of the wages to buy a bed, as I was penniless. The old man asked the same thing, but the stage manager said it was impossible.

"'Where will we sleep tonight?' I asked the old 'millionaire senator.'

"'Well,' he said, 'the Associated Charities has a woodshed where we could get a bed and breakfast for two hours of splitting curly birch, but it is 11 o'clock now, and the place is closed for the night. We will have to go to the Highball Saloon and sleep on the floor. That's the only place I know of.'

"We went to this place under the hillside, and at the old man's suggestion we collected old newspapers from the trash cans as we went along the streets to cover ourselves up with as well as to lie upon. At the saloon we were admitted at midnight, and were ousted at 5 o'clock the next morning. We were unable to sleep for about two hours because of loud conversation by those at the bar, and when the late drinkers had gone a small Irishman and a big Dutchman had a rough-and-tumble fight, and then there was a man on the verge of delirium tremens, who 'saw things' all night. You can see we didn't get much sleep.

"'Where shall we wash up and get breakfast?' I asked the old 'senator,' after we had been put out.

"'Oh,' he said, 'we can get a cold wash-up in the city lavatory.' He led the way, and we were soon in a nice, clean place, where they gave us a fresh, clean towel and soap, and din't ask pay for it. I had never seen anything exactly like that in any city I had ever visited, and I asked the old 'senator' who had provided these things for the homeless man.

"'Tom Johnson,' was the immediate reply."

And, indeed, it was easy to see plenty of evidences of the former mayor's work for the poor, as Cleveland is amply supplied with three-cent lunch-counters, an out-growth, in a way, of the three-cent-fare system.

"After the wash-up the old 'senator' suggested that we try the Charities' woodyard, and though we had a supperless and sleepless night we were told that if we split curly birch for an hour we could have breakfast. There was no help for it, and weak as we were, we had to do it. After more than an hour at work we were called to a breakfast of something like oatmeal soup and a piece of hard bread, and a black fluid which was miscalled coffee. There was almost no nourishment in it.

"For the next night the old man, unable to sleep in the saloon again, found a barn, and told me about it. We slept there, and I came near freezing to death. But I had seen enough to know that our cities are doing almost nothing for the homeless man."

Mr. Brown will do more investigating in America, and his next expedition will take him to Berlin to see how the homeless are there provided for. But he'll "do no more tramping."

NO PATIENT LEAVES ALIVE; PLAGUE HOSPITAL AT HARBIN

A Visit to It Described—Elaborate Precautions by Doctors and Nurses—Breathe Through a Mask—Rapid Action of the Plague.

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes from Harbin, under date of March 3: This winter weather, with its bright sun is so gloriously exhilarating and the little Mongol ponies hitched alongside the big Russian horses are such scurriers that one forgets all about the plague in a sleigh drive over the snow covered ground outside the town. Our destination—it was a fine February day when the plague was at its height in this city—was the plague hospital, two and a half miles outside the town. Dr. Paul Haffkine, who is in charge, had kindly consented to take me through.

The sentry at the entrance to the vast inclosure, one of 280 men who form a cordon around it, permitted us to pass. One of the twelve women nurses of the Russian staff admitted me to the doctors' quarters. Some of the staff were in ordinary clothes, but most wore the white gowns that are constantly changed, the monklike hoods thrown back.

We began to prepare for going into the hospital, an extensive performance. Dr. Haffkine wears at all times a pair of high rubber boots and a white apronlike coat to his knees. He now puts on a small jacket over this for warmth and over the whole a heavy, thickly woven white coat with a hood to it.

Meanwhile a mask, a pad of gauze with strings attached, was being tied over the lower part of my face by one of the nurses. Another was muffling Dr. Haffkine, while a third was gayly chattering as she prepared herself to go along with us. Next I am fastened into a heavy white canvas union suit, and the trousers are tied tightly round my ankles and the sleeves round the wrists. Over this comes a white coat; a hat ties down over the ears and a hood goes over the hat. My feet are put into heavy high rubber shoes; then the anti-plague outfit is complete. But it is no easy matter breathing through the sieve saturated with carbolic solution, though this we know is the only certain method of warding off the bacilli, by destroying them before they enter mouth or nostrils.

The little nurse is still talking briskly behind her muffling mask as we three walk along the road to the hospital. My host, the doctor, is a large genial young man, looking especially large in the rotund bulkiness of his costume. Visiting the plague hospital is nothing to him. He has seen over six hundred patients die in it since he took charge and is to see many more.

There is the scientific spirit in him, little thought of personal danger in the work, only keen interest in the bacillus and its peculiar nature. All the precautionary measures, washing hands at every turn, innumerable changes of clothes, etc., new to the outsider, have become mechanical habits that hardly require thought from him. This unconcern about the danger on the part of both the doctor and the happy little nurse tripping along by our side is a surprise.

The plague hospital, a vast barrack, is enclosed by a board fence. The first thing we see on entering is a porcelain lined bathtub, where the attendants bathe after finishing their term of duty.

The next room is the disinfecting room, where the clothes are sprayed and changed. Across the hall is an office. The hallway runs down the center with about seven additional rooms opening on either side, wherein the sick are lying. Built in the walls along the highway are big cylindrical Russian stoves which heat both the hall and the sick room on the other side of the wall. One of the Chinese attendants is stoking the fires, which are fed from the hall side, and the whole place is thoroughly warm and comfortable.

The doctor first led the way into the ward for Europeans. Most of those who have died—forty-nine in all in Harbin—died here, but the room was empty at the time of my visit.

The floors of the hospital are swimming in disinfectants, and now and then as we stand inside the room we hear in the hallway the splash of the heavy feet of the sanitars or sanitary employees in large tubs of disinfectant, where they wash off their boots after coming out of the sick rooms.

The doctor opens the door of a room across the hall where there are seven Chinese victims and tells us to stay at the threshold. But the little nurse walks in and stands alongside one of the beds. The faces of these seven men are wofully wretched, drawn and horribly yellow and wearied.

Two raise their heads and look at us; the rest hardly move their eyes. One or two groan, but there is little sound from the others. The disease must be wearying, yet it works so quickly that there is hardly time for it to weaken the sick man utterly. There have been many cases in which the man got up and walked on the day of the death, and some even walked from their homes to the plague hospitals.

Though little is known of the action of the bacillus, it is thought that the virulent toxin created by the bacillus during germination and quickly introduced into the system acts upon the nerve system, affecting the heart. After the appearance of the first symptom it acts with striking suddenness, and it is supposed that the poison has hardly time to weaken the man to an extremity. As he approaches death a comatose stage is brought on in which he becomes very weak, staggering as in drunkenness, and finally falling, if alone, unable to rise again.

The many victims who were found in the streets in the mornings during the height of the epidemic here had been overcome in this way. Also in the last stages of the disease some cases become mentally affected and it is not the pneumonia but the poisoning in the blood which kills. The yellow in the face appears to be one evidence of the poison. Another is the purple color in the body in the septicaemic cases.

We have been standing for a minute or two just inside the door with these people for whom there is no escape from death. "Schneller" (quicker) calls the doctor and we pass out into the hallway.

The second ward is the same. There are the seven or eight wearied men lying in comparative comfort. Each lies on a separate iron bed. The room is well lighted with two large windows and it is warm and fairly well ventilated. The Russian Government is doing well by the plague patients.

The men look so ill that it would appear to matter little to them whether they lay on a bed or out in the snow and ice. No remedy has been discovered so far to prevent death, and it remains only to make the last few hours of their lives as comfortable as possible. We close the door upon them pasing out, knowing that most of them will have died before nightfall and will be taken away the next morning to the cremation grounds.

The doctor evidently feels the difficulty of breathing through his muffler, for he has just torn it off and stands in the doorway unmasked. Soon, back in the office room, the little nurse too has something more than her eyes to smile with. But I, less hardened to the place, stay muffled like the sanitars.

Getting out of the plague hopital is something like getting out of a mine through different compressed air compartments. First we wash our hands, then swish our boots round in tubs of disinfectant. Next an outside coat comes off and is left behind in one room to be sterilized. Then sublimate solution is sprayed over the rest of us. The doctor, having been sprayed, continues to wear his white under coat, but I take off my canvas suit in the outer room, wash my hands again and leave in my ordinary clothes. There are two Russian sanitars and three Chinese always on duty in the nospital, and a total staff of twenty Russians and thirty Chinese doing this particular work. They do not stay in the sick rooms any longer than is necessary, but visit them frequently.

I have bade my host good-by and am off back to the city. On the way I find myself imagining how a germ or two may quickly have slipped through a crevice in my gauze mask and started to work inside me. I have been told by others that similar alarms have come to them after they have been in contact with the disease. You discover yourself tapping your chest to see if there is any pain, or casting glances at the snow where you have spat to see if there is any reddish suggestion, though of course there would be no sign of the disease for several days after you had contracted it. Discovering nothing, you rejoice again that you have not confided your fears to anyone.

Back in the town you exchange tales of alarm with doctors and others who come in contact with the disease. One relates how he started suddenly before going to bed one evening on discovering that his sputum was peculiarly dark. But he remembered in a moment that he had been eating chocolate.

It is dangerous to have anything the matter with you these days. I saw an instance one evening in the street in Pristan. Some Russians were standing on the pavement watching a one act comedy in the street. I did not stay to see if there was a second act. It might have been tragedy then, but I believe it remained comedy all the way through.

A Russian policeman was backing away from a Chinaman and between remarks to the Chinaman and to the crowd was lustily blowing his whistle calling for help. The Chinaman, a messenger, had a book out of which there constantly fell letters, which he constantly picked up, only to let them fall again. He would pick one up and then make for the policeman to show it to him and ask for directions. The policeman would have none of him. But it was not the plague. Half a dozen fellow Chinamen standing on the curb shouted to the fellow: "Hi! You're drunk. Run away quick or they'll have the plague wagon after you. Run!"

So far as the plague has been brought under control the result is due largely to two Western trained Chinese, one English trained, Dr. Wu Lien De, a young Chinese of Cantonese origin, and the other American trained, S. Alfred Sze, Cornell, 1901, a junior vice-president of the Board of Foreign Affairs.

Dr. Wu is a graduate of Cambridge University. His work in directing the anti-plague fight at Harbin, the center of the epidemic, bringing the death rate down from 200 a day to zero within a month, has attracted warm praise from the experts who have inspected the field. When the plague appeared the Chinese officials of the old stamp prepared to let it run its course after the old fashion. It was Dr. Wu and men like him who introduced modern methods and cut its course short.

Sze's work concerned the political side of the situation. He saw that it was necessary for China to act wisely or foreign nations would intervene. Therefore he made it possible for Dr. Wu and his associates to introduce modern methods of medicine and hygiene and protection.

It is curious, however, that one of the old style Chinese doctors, Dr. Ku, lived in the plague hospital at Fu Chia Dien (Chinese Harbin) from start to finish. Sixteen hundred people died in it in about three months, but he and his assistants escaped.

The nerve of these old style Chinese doctors was splendid. When one died of plague another was quite ready to take his place. Though this fine spirited old doctor Ku gave his Chinese medicines and at first treated his patients with needling, not one escaped.

A touch of color is not out of place on the breakfast table. Squares of blue, red, green and yellow are allowed, mixed with white, the border being pure white.

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EVERY PERSON HAS A HALO

London Doctor Proves It in a Scientific Manner—Follows Contour of Body.

A LONDON doctor announces that he can show in a scientific manner that every human being has a halo. It varies in size and distinctness according to the state of health, makes pain visible and enables the expert to distinguish between intelligent and dull individualities. This discoverer of the halo is Dr. W. J. Kilner.

For centuries, occulists, spiritualists and other students of the supernatural have declared that the human body while alive is closely surrounded by, and as it were, encased in an "atmosphere," or as they term it, an "aura," in other words a sort of halo which they said was distinctly visible to certain people, though invisible to the great majority of mankind. Dr. Kilner now declares that he has settled the matter on strictly scientific lines.

He has made an apparatus which consists of a number of what he calls spectauranine glass screens, each about four inches in length and an inch and a half wide. Each screen is made of two plates of very thin glass, between which, hermetically sealed in, is a fluid. The screens vary in color. Some are red, others are blue, carying in depth of color to suit the eyes of the investigator.

An Express reporter gives the following account of his own experiences under the direction of Dr. Felkin, a specialist who has taken a deep interest in the investigations. In a small room was the subject of the experiments, a well made woman of medium height and apparently in good health. Dr. Felkin first of all told her exactly the nature of the experiments he was about to make. Then having instructed the reporter to look steadily at the daylight through one of the spectauranine screens, and having placed the woman about a foot away from a dead, dark background, facing the only window in the room, he proceeded to draw a dark blind half way down this window. From below he drew up a blind of dark green serge until it overlapped the upper blind sufficiently to allow light so dim to filter into the room that only the white form of the subject's body could be discerned in the gloom.

"Now, turn round," said Dr. Felkin, "and tell me what you see, or if you see anything at all, for there are perhaps four or five persons out of every hundred who, through some inherent defect in the eyesight, are physically unable to perceive the 'aura.'"

For some moments, perhaps a quarter of a minute, the only object that could be made out in the darkness was the subject's form and its outline. Then gradually, as the eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, a sort of double mist or halo, the one within the other and the inner one denser than the outer, became more and more distinctly visible.

The outlines of this mist exactly followed the curves and the contour of the subject's body. The color of the outer aura seemed to be a blue gray, that of the inner aura was darker, also, apparently, the inner aura was denser. In the triangular space formed by the sides of the body and the angle of the arms, as the subject remained with her hands resting lightly on her hips, the halo could be seen most clearly.

Presently, acting upon Dr. Felkin's instructions, the subject raised and extended first one arm, then the other. Then she joined her hands at the back of her neck. And always the mist of aura followed, as though it were itself an outline of some sort of shadow of the limbs.

Dr. Felkin's next experiment was to make hypnotic passes in the direction of the patient, first from one side, then from the other, while finally he stood beside her and raising his arm vertically bent over his hand, allowing his partly extended fingers to point down directly at the crown of her head. Every time these passes were made, a fine streak of indescribable hue seemed to shoot out from the tip of each finger straight toward the subject.

The newspaperman seems to have been at least as successful a subject as the woman. His experience prompted him to inquire into the practical use of the discovery.

He was informed that it practically made pain visible. The aura, he was told, varies in shade and density, in breadth and in shape, according to the patient's health. An acute and lasting pain, such as sciatica, is rendered visible by the length to which the aura of a particular shade and density extends along the limb in which the pain is felt. The aura of a patient suffering from hysteria differs entirely in outline from that of one suffering from epilepsy.

Auras or halos of quick and intelligent children are more extensive than those of the dull and phlegmatic. The same thing applies to adults. The finest halos develop the most intelligent. It is most noticeable around the head and more marked among men than among women. The woman's halo is more variable.

CHINESE SCHOOLGIRLS.

A friend of mine, who has just returned to Pekin from Yunnan, sends me the following interesting note on the conditions prevailing in that part of Yunnan which adjoins British territory:

"The change that will tell most for the good of the province is the spread of the educational movement. In the Tali and Yungchang prefectures many new schools have been opened, where teaching is being conducted on new principles. Formerly any dirty little cubicle served as a schoolroom, and a crowd of unkempt youngsters, presided over by an ill-paid, bespectacled pedagogue, produced appalling discord by reciting, at the top of their voices and each in a different key, passages from the classics. Now, one enters a spacious, well-lighted room, with orderly rows of desks, where sit the boys, poring more or less silently over their tasks. Only five years ago a Yunnanese girl who could read was a rarity, one who could both read and write a phenomenon. Now, in every town, one or more buildings bear outside the legend in Chinese, 'Elementary School for Girls,' and any morning one may meet bevies of little maidens bound thither, clad in long, dark blue gowns, and with their hair in neatly-plaited queues. None but girls with natural feet are admitted to these schools, a sensible rule which the officials are determined to maintain. For the foot-binding custom is dying hard in Yunnan. There are two simple reasons for this. In the first place, none of the women of the hill tribes, who are regarded as savages by the Chinese, bind their feet. Again, all families with any pretensions to social rank own one or two slave girls, who strict custom, based on convenience, demands should go barefooted. If, therefore, the Yunnanese mother continues to practice foot-binding, it is chiefly with the idea of distinguishing her daughters from her handmaids."—Pekin correspondence London Times.

KIDNAPPING A TENOR.

It was in Boston, some dozen years ago, that Walter Damrosch, with a strong German company, was giving opera at the Boston theatre. "Lohengrin" was the opera of the evening when the tenor, who was to have been Knight of the Swan was suddenly incapacitated. A tremendous audience was present and it meant disaster to dismiss them. A speech was made informing them that Max Alvary had been sent for and would probably appear in the course of half an hour. But Alvary would not come at such short notice and blank despair was settling down upon all concerned.

Then the business manager of the theatre, Mr. Fred E. Pond, remembered that there was a tenor performing at the Castle Square Theatre, who had long before sang the part of "Lohengrin." Upon this hint two men started for that theatre in a cab, carrying the armor of the hero along with them. Baron Berthald, the tenor, was then upon the stage, singing in the first act of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." A hurried consultation with the management was held, and when the Scottish hero came off he was seized upon, and to his great astonishment rushed into the cab. They took off his kilts and clothed him in his armor, while they were explaining what was wanted of him. To their delight he consented to make the trial. In a very few moments he was upon the stage of the Boston Theatre, singing "Lohengrin," without rehearsal, a part that he had not sung in half a dozen years. The present writer remembers well how his voice trembled as he began his "Farewell to the Swan." The fear was but momentary, however, for within half an hour of the time that he had been singing in English and in kilts, he was singing in German and in glittering armor, and this evening, which began with "Bonnie Prince Charlie," ended triumphantly with "Lohengrin," a very decisive proof that the music of Wagner, once learned, can never be forgotten.—From an article in The Musician.

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