

PROFESSOR WATSON BACK

Chat About His Travels.

Why Americans are on Top.

[By our Special Reporter.]

After an absence of more than a year, Professor Watson returned to Adelaide on Sunday morning by the Melbourne express. He left South Australia in January, 1911, with the intention of making China the first objective in his round-the-world tour; but when he arrived at Brisbane he was induced to operate upon Mr. Bell, the late Speaker of the Queensland Parliament. "I could not see the chap die if I could possibly prevent it," said the Professor on Sunday, "so I attended him and lost a month. That made me change my route, and instead of going to China and across Siberia, I went to Vancouver on the steamer Macura. In Canada I was joined by Dr. O'Sullivan, the son of the distinguished Melbourne surgeon. He was an ideal companion, because he would never let me get lost." "Would you have got lost without him, Professor?"—"What do you think? The voyage to Vancouver would have been terribly dreary but for the fact that Sir Joseph Ward, the late Mr. Batchelor, and Dr. Fraser were on board and were always prepared to discuss Imperialism. Mr. Ward also assisted at concerts. He is a wonderful chap, that."

—Old Scenes Revisited.—

"We touched at Suva, where 42 years ago I landed with 20 other whites from a great great double war canoe to take possession of 50,000 acres of land ceded by the late King Cacoban. I had two partners—W. H. Armstrong and Dan O'Neil—and after all these years I found that Armstrong had just left for a holiday in Sydney. Dan O'Neil had died years ago. I found another old resident alive, and in charge of Carnegie's library, or what was left of it, for it had been blown down by a hurricane. Fancy a Carnegie library in Suva! We could not help deploring the invasion of Fiji by Indian sooties, and the gradual displacement of the fine natives. On our arrival at Vancouver Dr. O'Sullivan and I left for the States."

"Yes, we read something concerning your wanderings in New York."—"Oh, did you. Well, anyway, we did not get lost. We paid 18/ poll tax to enter America. Why could not we in Australia raise funds by adopting similar tactics? Mr. Stone, a wealthy American timber merchant, constituted himself our guide, paymaster, and friend in our railway journeys through truly beautiful scenery down to San Francisco."

—A Rising South Australian.—

"At the University of California, we found Dr. T. B. Robertson, a South Australian graduate. He had won distinction as a biologist in the United States. He showed us some remarkable experiments on the artificial fertilization of sea urchin eggs which has an intimate bearing on the origin of life and the mechanisms of living processes. He is a rising man all right. Mrs. Robertson, who assists her husband in his work, is a daughter of Professor Stirling. The surgeons treated us with great kindness during our stay of three weeks at San Francisco. At Monterey, on the Pacific coast, we were interested in the celebrated Professor Loeb's experiments on the origin of life. He was Dr. Robertson's chief, and predicts a most brilliant career for him. Then we visited the big redwood trees of Santa Cruz, the Spanish missions, and the University of Lehigh, Stanford, which suffered to the extent of two millions by the earthquake, not by fire, which did all the damage in San Francisco. We next went south, into New Mexico. Some of the States were non-alcoholic, and in others we could not even get water, as the pans were removed by the conductors. These were anti-tuberculous States. In New Mexico I was struck with the number of populous Indian villages and the large Indian population who have acquired the art of cultivation and the working of metals. A marvellous thing about the western part of America is that everything is done by electricity, generated from water power from the swift-running rivers. The same applies to Niagara. In many ways the works of man are more wonderful than the works of Nature in America. In the Yosemite Valley we saw the 3,000-ft. precipice of solid granite, and on the other hand the grand canon of Arizona, where all the strata of the earth's crust can be seen at a glance. Any one beginning to study geology should take a look at that. We reached the great cornland of Minnesota and the now celebrated village of Rochester, where those two great surgeons, the Mavor brothers, live. Every one who wants to learn anything goes there, or sends some member of a staff to ascertain the latest developments in various departments of medicine and surgery."

—Americans Keen Students.—

"Besides trying to induce the best teachers to visit their country, the American doctors and other professional men either go themselves or send members of their staff to observe methods of great masters in other countries. That is why they are on top. Thus it is, for instance, that Americans are found in India studying the eye operations of Mr. Elliot, the renowned cataract operator, or at the rotunda in Dublin, where Dr. Allan Anstie, of Brisbane, does all the teaching. We went to Washington, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; the latter celebrated on account of the Johns Hopkins University, where the greatest masters in medicine and surgery are to be found—such as Kelly and Cushing and formerly Osler, who is now at Oxford. Rochester is the Mecca of surgery. New York it was terribly hot, and 640 New York horses died in the streets. I met Mr. John Winfield Scott, who a while back visited Adelaide, and saw—well, everything. At Boston, the cradle of anaesthetics, Dr. Balsh (Chief Surgeon of the Massachusetts Hospital), showed me the sponge with which ether was administered for the first time in the world. They have preserved as a museum the old operating theatre which was at the very top of the building so that the cries of patients would not be heard in the streets. In Montreal, a postman, who was clearing a letter-box, replied in answer to a question that he did not understand English. That sickened me of Montreal. Quebec is a wonderful place. The Empress of India was landing a number of Prussian immigrants. I was struck by the spectacle of an old woman with a tin dish, another with a frying pan, girls with immense parcels of furs, and a kiddie carrying a bird cage. That was all they possessed in the world. It is astonishing how the Government take care of them, place them, and attend to their wants meanwhile. From Canada I crossed to Liverpool, and landed while the city was under martial law in consequence of a strike. The windows of the hotel I was staying at were smashed by the mob. Dr. Robert Jones, the celebrated orthopedist, of Liverpool, is always surrounded by an earnest crowd of American learners. Several Adelaide cripples have been treated by him."

—England and the Continent.—

"Leeds, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen were visited. The greatest abdominal surgeon of England is Dr. Monahan, of Leeds. In Aberdeen I saw 2,000 tons of fish in one morning. I would scarcely have credited that there were so many in the sea. London had altered greatly since my previous visit 27 years ago. It is a foreign town now, and a strike was in progress there. All the waiters are German, and all the English are strikers as far as I could make out. Dr. Morier, formerly of Nairne, South Australia, is the leading practitioner in London. The Agent-General's Office, under

Mr. Kirkpatrick, is of immense assistance to visitors from this State, and I found Mr. Whiting ever willing to oblige and be of service. Half of us would get lost if it were not for the Agent-General's Office. I visited the school of tropical medicine under Sir Patrick Manson and Dr. Cantlie—the last named a friend of Sun Yat Sen, who was staying there during my visit. In Paris and Berlin all my pals were dead. In Breslau I found Dr. Jeffries—a son of the Rev. W. Jeffries—who graduated in Adelaide. In Vienna, where the genius of von Eiselsberg and other masters draws visitors from all parts of the world, the Americans have founded a medical association, which is of great value to English speaking visitors desirous of securing post-graduate instruction."

—From Ice to Cocoanuts.—

"I made the return journey by way of Siberia. I was vaccinated at Port Arthur, in order to be able to go to Manila, and nearly died.—What with the vaccination and the thawing—for in nine days I travelled from frozen Harbin to where cocoanuts grow. I was within three hours distance of Peking, but owing to the cold and the dislocation on account of the revolution, I could not go there. While in Shanghai I saw barbers cutting off pigtaails by the hundred. I called at the Bureau of Science in the Philippine Islands. Visitors from abroad, and especially Australians, are offered every facility for research free of charge. The head man is Dr. R. H. Strong, a great authority on tropical diseases. Dr. Strong has a number of prisoners, who have been condemned to death, and they tumble over each other to be experimented upon. They have been used to ascertain the cause of and cure of beri-beri. It might shock the goody-goodies, but they're better than monkeys, anyhow. The marmot plague is a remarkable thing. Formerly the traders knew a sick marmot, and would not skin it, but as furs became more valuable Chinamen entered the trade, and skinned diseased ones and all, until in one year 50,000 people died from the plague. Dr. Strong went to

Manchuria, elucidated the mystery, and showed that the rat was not responsible for the plague. The eradication of malaria, yellow fever, and filaria by the Americans leads me to remark that the problems of disease have very largely become problems of zoology and botany, to be investigated by purely scientific methods by those specially trained for this very difficult kind of work."

—"A Chap We Ought to Borrow."

"Now comes a chap we ought to borrow for a few months—Dr. C. S. Banks, the celebrated entomologist and authority on mosquitoes. It was he who in two years freed Manila from mosquitoes and their attendant evils, malaria, filaria, and dengue. This, with the additional examples of Panama and Havana, shows what American scientists have accomplished. Dr. Banks's services and advice would be invaluable in Sydney and Brisbane, more especially Brisbane. When the Panama Canal is opened yellow fever will be brought to Australia, where the special mosquito for its propagation is already in existence. It is matter for gratification that the Commonwealth Government has taken steps in the proper direction by installing a laboratory at Townsville for the elucidation of tropical diseases. Already Dr. Breinl's researches on filaria in cattle, known as beef nodules, have advanced our knowledge of this subject."

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MAWSON EXPEDITION.

Plans Disorganized.

MELBOURNE, March 18.

Mr. Herbert Dyce Murphy, who was to have commanded the third landing party of Dr. Mawson's expedition, has written in the course of a letter to his parents, as follows:—"January, 1912, Aurora, 10 deg. 4 min. somewhere on the coast. The ship went down to Caroune Cove, at the south end of Macquarie Island, and we went ashore to get water. It was a most beautiful night an night—high mists, with tussock grass and myriads of penguin. We only got a little water, for early in the morning the ship's anchor dragged. She bumped on to the rocks, and was nearly wrecked. We thought for an hour or so that we should lose the ship, but she came off about 2 o'clock in the morning. We had a splendid run down, bright and warm in the sun, almost until we met the first ice. It was foggy on December 29 in the afternoon, after a fine morning, and at about 3 o'clock got very cold, when all at once an iceberg suddenly appeared, and lots of little pieces of ice all over the perfectly calm sea around. We passed upwards of a dozen bergs in the first few hours, and thousands of pieces of ice of all sizes, and about 9 p.m. pushed through a couple of miles of floating ice. The blue tints in the icebergs were very beautiful. When we tried to get to the land marked on the map by Wilkes, in 1840, all we got to was an ice barrier, 30 or 40 ft. high, extending for miles: a most extraordinary sight. We had a two days' hurricane there, but hardly felt it, as we just kept under the lee of the barrier, but the snow blowing off the top of this huge wall over the ship's mastheads was an indication of what the wind must have been like up there. It is not so fearfully cold—28 deg. Fahr.—but always snowing or overcast. We only have had one day's really fine weather since December 29, but that was gorgeous. We are now somewhere, we don't know quite where, as we have not had an observation for days, but close to some land, if we could only see it. Dr. Mawson's plans have been disorganized by the absence of the presumed land to such an extent that he told me this morning that he and Capt. Davis thought they would not be able to land the third party (mine), so I said we would rather go ashore now and act as a supplementary party to Mawson's than chance being brought home without any opportunity of doing any work of our own; so we are to get our hut and stores ashore, and if Mawson can't find any better place in the vicinity for his own party he will come back hereabouts, and will take the eastern and magnetic pole area, and I shall take the western area. We are practically due south of Hobart at this moment. Wild, with the second party (six men), will stay aboard here, and try to find a landing place some 300 miles westward if possible."