

Under Gas Attack All Night Army Surgeons 'Carried On' Aiding Wounded in Cellar

How, Nearly Suffocated Most of the Time, Once Working Without Masks, They Stuck to Post Until Morning, Told by Capt. R. J. Manion, M. C., in "A Surgeon in Arms."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

HOURS of slow torture and the constant threat of an agonizing death—not in a dramatic charge over the top, but weaponless and buried like a rat in a dark cellar—that is the new legend of this war's heroisms to be found in the book of a surgeon-soldier called "A Surgeon in Arms" and written by Capt. R. J. Manion, M. C., of the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

Capt. Manion hurried to Europe at the beginning of the war and served first in a French chateau hospital, formerly the home of the Count de Bethune, under the direction of the Ambulance Anglo-Francaise. Later he was medical officer to a certain Canadian battalion, the "M. O.," being stationed nearer the firing line than any other member of the medical corps. The first dugout in which he set up his regimental aid post was on a front being actively shelled and about 200 yards from the front line.

In his book, which gives an unusually varied picture of hostilities, he speaks glowingly of the work of stretcher bearers, aviators, officers and Tommies, and modestly avoids autobiography. By what he has seen, however, one understands what he has endured. And I have read no finer instance of stark heroism unhelped by thrill or glamour, than the story of Capt. Manion's night under gas at Vimy shortly after the taking of Vimy Ridge by the Canadians.

The Germans having been expelled from Vimy, were trying to shell it to pieces, and nearly in the centre of their target practice were the two cellars which Capt. Manion and his assistants used as living headquarters and for a dressing station. The day before he came on duty a shell—which luckily did not explode—fell squarely in the middle of one of these cellars.

The first night he spent there the Germans launched a heavy gas attack, and the gas, being heavier than the air, promptly sank into the cellars despite a wet blanket hung over the entrance. Moreover, there were two poisonous vapors abroad—the kind that burns up the lung tissue and the sort known as "tear gas."

"Had we been able to stay in the cellar and keep the blanket tightly placed over the entrance, our misery would have been much less," Capt. Manion writes in "A Surgeon in Arms."

For a time Capt. Manion pulled off his mask altogether, for he agrees with other soldiers that masks give the uncomfortable impression of slow suffocation. He profanely decided that he preferred a quick death to a slow one! Another thing he remembers is an earnest argument with a little cookney, who had lost his nerve during this, his first night at the front. He maintained plaintively that "this was no place for a white man," "with which sentiment," the author concedes, dryly, "we all agreed."

"Shortly we were glad to reapply our masks," he goes on, "as the air became almost thick enough to cut with a knife, and that vice on our chests kept tightening."

"Though the night seemed a thousand years long, it finally came to an end just as our nerves were at breaking point. How glorious God's fresh air seemed to us after that atrocious experience! And what a satisfaction to know that, despite the agony of it all, we had done our bit like men!"

There is one other unusual tale of heroism in "A Surgeon in Arms" which deserves quotation and of which the chief actor was also a medical officer. This was Sergt. Gascrain, a sharp-tongued French Canadian assistant of Capt. Manion's and a cynical soul, who asserted that the average soldier in sick parade was suffering from "frigidity of the feet, with a big F." He won the Military Medal for bravery under shell fire at the Somme.

"But one deed he performed which I think deserved more praise than any other," writes Capt. Manion. "While working on the field a Lieutenant Colonel was brought to him on a stretcher. The Lieutenant Colonel's wound was so slight as to cause a sneer to hover about the Sergeant's lips as he dressed it. A stretcher squad carried the Colonel to the rear and another squad, under the Sergeant's direction, carried a badly wounded Tommy. An ambulance came for them. The Sergeant had the soldier put in first and then the Colonel. But the Colonel angrily protested against the Tommy being allowed to go in the same ambulance with him."

"'Tres bien, monsieur,' replied the Sergeant in his quick, sharp tones, and, turning to a stretcher squad, said: 'Remove the officer.' It was quickly done, the Colonel staring in angry astonishment, the Sergeant coolly continuing his work while the officer awaited the coming of another ambulance. In my opinion this act of an N. C. O. was worthy of a V. C."

"A Surgeon in Arms" is published by D. Appleton & Co.



CAPT. R. J. MANION, M. C.

Arms," "but wounded were coming in from all directions, and we had to keep going in and out, in turns, to the cellar in which we did our dressing. The gas kept thickening every minute. Naturally we quickly adjusted our gas masks. But, as it was fifty feet from one cellar to the other and we dared not flash lights to pass over the stone and mortar of the fallen walls, we found it necessary to remove our masks for moving as well as for the purpose of tying up the wounds in an acceptable manner.

"Thus, by midnight, our eyes were as red as uncooked beefsteak and they felt as if they had been sandpapered. Our lungs on each respiration felt as though they were gripped by a closing vise. The gas masks set by filtering the inhaled air through a chemical, which neutralizes the poisonous materials in the gases. When we removed them we had severe attacks of coughing which were relieved only by breathing through the mouthpiece of the masks.

"Hours dragged slowly by. Still the whirl of approaching shells and the soft thud of their bursting continued. Misery? Never elsewhere had we experienced anything akin to it—the inflamed eyes, the suffocation in our lungs, the knowledge that inhalation of sufficient of the gas would put us into kingdom come."

Then Capt. Manion adds, with perfect simplicity: "We knew we could

Daily Magazine

Summer Fashions for "Miss 1918"

SMART DESIGNS OF MATERIALS NOW IN FAVOR, FOR YOUR VACATION WARDROBE AND SUMMER'S SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.



After years of neglect dotted bows come to the front and is used for this simple frock. It is white with Delft blue stripes an inch wide crossing collar and sleeves are finished with organdie frills and the girdle is Delft blue satin ribbon.

Simple design like this will aid in making girthing place secure. The skirt is simply hemmed and has two odd-pointed pockets. The blouse is exceedingly simple. There are an organdie collar and two tabs that button over an organdie belt.

For the young lady who is fond of being outdoors and dressed in a distinctive up-to-date style this skirt will certainly appeal to her. It opens all the way down the front. The large pearl buttons are fastened on with bias folds of the material, and the button holes are bound.

With organdie in high favor one cannot go far astray in selecting a frock of that material for summer wear. The frock illustrated here is sure to be popular with its pink and white cross-bar organdie trimmed with bias folds and collar, and bands and buttons of white organdie.

If one is called upon to serve at some party garden fete or dine and dance at a smart country club it will be with a carefree mind, for this charming lace-trimmed net frock can be relied upon to see one through.

The Story in an Electric Light

Indoor Lighting.
THIRTY-NINE years ago a number of men were at work on the idea of an incandescent lamp. Thomas A. Edison solved the problem, and to him, in 1879, were granted the patents for what was soon to become a household necessity. The incandescent lamp consists of a glass bulb from which the air has been exhausted by pumps and chemical processes, and which contains a filament of carbon or metal. This filament opposes high resistance to the passage of an electrical current and, consequently, is heated to incandescence. The removal of the oxygen from the bulb prevents the filament from burning up.

In Edison's first lamp the filament was of bamboo fibre, and the next development was the celluloid process which is still used in carbon and metallized lights. In the best modern lamps the filament is of tungsten metal. The use of the latter was discovered in 1904, and the first tungsten lamp made in America was produced the next year. At first the filaments were composed of several strands of wire, but in 1910 a lamp with a continuous tungsten filament was invented, which gave a much more brilliant light than any of its predecessors. This lamp is much more efficient than the carbon light because the tungsten filament can be heated to a higher temperature than the present carbon filament without seriously blackening the bulb.

Street Lighting.
The electric arc is the ordinary form of street light, and differs in principle from the incandescent lamp. In the arc light a current of electricity is made to leap from the tip of one carbon rod to the top of another, a short distance from the first. In bridging this space the current does not follow a straight path, but makes a curve or "arc," whence its name. The carbons are not enclosed in a bulb from which the air has been exhausted, consequently the carbon rods gradually burn away. The light is due to the fact that the air between the tips opposes a high resistance to the passage of the current, so that the rods become intensely hot at their tips. As the carbon slowly burns, small particles are heated white hot, thus producing light.

In order to keep the light from the arc uniform in strength, it is necessary to keep the tips always the same distance apart. This is practically impossible, and, as a result, the arc does not produce light that is well adapted for reading or other purposes that require constant use of the eye. The light, however, is very powerful and for that reason it is much used for street illumination.

Data from "The Book of Wonders," by permission of Bureau of Industrial Education, Washington, D. C.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.
We overheard on a Collinwood car the best excuse for not working that we could ever have imagined. "File it for reference."
"One fellow said, 'How do you like your job down at the mill?'"
"It ain't workin' there no more," answered the other.
"Got a better job?"
"None. Ain't got no job."
"What did you quit for?"
"Well, I couldn't see no use in keepin' on at it. I fixer it that if I did make good they'd expect me to keep right on makin' good. That's too much to expect of anybody this kinda weather. So I quit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Kinks Get Sticky Drop Chips in the Kitty For a New Kingless Deck

By Arthur ("Bugs") Baer

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WHEN Emp Charles chinned to Kink Ferdinand that all kings should stick together like postage stamps in a fat man's vest pocket he said something. America wants to see the kings stick together like two porous plasters in July. When the kings get sticky you are hep to the answer.

When kings get sticky we immediately establish a roar for a new deck. The kings in the deck got sticky around 1776, with the result that Paul Revere hung up a mileage record that has never been equalled since gasoline elbowed oats off the touring menu. The old monarchical deck was tossed into the discard and we've been dealing with a democratic pack of cards ever since.

Let 'em stick together. If the kings get sticky enough they will make good flypaper after the war. Outside of that they are about as useful as a whipspoon in a Ford or a thirst in a dry State.

Don't only allow these kinks to stick together, but make 'em stick together. We need a new deck.

That's what we are all chipping into the kitty for. And that kitty is a big cat now.

Everybody knows that a cat can stare at a king. But this is going to be the first time that a cat grabbed a king by the ears and shook him for the drinks. Let 'em grow as much as they want. When they are all sticking together we can toss 'em for the exit in one motion. A sticky king sure does gum the deck. But when all four of 'em get sticky it's time to bar the door. There is the old Sultan of Turkey who is more insultin' than Sultan. He is not so bad, but he got sticky from sticking around with the other birds. Then comes Kink Ferdinand, who claims to be a dove among crows, but when a guy buzzes around with a fella of glucose kinks, the law says they are all glued with the same brush. Next is Emp Charles, who tried to do a getaway, but discovered that he was all tangled up with glue made in Germany.

When Emp Charles found that he was all stuck up he chirped that the kinks should stick together. And last, but not fewest, is the old jazbo himself, Wilhelm Der Couple, Emboror oder Gianszollera, Kink of der Royal Paste Pot, Dook of von Stickiness and Der Father of his nation. Only, so far as the fighting zone is concerned, Der Father of his nation seems to be the Furthest of his nation.

Let 'em stick together. When the kings stick together that's when the deuces run wild. It's a fine mess over there. And the only way out is to toss the old sticky deck under the table, walk around your chair seven times and start a new game. With a kingless deck.

"War Optimists"

By Nicola Greeley-Smith

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ARE YOU a fool optimist about the war? I have been told so often that I am one that I am beginning to look about me for companionship.

Invariably the persons who accuse me of fool optimism are the same persons who used to tell me that the honor of the country was lost because we were not in the war, but who now criticize the President for "getting us into the conflict unprepared."

If you don't know any of these lightning change but perpetual critics—these expert turners of mental somersaults—you are more fortunate in your acquaintance than I am. For I number several of them among the men and women that I know. They are all native Americans and some of them trace their ancestry to Colonial days. But this heritage of honor appears to have given them nothing except the means of cloaking sentiments for which foreign-born citizens would be imprisoned. They are not disloyal, in a sense. That is, they do not actually wish the disasters they foretell. But there is a serious question in my mind whether persons who go about prophesying evil and repeating rumors made in Germany, and to that extent depressing the public mood, are not as disloyal as the enemy spies who go about seeking ammunition plants to destroy. Not all the "defeatists" are in France and Italy.

I suppose everyone has some spiteful friend who talks about the universal food famine after the war. I fancy everybody knows some timid soul to whom every breeches-buoy on the horizon is a periscope and who gives to the tradition of German might a faith profounder than any he has experienced since he ceased to believe in Santa Claus.

I have one friend who is convinced that the only way to meet the German menace is for every person in the United States to keep a pig.

You don't keep him in the flat, of course. The Board of Health might object. You buy him for \$10, board him with a farmer, and when fall comes get your reward in pork. "How much pork?" I ventured to ask the ingenious author of this scheme. "And Iark's head spin from the clouds to his hidden nest."

"I shall get \$10 worth of pork," came the brief and hostile reply, for by this time I was in disgrace, as I always am, for asking too many questions.

"At wholesale or retail prices?" I pursued.

But this detail of universal salvation had been overlooked. And I could see myself having a row with the farmer if it were not adjusted, so I did not fall in with the scheme. But I did not escape being called a fool optimist.

Yet another woman to whom I related the novel theory that "pig will win the war" merely began to hum the refrain of a round-game we all played as children:

"The farmer and the pig,
The farmer and the pig,
Heigh-o-a cherry-o!
The farmer and the pig."

And she is a woman who knits in earnestly for soldiers, never misses a Red Cross meeting or shuts her purse to a war charity.

She felt as I did, I suppose, that the food shortage is a problem for expert minds; that such minds are now engaged upon it; and that the most the individual can do is to co-operate with the Food Administrator in preventing waste without brooding over future

Are you one?