

THEY HURT LITTLE NOW.

HUMANE EFFECTS OF USING THE SMALL-BORE RIFLE.

Painless Death or Almost Certain and Painless Recovery—the Fate Nowadays of the Soldier Stricken Down on the Battlefield by the Modern Rifle.

Painless death or almost certain and painless recovery from his wounds is the alternative fate of the soldier stricken down on the field of battle by the modern small-calibre bullet. If a soldier is not killed outright his wounds almost invariably heal under antiseptic treatment. Of nearly 1,400 wounded men, for example, who passed through the hospital at Siboney during the Santiago campaign but three died of their wounds, a fact which speaks volumes for the efficiency of the army surgeons. Antiseptics, the small sized, steel jacketed bullet and the great velocity imparted to it by high-power guns combine to make a present-day battle humane compared with the fighting of the past. Modern surgery and modern ordnance have together minimized in a remarkable degree the suffering of the wounded; in fact, wounds received in war may be said to have been almost entirely robbed of the horrible character commonly imputed to them. Bullets go through a man's muscles, leaving a clean wound which heals in a few days, or even penetrate his vitals without giving him any great distress. And you are just as safe within close range of the enemy as you are a mile or more away—if you are not safer.

Studies of the effect of gunshot wounds inflicted during the Spanish-American war made by Drs. La Garde, Munson and others connected with the Surgeon-General's office demonstrate that experience has completely overturned all the theories held by army officers prior to the late war respecting the nature of the wounds which would be caused by modern rifle bullets. These theories were based on experiments with fresh and dry bones, cadavers and tins cans filled with water or wet and dry sawdust. It was found that the small army bullet in striking these objects displayed considerable expansive or explosive effect, a tin can filled with water, for instance, being torn to pieces. This gives rise to what was called the hydrodynamic theory, based on the proposition that force applied to a fluid was exerted equally in all directions, from which it was reasoned that a bullet striking the liver or perforating the brain or any organ containing an excessive amount of moisture would produce similar effects. It was also thought that the impact of a bullet at short range would be so powerful as to drive portions of tissue, either soft or bony, or pieces of clothing out of the track of the projectile with such force as to make them secondary missiles.

In actual battle, however, the theoretically anticipated explosive action of the small bullet was not observed. It was discovered that the full mantled service bullet when undeformed has but slight explosive effect at any range, and that it rarely disintegrates on impact with human tissues. Nor does it, as a rule, carry with it into the wound portions of the clothing and equipment. For these reasons the modern steel-clad bullet of small calibre is less destructive and more humane than the old lead missile, rarely crippling permanently those wounded by it.

So small, in reality, is the stopping power of the small calibre steel-clad bullet that army officers do not think it would be effective against a fanatical enemy, like the savage Moros with whom our troops will soon have to deal in Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago; nor would it be effective in stopping a cavalry charge, in which horses and not men are the motive power. Hunters have found the army bullet ineffective in bringing down big game, the projectile merely drilling a small hole through the animal without causing material shock, loss of blood or laceration of tissue. To meet their needs a special soft point bullet which 'mush-rooms' on impact and inflicts a serious wound, has been devised; and the use of a similar deforming bullet—the Dum Dum—has been recognized by the British Government as necessary in its India and Sudan campaigns against a savage foe. The Springfield rifle bullet, used in our Philippine campaign, answers the same purpose. However the small calibre bullet is considered amply effective against civilized soldiers, inasmuch as a slight wound renders them hors de combat. Ignorant of the gravity of his hurt, the white soldier when struck almost invariably falls out and goes to the rear, no matter how insignificant his wound may afterwards prove to be. Not so with the Dervish or Mohammedan warrior, who fights even when mortally wounded until the last breath is gone. Prof. Worcester, one of the Philippine Commissioners, cites in his book the case of a Moro who when bayoneted pulled the weapon further into his wound in order to bring the soldier at the other end nearer and cut him down.

The efficiency of modern firearms in battle can be largely counteracted by open-order formation and the use of intrenchments. A thin skirmish line advancing by rushes under covering fire will sustain small injury as compared with the casualties which would be suffered by a steady advance in close formation. Thirty inches of loose dirt, which can be thrown up in a short time with bayonet and meat can, constitute ample protection against infantry fire. Chances of death appear to have no relation to the distance from the enemy. The ratio of killed to the wounded seems in the light of experience, to depend on whether a vital point is struck, the range figuring as a very small and unimportant factor.

The pain and discomforts following a modern gunshot wound is singularly small. The sensation felt on the impact of a small-calibre bullet in soft tissue is said to be very much like that of being struck a sharp blow with a rattan cane. If a bone is struck the sensation resembles that experienced on receiving a smashing blow with a crowbar or a similar weapon. Unless a nerve is injured or laceration is extensive the subsequent discomfort is trifling. At Santiago the medical officers found that the hemorrhage from gunshot wounds was small—the projectile actually pressing the bloodvessels to one side without puncturing them; ligation of arteries was rare, and no cases of death from primary hemorrhage occurred. More remarkable still is the fact that perforating wounds of the brain, lung or abdominal viscera, if not immediately fatal, were recovered from without operation in a large number of instances. No amputations were performed at Santiago. Compound fractures were relatively scarce, the bullets as a rule drilling a hole through the bone without producing fracture or extensive comminution. The number of major operations was therefore small, being less than 4 per cent, as compared with 9.37 per cent, during the civil war. It is hardly necessary to say that these results completely overturned preconceived theories of the effect of modern gunshot wounds.

Wounds caused by Mauser bullets healed with wonderful and unexpected rapidity. The small frontage of these bullets caused lesions in the soft tissue almost subcutaneous in their nature and the wounds healed quickly and kindly. Frequently repair went on under a scab. In many cases it was found unnecessary even to change the first-aid dressings. Not over 3 per cent. of the wounds went on to suppuration. In these results antiseptics and surgical skill played an important part, reflecting great credit on the medical department of the army, which observed every requirement of modern antiseptic surgery in the face of serious obstacles. Mortality among the wounded is considered almost entirely dependent upon antiseptic treatment, and this, even more than the humane modern missile, has mitigated the horrors of warfare.

LAST GREAT RALLY OF THE CROOKS.

Harvest Gathered by Pickpockets at the Mace-Coburn Fight.

'The greatest gathering of pickpockets that I ever saw, and I daresay, the greatest bunch that ever assembled was at the Mace-Coburn fight at Long Point, Canada on May 11, 1871,' said a detective who has been in the business since 1855. 'The big fight was held in the vicinity of the old lighthouse on Long Point and the only way to get to the ground was by boat from Erie or Buffalo, or by walking a good many miles through Canada. The boat that left Buffalo carried in the neighborhood of 1,000 persons. The fact that there were a certain number of thieves on the vessel was noised about, and the honest persons kept their hands on their valuables all the time. Strange, so at least, not a touch was made on the way over. Two vessels, both loaded to their fullest capacity, left Erie, Pa., and each of these carried a number of pick-pockets. There were about a dozen detectives in the crowd, among them being the present Chief of Detectives Patrick V. Cusack of Buffalo, Capt. Rogers and Detective Sullivan of Rochester, and a few detectives from Erie, Pa., and Toronto Ont. They knew that there was in use in trying to put a check on the work of the crooks, because there were at least 300 professional pickpockets in the crowd. Just after the spectators began taking their places about the ringside the Sheriff got in the ring and made a speech like this:

'I wish to warn every one against pick-pockets. There are hundreds of them here.'

'The Sheriff stepped out of the ring, and several men grouped about him. The central figure of the group was a crook known as Papes. When the Sheriff got out of the mix his diamond stud, his roll of bills and his watch was missing. He made known his loss to one of the detectives, and the detective volunteered to recover the property. The detective was Capt. Rogers. He sought Papes, explained the situation to him, and Papes immediately turned over the Sheriff's property, saying that he had taken it just for a joke.

'I can't begin to tell you how many pockets were picked this day. The fight waxed warm and everyone was excited, so the crooks had a fine field to work in. Pocketbooks were actually flying in the air. Men were accusing honest men who sat beside them of touching them. Scores of diamond studs were unscrewed and nipped. The most humorous incident of the day was the theft of \$200 in bills from a thief who hailed from St. Louis and was unknown to the New York delegation. A New York man named O'Donohue has got the



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St. Louis thief's roll, and he returned it when he learned his mistake. Some men were stripped of everything they had and were unable to buy a meal or a drink. In such cases the crooks helped them along with a small loan, as they termed it. The referee of the match was relieved of his diamond. His bills were in an inside pocket and were not touched.

'Business lagged with the thieves after the fight was over. There were but few pockets left to pick. Several men who had been robbed insisted that the honest men should band together and attack the thieves for the purpose of recovering the stolen property. The detectives opposed this on the ground that the honest men and the pickpockets were mingled so closely as not to be distinguished, and, moreover, the thieves could fight and would fight.

'All the thieves returned to Buffalo after the fight, the word of their coming was sent to Police Headquarters from the first landing place. When the boat tied up at the foot of Main street a hundred policemen and all the detective force were there to meet it. About 300 or 350 thieves were marched out two abreast and lined up on the wharf. They were told that they were to be escorted out of town, and they made no protest. With the policemen and detectives as herders and drivers, the crooks were marched to the Central station and corralled there under close guard. When a train for New York was made up the thieves were escorted aboard it, and were watched till it reached the city line.

'A few years later a big gang of pickpockets went to another fight at Long Point, but in size and expertness it did not approach the gang that went to the Mace-Coburn fight. At the Hanlan-Courtney rowing match at Chautauqua Lake was another big gathering of pickpockets. They had things their own way and reaped a big harvest. For instance, a detective's pocket was picked, but the thief who did the job was induced to return the property. Five minutes later the detective's pocket was picked a second time and he was so chagrined that he did not endeavor to recover the plunder. But, as I said, the greatest gathering was at the Mace-Coburn fight. It was the last great rally

of the top-notch crook he will tell you how he longed for another such expedition. It will never be. There are too many detectives now.

A Helpful Sermon.

The clergyman who narrates the following incident in the interior confesses, that despite his years and his experiences with all sorts and conditions of the feminine mind, it took his breath away. He was preaching about the Father's tender wisdom in caring for us all. He illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grows best in sunlight, and which of us must have shade. 'You know you plant roses in the sunshine,' he said, 'and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook.'

'After the sermon, which the clergyman hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to him, her face shining with pleasure that was evidently deep and true.

'O Doctor—, I am so grateful for that sermon,' she said, clasping the clergyman's hand and shaking it warmly. 'His pleasure was stirred for a moment, while he wondered what tender place in her heart and life he had touched. Only for a moment, though.

'Yes,' she went on, fervently, 'I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.'

Sharp Retort.

Lord Erskine while at the bar was more noted for his eloquence as an advocate than for his ability as a lawyer. He was so fond of talking to himself, even in his speeches to juries, that he was nicknamed 'Counsellor Ego.' On a certain occasion, his indulgence in the habit provoked a humorous retort. At the trial of a patent for a shoe-buckle, Erskine exclaimed: 'How would my ancestors have looked at this specimen of modern dexterity! and went on to land his ancestors, Scotch Highlanders, who went about without breeches, stockings or shoes.

'If my brother's breechless ancestors,' retorted the lawyer on the other side, 'would have wondered at his shoe-buckle, their astonishment would have been greater at his shoes and stockings.'

Commonest Surnames.

A writer has compiled an interesting table of the fifty commonest surnames in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston. Except in Ireland and Chicago, Smith is the commonest of all, but Smith is only second in Chicago, and fifth in Ireland. Jones is second in England and Wales, is not placed in Scotland or Ireland but is fourth in Philadelphia, seventh in Chicago, eleventh in New York, and thirteenth in Boston.

Unconscious Humor.

Micheal MacDonagh's 'Irish Life and Character' contains some good 'bulls,' of which the best is this:

A lady one day heard a knock at the door, and afterwards asked the servant who had called.

'It was a gentleman ma'am, looking for the wrong house,' replied Mary.

Showed Him.

'You young scoundrel,' said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair. 'I'll show you how to treat your mother!' And he gave him several bangs on the ear and then shook him until his hair began to fall out.

Perkin: 'I have the greatest respect for the truth.'

Firkin: 'So I perceive, for you generally keep at a most respectable distance from it.'

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