

Sanitary Perils of Camp Life

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

THE greatest perils of war are not from the enemy. They come from the way in which we fall over our own feet, so to speak, by polluting our own water supply, eating spoiled or infected food, or spreading infectious diseases through camps, often in our own soil. "Against mine enemies I can protect myself, but who will save me from my friends?" is nowhere more strikingly true than in war.

In the light of the terrible experiences of the last two years on the other side of the Atlantic, it stands out with more vivid relief than ever that the three great requisites of war are sanitation, food—which means railroads—and artillery.

But why, in the face of these facts, should nine-tenths of a citizen soldier's training be devoted to drill, rifle-practice and parade, stunts, which modern artillery, motors and trench warfare have almost relegated to the ash-barrel, and scarcely one-tenth to teaching the soldier how to feed, shelter and protect himself from infection in camp and in the field? When, as war is usually fought, from three to five times as many deaths are caused by disease as by battle casualties, surely more than one-tenth of the soldier's training should be devoted to preparation against three-fourths of his risks, of death or disablement.

What They Ought to Know.

How many among our National Guardsmen, most of whom have been enrolled as citizen soldiers for from five to fifteen years, have ever had any up-to-date, practical instruction in the use of the army, cooking kit, in the methods of camp drainage and the construction of latrines, in the improvising of shelters against the weather, in the temporary care, not only of the wounded, but of the sick, who will be five times as numerous, and in simple methods of protecting their food and their water supply from contamination and infection? In the absence of such fundamental and vitally important training, it is little wonder that the records of our Spanish-American war, for instance, show that five-sixths of our deaths in that campaign occurred not merely from disease, but in peaceful training camps upon our own soil, among soldiers who had never smelled powder except in sham battles.

We have learned something and improved our methods to a certain extent since then—even the professional soldier couldn't help seeing the point of that terrible old lesson. But the old military contempt for the doctor and for fussiness about the health and comfort of the enlisted men still persists in streaks and dark corners, and the army surgeon is still kept far too much of a mere patcher and cobbler, not expected to interfere or given any authority by a certain class of commanding officers until the men are actually sick enough to be incapacitated for duty.

State Camp Ghastly Joke.

Camp sites are still selected far too exclusively from the point of view of defense rather than of sanitation, while armories resemble medieval fortresses in their massive construction and impossibility of decent ventilation.

If these things occurred only under the emergencies of actual war and in the field, they would be more pardonable, but one of the National Guard camp sites in New York state, which has been in use for years, is little better than a ghastly joke, scores of miles from anywhere or anything where supplies could be secured, approachable only by one single track one-horse railroad of the most antiquated and inefficient type, with grounds so rough and so badly drained that many of the tents have to be pitched in hollows which become swamps after a rain. One company actually was reported as walking the camp streets all night sooner than lie down and try to sleep in six inches of water.

German Brewers to Brew But One Beer

Product Will Be Weaker and Higher Priced—Inability to Get Enough Barley Is Reason.

Stuttgart, Aug. 12.—(I. N. S.) The brewers of the kingdom of Württemberg at a meeting held here, have decided to abolish all special beers and make only one kind of beer, as they cannot get the quantity of barley that had been allotted to them by the government.

The beer in the future will be considerably weaker than formerly and a little higher in price. Against the increase of the price the saloon keepers protested, but they withdrew their objections when they learned that otherwise they would have to close their places.

Russians Destroy Crops in Bukowina

Cattle All Killed and Transported Across Border Into Russia—Country Howling Wilderness Once More.

Lemberg, Aug. 12.—(I. N. S.)—Fugitives arriving here from the Bukowina report that the Russians have completely destroyed the harvest in the districts conquered by them. All cattle in the province has either been killed or transported across the border to Russia. The whole crown land is a howling wilderness once more.

Grand Duchy Takes Over Entire Crop

Cologne, Aug. 12.—(I. N. S.)—The government of the grand duchy of Luxembourg has confiscated the entire harvest of this year on the fields. A commission will take charge of the distribution of the breadstuffs and all other food supplies, and card system is planned. The prices to be paid to the farmers for their products will be fixed by the diet at a special session.

THE STORY LADY

DEAR STORY LADY:

My mother reads me your story every Sunday and I enjoy it so much. Will you please tell me a story about the circus? I will thank you for it.

Your boy,

JUDSON JUNIOR WEST.

DEAR MISS FAULKNER:

I love stories very much and I read them every Sunday excepting the times I am away. Will you please write me a circus story? Lots of love, truly yours,

EMILY POPE.

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.

THE circus is coming! Oh, the circus is coming! Oh, can we go?" That is the cry heard on all sides when the circus posters are put up telling that the circus is coming to town. It was the same when I was a little girl as it is today, and although the "grown-ups" always said that they had to go to the circus to take the children, still they were quite as eager as the children for the circus to come to town.

I remember that my father always said that "it was an education for the children to see the animals," and although we did make quite a visit to the animal tent, still that was only a small part of all that we enjoyed.

Right next to him stood a very small elephant called "The Baby Elephant," and he was so small that Jumbo looked even larger by comparison. Jumbo loved the "baby elephant" and sometimes he would stretch out his trunk for the peanuts before any other elephant could reach them, and then he would wind up his long trunk and hand the peanuts over to the Baby, for he seemed to be afraid that the Baby would not get his share.

We had all heard stories about Jumbo and his fondness for children. In his old home in the Zoological Gardens in London he had carried the children upon his back for 18 years, and thousands of little ones knew and loved him. Then he was sold to P. T. Barnum for \$10,000. But "all the king's horses and all the king's men" and all the money paid by the circus men could not move Jumbo from his home and his faithful keeper, Matthew Scott. And Scott

was so broken-hearted at the thought of parting with Jumbo that he did not insist on Jumbo's leaving him.

Finally Mr. Barnum made a liberal offer to Scott to accompany his favorite, and at last he agreed to go with Jumbo from their home in the Zoological Gardens of London to their new life under a circus tent in America. It took a great deal of coaxing on the part of Scott to persuade Jumbo to go into the huge wheeled crate which had been especially made for him, and together they came to America and began a circus career.

Jumbo at once became a great favorite with all who knew him, and possibly because he had carried little children upon his back for so many years, he was always especially glad to see them.

A visitor to the circus in Buffalo tells this story of how Jumbo at one time saved the life of a little girl:

"The afternoon performance was over and the people had flocked out to see the animals, when suddenly screams of terror were heard from the crowd and the frightened people ran in all directions. One of the largest lions had escaped from his cage and was running about at large, his keeper was not on hand and the other guards were as frightened as the panic-stricken people. As the lion came near where Jumbo was standing he stopped and stared with flashing eyes at a poor little baby girl who stood directly in his path. The terrified nurse had fled, leaving her small charge, and the child, who was waving in her hand a small flag, stood gazing with frightened eyes into the glaring eyes of the great beast.

"The hungry lion began to lash his tail furiously as he crept nearer and nearer to the child, but just as the great brute made ready to spring, he was hit upon the head, and, howling with rage and pain, he rolled over upon the ground.

"Jumbo, the elephant, had watched it all, and with one swift stroke from his powerful trunk he sent the lion sprawling upon the ground. Then the mighty ele-

phant reached down, and as gently as a mother he wrapped his trunk about the child, lifted her up high in the air and then placed her securely upon his broad back, as much as to say: 'I know that you will be safe there.'

"The lion was completely cowed and was soon recaptured and shut up in his cage. When all was safe the people returned and watched Matthew Scott lift down the child and give her back to the nurse.

"Every one in the big tent was talking in excited tones about the big elephant who had dealt such a blow to the lion and who had rescued the child, but Jumbo himself was not in the least excited; he acted as though it were an everyday occurrence.

As the lion came near where jumbo was standing he stopped and stared with flashing eyes

He flapped his big ears forward and back and he blinked his small eyes at the crowd as much as to say: 'Why, of course I took care of the child. I have always taken good care of children and carried them safely on my back, and why should I not do so now? I love children.'

He never forgot his friends, and a man who had once known him in London visited him at the circus, and Jumbo immediately gave every evidence of recognition, and placed his trunk in the hands of his friend



A HERO OF THE CIRCUS

one along the unusual road. Just at that moment the man saw a freight engine coming down the very track upon which the long line of elephants were advancing. The man called loudly, but the engineer apparently did not hear him, for he did not slacken his speed. However, Jumbo heard the voice of his friend and, looking up, he saw the engine.

Jumbo at once realized the danger, and then quickly lifting the Baby Elephant in his strong trunk he pushed him off the track and stood himself ready to meet the opposing demon, of whatever it might be. Then the brave Jumbo lowered his head and charged with all his power against the locomotive, the engine came to a sudden stop and the engineer reversed his lever, but it was too late, for the noble Jumbo with a fractured skull tottered and trembled all over and fell prostrate upon the tracks. (Some of these stories about Jumbo are retold from the story, "My Friend the Elephant," in the book called "Lady Lee and Other Animal Stories," by Hermon Lee Ensign.)

How to Get It Back

"I've lost a wallet containing \$500," said Mr. Baker to a friend. "How much reward shall I offer for its return?" "Where did you lose it?" asked the friend. "In New York city."

"Well, if you want it back," said the friend, "you'll have to offer at least \$700 reward."

Different

Hostess (at party)—Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie? Willie (who has asked for a second piece)—No, ma'am. "Well, do you think that she'd like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh," confidently, "she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie."

Going One Better

The clergyman's little boy was spending an afternoon with the bishop's children. "At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day."

"Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."

Too Bad.

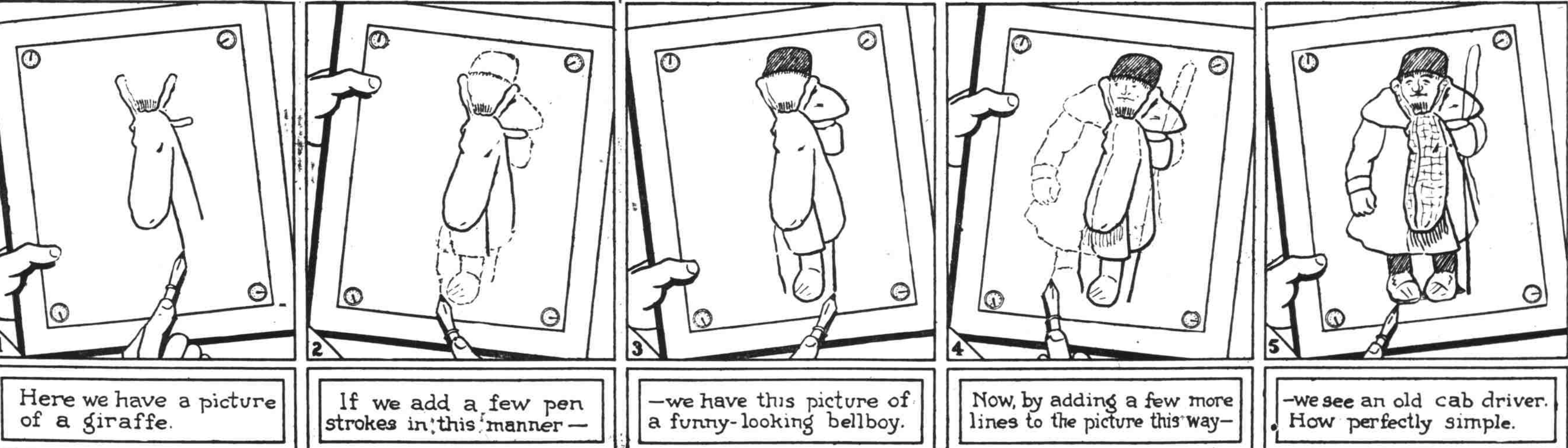
Little Edna, who was watching the men working a pile-driver in the lot opposite, said to her mother, "I'm sorry for those poor men, mamma; they've been trying and trying to lift out that big weight, and every time they get it almost to the top it falls right back again."

PICTURE WIZARDRY
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CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN

HODGEPODGE



Here we have a picture of a giraffe.

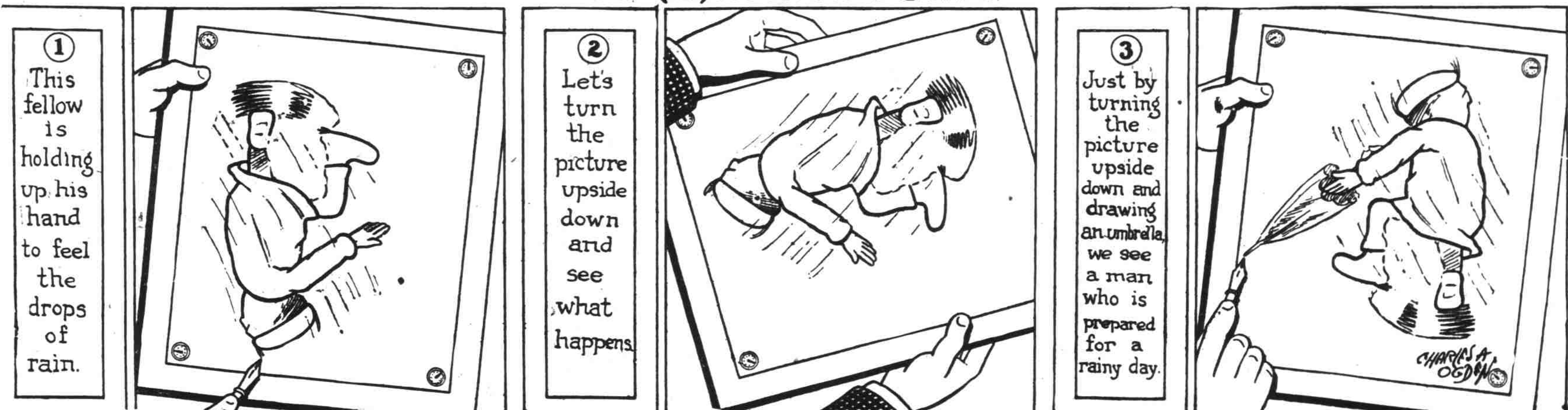
If we add a few pen strokes in this manner—

—we have this picture of a funny-looking bellboy.

Now, by adding a few more lines to the picture this way—

—we see an old cab driver. How perfectly simple.

A (B)RAINSTORM



① This fellow is holding up his hand to feel the drops of rain.

② Let's turn the picture upside down and see what happens.

③ Just by turning the picture upside down and drawing an umbrella, we see a man who is prepared for a rainy day.

CHARLES A. OGDEN