

Measles More Serious Than Trifling

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

THE idea of regarding measles with respect is a comparatively new one. In our childhood days we used to hear them spoken of as something little worse than a joke, and the most vivid recollections we have of them personally are more likely to be of jellies and and broths and petting her and invalid privileges and getting generally than of smarting eyes or sore throat or headache.

As we were among the survivors, our remembrances, naturally, are only of the milder forms, and we are almost inclined to count them in with the rest of the rosy lights of the happy days of childhood, and to use them principally as a date-mark, expressive of extreme immaturity—I haven't done so and so since I had the measles! Even our habit of always referring to them in the plural, as if they were not big seems a part of the general attitude of good-natured contempt.

One of the many military maxims attributed to Napoleon is that the most dangerous mistake possible in war is to despise your enemy. And never was there a more striking truth than measles. We discovered our mistake solely by adopting good business habits and putting in a set of account books in our health business.

Before we began to "keep books" we regarded measles with a tolerant and a rather cheerful eye, because for every child that died of it 30 recovered, and a 29 to every 100 that were worth worrying over; but the moment that the first balance was struck at the end of the year we discovered, to our dismay, that this trifling affair of red eyes and headache and three days in bed had carried off over 10,000 children in these United States, and that this was only an average annual performance.

One cause for this extraordinary under-estimate of the seriousness of the disease was our short memories. Almost all children attacked, except two or three in a neighborhood, would apparently recover from the measles; that is to say, from the first stage of the attack. The fever would subside, the eyes clear up, the rash disappear and the child, though still weak and uncomfortable, would be much better.

But a week or 10 days later the little one would suddenly develop a sharp attack of bronchitis or pneumonia, which sadly often resulted fatally. Yet, because this latter attack often came on after some exposure to the weather or a chill, it was put down as due to a cold and counted as a new disease under the title of "capillary bronchitis," or the bronchial-pneumonia of children.

Although individual physicians had for many years been warning their patients of the dangers of fatal bronchitis following measles, it was only by careful follow-up work and records of the results of such cases that we proved convincingly that the bronchitis following measles was really a later stage of the disease itself, or at least a direct result of it.

If the little patient's lower lip is pulled down, the mucous membrane of the inner surface will be found dotted with little reddish or whitish raised spots, known as Koplik's spots, which the discoverer has shown that the eruption is not merely upon the skin, but also in the mouth and throat, and probably extends clear down to the windpipe and bronchial tubes, which helps to explain how easy it is for bronchitis and pneumonia to develop later in the disease.

Soldier's Widow Is Convicted of Arson

Wanted to See Husband and Thought She Could Get Him Leave of Absence by Making Herself Destitute.

Berlin, May 27.—(I. N. S.)—In the criminal court of Lueneburg Mrs. Anna Barge, the young widow of a soldier, has just been convicted of arson and sentenced to one year imprisonment. Her husband, a small farmer, was called to the front shortly after his marriage at the beginning of the war. Last fall he wrote of the terrible battles in Russia and said that he expected to be killed sooner or later.

His wife brooded over the letter and decided to apply for a leave of absence for him. To give more weight to her petition she made herself destitute by setting her house on fire. The investigation started by the police led to the arrest of the woman and while in prison she received the news that her husband had been killed by a Russian shell before she applied the torch to her home.

Old Soldier Wins German Iron Cross

Veteran of 1870-71 Who Is Now 65 Years Old and Wins Others Successfully Maid Trench.

Berlin, May 27.—(I. N. S.)—The general staff reports that Christian Kunzinger of Heilbronn, one of the oldest soldiers of the German army, has been decorated with the Iron Cross of the first class. When the war broke out Kunzinger, a veteran of 1870-71, volunteered, although he was over 65 years old. He was at first rejected but finally attached to a munitions transport as a corporal.

Later, after his promotion to the rank of sergeant, he succeeded in having himself transferred to the front and four weeks afterward he earned the Iron Cross of the second class by conspicuous bravery. The first class cross has been awarded to him for successfully defending a trench with nine men against a vastly superior force of the enemy.

English Soldier Wears Wooden Leg

Tommy Successfully Evaded Surgeons and When Later Deformity Discovered Proved His Ability to March.

London, May 27.—(I. N. S.)—When it was announced some time ago that a man with a wooden leg had entered the British army, most readers thought it was a joke. But Private J. L. Jones, army ordnance corps, who has an artificial limb, is really about to go abroad on military duties. He is a strapping Liverpool man, over 6 feet tall and 23 years old. When examined by the army doctors at the recruiting office he successfully concealed the presence of the wooden leg and marched past them without a limp.

On the discovery of the deception, the army authorities let Jones give proof of physical stamina and marching power, and then accepted him outright.

The Story of a Lady

DEAR MISS FAULKNER: I have read nearly all your stories in the paper and think they are interesting. Will you please put a soldier story in the paper for us next Sunday? Yours truly, JOSHUA BRINDLEY.

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.

ONE of the soldiers who fought for the Union during the Civil war tells this story of "The Brave Little Drummer Boy."

The soldier said: "When our regiment was about to march to join General Lyon and the troops at Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken suddenly ill and was carried to the hospital."

The night before the soldiers were to march a negro was arrested and brought before the captain. "What brings you here?" asked the captain sternly.

"I know a drummer boy, massa, who would like to join this yere company, and I done come heah to tell you all!"

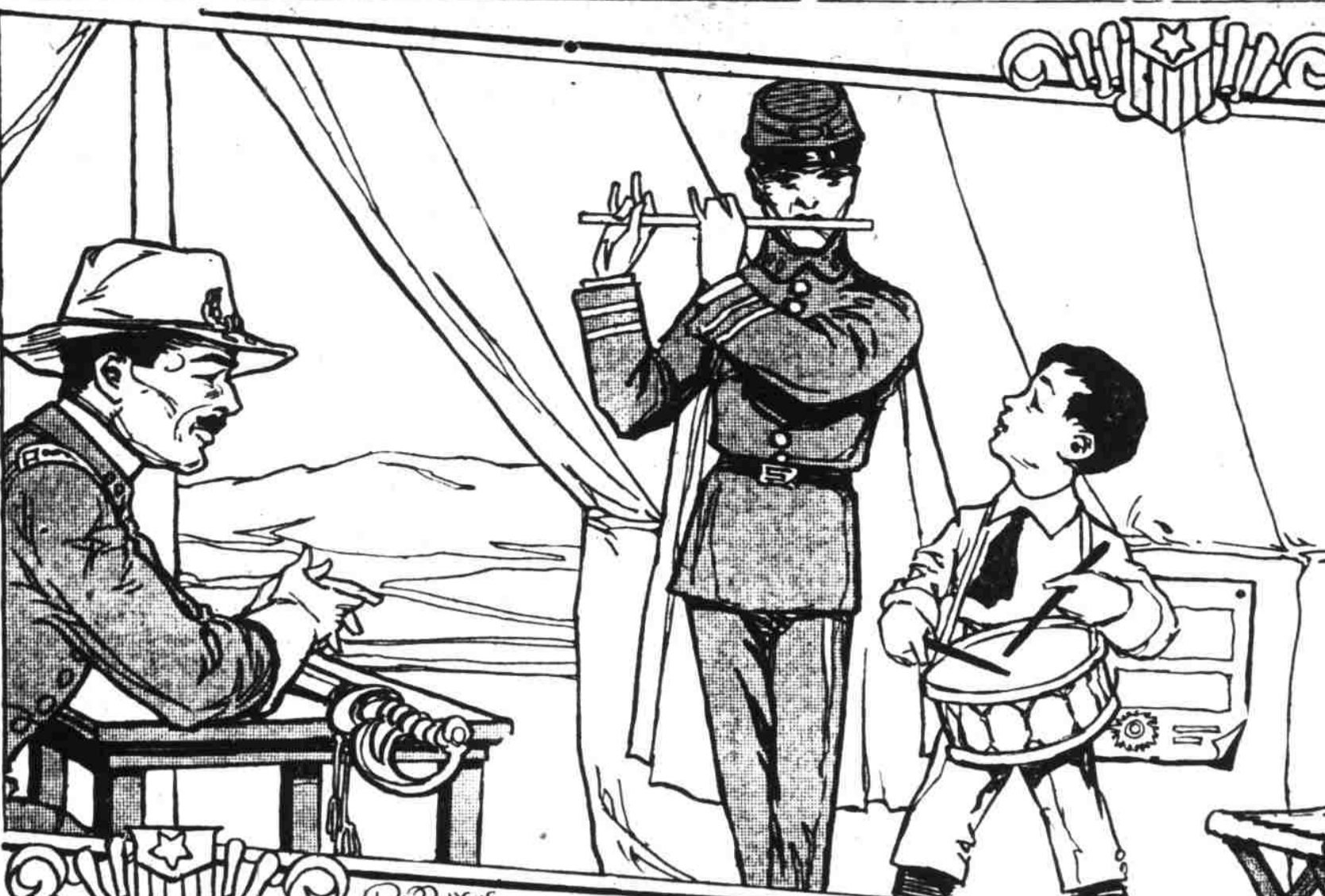
"Bring the drummer here early tomorrow morning, and if he will enlist for a short time we will see about it."

The next morning very early the colored man returned, bringing with him a middle-aged woman dressed in deep mourning and her son, a small boy about 12 or 13 years of age.

She told her story simply and directly. She had lived in East Tennessee, but her husband was killed by the Confederate soldiers and her home was destroyed, so she had come to St. Louis to find her sister, but she had been unable to find her. As she had no money, she felt that it would be best for her boy to enlist as a drummer boy in the army, while she found employment for herself.

All the time that she was telling her sad story the little boy stood watching the captain keenly. He felt that the captain was about to say that he was too small to march with the men, so he spoke up quickly and said: "Don't be afraid, captain—I can drum!"

The captain laughed at the confident little lad, and he said: "Very well, sergeant,



The little fellow followed him faithfully and showed himself to be master of the drum.

bring the drum and order our fifer to come forward and we will hear this drummer boy."

The fifer was a tall, good-natured man, over 6 feet in height, and his eyes twinkled with amusement as he bent down over the small drummer boy and said: "My little man, can you drum?"

"Indeed, yes, sir!" answered the boy. "I drummed for Captain Hill in Tennessee."

Then the fifer straightened up his tall body and he played "The Flowers of Edinborough," which was one of the most difficult pieces he could select, but the little fellow followed him faithfully and showed himself a master with the drum. The fifer was very much pleased and the boy looked up at the captain eagerly, to see what he would do.

The captain turned to the mother. "We will take your boy, madam; what is his name?"

"Edward Lee," she replied simply. Then suddenly, as she realized the danger that her boy was going into, she choked down a sob as she said, "Captain, if he is not

killed"—then she bent down over her boy and held him tightly in her arms as she kissed him good-bye. "Oh, Captain," she said, "he is all that I have; you will bring him back to me, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," said the captain. "He will certainly come back with us soon. Do not worry, madam."

An hour later the tall fifer and the small drummer were playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" as the soldiers marched out of camp.

The long-legged fifer was very fond of his small companion, and often on a hard, long march he picked up the little fellow and mounted him on his back, and he always carried him across all the streams and mud.

The little drummer was a favorite with all the men, and when anyone had any special food, he would always share it first with Eddie.

At the battle of Wilson's Creek the men fought across the creek and through the valley and from one hillside to another, and the fighting was fast and furious.

Tennessee. Just as I was planning to go to him I saw the officer of the guard and two men approaching. We all listened and agreed that it was our little Eddie, and that he was doubtless wounded down there in the ravine.

"May I go to the boy?" I asked. The officer of the day hesitated and said shortly: "Orders are to march in 20 minutes. Yes, go to him, but be back in that time."

"Then I started down the hill, pushing my way through the thick underbrush. At last, led by the sound of the drum, I came down into the valley, and there I found our little boy seated on the ground, leaning against a fallen tree, with his drum propped on some bushes in front of him, pluckily beating his drum.

"When he looked up and saw me he dropped his drumsticks and said, 'Oh, corporal! I am so glad you have come for me; I hoped some one of our boys would come; please give me a drink,' and he stretched out his hands eagerly toward my canteen, which was empty."

"I went toward a little brook near by and filled the canteen, and as he saw me start away, he called: 'Don't leave me, corporal! I can't walk!' 'I shall not leave you, boy,' I answered. 'I will bring back some water.' And after I had given him the water and satisfied his thirst I looked down at him and saw that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. He saw the look of pity on my face, and he took hold of my hands, as though he needed strength, and, looking into my eyes, he said beseechingly: 'You don't think that I will die, do you, corporal?' This soldier in gray said I would be all right; that a skillful surgeon could cure my feet."

"I looked at the man lying face downward on the grass; he was dressed all in gray, one of the enemy, who had been shot and had fallen near our little lad. He knew that he could not live and he had tried to encourage our little drummer boy through the long hours of the night."

"He was my friend," said Eddie with a sad smile, "but now he has gone. Do you know, corporal, when he saw me lying here suffering he crawled over to me on his hands and knees, he was so badly wounded, and then he took off his own buckskin sus-

The Brave Little Drummer Boy

penders; see, he has bound them tightly around my legs to try and stop the blood. It hurt some, but I did not cry out, for he tried so hard not to hurt me, and he said: 'You are a game little kid! Now, don't you worry; they will come along soon and carry you to the hospital and you will be fixed all right in the morning!'"

"Then, corporal, after a time, just as the morning was breaking, his lips grew tight as he smiled at me, and then he rolled over on the grass, so that I could not see his face; but oh, corporal, I know that he is dead, and tears streamed down the face of the little drummer boy."

"Just then we heard the trap of horses' hoofs and a cavalry troop of the enemy came down into the ravine and I was taken prisoner. I explained about the wounded boy and asked the officer to take Eddie up on his horse, and he did so, lifting the little fellow with great tenderness. He held him in his arms as carefully as a father would hold his own little son."

"But when we reached the camp of the enemy our brave little drummer boy had closed his eyes in his last sleep. He had gone to join his friend and comrade of the battlefield, the brave soldier in gray, who had ministered to the wants of a wounded little drummer boy in blue."

(This story is retold and adapted from the story called "Loyal Drummer Boy," in "Romance of the Civil War," Source Readers in American History, by Albert Bushnell Hart.)

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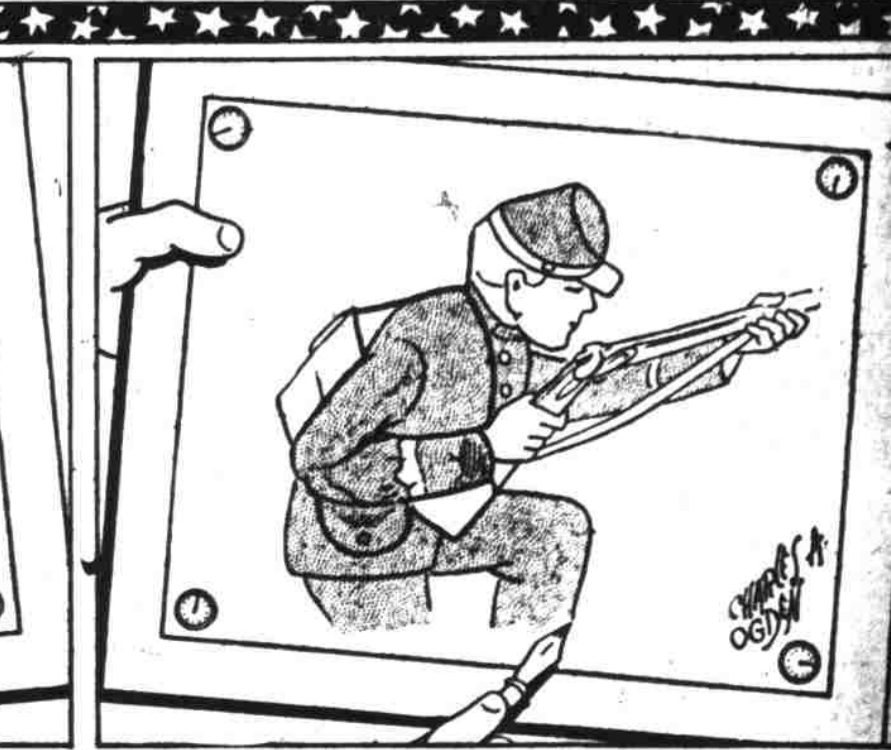
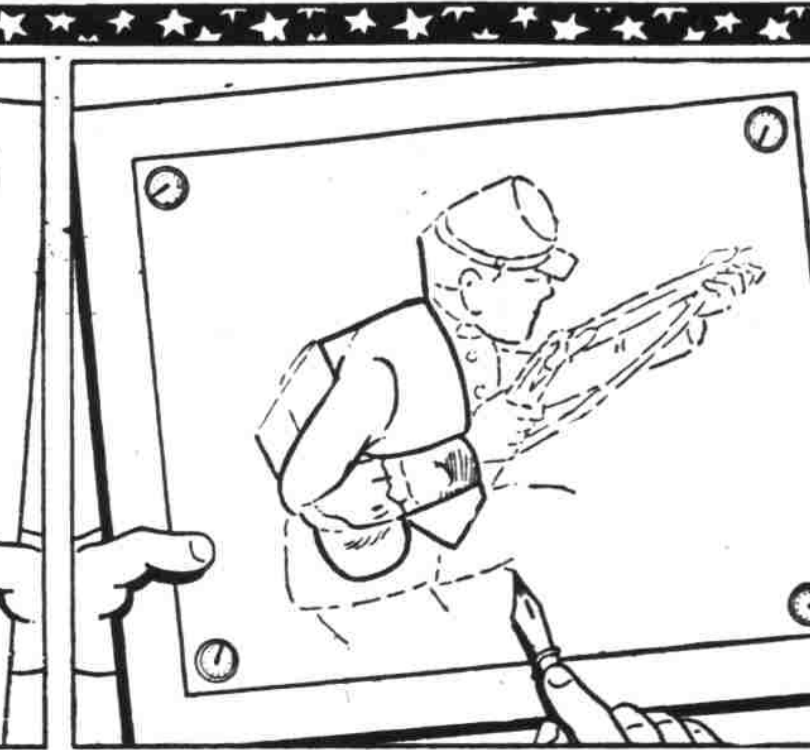
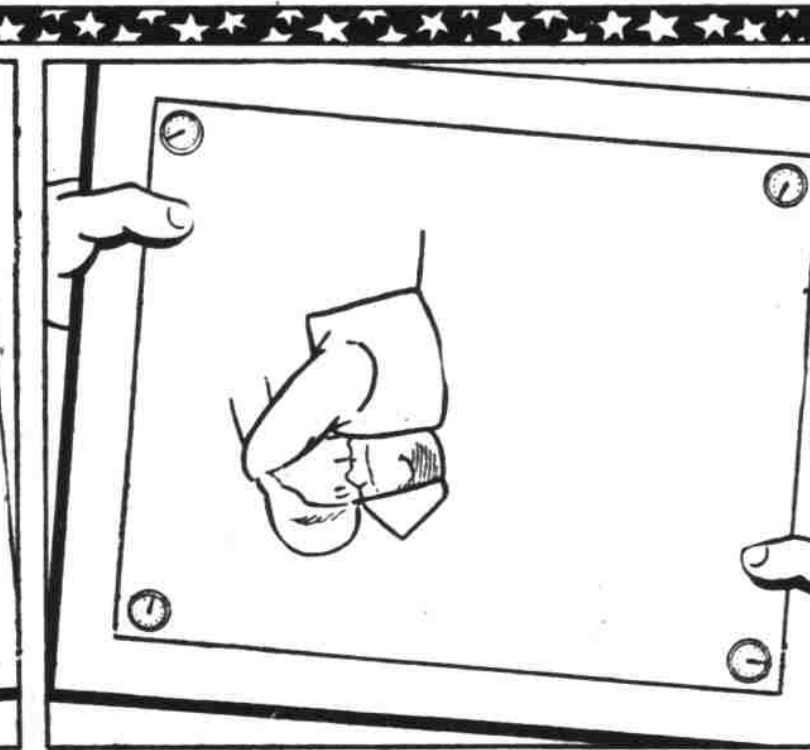
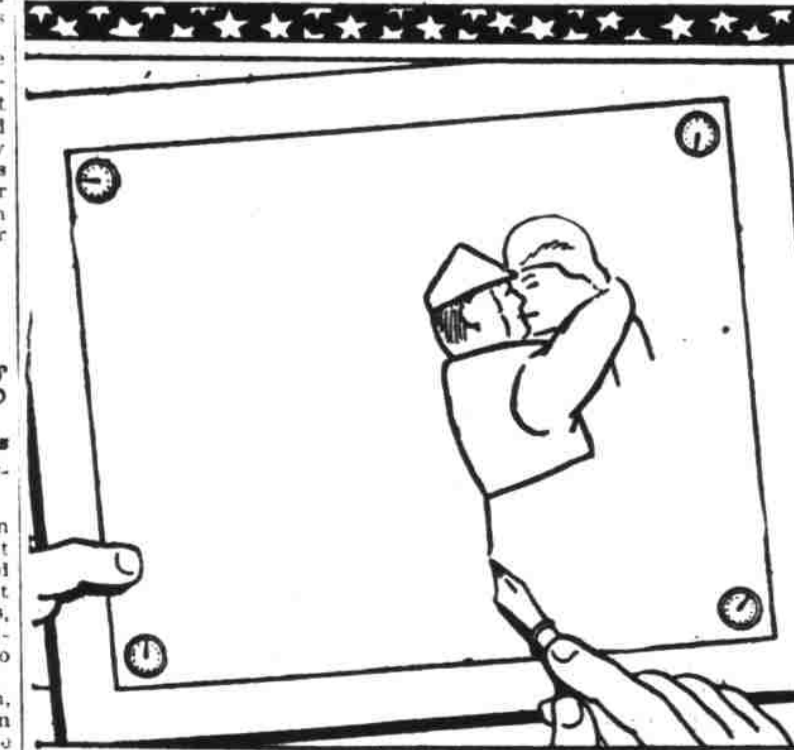
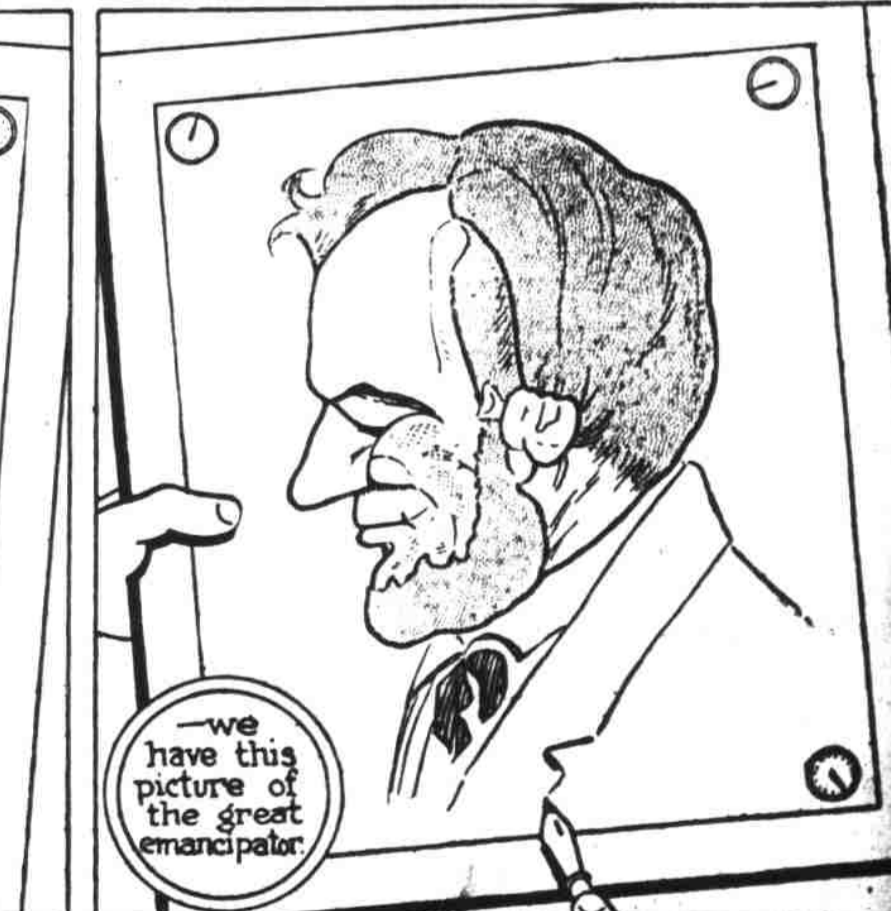
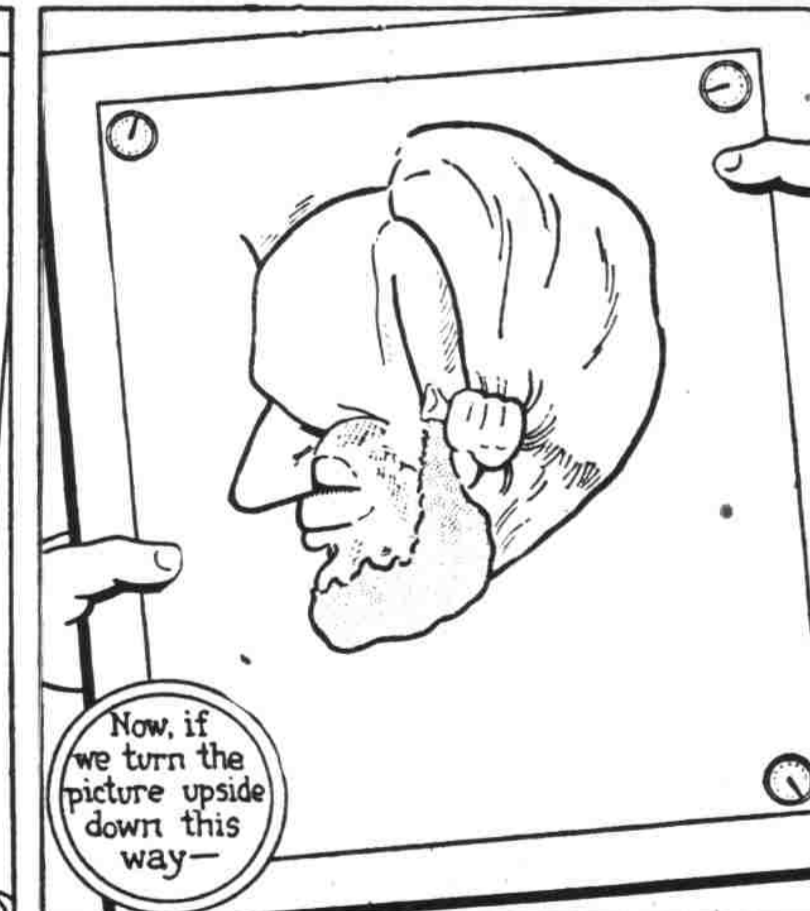
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Some Picture Trickery for Memorial Day



The soldier is bidding his wife goodbye as he leaves for the war. Now we must turn the picture upside down like this— and add some more lines in this manner. Then a little shading gives us this picture of a youthful defender of the Union.