

HUMAN REPAIR SHOPS

WHERE GERMAN WOUNDED TAUGHT TO TALK AGAIN. The Men Have to Learn Things All Over Again, After Receiving Wounds in the Field.

Laon, France, Dec. 16.—(By Courier to The Whig and mail to New York), Jan. 5.—Today I saw men being taught to talk again. In the "human repair shops," the great German field hospitals, these men were learning anew the use of brains, tongue, hands and feet. They had received their baptism of fire. Bullet, shrapnel, broken shell, all had done their work, and now medical science was doing its utmost to restore the victims to partial normality.

This is the third time that Laon has been in possession of the Germans, first in 1814 and again in 1870, but this time only was the city taken without fearful bloodshed. The main hospital is improvised, a large roomy school building well lighted and aired. In front is a large bronze monument erected to three young Frenchmen—Francis—executed by the Germans in 1870 for sniping. Singularly enough this monument is unscathed.

Prof. Bockenheimer, in charge, and Dr. Luethemuller, chief surgeon, explained the work. They care for 2,100 severe cases, but the lightly wounded are given first aid treatment and sent back to the home bases, as this is too close to the actual front to permit keeping any wounded that can be moved.

More than a score of cases, French and German alike, where trephining operations had been necessary, had been shown. It was a singular picture. Through the windows came the deep, low base note of distant guns—killing, smashing, tearing, raining, the human "tent pins." Here they are being patched up.

Back to The Nursing Again. Nurses sat by bedside of friend and foe alike, bathing fevered brows and teaching pale-faced bearded men to speak the most simple words, telling them the names of objects and putting words together into sentences.

"What is this?" asked Prof. Bockenheimer, holding a pencil before a bearded warrior from whose skull he had cut a splinter of steel. The lips trembled. Then came the feeble answer "wood."

I held out a cigarette and asked what it was. The man's lips moved and a look came on his face which seemed to say that he knew what it was but could not say.

Then Professor Bockenheimer came to the rescue. "What do you do with this?" he asked. An apparent nervous mental effort, and then the reply: "Smoke."

"Correct," said the professor. "Now what is it?" This time the brain and tongue worked, and the answer was correct.

"Hours have to be spent by the nurses teaching these men all over again," explained the professor. "It requires unending patience and perseverance."

Many cases of plastic surgery were shown. Men with most of their faces smashed away were being brought back to life with parts of their bodies grafted on to cover the terrible gaping holes. Many would be much better dead, but the doctors feel it is their duty to save all who can.

FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE

Twins at Frankville.

Frankville, Jan. 5.—On New Year's eve, Mr. and Mrs. John Loucks had a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Loucks. Mrs. Henry Johnston is home from the west on a visit to relatives. School has opened again at Lehigh Corners, with Miss Violet Robinson as teacher. It is reported that Meredith Hanton has purchased the stock of Alfred Leacock.

Reports From McLean

McLean, Jan. 6.—School has opened with Miss F. Abbott, Mountain Grove, as teacher. A telephone meeting was held in the school house on January 4th. Mr. Ritchie, of Montreal, represented the Northern Electric Company. A joint stock company was formed and the telephone line will be built in the spring. A number of men in this place attended the party at Lehigh on New Year's night. J. McBerry has returned home after spending his holidays with J. Raycroft. George McKivior, of St. George's Lake, called on friends here locally.

Lombardy Recently.

Lombardy, Jan. 6.—A. A. Cauley left on Monday for Kingston to resume his studies in Queen's. Miss Nora Vaughan, after spending the winter in Italy, returned to the home bases, as this is too close to the actual front to permit keeping any wounded that can be moved.

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Aviator's Heroic Deed. Two iron crosses of the first and second class pinned to the wall over a cot attracted my attention. The patient was young Fritz Lucht, aviator, whose latest deed fills one of the brightest pages of the annals of aerial battles of the great war.



RUSSIA'S MOVE AGAINST AUSTRO-HUNGARY. The Russians are clearing Bukovina of the enemy, and are now engaged in sweeping down the Roumanian frontier. Near the Usek Pass they have surrounded some Austrian troops. At Gortice the enemy is strongly resisting.

SIR ARTHUR McMAHON

Ranks All Others As High Commissioner of Egypt. Sir Arthur McMahon, although he only ranks as a lieutenant-colonel in the army, supersedes Lieut.-General Sir John Maxwell, as the supreme British authority in Egypt, through his appointment to the new office of high commissioner of the land of the Nile.

General Sir John Maxwell, while very popular, and a courtier, is not a particularly brilliant man, whereas Sir Arthur McMahon, is perhaps the very ablest member of the administrative corps of India, the highest dignitary of which may be regarded as the very pick and cream of the service of the British crown, either at home or abroad.

For several years past Sir Arthur has been foreign secretary of the Indian government, and as such, entrusted with the management of the relation of the Indian empire with foreign countries, namely, China, Thibet, Persia, Arabia and the various Central Asian more or less independent states.

The foreign secretaryship likewise carries with it the direction of the magnificent secret political service of India, one of the finest secret services of the world, and upon which the British crown depends for its control over all the vassal rulers of India, and in fact over the near 300,000,000 natives of various antagonistic creeds and races who are held in subjection by statecraft and force.

Allegations Made by Toronto Attorney in First Contingent. New York, Jan. 7.—Charles Walter, an attorney of Toronto, announced upon returning to New York from England aboard the steamship Minchanka, that forty-three German spies had been arrested among the Canadian contingent of troops which sailed to England last fall.

Mr. Walter said that he had been largely instrumental in identifying the prisoners and in causing the arrests. All the men, he said, had enlisted as Canadian troops. One of the forty-three, according to his announcement, was killed by the members of the company in which he had enlisted when the charge was made that he was a German spy.

Fortunes For Men Who Hold Wheat. Toronto Globe, Jan. 6.—The closing transaction in May wheat in Winnipeg yesterday was \$1.24 1/2. This represents an increase in market value in four days actual trading of 6 1/2c per bushel. These figures have broken all records for many years past. The closing price of May wheat on December 31, 1913, was \$93c 3/8 per bushel less than it was worth on the same day in 1914. One year ago yesterday May wheat sold at 89c, which was 4 1/2c less than yesterday's price. This is an enormous difference. A Saskatchewan farmer had 35,000 bushels of wheat which he was contemplating selling the other day. The difference in price means to him on this basis \$11,082.75. Men have long predicted \$2.50 wheat before spring. One old dealer stated it would not be greatly surprised if it approached \$2 before the new crop came.

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HAIR STOPS FALLING, DANDRUFF DISAPPEARS--25 CENT DANDERINE. Save your hair! Make it soft, lustrous and beautiful. Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, thin and downy at first—yes, but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

White Elephant

As soon as she was able to understand anything, Celia Twain was taught that money was not money. She would leave her with the belief that she had only to wait and wait becomingly. Aunt Abigail existed for Celia only in the way of an occasional letter and certain reminiscences which Mrs. Twain was wont to relate; she had never seen her and relative and never expected to. And, in fact, she never did.

Mrs. Twain, widowed and ailing, was poor, but extremely genteel. Though they lived on bread and butter, apple sauce and weak tea the year round, Mrs. Twain prided herself that they did it gracefully. The one thing above all others that she insisted on Celia knowing thoroughly was decorum. And Celia learned her lesson admirably.

Celia's chief fault was always neat and plain, her thin, light hair was always smooth, her nails shining. She spoke and moved with precision. She abhorred smirch. She held herself aloof from all that was common and unbecoming. She had never had a real friend all through her girlhood, because there was nobody proper enough to be on intimate terms with her.

She missed a great deal and was often uneasily aware of her own limitations. But her mother's word was her law, and then did she not expect more? When that time came she could do as she pleased. All good things would come to her. The town would court her as much as it now ignored her.

As for Celia, she hardly knew what the word meant. The only time any young fellow had ever looked at her had been on a rainy night when Justus Linden shared his umbrella clear from Dix's grocery store to her own door. She had never forgotten it and never would. And in years to come that little incident of Justus' became the most cherished memory of her colorless life.

After Mrs. Twain died Celia went on living and starving in a small, decrepit house in the same genteel way. There was a little more for one than there had been for two. She had been taught that work was un ladylike, and so she preferred loneliness and idleness and half rations to wage-earning. In truth she had no skill in anything besides being too slight for the rougher forms of bread-winning. It was a most tedious existence, but she was a most tedious bread-winner, and she was a most tedious bread-winner.

Celia was 39 before Aunt Abigail died. She was notified duly. The shock made her ill—so ill that she could not take to her bed. So it was a week or more before she learned the full extent of Aunt Abigail's generosity to her. A letter came from Aunt Abigail's attorney. His client, he said, had left her entire property to help along the cause of woman's suffrage, of which she had long been an ardent adherent. It had been created and was being held for shipment until Celia could be heard from.

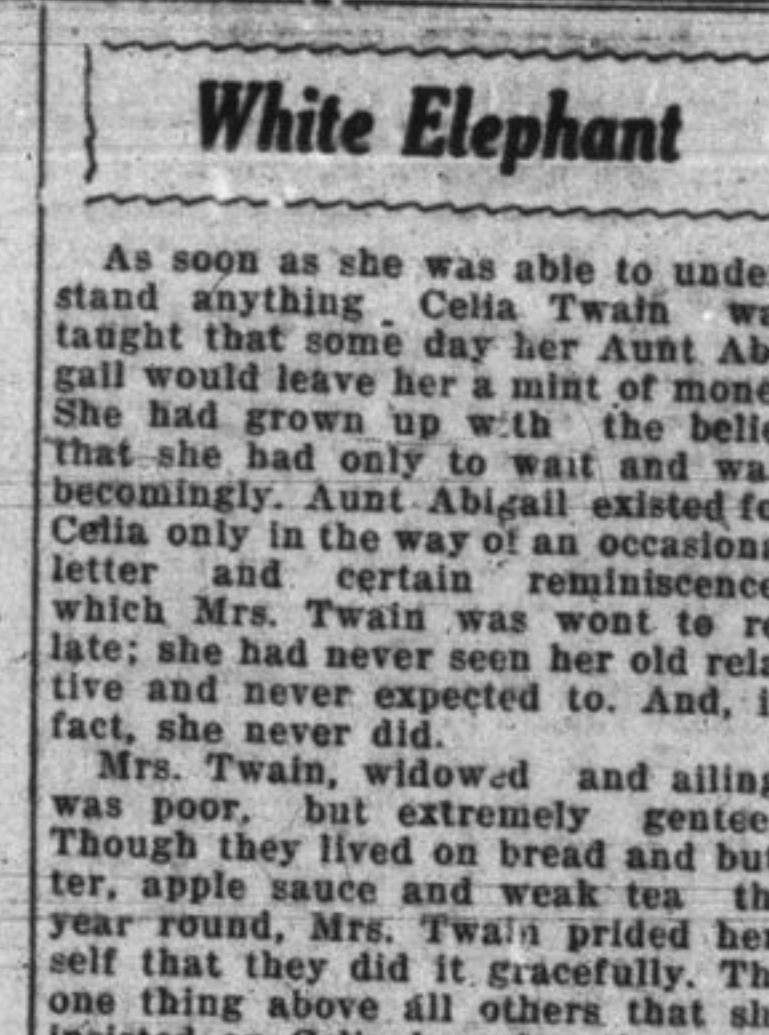
After reading that letter Celia was sicker than ever. Her hopes were gone. She was nobody's heir. The thing for which she had been trained had failed her. Waiting for Aunt Abigail's money, she found herself worse off than Othello. She was too proud to consult anybody. Her friendlessness and her helplessness pressed upon her. The futility of life and its abounding gains numbered her. A car, when she did she want it? And yet she might as well take it. It might be worth something. Perhaps she could sell it. She wrote to the lawyer to send it one.

One morning it arrived at the station and she did it brought home to the end of a carman's track. He got it into the barn, and there it stood. It was a peculiar looking car, almost white in color. On the doors was Aunt Abigail's monogram. It was so big and heavy that Celia was almost afraid of it. But after a week or so she got used to seeing it in the color. She called it the white elephant.

The neighbors were very curious. Some who had scarcely noticed Celia before began to talk to her now. "What's that white elephant?" they asked. "Next door, who had a car of her own, now that spring, some over to look at Celia's." "That cost a lot of money," Mr. White said, as he examined it critically. "How much will it sell for?" demanded Celia, with swift hope. "I don't know as you could sell it round here. It's a seven-passenger and an old model. Why don't you learn to run it yourself? It's in good shape—ready for the road this minute."

Celia gasped and flushed. "Could I?" she asked. "Sure," replied George White. "I'll teach you." So one evening Celia and the Whites climbed into the big car and away they went to the fair grounds, where, on the unimpaired mile track, George put the white elephant through her paces. Celia, on her side, watched eagerly. After a while she allowed herself to be persuaded to take the wheel.

Within a week she could run the car reasonably well, and she felt increasing confidence in herself. She dreamed of it, thought of it. The



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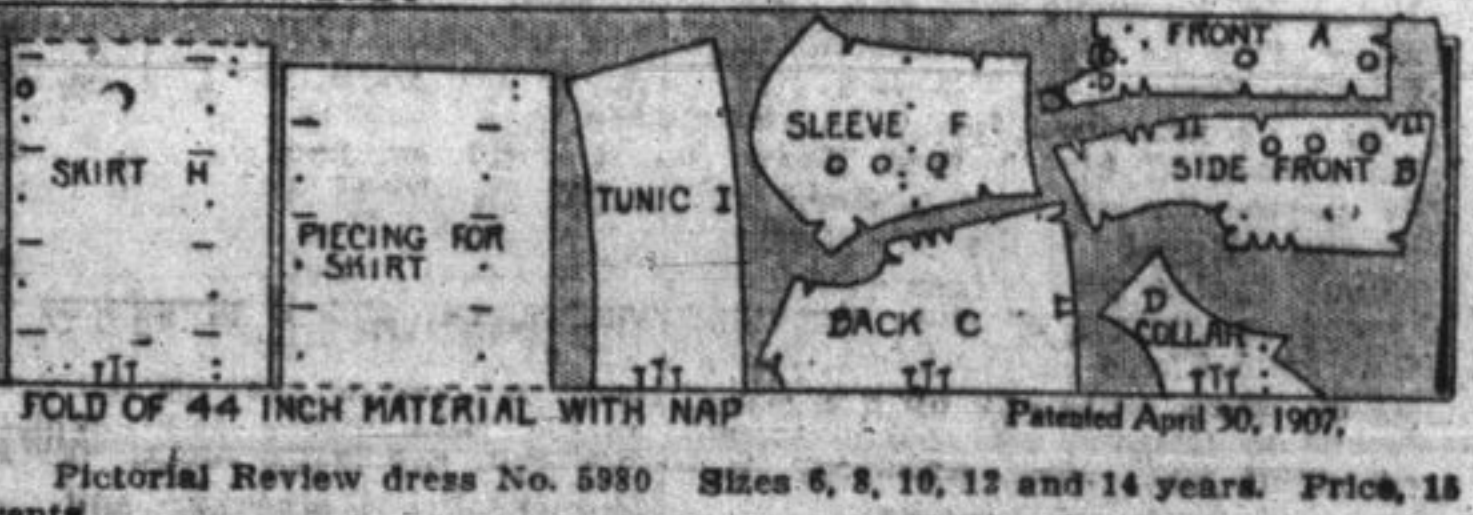
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Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons. Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review. BASQUE FROCK IN POPLIN.



Little frock with shirred basque and pleated skirt, suitable to development in a wide variety of fashionable materials. The shirred basque, full pleated skirt and wide girdle, fashion's most noticeable features are all combined in this pretty little frock. Inexpensive.



CUTTING GUIDE 5980. Pictorial Review dress No. 5980. Sizes 6, 2, 10, 12 and 14 years. Price, 18 cents.

weather was fine, the roads perfect. One morning she took the car out alone. For the first time in her life she felt exhilaration, joy, triumph in living. This Celia Twain would take it as a living thing. She could make it fly or crawl. She was gone for hours and when she came home she was hungry, happy, excited. She looked at her smiling self in the glass and wondered.

"I guess I'm crazy," she laughed. "At this rate I'll have to put a mortgage on the place to buy gasoline." It was then she had her great inspiration. In that week's paper appeared an advertisement which set Celia Twain wondering. It was for Miss Celia Twain would take it as a living thing. She could make it fly or crawl. She was gone for hours and when she came home she was hungry, happy, excited. She looked at her smiling self in the glass and wondered.

It was not long before Celia had her hands full of patronage. The white elephant was proving its worth. Some nights she had as many as 16 quarters in her black handbag, and when she jingled them she felt almost as rich as though she were Aunt Abigail's heiress in very truth. She was fresh air, excitement, and interest in life and unaltered human companionship did wonders for Celia that summer. She became independent, self-reliant, cheerful. And when in the first cooling day of fall she donned a thick red sweater and cap she looked with her new, healthy color, almost pretty.

One day Justus Linden held Celia up on the street and asked her if she wouldn't take his mother riding. He had sprained his wrist cranking his own car, and as he couldn't run it until his arm was well, his delicate mother missed her daily outing. Celia added Mrs. Linden to her list, and on two or three occasions she took Justus also. His mother felt safer, she said, when he was along.

Eggs, Eggs 32c Doz. Brookfield Creamery Butter 33c Lb. Cleveland Pork Sausage 15c Lb. Home-made Sausage 12 1/2c Lb. PARKER BROS. KINGSTON'S LEADING BUTCHERS 217 Princess St. Phone 1683. Opposite Opera House.

Militia Men. Notice the fine line of pocket flash-lights in our window. We have them all prices. Call and see them. Halliday's Electric Shop. Phone 94. 345 King St.