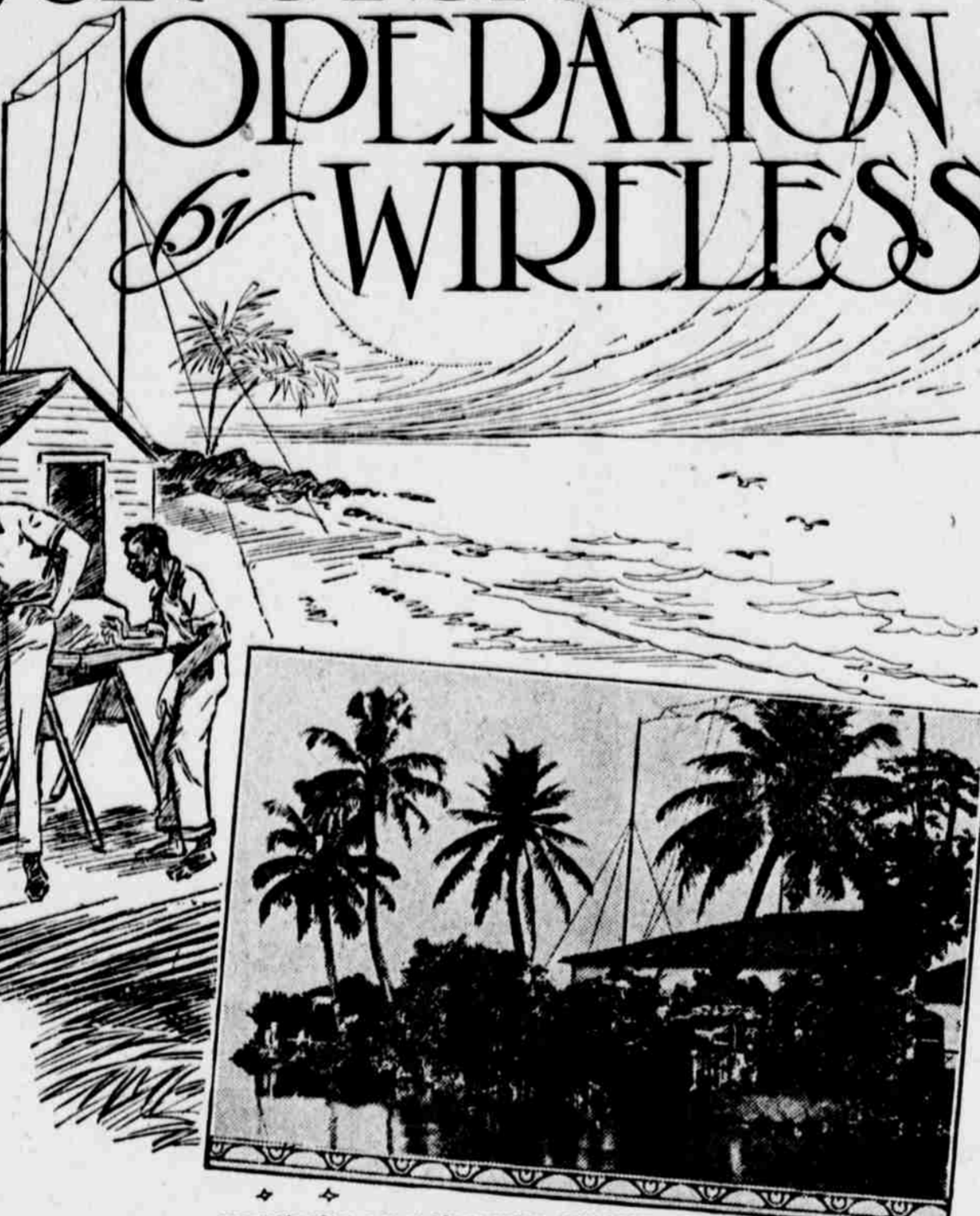


# SURGICAL OPERATION OF WIRELESS



WIRELESS ON A TROPICAL ISLAND

**T**HE wireless spark that cries to the shore for help when night and terror settle down on the doomed steamship, and the wild moment of thanksgiving as the message of deliverance drums in the weary operator's ear, has furnished many a thrill, but the cry from shore, searching the sea and finding the white speck on its bosom that means hope and life, is rare, and to put it mildly, reversing the order of things.

Of course, in story books the hero often finds himself cast away and is put to no great shift to rig a wireless station from her path and bring the right girl in the bargain.

But this is a story of Swan Island. Despite the name you would not care to live on Swan Island. There are no swans, nor are there any dainty ox-eyed Junos or peroxide Junos to marry the castaway earl.

Swan Island lies in the tropics, some hundred miles off Honduras—if you insist on getting out your atlas—and by common report is the most forsaken thing in the Caribbean sea, which is saying much.

It would be hard to imagine a more dreary place or one less suited for the local color to a story with a thrill. A few huts scattered over the swampy ground, some palms, some cocoanut trees, and the tally is complete, all but the wireless station.

Commerce must be served, and the United Fruit company has erected on Swan Island a little station that keeps in touch with steamships passing 600 miles out to sea. The station also relays messages from Port Limon, Costa Rica (see your map again), over to Jamaica.

Nothing else remains in the summing up of Swan Island but scorpions, trantulas and a multitude of carnivorous insects whose execution would drive the New Jersey product to envious suicide. Thither at the close of a sweltering day in autumn came a new wireless operator and a visitor. Necessity brought the operator, curiosity brought the visitor. The same steamship deposited both on the white beach, to call a month later with another operator. Keenan, the wireless man, was in luck, for after a month alone on Swan Island—that is, alone so far as white companions are concerned except for a single "beach comber," which is deemed sufficient by the company—men show the beginnings of a line of self-addressed conversation which would not entitle them any too firmly to the major premise, "Man is a rational animal."

Curiosity and scorpions brought the visitor, one Warren Carew, who hailed from New York and should have known better. Carew had money and troops of friends, picked up in odd parts of the globe, but he preferred to list scorpions. He was a naturalist, he told the wireless man, and Keenan, accustomed to strange men and strange places, shrugged his shoulders and was glad for the companionship the naturalist brought.

At daylight, before the heat of the sun made life a burden, Carew collected his ugly specimens, and later he talked with Keenan, who furnished gossip of the world snatched from the passing craft. Two weeks passed in desultory fashion, with morning searches and afternoons looking over the hot blue sea before and the lagoon behind, that lay like a spot of tarnished silver showing through the scrawny palms.

Carew was careless and one morning it happened. The lobster-like claws of the scorpion nipped and Carew went off balance. The nip was not dangerous, but the sprawl threw him into line for the stinging tail of the holder of venom that meant death—death unless heroic measures were adopted. Whatever else Carew was he was not a coward. The report of Keenan and all information that can be gathered shows he acted with Spartan courage but again he was careless.

The small spot in the calf of the leg where the poison entered was bared by him and a common jackknife brought into play. Quickly Carew cut at the place, and slashed until there was a free flow from a wound three inches long. He bound up the leg with strips of clothing and hobbled back to his hut.

Keenan saw him and hurried to his assistance. Carew was made comfortable in a bunk, and sweltered cheerfully through the afternoon, believing he had saved himself. Copious doses of brandy muddled his senses and Keenan returned to his post. There were no signs of the swift death that follows the sting of the scorpion.

Two days passed and on the evening of the third Keenan noticed the mat curtains drawn in Carew's hut. A group of natives gesticulated before the door, but none would enter. The wireless operator pushed aside the drawn matting, wondering why Carew should have closed himself in when the slightest breath of sultry air was a blessed relief. Carew sat in a corner of the hut laughing. He had lighted the lamp, which added to the almost unbearable heat of the hut.

The wireless man gasped out: "What's the matter? Don't you want any air? You'll suffocate." He started to draw aside the curtains, when the naturalist stopped him.

"Don't," he said. "It's cold. My leg will catch cold." Swiftly Keenan had him by the shoulders, and there in the stifling room examined the wounded leg. It took but a glance to not the swelling and the coming of the first mortification around the wound. Gangrene would set in, if it had not come already. The end was certain death.

More brandy and water thrown on him despite protest, brought from the naturalist the story of the cutting. He had used an unclean blade, and this was the result. Both men returned to the wireless station, Keenan helping the now frightened hunter of scorpions.

A grim silence settled over them, and while Carew sat dumbly awaiting the outcome Keenan thought hard. It was nearly midnight when the idea came. Away out at sea, hundreds of miles, were vessels passing. If he could only summon one and persuade the captain to turn in to save a life.

"I'll wireless a doctor, old man!" Keenan shouted, joyfully clapping the inert Carew on the shoulder. The naturalist was too amazed for the time being to grasp the idea, but after he caught the spirit his anxiety was pitiful.

"But the steamship would not turn so far," he wailed. Then he cried out: "Promise them anything. I can pay." His dynamo running smoothly, Keenan fingered the key and the blue sparks crackled. He repeated at intervals and waited. There was no answering click in the receivers. Through the night the crackling kept up while the awakened natives and the comber hurried to the station to watch the blue spark that snarled out into the tropical night.

Toward morning Port Limon answered, but here was no help. At daylight the swelling had increased, and with the approach of what he believed the end the New York man became calm. "I am sorry, friend," he said, "but I think it's pretty near over. We are too far from help, and, besides, it is all impossible. No ship would turn. I promise not to break down again. If I do become crazy and there is no hope, I depend on you to— and he nodded significantly toward his revolver.

Keenan did not answer. Somewhere out on the Caribbean he knew the Santa Marta was ploughing along, so he plied the wireless unceasingly. The answer came about nine o'clock in the morning from the Santa Marta, which reported her position exactly 420 miles to the southeast. Rapid exchanges brought a refusal to turn to Swan Island. The ship's surgeon, Dr. W. S. Irwin, standing beside the wireless, said it would be useless. And the message was sent to Keenan, who dared not look at the doomed young man.

That seemed to be the end for a moment. Then there came a new sputtering in the receiver. "The doctor says to perform the operation yourself."

"How can I?" the spark from Swan Island questioned the Santa Marta at sea. Back came the instructions. "Get him ready," said the wireless. "You have Warren's medical book there and you can go on the pages I mention. Describe the symptoms." Keenan told the condition of the wound and the circumstances, but he insisted on his fears when it came time to amputate. "No amputation necessary," came back the message. "A lot of cutting according to direction and your man is saved."

Keenan howled this message to the trembling man and made ready for further directions.

"Take a tourniquet," said the wireless. It was hard to believe that out of sight beyond the horizon a trained mind at another instrument was directing through space the way to save a human life.

With the aid of the beach comber the tourniquet was applied and a knife—Carew's own, which had caused the trouble—plunged in boiling water to make it clean. More brandy was served to him by the wireless man and everything was ready for the operation. A native boy who acted as Herman's helper ran after articles as directed. Keenan found a chart of the leg.

"Ready," he flashed to Dr. Irwin. The first direction came, he repeated it back and it was verified, so there could be no mistake. Each part of the lancing was done over carefully under repeated instructions. Meantime the Santa Marta continued to plunge along on the blue Caribbean.

And when the cutting was over there came the query from the ship to shore: "Have you any tar?"

Keenan had, and the instruction came to boil it and pour it on the now clean wound. It was rough surgery, but the best thing under the circumstances. Carew fainted under it and was revived. "Tell him he's safe now," came the wireless. The tourniquet was removed and the numbed leg, still horribly painful under the searing tar, was bandaged.

"Got plenty of brandy?" asked the spark. "About the only thing we have," Keenan pounded back.

"Let him have enough to forget his troubles," ordered the surgeon, and the message was sent. Now by rights all should have been over with the saving of Carew. But there remained the one touch that will be a long time finding its duplicate.

The following day the young naturalist appeared dragging himself along with a cane in defiance of orders. He stopped by the wireless man who had taken his instrument out under the trees. "Forget it," he said when the other began to remonstrate. "I feel great. It's wonderful to know you're going to live after all. I want to thank that doctor."

So Keenan raised the Santa Marta again and the surgeon was called to the wireless room.

"Tell him I can't operate the key so it means anything," said Carew, "but if he will sit down at the instrument I'll make some dots with the thing and that will serve for the present. You know our hands will really touch when his has one key and I the other and the air between."

And so it happened that through the air over the blue Caribbean there passed sundry dots that meant nothing and everything.

## THE SURPRISE.

"Well, what's the verdict, doctor?" "You are worn out. The best thing for you to do is fix up your business affairs and take a month's vacation." "Why, confound it, doctor, I just got back!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## HE SOLVED IT.

"Talking about the servant problem, I know one man who got a woman to do his cooking, washing, ironing, housework, mending and cleaning, just for her board." "Where did he get a prize servant like that?" "She's his wife."

## ITS ADVANTAGES.

"There is one good thing about the stock of that irrigating enterprise." "What is it?" "They ought to be able to water it extensively."

## CURIOUS GROWTH ON A TREE

Peculiar Formation at Top of a Common Spruce That is Explained by Country Life.

London.—The photograph shows a curious growth on a common spruce tree. The tree was about forty years old, and was cut down a short time ago and this growth formed at the top. It forms a very dense mass, and in circumference measures exactly seven feet, while the weight of the pole and growth as seen in the flower-pot comes to nearly three-quarters of a hundred-weight. The natural spruce may be



Spruce "Witches' Broom."

observed at the top and in the right-hand corner. Of course, the pole was only inserted in the pot for the purpose of photography.

The peculiar growth of spruce (*Picea excelsa*), shown in the accompanying photograph, is one of the numerous forms of witches' brooms, which occur on many kinds of trees. The most familiar example of witches' broom is that which appears on the common birch, somewhat resembling a crow's nest in outline. Modifications of such growth are found, however, on most kinds of trees, sometimes fairly commonly, as in hornbeam and cherry; at other times at infrequent intervals, as in spruce and pine. They vary a good deal in habit, some forming untidy clusters of long, slender branches, as in the laburnum and lime, and others growing into globular or cushion-like compact masses such as the one here indicated. All are considered to originate through irritation set up in the first place in one or more dormant buds; but by the time the growths are noticeable the source of the original injury cannot always be determined, a peculiarity of such growths being that once the abnormal condition has started it goes on indefinitely, although the original source of bud injury may have disappeared. It is well known that the cause of some such growths is due to fungus agency, and others to insect punctures. Thus the large witches' brooms on birch are known to be caused by the fungus *Exoascus turgidus*, whereas the small, and much more harmful, knotty growths on birch branches are due to irritation set up by a tiny insect, *Eriophyes rudis*. As a rule, large growths, such as the one shown in the photograph, do little or no harm to the trees on which they may chance to exist, but the small birch growth previously noticed often kills those on which it occurs.—Country Life.

## TRY CHILD OF EIGHT YEARS

French Court Has Case of Attempted Murder, With Schoolboy as Defendant in Case.

Paris.—At Rennes, a boy of eight years, named Francois Lenormand, has been tried for the attempted murder of a schoolfellow. Lenormand had been punished at school for some trifling fault, and believing that a child named Joachim Keronas had "told on" him, he lay in wait for Keronas in a lane, knocked him down, and struck him on the head with a knife, and kicked him fiercely. The victim lay for a long time between life and death, and the doctors fear that his reason has been hopelessly affected. The child stated in his defense that he was drunk at the moment of the crime. His statement was proved to be true. The court of Montfort decided that he should be confined in a reformatory, but the higher tribunal of Rennes quashed the verdict, and sent him back to his parents.

## Trolley Wire Nearly Kills Boy.

Chicago.—A crowd of schoolboys, who threw a wire over a trolley connection "just for fun," may cost the life of Walter Armons, aged eleven, who touched the wire.

## Coxey to Invade Washington.

Washington.—General Coxey is going to lead another army of unemployed into Washington. He declares he will head 500,000 into Washington May 1.

## IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

## Professional Rule.

Ex-Patient—Your bill of \$20, doctor, is altogether too much. Why, it was only a headache I had.

Doctor—Quite so; but my dear sir, I diagnosed the case as incipient brain fever and my bill is made out accordingly.

## WHAT AN OHIOAN

HAS TO SAY ABOUT CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA.

W. E. Lewis formerly lived near Dayton, Ohio. He went to Saskatchewan seven years ago with \$1,800 in money, a carload of household effects and farm implements, including four horses and three cows. Of course, the first year he only got feed from the crops, but the second year had 100 acres in wheat which made over 2,800 bushels. He has not had a failure in crop, and at present has 22 head of horses, 15 head of cattle and 35 hogs, and owns 1,120 acres of land, all under cultivation. He has been offered \$35 an acre for his land, and should he care to dispose of his holdings he could pay all his debts and have \$30,000 to the good; but, as he says, "Where could I go to invest my money and get as good returns." He continues in his letter to the immigration department, August, 1912:

"We have equally as good if not better prospects for crops this year as we had three years ago, when our wheat ranged from 30 to 48 bushels per acre. I never believed such crops could be raised until I saw them myself. I had 15 acres that year that made 50 bushels to the acre. Our harvest will be ready by the 12th. We have this season in crop 400 acres of wheat, 125 of oats, 90 of flax and run three binders with four men to do the stooking. We certainly like this country and the winters, although the winters are cold at times, but we do not suffer as one would think. What we have accomplished here can be duplicated in almost any of the new districts."—Advertisement.

## Too Cheap.

He—I'd like to propose a little toast—  
She—None of that cheap stuff for me. I'm hungry. Bring me a bird and a cold bottle.

## A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.



Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

## Hiring a Cook.

"And you have two afternoons off a week."  
"With the use of the automobile?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for INFANTS and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## Queer Sort.

"What bent has this young man in the drama?"  
"Straight work."