

Bottling of Radium Rays Is Great Discovery in Medical Science

Sir Frederick Treves' Announcement—Expense Is No Longer Prohibitive—Emanations Are as Useful as Radium Itself—London Institute's Triumph.

A discovery of far-reaching importance to medical science was announced at the Radium Institute, London, by Sir Frederick Treves.

Briefly, the experts working at the institute have succeeded in "bottling" radium emanations in such a way that they can be used for curative purposes in place of the radium itself. Hitherto, treatment by radium has been limited to comparatively few cases owing to the enormous price of the radium. In the future, the doctor will be able to obtain the bottled rays at small cost, using them in exactly the same way, with the same results, as the radium itself.

Further, a way has been found of charging water with the emanations, and remarkable cures have been effected by its means.

In order that the work of the Institute may be extended, Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel, through whose generosity it was built and equipped, have purchased the whole of one side of the street in which it stands.

A RADIUM REVOLUTION.

Emanations Caught, Stored, and Mixed With Water.

"A complete revolution in the future of radium," in these words Sir Frederick Treves, the distinguished surgeon, announced the momentous discovery to a small party of journalists at the Radium Institute in Riding-house-street, W.

"There comes of the radium a gas called the emanation, which has exactly the properties of pure radium. I venture to claim for the scientific members of this institute the credit of having demonstrated that. We have proved now—the discovery was made some months ago, but nothing was said about it—that for curative purposes the emanation of radium is as efficient as the radium itself. Radium gives off the emanation constantly. The amount of emanation depends on the amount of radium that is used. The emanation never weakens the radio-activity of the piece of radium from which it exudes. It is like the burning bush of Moses—inexhaustible."

Mr. A. E. Hayward Pinch, the medical superintendent of the institute, here volunteered the information that, according to most reliable authorities, an atom of radium would only shed one-half of its radio-activity in something between 2,000 and 2,500 years, so that it would be of use to many generations ahead before there need be any worry about the degeneracy of the radium actually possessed by the institute.

Captured and Stored.

But more marvellous than the discovery that radium emits gases of equal curative power to the substance itself without destroying its own efficiency are the remarkable inventions made by the institute staff to capture and confine the emanations in tubes, plates, and bottles.

Sir Frederick Treves showed the company some flat plates, about as large as two postage stamps, in which 50 or 80 milligrammes have been sealed. These can be sent out to country doctors who want to treat patients.

The emanation "loses" its radio-activity very rapidly, declining to one-half of its original strength in three and a half days. Still, the doctor in Edinburgh who wants to apply the equivalent of 50 milligrammes of radium to a patient can have a tube sent to him overnight which will represent that strength on arrival to him the next morning.

Six Guineas for 24 Hours. Fifty milligrammes of pure radium would cost £1,000; 50 milligrammes of radium emanation, of equal curative powers to radium itself, would cost him six guineas for 24 hours' use. This is bringing radium treatment, where there is no radium, within the reach of the most modest purse.

"During the last ten days," Sir Frederick Treves said, "the institute has sent out thirteen pieces of apparatus, representing 500 milligrammes, in the form of radium emanation, which, if the actual substance were used,

would represent £17,200 worth of radium."

One of the four grammes of radium possessed by the institute (the total value of the four is £20,000) was recently set aside exclusively for the production of radium emanations. From the 160 milligrammes of emanation secured in plates and tubes last year, anticipating the calls of radium emanation that the announcement of this discovery will lead to, the executive committee have now decided to devote another half gramme of their precious substance exclusively to this work.

Sir Frederick Treves frankly said he could not go beyond the expression "apparent cure" which he had applied to the results of radium treatment on cancer, tumours, etc., though the observations of the past year were "very hopeful."

Then he launched out on another new departure. The emanations that the institute had succeeded in capturing to send out into the country had been found to assimilate with water, and the institute was now able to supply a radium emanation water that was being used experimentally, with promising results, in cases of neurasthenia, rheumatic gout, rheumatism, and gout.

Made up to the strength of one milligramme of emanation per litre, this water was from 4,000 to 5,000 times as strong as the water of the best-known artificial spa, and out of every hundred cases tried, forty per cent. got marked benefit.

Mr. Pinch related two or three instances in which patients suffering from "affections of the joints" had derived benefit. A widow who had to be led by a friend as she hobbled on her crutches from the waiting-room to the consulting-room of the institute took two courses of six weeks each of radium water. Last Friday week she visited the institute, and said, "It's a marvel! I came up by the tube this morning. I have walked about Oxford-street and Regent-street, and I am going back to the tube." No crutches, no friends to support her.

The other case was that of a poor girl who had lost the use of her limbs through rheumatic gout. She could neither feed herself nor move her arms enough to do her hair. She drank radium water for six weeks, and she is now earning her living with a sewing

Garros Vividly Describes His 500-Mile Sea Flight

Aviator, With Crippled Motor, Crossed Mediterranean When Accident Meant Sure Death.

Aviation is fickle and provides almost every day a new hero to worship, but the man of the hour will undoubtedly retain his fame for a long time to come, for he is Roland Garros, the man who flew across the Mediterranean.

Few are those who actually realize what such a trip means: 500 miles over the ocean, with nothing but the sky and the sea in sight. Flights are being made daily over perilous mountain peaks, but the aviator is practically always certain of finding a landing place should something go wrong. But the man who willfully and cheerfully leaves terra firma to fly for hours across a broad expanse of water, knowing that there will be no chance to alight before he reaches the other side and that the slightest trouble will mean sure death, that man is a hero indeed.

Proofs of the danger are not missing. Lieut. Bague, of the French army, the last one to attempt the trans-Mediterranean flight, was never heard from, nor trace even of the wreckage of his aeroplane having ever been found, and Cecil Grace, the English air pilot, was lost in the same manner.

This Dog Earns \$1,000 a Week on the Stage



"Jasper," whose other name is Taylor, has accepted the flattering offer of Pat Casey to appear in vaudeville. Here he is signing a three years' contract for \$1,000 per week. Pretty good for a mere dog, isn't it? In his short life, for Jasper is still a risky young fellow, he has appeared before many prominent people in the United States, including President Wilson, Vanderbilt, and the "wizad," Thomas A. Edison. Quite recently, when Mr. Edison announced himself to be suffering from

"vacationitis," Jasper sent in his card to the great inventor, asking leave to try his powers in relieving the malady. But before he had finished the "wizad" received the four-legged call. Jasper, apparently realizing the valuable time he was being given, went through his various "stunts" quickly. But before he had finished the "wizad" was "sitting up and taking notice." Jasper, who, by the way is an English brindle terrier, will settle down now to his winter's job of keeping the wolf from the door at \$1,000 per week.

machine, which she works by hand.

With regard to the two years' work of the Radium Institute, Sir Frederick Treves recalled that it originated with the late King Edward, and that the scheme had been substantially supported by Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel.

They had four grammes of radium, valued at £20,000 per gramme, and although Vienna had as much, the London institute could boast that they had the largest amount in the world applied to curative purposes.

No distinction was made between rich and poor at the institute. During the last twelve months the institute had received 3,000 treatments from the institute and the poor 4,300. Since May, 1912, the institute had been open from 8 a. m. till 12 midnight, requiring a double shift of doctors and nurses.

A Reply to Critics. Some press complaints had been closed because the institute was closed for holidays in August. Sir Frederick explained that the institute was not like a hospital, where temporary doctors and nurses could be obtained.

Here, they had to be highly skilled in the use of radium, and required a very long training for the work. "As to the suggestion that our radium should be sent about the country while the institute was closed," said Sir Frederick, "do our critics know that they could not insure it? Do they know that the post office accepted a registered package of radium, and put it in the same bag with a necklace of emeralds or rubies for a long journey, the gems would come out white?"

"We are seeing what effect radium has on brownish and yellow diamonds, and if it turns them white, it will open another line of business for us."

Extending the Work. Turning more seriously to the future, the chairman of the executive committee asked the press to assure the public that the institute was now self-supporting, and made another important announcement.

Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel have bought the whole of this side of the street for us," he said. "It is a small street—a garage, a chapel, an eating-house, and a tailor's—but all has been purchased with a view to the institute's additional buildings. We are proposing to appoint a research officer on the curative side at once, and we hope soon to start instructional classes for doctors in radium treatment."

Another discovery of the institute chemists is revealed in the announcement that during the year radium has been mentioned in speeches, in the mark, the United States, and Germany. This has been rendered possible by the manufacture of varnish which will stand against the enormous power of pinheads of radium.

went. Every speck in the clouds revived my hopes and at last my efforts were rewarded at a time when I had been so often disappointed that my cheerful assurance was really beginning to give way to worry caused by my fast vanishing supply of gasoline. But there could be no mistake; there, between the clouds, was the promised land. Three small specks on the horizon, but enough to show that I was not alone and that my trials were soon to end. Surely there was the African coast, but no; the three specks proved to be the three torpedo-boats which M. Leon Barthou had ordered out from Bizerta to meet me, after my departure from Saint-Raphael.

Didn't Want Government Aid.

"When the suggestion was made that the Government send warships to watch my flight across the Mediterranean and to render assistance in case of trouble, I opposed it energetically, declaring that my intention was to make the trip alone and unassisted. But I can assure you that nothing was ever more welcome than these three warships, although from my point of view they appeared to be three toy boats on the sea. For before their commanders had any idea that I was so near, but I lost no time in showing myself and came down long enough to see the three vessels turn around and follow me. My hopes revived and again I went, my hopes revived and

Russia Today Is A Powder Magazine; Needs Only a Spark To Explode It

[From the London Daily News and Leader.]

The "Ritual murder" trial, horrible and insulting as it is, is, out of context, a signal service to the cause of progress; it has put the Russian counter-revolutionary autocracy on its trial before the bar of public opinion, and the authorities are unanimously condemned. Even the apologists of the regime now obtaining in Russia have at last been constrained to acknowledge that it is not the unfortunate few, but the mass of the Russian bourgeoisie and Black-Hundred State, who are in the dock, and that the trial is really a political trial.

In the present state of Russia it could not have been otherwise. For a number of years Europe has been regaled with reports and statistics showing the marvellous progress made by Russia since the defeat of the revolution, and the public mind has been carefully taught to regard the conditions in that vast empire as normal, settled, and progressive. In reality things in Russia have moved in a totally different direction. The years of peace have passed long ago; the life-forces of the country are asserting themselves with ever-increasing vigor; and no amount of exceptional legislation, of police brutality, and of Black-Hundred activity can prevent the rapid approach of a catastrophe such as convulsed Russia eight years ago.

The Threat of the Future.

These are no empty phrases. The fact has just been openly proclaimed by M. Gutchikoff, the masterful leader of the Octobrists, the party of the commercial classes, and the party of the National Local Government Congress at Kieff, in the teeth of the order prohibiting all discussion of politics, delivered a powerful speech denouncing the Government for violating all the principles laid down in the constitutional manifesto of Oct. 30, 1905, and warning it, if it should persist in its policy, that "the country would be shaken to its foundations," and that "the consequences would be terrible." And M. Rodzianko, the president of the Duma, on being asked what he thought of M. Gutchikoff's utterance, replied: "I agree."

These men, Opportunists as they are (for just because they are Opportunists), know what they are speaking about. Even the Novoe Vremya feels the truth of the words of the Octobrists, and cannot help admitting that "our society is at present in a state of crisis." The nation, it says, "is seized with a feeling of dissatisfaction at the course of Russian political life," and "a passing through a mood which vividly reminds one of that which prevailed in 1904 and 1905. The revolutionary elements are once more gaining the upper hand, and the country is being shaken to its foundations. It would be idle to shut one's eyes to the dangers of the road on which we are travelling." The reactionary sheet writes this in order to call for moderation, but the diagnosis is valuable all the same.

The Army of Revolt.

In fact, take any class of Russian society, and observe its sentiments, what the commercial and industrial classes feel is clear enough from M. Gutchikoff's utterance. But M. Gutchikoff is a politician, and politicians often speak with a view to tactical advantages. But before him another man spoke, and his words were clothed with still greater authority. This was M. Salaskin, president of the merchants' committee at the

fully determined to reach land without any assistance.

"When the coast at last came within sight, my supply of gasoline was so low that I would not have been able to continue my flight for ten minutes, but at that time it was the least of my thoughts. I was expected at Tunis, but was mighty happy to be able to land at Bizerta, where a magnificent reception was tendered me. I landed on the drill grounds of the garrison, and the soldiers were of great assistance to me and helped me to repair the broken part of my motor."

Tunis, however, was awaiting me, and I was eager to avoid disappointment. But before leaving, the commander of the garrison insisted on offering me a light lunch and the time quickly passed. Determined to reach Tunis, I left Bizerta as soon as possible, and I was soon compelled to abandon the attempt. Meanwhile, however, I had flown several miles from the military grounds and this time I found a group of Arab soldiers around a camp fire. The stupefaction of this crowd on seeing me alight from the skies was one of the most amusing sights of my life. But we soon became friends, and all were glad to help me to reach the neighboring village, where I found what I most needed—a bed. And before retiring for the night I had the supreme satisfaction of receiving a telegram from my friends in Tunis, from the Premier of France, congratulating me on my trip."

The folks who live in the mysterious country of Tibet, in Central Asia, are the most prayerful people in the world. They pray, and pray without ceasing. You retire at night, you rise early in the morning, but long after you are asleep and long before the sun has risen the voice of prayer has filled the air.

They pray everywhere, utilize everything movable and immovable to help their devotions. The wind waves their prayer flags in the air and the streams revolve their cumbersome prayer wheels such as those shown in the illustration.

Entrances to villages are strewn with countless paper prayers. Streamers of prayers are hung from tree to tree and from house to house. Bridges are pasted with them. Rocks and cliffs are chiseled with prayers. Praying at leisure, the ordinary spiritual Tibetan will get through four hundred words a minute, but at a push he can do much more.

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In the ordinary Tibetan village the Buddhist priestly population may be divided into three classes. First, the lama (or ordained priest), who has made the long journey to Lassa, and there received ordination from the Dalai Lama. Second, the Drenpa, an unordained priest, who still lives in the hope of going to Lassa. And, third, the Amcho, a private lama who has neither desire nor opportunity of ever seeing the sacred city.

The lama is a respectable member of society, well housed and fed and clad generally. He spends his time almost wholly in the temple, accepting spiritual engagements only from the wealthy.

A pilgrimage to Lassa is an astounding stunt. The pilgrim lies flat on the ground with his hand. He then rises, takes three steps to this mark and then prostrates himself again. This he does every step of the way between his home and Lassa, taking years to do the journey.

The merits of the treatment are as usual overshadowed by extravagant claims. Used For Deafness. Among the really scientific developments reported is the application of radium and mesothorium to diseases of the ear. This is the subject of an article by Dr. Hugel in the Munich Medical Weekly.

Dr. Hugel's experiments have extended over only six months, but he has treated ossification of the eardrum and diseases of the labyrinth, ailments which have hitherto defied medical treatment, and in a number of cases noted a marked improvement. The treatment is painless, and as only a small quantity of mesothorium—five milligrams—is required, it is not expensive.

New Way To Treat Cancer.

In the same publication Professor Werner of the Samariter House at Heidelberg reports on an alternative treatment of cancer by a combination of chemical and radio-active treatment. He uses as the chemical element cholin, a product of the decomposition of lecithin, one of the fatty substances found in the body.

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Professor Werner has treated several hundred cases and reports decided improvement in a considerable percentage. In some instances the complete disappearance of the growth under treatment was noted, though only time can tell whether actual cures were effected.

Public interest in these substances has created a rare opportunity for swindlers and radium promoters already in the field. The German financial papers recently warned the public against an adventure who had tried to exploit the English and French markets with a pretended radium company and who is now flooding Germany with circulars advising investment in the stock of a similar concern. He has obtained lists of possible investors and promises enormous profits.

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The Famous St. Bernard Hospice

22,000 Guests in One Summer—The St. Bernard Dogs.

An English tourist has just been rescued from an awkward predicament by the dogs of the Great St. Bernard Hospice. At the little chalet, the Canine de Proz, which is the furthest rest-house before starting the last arduous walk up to the Hospice, it is possible to telephone in winter to the Hospice for assistance over the mountain pass road, which is then entirely obliterated by snow.

Three Specks on the Horizon.

"Sardinia soon disappeared and I was happy, happy at the thought that even though my life was at stake, I at least had no more decisions to make and my course was steady onward to my original goal."

"Flying above the clouds, I could see neither land nor sea, and although my compass and barometer instruments were in excellent condition, I paid little attention to them, but went straight ahead, flying toward the sun, which by now had become almost tropical. For long I saw about me a very indefinite idea of just what I was doing, and where I was going; it was hard to tell whether I was flying ahead or being carried out of my course by the wind. I realized, however, that worrying would not help me and on I went, calmly confident that sometime, somehow, somewhere, I would come back to earth."

"Straining my eyes was of no avail; there was no land in sight and on I

to bring the storm-stressed traveller to the summit and the friendly shelter offered by the monks. A recent visitor found twenty St. Bernard dogs in residence. One of them, a giant, appears to be told off on sentry duty in the large entrance hall, or to act as maitre d'hotel, welcoming the guests as they arrive from his vantage point on the top of the steps which lead into the guest-house. Their kennels were excessively hot and stuffy and on being let loose one morning the whole troop of dogs rushed like a dash to a pond of ice-cold water at the back of the main building. Two pups wandered afar on the mountainside; but did the lay-brother, the "frat des chiens," go after them? No, he sent two older dogs to bring them back, and back they came with no thought of disobedience.

The Hospice is large beyond all expectation. Eight hundred visitors can be accommodated at one time, and no charge is made, though the custom (which many well-to-do people are so mean as to disregard) is to place in the poor-box of the adjoining chapel the equivalent of a night's board and lodging at an hotel.

A normal summer brings some 28,000 guests, about 17,000 of whom pay nothing, and the rest of whom are guilty of reckoning the cost of a night's lodging at no more than a few pence on the average. No hotel proprietor could be more obliging than the monks. The bedrooms are spacious; the beds beautifully warm—the only warm thing when 8,000 feet above sea level, even in summer. The dinner was of four courses, and included wine. Any person may put up at the Hospice for not more than a day.



will I ask Jerome Power for the hand of his daughter, when I know that he knows that I've had six jobs in one month and am only getting \$7 a week! A young man who expects to marry, a beardless school boy, a father, I come with a fine recommendation from—"

Quaint Customs of the World's Queer People

Prayer Without Ceasing and by Means of Water Wheels in Mysterious Tibet.



Praying Waterwheels in Tibet.

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