

Gigantic Task of Carrying for the Wounded in Europe



A German Red Cross Auto



Austrian Doctors at Work in a Military Hospital



The Angel of Mercy The Red Cross Nurse



Operating Room

Among the Ancients the care of the wounded in war, as we understand the term, was unknown, and until well into the Middle Ages to be badly wounded was in reality death with the probability of excruciating agony before the merciful relief of oblivion. Even with the advance of the world in civilization little was done to alleviate the pain of the sick and maimed in war, and even in the fifteenth century the treatment of the wounded was the most barbarous thing imaginable, for up to the beginning of the sixteenth century boiling oil was considered the best dressing for gun shot wounds. It must be remembered that gun-shot wounds in those days were made by a big, roughly cast leaden bullet fired at short range. They made a hideous wound and the shock to the system was far greater than that caused by the modern high velocity bullet which in most cases makes a clean puncture, yet even these latter wounds become ugly if they are not dressed properly and at once. Those of us who have seen the wounded brought in from the battlefield of Europe and have watched the surgeons at work shudder at the thought of what the soldiers of the early days must have suffered when boiling oil was poured into those terrible wounds. The warrior of the Middle Ages was, however, mercifully spared the chance of injury from shrapnel—that high power explosive which makes wounds of an appalling nature. Another barbarous remedy was that used after amputation of arms and legs—that of boiling tar as a dressing. This remedy was also used for any injury which required cauterizing. It was not until the beginning of the last century that the evils of the remedies used were discovered, some of these discoveries being accidental.

One of the medical histories gives an instance of this which occurred at the Battle of Pavia in 1525, when Francis I. of France was defeated by the Spaniards. A French barber surgeon—for they were barbers as well as surgeons—was dressing his gun-shot patients with the usual boiling oil treatment when the supply of oil ran out and he was compelled to dress the remainder of the men's wounds with cold water. He apologized for this, but declared that he had done his best. The next morning his great astonishment, he found that his water cure patients showed the greatest improvements, while those of the boiling oil treatment were feverish and uncomfortable from inflamed wounds.

Even as late as 1812 the wounded were left in a measure without care, for they were merely committed to the surgeons and afterward obtain shelter as best they could, often waiting on the floor in a house until some wounded man died before obtaining a bed. Such a thing as a field hospital did not exist until well into the nineteenth century. Even

in the Crimean war the hospital accommodations were horrible, and even at the base hospital there was no one to nurse the wounded and many men died without even having their wounds dressed.

Florence Nightingale first nurse It was not until Florence Nightingale arrived on the scene that order was brought out of chaos. This grand good woman brought a number of ladies with her and they so changed things by cleanliness and attention to the sick that many lives were saved. This was the first time that women had been employed as nurses, but their work was so successful that ever since, the war nurse has been a familiar figure in the hospitals at the seat of war. Today the wounded are being cared for not only by nurses of their own race but by those of neutral countries which have been sent through the Red Cross, that remarkable society which has done so much to ameliorate the sufferings of mankind.

The medical departments of the warring European nations are facing a colossal task in caring for the wounded of the present war, for never before have so many men been battered and maimed. The modern engines of death have been hurling projectiles which would scorch at a distance. The wounded have run into the hundreds of thousands, and even the improvised hospitals in Germany and beyond their capacity. Each nation has an excellent hospital corps, competent surgeons and nurses, but these people have their limitations and some of the wounded must of necessity not receive the best treatment.

Take for instance, in the case of the hospitals at Bordeaux where forty thousand wounded are being treated, when the supply of gauze and splints gave out and the nurses were compelled to use bandages made from old clothing and all the rolling hoops belonging to the children were used as splints. In some of the improvised hospitals in Germany many operating tables were at a preliminary operations had to be performed while the patient was propped on supply boxes. In Russia the orphan girls at the Foundling Asylum had to be pressed into service as war nurses. These girls were accustomed to caring for young children alone, but they were quick to learn, the art of dressing wounds and handling the helpless men. Happy indeed, is the disabled soldier who comes under the care of one of these young Russians.

Throughout Austria and France school houses have been pressed into service and the spaces between the desks is now filled with long rows of beds. The various German spas were turned into hospital quarters during the early stages of the war. At Bad Nauheim all visitors were ordered to leave at once, and before many of them had finished

packing the German Red Cross took possession of their rooms. In Paris many of the shops have given over the upper floors of the building to the wounded men. Every night the hospital train comes in bearing its loads of human suffering. Many of the wounded are Germans, but they are cared for as well as the French, for the Red Cross makes no distinction of nationality.

In Cologne, Germany, more than sixty thousand wounded are being cared for. Berlin is overcrowded with helpless victims and many rich citizens have given over their homes as hospitals. The empress, the crown prince and all the ladies of the court are in constant attendance doing whatever lies in their power to assist the nurses.

At Budapest the Countess Szechenyi, who before her marriage was Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, has turned her splendid home into a hospital and is assisting in nursing the Austrian wounded.

Wounded Take Chances. It must be remembered that the main object of war is not to rescue wounded men but to fight and win battles. The successful commander who has just won a victory, acting upon this principle, will need all his men to pursue the enemy and cannot look after the transportation or care of the wounded of his own men. To say nothing of those of the enemy. This is left in care of the surgeons and hospital corps who press every available vehicle into service to send them back to the base hospital over the line of communication.

There are three stages for the wounded man between where he falls and the field hospital where he remains if his case is not severe. If the wound is serious he is sent to the base hospital as soon as he is strong enough to be transported. The hospital corpsmen are supposed to give first aid and either carry the man on their backs or on a stretcher to the collecting station which is sheltered from the firing line. The wounded man is next taken to the dressing station where beef tea and stimulants are supplied, wounds are dressed and some operations are performed. This is known as the second station. As fast as possible the wounded are sent to the field hospital.

These are the rules of the medical department, but they did not palm out in some of the battles of the present European war for the fighting was so fierce and the firing so terrific that the hospital corps men were sometimes unable to reach a wounded man for twenty-four hours; at other times they were unable to dress up and give them water, and a hypodermic injection until they could be taken from the field. In many instances the surgeons have found that the wounded man had recovered from the shock after lying on the field for twenty-four hours and his chances

for recovery are better than if he had been operated on at once. This, of course, refers to a certain class of wounds. Others led to death before aid reached them.

In hundreds of cases the wounded in the present war receive no treatment whatever until they reach some hospital in a city, and in most instances the wounds have commenced to suppurate. As the fighting goes on almost all the time the vast numbers of wounded have fairly swamped the small corps of surgeons who have found themselves unequal to the task. A number of American surgeons are scattered over the war zone and their reports of the situation is appalling. Scores of American women are lending their aid, but the food of wounded pours in each day—men who can fill by a squad, yet numbers of whom if they live will be cripples to the end of their days.

As to the work on the field, the hospital corps are working day and night to reach the wounded and give them water at least, for even a slight wound in warm weather creates intense thirst, and during the battle at Namur most of the hospital crawled among the wounded and gave them water. Several were shot while on their errand of mercy—not intentionally, but because they happened to come within the range of the bullets.

It has been impossible to reach scores of wounded until after the armies have moved, and frequently it was only after the greatest difficulty that the wounded could be gotten out of the trenches, being tightly wedged in between the dead. Although every soldier carries a first aid to the injured package it is often impossible for these men to help themselves. Many who were being neighbors on the field have been crippled by the wounded and riderless horses that career madly over the battleground for several days after each engagement. One of the Red Cross physicians recently declared it was utterly impossible to give all the wounded attention. Several

times they found the men helping each other by making tourniquets of handkerchiefs to stop the flow of blood. Of course, their "first aid" was crude but it saved at least a few lives.

It is almost impossible to describe the wounds made by the high power explosives, and only those who have seen the awful havoc of these shells can fully realize how horribly their masses, ears, arms and legs are sometimes cut off as clean as if it had been done by a sabre, while in other cases great holes have been torn in the bodies.

Sickness a Factor. Sickness, too, has been a factor and a large number of men are found to be suffering from rheumatic fever as the result of exposure in the trenches. Of course, modern sanitation has practically wiped out some diseases, but when battles go on continually for days and even weeks the sanitary squad becomes unequal to the task. Cholera has broken out in the Austrian army—that malady most dreaded by military authorities. The typhoid inoculation will probably prevent that disease which caused nearly six thousand deaths among the soldiers of the Boer war.

The Red Cross ship sent out from America has been the good angel to all the warring nations, for instruments and supplies were running short at several points. Some of the medicines required are manufactured in Germany and it was impossible for the allies to secure this except through the Red Cross. In Russia the drugs have so advanced in price that the sick peasants are suffering for want of them, while the military authorities have barely enough to last for a short while for the hospitals. The Red Cross ship has for a time at least saved them from a drug famine. The nurses, too, were badly needed in this gigantic task which now confronts the European belligerents.

Miss White Attends

The heat in the room was just what might be expected when one lives in a rented house where the furnace is worn out. Helena had struggled valiantly with the furnace, being defeated, and mounting the unsafe collar stairs for the last time had supplied herself with a shawl and book and sat down as close to the register as she could get. Her frail little invalid mother lay asleep on the lounge, carefully covered, for it was a very cold and gusty day. The pupil whom Helena had expected that morning had not appeared. As for orders, she was ahead of them. She had, in fact, painted so steadily that she only got troubled sleep at night. Her mother had insisted that she must rest, and she was reading now, but it was only until she got another order. As she tried to read, disturbing thoughts intruded. Winter had just begun, the rain had come up a dollar a month. Her was higher than it had ever been, and as for milk and bread and eggs, which her mother must have their price was prohibitive. Helena was very anxious.

The telephone in the next room rang sharply, and Helena tiptoed out to answer it. Perhaps it meant orders. She hoped so.

A voice came distinctly over the wire. "Miss White? Miss Helena White?" Helena thought it

said, "This is Mrs. Garrison speaking—yes, Mrs. Oswald Garrison. I'm giving a little dinner to-night, and I want you to come. You will, won't you, without fail? Yes, that's very good. At 7—at 7, yes, without fail. Good-by."

Helena stood staring at the instrument through which had come the wonderful message. Mrs. Garrison had asked her to dinner, the great Mrs. Garrison who lived in the beautiful big house when she went to deliver some work which Mrs. Garrison had ordered. Mrs. Garrison was very courteous and kind. But it had never occurred to Helena that she would so far take notice of her as to ask her to dinner. Oh, it seemed too good to be true! She would tell her mother the wonderful news at once, even though she must wake her up to do so.

But Mrs. White was already awake and sitting up. "Did she hear the telephone bell ring?" she asked.

"Yes!" Helena cried. "Oh, mother, what do you think? Mrs. Garrison has asked me to dinner to-night at 7. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Perhaps Mrs. White, who had once given dinner to her own in the happy days when her husband was alive and drawing a big salary, had heard of such things as crossed wires. Perhaps only she wondered why she had not been included in the invitation. But she only smiled reassuringly. "Well, why not?" she commented.

"But, mother, her acquaintance with me is so slight. And we've lived in this town such a little time. No

body knows me very well. I don't understand it at all."

"Don't try," said Mrs. White. "She has asked you and you have accepted. That is enough. Now you must think of what you are going to wear."

Helena's face fell. "I haven't got anything."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. White said promptly.

The rest of the day they sewed frantically. An old pink satin dress of Helena's and some treasured black lace bonnet of her mother's combined helplessly. And when at 7:15 Helena stood ready to depart, her mother felt joyfully that if the great Mrs. Garrison wanted youth, beauty and charm to grace her dinner table she had made no mistake in asking Helena.

Helena fairly ran all the way to Mrs. Garrison's, not because she felt the cold, but because she was so happy and so eager to get there. A maid opened the door and directed her upstairs to a dressing room already full of wraps. The whole party, it seemed, had arrived. From the drawing room came up fragments of laughter and conversation. Somewhere a victoria was being produced grand opera air. The air of

festivity heightened Miss Helena's spirits. And when she looked into the great cheval glass she took courage. She tucked up a stray wisp of blond hair and went serenely downstairs. The maid announced "Miss White," and she entered the drawing room.

Instantly she felt that something had happened. Her appearance had certainly caused a sensation. There were a dozen people in the room, and they were all staring at her in open-eyed astonishment. Even Mrs. Garrison's exquisite breeding seemed momentarily thrown off its axis. Then she was smiling, with Helena's hand in hers.

"My dear, I am so glad you were able to come. I wonder if you have met all these people. I will introduce you."

She was plainly determined to make Helena feel at ease. Helena knew nobody in the room, not even Mrs. Garrison's sharp-eyed little husband, the famous judge, or her tall and magnificent son, Max, who was already well considered as a lawyer.

A kindly old gentleman with a beard took Helena in to dinner, where she found herself next to Max Garrison. The light of shaded pink candles made the girl in her pink and black dress a very rose for freshness and coloring, and Max Garrison soon saw little else. He forgot his dinner to talk to her. And Helena, seated by the first good time she had had since her father died and all their fortunes was snatched, overcame her natural shyness and talked as well as he con-

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fidences grew between them, for Helena knew instinctively that this fine, clean young man of steady eyes and big chin and firm mouth was one whom no girl need be afraid of.

"Do you know," Max said, "when I heard your name announced and looked up and saw you I had the jolt of my life. I had a notion that mother had asked another Miss White—Miss Ellen White, who is kind of cousin of my father's. I consider myself lucky to be sitting beside you instead of her to-night. Can you fancy what the difference means to me?"

Helena had given a gasp and her blood seemed chilling. She understood now. She had been asked by mistake. She had never heard of Ellen White. What could Mrs. Garrison think of her? Her startled eyes went to her hostess's face. Mrs. Garrison was watching her and smiled brightly. Helena smiled back with quivering lips, but she was determined to conceal her feelings. No one should guess from her that she was out of place.

It had begun to storm and Mrs. Garrison ordered out the limousine and sent her guests home by it. Helena rode between Mrs. Feltor and Mrs. Montrose, who were just as nice to her as if she had a right to their favor.

Half an hour later a crumpled tear stained Helena had sobbed out the whole story to her in her millified, crushed, shamed, she lay sleepless the whole night through and lived over again the enchantment and disillusion of that evening. And through it all throbbled one awful pain—she had looked in at the gate of happiness and now the gate was shut forever. Max Garrison was not for such as she.

The new day came forth in golden splendor. The snow vanished. After coffee Helena attacked her day's work. Two new pupils sought her. Three new orders for work came in—all from Mrs. Feltor.

And then at four o'clock the post man brought a note—a secret plain little note—in Mrs. Garrison's decided handwriting, which read:

"I am giving a little party for my son upon his birthday, Thursday, December 4th, at 8 o'clock. I request the pleasure of your presence."

This time the supposition was unmistakable. And as soon as Helena got through crying for joy she began to laugh for the same reason.

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