

Life

SECRETS EYES REVEAL A GIANT PERISCOPE

By Dr. L. K. Hirschberg.

Shrewdness is found in the person with small eyes, rather close together, steel-grey in color, but with good, well-developed brows. Artfulness and treachery are indicated by the eyes slanting directly upward from the nose, under brows also slanting upward, with a fullness in the upper lid which overhangs the eye and hides the rim of the lid, the eyeball drawn upward. This is the animal eye like that of the tiger and fox. Coldness and cruelty, on the other hand, are found in eyes that are habitually cast down. There is a fullness in the upper lid, hiding the rim of the lid. Fearfulness is shown in the honest, straightforward look, the glance of power, not of antagonism.

You will note that a prominent eye is always accompanied by a prominent upper forehead, which indicates the fluent speaker, one with more eloquence than reason, and whose hearers are carried away, but not convinced. Fullness below the eyes—not fullness—is a

sign of language, of good powers of expression. Fullness, as a matter of fact, when present below the eye, accompanied by a stretching in folds of the skin down to the cheek, the rim of the lower lid hanging away from the eye, showing the red, the upper lid drooping, but the brow thrown back, indicate dissipation in all its forms, lack of command of the temper and emotions. Sympathy is known by a surface lustre to the eye. Memory is shown by the fullness in the upper eyelid, the brow being drawn down, with well-developed perceptive faculties. Brown eyes, full and open, with clearness and a twinkle, indicate humor, wit and mischief.

According to Gerald Elton Fosbrooke, who has made a close study of character reading through analysis of the features, the purpose of such a study is to induce inquiry, criticism and research. His advice is to prove his before accepting statements made as the outcome of some other person's observations.

The periscope is being put to about as much strenuous service, in this war as any other invention. The one built so low that it can be easily concealed by brush,

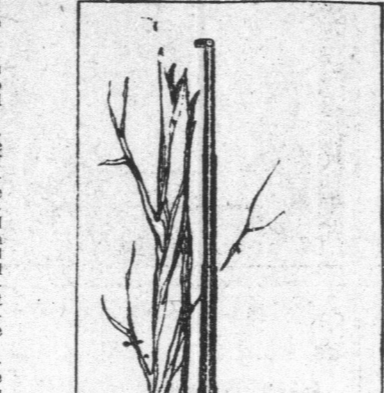
German, who were behind massive entrenchments at that particular spot, saw the periscope. The one built so low that it can be easily concealed by brush,

A pole periscope of a late design, which is extensively used in the armies of the Allies, enables an officer to peep over tall obstacles, such as houses and tree-tops.

The height to which this periscope, says Popular's recent Monthly, can be run up depends upon the number of sections of which it is made. The sections telescope into the bottom tube when not in use and during transportation, for which a tiny hydraulic truck is used. The truck is often run up under the protection of a tree and spikes are nailed in the ground to hold the apparatus close against the tree-trunk. It is the work of but a moment to turn the crank and send the telescoped section up into the air until the top peeps over the top of the tree.

In one village on the Somme a periscope of this kind, set up in a little protected cave, kept the Germans informed of every movement of the

Officers Can See Over Such Obstacles as Tall Trees and Houses.



MATHEMATICS AS AN AID TO SURGERY

When Dr. Alexis Carrel discovered that a wound's rate of healing in a healthy person was determined primarily by its initial area, mathematics was added to the potent aid of chemistry and the microscope in minimizing the ravages of bullet, shell, bomb, gas, liquid fire and other baneful and barbarous methods of inhuman warfare used by the Huns in the present war. How this phenomenon was subjected to searching study at Dr. Carrel's hospital in Compiègne, France, and how Capt. de Noy, a physicist, developed a formula which gives an algebraic value applicable to the average patient with an uninfected hurt, is told in the Scientific American by Robert G. Skerrett, from whose account this article is made. By this formula, declares Mr. Skerrett, it is practicable to

surface of the hurt the surgeon must explore for it.

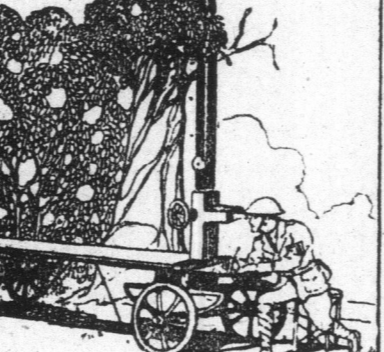
The secret of trouble will then be found in some recess or by-path of the wound which has escaped notice and been beyond the reach of antiseptic treatment. The bacteriological chart and the repair graph must therefore agree in their general index of progress, and the surgeon has by these means a check and a countercheck upon the healing processes.

While originally conceived to aid only the battle-stricken, the Carrel-Dakin treatment is rapidly proving its value in both civil and industrial surgery. A number of our biggest manufacturing plants have adopted the treatment for the injured at their works, and the results are certainly a revelation.

Mr. Skerrett quotes the physician of one of these large plants as saying:

Physical and mental exhaustion of soldiers, says a writer in American Medicine, is a matter which military commanders are prone to ignore.

The skilful commander knows exactly how much effort his soldiers can make without becoming too fatigued to fight. It is often necessary to rest an army, even in the progress of a prolonged campaign. In addition, the commander must be kept up, but if the soldiers march too quickly for their wagon trains they go hungry. There is some evidence that plans of campaign have failed more than once because of the exhaustion of the soldiers from over-exertion and lack



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of food. Some captured men were almost in a condition of shock; indeed, it was shock, but it was cured by a nourishing meal and a long sleep.

"It is quite possible that the annual manoeuvres, extending over a period of two or three weeks, have exacted more labor from soldiers than could be kept up in a long campaign, and that the amount of rest in war is a serious factor in the success of a campaign. It is directly responsible for certain disasters. They have neglected the basic principles of warfare, and as these are matters of physiology, it is not surprising that the system of preparation was faulty through the habit of ignoring medical advice."

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MAKING A COMPASS OF YOUR WATCH

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AT THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX

Reported by Wireless to JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE AMALGAMATED BR OTHERHOOD OF KINGS

"Howdy, Lou?" said Benjamin Franklin, as Louis XVI, the ill-fated monarch of revolutionary France, came aboard the house-boat on the Styx the morning and joined the illustrious party of deathless souls already assembled there. "How is your ex-royal highness's ex-health this morning?"

"Bon—very bon indeed," said Louis. "Fact is, Ben, I haven't felt so bon in a long time. I've had a house boat here to screw me down to keep me from kicking Gibraltar off the face of nature. Why you ask?"

"O no reason in particular," said Franklin. "Only the king business is almost as flat these days as the stock market, and I wondered how you chaps who still hold stock in the International Royalty Company were getting along."

"I don't bother about earthly stocks any more," said Louis. "I haven't looked at a market report for going on a hundred years, and whether royalties are up or down interests me not at all. I opposed the introduction of a ticker in this club house when the project was first proposed by Midas and Croesus and Monte Cristo, and while I was overruled."

"You had no objection to the ticker then," said Louis. "I was overruled, and I let the darn thing tick for all I cared. I am not a day's prophet."

"You never were willing to listen to anything from the outside. If you'd had a daily hint from Wall Street sliding through a ticker in the palace days at Versailles, when you and Marie Antoinette were looking on life as nothing more than one glorious week-end after another, you might have staved off the catastrophe that cost you your head and made Napoleon Bonaparte possible."

"We had red tape enough at Versailles in all those days, without introducing a couple of miles of white tape into the family circle every day."

"That's just it," said Franklin. "Red tape was all you had, and it bound you hand and foot. But that little strip of white paper tape that you so despise, could have bound you to nothing, but, on the contrary, might have freed you, simply by telling you, what you could do to save your head."

"Oh, well," said Louis sadly, "there's no use of crying over spilled crowns. It's all over now. I'm a senator."

"Correct," said Job, sipping his sarsaparilla tonic through a straw. "Same old story. I've been a senator for years, and after my last carbuncle had burned my name into notoriety, I was put on the neck of oblivion itself, because of my patience under suffering, and the aged with pride."

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