

DR. BULL HOLDS DEATH AT BAY BY SHEER WILL

Surgeon. Given Up by Attendants, Directs Treatment of His Own Case.

TRIES SERUM AGAIN.

"I Have a Chance," He Says, Grimly, and Battles On Against Deadly Cancer

In all the annals of medicine there is no record of a gamer fight than that which Dr. William T. Bull has been making for weeks against the cancer that threatens to end his life at any moment.

Five of the leading physicians of the city have been acting in his case as consulting physicians. Having made a life study of cancer, he has put his theories into effect upon himself.

He has analyzed his own case with all the skill and acumen gained by years of analysis of similar cases in other subjects, and faces death in all the calm confidence that when it comes he will have done as much for himself as he could have done for any patient.

Changes His Treatment.

On Saturday, at his direction, the X-ray treatment which had been in use was discontinued, and the serum treatment, of which he was one of the foremost advocates, was substituted. Since the change was made Dr. Bull has kept close account of his symptoms, and believes it was beneficial.

Immediately after the operation for cancer some weeks ago, when his associates pronounced his case hopeless, he set about with grim determination to see what he could do. Family, friends and brother practitioners were prepared for the worst.

Battled for His Life.

The disease had spread through his entire system. His heart and lower extremities were affected. His physicians announced in bulletins that the great surgeon was nearing the end.

"You have given me up," he said. "Now, I want my show. I want to save myself, if I can, and I want to do it my way."

It was then he told them he wanted to be removed to the Plaza Hotel, where it was quiet, away up, far from sounds which were distracting and worrying.

"You have given me up," he persisted. "It is my turn now. I must be taken to the Plaza."

His wretched and friends thought he could not stand the trip. But he did. He was glad to be on Fifth avenue again—to escape the air of a sickroom. His butler, John, and Mrs. Bull's maid, Lena, accompanied him.

"I certainly have a chance," were his first words when they placed him in a comfortable bed on the sixteenth floor of the big hotel.

Mrs. Bull was with him, amazed at his determination.

Help Wanted To-Day! As advertised in The Morning World's Want Directory.

Holt, Yale's New Fullback, Ready for Princeton Game



HOLT OF YALE.

his marvellous vitality, astounded by the mental vigor of the man, surgeon to the world, but to her a devoted, loving husband.

"I shall now try the X-ray," he declared, and his physicians acted under his direction. He watched every phase of his case, but he never spoke of recovery. He simply worked for it.

He ordered the things he wished to eat and took them as a good patient should. No matter how keen the bodily torture, his mind never lost its vigor nor released its generalship.

On Saturday seven physicians again were in consultation. They marvelled at the strength, the reserve force of the man, but agreed it could not avail. Then Dr. Bull suggested that they try the serum treatment again. They did so.

Time and again it was feared the end was near and the family gathered close to him, but again he rallied. He would not give up, would not admit the fight was lost. Yesterday the doctors said: "He may live a day, a week, a month—he is a marvellous man."

Dr. Bull yesterday took his serum treatment and then turning to Dr. Blake asked: "Haven't you a new jigsaw puzzle? I feel like working at one."

The skilful hands could not be quiet. They brought him a puzzle, one he had not seen before, and he thanked them, saying: "I haven't put one of these together before since I left Newport. By the way, have you any more new ones?"

And last spring after the first operation on his throat, when he knew what he meant by admitting, Dr. Bull used to sit patiently and put together picture puzzles. Looks could not hold him. He was thinking out his own fate and trying to let the world know how much cause he had for alarm. He was absorbed, and it kept him from exclaiming.

Dr. Bull was mastering the one big problem of his life—working it out alone.

Mrs. Bull, who was the first Mrs. James G. Blaine Jr., has faithfully watched by him since together last summer they faced the truth and realized the certain terror of the disease. She is now breaking down under a strain, but is always near with words of love and encouragement.

While Bull, the son, is a handsome, manly chap of about twelve, the image of his father, and to whom he is all devoted, Dr. Bull has always been as a father to James G. Blaine Jr., who is a tall, athletic young man.

Dr. Bull is a simple in his tastes, conservative in his ideas, loyal, just and understanding. His personal charm, manner and magnetic aura made him one of the best loved and most popular men in New York.

Two physicians of the neighborhood, Dr. Fred Lee Barnum, of Clark street, and Dr. F. H. Birmingham, of No. 122 Montague street, worked over the unconscious man from about 7 o'clock until nearly twelve. Just before midnight they decided to take him to a hospital. The ambulance was on its way bearing Surgeon McKinley, two uniformed policemen and a plainclothes man, when Yonge began to rally. Efforts were made to turn the ambulance back, but it reached the hospital. The ambulance was on its way bearing Surgeon McKinley, two uniformed policemen and a plainclothes man, when Yonge began to rally.

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HENRY YONGE TOOK MORPHINE; POLICE HID THE FACTS

"John Smith," Named in Slip, Was Ex-Assistant Corporation Counsel of Brooklyn.

Despite ingenious efforts to cover up the real facts, it came to light today that Henry Yonge, one of the best known lawyers of Brooklyn, came near dying last night at his hotel from an overdose of morphine.

The first intimation of the affair was embodied in the following innocent looking "police slip," sent out from the Fulton street station:

"At 1234 M. John Smith, thirty-six years old, of No. 57 Clark street, was found at his residence suffering from accidental morphine poisoning; attended by Dr. McKinley, of Brooklyn Hospital, and not removed."

The plan to hide the truth might have succeeded if a reporter for The Evening World had not happened to remember that No. 57 Clark street is the number of the St. George, one of the largest and most exclusive hotels in the borough.

Finally it turned out that the "John Smith" of the police slip was really Mr. Yonge, who served as Assistant Corporation Counsel of Brooklyn before he was lately had offices at No. 391 Fulton street.

He returned from Atlantic City a few weeks ago in a profoundly depressed state and was taken to the St. George Hotel. His wife, who is a nurse and massage operator named O. Petersen, during the last few days, so it is stated, Yonge has been insisting that he was virtually a prisoner in Petersen's hands, and he chafed against the supposed captivity.

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BOY REFUSES TO FALSELY ACCUSE YOUNG STABBER

Tells Clerk He Struck First When He Reads the Complaint.

When David Rosenthal, twelve years old, of No. 84 Tenth avenue, was taken to the Children's Court today on a charge of stabbing thirteen-year-old Matthew Bell, of No. 74 Ninth avenue, Clerk Dienstag, after making out the complaint, asked the Bell boy if he knew the nature of an oath.

"Do you know the Ten Commandments?" asked the clerk. "No," replied the boy. "Well, do you know what it is to swear in court? I don't mean to swear the way you boys like to do."

"All right, then," said Dienstag, "read this and if it is all right, sign your name."

Young Bell took the complaint and read it carefully. When he had finished, he said: "No, I won't sign this paper."

"I hit him first," said young Bell. "When Rosenthal was arraigned before Justice Hoy, the justice praised Bell for his sense of justice."

"I was pitching pennies," said Bell, "and 'Kosie' won all mine. Then I asked him to give me a few, so we could keep it up—I wanted to win back what I had lost. 'Kosie' said he wouldn't let me have any of his pennies, but he said he would help me sell some of my papers and when I got some pennies we could pitch again."

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CARMACK VICTIM OF MURDER PLOT, FRIENDS CLAIM

Prominent Men of Tennessee Declared to Have Planned Shooting With the Coopers.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 11.—That there will be further bloodshed as the result of the shooting of former Senator Carmack by Robin Cooper in this city last Monday is the honest belief of men most familiar with the causes leading to the tragedy.

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BE AN EVANGELIST, THIS MINISTER ADVISES BRYAN

Dr. Oliver Thinks Nebraskan Would Become the Equal of Apostle Paul.

BURLINGTON, Kan., Nov. 11.—The Rev. French E. Oliver, who is holding a revival here, has issued an open letter to W. J. Bryan, urging the Nebraskan to become an evangelist and predicting that Mr. Bryan would become the equal of the Apostle Paul.

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ELEVEN KILLED IN CRASH OF TRAINS NEAR NEW ORLEANS

Number of Others Injured and Death List May Be Increased.—Victims in Wreckage.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 11.—Eleven persons are known to be dead and a score or more injured as a result of a wreck early today on the New Orleans and Northwestern Railroad at Little Woods, twelve miles from New Orleans.

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Mischief is often played by footwear of the irresponsible sort. The shoe of shoes—the one that leads the world's shoe-making industry—first in style, in fit, in durability and in quality of material—

HURLEY SHOES

"None so Good." \$5 & \$6 in All Leathers

ARE YOUR SHOES HURLEYIZED?

The process that makes patent leather wear a third longer and retain its lustre.

39-41 CORTLANDT ST. 183 BROADWAY. AMBERT

FURNITURE Re-upholstered

Five Pieces. \$9.98

SLIP COVERS

Special for One Week \$2.49

CANDY PENNY A POUND PROFIT

Special for To-day, the 11th.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS... 10c

Special for To-morrow, the 12th.

PRONOUNCED HIS CASE INCURABLE

Whole Body Raw with Eczema—Life was Intolerable—Was Even Incased in Plaster—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless.

SUFFERED 14 YEARS CURED BY CUTICURA

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema, the worst form. He was all right until a red rash broke out on his head, but we were not alarmed at first. Very soon, however, it spread over his head and shoulders, and it caused him great discomfort. I took him to a doctor and tried half a dozen other treatments, all with the same result: no improvement at all. The disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. We had to strap him down in bed, for he used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep. The only way he got through it was by the use of Cuticura. It was a very clever man, pronounced the case hopeless, and he said that the only hope was that he might, if he lived long enough, outgrow it to some extent. He had him in hospitals four times, but he was never cured. His skin not having a blemish on it anywhere, Mrs. Lily Hedge, 51 Vaughan Road, Colchester Lane, (Cambridge Green, Eng., Jan. 12, 1907.)

Watches & Diamonds

AM. WATCH & DIAMOND CO.

DIED

CABILL.—On Nov. 11, at 52 Grand St., Mrs. MARGARET O'LEARY, daughter of Peter Cabill and Bridget Lynch.

WELSH.—On Nov. 10, 1908, AUGUST WELSH, 11-260 5th Ave., New York City.