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The waistline is a matter of inter-
est—being so variable.
A delightful frock of velvet is pre-
ferred to yellow and black.
And still we have the ensemble with
darker and plain coat.

The Amazing Story

OF HOW FATE, THREE MEN, AND A
HOBBY DISCOVERED THE
CANCER GERM.

(By PETER VISCHER).

The old man was getting along in
years. And he hadn't done anything
yet. All his life long he had wanted
to do something, something that would
live through time, something great,
monumental, something that would
make the name of Gye send forth
such a beacon of shining light that
even the unthinking, careless, hur-
rying men would remember, halt, and
pay homage. There weren't many
years left and he knew that, and it
would begin to look as though his
ambitions were doomed to the grave
with him.

He had money, old man Gye had,
but not much. He didn't have enough
to found a school, or build a hospital,
or leave some other legacy worthy to
bear his name through the ages. No,
he couldn't do that. And he had no
children to turn to, none to carry on
in his name.

Gye frequently bemoaned his fate,
his thwarted ambition, as he hurried
from the heart of London and through
the railway station at Derbyshire, to
his home. So it was on this day,
when, as happened every morning
and every night, he was accosted with
a cheery good day.

"Ah, good day, Bullock," he replied,
stopping to chat with the station-
master, a young chap, earnest and
serious, who also knew the pangs and
pains of ambition. Bullock wanted to
be a scientist, but he was poor, and
he had to earn his living at railroading,
help support an invalid mother, and
use only what he denied himself
for the only treasure life seemed to
hold for him—books. Between trains
this youth studied.

They often talked of their ambitions,
Gye and Bullock—the old man from
whom life was ebbing fast, and the
young man whose blood was only be-
ginning to boil. And this they did
again for some moments, until the
older man, his face lighted with sud-
den inspiration, grasped the younger
by the arm and gripped it tight with
excitement.

"I am not famous, nor will I be," he
said hoarsely. "I have no children,
I believe in you. Some day you will
be famous. I can see that. I will
leave you the money I have so that
you can pursue your life's ambition.
If you will agree to take the name of
Gye."

And so it happened. One day, not
much later, while Bullock was still
down at the station dividing his time
between his duties and his books, the
old man died. And the invalid mother
resigned his job and, taking the name
of his patron, as William Ewart Gye,
set his face toward his future.

Before long, Gye (the erstwhile Bul-
lock) found the path he was seeking,
and, as a promising student of medi-
cine, was enrolled at Edinburgh Uni-
versity. There he sat under the bril-
liant Bennett, an expert on cancer,
the dread scourge of humanity, which
for 6000 years had defied investiga-
tion. Gye began to study the unrel-
enting disease that had sent his moth-
er to an agonizing death.

Gye worked hard and long. For a
time his labors were interrupted, for
war came and every Briton did his
bit. He was attached to an am-
bulance train and made studies of gas
gangrene that were of inestimable
scientific value. But this was only an
interlude. No sooner was the war
over than Gye went back to his can-
cer studies.

Unluckily he worked. For two
years he did not rest from his re-
searches except to eat and sleep.
Christmas Day saw him hard at work
in his laboratory. He made thousands
of experiments with one aim, the iso-
lation of the cancer virus. Many times
when success seemed only a step
ahead, he was compelled to begin all
over again.

Finally he came up against a stone
wall. He was satisfied that cancer
is caused by a germ that enters the
body from without, but he was un-
able to isolate the germ.

He tried filtration, but the germs
were so small they could not be taken
out of a liquid by the finest filter.
He tried catching them under a micro-
scope, but the finest microscope he had
ever heard of—instruments that mag-
nified 1500 times—would not reveal them.

Gye was stumped.
Now, as often happens in life,
chance enters. The long arm of coin-
cidence, so much longer in real life
than any fictionist would dare make
it, begins to reach out. It happened
that a hatter in Jermyn Street, one
J. E. Barnard, head of the firm of Wil-
liam Barnard & Sons, Hatters, had a
hobby. By all the rote of successful
business life and the usual aspirations
of a shopkeeper, he was as mad a hatter
as the hatter Alice met in Won-
derland. Instead of hurrying to a golf
course when the day's work was done,
or to a card club, or to the races—
which anybody could have told him
was the proper thing for a hatter with
an income to do—he went home and
amused himself with microscopes.

After a while Barnard, the hatter,
became known among British sci-
entists as a willing amateur who knew
more than a little about lenses. Then
Barnard, the hatter, came to be known
among British scientists as the man

who knew more about lenses than any
one in the British Isles. The British
Medical Research Council started its
great cancer research at Hampstead
and nearly every day Barnard, the
hatter, after his new stock of bowlers
had been arranged and the day's re-
ceipts had been counted up, tied him-
self to the Hampstead laboratories to
experiment with new lights for micro-
scopy that might impress on a
photographic plate things invisible to
the eye.

By ordinary light rays, about 550
millionths of a millimeter in length,
magnification 1500 times is possible.
But Barnard knew that by shorter
light rays, by ultra-violet rays, only
275 millionths long, he would be able
to magnify 2000 times, even though
he would not be able to see the result.
So he experimented with the invention
of a group of German scientists at Jona,
first announced in 1904, by which lens-
es of pure quartz were used instead
of glass. The ultra-violet light was
provided by an electric spark's jump-
ing between two little points of cal-
cium. And photographic plates were
used to catch the invisible light com-
ing up through the lenses with the
picture.

It was inevitable that Gye, the one-
time railroad porter with ambition,
should some day meet Barnard, the
hatter, with a hobby. When Gye con-
fided to his friends that he could go
no further with his researches unless
he could find a more powerful micro-
scope, it was only a matter of time
until some one would say to him that
he would have to meet Barnard.

The two met.
"I've got to catch these viruses un-
der a microscope if my experiments
are to succeed," said Gye to Barnard.
"Can you do it for me?"

"I'll try," said Barnard.
The two worked together steadily
and patiently. Gye was constantly at
it. Barnard hurried over from Jermyn
Street just as soon as his business
could free him. Together they con-
ducted countless experiments. They
hoped in time to get a picture of 50,
000 or perhaps even 100,000 of cancer
germs in a group. That would have
been an unprecedented achievement,
for it would have made theory into
fact and would have provided a founda-
tion from which to fight and even-
tually defeat one of the three worst
of the earth's scourges.

They worked quietly and unosten-
tantly. Time and again cures for
cancer have been announced and time
and again the hearts of men and wo-
men have been buoyed up with hope,
then cruelly twisted, because the re-
port of a cure was false. Gye and
Barnard wanted to make no such mis-
take. Furthermore, they knew that
with the isolation of the virus the bat-
tle would be only half won. A cure
must be found later.

So they kept at it. And finally, one
day, Barnard, with quivering hand,
turned over to Gye a microphotograph.
Gye took it and held it to the light.
There was something never before
seen by man, something that no eye
could ever see, even with the most
powerful microscopes—a photograph
of a single round organism enticed
into visibility by rays of light too fine
for sight to catch. Not 50,000 in a
conglomerate mass, mind you, but a
single round cell—a cancer germ!

"I think we've got it this time," said
Gye to Barnard.

And the two hurried on with their
work.

Some weeks later a crowd gathered
in a street outside the office of the
Lancet, an English medical journal.
At first it was just such an indiscrib-
able gathering as happens hundreds
of times a day, for no particular rea-
son, in New York, or Chicago, or San
Francisco. But this crowd swelled
minute by minute, until it bulged
through the Strand and disrupted the
normal traffic of the street. It was not
a joyous crowd, nor yet an angry one.

nor yet one merely inquisitive. It was
quiet and patient, throbbing with a
deep excitement.

The event that drew the great crowd
was an announcement by the Lancet
that the germ of cancer had been iso-
lated by Dr. W. E. Gye, once a railway
porter, and J. E. Barnard, a prosper-
ous hatter. While the announcement
made it plain that the discovery was
in no way a cure for cancer, yet it
was hailed instantly by scientists
throughout the world as one of the
greatest medical achievements in his-
tory.

For in tracing the cause of cancer
to a germ, the discoverers laid bare
a mystery that has baffled physicians
for generations. By providing definite
knowledge, they paved the way for di-
rect attack on this most dreaded
scourge. And they gave science ef-
fective new weapons for striking at
the root of other diseases.

Scientists point out that, as with
other diseases, the discovery of the
cause is just the beginning in the fight
to wipe out cancer. How soon it can
be conquered, no one can say. In the
case of malaria, for example, the ep-
idemy went down easily, once it had
been located.

Research workers gradually discov-
ered that malaria was caused by a
germ introduced into the blood by a
certain type of mosquito. They knew,
therefore, that if the mosquito could
be prevented from biting men, malaria
could be prevented. Other scientists
took up the fight, attacking the mos-
quito in its breeding-grounds and mak-
ing malarial districts healthy.

In the case of diabetes the fight was
more stubborn, yet a cure was found
at last in the discovery of insulin. But
in the war against tuberculosis, al-
though the position of the enemy long
has been known, and although its
death toll has been greatly lessened,
to-day there is no known cure other
than that of strengthening the body to
resist the germ's attack.

In discovering the cancer germ Gye
and Barnard reconciled two hitherto
conflicting theories of cancer. One
theory, commonly held by authorities,
was that the disease was due to some
change in the body by which un-
healthy cells at a trusted point were
converted into malignant cells. The
other was that cancer was due to a
germ entering the body from without.

In experiments with chickens, rats
and mice, Doctor Gye found that both
theories were right—that cancer is
caused by a germ, but that the germ
is able to grow only in unhealthy
cells.

This fact Doctor Gye demonstrated
by inoculation of mice. Introduced by
itself, the cancer germ was powerless
he found. Only by introducing both
the germ and germ-free extracts of
tumors was he able to grow cancers
in mice.

With the cancer germ isolated, Doc-
tor Gye and his colleagues in the British
Medical Research Council now are
busy with experiments to develop a
cancer vaccine that will make it im-
possible for the germ to secure a foot-
hold in the body. In the Hampstead
laboratories, definite success has been
reported in making chickens, rats and
mice immune to the disease by inocu-
lating them with a serum made from
the newly discovered virus.

The perfection of human inocu-
lation against cancer, of course, will
not be a cure for the disease already
contracted, yet scientists hold out the
hope that soon it may furnish the
basis for a preventive campaign to
eradicate this curse of man from the
face of the earth.

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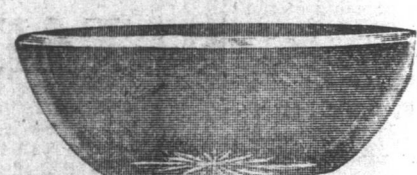
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