

THE DANGER THAT LURKS HIDDEN IN THE TELEPHONE TRANSMITTER.



THE WRONG WAY OF SPEAKING INTO A TELEPHONE.

HELLO! Any microbes in your telephone this morning? In the transmitters and receivers of the thousands of telephones in the city lurk millions of deadly microbes, deposited there by people while engaged in conversation, whose entire systems are fairly teeming with the germs of contagious and fatal diseases.

To avert this danger telephones should be disinfected every day. A city ordinance is needed to this effect—to make it compulsory for every subscriber of the telephone companies to have his instrument thoroughly disinfected each day. Especially is this necessary in the case of public telephones, through which thousands of messages are sent daily by people in every station of life.

Why? Simply to prevent the bacilli of disease from finding lodgment and multiplying within the transmitter or receiver of the telephone and infecting some innocent person whose lips or ears come in contact with these parts of the instrument.

Health officers and physicians declare that the telephone is dangerous in this respect as a spreader of disease, and that it must be kept clean.

You are a back number if you are not cleaning the transmitter and receiver of your phone daily by wiping them thoroughly with a cloth which has been dipped into warm water into which some kind of a disinfectant has been poured.

All telephones are numbered, so the dirty instruments will be compelled to take back seats.

People are learning, however, and are at last becoming convinced that millions of the germs of contagious diseases lurk in the depths of their telephones.

The doctors declare that 50 per cent. of the people have consumption in some form at some period of their lives. Seventeen per cent. of these are killed by it. The others get well and die of something else.

So that half the people who use your telephone are going to have or have had or have at the moment the bacilli of tuberculosis about them.

They put their lips close to the mouth-piece, and the trumpet up against the ear. If they cough, and have consumption, the germs are more than likely deposited upon the telephone. They dry there, and a healthy person comes along, puts his or her lips close to the phone, possibly touching it, and the trumpet to the ear.

The bacilli are there. They are alive. They may seize upon the man or the woman at the phone. Consumption may follow.

It would never have happened had the phone been rubbed clean with a wet cloth that day.

What a little thing to do! Yet what an effective precaution.



THE CORRECT WAY.

Consumption, the great "white plague," as it is known, kills 20 per cent. of the people who die of diseases in this city. Smallpox, typhoid, pneumonia, diphtheria and other dread diseases come and go. If they become epidemic terror reigns for the time. Consumption goes in forever silently slaying its thousands.

Smallpox comes in the winter. Pneumonia comes in the wet season. But wind blow hot or wind blow cold, consumption is active, awful, epidemic.

The mere mention of consumption is sufficient reason for seriousness.

And this is why: Consumption could be stamped out. Proper precautions are not taken against the ravages of the disease.

It aggravates the physicians of the city to think that, while consumption kills more people in this city than any other

disease, the least precautions are taken to prevent it. There is smallpox in a house and a sign goes up to notify the community of the quarantine. People walk around the block to avoid it. Little children slink by the house in terror. Everybody in the neighborhood whispers "Smallpox!"

But that is not the way consumption is received. It excites sympathy, pity, but not alarm. There is no quarantine, yet the doctors all say consumption is infectious and contagious.

Do you know anything about the germ of a disease? Do you know that it is a plant and that the germ of tuberculosis, for instance, is so small that when it is magnified 70,000 times it is no longer than one of your fingers?

Do you know that millions of these lit-

tle plants can dwell in the human body in a space not larger than a 55-cent piece? Do you know they are constantly escaping from a consumptive and that they lodge somewhere and dry out, to go flying with the winds and lodge wherever they may?

When everyone knows these things they will want their telephones to be clean.

"The telephone is only one of the things that may be regarded as a depository for the germs of disease," said Dr. George H. F. House, president of the board of health. "I never examined the instrument in detail and consequently I am not prepared to state whether or not it is as dangerous in this respect as some claim it to be."

"It is a well-known fact that the danger of contagion is in the drinking cups at the public wells and fountains, and it

seems very reasonable there is danger of disease from the same cause in the telephone, especially the public phones.

"The transmitter and receiver of a telephone could become the abiding place of millions of disease germs deposited there by the speaker, and these germs might easily infect any subsequent user of the instrument."

"It would not be a foolish thing to do, and people would certainly be on the safe side if they cleaned their phones every day."

"People must increase as fast as possible their precautions against the communication of infectious disease. They must learn that cleanliness is the greatest safeguard against infection. They must learn that tuberculosis can be conquered."

"They must learn that all such common diseases as grip, diphtheria and many others may be passed along by people coming in contact in ways which could easily be prevented."

"Our chief fight, of course, is directed upon consumption. It is our arch enemy. It is so general that half the people have it at some period in their lives. We treat it so indifferently here. We do not seem

to realize how deadly it is and how little we safeguard ourselves against it. The bacilli of consumption must attach themselves to many things with which the public comes in contact. They are alive. They seize upon the weak and the strong alike. The results are frightful. If cleaning the telephones saved but one life in this city in a year it would be a sufficient reward for the precaution."

"When He, after working numerous miracles, got out on the frontier of Gallilee His followers could not recognize Him for He was much emaciated in His body and had grown lean and pale from the tortures of the cross. Christ showed the wounds of the cross, but they being rough and superstitious fishermen were not con-

victed of the identity of the Savior until He allowed them to put their fingers into the prints of the nails in His hands. This shows that the Lord was not in a spiritual but a corporal state in the truest sense of the word. This fact falsifies the doctrine of atonement.

"From what has been mentioned it is easily proved historically, medically and philologically that Christ did not expire on Calvary cross, but was taken down in a state of swoon and in due time immigrated into Cashmere, where is His solitary tomb."



BACILLI OF PNEUMONIA. DISCOVERED BY FRIEDLANDER. MAGNIFIED 70,000 TIMES.

DIPLOCOCCUS OF PNEUMONIA DISCOVERED BY TRAENCKLE.

BACILLI OF GRIPPE. DISCOVERED BY PFEFFER.

BACILLI OF DIPHTHERIA. DISCOVERED BY KLEBS.



BACILLI OF TUBERCULOSIS DISCOVERED BY KOCH IN 1882. MAGNIFIED APPROXIMATELY 70,000 TIMES.

The Perilous Adventures of Ship "Forget-Me-Not."

ALITTLE Yarmouth trawler of only forty-six tons register sailed into the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, a few weeks ago, after having to her credit one of the most remarkable voyages on record.

Considering her size the Forget-Me-Not—for that was her name—accomplished the most astonishing things and escaped from total annihilation and a hundred other perils of the sea in a most amazing manner.

The Forget-Me-Not had left her English port nineteen months ago for a summer cruise in the waters where seal and walrus abound, and during the voyage had been caught in the ice and undergone the perils and trials of a ten months' Arctic winter.

The commander of the expedition was Capt. Walter Jackson, a man well known "in Arctic circles."

Jawick, which is his native town, is naturally proud of so stout a seadog. He has been through the perils of the dreary voyage to the Yenesei river in Siberia, during which he performed a gallant deed by saving the lives of several Dutchmen in the North sea. He also planned out and actually started upon an expedition that was to make the northeast passage in a thirty-seven-foot lifeboat, but, fortunately enough for him, accident turned him back.

The goal of the voyage was a secluded bay in the great estuary known as Frobiisher's bay, a gulf 200 miles long, studded with innumerable islands. This arm of the sea cuts deep into the great island known as Baffin's Land.

The little trawler was laden with a miscellaneous cargo for barter with the Eskimos; but besides this they intended to add to their profits by shooting musk oxen, deer and foxes, and hunting walrus for hides and ivory.

They even had a contract with Mr. Charles Rothschild for the collection of Arctic fleas and other insects at so much a head. Frobiisher's bay was a good spot for the animals of the far North, for the great ice floes that come pouring down from the pole carry with them many passengers in the way of bears and foxes and walrus.

The vessel sailed from Yarmouth round the north of Scotland, and then away to Cape Farewell, in Greenland.

In fifty days she arrived at her station and the crew commenced to shoot and trade. About the end of September they were thinking of packing up and voyaging off southward, as their plan had been, when down upon them came the great ice-pack from the North, blocking the entrance to Frobiisher's bay with a wall fifty feet high and hemming them in for the ten months of Arctic winter.

Fortunately for them, a local tribe of Eskimo came to know them, and proved stout companions, sharing in their hunting and the dangers endured therein.

It was, indeed, a terrible experience, and the cramped quarters of a 46-ton trawler were at times almost unendurable even to the hardiest of the crew. What their sufferings were only those who have experienced the hardships of an Arctic winter can realize.

Many minor accidents and casualties occurred on the various hunting trips, but on Sept. 4 of this year came the worst of all, for two Eskimo were shot dead by one of their companions.

The boat was manned by natives who were after seals. Oneactio standing in the bow with his rifle. A seal came up and Oneactio aimed at it, but the seal dived and he lowered his weapon. In doing so the charge went off, the bullet going through the heads of both men who were pulling the port oars, killing them instantly.

On Sept. 5 the hooping of a steam whistle was heard. A boat's crew was gathered and the entering steamer boarded. She proved to be the Windward, Capt. Bartlett, with no less a person than Capt. Peary, the Arctic explorer aboard. From him they heard for the first time that the Boer war was finished.

Next day the Windward took the Forget-Me-Not in tow and kept her so for nearly the whole day, but at 4:30 p. m. parted from them, promising to send a cable to their friends on arrival at a port.

During all these long months the little Forget-Me-Not had been given up as lost, and Lloyd's were only waiting for the claim to be preferred to pay the amount of the insurance when the telegram from Peary proved her existence.

But although released from the terrible ice grip the poor little ship still had 1,500 miles to sail before reaching Newfoundland.

This latter part of the voyage nearly proved her destruction. In all his experience her captain never had a more anxious time. Terrible gales and huge seas were encountered, so that at times she was driven backward on her course, once actually losing twelve miles in the twenty-four hours.

Capt. Jackson doubted the strength of the mainsheet, for fifteen months' continuous frost or wet does not improve a rope, and he writes in his journal: "That mainsheet gives me a galvanic shock every time I allow my eye or mind to notice it. There is not a bit of rope on the ship with which to replace it should it give way in one of these storms."

But the rope held, though they were tossed about for many weary days, until the constant heaving and rolling of the little vessel bruised every bone in the bodies of all on board. The little ship reached St. John's Newfoundland, on Sept. 24.

Christ Not Crucified on the Cross, But Died in a Swoon; Holy Selpulchre in Cashmere, Not in Palestine

By a queer and circuitous route of questionable scientific reasoning Mirza Qadriani, a native of India, has arrived at the conclusion, so he says, that Jesus Christ was not crucified on the cross, but was taken down in a swoon and in due time emigrated to Cashmere, where his solitary tomb still stands. This unorthodox assertion has aroused considerable interest among a certain sect of enthusiastic religious followers in Qadriani's native country and they have shown an

inclination to accept his reasonings as establishing a fact beyond question. It is the contention of these peculiar believers that there is in the north of India an old tomb called the tomb of the prince and prophet. They assert that it has existed since the days of Christ, having been erected about 1,900 years ago, when a prophet calling himself prince and prophet entered the country from the west. They say, too, that he called himself by the name of Jess Sahib

and Use Asuf. The theory that some disciple of Christ may have come into Cashmere and breathed his last is denied by these people, who assert that none other save the Lord himself ever bore the title of prince and prophet. A thing pointed out as of peculiar importance is that there are a number of towns in Cashmere which bear the names of the old towns in Palestine, the sacred abode of Christ. The mysterious tomb referred to, it is contended, is surely in existence, and it is held that the only thing necessary to establish the fact that it is

the burial place of Christ is that it be excavated and explored. It is pointed out that immigration did take place from Palestine into Cashmere, and significance is attracted to the use of the title Use Asuf, which is literally construed as meaning a collector of sheep. This in turn is held to be important, for the reason that the main mission of Christ was to gather the ten lost and scattered tribes of Israelites, who were driven over various eastern countries by Sargon, king of Assyria, and Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, in 721 and 586 B. C., respectively.

The use of the words Use Asuf, it is claimed, is nothing but another name for Jesus Christ, and these are pointed out as facts which no one can afford to ignore. "It will be remembered," says one writing for this sect, "that Jesus Christ said in Luke that no sign but that of Jonah would be shown to the wicked race of the day. So, as Jonah narrowly escaped death from the mouth of the whale, Christ must necessarily have escaped His death, which He did and fulfilled a prophecy by working a miracle like that

of Jonah. If Christ did not do so, we are compelled to admit that the Lord's prophecy turned out false. When Christ's bones were broken, like those of the thieves, and blood gushed from His side, were not these signs of life? "When He, after working numerous miracles, got out on the frontier of Gallilee His followers could not recognize Him for He was much emaciated in His body and had grown lean and pale from the tortures of the cross. Christ showed the wounds of the cross, but they being rough and superstitious fishermen were not con-

victed of the identity of the Savior until He allowed them to put their fingers into the prints of the nails in His hands. This shows that the Lord was not in a spiritual but a corporal state in the truest sense of the word. This fact falsifies the doctrine of atonement. "From what has been mentioned it is easily proved historically, medically and philologically that Christ did not expire on Calvary cross, but was taken down in a state of swoon and in due time immigrated into Cashmere, where is His solitary tomb."