

## DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## How War Disease Called "Trench Mouth" Is Treated

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG,  
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University).

Within the past few years, trench mouth, a disease which is now known as Vincent's Angina, ulcer of the palate or throat, has become very common. It is found that long, thin, strawlike bacteria or fungi were present in the sore mouth of many French and British soldiers, and "trench mouth" and "trench gums" are named in honor of the late Dr. Vincent of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and others who have identified as Vincent's Angina.

Through the promiscuous and careless borrowing and exchanging of pipes, chewing tobacco, drinking utensils, canyons, knives, forks, spoons, and toothbrushes, the bacteria which cause trench mouth, the fungus and other elements or disorders of the mouth, help the germs of Vincent's Angina to secure a foothold in the weakened spot.

The tonsils are perhaps more often invaded than in the palate. A false membrane or diphtheria-like appearance may fool the busy cook-sure, knowledge, and the microscope and the culture growth required to tell the facts.

The sufferer is older than he seems. There is little fever, but the breath is heavy and offensive. The mouth is sore, the gums swollen and spongy, and the glands are enlarged.

Happily, Vincent's Angina readily responds to treatment.

The ulcers are washed with antiseptic solution as well as astringents, such as astringent and iodine, to kill the bacteria and cure the trouble.

Arphenamin introduced into the veins is employed successfully by Dr. Barker in the treatment of Vincent's Angina.

To save others from the depredations of Vincent's Angina, victims of sore throat, ulcerated tonsils, or pain in the mouth should be quarantined and compelled to wear a gauze mask until well.

Answers to Health Questions

MRS. C. C. M. Q.—Kindly advise me what to do to teach a 4-year-old how to control his kidneys.

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My baby is in my arms at last!

I could almost cry with joy to see him so close to me. Instead, I crouch it softly to the yet unhearing morsel of humanity cuddled against me. The wonderful, tremulous never-to-be-forgotten joy of motherhood is upon me. The little heart that has beaten beneath my own for so many joyful, expectant weeks is now pulsing rhythmically in the tiny body of my son.

"Our first-born, Dicky's and mine!" I repeat the quaint, homely old phrase, realizing anew as I have done each day since the coming of our little one, the peculiarly sacred secret there is in the world. It is like a consecration from on high, this vision of motherhood first given reality before we women's yearning eyes. Life can offer no other experience so hallowed.

Three weeks old today is Richard Graham, Jr., and we—baby and I—have been permitted to go downstairs for the first time. It has been quite a royal celebration, with my father and Dicky's mother hovering around their grandchild as if no such baby as this ever had favored the earth with his presence, each absurdly jealous of the other's interest in him, yet joined in strong resentment against what mother-in-law terms "that idiot of a Dicky's mother, who has spoiled the baby."

Katie herself, the mere wrath of the volatile, laughing girl who first came to me, almost hinders her striding with the nonchalance with which she treats every other duty since the advent of her tiny Royal Highness—the tiny with which she attaches herself to me, that she holds him. But I, remembering the tragedy of thwarted motherhood in Katie's life, and the promise I had given her that she should be a mother, I live, and I love dot little babies just as much as if mine—cannot but feel the keenness of her grief, and the terror to the new, infinitesimal ruler of our world.

I am back in my low chair before the open fire in the alcove room upstairs, but my husband, who has been in the law, who imperially demanded that her son's child should open its eyes in the "best room in the house." And on the same evening, the day of joy since his coming.

But as the leaping flames flash their rays over his sleeping face I see upon it again the shadow which is always there when he is unconscious of observation, the shadow that has hung over our little household for months, but which each one of us has ignored for Dicky's sake.

My poor, brave Dicky, who tries hardest to shut it out from himself as well as from the rest of us.

For Dicky, whose consciousness from his airplane accident has been a matter of months of suffering, of slowly healing wounds, of nerve-finding bones, is yet far from well, and the fear which I suppose obsesses him every waking moment, that haunts even his dreams, has extended its control to the rest of us—the fear that Dicky may never be strong again, that he will be added to the tragic array of the "permanently disabled."

"Permanently disabled" while still conscious of the splendid, wonderful power that was his before he had been given a chance to strike even a single blow for the cause to which he had devoted himself. I know that so precious would rather have been instantly killed in that awful drop from the skies than to face this possibility.

With the swift, fierce pang this thought brings me for woman, like I would love and cling to my husband but for a fragment of him were left me—my arms tighten unconsciously around my sleeping baby. He stirs, protests loudly against such unkindness, and Dicky weakens suddenly, rises—in so different a manner from his old, light, springing movements—and comes toward me.

"Shall I take him, sweetheart?" he asks, bending over me.

But the baby, already cuddled closer, goes to sleep again, and I reach up my hand and pull his father down to the bed beside me. He rests his head against my knee, a favorite posture of his, and gazes into the firelight steadily, solemnly.

And all at once the conviction comes to me that there is something menacing and ominous in the way he looks at that brooding silence. I feel I must do something, and that at once, to combat the black devil of misfortune which is settling over my husband's soul.

"Dicky, look at me!" I say quickly, feverishly, and startled by my tone, he turns and looks at me, his eyes fixed on the baby out to him.

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