

3500 STRIPS OF HUMAN SKIN

SKIN GRAFTING EXTRAORDINARY IN THE CASE OF WILSON FREDERICK WHO LOST TWO- THIRDS OF HIS CUTICLE. HIS ARMY OF HEROIC FRIENDS

THIS is the story of a brave man and his friends and brothers who saved his life. He is a man to whom physicians confided six months ago that there was no hope. He fought nobly from the moment he was stricken. He is fighting to-day—fighting a less hopeless battle, and with the hope of recovery almost within sight.

This case also proved a direct refutation of the theory of medical science, hitherto a principle in physiology, that when more than one-third of the skin of a human body is destroyed death will result.

When they took Wilson S. Frederick, of Dunellen, N. J., from the wreck which occurred near Westfield, on January 27, on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, he was as good as dead. He breathed, however, and was hurried to Muhlenberg Hospital, at Plainfield, N. J.

At the hospital it was found that Frederick was frightfully scalded from head to foot by dry steam. The left side of his face, his left arm and both legs to the shoe tops were fearfully burned. On these parts not an inch of skin remained.

Can you imagine the condition of this man when the doctors laid him upon an air bed? Just think of one-third of the body being raw and sore! There is nothing more painful than a burn. During his conscious moments Frederick was in fearful agony. He could not move without suffering tortures like the like of which have driven men insane.

Frederick never for one moment believed, as did the men who swathed him in vaseline bandages, that he could not live. There was something inspiring in the courage and hope of the pale faced man who lay staring at the ceiling with great lines drawn about the corners of his mouth. It was his calm, cool, confident manner that nerved the doctors to use all their skill to benefit him.

Frederick is a Mason. He will forever and a day bless his good fortune that his application to Anchor Lodge, No. 148, P. and A. M., was acted upon favorably. It was his Masonic friends who came to his aid in the darkest hours of his life.

Dr. Albert Pittis, the attending physician at the hospital, and a member of the lodge to which Frederick belonged, understood that if the life of his brother Mason

was to be saved prompt action was necessary. He communicated with Louis I. Van Alstyne, Worshipful Master of Anchor Lodge. Van Alstyne jumped into the breach without a moment's hesitation. A vast quantity of cuticle was needed. It could only come from scores of men. More than four thousand pieces of skin alone could save Frederick's life. It seemed a forlorn undertaking.

Van Alstyne was the first man to bare his arm at the hospital. Then he called a meeting of the lodge. The lodge room was crowded by a solemn, intense body of men. Dr. Pittis and Van Alstyne told the Masons of Frederick's danger, and that many pieces of skin must be cut from the bodies of robust men to cover the burned surface of the Mason's body. With these men there was no useless argument; they were ready to aid a brother.

And to the hospital they went in twos and threes, while the sharp knives of the surgeons cut strips of skin from their arms and bodies and hastily sought the bedside of Frederick.

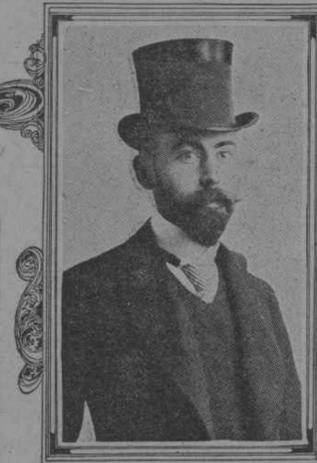
Jerusalem, an older lodge of the order, was quick to follow the lead of the members of Anchor. They had a sympathy in common. Day after day the Masons went to the hospital, and after them the employees of the United States Express Company, where Frederick had been employed. The injured man saw his volunteers trying to save his life, and a new courage was born within the heart still racked with pain.

Great interest centered in the case. Masons and expressmen from different parts of the country journey to Plainfield to give their skin to aid the physicians working upon Frederick. The physicians, who declared that the man could not live, saw the great fight he was making and were determined that he should not die. While the condition of the patient was such at times that the work had to be interrupted, there never was a pause in the procession of enthusiastic lodge men.

More than six months ago Frederick was taken from the wreck. Since that time thirty-five hundred pieces of skin have been grafted to his body from 121 different men. He requires seven hundred pieces more, but his friends and brothers maintain that he will have them so long as the supply of Masons holds out.

The case has made an unparalleled record. There are instances where many pieces of skin have been used to save a person's life, but nothing ever like the amount of new tissue which now covers the burned portion of Frederick's body.

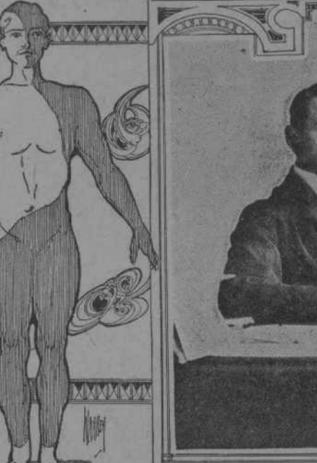
Among the skin contributors belonging to the order were State Supervisor of Roads Robert A. Meeker, Judge William



DR. ALBERT PITTIS



WILSON FREDERICK



LOUIS I. VAN ALSTYNE



STEPHEN HIGHAM

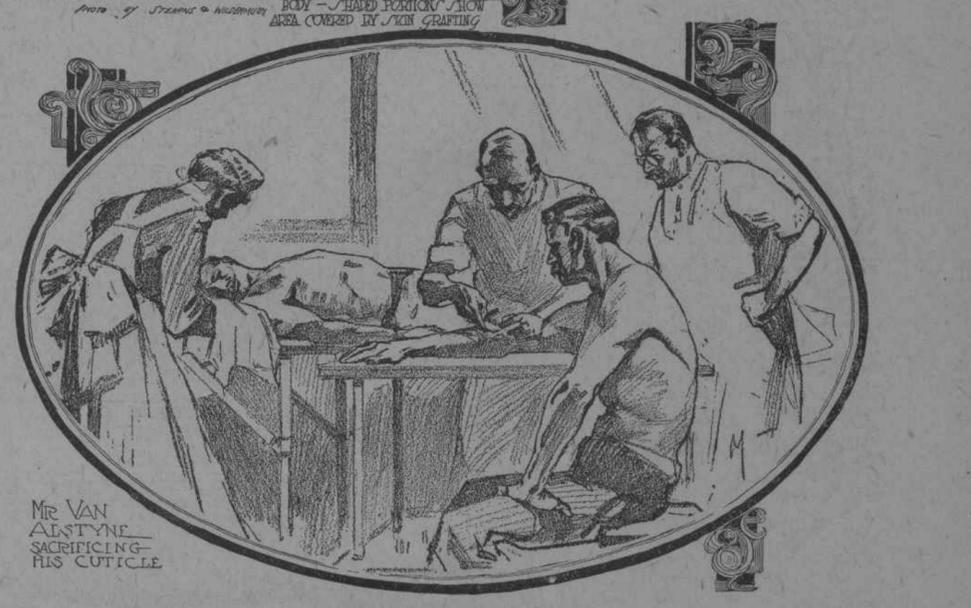
N. Runyon, Past Master Stephen Higham, Senior Warden Fred J. Pope, Junior Warden Francis L. Montgomery, Jr.; C. A. Sturtevant, Counsellor George Ball, S. P. Blugaman, Robert Rushmore and other prominent men in the community.

From twenty to thirty-five small pieces of skin have been taken from each volunteer.

The process of skin grafting used by Dr. Pittis is the French method Tiersch. It consists in making thoroughly aseptic the arms of those from whom grafts are to be taken by sterilizing and shaving each forearm. The skin is then drawn up upon the stretch by one hand, while with the other a long, wide razor is applied flatwise. The two upper layers, the derm and epiderm, are removed by a to and fro movement of the razor, which is kept flooded with a salt solution. Each graft, about half as long and about twice as broad as a match, is immediately laid on the prepared surface, upon which it is floated from the razor by the salt solution, drawing the edge of the graft on to the wound surface while slipping the razor away.

Each graft is then gently pressed into place and the wound surface dressed with a lattice work of protecting strips of rubber tissue, which is in turn covered by a compress kept moistened with normal saline solution.

Wilson S. Frederick was the chief clerk of the United States Express Company's office in New York at the time of the accident. He resided in Dunellen, and is a son-in-law of the late Mayor Rufus Swackhamer. His physician, Dr. Pittis, is a graduate of Columbia College. Mr. Frederick is in care of two trained nurses from St. Luke's Hospital, New York city, the Misses Farquharson and Parsons.



MR. VAN ALSTYNE SACRIFICING HIS CUTICLE

Captain Samuel Druke Miller, Former Filibuster, an Artistic Rover in Quiet Waters

The Studio a House-boat That Is Both Comfortable and Seaworthy.

REACHED high on the sand of the east bank of the Delaware River, at Florence, N. J., lies the two-masted schooner Studio, a veritable gypsy of the sea. "Three People in a Boat, to Say Nothing of the Dog," might be an appropriate title for the story of the Studio, but it is a theme for the pen of a humorist like Stevenson rather than a humorist like Jerome K. Jerome. The tale of the wanderings of this little twenty-ton vessel is romance pure and simple, spiced with danger. The career of the master of the craft is a series of adventures, and in its later chapters an important part has been played by his wife, his five-year-old daughter and Brindle, the dog.

Captain Samuel Druke Miller, artist, able seaman, former filibuster and all around soldier of fortune, is owner and master of the Studio, while his wife, the mate and the principal portion of the crew. Moreover, the boat themselves, with practically no aid after the manner and cabinetmaker among his other occupations, and he compliments his wife, by saying, with a wink in his weather eye, that "she is a mighty handy woman to have around."

The Studio was not built for speed. Her mission in life is to provide a home for Captain Miller and his family, and in this she succeeds perfectly. She is sixteen feet, feet in length, with a beam of about and mean draught, when loaded, of about three feet. She has breasted the fiercest billows of the Atlantic and has voyaged mildly behind horse power up the Erie Canal.

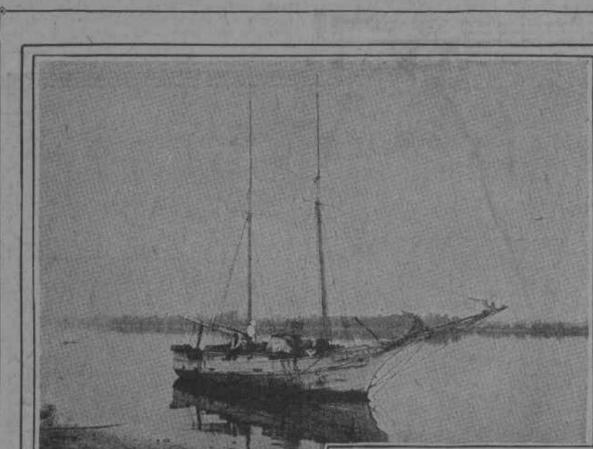
Whether her ways lie on the deep or on inland rivers the Studio has always behaved herself admirably. Just at present she is a little leaky, but Captain Miller says he is going to sheathe her bottom and venture forth anew.

Some Choice Curios.

With her deck piled high with trunks, boxes and all sorts of baggage, the Studio looks like a cross between a cargo ship and a Chinese junk ship. Huge iron-bound sea chests, covered with tarpaulin and suggestive of the Spanish main and "pieces of eight," stand by the side of modern cracker boxes and 30-gallon kerosene cans. When you look at these massive chests, reinforced by iron bands, you instinctively reject the idea that they contain anything more matter of fact than treasures of the Montezumas, or perhaps silks from the Orient. Your guess would not be so far out of the way, either. For there are some choice curios from the ruins of Mexico and Yucatan, idols and weapons and hieroglyphs hidden away in those strong boxes. Their contiguity to the cracker boxes and the kerosene is all that jars upon you.

The Studio has a commodious cabin. It is twenty-three feet by eleven feet, and the person looking at the dingy little vessel from the shore would hardly be prepared for a glance at its contents. Once inside you forget all about the canal boat exterior, for it is the cabin that justifies the name of the vessel. Here is where you find the true life of the sea, the kypsy environment that envelops these tramps of the brine. For this cabin is a studio, a library and a museum all in one. Here are half a dozen easels, two supporting half completed paintings and the others stacked in a corner, palettes showing the effects of usage hanging from a peg near the rack where this artist-seaman keeps his colors. One of the paintings is a small landscape of considerable merit. It is a Florida scene, and the swampy lowlands of the Everglades show through a mist in the semi-tropical foliage of the foreground. The other picture under the way shows promise of becoming a dainty marine. The blending of sea and sky is extremely effective, while the yellowish brown sand drifting over a hulk on the shore shows one of the tragedies of the deep.

Two sides of the cabin are well taken up by books—between six hundred and eight hundred volumes in all. Some of the books



THE FLOATING STUDIO

of travel have been "extra illustrated" by the captain with rare engravings, for which he has a passion. The cases are neat specimens of the cabinet maker's art and are the captain's own handiwork. On the walls are the inevitable weapons with which artists always decorate their favorite rooms. There are a few ugly pieces of cutlery from the Orient, a Malay kris, a yataghan, a bolo or two and any number of machetes from Cuba and South America. His hobby above all others is the collection of relics of warfare, especially those connected with American history.

But interesting as are the Studio and its inanimate contents, the visitor is soon too engrossed in studying Captain Miller and his family to give much thought to anything else. The skipper is a wiry man of medium height, with a sinewy, closely knitted frame. His almost snowy head is usually covered by a cap, and from beneath the visor peer a pair of keen, alert blue eyes. There is nothing of the blustering tar about him. He does not in the remotest degree suggest the man who would swagger and exclaim, "Shiver my timbers!" In conversation he seems more of a scholar than a sailor. But get him started on a topic he likes and he will spin a yarn that would do credit to the forecastle of an old clipper. Moreover, he is a philosopher. He likes the life he leads, and no pecuniary rewards could tempt him to leave it. He has enough, and he wants no more.

"I may have a few hobbies," he said, "but I think I inherit them all, including my love for the sea. I am of old Dutch stock—Knickerbocker, you might call it, for the first of my ancestors to come to America was Frederick der Druke Mahler, who landed in New Amsterdam in 1624. His name signifies 'the print artist,' and he had something of a reputation in his line. Later the name was corrupted to Druke Miller, and some spell it Drukemiller. For two hundred years the members of my family have been preachers or artists. Filibustered as a Boy.

"My father wanted me to become a preacher," said the captain, with a half smile at the idea. "He was a Lutheran minister at Worcester, Ohio, where I was born, in 1839. I was a mere youngster when my father put me in the Lutheran Academy at Dayton, Ohio, with a view to educating me for the ministry. But I was restless and began to chafe at the restraint. When I was sixteen years old I ran away. About a year later I landed in New Orleans.

"At that time Walker was fitting out the cutter Susan for his famous filibustering expedition to Nicaragua. I promised a venture, and as that was what I was hunting, I joined the party. When we finally gathered at Greytown there were about two hundred men. By the time fever and privations had a good chance at us there were not so many.



THE ARTIST AND HIS FAMILY

"The worst hole we got into was one time when we were surrounded by eight thousand government troops and Indians. But we cut our way through and most of us escaped. When I got to New York, where we were taken on surrendering to the United States government, I weighed just sixty pounds less than I did when I started out.

"I have always wanted to paint. Perhaps the fever was in my blood. But when I reached New York I couldn't indulge in my tastes. I did the next best thing as I thought, however, and obtained a position with a decorating firm in the city. I also did a little painting. But this life of peace palled on me, and when Frederic Bolivar got up his expedition to Venezuela in 1859, I joined the adventurers who were bent on aiding the revolutionists.

"There were seventy-two of us, and we had no sooner landed than we had all the fighting we wanted. In the very first engagement with the Venezuelan government troops every man in the party was killed but myself and Charles Gordon, son of a prominent New York broker of that time. Gordon was wounded, if I remember, and I had been shot through the right arm.

Condemned To Be Shot

"I had been shot through the jaw in the Nicaraguan expedition, and my hair was gray before I was twenty as a result of the ravages of tropical fever. Consequently I did not make a very prepossessing prisoner when I was captured. But I could talk Spanish, German and English,



UNDER THE 'REVER-SIDE TENT'

and in time I was able to support myself by art.

Wedded Wanderers

"Twenty-three years ago I met the woman who is now my wife, and we were married. She seemed as fond of travel as I, and we went over about all there is to see of the Western Hemisphere. Two of the three children born to us died and were buried in Brazil."

In 1896 Captain Miller decided to build the Studio. He had owned a small sailing vessel, but he wanted one that he could have for his home as well as a means of travel. He went to some lumber dealers in Florida and offered to exchange pictures for lumber to build the boat. With only a little outside aid he and his wife built the vessel. The little vessel has sailed along the whole Eastern coast of the United States, and the skipper has stopped at times to paint some fascinating bit of scenery or to sell some of his pictures. He makes a good living out of his art work. "Enough to satisfy my modest needs," he says, with a smile on his bronzed face.

"But how do you manage the boat, especially in rough weather?" was asked. "You see," he replied, with a comprehensive sweep of the hand, indicating his wife and himself, "she handles the wheel while I take care of the sails. She isn't just a fair weather sailor, either. She has been at the wheel for twenty-four hours at a stretch in a storm, with big seas sweeping over her. I don't want to see any better exhibition of pluck and seamanship than she displayed one time when we rounded Hatteras in the roughest sort of weather."

The Studio has made all sorts of strange voyages. The little cockleshell has braved the storms of the Caribbean and threaded the passages of the West Indies. The keys of Florida waters are as familiar to her skipper as they are to the pilots. On account of her light draught the vessel has been taken through the canals to Buffalo and some of the smaller rivers of Ohio.

Conveyed Arms to Cubans

But she has had adventures, too. Soon after she was launched her owner tried a little lone handed filibustering in behalf of the Cuban insurgents. With no one on board but himself and his wife and his dog, he undertook to convey arms and ammunition to the insurgents. He made several trips, communicating with the rebels and the Three Friends, and several times he landed on the Cuban coast, bringing back cargoes of fruit. Only once did he have any trouble.

"This didn't amount to much," said the Captain. "It might have, however, if they had caught me on the trip out. I was coming over from Cuba to Key West when a United States gunboat spied me and tossed a shot across my bow. At first I thought I might as well make a run for it just for fun, but a second shot came near carrying off the bowsprit of the Studio. Then I hauled to and waited for the war

ship to come up. I happened to know the captain, but that didn't prevent him from searching the vessel from top to bottom. All they found was a load of fruit. I didn't tell them anything about the rifles I had landed two days before."

Mrs. Miller is an unobtrusive little woman, apparently the reverse in character of her adventure loving husband. Her principal diversion is playing the pipe organ in the cabin of the Studio when she is not engaged in steering the vessel or performing her household duties.

"Yes, I like the sea," she said. Then she added, a little wistfully—"But there are times when I like to be ashore just to see what a home on dry land is like."

Her favorite among her husband's paintings is a full length figure of a Dutch girl, with a Rembrandt effect in the shading.

"That is my picture," she said, proudly. "My husband was offered \$80 for that, but I told him it was my property and he could not sell it for any price."

Ethel, the blue eyed, fair haired daughter, looks as large and rugged as a healthy child of eight. She is the apple of her father's eye, and she takes great pride in her ability as a sailor. She is able to read, and under her mother's instruction she has learned to play the organ. Her constant companion is the great yellow dog Brindle. She has every reason to feel attached to her canine friend, for he has saved her life twice when she fell off the schooner.

Brindle is part collie and part wolf, according to the Captain, who got him from the Seminole Indians, down in Florida. Brindle was a pup at the time she had a broken leg, but the Captain acted as surgeon and cured his injuries. His master says he can do everything but speak and sail the boat.

There is a regular museum aboard the Studio. At present it is being exhibited at Burlington Park, not far from Florence. There are a stuffed alligator and numerous pieces of fine coral. There are also weapons used by the South American Indians—bows and arrows, blowpipes and small spears. The battle fields of America have been searched for cannon balls, and there are specimens used in every war from the time of the Revolution.

There is a musket manufactured during the reign of Queen Anne, one of the first rifles turned out by the Harper's Ferry Arsenal, bearing date of 1811; a sword taken from a British major in the Revolutionary War, idols worshipped by the Aztecs, pieces of bas-reliefs from Copan and numerous other curios. There is also a collection of about a dozen Florida mocking birds, which seem to enjoy the life on the sea.

"The Studio is a stanch little vessel," said Captain Miller, "but I am going to take a trip with her, and will require a larger home to take a cruise in European waters, and we will go South soon, where lumber is cheap, and there I shall build a Southern Europe and indulge my taste for vessel large enough for the purpose. Besides, I want to see something of art in wandering. It doesn't take so much money when you own your own vessel and earn your living as you go."

Cockleshell Has Rounded Hatteras and Met Storms in the Caribbean.

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Obituary of Napoleon.

WHEN the great Napoleon died there were doubtless among the readers of the London Globe many persons who would have liked to read a full account of his life, but if so, they were disappointed, for the Globe, in its issue of July 4, 1821, contained only the following brief notice:—