

HOW SCIENCE MASKS ITSELF AGAINST THE BLACK PLAGUE.

THERE is every indication that the pneumonic plague now raging in China will prove to be the most disastrous in history. In the Black Death of the middle ages, the worst pest hitherto recorded, seventy-five millions perished. The death list in the present plague may be over two hundred millions!

Every effort is being made to check the disease before the arrival of the flea season, when it may assume the bubonic form, in which event fully one-half of China's four hundred millions will succumb.

The present plague is of the same type as that of the middle ages, that is to say, it is of the pneumonic as distinguished from the bubonic form. It is communicated through the medium of the air. The germs are inhaled. It is almost impossible to escape infection upon coming in contact with a person afflicted with the disease unless the utmost precautions are taken.

For this reason the doctors who have volunteered to fight the pest, run the gravest risks. Many of them have already succumbed. A person once infected cannot recover. Death follows within two or three days, or at most six, after taking the disease.

To protect themselves against infection as far as possible, the doctors and sanitary officials, who are on duty in the plague-stricken district, breathe when on their gruesome tasks, through pads of lint soaked in carbolic acid, which kills the bacilli of the pest before they can enter



How Plague Doctors in China Protect Themselves.

mouth or nose.

In addition to this, the doctors mask themselves from head to foot. A full working kit consists of the pad of lint, soaked in carbolic acid; a linen mask and goggles, which make it impossible for the bacilli to reach the face; gloves and a linen gown, which can be boiled and disinfected easily, and covers the wearer to the shoes.

The dead are placed in coffins and cremated. This is contrary to the tenets of the Chinese religion, but Dr. Wu Lien De, the Chinese doctor in charge, has impressed the authorities with the importance of this step, and the burning of the bodies has not been interrupted. In a single day sixteen piles of one hundred coffins and two pits full of bodies and coffins were cremated.

The situation in Harbin is pitiful in the extreme. On every street the poor wretches afflicted with the disease may be seen waiting for the plague cart to pick them up. The man who becomes ill is turned out into the street by his own people, who hope in that way to evade detection and arrest as "contacts."

Things have come to such a pass that father now stands against son; brother against brother. The poor outcast in the street is shunned by passers-by till the plague cart, with

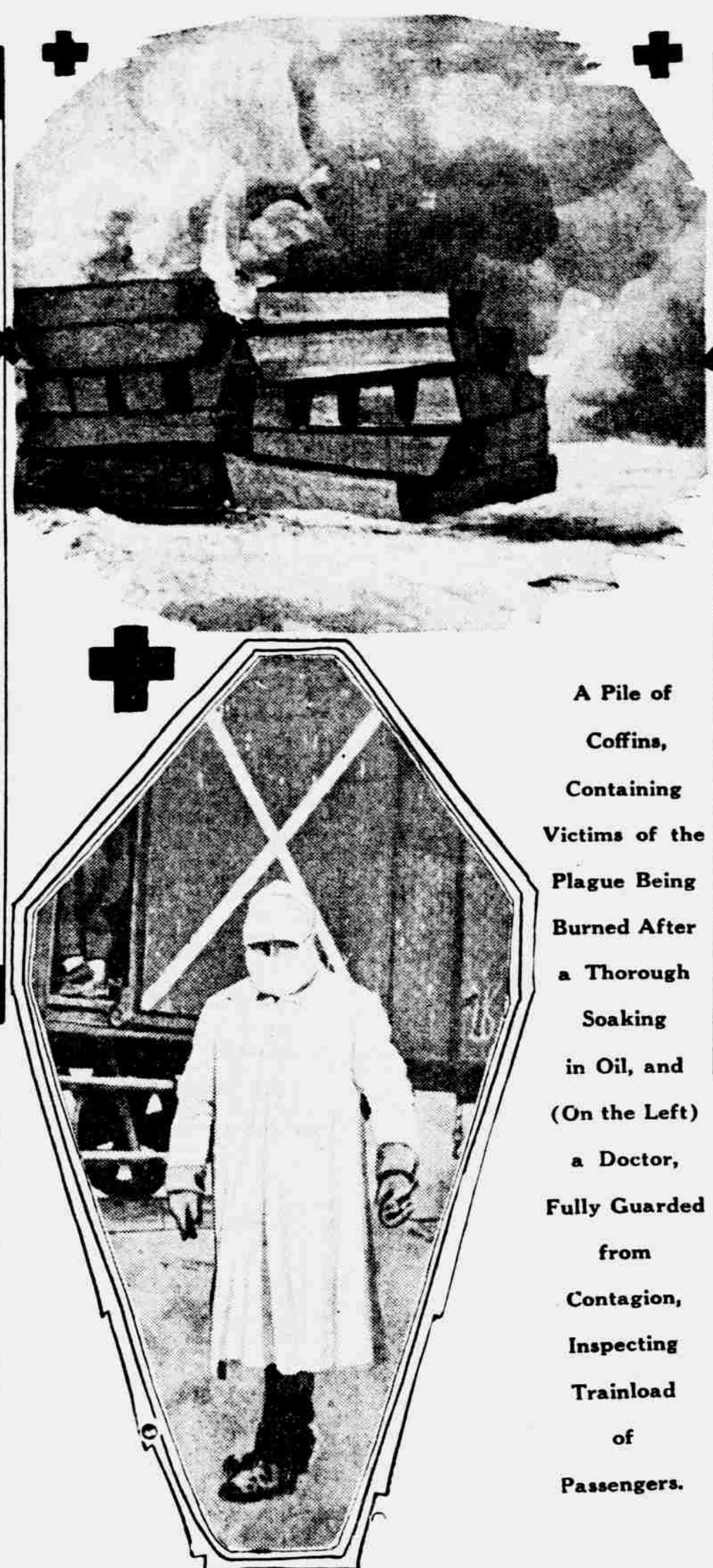
its masked driver, picks him up to convey him to the hospital, where every man dies, or, if he dies upon the way, as is often the case, direct to the funeral pyre.

Some idea of the situation in the plague-stricken area may be gathered from a letter just received from Dr. Charles Lewis, the physician in charge of the Taylor Memorial Hospital, at Pootung-Fu, China.

"We are in the midst of a siege of plague," says Dr. Lewis.

"This plague started in Harbin, Manchuria, late in November, or early in December, last year. The Chinese were very slow to take hold of it, and so it got a big start. Then other nations (Russia and Japan) said something must be done or they must interfere to stop its ravages. China, fearing lest these nations should here as water for the mill of plague," says Dr. Lewis.

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A Pile of Coffins, Containing Victims of the Plague Being Burned After a Thorough Soaking in Oil, and (On the Left)

a Doctor, Fully Guarded from Contagion, Inspecting Trainload of Passengers.



A Remarkable Photograph of a Plague Victim, Deserted by Friends, Waiting for the Medical Cart.

conscientious, but his work of disinfection and segregation took him into crowded places.

"This epidemic is not the bubonic form of plague but the pneumonic. It has been found that the greatest danger is air-borne infection; respirators are very necessary, therefore, when one comes in contact with infected individuals. Rats have been examined and no infection found in them. The government was very slow in stopping the trains, and the disease was carried into China proper, and now it is present at many places in this province and in Shantung. Many workmen from these two provinces work in Manchuria, and when the plague broke out there they left for home. If the government had stopped the train service early, it could have prevented spread of the disease south of the government wall."

"I do not know when we will ever be able to do medical work, that is to open our hospital here. Of course,

if we got plague into it, we would be in a bad way, for it is said that burning is the only safe way to disinfect a building. I am afraid North China is in for a serious time for many years, and that our mission work will suffer much for this. It will be almost impossible to go to the country to work, as one would be constantly running in and out, and if this virulent form persists it means sure death to any one who takes the disease; as I have said, no one recovers. One can hardly dare to imagine the future of poor China for the next few months. The heat may stop the disease in a few months or so, or it may appear in bubonic form, when the flea season comes, and kill half the population; no one can tell. I wish America would show her friendship for this needy land now, and send out fifty sanitary engineers to cope with this awful pest, and thus save millions of lives that are worth saving. Can't you stir up President Taft or some big man to do this?"

A MODEL UNAWARES

By E. Almaz Stout

"SORRY I can't ask you to stay to supper, but I'm going out," Dick Carwardine said to his chum, Ronald Foster. The color rose in his cheeks at the lie.

But Foster knew it for a lie, and lied too.

"Glad to hear it, old man. Anyway, I should have had to go, for the matter's expecting me to-night. Well, ta-ta, old man." For an instant he hesitated as he twisted his hat in his hands. Then he went on, haltingly: "Look here, old chap, I suppose you don't want the use of a tennor for a bit? I had a stroke of luck last week and—"

The color rose again in Dick's thin cheeks.

Here, Ron, I thought we had had this out for good and all. Understand, whenever you offer to lend me money on the strength of a 'stroke of luck' I always know you are lying. You do enough for me by sticking by me and being the splendid pal you are without my sponging on you, too. That I shall never do. Besides, there's no need. I've got plenty of money."

Of course, I know, I know," Ron said, hastily. "It was tactless of me, but sometimes a tennor is devilish useful to me, and I'd got a spare one I thought it might be useful to you. Well, ta-ta, once more. Good luck."

As he made his way down the dark, steep staircase within of the dreary lodging house in a by-street of Kensington, he muttered to himself:

"Confound his beastly pride! I don't believe he's had a meal worth calling a meal for a week."

This was strictly and literally true, only the time was longer. Dick Carwardine, Ronald's college chum, was the fortunate, or unfortunate, possessor of a spark from the unquenchable torch of genius. Genius is always a doubtful gift, whether it lies in the direction of music, painting, or any of the arts, and needs constant sense—which seldom accompanies it—or a controlling influence to make it of any use as a commercial asset.

Dick was left stranded and penniless at the age of twenty-four by the death of his father, whom he had believed a wealthy man, but who turned out to have been on the verge of bankruptcy. He had spent his time since he left school in Paris, working hard at a well-known studio, studying technique and all the less sacred ways of the artist's life. He was a joyous, careless life there, loving his work with all his strength, and working at it with all the fire which inspired him. He came home to his dying father, and three months later found he had not a penny of income and no means whatever of earning his living, save by the art which he had loved and cherished for its own sake, not with the idea of earning his daily bread.

But he started with a light heart and high hope, would now bring him in bread and butter. Bit by bit he learned that genius, without common sense to exploit it, was an unsaleable quality. He knew few people in London, and refused to apply for help to those he did. He tried to sell his work at shops, but was told that his pictures were unsaleable

goods. Popular subjects were suggested to him, but he indignantly refused to "lower his art" by painting pot-boilers.

The weeks and months went by, and Dick's light heart became heavy and his high hopes fell away one by one. He had pawned everything of value he possessed, and now was practically at his last stand. He was living in a bare garret, which the landlady termed the "top story," which had the double advantage of size and light, to make up for its very coldness and draughtiness for its bare and desolate condition. Here Dick slept and lived and ate and worked.

By one his pictures had gone—some of them beautiful little pieces of work—sold for a mere song for bare bread-and-butter at small local shops. Besides the clothes he stood up in, he had practically nothing but his pathetic box and easel.

Last week he had sold a little gem for ten shillings, and had used the proceeds on purchasing a great canvas. For his soul was aflame anew with inspiration. In his mind was mirrored a picture which, if only he could paint it, must bring him fame and fortune. Then good-bye to sordid attic, and he had moved to a roomier and more comfortable quarters. He was asking for "popular subjects." True, his stomach was empty, and there seemed no prospect of filling it, but with the new inspiration, new hopes, new ambitions fired his heart instead.

For three days he worked hard on the picture, and the picture grew apace. It was to represent Life as personified by a lovely maiden in filmy draperies advancing on tiptoe, with perfect arms outstretched, through a flower-decked orchard in early spring; Life bursting through the brown tree-branches in exquisite pink and white blossoms, and through the ground in golden buttercups, white daisies, and luscious grass, with a background of brilliant sunlight and skies, decked here and there with treey clouds.

And the picture mirrored in his mind was flung on the canvas before him, gentle lightening the work, and giving it a grace, an airy transparency which seemed to speak indeed of life—mystic, mystic, mysterious, incomprehensible. But the face of the maiden eluded him. He sketched it in and dashed it out again, as unworthy to represent his dream of Life. The more he labored at it, the less satisfied was he with the result. His genius, which had led him thus far, failed him here. The background, the accessories were perfect, exquisite, but the central figure was ordinary, commonplace.

"It's a model I want," Dick muttered to himself, as in despair for the twentieth time he scraped out the face and head. "If only I could afford to pay for one to sit to me! But, alas! I can't—"

He staggered as he moved away, for he was faint and weak for want of food, and he sat down by his empty grate and leaned his throbbing head on his hand. Common sense, driven by want and hunger, at last was knocking at the door. Dick would be painting it he

had nothing to live on to feed the human frame, on which, after all, his soul and genius depended. He must try to earn money in some way, or soon he would starve. But how—how? He was not up to feeling he must have air, and putting on his hat, went out and walked on blindly. His walk took him down a familiar, quiet street with a few old shops and eating houses. As he passed one of these small of fresh-baked fare sent such a pang through him that he felt he must eat the tart in his pocket, a staple and a few coppers was all that it contained.

Without waiting to wonder what he would do if he spent all that at once, he turned into the little eating house, which was famous, in a small way, for his beautiful old carving; and, though the tariff was low, strangers, especially Americans, who had heard of it, often came in to feast their eyes as well as their bodies at the same time. In the olden days, before funds had sunk so low, Dick had often dined and lunched at the Red House.

This morning, however, Lucy, a buxom, dark-eyed woman, superintending the sanded dining-hall, with its dozen or so tables, herself. She was used to cheery and was a friendly fellow. She had many of the habits of a good many of the habitués, and always had a fancy for the tall, delicate young man, with the fine, sensitive face, and the long, artistic hands.

On this occasion there were few customers, for it was late, and Lucy Perkins could give her undivided attention to the late-comer.

"It's weeks since we've seen you here, Mr. Carwardine," she said, with a large, hearty smile on her comely face. "What have you been doing that you've deserted us?"

"I've been busy," he answered. Then, rushing into the truth, he added: "Believe me, I couldn't afford to come. I don't see why I shouldn't own to it. I'm going to spend the last sixpence I have in the world on my supper to-night."

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, in a shocked voice. "That can't be true!"

"It is," replied Dick, eating the hot steak before him, with the relish of a famished man. "I must earn something somehow, but I'm such a duffer I don't know how to work at anything useful. I suppose you know of a job going that an unqualified man could do?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered regretfully and with the friendliness of Bohemia. "Now, if only you weren't a gentleman it would be twice as easy. I know of one or two jobs going."

"What are they?" Dick asked eagerly. "Forget I am a gentleman and tell me I'd do anything to keep me going for just a few weeks. It might only have to be for quite a short time before I could earn money at my own profession."

Lucy laughed awkwardly.

"You couldn't do either of these jobs, Mr. Carwardine. One is to go as 'handy' man to Mr. Jenkins next door, and the other to act as waiter here."

For a moment Dick received a shock. Then he pulled himself together. Why not? Better men than he had done more menial work. And the last penny had gone now in that cup of coffee.

"Look here, Miss Lucy," he said quickly. "I'm quick at learning, and I don't you see how well they are cut. And don't you see my boots—the surest test of all? And didn't you hear his voice when he answered you? I bet you twenty dollars to one, mamma, he has been at Oxford!"

Her eyes fell as she met the ardent, yet respectful gaze of the waiter bearing up to his task. She was an American girl, with all an American's romanticism, and she had come with her father and mother to England, filled with love and admiration for the old country, prepared to find everything there old and fascinating, everybody of old family and charming. Already she had woven a little romance about the tall, aristocratic-looking waiter, little dreaming that his thoughts had flown on, and, in imagination, he was transferring her perfect, pliant face to his unfinished canvas.

When at last they rose to go, and Dick realized the vision was passing from his view forever, he pressed forward as he could, and got the very last glimpse. Eleanor, coquette that she was, saw the movement, and, after an instant's hesitation, fell as, though by accident, a rose she had been wearing. In an instant Dick had poured on it, raised it, when her mother had passed on, and, in imagination, he was transferring her perfect, pliant face to his unfinished canvas.

That night he did not go to bed. He sat up waiting for the first gleams of light, when he could begin work on his picture; and, with the earliest rays, he was standing, eager, excited, palette in hand, before the brilliant canvas, with its one blank space.

For hours he worked, forgetful of everything, till a church clock reminded him it was time to go to the Red House. Here he did his work as in a dream, longing fervently for the next morning and leisure.

By the end of the week the picture was done, and when at last Dick hung down his brushes, he gave a little cry of rapture that was almost pain. For he knew it was beautiful, he knew, if only it could be seen, it would count among the art treasures of the world. For the unknown, the model unawares, had inspired his brush, had given to the flame of his genius the spark that it needed to send it soaring, and the figure of Life, the idealized portrait of the American stranger, was the very incarnation of love, beauty, youth and life.

"Oh, to know her! to meet her again, to speak to her!" he whispered to himself. "My lady of love, my unknown inspiration!"

Daily he had looked for her at the Red House, wildly hoping and longing that she might come again; but he hoped and longed in vain.

The day following his completion of the picture, when he was feeling exhausted and fagged in mind and body after the long time of strain and excitement, he received a letter from his loyal pal, Ronald Foster.

"I have been away for the last month; went off unexpectedly to Scotland. That's why I haven't been to see you. I got back to London a week ago, but have

been laid up with 'flu' ever since, or should have come round before. Now, here's a piece of news for you, which may bring you luck. I met an American when I was in the Highlands, a real brick and he and I became great friends. He's awfully keen on art, with a capital 'A'—and believes in encouraging the young idea how to shoot. He's buying up quite a lot of stuff to take back home to America. He's got a fine collection of articles, not a rubbishy thing that's got a good name signed on it. I passed to him a good bit about you—told him what a genius you were, and that sort of thing. To make a long story short, he wants to see your work. He would have come last week if I'd been able to bring him, but he's coming with me to-morrow morning at ten. So furnish up the old attic, stick out as many 'properties' as you can, and put any sketches or pictures you've got in the best light. Of course, he may not take a fancy to your things; but I think he will. Anyway, good luck, old man, and an revoir till to-morrow morning—"

Yours ever,

Dick's heart throbbed with excitement and happiness.

No one else in the world would have bothered to push his friend's fortunes when he met a wealthy patron on a holiday. That luck that the great work was finished, so that he would have something worthy to show! But he knew in his heart he would not sell the "Life." He hoped and longed to get orders from it; he would exhibit it, his lovely lady, some day. But he would not sell her for mere money; she meant far too much to him for that.

The next morning he was up early, tidying his attic as well as he could, and putting the gleaming, brilliant "Life" in the best light. He felt sick with excitement for on the coming interview might hang all his future.

Punctually at ten, Ron, beaming with pleasure and importance, arrived, accompanied by a tall, spare, typically American man, whom he introduced as Mr. Pittson.

"I hear you are a budding genius, Mr. Carwardine," he said, with a strong accent, smiling genially. "I'm interested in geniuses, and—"

Then a look of incredulous amazement flashed into his eyes as they fell on the "Life."

"Say there, Mr. Carwardine, where on earth have you met my daughter? And when did she sit to you? I never gave her leave, the young money!"

Dick turned from crimson to deadly white.

"Your daughter, sir?" he faltered.

"That—that picture is almost an imaginary one. The lady who—whose face I have tried to reproduce I only saw once. Come, come, Mr. Carwardine," said the American, "we weren't born yesterday, we men of the States, you know! That's a perfect complete, and most beautiful, fully done portrait of my only daughter, Eleanor. In rather more dainty clothing, I'm sure, than she generally wears. Where have you met and painted from her?"

"On my honor, sir," replied Dick, trembling with nervousness, "I only saw that lady once!" Then, realizing that the truth would serve him best, for Mr.

Pittson was obviously undecided whether to be angry or not at the liberty taken with his daughter's face; "The truth is, I've been through a pretty bad time. I had no money even to buy paint and brushes for the work I love. I had that picture in my mind, though I could not get the face and figure right even after I had begun it. I realized I must get the money somehow to buy myself bare food and painting materials. I saw a water's place at a little Kensington eating-house. There, one day, I saw the face I had ever seen. It haunted me, filled my heart and mind. For it was the face of all my dreams of love and life. I painted it, as you see it, and I had to paint it, but I never even spoke to the young lady. I only waited on her at lunch, and—her mother gave me a shilling for my troubles."

At the end of the story the American shot out his right hand, his face clearing like magic.

"There, sir, I call that being a man! Out with us we think all the more—though it's a man for doing work, even if it's cleaning a stable. I call that a job, sir, and I'm proud to know you, and to be one of the first to make your genius known to the world. I'll buy that picture, sir, for any price you choose to ask, and I'll exhibit it, and before you can turn around you'll have more orders than you know how to do, or my name is Silas Pittson."

"You are too good, too generous, sir!" faltered Dick, while Ron's beam extended from ear to ear at his friend's good fortune. "Only I didn't intend to sell that picture."

"Nonsense, sir! you've painted my daughter's portrait without my permission or hers, and I've a right to it—and certainly she has. Come, you can't refuse me! And look here, you'd better come, you and your friend Mr. Foster, and dine with us to-night, just myself and wife and daughter. Can you get out of your water's engagement in time?"

"I think I could manage it, sir. The people are kindly and considerate where they run the place."

"Good! Waitress! all very well, but it's not the job for a man who can paint a picture like that. Eight o'clock sharp, then. My daughter'll be interested to hear how she has been an artist's model unawares."

She was still more interested when she saw in her father's guest the good-looking waiter for whose education she had dropped her rose, which he had carried in his pocket ever since. As for Dick, he was in the seventh heaven at basking in the presence of his lady of love.

He gave up the portrait with infinite reluctance and a sad heart. But the sadness only endured for a brief season, for within six months he had won the original, to take to his heart to wear as the greatest prize and flower of his life as long as he lived. For within a few weeks, as Mr. Pittson had predicted, he had sprung straight to fame, and the story of how Dick Carwardine, the rising, famous young artist, had won his lovely American wife through winning on her in a little Kensington eating-house the story of a "nine days' wonder" to hundreds who knew them both on both sides of the Atlantic.