

## A LOVER OF THE POOR IS DR. FRIEDMANN, WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE TUBERCULOSIS REMEDY

By William G. Shepherd.

Berlin, Dec. 19.—On Christmas day, in a small laboratory in Berlin, there'll be a tired-looking, sad-faced young doctor at work, just as he is at work on all other days.

With a small syringe he will be



Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann.

putting into the bodies of one after the other of his huge list of patients the wonderful fluid with which he claims to have cured hundreds of tuberculosis victims in Germany within the past two years. He is Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann.

All the pleas of physicians and

scientists for long interviews don't keep him away from his job, that same job being to cure consumption.

Friedmann has tuberculosis on the brain. He got it at school. The terrible little germ haunted him like some giant specter. The tiny but awful atom of death was to him what the dragon was to St. George.

His parents wanted him to be a genteel, easy-going physician. But he got terribly in earnest. He spent most of his time in his laboratory, fooling with test tubes, microscopic slides and foolish turtles. He quit the social circle in which his family moved. Later he explained that he had no time to put on evening clothes.

He went to Italy for a rest, on the plea of his parents, and continued his studies on tuberculosis there.

He went to China. There he saw thousands of Chinese dying of tuberculosis, and, instead of touring China, he studied tuberculosis in Canton.

In turn, he visited most of the civilized and oriental countries of the world, but everywhere the "thorn was in his couch," because he always saw about him his taunting enemy, the tuberculosis germ.

He is only thirty-six years of age and has led a tense life. Music is his means of relaxation. He has a small pipe organ in one corner of his office which he often plays.