TRENCH WARFARE SHATTERS NERVES

Horror of It All Has Lasting Effect on Victims of the Titanic Conflict.

WEIRD SCENES ARE DESCRIBED

Dr. E. Murray Auer of Philadelphia Says "Trench Dreams" of the Wounded Bare Horrors of Modern Battles.

Philadelphia.—That the horrors of trench warfare, with its sudden alarms at night, the bursting of shells and the burying of men by mine explosions, have a lasting effect on the men who undergo them is the conclusion reached by Dr. E. Murray Auer of Philadelphia, Pa., who for some time was attached to the Twenty-second General hospital of the British expeditionary force, "somewhere in France."

In a paper which was read recently before the Philadelphia Neurological society, and which appears in the current issue of the Medical Record, Doctor Auer gives the results of his observations.

In practically all of the cases which were observed by Doctor Auer the soldiers received no appreciable physical injury, the effect being purely mental. One such instance cited by the physician was found in a boy nineteen years old. This boy had been for three days under a sustained and heavy shell fire. At the end of that time he was threatened by his sergeant with courtmartial for sleeping while on sentry duty. This led to an examination and the sending of the boy to the hospital. He was in a stupor for ten days. The same was true of another soldier who had seen his chum blown to pieces.

During the time of their coma, which in some cases lasted more than a week, the soldiers gave the impression that they again were living through the experiences which had caused the stupor to come on. This was evidenced by their terrified expressions. They crouched, started and stared wildly when spoken to. One such man rose from his bed in the middle of the night and recited in a one-sided conversation his experience of a charge and burial by a mine explosion, and then relapsed into his stuporous state.

Another result of shock, according to Doctor Auer's observations, is a continued shaking of the entire body, accompanied by various pains and unusually severe headaches. In some cases this shaking has been observed to last several days, and even weeks, although in most instances its duration is a few hours. In one instance this trembling came after a soldier had twice been buried in a mine explosion, had been through a charge and under heavy bombardment in a trench and finally was hit by a piece of rock, which, while not injuring him, knocked him down. In his case the tremor of the head was marked, and lasted for some time.

Temporary loss of memory is a common thing with the men who have been through some extremely trying period or who have suffered a sudden shock. In such instances the recovery of memory is as sudden as its loss. One such soldier, after being near a shell which exploded, could remember nothing that happened to him until he came to himself, walking along a lane, some time later. Another man in the hospital thought himself back in the trenches and became violent, moving his cupboard about as though it were a machine gun and pointing it at his enemies. When he suddenly returned to a normal state he could remember nothing of his experience.

One of the most common, and at the same time most pitiful, of the many mental results of the struggle is the inability to sleep soundly and recurrence of so-called trench dreams. It is not uncommon, Doctor Auer says, to see soldiers start from their beds in the middle of the night, crying out and weeping, the bodies bathed in perspiration as they dream of being chased by Germans with bayonets, of being buried under debris following a mine explosion and of losing the trench in a fog and being unable to get back.

The fear which is commonly found is not the kind which a layman would expect. The soldiers do not fear injury to themselves. They are rather afraid of doing something wrong, a fear of an emergency in which one may fail or lose the confidence of his comrades. In one instance the patient was afraid to go to sleep for fear he would not awake.

Blindness and deafness are frequently found, but one of the most unusual of the phenomena in this connection is the presence of photophobia, the fear of looking. In many instances men are found who complain that they cannot see. In such instances, when their eyes are opened for them, they can see without any difficulty. One instance of this came as the result of a trench dream in which the soldier again lived through his burial by a mine explosion four weeks before. When he awoke he complained that he could not see and imagined that his sight had been lost as a result of the explosion. When the eyelids were raised he could see as well as ever.

Unearth Den of Snakes.

Greenville, Pa.—Two residents of Stoneboro were walking through what is known as Lynch woods, a heavy timber tract near the village, when they saw something moving near an old log. They investigated and discovered a snake, which they killed. The log was then moved a few inches and a den of snakes was unearthed. The men killed 27 of them. They were blacksnakes and several of good size.

WAIT FOR DEATH COMING FROM AIR

Soldiers on Macedonian Front Stand Helplessly Idle While Raiders Hover Above.

SUN BRINGS GERMAN FLIERS

Civilians as Well as Combatants at Saloniki Know That Bomb Throwers May Be Expected When Sky Is Clear.

Arnoldo Fraccaroli, well known as correspondent of the Corriere della Sera, is at present in Saloniki for his paper, and writes the following interesting account of scenes and incidents in and around Saloniki, giving a graphic word picture of the situation:

"Sunday is bomb day," he says. "The sun brings the aviators and the aviators bring the bombs, but nevertheless, the people like to see the sun shine here. It puts new hope, new warmth in the blood. The soldiers at once smile and laugh again; the chill is taken out of the air, and even the telegraph poles lose their melancholy appearance. Who knows, perhaps the wire strung on those poles will now bring us some good news? The sun is shining; the beautiful winter sun, and hope and love are revived, and the people begin to feel that things will be as they were before the war. However, that those German aviators will again make their appearance there is no doubt. They always come on sunshiny days, and we have to put up with it. It is war. The French aviators inspect the country from Giewgheli to Petrow, bombard the German-Bulgarian positions near the border, and the German aviators come and bombard us.

"I am just now near the first line trenches, at that angle where the trenches run from west to south to the point where they connect with the British trenches, forming the right wing of this front, which then runs down to the gulf of Orfano. Names, of course, I cannot mention, but I may say that here we are about forty kilometers from Saloniki. Work is progressing in the fortification of this line, which is expected to withstand the attack that the enemy will soon make. The soldiers on this front are experts in the building of trenches and dugouts, and they were brought here for that purpose, particularly from the Champagne and the Argonne.

"A brigade commander tells me that they are convinced the allies eventually will win, but to make an attack ourselves would be foolish, as we are not strong enough. This same commander invited me to breakfast, and I was surprised at the luxury of the furnishings in his little room. He actually had a real table of wood, some china plates, a few chairs and some tin drinking cups. He did not object to my bringing some preserves with me, and during the meal they were quite welcome. Suddenly came the cry from the outside:

"'The aviators! The aviators!'

"The soldiers had stopped work in the trenches and were pointing skyward. There in the blue ether at a height of only 600 meters we saw an aeroplane, and as the aviator emerged from the shadow of a cloud and the sun shone on his machine there was a cry of joy:

"'A Frenchman!'

"But other voices were heard:

"'Yes, but see, there's another one coming, yes, and still another, and still another flying very high. There, those two fellows up there are Germans.'

"The four aeroplanes were flying toward the border. The two lower machines were French, and they were rising higher, no doubt with the object of engaging the Germans in battle. The Germans had come from the direction of Saloniki, where, no doubt, they had thrown their bombs. Of course, the day was so beautiful that we could expect that. In the distance we saw smoke and dust rising, followed a few moments later by the sound of an explosion. The soldiers are shaking their fists at the German machines and cursing and swearing at them. Again there is an explosion, then another—this time very much nearer to us. Evidently the Germans have discovered our position and have come to bombard us, and they also have become aware of the fact that we have no guns with which to reach them.

"Sure enough, the beasts are coming directly toward us, but we all remain standing where we are. Why run? What's the use? All we can do is to separate, so that the bombs when they do fall do not fall among large groups.

"The machines are directly over us now, and we can hear the noise of the motors. Somehow we feel death hovering over us. Some of the men double up, so to speak, and sink to the ground in the natural instinct to protect themselves. There is a terrible crash, followed by rocks and stone and earth flying in the air near us. Groans and cries are heard. A bomb has fallen in our field kitchen, from which a thick, reddish smoke is rising. We can distinguish ten men lying on the ground. Five or six are able to get up, but the others will never rise again. One man had his head crushed and another's chest was stove in.

"High above us fly in the blue sky the two German aviators, going on their way undisturbed."

HOLD GRIM WAR MEMENTOS

Personal Treasures of Soldiers Killed in the War Are Kept for Their Families.

London.—Little brown paper parcels and canvas bags, ranged in hundreds of pigeonholes in a London Wall building, are silent mementos of the grim side of the great war.

Here are stored the personal treasures of the soldiers who have died at the front. They are kept for the dead soldiers' wives and mothers who find comfort in the possession of the few belongings found in the trenches after bullet, bayonet or poison gas has done its work.

Most of the packages contain things of only trivial value, such as a pipe, a pocket knife, a shaving brush, watch or unfinished letter, but all are carefully kept until relatives of the dead soldiers claim them.

The record office of the territorial regiments deals with every arm of the service and hundreds of inquiries a day are handled. The office attempts to trace the relatives of dead soldiers, but this is not always possible. By means of a very efficient index system the record office keeps track of every officer and man in the territorial regiments.

HOLDS OFFICE FOR 46 YEARS

Aged Man in California Has Handled Many Millions of Public Money.

San Jose, Cal.—William A. January, for 46 years an official of California, San Jose or Santa Clara county, celebrated his ninetieth birthday anniversary the other day with his usual morning routine of three hours' work in his offices in the hall of justice and an informal reception at his home.

January has been tax collector of this county for 26 years. In 1883-1884 he was state treasurer, and previous to that served eight years as city treasurer and eight years as county treasurer, when that office and the tax collector's were combined.

During his service in various city and county offices Collector January has handled $50,000,000 of public funds.

SOLDIER'S WILL IN VERSE

Testament of an Officer of the London Scottish Is Admitted to Probate.

London.—The will was proved recently of Second Lieut. Norman McGregor Lowe, D. M. C., of the London Scottish, who was killed in France on January 10. The will, dated September 21 last, made on a half sheet of notepaper, reads:

"In the event of my death, which I hope will be an honorable one on the field of battle, I appoint my brother Charles Edward Berkeley Lowe to be executor.

Bury me by the bracken bush
Beneath the blooming briar,
And let never living mortal ken
That a kindly Scot lies there.

(Signed) Norman McGregor Lowe,
Second Lieutenant London Scottish.
Long live the King.

All substances are more or less radio-active.

CRUISING for ALASKAN BIRDS



STUCK IN THE ICE OFF BARROW

AN INTERESTING account of the birds observed during a trip in Alaska has been published by the Smithsonian institution, as reported by F. Seymour Hersey, who was in the field for A. C. Bent, collecting data and photographs for the completion of the "Life Histories of North American Birds."

Leaving Seattle on the revenue cutter Bear, the party steamed northward through the "inside passage," where the scenery was delightful all the way to Ketchikan. From that point the Bear passed through Dixon's entrance and headed for Unalaska. As they neared Unimak pass various members of the tubinares, or tube-nosed birds, were noticed, together with sooty shearwaters, petrels and albatrosses. As they approached the pass the number of birds increased to a point almost beyond belief. As far as the eye could see masses of birds were bedded on the water; murres and puffins were everywhere. "It was utterly impossible to form any definite estimate of the number of birds seen," says the author; "hundreds of thousands does not exaggerate their abundance." The ship seems to have literally plowed its way through them. The Bear lay at Unalaska three days, during which time Mr. Hersey collected a number of species peculiar to that locality.

After touching at St. George and St. Paul islands, they proceeded on to Nome, which port the ship did not actually reach on account of the ice, but anchored out in the stream and sent the mail ashore by dog teams.

To the Yukon in Open Boat.

At St. Michael Mr. Hersey left the Bear and made arrangements with the owner of a small open power boat to carry him and his outfit to the mouth of the Yukon river. They went through the so-called "canal" between St. Michael island and the mainland, but encountered a severe storm which forced them to land and encamp for three days. Birds were plentiful in the neighborhood of the camp and Mr. Hersey employed the time to good advantage, securing many specimens of eggs.

Proceeding onward, they arrived at the mouth of the Yukon and established their headquarters at the wireless station, eight miles from the native village of Kotlik. The country all around is reported very flat, making a safe feeding ground for the little brown cranes and geese, since it was impossible to approach them unobserved. In describing it, Mr. Hersey says: "So bare and level is the country that a photograph of the river, taken from the shore, shows the opposite bank as nothing but a straight line, such as might be made across the print with a ruler and a coarse stub pen." Here the author remained during the greater part of the breeding season. He found pintails and several species of shorebirds breeding abundantly; gulls, terns and jaegers common, and redpolls, Alaska yellow wagtails, willow ptarmigan and Alaska longspurs also well represented in this region.

Delayed in the Ice Off Barrow.

Later in the summer he returned to Nome and again embarked on the Bear, which stopped at many points along the coast, among which were Golovin bay, Cape Prince of Wales, Cape Dyer, Point Franklin and Barrow. Before reaching Barrow they encountered considerable ice and were delayed ten days en route. At Barrow, the northernmost point of this trip, the ice conditions were so bad they only remained long enough to land the mail and take aboard several men who had been caught in the ice the previous season and obliged to winter at Barrow. Among the newcomers was W. S. Brooks of the Polar Bear party, who had been collecting for the Museum of Comparative Zoology.

As soon as the ship was out of the ice her course was changed to west and an effort was made to reach Wrangel island, where the shipwrecked crew of the Karluk was known to have wintered, but after trying for ten days in fog, snow and general bad weather, they gave it up and put back to Nome for coal, stopping at several places on the way. Mr. Hersey left the Bear at Nome and took passage on the steamship Victoria to Seattle.

It is interesting to note the fact that Mr. Hersey found the Aleutian tern, which has always been scarce and which was recently thought to be extinct. Altogether he encountered about one hundred of them and collected several specimens. This bird is larger and much darker than the common Arctic tern and has a peculiar white forehead.

Another rare bird mentioned is Fisher's petrel, once represented in museum collections by a single specimen, and now by only three or four. Although they have been observed frequently, they are hard to collect and their nesting places are not known.

The Aleutian sparrow is one of the most interesting birds seen, being one of the twenty or more varieties of this family that cover the United States from east to west, occurring in British America and Alaska as well. In the islands of Alaska it reaches its greatest development, being very much larger than the ordinary North American sparrow and sometimes as large as a catbird.

Even the barn swallow was seen on the trip; this bird is a true migratory bird, traveling from this point as far south as Argentina and Chile in the winter months.

Guillotine Is Misnamed.

The guillotine, which came into prominence through the French revolution, was invented to provide an uniform mode of death for all classes of the condemned. It was named after its supposed inventor, a physician named Joseph Ignatius Guillotin.

However, says an exchange, only the idea was due to Guillotin, who at a meeting of the legislative assembly in 1789, expressed opinion that capital punishment should be the same for all classes. Accordingly at the request of the assembly, a surgeon, M. Louis, submitted to that body in 1792 his invention of a mode of capital punishment, "sure, quick and uniform." The first person to feel its edge was a highway robber. The guillotine at Paris was burned by the Communists in 1871.

A similar instrument is said to have been used in Italy, at Halifax in England and in Scotland, where it was called the "Maiden," and the "Widow."

Clever Beggars.

Crust throwers, those strangely clever beggars who carry dry bread, throw it into the streets at the psychological moment and hurl themselves on it with wild cries, object, sympathy and alms, have rivals in the soap eaters, who are said to ruin their health by the diet for the purpose of gaining sympathy and undeserved charitable assistance. Two soap eaters recently arrested in New York were asked what ailed them and each shoved forth a feebly held card, one reading, "A Victim of Tuberculosis" and the other, "Help—Deaf, Dumb and Starving." Their pockets were well lined with small silver coins.

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