

# TYPHUS HERE, BUT QUARANTINED.

## Two Cases of the Dreaded Fever Developed at Bellevue and Roosevelt Hospitals.

Within Sixty Hours James Taylor, a Scotchman, and Antonio Martinelli, an Alleged Italian, Have Been Suffering with the Disease in the Presence of Many People—Isolation at Last Effected and Every Precaution Taken.

The body of James Taylor, the Scotchman who before his death may have spread that dread disease, the typhus fever, among half a hundred people in and about Bellevue Hospital, is now under the earth. But it was hardly laid away, however, with every possible precaution taken at the eleventh hour to prevent all future possible infection, when another patient was discovered in Roosevelt Hospital suffering from the same fell disorder. If not so many people as at

Bellevue, at least thirty men there were exposed to the contagion. But that is not the worst feature of the case of Martinelli, the Italian. When he was brought to Roosevelt Hospital he was taken from a big tenement-house on the west side, where over one hundred and fifty people are huddled under one roof.

The numerous persons on the east side and the numbers on the west side of the city who may have been brought into the evil circles of which the Scotchman and the

Italian were the centre, suggests an interesting question. Are we likely to have an epidemic of typhus fever? The Health Board in both cases took the promptest means to prevent such a possibility from becoming a reality, and all those who yesterday could speak as having authority, said that there was very little reason for any apprehension.

That the Board of Health got not a little scare when Sanitary Inspector Roberts reported that the suspicious case at Roosevelt Hospital was one of typhus fever there is no doubt. Not a moment did the officials lose in acting. Poor Martinelli was gathered up, put in an ambulance, and hustled out through the gates of Roosevelt Hospital as if he were the "plague spot" incorporate. He is now an inmate of the pest-house on North Brother Island.

Just as in the case of Taylor, who died in Bellevue, Sunday, the serious nature of Martinelli's ailment was not discovered till all harm, if any there was, had been done. Dr. Cyrus Edson makes a fine reckoning, and declares that no more than a dozen persons are likely to have contracted the contagion. Even of those dozen the doctor makes a closer sifting, and on the theory of chances, with all the minute precautionary measures which have been taken, candidly states that he has no fear for any one. As for a contagion or a spread of the disease, he laughs at the idea.

The second victim of the deadly fever, which has come under the notice of the Board

as inscribed on the Department's book as Antonio Martinelli, an Italian, who landed in this city March 26, on the steamship Moravia from Hamburg. In reality his name is Martinello, and he is a native of Dalmatia. But he Italianized his patronymic and claimed an alien birthplace on advice, that he might be surer of a place of refuge when he began to suspect that he was a very sick man. He had served in the Italian Navy, and was but a mere bird of passage in this country. He came hither hoping to find some more remunerative employment in American service than he could in Europe. He cannot speak one word of English. He is twenty-four years of age.

For a week before sailing he had put up at a cheap Hamburg lodging house, swarming day and night with sailors and deck hands. When he arrived here he went directly to stop with an Italian family who lived in the top floor (back) of the crowded rookery at No. 532 West Thirty-fifth street. He had been in this city just a week when he was taken ill.

It was supposed at first that he had the grip. He had pains in the head and pains in the back. He was feverish and listless. When he was so ill, poor as he and the family with whom he was staying were, the services of a physician could no longer be dispensed with, and Dr. E. Marini, the Italian druggist and doctor of No. 470 Spring street, was called to the sick man's bedside.

Dr. Marini found Martinelli delirious at

dimes. When he could speak rationally he explained in Italian to the physician that his head ached terribly, likewise his back and legs. It was with difficulty that Dr. Marini could keep the sailor in his bed. When the pains were severest the foreigner would jump out of his cot and prance up and down the floor, holding his hands to his head.

Dr. Marini made two visits to the patient. All the symptoms were those of a very aggravated case of the grip, and he prescribed for that disorder on the first visit. The second diagnosis only emphasized the fact that the patient was in too serious a condition by far to be left to the meagre facilities of the little dark flat-top story, back—and he advised the woman who was attending him to send him away to the hospital.

So, on Tuesday, Martinelli was taken in an ambulance to Roosevelt Hospital. He was placed in Ward No. 2. There were twenty-five other patients in the ward at the same time. The Italian brought with him a disease which, if its true nature had been guessed for a moment, would have been almost potent enough to have caused each one of his twenty-five bed-ridden fellow men to have taken up his bed and walked. The new patient who had just come in carried in every pore of his body and had lurking in every fibre of his clothing the germs of the deadliest and most dreaded of all contagious disorders.

The unfortunate man was under the immediate care of Dr. Hobbs, who, after he had carefully diagnosed the disease, began

to suspect that the grip was not all that ailed Martinelli. When Dr. Marini examined his patient the last time there were none of those horrible little marks on the body which tell but the one story. Nearly thirty-six hours had elapsed, however, since that examination and the patient's admission into the hospital.

Dr. Hobbs early the next morning made another and even more careful investigation of the case in Ward No. 2. He was even more uneasy than the night before. Towards evening strange symptoms developed in an alarming manner and Dr. Hobbs decided that the case was manifestly one which the Board of Health should be asked to pass upon. A message was immediately sent out.

When the Sanitary Inspector reached the Hospital there was no doubt about the "suspicious case." The hospital had on its hands a genuine well developed case of typhus fever.

Martinelli, when he was so hastily removed Wednesday night, had been in the institution considerably over twenty-four hours. There was a fellow-being breathing under the same ceiling for almost one of all those hours. Nurses, physicians and attendants of the house, wholly ignorant of the fire which they were handling, lent themselves to the same possibilities of spreading the infection.

Within 100 hours, exactly, the same danger had been subtly stealing through the corridors of Bellevue Hospital.

Martinelli spent the night at the Receiving

Hospital at the foot of East Sixteenth street. Yesterday, at the earliest possible moment, he was isolated in the pest-house, up the river. He had no sooner gone than every bit of clothing he had left behind him at the Hospital, every bit of linen he had touched, the pillows and mattress he had lain upon, the rug he had stepped upon, were burned. The ward was also thoroughly fumigated and every official or attendant who had in any way come near the patient was smoked like a herring. Carbolic acid and other disinfectants were used in generous quantities. And now all those who were subjected to the danger have to wait almost three weeks to see if their sanitary exorcism was effectual.

It takes about twenty-one days after inoculation for the disease to declare itself. For that length of time the Inspectors of the Board of Health will keep under a pretty strict supervision every one whom they have reason to suspect may have contracted the disease. Just as at Bellevue Hospital, the patients in whom may also be hidden away the germs of the spotted fever will be watched. When the limit of time is expiring the watch will be redoubled on nurse and patient alike. Once the slightest suspicion of a symptom of the disease shows itself, then that man or woman in whom it appears will be isolated immediately.

The rookery at No. 532 West Thirty-fifth street is also to be watched every day for the next twenty days. The three little dark rooms in which the Italians who harbored

Martinelli were fumigated yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and everything was done that was possible to kill any chance germs that might be in the air of the place. The quarantined family consists of a man, his wife and one child. If any harm has been done it was done as in the case of Taylor, before the harm could be undone. All that the Health people can do now is to await developments.

Dr. Edson expresses himself as very sanguine about results. Neither case, he said, had had any connection with the other and had been imported from two very different quarters of the earth.

"That has been the case with almost all the typhus fever cases that have occurred in New York for years," he added. "During the process of incubation the malady cannot be communicated; it is only when it actually shows its presence that it is to be feared. When the rash breaks out no precaution whatever is to be spared. Therefore, in this emergency we have done all that we could at the hospitals, in the homes and in the various places where we suspect the disease may have left any tracks behind it. I think that every possible precaution has been taken to avert any undesirable consequences, and the surveillance we are exercising will be in every way adequate."

Nevertheless, with all the Doctor's optimism put in print, the next twenty days must offer an interesting outlook for everybody who knows that he rubbed elbows with either Taylor or Martinelli.