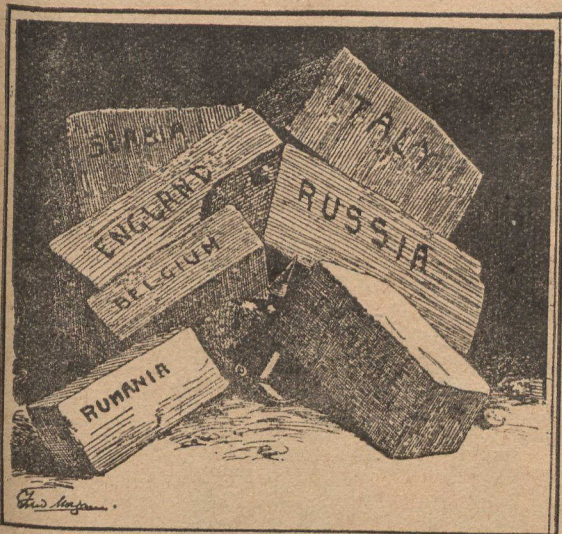


torrent of fire upon their defensive works, and rendered them untenable. The garrison of Gorizia, stunned and deafened by this jeu d'enfer, directed now on one point, now on another, were in no condition to resist the impetuous onslaught of the Duke of Aosta's soldiers rushing in with bayonet and grenade. Hardly anywhere in the whole European war have fortified positions been carried with such élan and such rapidity. The evacuation of Gorizia, which its former owners believed impregnable, and



DEUTSCHLAND UNTER ALLES.

—Morgan, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

the rich haul of prisoners and guns, are the best testimony to the demoralization of the defenders, and the vigour and spirit of the attack.

It has been a notable victory, achieved not only by the gallantry and fighting quality of the troops engaged, but by consummate generalship. The Austrians were under the illusion that the effort made to arrest and throw back the invasion of the Trentino had exhausted the Italian power of taking the offensive for a long period. Some foreign critics agreed with them. Military writers of authority warned the world not to expect an effective stroke from the side of Italy for many months. These predictions were falsified by the skilful use of inner lines, which enabled the Italian command to maintain the pressure in the Trentino while the concentration of troops and war material was proceeding on the Isonzo. Battles, even in this day of trenches and long-range artillery, are not won by sitting down and standing still.

The final march upon Trieste will be no holiday parade. The Italians are not yet over the crest of the Carso, and they have still to push through the waterless and desert track by which the enemy will retire, taking up his pipe-lines as he goes. Nor can they relax their activity on the rest of the 450-mile mountain front, where the Austrians are still firmly placed. But Austria is "cracking" under the blows dealt her from two sides, and Italy has done much to hasten the catastrophe. The Italians have reason to be proud of their army and themselves. Never since Roman times have all the peoples of the Peninsula co-operated in such a national enterprise; and they are meeting the emergency with a resourcefulness, a steady industry, and a high courage, which have astonished their adversaries and should fill their well-wishers with delight. It is impossible to be in contact with the Italian officers and troops in the war zone, for even a brief period, without being profoundly impressed, as I have been, by their courage and devotion to duty, and by the capacity for intelligent organization which has enabled them to overcome the difficulties of inadequate preparation and an unfavourable geographical position. Italy has risen splendidly to the occasion, and deserves the appreciative gratitude of her Allies, and all the assistance they can give her.

MENDING OUR SOLDIERS

A Doctor Describes the Casualty Clearing Stations in France

ONE day—the day the Irish with the English battalions on their right went through Guillemont—it was my fortune to be at an advanced dressing station as the wounded were coming in, says "A civilian" in the British Medical Journal. The post was within reach of hostile shell fire; there had, in fact, been some casualties the night before. The medical officer had put a few tents in a slight depression on one side of the road; and a dressing place had been dug out on the other—a tunnel perhaps some thirty feet long and eight or ten wide

at its widest. A path sloped down into it from the road, and along it came the men in single file. The entrance to the tunnel was narrowed by a table where each man was stopped to give his name and number, the first field dressing was looked at, his shirt opened at the neck, a dab of iodine mopped on to his chest, a dose of antitetanic serum injected through it, and a big T marked on his wrist with an aniline pencil. The officer who was with me said to one man who had bared his chest—the operation of injecting was completed while they spoke—"Well, how have you been doing?" "We have taken two hundred prisoners," the man answered, knowing that the statement would convey a more true picture of what had happened than eloquent phrases. To the next man who entered my companion said, "So you have got some of them." "Yes," was the answer. "There's one of them come along with us on a stretcher." We went to the mouth of the dressing tunnel, room was made by the men walking down the path, and the stretcher was brought forward. On it was a pale-faced, neurotic looking middle-aged man, who said he was from Hamburg. He seemed nervous and rather scared, as well he might, a helpless wounded man in the hands of an enemy he had been taught to hate and dread. But he was treated like our own people.

A casualty clearing station is primarily a place where wounded and sick can receive immediate treatment before being dispatched to the base by train or barge, but it must be prepared to retain, treat, and nurse cases so serious that they ought not to travel further; in particular, it must be ready to operate on abdominal wounds and to treat fractures of the thigh. It may also be thought right to retain men with penetrating wounds of the chest and head injuries, though such cases travel better, and some authorities are of opinion that all or most of them might safely be evacuated to the base.

In this casualty clearing station special wards for gunshot wounds of the abdomen and chest and other severe cases had been formed by combining several marquees. There was also a special ward with its own sister for men suffering from shock too profound to justify operation however urgent the demand for it might otherwise be. They were put to bed, kept warm, given saline, or coffee and brandy injections, and a chance of life. So many men, apparently dying when admitted, had pulled through that somebody had dubbed the place "the resurrection ward."

The operating room occupied a wooden building. The walls were enamelled white internally and the lighting was excellent. There was room for five tables, and as all had been in use at once during a rush, the need for a large staff was obvious. It included, when I was there, in a relatively quiet time, three surgical specialists, as well as assistants, anaesthetists, theatre sister and nurses, and they were being kept pretty busy.

Some of these clearing stations work in pairs, and in one instance I was with the commanding officer when an orderly reported to him that 400 new cases had been received. This, as he explained, was the limit fixed at that time and in that place. The ambulances were accordingly diverted to the second clearing station close by, while the first had a respite to deal with its new 400. They included men suffering from wounds of every degree of severity, and some medical cases. The first sorting was into those who could be sent down by the next ambulance train and those judged to be either too ill to travel or to need immediate treatment—as, for instance, for fracture of the thigh—to fit them to travel.

Of the lighter cases sorted out as fit to be evacuated at once every one had, of course, to be examined, in many the dressings were renewed and all were fed. As they were made ready for the train, they were sent into a sort of big hall constructed of telegraph poles and tarpaulins. The place was a study in browns—brown blankets, brown stretchers, and soiled khaki and kit—a little gloomy, perhaps, but the men did not seem to feel it so, for they knew that only a short and easy railway journey separated them from the comforts of a base hospital, or that they might, indeed, be home in a day or two.

The wards where men were bedded were far from gloomy. The medical officer declared that nothing cheered a wounded and tired man so much, and gave him a greater feeling of physical comfort and well being, than to be put into a bright ward with white counterpanes on the beds; when it was suggested that red was to some an even more cheerful colour, he was proud to show a neighbouring ward with scarlet blankets.

Not all clearing stations are in tents or huts. Some are in big institutional buildings, others are partly in buildings and partly in tents or huts. One casualty clearing station I visited was established in a monastic building. A few weeks earlier a big shell had fallen in the courtyard, wrecking the front

of the chapel. It had dug a huge hole in the ground and the concussion had blown in many windows, including those of the room used as an operating theatre. An abdominal operation was just being completed, but every one "carried on," including the sisters. As shells had been coming into the town previously all the patients had been removed to the basement, which was fortunately roomy, and none of them were injured. The station is still used for severe cases, and the basement has been made as clean and airy as possible, and when I was there contained a considerable number of patients.

The selection of the place in which a casualty clearing station is to be established is dictated by tactical considerations, but, whatever the building or site given to him, the commanding officer must make the best of it. It may be a big school or monastery, it may be a chateau with gardens and park in which to plant his tents or huts, or it may be an open field. In any case his ingenuity is likely to be taxed; he has to choose the best places for his temporary wards, for his operating-room, to provide safe drinking water, to set up lavatories and baths, and to dispose of the refuse and excreta of his camp. Often, also, he must be something of a road maker, for a good broad road by which ambulances can enter and leave, and dry paths between the several huts or tents are very essential to efficiency. From the sanitary point of view, to be given an old building is not an unmixed blessing, but to have a good dwelling house on a roomy site is undoubtedly an advantage. After a time he may have leisure to think out various small improvements in detail, to put into practice tips picked up from neighbouring casualty clearing stations, or suggested by his staff or patients, to set tinsmiths or carpenters among them to work at odd jobs, and perhaps to encourage gardening. By the time he has reached that stage we may hope that he will be moved on to begin all over again on another site further forward, for it will mean that the army has advanced.

LUXEMBURG'S FATE

Experience of an English Writer Who Was Holidaying in the Duchy

DURING the whole of my stay in the Grand Duchy (of Luxemburg) writes Francis Gribble in The Edinburgh Review, I met only one man—a small shopkeeper—who frankly avowed a desire to see his country incorporated in the German Em-



"The Large Gentleman: 'Go on! You're always kicking! If it weren't for me you'd be sunstruck!'"

—Paul Reilly, in New York Life.
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pire. "We should like," he said, "to remain a Grand Duchy, like Baden; but we already have all the inconveniences of inclusion in the Empire, and we may as well have the advantages also." But that man was a lunatic and a liar. I judged that, not only from the significant way in which his neighbours tapped their foreheads when referring to him, but also from his own conversation.