

## Giving Away His Millions.

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In this age of philanthropy and public-spirited benevolence, when the Christian view of wealth as a trusteeship is steadily gaining ground, it is a pleasure to note in instances in which this principle is carried into practical fact in a manner that all may understand. Dr. D. K. Pearson is one of the most widely known and respected of American philanthropists. During a long life of professional industry, he amassed a large fortune by honorable means, and, in his ripe old age, and with a heart full of kindness and sympathy for his fellow-men, he has emulated the example of Peter Cooper in disposing of his fortune to the best advantage for the welfare of humanity.

Dr. Pearson's life story is one that will interest every reader of The Christian Herald. He was born in the mountains of Vermont, a poor boy, with little chances of thorough schooling and none of a college education. In 1851, with his wife, he started out for Janesville, Wis. A stop was made at Beloit, then a small hamlet. While there they noticed a brick building going up.

"What are they doing?" Dr. Pearson asked of a fellow traveler. "Why, there are some Yankee cranks building a college," was the answer. On the way to Janesville that man cursed everything that was good, and the doctor stood up for Christian education. When they got to Janesville, Dr. Pearson said to him, "I am going West, and in a few years I am going to get rich, and when I do, I am going to lift up these colleges that these Yankee cranks are building up."

Time went on until, nine years ago, Dr. Pearson made his proposition to Beloit College. "I will give you \$100,000 if you will raise \$100,000. In six weeks," he explains, "they raised the \$100,000 and I had to draw my check. I was so well pleased, and it was such a grand character building institution, that I built them a science hall, the finest in the west. It cost \$60,000. Next year I built them a dormitory, costing \$22,000. Now the boys can live on \$150 a week. I said, 'You want more endowment and better professors. Now raise \$150,000 and I will give you another \$50,000.' Last commencement, President Eaton said, 'Here is \$150,000—not Kansas mortgages, no sand dunes, no swamp lands, but cash.' So I gave my check for \$50,000."

Whitman college, built in memory of the pioneer missionary, Marcus Whitman, was a very ordinary building, costing only \$16,000. After struggling along for a few years, the college was completely stranded, and mortgaged for \$15,000. Dr. Pearson made President Penrose an offer of \$50,000 if he would raise \$150,000. The college is now on a sound basis, and has an endowment of \$200,000.

"I went down to the commencement at Berea College, Berea, Ky., four years ago," says Dr. Pearson, "and was never so much interested in all my life. There were three thousand horses hitched on the campus, and five thousand people there from the mountains. They are mountain whites—I am a mountain white, and I was once as poor as they are, and as ignorant. I am from the mountains away up in Vermont, where they have to shovel snow about five months in the year. When I announced that I would give them \$50,000 if they would raise \$150,000, I never saw anything like it. Those old mountaineers wept, they were so happy."

Mount Holyoke was the first female college founded in this country, and one that has done more good and has a wider influence than any other like institution under the sun. "I knew Mary Lyon the founder," said Dr. Pearson, "I saw her at work laying the first foundation of her magnificent institution. I once asked an old man why he did not help Mary Lyon. 'Why,' said the old man, 'it is of no use sending girls to college, it will spoil them for servants; they won't be worth a cent for servants if they go to school.' I was practicing medicine within five miles of her, and I used to meet her in her travels around, and sometimes she was as poor as Job's turkey then, I said to myself: 'If I ever get anything ahead in the world, the first thing I take up will be such work as Mary Lyon is doing.' She was very kind to me. There were a good many Vermont girls at that school."

Four years ago Dr. Pearson agreed to give \$50,000 toward an endowment if Holyoke would raise \$150,000. The offer was accepted. When the large dormitory which Mary Lyon built was burned down,

the college seemed to be sunk in despair. Before the burning embers had cooled off, Dr. Pearson telegraphed to Williston: "Fifty thousand dollars to build up Mount Holyoke." Now, Holyoke has five of the finest dormitories in the country, and a handsome administration building as a memorial of Mary Lyon.

Here is still another incident illustrating Dr. Pearson's method of distributing his wealth:

"About thirty years ago," he said, "I camped one summer with the Ute Indians in Colorado, where there was nothing but a little hamlet. A missionary started an academy and college there, and he worked and dug and toiled, but didn't get along well. Bye-and-bye there came along the right fellow, a bright, smart young fellow by the name of Slocum, and I had confidence in that young man. I believed that he could make that college worth something. I said to him, 'Slocum, you raise \$150,000, and I will pay you \$50,000 down.' He thought awhile and finally said he couldn't do it. There were rich men all round there—twelve millionaires on one street in Colorado Springs! What are they saving their money for?—Saving it to ruin their boys and girls, and carry them to destruction. I said to him, 'Work three years if necessary to raise \$150,000.' They sent me a bound book, and in that book there were 1,000 names—the names of all the individuals who had contributed toward that \$150,000. I have it now. I always require such a list. And then I required from the three best business men of Colorado Springs evidence that they had raised \$150,000 and had the money in hand. Now what have they? They have a crowd of students. They come three hundred miles with their packs on their backs from the mountains and the plains, and they crowd in there, eager for an education—and they get it."

There are other institutions which have benefited by the princely generosity of Dr. Pearson, who thus illustrates in the most practical way his idea of the right use of wealth. He has abundant faith in his own simple method, and believes that in every case, under God's blessing which he seeks for all his philanthropies, the best results must follow.

### UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF MEDICINE

The Roentgen Rays Will Prove Immense Value to Physicians.

The unsolved problems of medicine are merely waiting their turn for solution. After the discovery of ether, chloroform, the Roentgen rays, aseptic surgery and microbes, anything or everything seems possible.

The microbes of cancer, scarlet fever, smallpox and measles are yet to be discovered. But in laboratories all over the world thousands are working today in the pursuit of these microbes. And it is safe to predict that soon they will be discovered and classified and become a part of the certain knowledge of medicine, as much as now are the microbes of tuberculosis or diphtheria.

It is impossible to describe adequately the great joy that comes to the laborious student when a discovery is made. It is given to the world free, that all mankind may benefit from it. For this reason the state should protect carefully and father tenderly the legitimate study of medicine. And by so doing some of the problems now unsolved will be brought nearer solution.

The promises for the future lie in the accomplishments of the past. We have made great progress in curing the diseases that a few years ago were looked upon as hopeless. And the efforts of medical men to day are devoted to the study of these maladies which are still classed as incurable. Probably the disease that has baffled study and research in the line of bacteriology more than any other is that of cancer. No microbe or parasite has been discovered in that disease, although countless observations have been made. At one time Dr. Bra thought he had classified a specific germ of cancer, but Roswell Parke's and Laycock's observations in the bacteriological laboratory of the Buffalo University showed that he was in error.

Possibly when this organism is discovered the cure, perhaps in the nature of a serum, will suggest itself, and cancer, but so long withstanding his efforts, will yield to man's preserving research.

It is possibly, too, that the blood tests now being used in typhoid and malaria may be utilized.

There remains much yet to be learned of the maladies of diabetes and Bright's

disease, which also rank among the less curable of prevalent affections.

The prospects of curing consumption are exceedingly promising. Improved hygienic conditions, air and exercise will doubtless do much to control tuberculosis and lower the death rate from the disease—now 10 per cent of the entire mortality.

Among the unsolved problems one should record heart disease, in the treatment of which there is great room for improvement. The heart never stops for repairs, and the difficulty in treating diseases of that organ can be easily appreciated.

Insanity is another of the problems. The chances are that the cure of insanity will be greatly helped by a more thorough study of pathological lesions of the brain. This method may explain many morbid conditions which are still unexplained and open a way for the treatment of the dread disease.

The treatment of epidemics is still a problem, but that it has already been partially solved is evidenced by the comparative rareness of widespread pestilence in modern times. In the future I believe epidemics will be treated on a large scale by the municipal or State boards of health. The treatment will be wholesale, rather than detailed; general, rather than individual. This is in keeping with the demands of a growing civilization.

The medical profession will do its greatest good for humanity along the line of preventing disease. Prevention of disease is, perhaps, more important than the discovery of new cures.

Much will be done in this regard, by the education of the people.

But the problems before medicines today are well defined, and the students of them are working along lines that must in time bring the desired results. No longer do medical men work blindly, experimenting in the hope of achieving results. Medicine has come to be as nearly an exact science as controlling natural conditions will admit.

Bacteriology of such recent development has shown us the cause of many diseases—the microbes. Those not yet discovered will be in time, and once the cause of a disease is accurately known the cure becomes proportionately more promising. The strong tendency of medical opinion is in the direction of sero-therapeutics in the treatment of diseases. The observations made in typhoid fever, pneumonia and yellow fever are of incalculable importance, although the beneficial results of those methods have not been as yet absolutely verified.

The Roentgen ray will do much to develop the resources of medicine in certain directions, especially in accidents of fracture and gunshot wounds. To make the importance of this perfectly apparent it may be well to mention that President Garfield would never have died from Guiteau's bullet had the Roentgen rays been discovered at that time.

It is not improbable that by means of these rays we shall be able to see tumors, cavities and growths, and, perhaps, disorganize tumors of the brain, although this last is hardly probable under present conditions.

Thus it may be seen that although there are problems in medicine yet unsolved, we have discovered many of the means and are led to predict their solution with reasonable confidence.

When such a hope is consummated medicine will become more than ever the ministering angel to suffering and pain. The allotted time of man's life may not be lengthened, but because of these advances and because people will be educated to follow the rules medical science lays down, the average number of years of man's earthly existence will doubtless be greatly increased and his stay here on earth made freer from the pain that comes with disease.

### What the Engineer Said.

Trenton, Ont.—Our esteemed citizen Mr. H. Goodsell, Engineer for the Electric and Water Co., speaks of an affliction that visited his family of six who were all completely prostrated by Acute Catarrh of the nose and throat. My wife became perfectly deaf, and almost blind, and her head ached so persistently and severely that I feared she might lose her reason. The children were all badly affected, especially the baby, and you may believe their condition was indeed serious. Our doctor's medicine was either no good, or too slow in acting, so I went to Hawley's drug store and asked for the best Catarrh remedy they sold. I was given Catarrh-zone, and made my family inhale it ten minutes every hour. The result was a speedy cure all round. Such a priceless remedy needs only a trial to be appreciated, and my house will never be without it. Complete outfit, \$1.00; small size, 25c. A trial for 10c. by N. C. Folson & Co., Kingston, Canada, or Hartford, Conn., U. S.

Forge—Are you matrimonially inclined? Fenton (who has just been discarded)—No; declined.

## Skin Torture Cured by Dr. Chase

The Frightful Agony of Itching and Disfiguring Skin Diseases Compelled to Yield to the Extraordinary Antiseptic and Healing Influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

You will search the world in vain for a more effective treatment for itching skin disease than is Dr. Chase's Ointment. For children and grown people alike it acts like magic on every sore or eruption, promptly stopping the itching and stinging, and gradually healing the patches of raw, flaking flesh. Every claim made for Dr. Chase's Ointment is substantiated by the evidence of scores of hundreds of grateful people who have tested its unusual healing qualities.

This is a copy of the letter from Mrs. James Brady, Amberley, Huron County, Ont.: "I was afflicted with eczema for over six months, and it was so bad that my head was a solid mass of scabs, and would ulcerate when scratched. The itching was intense. I could not stand it. I had doctored for four months, and it did not do me any good. I had to give up my housework and go home to my mother. I tried nearly everything, but could get no relief. Seeing your advertisement in one of the Toronto papers, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment."

"I got relief from the first application, and it only required one box and part of

another to cure me. I am sure that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold."

Mr. James Scott, 136 Wright avenue, Toronto, states: "My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly, and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Doctor Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

It is a waste of time and money to experiment with cheap imitations. You can be certain that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure every case of eczema, salt-rheum or other itching skin disease. If your drug-gist does not have it, send the amount, 60 cents a box, to these offices, and the ointment will be sent postpaid. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN BEAR TRAP.

Staffier's Hair Turned White by His Encounter With Wolves.

With his hair turned gray in an evening from terror and his nerves shattered so that he despairs of ever being a well man again, Floyd J. Staffier, aged 22, has come out of the wilds of northern Minnesota after an experience that gave him all he wanted of the woods and more, too. For several hours he was caught in a bear trap in Beltrami county and surrounded by wolves that threatened his life. His gray hair and shaken nerves are the result of that experience.

He went into the woods with a party of lumbermen. One afternoon he went to visit a bear trap set some distance from camp. He followed a route different from the usual one, and in consequence reached the trap before he was aware of it. In fact, the first notice he had of it was a click and a snap, and then an excruciating pain in his leg as the trap's jaws closed on his right leg just above the ankle. The teeth cut through the trousers, leggings and two pairs of socks and bit into the flesh.

Staffier dropped his gun, and with a cry of pain knelt down to try to pry the jaws of the trap open. Then he remembered that it had taken two men to set it and that it was too strong for him. His efforts to free himself lacerated his flesh. He thought of unfastening the chain and dragging the trap to camp, two miles distant but when he tried he found that it was impossible. Not only was the trap too heavy for him, but at every step its weight brought the teeth deep into the flesh of his leg.

Then he bethought himself of his rifle, and fired several shots, hoping the sound would reach the camp, but the wind was blowing in the wrong direction, and the effort failed. He fought off a feeling of faintness that came over him, for he feared that if he fainted he would freeze to death. As dusk grew on he fired several more shots, as the wind had died away and he had more hope that the sound would reach camp. Then he was confronted by a new terror.

He heard the pattering of feet in the woods, and the sound of a long, mournful howl. Then came answering cries from other wolves, drawing near in answer to the call of the first wolf. Soon the underbrush seemed alive with them, and he could see their eyes shining.

He struggled to a sitting position and filled the chambers of his rifle with cartridges. The wolves drew nearer. Suddenly about a dozen of them trotted forth from the woods, and he could see their dark forms scurrying about as they made a detour, drawing nearer as they ran. They seemed to be planning the final approach.

Staffier fired. The wolves scattered, but did not run away. They sat down on their haunches and watched him. Staffier fired again and again, but he was nervous and frightened and shot wildly.

Every time he ceased the wolves began to draw in on him, and Staffier believed that it was only a question of minutes before the wolves would be tearing his body. He was almost ready to turn the rifle on himself when he heard a human voice near at hand, and he sank back in a faint. As his friends from the camp came to his relief the wolves scattered, and several were killed.

His companions made a stretcher and carried him back to camp, where they dressed his wounds as best they could. When they got into the light of the fire one of them started.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "He's gray-headed!"

And he was right. Staffier's hair, black that day, had turned almost white.

His comrades explained that they had heard his shots shortly after dark, and thought little of them at first, believing that he had either found a bear in the trap and was despatching it, or that he was shooting at other game. When the shots continued they became alarmed and made their way to the spot as rapidly as possible. It is their belief that they arrived in the nick of time.

When Staffier reached Duluth on his way home he was supported by a big woodsman, for he was unable to walk alone. His snow-white hair in contrast to his evident youth attracted much attention, and so did his story. He is now resting at home, and it will be a long time before he will seek the woods again.

### THE HOTEL CROOK PROBLEM.

A Question of Whether to Offend Guests or Risk Losing Money.

The hotel clerk was standing behind the desk with a disconsolate look on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked a friend.

"Matter?" said the clerk. "Why, it's the same old story. I've been stuck for another check. This check business causes us hotel clerks more trouble than anything else in the world. There is a general rule in hotels that no checks shall be cashed, but very often travellers run short of money. It is good business policy to cash these checks when you can be sure that they're all right. No hotel can afford to be continually offending guests. At the same time if a clerk cashes a bad check he has to stand the loss."

"The average hotel clerk has learned by bitter experience to be a pretty good judge of human nature but every now and then he slips up. Only a week ago a big splendid looking fellow came to me and got me to cash a check for \$30. I sized him up and decided that he was all right and that he was a good man to keep among the steady patrons of the hotel. A few days later, back came the check with 'no funds' marked across it. The result was that I was out \$20."

While the clerk was talking a swagger looking woman came up to the desk and smiling sweetly at the clerk said:

"Will you please cash this little check?"

The clerk was all graciousness. He took the check and examined it carefully without saying anything.

"Oh, it's all right," said the woman. "Of course, if you don't want to cash it you needn't. Mr. So-and-so knows me quite well and you can telephone him about it if you want to, but it would save me a great deal of trouble if you would cash it for me now."

"Certainly, madam," said the clerk, and then he went over and held a consultation with the cashier.

They decided that the woman was a good investment and gave her the money. She went away smiling, and then the clerk said:

"Now there is just about an even money chance. If I hadn't cashed that check she would have been highly insulted and would have talked about this hotel as long as she could remember. If she is all right she will be a good customer, but if she isn't I am out another twenty-five."

### Sweet Ladies.

"Are you going to have one of those pancake hals?" asked the girl in the storm collar.

"Yes; just as soon as I can raise the dough," replied the girl in the fur jacket.

CHILLED TO THE BONE? A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in a cup of hot water sweetened will do you ten times more good than rum or whiskey. Avoid substitutes; there is but one Pain-Killer. Perry Davis, 25c. and 50c.

(Continued)

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