

HOW THE NEW CONSUMPTION CURE IS MADE AND APPLIED.

From photographs taken expressly for the Journal.



THE FIRST STAGE IN THE LABORATORY



ADMINISTERING THE CURE



THE LAST STAGE IN THE LABORATORY

Hope for Sufferers.

Dr. Edson Overwhelmed by Pathetic Pleas for Help from Consumptives.

A Day in the Laboratory Where the New Cure for Phthisis is Being Manufactured.

Any Physician May Secure Two Ounces of the Liquid by Writing to the Journal for It.

THE INVENTOR TELLS HIS OWN STORY.

How He First Learned the Value of the Compound Which Has Amazed the World of Scientists.

If the Edson consumption cure, which was described exclusively in last Friday's Journal, realizes what is expected of it, then that New York scientist will save more lives in the next year than were lost during the four years of the War of the Rebellion. In New York City during the ten years beginning in 1886 and ending the first day of last month 51,818 persons died with consumption. In the entire United States the total deaths from the various forms of tuberculosis amounted to 280,000 in 1895. In the entire world it is probable that somewhere in the neighborhood of 2,500,000 died from the disease in the same year. Edson's remedy is the only one whose results have been practically successful. Dr. Koch in 1881 proved conclusively that consumption was a germ disease, but his lymph failed as a cure. Since then it has been possible to take many precautions against its spread, and thus its death rate has been decreased through the prevention of contagion. There have been no cures, however, of persons who have really contracted the disease until those which were made by Edson and the physicians who experimented with him. It has, of course, been possible to drive consumption out of the systems of some people by transferring them to some less rigorous climate; but such "cures" last only so long as the change of climate is kept up. Edson, by flushing the entire system with a solution of carbolic acid, is the first to actually kill consumption germs. It should be explained, however, that even Edson must ever remain hopeless before many cases of the disease in an advanced stage. The tubercle bacilli literally eat away the lungs, and while this process of destruction may be stopped, it is as impossible to replace a lung which has been destroyed by consumption as it is to replace a lung which has been torn away by gunshot.

Even this restriction on the merits of the new cure will be a frightful disappointment to thousands of sufferers all over the United States. Consumption's terrible tragedies are pitifully revealed in the great baskets of letters which have poured in on Dr. Edson ever since the first vague hint that he had made a discovery which might result in the cure of tuberculosis was printed some months ago.

One letter, from Lock Haven, Pa., reads: "My wife is a victim of the dreadful malady, and after trying every possible remedy known to medical science or guessed at by

physicians, I now turn to you with the same hope which has ever characterized my search for relief. She must not die. Can you save her? I am a poor man, but I will sell out everything I have in order to take her to New York for treatment if you will hold out to me the slightest hope."

A letter from Gilbert Station, Iowa: "Dear sister who is ill with the dread disease cannot last over one month. Make haste. If you can save her, for God's sake let me hear from you quickly."

A letter from Hutchinson, Kansas: "Well, I have the dreadful disease, and have had it for over four years, caused by a gripple. I am forty-three years old and am losing ground fast. Nothing helps me. My wife is similarly affected. She took the disease, I suppose, from caring for me. Now I can't last long without help. I am poor, but can come to New York for treatment, if I must. The doctor says that no trace of air can get into my left lung. My right lung has small cavities. I cough a great deal, and expectorate lots. It is gray, sometimes green and often like a red jelly. Now, Doctor, I have a strong constitution. If you will only give me a start toward health I am sure I can get well. I used to be able to harness my own horse three months ago. But now I cannot even do that. Now, please answer me. Oh, how I would like to get well! I have two small children. State charges, etc. Now, do please answer me."

In reply to a letter from Dr. Edson saying that he would send some asepsolin to a physician in Detroit, by request of one of his patients, this came:

"Oh, I do hope you will find that this remedy will reach her case. She is very bad, and cannot last much longer unless you can help her. You are our only hope. Doctor, I don't want to appear wild, but it does seem to me something must be done. Don't wait on the formula. Doctor, help us—please help us! We cannot give her up—and the dear baby without a mamma! You will understand how to act in the case. You will be well paid for all the time and trouble, and may God bless you for the interest you have taken. Please send some medicine to Dr. M. quick!"

This came from Chicago: "I feel that you are to be the savior of my son through your new treatment for consumption. We cannot lose him. Telegraph to me and we will all come at once to New York. If the whole family must stay there a year, let it be so; we will not separate from him."

This from Mitchell, Iowa: "I hasten to write you. I have a sister about twenty-one years of age for whom the physicians can do nothing except to make her last days as comfortable as possible. Please, please do not delay before you answer. You will not only save a dutiful life full of promise, but you will also make a mother happy. Dr. E. thinks she cannot last the winter out. I write to you at once without seeing him because time is precious. By looking us up in Dunn or Bradstreet's you can ascertain our standing."

This letter is from Southington, Conn.: "I have been refused admission to the Adirondack sanitariums and the doctors give me no hope. It is needless to say that I am discouraged and, like a drowning man, am anxious to clutch at the last straw. I cannot bear to die."

Here is one from Cartersville, Va.: "I have a brother in the beginning of manhood, a most promising lawyer, with a host of friends and relatives, who has contracted rapid consumption during the present year. He is a man worth saving. Forgive me if this letter is hysterical."

These merely hint at the bag full of pleas which the postman takes to Dr. Edson's door every morning. Some of the letters are unutterably affecting. They are the wild cries for help of the dying; the pitiful appeals of mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, husbands, wives, whose loved ones are passing away from them before their eyes while they stand helpless. The writer early in the experiments became acquainted with some of the patients who were being treated and who had shown marked improvement at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. One girl, Nelle Brannock, whose story was told in yesterday's Journal, had reached the point where she felt certain of cure. During her visits at the doctor's office she had become acquainted with other sufferers who had also shown marked improvement. They gathered in the little room where they were waiting—and all of them were women who had for weeks before been looking forward to certain death with hopeless eyes—made an agreement to pray for Dr. Edson night and morning. They had never seen him, but his discovery had saved them, and not one of them could mention his name without tearful eyes. Perhaps some of these statements seem extravagant, but in reality they merely hint at the commotion which this scientific find has created in the weary breasts of many dying ones.

The Journal's representative was the first person not actually connected with the manufacture of the fluid to be admitted to Dr. Edson's little laboratory, down on Whitehall street, where for months he has been secretly working at his experiments. It is a queer place, full of strange glass instruments and mysteries. In the lower room a number of physicians were waiting for Dr. Edson. At the other end of the long table half a dozen charity patients sat talking eagerly over the improvement which they had already felt. Alfred Balch, the chemist, who has been helping Dr. Edson in his work, said as we started up the stairs: "Those stairs have told the story of the progress of asepsolin. At first, weakened by horrible disease, the patients struggled up them with painful efforts and sank wearily into chairs when they reached the top. After a few days of treatment I have seen that their steps were stronger and their clutch of the hand rail less frantic. Many a one whose strength was at first completely exhausted by the climb is now so strong that he mounts the stairs as well as I do. And chairs? Not one of the patients who has been under treatment for any length of time cares a rap whether he can sit down or not when he gets up here. The change from dull eyes to bright, from hollow, yellow cheeks to plump rosy ones, from hectic cough to the firm respiration of good health, is not less than magical."

On the wall of the laboratory above a "gang" of great glass flasks, heated by flaring gas, boil bubblingly and drip their evaporations through slender tubes into sinuous glass "worms" below, through which the product is distilled into still other flasks. The fluid begins yellow and dirty, but the drops which fall slowly into the bottom flasks are clear and sparkling as the Koh-i-noor.

A long table near by is covered with a cluster of retorts and testing tubes, picturesque enough for the days of alchemy. It is with them that Dr. Edson and Chemist Balch first prepare the ingredients which are afterward set to killing the microbes of consumption.

About fifty ounces of the finished fluid can at present be produced daily in this strange place on Whitehall street. Dr. Edson hopes

that the capacity of the laboratory may be increased before long. He can at present produce enough, however, to enable him to make this offer to the medical profession through the Journal: "Asepsolin will be furnished to any reputable medical practitioner who may apply for it, provided he will promise to follow Dr. Edson's directions carefully and report progress constantly."

Dr. Edson spoke very briefly about his discovery: "All that science can ever hope to do for consumption," he said, "is to kill the microbes which destroy the lungs and thus stop their fatal work. No cure can ever go farther than that. It is more possible to replace a lung which has been eaten away by bacilli than it is to replace a lung torn away by gunshot. Again: No person cured of consumption will be justified in expecting his cure to be permanent unless he takes the greatest precautions. The fact that a person contracts tuberculosis is proof of his susceptibility to the tubercle bacilli. This susceptibility in most cases is born in the patient, and will remain in him until he dies. It can, of course, be acquired by careless living. Those who escape consumption, escape because they are not susceptible to the bacilli. If every person who came into contact with the contagion should catch the disease, the whole race would quickly die of it, for in a great city like New York there is no day when pretty nearly every person who goes about at all does not inhale consumption germs by thousands. The seed of the disease is flying everywhere. If it falls on a fertile soil—if it lodges in susceptible lungs—then it takes hold and spreads. If it does not, it is merely expelled, as are countless other impurities which we all draw in with every breath. The fact that a consumptive supposed to have been cured developed consumption anew a year afterward would not necessarily mean that the cure had not been complete. It would be likely to mean that, after a thorough cure, he had again come in contact with the tubercle bacillus germ and had again contracted the disease."

"The first patient on which I tried asepsolin was suffering from malaria. He had been ill for three weeks, suffering a paroxysm every other day. Quinine seemed to have lost its power over him during his long battle against the disease, the poison of which, contracted in the Southern swamps, had thoroughly penetrated his system. I injected 200 minims (roughly, 200 drops) about 1 p. m. on a day when no paroxysm was due. About noon of the next day the paroxysm was to be expected at 3 I injected 100 minims more. From 2:30 until 4 the patient was watched carefully. For the first time in weeks he went through the critical hours without any rise

in temperature or any headaches. He said that he felt perfectly well. His recovery had been absolute. "The injection," Dr. Edson went on, "is given with a hypodermic syringe, under the skin of the abdomen generally, but it may be administered almost anywhere. So long as the needle reaches subcutaneous or dermal tissue not in the neighborhood of large blood vessels, it is not important where it is placed. Of course, the object of injection is to have the fluid absorbed by the blood, but the best results seem to come when the absorption is comparatively slow. Blood is made up of red and white corpuscles. The function of the white corpuscles is to defend the red ones against attack by germ. Thus the blood itself has considerable power of resisting germ infection. This differs in different individuals. The cow, which is herbivorous, is susceptible to tuberculosis. The dog, which is carnivorous, rarely suffers from tubercular complications, but often has rheumatic affections. It is the same with human beings. People subject to rheumatism and gout do not have consumption. For a person to be free from germ disease means that that person's blood is of great antiseptic power. The object of my treatment is to strengthen this power of resistance when it is weak. Asepsolin not only throws into the blood an antiseptic or disinfecting influence to help the white blood corpuscles, but actually increases the number of those scavengers of the human system.

"In consumption, unlike malaria, the result of the asepsolin treatment comes slowly and the treatment is tedious. It maintains the treatment consists merely of the injection of which I have spoken. In consumption this treatment a system of spraying the throat is added, which must be given very carefully. It is thus that the lungs are treated locally. When we learned how to treat lesions in the lungs by spraying we made great advance. But the spray can only reach one side of the lesion. In order to reach the other side of the lesions and also to protect fresh tissue from being attacked by the bacilli, it became necessary to get some antiseptic agent into the blood itself. As soon as this fact was recognized there began a long series of meditations administered by the mouth on the theory that if an antiseptic agent could be placed in the stomach and transferred with the new blood through arteries and veins the blood would be re-informed. But, unfortunately, the digestive organs are easily deranged and are chemical apparatuses of themselves liable to work all manner of unexpected changes in substances introduced into them. Infinite experiments proved, therefore, that consumption could not be reached if the remedy was first entrusted to the stomach. I finally made up my mind that the only practical way was to introduce the fluid directly into the blood itself, in sufficient quantities to resist germ invasion. Hence the hyperdermic injections which force the blood to carry asepsolin to all parts of the body.

"The results obtained are these: "First, the bacilli are destroyed. "Second, the fluid is at last applied to the distal side of lesions in the lungs which thus, for the first time attacked by the remedy. "Third, the tissues next to the lesions are so infiltrated by antiseptic blood that germs cannot invade them."

A Forged Law. [St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

The forger of a law is a curious anomaly in the history of legislation, but North Carolina is at present in trouble over a law which never passed either branch of the Legislature, yet was laid on the Governor's table for signature, having already affixed to it the signatures of the clerks and presiding officers of both houses. By lapse of time it had become a law, and the Governor on applying to the Supreme Court to have the law annulled was informed that the Court could not go behind the law itself as it appeared when presented to them. A trial for forgery is now going on, in which the chief and controlling clerk of the two houses are being prosecuted for forging the names of the presiding officers. The law invalidated all conditional or preferential securities for debt and forbade the giving of such securities in the future. A more futile and daring form of fraud would be difficult to imagine.

ADMINISTERING THE CURE

SPRAYING THE THROAT

A Haunted Statue.

Unearthly Noises Come from the Interior of Liberty.

Sailors Panic Stricken by the Doleful Sounds They Hear.

Several Members of the Guard of Honor Resign and Take Flight.

IT IS ONE OF NATURE'S JOKES. Ice Forms from Air, Copper Shrinks, and the Combination Proves One of Horror to the Superstitious.

The Statue of Liberty is tenanted by ghosts. At least, that is what the river men claim, and say the statement is susceptible of proof. They say, and they know whereof they speak, that as the witching hour of night approaches most unearthly noises are heard, as if the statue were possessed.

There is a scientific explanation, however, of these ghostly disturbances, but it does not interest the harbor men and sailors on board ships lying at anchor within a stone's throw of Liberty Island, their hulls brought into strong relief by the electric torch. Many a "fo'c's'le" yarn has been spun about the midnight carnival of spirits within the Goddess. The sailors in the creaking of her joints hear the ghoulish shouts of the revellers. When the night is calm and bitterly cold the mysterious din is plainly heard.

The most terrifying of these mysterious sounds for those who are not in the secret are the spirit rappings. The Goddess rivals the most expert spiritual mediums. These rappings may be heard almost every night in the year. During the daytime the solemn figure is as quiet as a gravestone, but when darkness settles down it is easy to imagine that several spiritualistic seances are being carried on successfully in this gloomy interior. The explanation is, however, exceedingly simple. The statue, as everybody knows, is formed of enormous plates of copper bronze, firmly riveted together. The action of all sorts of weather, to which this very exposed position renders the statue subject, tends to gradually loosen these little bits of steel. The dampness which draws in from the water from all four sides forms a thick coating of copper verdigris on the rivets, eating away the copper. This does not weaken the statue materially, but it affords a certain amount of play between the overlapping sections. The result is that the influence of Old Sol expands throughout every part of her enormous figure. At night she is a measure draws her robes more closely about her, as if to protect herself from the cold. The contraction of the copper sheets, it may readily be seen, causes a gentle motion which produces a very faint r. But this reverberates through the vast interior, which magnifies it over and over again and lends to it a gloomy, hollow sound.

The members of the guard of honor who attend the Goddess throughout the night tell many strange stories of the haunted statue. Several of these watchmen have preferred to give up their positions rather than listen to these remarkable object lessons in acoustics. They could not be persuaded that the mysterious figure was not haunted, and all said they had never in their lives heard of any haunted house which could boast half as many hair raising noises as the dulcified Goddess. It sometimes happens when the contrast of temperature is greatest that the groans and rappings are loud enough to be heard on the boats passing close to the island. The sound of hollow groans, accompanied by weird rattlings and other unearthly noises, has frightened more than one superstitious sailor as he floated across the dark waters.

THE CURE IS FREE TO ALL.

Practising Physicians May Obtain It by Writing to the Journal.

Dr. Edson said in an interview:

"To such practising physicians in good standing as will follow my directions to the letter I shall be glad to send two ounce bottles of the fluid for purposes of experiment. The Journal may distribute these to doctors who apply through it. Must add that my laboratory and its output are as yet small."