

MEDICS PUZZLED BY "DOCTOR" VAN

His Cure of Shell Shock Cases in France Astonishes Physicians.

NEVER STUDIED MEDICINE

Sergeant Accomplishes Wonderful Results in Treatment of Patients Suffering From Nervous Afflictions—Says He Is Not Hypnotist.

Paris.—"Doctor" Van isn't a doctor really—that is, he has never been inside a medical school. He is not a commissioned officer, either. Two days after war was declared in America he enlisted in one of the cities of the middle West and came over as a private. He is a sergeant now. His experiences—driving an ambulance first, and after that in the front line and then in various camps in France until he was sent to a base hospital as a patient—would fill several diaries, if he keeps such things, which I doubt.

But there are a great many men in that base hospital who owe their returning health to him after they had been in bed for weeks, and even months. Now, although they admit that he is well again, they will not let him go from the hospital, because a transfer is a long and tedious business to bring about, and they need him there to help out with the patients.

He was out of bed only a day or so himself when he came across two boys in one of the wards who had been in the hospital since April. They had been shell shocked, and in all those months, from April to September, they had grown scarcely any better.

Asks Leave to Try. "Captain," Sergeant Van said one morning to the doctor in charge of the ward, "do you mind if I see what I can do for those men there? I think I may be able to help them out a bit if you don't mind."

The captain looked at him interestedly. If it had been any other man the captain would have been indifferent, perhaps. But Sergeant Van has a way with him.

"Oh, go ahead, Van," the captain agreed. "Do anything you please."

Next morning on his rounds the captain stopped beside the bed of the first of the two men who had been shell shocked.

"How's it coming this morning, boys?" he asked.

"F-f-fine, sir," was the answer, a little unsteadily given, perhaps, but the captain did not notice that. He sat down on the bed and looked at the boy in amazement. Those were the first words he had spoken aloud since the day he came to the hospital, unconscious, five months before.

At that moment Sergeant Van dove

into sight from the diet kitchen. He had a plate of milk toast—a plate the boy in bed followed with an interested gaze.

"Beg pardon, sir," Sergeant Van said, saluting, "but I must ask you to wait until my patient has had his breakfast before you talk with him."

The astonished captain allowed himself to be waved from the bed to the nearest chair and watched in amazement the boy devour the toast. His hands shook so from shell shock that he could scarcely manage it, but he was propped up and fed himself, with every appearance of keen interest in his food. The day before the boy had not been able to swallow anything but liquid food, and he couldn't have held the spoon.

The captain beckoned Sergeant Van to the end of the ward.

"Did you do that?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," admitted Sergeant Van.

"How in blue blazes"—began the captain and paused for lack of words.

"I'll show you if you like, sir."

"I would like," ordered the captain.

So Van showed him, though the doctor couldn't quite make it out at that

just what Van did. He stroked their heads a little and massaged their throats a bit, and all the time he talked to them in the quietest voice in the world. Ten minutes after he began the boys were asleep, naturally, without a tremor in the bodies that had been nerve-wracked for weeks. The doctor looked at Sergeant Van helplessly and left shaking his head.

Two weeks later Sergeant Van held a clinic before a major general of the medical corps and several majors and still more captains and lieutenants—all men of reputation in America as doctors. Two of his subjects were the men over whom he worked that first morning. They came into the clinic, clear-eyed and straight and ruddy as athletes from the field.

They passed tests that the doctors couldn't pass themselves.

Since then the shell shock cases have been in Van's hands. The doctors shake their heads and wonder.

In the camp and the hospital they call him the "hypnotist."

"It isn't that I hypnotized them at all," he will tell you. "I just tell them that they are bigger than their nerves, and that they can control them if they really want to. And I show them how. They believe it because I tell them it is so, and then, you see, they are well."

But the doctors continue to wonder and say that Van has discovered the first really successful treatment for shell shock.

HEAD HUNTER IN AMERICAN ARMY

Moro Entertains Hospital Patients With Wild Songs and Curious Chants.

HAS FIVE BAYONET WOUNDS

Astonishes Doctors by Rapid Recovery From Injuries Received While Fighting in Ranks of Yankee—Has Remarkable Record.

Paris.—The most remarkable patient in Base Hospital No. 35 is a Moro head-hunter, who turned up in France six months ago with a company of American soldiers who had just come from the Philippine Islands.

His name is recorded as Philippo Moreno, and his home as the Philippine Islands. No one suspected him of having a remarkable record until his story came out one day after a chance meeting with the colonel in charge of the base hospital to which he was taken from the front. And this is how it happened:

A Red Cross searcher hearing of a man suffering from five bayonet wounds who had just been brought into Base Hospital No. 35, hurried to his bedside with fruit and an offer to send home any messages he might

wish delivered. The man, unusually big and dark, accepted the fruit gratefully, but assured her that he would be well enough himself to write soon to his sister, his only living relative.

Sings Weird Songs.

And he kept his word in spite of the five bayonet wounds which healed so rapidly that all the doctors of the hospital marveled at the remarkable constitution of the dark-skinned man. The patient was soon convalescent, and the first place he visited was the Red Cross recreation hut. Some one was playing the piano, as usual, and during the afternoon one of the members of the sanitary corps sang one of Burley's negro songs, "Deep River."

Philippo offered to sing the song in the original and astounded his audience with a weird version full of minor notes and harmonies that made shivers run up and down susceptible backs. And thereafter the Filipino insisted on entertaining gatherings in the recreation hut each afternoon with wild songs and curious chants and recitations. Some of these were very spicy tales indeed of the underworld and its denizens, and finally the Moro waxed confidential and began telling tales of the wilds of the Philippine Islands and the days when he had hunted heads.

The colonel of the hospital, attracted by the reports of these seances, dropped in one afternoon to listen. "I don't believe he's a Moro at all," he announced. "He's too tall. I served in the Philippines and I never saw but two Moros as tall as that man."

Just then the Filipino came up and saluted the colonel.

"Excuse, sir," he said in his broken English. "Perhaps you remember me? I know you in the Philippine Islands."

"By George, I'll have to take it all back," admitted the colonel. "He's one of the two men I was speaking of. He comes from the head-hunting tribe, all right. He became very much attached to one of our soldiers, who taught him English. But I never expected to meet him in France or wearing the uniform of an American soldier."

Ohio "Victory Girls" to Earn \$5 Each for War

Kenton, O.—This city has an organization known as "Victory Girls" and its membership consists of some of the most prominent young ladies of the city. Each has pledged to earn \$5 for war work funds. To aid the girls Mrs. Ceresia Ohman has opened an employment bureau at her home, and the young ladies are going to do real work for their money.

RENO REPLACED BY ATLANTA

Capital of Georgia Now the Greatest Divorce Center in the United States.

Atlanta, Ga.—Atlanta has supplanted Reno as the greatest divorce center in the country, is the announcement made from the bench by superior court by Judge John T. Pennington in dismissing the divorce jury.

"Reno, a little town out in Nevada, formerly held the record for divorces," Judge Pennington told his hearers. "But this record has now been wrested from Reno by Atlanta. And Atlanta has no close competition. We will continue to outrank Reno just as long as Georgia divorce laws remain so lax."

Women Husking Corn.

Rantoul, Ill.—A survey of the corn fields of Illinois by air shows many women have gone out to help in the corn husking. One of the aviators here reports seeing hundreds of women doing their part to save the crop.

LATE WINTER HATS FORETELL SPRING



Here are three hats, non-committal as to time in which they are to be worn, so that they may spend their days against a background of palms and flowers, or fit in with another of snow. Being late winter models they babble of spring and show which way the millinery wind blows, although there is not a straw among them.

One of these alluring bits of head-dress, calculated to coax the price of an extra-late winter hat out of almost anyone, is made of crepe georgette in a lovely pastel shade of pink. It is a small hat, leaving the shape covered with folds of crepe fastened to it with long, crosswise stitches of heavy silk thread. Its facing of black panne velvet makes a wonderful setting for a youthful face. Just as we are about to make up our minds that this is a spring hat our eyes light upon a small cluster of velvet fruits at the front which sets us to speculating—just put there for that purpose no doubt.

A lovely black velvet hat, broad brimmed and bordered with a fringe of curled ostrich, proclaims the return of the most beautiful feather as a ruler in the realm of fashion. And since black velvet makes its appearance at all seasons, this hat will be at home anywhere. Every woman who is contemplating a new hat just now will give this one consideration. The big black hat knows nothing but victory. The last hat is a chenille and is made in many colors. It is apparently knitted or crocheted—a new kind of hat—an American product which has already sailed over seas to make a conquest of Europe. It keeps its shape without a supporting frame of any kind, and is very soft and very rich looking. This particular model has a scarf of velvet about it embroidered at the front with gay little flowers of chenille. We can imagine them blooming in any quarter of the globe and bringing a smile to the eyes that behold them.

FURS FROM TOP TO TOE



Never was such a furry winter! No matter whether intently lives down on the Gulf of Mexico or up on the Canadian border she insists upon furs of some sort and wears them regardless of the thermometer. One might think we were finally looking to the Eskimos for style inspirations, but a careless Paris probably set the pace in furs. When even the meager allowance of coal that French women make out with was denied them, they enveloped themselves in furs of all sorts.

Real utility furs for cold climates make a story by themselves. There are short and long coats and coats of all sorts of skins from undyed muskrat up to fine mink and sable. All the short-haired furs are requisitioned for these most comfortable garments. But the most universally popular furs are in smaller pieces, wide scarfs, small capes, single skins worn as scarfs and combination garments, like cape-scarfs and cape-coats that are having a great vogue.

A pretty cape of caracul is shown in the picture here. It is made in any of the popular furs with good effect and often the shawl collar is of a different kind of fur than the body of the cape. Upward curving scallops at the bottom add to the gracefulness of this little wrap, the curves gliding up at each side until the cape shortens to elbow length over the arms.

The hat worn with this cape is a

"blue devil" tam of satin with a band of fur about it. Hats, neckpieces and muffs to match are very chic. The chances are if we could see this lady's dress as well as her cape we would discover a band of fur about the bottom of the skirt for nothing could be smarter than fur from top to toe.

Julia Bottomley

"Suitcase" Dresses.

"Suitcase" dresses of georgette of different colors are made to wear with one slip on, for instance, a yellow slip which has dark blue georgette for morning, light blue for afternoon, low yellow, sleeveless and elaborately beaded for evening, and yellow, with high neck, and long sleeves, finished with batik effect at hem, in octagon figures, irregularly shaded in yellows and browns.

Colorful Blouses.

The colorful blouses attract the eye first, of course. Never were such colors combined in blouse wear, and the result is not garish and crude, as one might fancy when reading that "colored waists are the fashion." It is quite the reverse; the new colored blouses are beautiful, and they seem to add just the right tone and interest to winter costumes otherwise rather dark and severe in hue.

NO ROOM FOR PESSIMISM

Canada as a Nation Builder.

With Canada's great task in the war before the public, the burdens that she so willingly took and so ably carried, and her recent victory in subscribing \$175,000,000 to the 5th Victory Bond Loan more than she asked, he would be a skeptic who would associate the word pessimism with her present condition. Canada deplores the heavy human loss which she has suffered, but even those akin to those lost in battle say with cheerfulness that while the sacrifice was great, the cause was wonderful, and accept their sufferings with grace. It may well be said there is no room in Canada today for the pessimist. The agricultural production of the country has doubled in four years. \$140,000,000 are the railway earnings today or 3½ times what they were ten years ago, while the bank deposits are now \$1,733,000,000 as compared with \$133,000,000 thirty years ago.

There is a wonderful promise for the future.

It is with buoyancy that Canada faces an era of peace. She has triumphed over the soul-testing crisis of war. Before the war Canada was a borrower, and expected to continue so for many years. For the past year and a half we have seen her finance herself. She has also been furnishing credits to other nations.

A recent article in the "Boston Transcript" says:

"The people at home have not been lagging behind the boys at the front in courage, resourcefulness and efficiency. The development of Canada's war industry is an industrial romance of front rank. American Government officials can testify to the efficiency of the manufacturing plant Canada has built up in four short years. In Department after Department where they found American industry failed them they were able to turn to Canada. The full story may be revealed some day."

The same paper says: "It is a new Canada that emerges from the world war in 1918—a nation transformed from that which entered the conflict in 1914.

"The war has taken from Canada a cruel toll. More than 50,000 of her bravest sons lie in soldiers' graves in Europe. Three times that number have been more or less incapacitated by wounds. The cost of the war in money is estimated to be already \$1,100,000,000. These are not light losses for a country of 8,000,000 people. Fortunately there is also a credit side. Canada has found herself in this war. She has discovered not merely the gallantry of her soldiers, but the brains and capacity and efficiency of her whole people. In every branch, in arms, in industry, in finance, she has had to measure her wits against the world, and in no case has Canada reason to be other than gratified."—Advertisement.

Let us hope every one gets what he wants and not what he deserves.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Women seldom stutter. Probably it's because they have so much to say, and haven't time.

HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE BELLE, Christopher, Ill.



Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience.

If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR ADMIRAL SIMS



This shows what the boys of the navy think of Admiral Sims. It is a birthday cake that was presented to the admiral with the very best regards of the men.

GOING TO WED? SURE!

"Gobs" Merely Waiting to Be Mustered Out.

Tired of Being Single and Now Want to Marry and Settle Down.

Quantico, Va.—American maidens who have been worrying whether your marines would pop the question when they come home, stand "at ease."

A canvass of marine barracks here at Quantico, where 10,000 men have been waiting their chance at the Hun, made by a reporter for Leatherneck, the camp paper, shows that 90 per cent of the single men intend marrying when they are discharged. How's that for good news?

"We're tired of being single. We want to marry and settle down." Is the consensus of the recruits.

These marines, many of whom will be discharged when the president de-

clares the national emergency no longer exists, are fitting themselves for good jobs that will permit them to wed. Evening business classes are being held at the Y. M. C. A., and experts are explaining everything from bookkeeping and shorthand to soil cultivation and dairying.

The training the men have undergone admirably fits them for marriage. There isn't a marine in the service who doesn't claim to be able to wash his clothes whiter than any woman can ever get them. Every man can mend and press his own clothes. And as far as being "handy about the house," why, most of them can open a can of tomatoes with a toothpick and drive a nail with a feather duster.

The Swiss federal council has decreed the adoption of 24-hour time for railroads and other institutions under government control at a date yet to be determined.