

Fighting the Battle Again in Delirium

Vivid Word Pictures Painted by Wounded and Dying Soldiers in a Soissons Hospital, Described by an American Girl Volunteer Now Nursing in France



Bringing the Wounded on Stretchers Out of a Dressing Station Located in an Old Fortress Near the Front Line Trenches.

BY EMILY HARRIS DODD,
[Volunteer Nurse with the 6th French Army.]

SHORTLY before the Alsace drive, while Soissons was still in the hands of the French, our hospital, located on the outskirts of the city, received notification to evacuate as many patients as possible, and have everything in readiness to handle the wounded who would soon be pouring in.

Finally the night came, preceded by intense bombardment. Mlle. St. Paul, head of our hospital, who had many unusual privileges, was aroused shortly after midnight and taken to an observation post close to the lines to see the beginning of the attack.

She came back at dawn with the news that a terrible battle was in progress for many miles along the Chemin des Dames and in the direction of Moulin La Faux.

Immediately the wounded began to arrive in Soissons, by hundreds, then seemingly by thousands. Every hospital in Soissons was filled to overflowing.

Our own receiving wards were the scenes of feverish activity that lasted for several days and nights.

Ambulance after ambulance rolled to our arched doorway, sometimes manned by American volunteers, sometimes by French drivers.

The wounded were brought direct from the trenches, where they had received only first-aid bandaging and anti-tetanus serum at the advanced "postes de secours."

Some of them had lain for hours in the mud and filth of shell craters. Their clothing was often a soggy mass of mud and dirt and blood that had to be cut from their bodies.

Tied to each cot label was a numbered tag, such as we use at home for trunks and baggage, on which was written the name of the wounded man, the number of his regiment, and, if possible, the nature of his wounds.

The wounded were cold, hungry, exhausted. They had fought with bayonets, with clubbed rifle-butts, with grenades, with machine guns, and had gone through barrage, and gas, and machine-gun fire, and had fought it out body-to-body in the trenches.

Individual Impressions.

I remember few individual cases in the first confusion of that awful morning, but there were some fleeting impressions I shall never forget—a giant of a man, who had been burned by the explosion of a trench torpedo, his face swollen monstrously to three times its normal size, all shiny and yellow from vaseline—another with face to blackened that we thought he was a negro—another who developed a sudden hemorrhage from a wound in the arm, the bright red blood spurting like a cat's rictus onto the floor until we improvised a tourniquet.

The worst cases were rushed directly to the operating room. The others were placed on beds of oil-cloth and rubber, stripped to the skin, and hastily washed with hot water, soap and scrubbing brushes.

Then they were hurried to a second room, where they were radiographed.

for the location of fractured bones, shell fragments and bullets.

"Mam'selle, please wash me next," whispered a pale little fellow with spectacles and a beard, who had been wounded in the shoulder.

The Delirium of Battle.

I noticed that while his bandage was comparatively white and gave no indication of hemorrhage, the stretcher and underneath parts of his clothes were literally drenched with blood.

It turned out that he had been laid on a stretcher, out at the poste de secours, on which another man had died to death.

"It is bad enough to be wounded," he said with a wry face, "to shed one's own blood is necessary, but, ugh! to lie for hours bathed in the blood of another man, that is too disgusting!"

But most of them had nothing to say in the receiving ward. They were too far gone. Only afterward did we learn their stories.

It is when they first come out from the ether, after the operation, that they become delirious and talkative. Then they sometimes go through their battles all over again screaming "En avant, en avant!" and struggling to rise from their beds to join again in the charge.

Often, while regaining consciousness, they say outrageous things to the nurses by their bedside, but later, if they happen to recall their ravings, they offer humble and respectful apologies.

Sometimes their delirium of battle is so vivid that the whole scene passes before the listener's imagination like a motion picture reel. I remember the self-revealed story of a trooper who had been wounded three times in the same attack, and who they said was

going to be cited for the Croix de Guerre with palms. His corporal had ordered him to follow at any cost, to help occupy a mine-crater. As the two of them rushed forward, a shell fragment smashed his arm, but clutching his rifle in the other hand, he followed on. A moment afterward he was struck by a machine gun bullet, in the knee, but still he staggered forward, sometimes falling. Then he was wounded cruelly in the back by shrapnel that entered below the kidneys, and he could only crawl, but with his one good hand still clutching the rifle he dragged himself over the mouth of the crater and helped hold it until he fainted from loss of blood.

Dying for France.

Later, when he fully regained consciousness, he was modest and embarrassed as a girl on discovering that he had told us of his exploit.

It is a tragic experience to sit by the side of a man who is dying, and not to be able to help him.

So long as they are fully conscious, they are brave, wonderful, willing to die, and sometimes even glad to make the supreme sacrifice.

With a courage sublime in its pathos, they even try to make it easier for us whose duty it is to comfort them.

But there comes a time, toward the last, when they are no longer them-

selves, and then it is terrible beyond belief.

Many of the most poignant horrors of war are not on the battlefield.

One of my most pitiful cases was that of a chasseur whose lungs had been pierced in three places by machine gun bullets. Just as we were hoping to save him, he contracted pneumonia. I nursed him while he was dying—and it took seven hours.

Seven hours, in which every moment every gasp for breath, seemed the last; the mouth dry, the tongue rattling against the parched lips, the eyes enormous and burning with fever.

Such struggle, such unconscious will to live!

But he was not really unconscious. So many times he called me, so pitifully, with such desperate helplessness.

"Mam'selle, oh Mam'selle!"

Now and again he begged for such useless, unavailing things: sprinkling his face and hands with toilet water, in which he seemed to take the pleasure of a little sick child; asking for cafe noir with much sugar, as earnestly as if sweetened coffee were the one thing on earth that could help him.

I can still see him so plainly, and feel my hand behind his hot neck, raising him to try to drink his little cup of cafe noir.

A life counted for so little out there. Presently in the ward, they were saying: "Yet, the pauvre petit, he died at eight o'clock."

For a Drink of Water.

Then there was poor Sid. There was no hope for him from the first. There were terrible wounds in the intestines which made him continually cry for water, which they did not dare to give him. A little champagne, allowed to trickle between his lips from a piece of cotton, and hydropneumothorax of "hulle camphore," were his only relief. How he begged for one cup of water, for one teaspoonful.

By his bed there was a hot-water bottle, and he drank most of the contents in a few gulps. Death came a few moments, but strangely enough it came peacefully. We were glad that he had done what he did.

One of the saddest deaths was that of a young boy whom Sabine nursed. He had been brought in with a slight wound, and expected soon to be back in the trenches. He was a Corsican and eager to fight again. Sabine liked him very much, and for a while we hoped there was going to be a romance in the ward. But he developed periton-

itis, and wasted away from day to day. Sabine used to sit for hours, holding him by the hand. They had put a little screen around his bed, on account of the peritonitis, and one evening at twilight, as Sabine emerged from its shadow, we saw her make the sign of the Cross.

"C'est bien triste, ca," murmured a grizzled veteran in a nearby bed, as Sabine left the ward with bowed head. Yet, it was all in the day's work, but sometimes it was almost more than we could bear.

Antonio Works 38 Months Without Day Off.

Basque Shepherd Proves Loyalty and Never Draws One Cent of Pay During Entire Service in Eastern Oregon.

Wounded Soldiers Lying Outdoors Near a First-Line Dressing Station Because No Room Could Be Made for Them Inside.

worked without a day off for 36 months, then took a vacation of about four weeks, in which he went back to Idaho, returning to allowa County, where he has been working since without respite. Another, Jose Arriaga, worked probably over two years without a let-up.

Last Fall Mr. Huffman brought in a few more Bascos, who are working under him with the Dobbin & Huffman sheep on Snake River. With few exceptions they are faithful, intelligent, good-natured herders and employees.

Herding sheep is almost a profession with them, and they devote themselves to it with wonderful zeal. They follow the bedding-out system, moving their flocks slowly and letting them pass the night wherever it overtakes them, the herders camping with them. Thus the sheep are not driven daily to and from a settled camp, but graze as quietly as if in a pasture.

The Basco considers his camp his home and makes provision for keeping comfortable there. He is very clean in his personal habits and attire. He shaves twice a week and he and his friends take turns cutting each other's hair. He knows his business seriously and takes a pride in doing it well and so he is known as the very best of shepherds.

VOCALIST TO BE MUSICIAN

(Continued from Page 1.)

ation in the world. Josef Stransky will enter his eighth season as conductor of the Philharmonic and his 50th year as musical director. The schedule for the forthcoming season will include 13 Thursday evening concerts, 19 on Friday afternoons, four on Saturday evenings and 12 on Sunday afternoons in New York.

Pablo Casals has never played on the Pacific Coast because he has never been able to remain an entire season in this country owing to his bookings in the musical centers of Europe. But the turbulence of the world has made it possible for his managers to accept a proposition for four concerts weekly during a period of three months beginning February 18. Casals will therefore play a total of 48 concerts in the West alone, which is no doubt the greatest number ever undertaken by any artist in that section of the country.

Mme. Galli-Curci has been seen in many roles, but it was privileged a few to see the great prima donna with beaming, loving eyes watching every move of the lovely little baby in her

arms in one of the chapels of Saint Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth avenue Thursday afternoon, when the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Giulio Crimi was christened Amerigo Antonio. No happier event has transpired in that great edifice in many months than this christening and no happier, prouder parents ever graced an altar. Crimi and his wife came to this country for the tenor to fill the engagement with the Chicago Opera Association.

LITTLE MILK GIRLS PRAISED

Children Who Saved Rheims From Famine Lauded for Bravery.

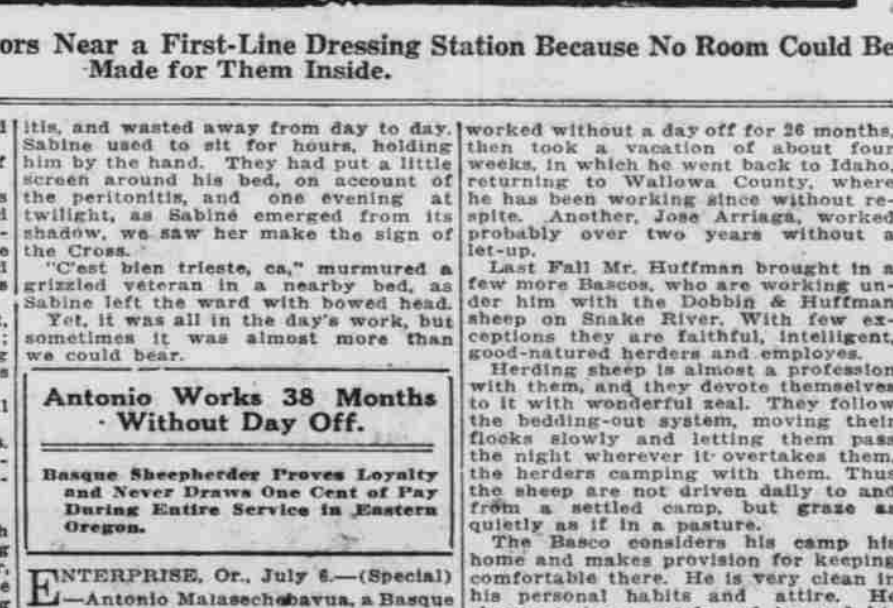
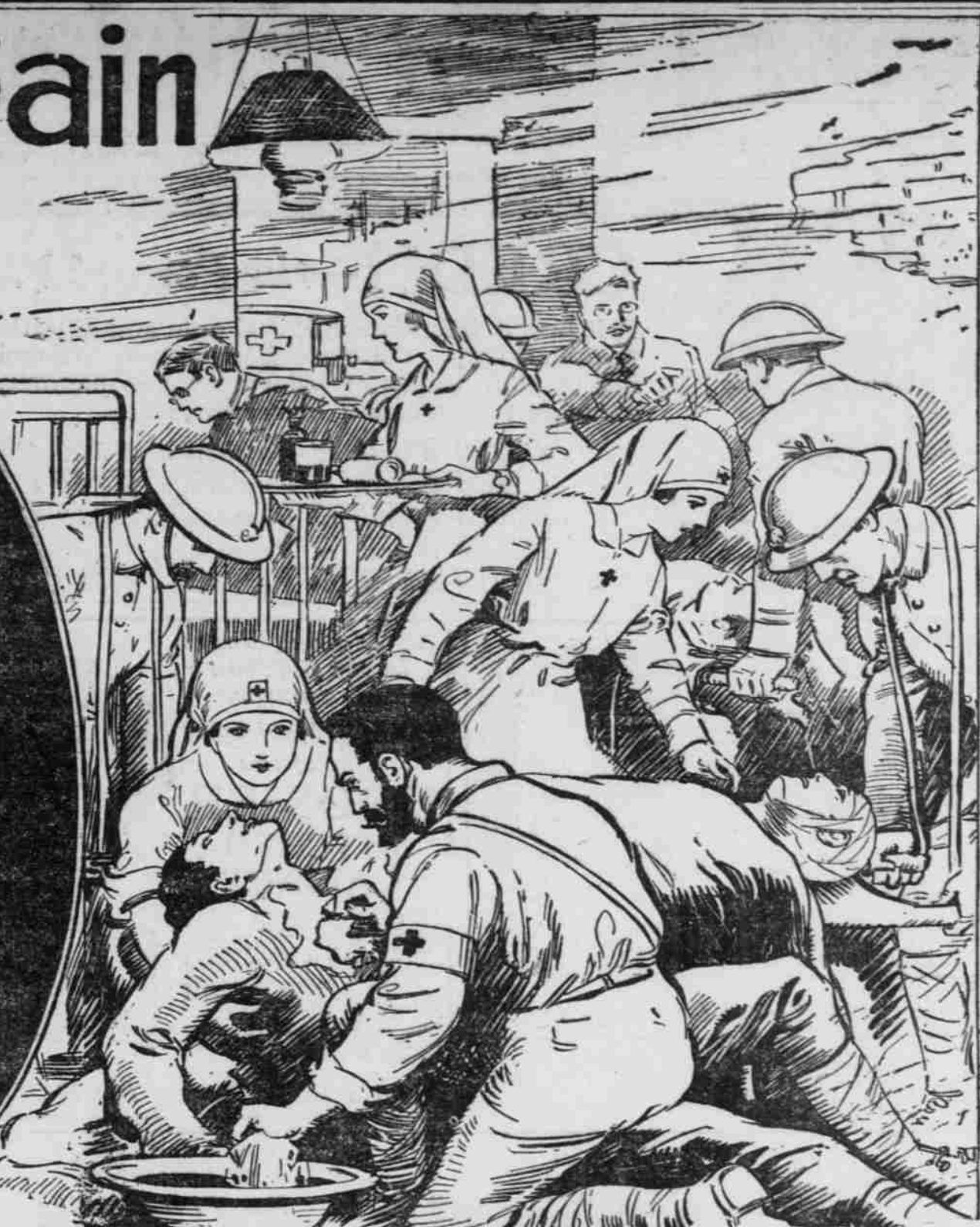
PARIS, June 10.—The little milk girls of Rheims are given high rank by Paul Dramas, of that mystified city, in an article he has written praising the heroism displayed by the women of Rheims. M. Dramas was editor of the Belair de l'Est, which newspaper he published in Rheims until there were no longer any inhabitants to buy it.

"The little milk girls," he writes, "will never be forgotten at Rheims. Milk was a necessity for the children, the aged and the sick. Thanks to the little milk girls, they never went without. The tinkling of their little bells announced their arrival, and for 44 months they traversed all the streets of the city. Many a time they were taken by surprise by a storm of shells. Three of them had to be carried away on stretchers, yet the others continued on their route so that the children and sick should have their milk all the same. On February 28 we heard the tinkling of their bells for the last time. The little milk girls were sent out of the city to collect a storm of shells. To the very end, for after that there were no longer in Rheims either children, aged or sick. All had left."

Ravenous Peace "Made in Germany."

Victor S. Clark, in the Atlantic.

The Prussian state railways, though they have limited their liability to the utmost, were forced to pay \$7,000,000 marks last year for lost or stolen articles, as compared with about 4,000,000 marks in times of peace. The imperial parcel post expenses for the same item have risen from 100,000 marks to considerably over 3,000,000 marks during the war. Juvenile crime has more than doubled, and a surprising number of murders are committed by young men. Lawlessness is encouraged by lax home discipline, inadequate police protection and a great demand for merchandise, which makes it easy for burglars to dispose of their loot, "and no questions asked." Sanitation, formerly the pride of German cities, is perforce neglected. In Leipzig recently 7000 cesspools were officially reported to be overflowing for want of attention, and conditions in Hamburg were somewhat similar.



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Mothers, don't let your little ones suffer because of eczemas, rashes, irritations, itching, burnings or chafings. Cuticura will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep and point to speedy healing often when all else seems to fail. Bathe with hot water and Cuticura Soap, using plenty of soap, dry and anoint gently with Cuticura Ointment. These super-creamy emollients are a boon to tired, fretted mothers of skin-tortured infants.
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