

REGISTER OF HOSPITAL  
APPOINTMENTSMEDICAL REGISTRARS  
FROM

Dr. W. J. O'Donovan ... June 16th, 1913..  
Dr. R. A. Rowlands ... June 8th, 1914..  
Dr. J. G. Chandler ... Oct. 20th, 1913..

SURGICAL REGISTRARS  
FROM

Mr. W. S. Perrin ... Oct. 20th, 1913..  
Mr. R. H. Campbell ... Sept. 18th, 1914..  
Mr. A. B. Lindsay ... Feb. 25th, 1916..  
OBSTETRIC—Mr. Gordon Ley ... Oct. 15th, 1914.

## RESIDENT ACCOUCHEUR

*Tenure of appointment: three months*

## FROM

Mr. S. Morris ... Feb. 25th, 1916..  
Mr. C. G. Ainsworth ... Feb. 25th, 1916..

## HOUSE PHYSICIANS

*Tenure of appointment: three months*

## FROM

Mr. P. C. Gibson ... Mar. 6th, 1916..  
(Dr. Percy Kidd and Dr. Wall).  
Mr. W. A. Stewart ... Jan. 8th, 1916..  
(Dr. Hutchison).  
Mr. M. J. Cronin ... Mar. 6th, 1916..  
(Dr. Hadley and Dr. Lewis Smith).  
Mr. Silva Jones ... Sept. 1st, 1915..  
(Dr. F. J. Smith and Dr. Leyton).  
Mr. T. T. B. Watson ... Mar. 6th, 1916..  
(Dr. Head and Dr. Thompson).

## HOUSE SURGEONS

*Tenure of appointment: three months*

## FROM

Mr. T. A. Jones ... Nov. 21st, 1915..  
(Mr. J. Hutchinson and Mr. Warren).  
Mr. L. D. Cohen ... Mar. 6th, 1916..  
(Mr. T. H. Openshaw and Mr. A. J. Walton).  
Mr. R. K. Ford ... Mar. 20th, 1916..  
(Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Kidd).  
Mr. L. G. Jacob ... Jan. 2nd, 1916..  
(Mr. Rigby and Mr. Milne).  
Mr. H. Whyte ... Nov. 10th, 1915..  
(Mr. J. Sherren and Mr. Russell Howard).

## To Ophthalmic Department

## FROM

Mr. T. C. Summers ... Nov. 5th, 1915..

## To Aural Department

## FROM

Mr. C. G. T. Mosse ... Mar. 6th, 1916..

## RECEIVING ROOM OFFICERS

*Tenure of appointment: three months*

## FROM

Mr. J. F. M. Payne ... Jan. 20th, 1916..  
Mr. J. B. G. Skelton ... Mar. 6th, 1916..  
Mr. M. C. Stark ... Nov. 7th, 1915..

## EMERGENCY OFFICERS

*Tenure of appointment: three months*

## FROM

Mr.

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS

*Tenure of appointment: three months—and renewable*

## Medical

## FROM

Mr. L. Gameson ... Feb. 3rd, 1916..  
Mr. S. K. Vaidya ... Feb. 3rd, 1916..

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (continued)

## Surgical

## FROM

Mr. P. K. Liang ... Jan. 6th, 1916..  
Mr. H. Lewis ... Feb. 25th, 1916..  
Mr. W. F. Castle ... Feb. 29th, 1916..  
Mr. L. W. Jones ... Feb. 17th, 1916..  
Mr. E. R. T. Clarkson  
(Special) ... Nov. 1st, 1915..

## To Ophthalmic Department

## FROM

Mr. Roxburgh ... May 21st, 1912..  
Mr. J. Eadie ... (Renewed).

## Mr. Lister

Mr. H. R. Jeremy ... July 31st, 1914..

## SKIN AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT

## FROM

Mr. Parry-Jones ... March 1st, 1916..

## SENIOR DRESSERS TO OUT-PATIENTS

## PATHOLOGICAL ASSISTANTS

## FROM

Mr. R. Donald ... Aug. 10th, 1914..

## ASSISTANTS IN INOCULATION DEPARTMENT

## Senior

## FROM

Dr. G. T. Western ... July 25th, 1905..

## Junior

## CLINICAL ASSISTANTS FOR COUNTY COUNCIL CASES

## To Ophthalmic Department

## FROM

Mr. A. D. Davidson ...  
Mr. M. L. Hepburn ... Jan. 24th, 1910..  
Mr. E. A. Thomson ...

## To Throat and Ear Department

## FROM

Mr. W. S. Perrin ...  
Mr. R. H. Campbell ...

## To Skin and Light Department

## FROM

Mr. W. J. Oliver ...

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (UNPAID)

## To Ophthalmic Department

## FROM

Mr. Roxburgh ...

## Mr. Lister

## Throat and Ear Department.

## FROM

Dr. Lack ...

## Mr. Tod.

## ORTHOPÆDIC DEPARTMENT

## Senior

## FROM

## Junior

## DENTAL DEPARTMENT

## Registrar

## FROM

Mr. A. D. Ball ... Sept. 1st, 1915..

## Anæsthetist

## FROM

Mr.

## House-Surgeon

## FROM

Mr. W. S. Herman ... Mar. 1st, 1916..

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## THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE

No. 192]

JULY, 1916

[ONE SHILLING

## EDITORIAL

While there have been, since our last *Gazette*, many turns of the wheel of fortune, the collective effect on us as a College has not thrown us off the even tenour of our way. Each month leaves us mourning the loss of several of our number, who have already paid the full price of Liberty, each month brings us some share in the glory which our men are everywhere winning.

Since our last issue we have lost Surgeon G. M. Johnson, R.N., in the battle off the Horn Reef, Lieutenant E. L. Stephenson, Lincolnshire Regiment, and Second-Lieutenant W. G. Fletcher, North Staffordshire Regiment, in action on the West Front, and Second-Lieutenant S. A. Ruck, R.F.C., killed while flying near Thetford.

The Distinguished Service Order has been awarded to Captain T. L. Ingram, R.A.M.C., and the Military Cross to Captain S. Gordon, I.M.S., Captain J. F. Murphy and Lieutenant F. G. Marriott, both of the R.A.M.C. We would like also to offer our congratulations to Major H. E. Priestly, the brother-in-law of the late Dr. Drummond Maxwell, and a post-graduate student of the Hospital, on being admitted C.M.G. for his services in connection with the Camp at Wittenberg.

The following have been mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's Despatches:—

Captains E. C. Lindsay, R. K. Mallam, A. C. Perry, H. H. Robinson and W. A. Sneath, and, in Sir John Maxwell's and Sir A. Wilson's Despatches, Major C. C. Choyce and Captains W. W. Treves and W. R. Douglas.

The following Nurses have received the R.R.C.:—

Misses C. Baillie, N. Bearley, C. Black, G. Caulfield, F. Coombe, C. Coulson, M. Flynn, E. Humphries, B. Reynolds, E. Schafer, N. Sibley and B. Sparks, and the following have been mentioned in Despatches:—Misses B. Dickson, E. Hutchinson, M. McCarthy and A. Nye.

All "Londoners" will be glad to hear that those two great pillars of our Hospital, Lord Knutsford and the Matron, are again with us, more full of energy than ever after their enforced rest.

The struggle to obtain Housemen becomes more and more strenuous; the Receiving Room is now largely run by "London" men of a past generation, while Dr. Warner, Mr. Hurry Fenwick and the Dean are sometimes to be seen at work in the Out-Patient Department.

Within the Hospital a hundred beds have been allotted to the War Office for wounded officers, and Wards "George," "Harrison," "Charrington" and "Turner" have been converted into Officers' Quarters, the beds being at one end of the ward, the Mess Room at the other.

In the College the chief change has been the compulsory enrolment of students over eighteen in the O.T.C. The London Hospital sub-section, which goes into Camp at Codford, Salisbury Plain, on July 22nd, will be in size very different from that small band of men who used to represent us there in years past.

The number of our Staff and students continues to shrink, and the work of the Hospital and College is thereby rendered more and more difficult. It is believed, however, that these difficulties are not likely to be further increased, and there is little if any doubt of our being able to weather the storm.

The serious and sudden illness in the Hospital of Frank Silva Jones was followed with anxiety and sympathy by all those who had the pleasure of knowing him, and the news of his death was received with every token of sorrow and regret. Over military age, he, at the very beginning of the War, offered his services to the Hospital, so releasing a younger man for service abroad. Whether this change in the routine of his life had any influence in determining his illness and death it is difficult to say; but this we can say, that he was both willing and anxious, whatever the price, to do everything in his power to prevent the work of the Hospital from lessening or deteriorating through lack of medical men. He took an exceptionally broad view of his professional duties, and his life was one which at any time we could ill afford to lose.

It was with great pleasure that we all heard of the honour recently conferred on Sir Francis Farmer, in recognition of his services in the War, and we might also, we think, add in the South African War. His services have always been given as freely as they have been given skilfully.



The list of "London" men and Nurses still grows. That we are able to publish so complete a list is largely due to the generous help which we have received from Dr. Probyn-Williams, whose knowledge of all Old "Londoners" is, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar."

We would again, in conclusion, appeal to all "London" men to send us further correspondence, and so enable us to make the record of our work as complete as possible.

## THE GREAT DELUSION

By H. G. F. SPURRELL

### PREFACE

I offer the following article for publication at the present time on the urgent advice of my friends, but somewhat against my own judgment. Prophecy is usually an unprofitable business, and prophecies which are not even published until after they happen to have been fulfilled, appear to me undignified as well as unnecessary. If the article has now any value at all, it lies not in my expression five years ago of an opinion that international law and international pledges would not stand any great strain, but in the reasons I then gave for my opinion. These reasons, of whose correctness I am, in view of recent events, more strongly convinced now than ever before, do not appear to be generally perceived, and their statement may have interest.

The article was written in the summer of 1911. In the spring of that year I had published a book entitled "Patriotism," in which I analysed the biological factors which divide the human species and make periodical conflicts between the large divisions frequent, and in my belief, inevitable. One of the main criticisms I had to meet was that I had not allowed for the machinery which responsible statesmen were building up to enable arbitration to be substituted for war. At about the same time, it may be remembered, that the civilised world was revelling in the excitement of drawing up rules for the future regulation of naval warfare. The newspapers and reviews contained many articles written over the signatures of men widely known and respected, who announced that wars between nations would cease, and explained why this must, of necessity, come to pass. They seemed to me to be having things too much their own way, and I endeavoured to state the opposite case: namely, that wars were bound to occur, and that so far from any devices of statesmen making them impossible, they could not even regulate the way in which they would be waged. Failing to

get the article accepted by any review myself, I consulted a literary agent, who assured me that no editor would dream of considering such an article.

It was accordingly laid aside until the other day I happened to show it to some friends whom I heard expressing somewhat similar views in conversation. I have heard it said that it is easy to be wise after the event, but I sometimes wonder whether those who were not wise before, are really any wiser now that they have actually seen how "scraps of paper" are disregarded, the rules of "civilised warfare" defied, and flagrant breaches of international law prudently accepted with "neutrality of mind" by those who are not directly injured.

H. G. F. S.

Some children were trying to build a card castle on the floor of their nursery. They raised one storey easily, and two with care; but time after time they failed to finish a third, for a stream of heavy vehicles was always passing outside the window and making the house in which they lived vibrate. In one of their attempts they succeeded. Then they added a fourth storey. They were still more surprised when these four storeys grew to six. "We are improving at this game," they said. "If we persevere, and are only careful enough, we shall be able to build up to the ceiling." But just at that moment the traffic outside which had been stopped, owing to an accident, was resumed. A motor omnibus rumbled by jarring the floor, and all the cards of the unstable edifice fluttered to the ground.

The historian of the future will probably consider that we, of to-day, showed no more intelligence in our belief that we were preparing an era of world peace than the children in my fable who attributed to their own skill events which followed the momentary cessation of traffic in the street. He will probably regard our extraordinary optimism as the most remarkable feature of the age in which we are living; but he will dismiss its manifestations, the expectation that international treaties and arbitration can set limits to war, and the participation of responsible ministers in the establishment of the Hague tribunal, as evidences of a widespread delusion. In doing so he will be wise by the light of later events, but we, on whose intelligence his criticism will reflect, may well hope that he will understand how the stoppage in the traffic led to this delusion. No doubt he will; but he will probably blame us for not running to the window to see what had caused the sudden stillness in which such card castles as the Hague tribunal could be built. In spite of our nearness to the events, I think a careful study of our own conditions might enable us to anticipate some of his conclusions.

Not long ago, historically speaking, the conditions prevailing in Europe were profoundly modified; in fact the traffic stopped. The opening up of the new world relieved the pressure of overcrowding, provided an apparently unbounded food supply to an exhausted continent, and offered a wider field for the energies of those whose presence impaired the stability of the old world. An era of exceptional prosperity followed, and nations saw that their energies could be more profitably employed in grabbing unappropriated wealth than in fighting with their neighbours. While the profusion of opportunities seemed to offer scope for the greed for all, it was recognised that warfare could only mean wasting the time of both combatants while others went ahead in the acquisition of wealth. Consequently an aggrieved nation instead of flying at the offender's throat would say: "You have done something prejudicial to our interests here; but it is not worth while to discuss it. We will waive our objections if you will agree to our doing something else over there which will give us a corresponding advantage." Two nations before they fell upon the same mountain of spoil would say: "There is more than enough here for us both, so it would be sheer folly to quarrel. Let us decide what portion each shall endeavour to appropriate and then we shall not get in each other's way by accident." Division of spoil hardly ever goes on without disagreements; but sensible people will manage to avoid fighting over it. When two nations differed they would say: "We cannot agree and we are too busy to fight: we will submit the matter to arbitration. The result will probably not give satisfaction to both of us, possibly not to either; but both will feel that the waste which, even a successful war must entail, would, situated as we are, be worse than any decision that can reasonably be given." It seems, at first sight, a useful suggestion that these customs, which have grown up, should be defined in a code of laws for the guidance of nations, and quite natural to build a court-house at the Hague for international litigation.

Unfortunately this proposal assumes that laws have an influence upon conduct, which cannot be accepted without examination. The laws by which a nation abides do not form the habits of its citizens; on the contrary they only describe the habits which the peculiarities of the people have led them for convenience to adopt. For instance our marriage laws have not made us monogamous: they only embody our experience that monogamy suits us best. With other races and other conditions polygamy is preferable, and their laws are in accordance with the recognised fact. If polygamy were necessitated by changing conditions in England, we should in course of time become polygamous, in spite of existing laws, and, when polygamy had become established, the

law would be altered to express our altered customs. But a few individuals could not make a monogamous country polygamous, nor a polygamous country monogamous, by contriving a sudden alteration in its laws. If England woke up one morning and found that polygamy had been legally substituted for monogamy during the night—and in view of the efforts which are now being made to sweep away all checks upon the hasty passage of unwelcome legislation, such a catastrophe does not now appear the farcial absurdity it would have been a little while ago—the new Act would be disregarded by all but a few. Even the exceptional individuals, who might wish to take advantage of it, would in most cases be restrained by the general inertia of society, and the customs of the people would remain as a whole unchanged.

The law, it is generally conceded, was made for man, not man for the law; nor was man made by the law. In other words, a custom is defined as a law when exceptional individuals inconvenience the community by attempting to disregard it, but a law can only be effective when it formulates an inherent necessity of the race, and such, as a rule, are only discovered by experience. Since the traffic has stopped, since it has been discovered that the resources of newly discovered continents are such that the nations can grasp at wealth without competing against each other, they have adopted a custom of avoiding or settling little misunderstandings by arrangement instead of by fighting. The ideal of a community of nations whose intercourse is regulated not by chance and violence but by recognised laws is most alluring, and we are now witnessing an attempt to regard arbitration as an established custom, and to base upon the recent action of nations a set of rules which shall regulate the intercourse of nations in the same way that a nation's laws regulate the behaviour of its citizens. Unfortunately this is a course which disregards the principle underlying the old adage—"Where there is no sin there is no law."

If individuals did not ever try to gain an exclusive advantage by acts inconsistent with the mode of life which experience has found to be best for the community as a whole, customs would not require to be protected by laws, and laws would not need to be enforced by the whole might of the State. We know, as a matter of fact, that laws have to be upheld by force, and that if they do not conform to the requirements inherent in the character and conditions of the people for whom they are framed, this force will be lacking. It is not enough that laws should be universally acclaimed as wise in their object and equitable in their action: if they are to prove workable they must embody something for which the instincts of the community crave.



This aspect of law is one that should never be forgotten. Its importance is forcibly brought home to one by contemplation of life in the new world. There we find large communities which have been formed suddenly by bringing together a heterogeneous population. In course of time a State will be evolved from out of the concourse of individuals. The peculiar character of the new community, and the limitations of its particular environment, will then become apparent in customs, which will eventually give rise to a code of laws. Whilst the necessary experience is being gained, the community is living under an artificial code which it believes has anticipated its development. The inhabitants of these countries are never tired of telling one that their laws embody the wisdom of all ages, combining the advantages and avoiding the defects of every other legal system. Under the laws for which they profess such extreme admiration, they live in a state of lawlessness which is quite incredible to those who have not been amongst them.

A system of international law based on agreement appears feasible now because all the parties want these laws observed. The desire has arisen out of existing conditions; but are these conditions permanent? Should it come to be recognised in the future that it is to each nation's individual advantage to break the law if it can be done with impunity, will it be found that instead of an effective majority wanting to uphold the law all are equally eager to evade it?

International law is so totally different in its nature and object from intra-national law that it cannot be upheld in the same way.

When the individuals who make a community submit to the restraints of the law they do so to ensure the strength of the State which protects them. When any two nations agree to define their relations by a treaty, or submit a dispute to arbitration, they do so not out of regard for the welfare of a community of nations, but because they expect direct advantages to themselves to follow their action. Intra-national law has for its object the limitation of the struggle for existence within the State. It aims at preventing the citizens from weakening the State by injuring one another. It must do this because, where man is concerned, the units in the struggle for existence are not individuals, but communities composed of individuals who co-operate for their common advantage. These communities, the nations of the world, are not components of a larger community whose strength depends upon the prosperity, mutual assistance, and mutual forbearance displayed by its members. On the contrary, there being no common enemy, each country is in the last resort the rival of all other countries and must compete with them for the limited resources of the earth.

Hence, international law can never have any true analogy with intra-national law.

This may be appreciated on observing the behaviour of nations, whose pacific methods during recent times international law is intended to define and make permanent. The first thing that strikes one is the frequency with which treaties are broken, and that when this happens, though there may be protests, there never seems to be either great surprise or even sincere indignation. Nations do not fight about a breach of treaty as a matter of principle. Treaties are not a matter of principle, but a matter of convenience; and nations only fight over a breach of treaty if the injury done makes fighting worth while. The usual course is to balance one breach of treaty by another. One nation seizes a "neutral" port: armed intervention does not restore that port's "neutrality": other nations each seize other neutral ports or some equivalent but more convenient advantage.

It is interesting to contrast this with intra-national law. We do not find that two wrongs are considered capable of making a right within the State. If the milkman discovers that the grocer next door is both leaving him behind in the race for wealth and also defrauding him personally, by the use of false weights, he must not redress the balance by immediately falsifying all his own measures. Intra-national law depends upon principle. The punishment inflicted in a given case for forgery or for uttering counterfeit coin depends very little on the actual amount of injury done. In fact, unlike international law, intra-national law is a matter of principle.

Then again it is a rule of national, as opposed to international law, that the law shall not be altered to suit the convenience of the actual law-breakers. A revision of the law is only made when it is clear that the conditions of the community as a whole have so changed that the alteration has become necessary. But when a nation breaks its pledges it is usually able to "tear up the treaty" whose restrictions its action has infringed, and to insist upon the substitution of another so drafted that what violated the old treaty now becomes quite legal.

The fundamental fact is that the citizens of a State form an organic whole and the nations of the world do not. The difference may be summed up in saying that a State depends for its existence on compelling its citizens to abide by its laws, while the nations of the earth have no common enemy, no common bond, and no machinery for enforcing international law. Where a dispute between two nations is of such a nature that it can be composed so as to give satisfaction to both, other nations can tender their good offices with some hope of their being accepted; but when a

matter of vital importance is at issue the only thing they can do is to keep the ring while the parties concerned fight it out. National spectators of an international conflict are then mainly preoccupied by hopes of becoming able to seize an advantage and fears of becoming involved in the struggle.

It is easy to see how the vision of harmonious regulation in international affairs corresponds with the shape of recent events, but it is more important to discover whether the treaties, "conversations" and awards, which mention of the Hague now suggests, can be repeated with such regularity as to form a custom that will achieve the force of a permanent law. Are these events wholly due to a growing sense of humanity or are they only a consequence of the abundance which the under-populated continents have brought into the markets of the old world? Shall we find that when these continents have a population large enough to utilise what they produce, that our organisation for promoting peace between nations will collapse like the card castle, which could only be raised whilst the traffic had stopped, and fell to utter ruin the moment it was resumed?

That experience of peace has led men to appreciate its advantages, as perhaps never before in the world's history, is quite plain, and a generation seems to have grown up which has little stomach for the rigours of war; but whether its nervousness at the present time is a hopeful sign is very doubtful.

The present anxious efforts to place restrictions upon war and improve the machinery for arbitration, so far from indicating an increased probability of peace, may be more readily taken to indicate the imminence of the sin which necessitates the law. If the prospects of gain from war were obviously much less than the certainty of loss from damage to trade, there would be no need to regulate, much less to render compulsory, the kind of arrangements by means of which the lucrative peace was being maintained. The very mention of arbitration treaties which shall "make war impossible" indicates the belief that fighting will soon become worth while if not unavoidable.

The proposal to exclude from arbitration treaties questions concerning the national safety and honour is very significant.

All this is an indication of well grounded anxiety, and it is surely ominous that the last contrivance suggested for the purpose of making war impossible has been an arbitration treaty emanating from the very country which actually has been mainly instrumental in making war unnecessary during recent years.

It leads one to examine the events upon which it is proposed to found a code of international law, and reveals the fact that the peaceful methods of

recent times have never had a vital question to test their efficacy.

When considering the destinies of mankind it is all-important to remember that as the resources of the earth are limited and the growth of nations is not, they must engage periodically in a struggle for existence. The only alternative is to permit within each nation the amount of "disease, misery and vice" necessary to keep its numbers from outgrowing the resources at their disposal: in fact to encourage the struggle for existence within the State. But the whole object of the State is to repress the struggle for existence within, so that the community as a whole may compete successfully with other communities. Consequently the truce must end when the empty Continents are filled with a population of their own and their resources are appropriated.

The course of nature is not likely then to be impeded by agreements which did not anticipate the altered conditions in which they would have to be respected.

Within the State a contract requiring the suicide of one of the parties would not be upheld because the State has need of all its citizens; but the nations of an overcrowded world would have no cause for regret if one nation allowed itself to be bargained or arbitrated out of existence. Consequently the nations of the world cannot be expected to uphold international treaties which it suits any particular nation to disregard. The only guarantee which any nation has that its rights will be respected is its own ability to defend them.

Even supposing that an appeal were made to an international court two very important obstacles stand in the way of a satisfactory settlement. Firstly, when individuals appeal to the law of their State they expect to have it applied for them by Judges who have no personal concern in their dispute. The family of nations, however, is too small for the Judges to be considered other than directly interested in the decisions arrived at, and confidence in the impartiality of international arbitration courts has yet to be established. Secondly, as has already been pointed out, the law of a State is framed to embody the common needs of a more or less homogeneous population. The very existence of separate nations implies differences in race and circumstances which must entail divergent needs and outlook upon life. When one nation has a rapidly increasing and necessitous population on insufficient territory, and another nation is luxurious with a falling birth-rate, they will not both be willing to subscribe to the same laws for regulation of their intercourse. Nothing but strong external force will prevent the strong and needy from plundering the rich and defenceless, while powerful coercion alone will induce the later to part with any of its superfluous



wealth. Arbitration ought to solve their difficulties but it would probably be refused by both.

Of all attempts to regulate international affairs, treaties by which nations agree to submit every matter of dispute to arbitration are probably the most futile. The most noticeable point about treaties generally is the frequency with which they are broken. It might almost be said that a treaty is only an exchange of confidences between nations, in which each explains which of the other's rights it has no interest in violating. The conditions under which these explanations are given are always changing, and the assurances based upon them are consequently worth little. Seeing that nations are usually brought to the brink of war by the breaking of treaties, it seems unduly sanguine to expect them, when hostilities seem necessary, to abide scrupulously by a treaty requiring greater forbearance than any they have yet disregarded. But the very depths of absurdity are plumbed when it is proposed to frame rules for the conduct of international contests, and to let arbitrators decide what compensation shall be paid by the combatant which breaks them. If the nations of the world are powerless to prevent or even to punish a breach of the peace, how can they hope to regulate the form it shall take? When engaged in mortal conflict, combatants know no rules: each is thinking not so much of injuring the other as of saving himself from destruction. If any act promotes his safety now, it is done: its future consequences must await consideration until survival is assured. Where is the external force which is to compel the observance of any rules that have been laid down?

The nations collectively bear no such relation to the combatants as the might of a single nation's law bears to a pair of individual brawlers. The law of the State is the collective will of its citizens determined that order shall be maintained for their common benefit; but the nations have no collective will; they have no common enemy because they all are each other's rivals for the resources of an overcrowded world, and their conduct expresses this.

Great nations, with their forces fully mobilised and inflamed by action, are too formidable for peaceably inclined outsiders to relish the task of trying to part them. Besides, as soon as the fortunes of the war seem at all clear, the private interest of every outside nation is to join one of the combatants in overwhelming the other, and obtain in return a share of the victor's spoil. A struggle between two nations involves the individual safety of every other nation in the world. After the contest is over values will be altered and interests, perhaps vital interests, affected. Whilst the struggle lasts, two nations will be withdrawn

from the trade of the world and a great deal of their trade will leave them never to return. Who will secure it? The advantages of standing aside and the risks of letting others participate have all to be weighed, and each nation knows that no other will hesitate to seize an advantage at the expense of the rest. An individual is held to his bond by the law of the land, but no nation expects to see the individuals of another nation abide by the bond of a statesman they choose to repudiate. If the balance of fears and interests is even enough to keep other nations out of the arena they will let the combatants treat each other as they please.

The war will end in one of two ways: either one of the combatants will be crushed and the other will emerge dangerously strong and confident, or else it will stop because both are exhausted. When the former is the case, nations with untried armies will probably see quite as clearly as the vanquished combatant that the Hague machinery is incapable of making an armed victor give an account of his actions, or pay compensation for any violation of the rules of civilised warfare which may have contributed to his success. It could only be done by armed force, and the opportunity for doing this will have gone by. On the other hand, if both combatants are left exhausted it is not likely that either will wish for any make-believe at the Hague. The Hague machinery may then provide those who have kept out of the fray with an easy method of bleeding them on pretexts of violation of the rights of neutrals; but if the money were there and the chance of taking it real, it is not likely that the claimant would have waited to lay his case before the Hague tribunal. A nation which sees its way to profit by the embarrassments of a rival, who is involved in a serious war, will know that it will not be so likely to get what it wants if it holds over its demands until peace shall set its victim free to resist them. Though the Hague tribunal may encourage some in the hope that they may make good after they have passed opportunities they missed at the time, it will soon be seen that it does not represent any reality. When the existence of nations is at stake they act without waiting for any sanction from without, and after a war the Hague tribunal will be found unable to enforce any decree of importance which has not been anticipated and carried out already.

But it is daring to suppose that the Hague tribunal will survive a European war at all, at any rate as an instrument for the administration of justice. During the long period of peace and exuberant growth, which the nations are still enjoying, relative strength and interests have grown so obscure, even to the most discerning eyes, that as soon as anything shall precipitate a

conflict a general readjustment will be necessary throughout the world. In other words all the great powers will be embroiled. If a severe conflict should come to an end because all the nations have mutually fled one another in exhaustion, the last thing they would wish for would be anything so provocative of further trouble as a session at the Hague. It is more likely, however, that a few nations would issue from the struggle overwhelmingly strong, and as these would be the most warlike nations it is most improbable that they would tolerate any criticism or dictation. The event alone could show what nations would remain on the map to send delegates to a peace conference. The old conditions would have passed away and the inexorable forces of nature would have shaped the new: decrees issued from the Hague could then alter nothing: they could achieve no more than a statement of what had already occurred.

Sad as it is to regard the present efforts to organise universal peace as the outcome of a great delusion, we can only recognise in this enthusiastic optimism a phase of human thought dependent upon conditions which are already passing away. Already most of the surface wealth has been stripped off the new continents and the time has come when their real resources must be developed by the systematic and laborious toil of an adequate labouring population quartered on the land. Already the countries of the old world have ceased to regard the divisions of the new as their own estates. They see in them new nations already beset with troubles of their own which they are facing with a political inexperience and a crude self-confidence which does not promise well for the world's peace. Already the growth of the world's population is giving cause for anxiety. Optimists point to a falling birth-rate in the more civilised countries but cannot deny that though the increase of the world's total population may be slowed locally it is not stopped, and the increased fecundity of some races bids fair to compensate at the very least the declining fertility of others. The white race is still expanding, checks upon the increase of the black race are being sedulously removed, and the yellow races, realising at last that they too can migrate to the new continents, are beginning to ask why their numbers should be restricted to the capacity of the lands within which they have for so many centuries been confined. Hitherto they have accepted plague, famine, infanticide and war with one another as inevitable conditions of existence; but already the yellow men are beginning to question their necessity.

The view fashionable at the present moment that a prudent regard for expense will restrain the primitive instincts of civilised nations is no less based on the temporary lull. So long as the nations of the old world were exploiting the

resources of the new, side by side, they could afford to consider economy. Thieves do not fall out whilst robbing a third party; but it is a very different matter when they come to divide the spoil that they have carried home, especially when there is not much. I am content to leave the question whether a modern war would mean ruinous loss to both combatants, even to the victor, to be disputed between experts in theoretical finance, but our every day experience is enough to teach us that in a direct conflict of interests between two parties prudential reasons cannot be trusted to restrain them. If the inevitable expense and uncertain outcome of litigation were enough to deter disputants our law courts might almost be closed. Yet in spite of the known risks, the instincts of self-preservation, greed, and vindictiveness keep them busy. Where both labour and capital depend upon a trade, prudential reasons might be expected to restrain them from allowing their disputes to inflict permanent injury upon it; yet the recent strikes are sufficient to show that this is not so. Indeed these disastrous trade disputes are deserving of notice in themselves, for they indicate a revival of the struggle for existence within the State to avoid which States compete with one another.

A hope that seems little less than desperate is expressed by those who think that science can increase the resources of the world indefinitely. We have a perfect right to demand from science a solution of our difficulties since science has contributed to them very largely, by reducing the death rate, and so bringing about an increase in the numbers of the population together with a deterioration in its quality. But those who think that science can show means of increasing even the food supply alone are sanguine indeed, while those who suppose that mankind would use the means even if they were found are more sanguine still. Much of the wisest advice of science, as in the case of vaccination, is rejected with fanatical hostility, while any injunction requiring self-restraint of the people at large, like the anti-consumption prohibition against spitting in the streets, becomes a dead letter at once. Science would no doubt be delighted to attempt the unravelling of the knot, if funds and time were granted, but mankind will not stand by to watch its fumbling while the sword lies ready to hand.

P.S.—June, 1916. I cannot refrain from quoting the following paragraph which appeared in a New York newspaper, the *Globe*, on April 21st, 1916:—

"ARE OUR GREAT MIGRATIONS PAST?"

(From the San Francisco Bulletin.)

The United States has had a very long immigration period. The greatest human migration that has ever taken place in the world has been that of Europeans into this country. But the free immigration period, like the free land



period, is bound to pass. By law or by natural causes immigration must flow more slowly and evenly. Until this comes about our national life will not be normal. That it has not been normal in the past is shown by the history of our industries—iron, coal, cotton, wool, and silk, to take the great examples. The typical American industry pays comparatively low wages to its unskilled labor; builds machinery as nearly automatic as it can be made, and is controlled with consummate ability by a very few men at the top. This is not a healthy condition. The labor problem will not begin to be solved until the abilities of the masses of the unskilled, now a drug on the market, are called democratically into productive use. To this end there could be no better tonic than a scarcity of unskilled labor, such as would naturally come from a restriction of immigration.

Restriction will not be as great a hardship for the immigrant as some of us have feared. This country's day as the unique land of refuge is over. Dr. Jeremiah Jenks, a well known student of this subject, pointed out recently that Canada and South America are not only climatically well adapted to the northern and southern streams of immigration, but at present offer the immigrant a better economic chance than the United States can. With us economic opportunities are no longer to be had for the asking. Nearly all the natural wealth of the country is now marked 'private,' and about all the ordinary immigrant can hope for is wages. Fewer and fewer of the newcomers can leap from peanut stand proprietor to department store owner, or from farmhand to landlord. Ours is a hard civilization, even for the robust native.

On the whole, no measure of preparedness is more urgent than a humanely restrictive immigration bill."

### DESTINY A TALE

"Ascetism's a dreadful thing," said Belmont, "it has driven more men than one into marriage." Belmont was given to this kind of remark, and Canton, the married man of the party (there were four of us; Belmont was the host) not a little resented it; but Amberley, tact incarnate, broke in with, "A prelude to one of your stories, no doubt." "Yes and no," said Belmont, "the tale's a true one, but almost impossible to tell. You would have to see and know the fellow it concerns. I don't think I could get him in words at all; you'd misunderstand, condemn." "Try," said Amberley, "we all take to him already; good people, like Shakespeare, are always undefinable. Don't describe his appearance,—that would put us all wrong,—but call up a few things he said,—tricks of manner...." "You make it very hard," said Belmont, "and Denison over there says nothing, and I'm sure wants me to leave well alone. But if only to disappoint him, I'll plunge. Well, here goes."

(Of course the tale was much more effective told with Belmont's occasional gestures that helped to convey the sense intended, when no spoken word would do so. In fact, I am almost repenting of having tried to resuscitate the episode for this reason alone.)

"I met him in the summer of '83. He had been a year in the College, unnoticed, unmolested, not a sportsman, but the most active April-like person you ever set eyes on; public school man of course, with all their absurd prejudices; not of an old family, but caste system inherent; hated shame, loved straight, *i.e.* strong, language."

"For heaven's sake," interrupted Canton, "don't be so spasmodic, you set our nerves on edge."

Belmont continued, ignoring criticism, as is his way. "His scholarship was sound, but uninspired. He wasn't the least bit of a poet, and he attended Sunday chapels regularly, not infrequently putting in a chapel instead of a roll-call on week-days. Humorous eyes he had the devil, with that jolly lift of the eyebrow (Belmont had this himself) that gives a look of surprise and alertness to the face. He liked music, couldn't play, but listened in a rapt way to whatever was going; quiet and unassuming in conversation,—but if someone started natural history he would fire up quickly and talk you deaf."

"I tell you this to show you that in externals he was about the most ordinary creature imaginable,—unselfish, disliking excess, didn't drink or play cards, but you could not, except in a fit of irascibility, call him a puritan. And yet"—here Belmont slowed up and kept steadily *andante* to the end—"he had an ideal. One saw it dimly on meeting him, but he never mentioned it except once, and I believe, though I do not *know*, that I was the only man to whom he confided it; 'confided' is not the right word, else I should not be telling you the thing this evening,—he happened to speak of it in a perfectly natural, frank way."

"We had been talking, I think, of lizards, and suddenly he started up,—I can see him so well, with his brown hair starting up with him: no one else was in the room: a perfectly fresh evening it was in Torpid week,—and burst into praise of love. You know the Phaedrus,—well, like that. He didn't address himself to me, or even to the room, but,—you'll laugh,—to something in the air, a disembodied friend. It was quite clear that the man's self was speaking, perhaps for the first time since he entered the world."

"The curious thing was that the love of which he spoke (and here his talk differed from Plato's) was something absolutely human and of this world, not the least mystical, yet it seemed entirely unconnected with any human being. There was not a touch of sensuality in it, though the passion was something to make the room tremble."

"He stopped all of a sudden and looked at me in a queer, critical way, with his head on one side, and said he'd take a cigarette, which he did. I couldn't speak for a minute, and then I asked some stupid question, to which he replied, and I

can't forget his words. 'Oh yes! there's a girl. But if we marry the joke's over for both of us. Death in fact!'

"There was no answer to this, of course, and we drifted on to college topics for ten minutes, when he returned to work. I was left perplexed, as you can imagine, for it was little short of a revelation. I have only once had a like experience, and that was five years before, when I heard the choral symphony for the first time, and felt—you'll understand me—that I never wanted to hear it again. As then, all my fixed views and pre-occupations were shattered by some vast mental impulse. I had, though it seems blasphemy to say so, a moment's vision of that 'Best,' in which we all hope to share, and the vision had prostrated me. It was the absolute abstractness of the avowal, its impersonality, that had devastated my intellect. Still, common sense is always handy, and I'm a practical man,—always was."

"There was nothing to be done; schools were imminent; I took up the Agamemnon,—one of the set plays of that year,—and read steadily till eleven; then I turned in, but the episode was settled in my brain when I woke the next morning. However, I managed to put it in its place, in that little mental pigeon-hole labelled 'inexplicable occurrences.'"

Here Belmont paused for a while, and Amberley took the opportunity, for which we were all grateful, of asking, "But the girl? What was she like? Did he ever tell you about her?"

"At the time," said Belmont, "I didn't believe there was a girl. He professed the greatest respect for women, and hated the artistic temperament in morals as elsewhere; but love, funnily enough, didn't seem in him. He was almost outside it, and when he spoke that evening it was as if he were creating the thing of which he spoke. The girl I fully believed to be a blind, an apology for speaking as he did, brought in on the spur of the moment. If he loved anything, it was existence,—living; you see, he didn't tell me how he felt, or anything like that which I might have remembered; but only what love was. He defined it to me."

"Well, now I shall go on; it is all so dull, so ordinary. He had, like me, a couple more years at Oxford, and took a double first. Then he came to London and read for the Indian Civil. I was eating bar dinners then, and saw him on an average about once in three weeks. I had aspirations towards becoming a gay spark,—not uncommon among reading men launched without preparation in the metropolis. He, on the other hand, seemed inexcusably indifferent to town pleasures. His vitality was obscured, impaired almost; he occasionally went to a theatre with an acquaintance,—he had plenty of such, though no

friends (he kept us all at a distance somehow), and more often to a concert by himself. One evening I remember we were returning from a musical comedy,—he lodged in Bloomsbury and I was half-a-dozen streets away,—when I took occasion to rate him for his priggish aloofness.

"I told him that he must have passions like other men, and passions were given us to be indulged,—in moderation; that there was something absurdly mediæval in his ascetic attitude which might befit a monk but not a civil servant. In short, I implored him to be reasonable, human, expansive."

"He listened very intently, as if these sentiments were new to him, and replied shortly, though without temper, that he had no intention of giving up the way of life which was not so much congenial to him as forced upon him by duty; that (and this was said with an archaic smile) there were many monks in mufti outside the pale of catholicism, and finally, with an appalling energy, that work was the one thing for him,—'I am not dead yet,' he ended."

"We walked the remaining 200 yards to his lodgings in silence. He turned to me for a moment as he went in, and I think I heard him say 'thanks.' But in this I may be mistaken. We did not meet again for three years."

"How was that?" said I (that is, Denison).

"I thought you would understand," said Belmont, "and by your question I see that I have not, as I feared, described the man adequately. I can only say that that evening marked a decisive stage in our acquaintance. It was clear to me, and to you, had you been in my place, that, to speak musically, a double bar had been drawn through the score, and he, not I, was the one to proceed with the composition."

"I met him, as I said, three years later, travelling in Spain, where to my amazement he was getting up detail for a historical novel,—the Armada from a Spanish point of view, I believe, was his notion. I never saw the book; it may not have appeared, of course. He did not look a day older, but the life had gone out of him. I could not even rouse him on his pet topic, natural history. It seems that he had thrown up his civil service preparation on the receipt of a modest legacy from an uncle, who died at the time. He had married, and given himself up to historical reading, the idea of a novel suggesting itself in the course of it. He introduced me to his wife, some two years younger than himself, whom he had known from childhood. She was devoted to him, and a loyal helper,—an ideal couple you would say. I gathered from her that he was a regular contributor to the 'Journal of Historical Studies,' and had published a much discussed



brochure on Strafford's Irish policy. He corresponded intermittently with his friends, and had great schemes for the future of his son, the bonniest blue-eyed child you ever saw.

"We went for a heap of excursions. Toledo was our centre, and during our more adventurous rides his wife and the boy remained in the hotel. We talked familiarly on all topics, more familiarly perhaps than ever before, though without zest or élan. Only once did he give me any sort of reason for the undoubted change in himself. We were discussing 'Cervantes'; 'Humour,' he said, 'is only proportion, and proportion at best is only altruism.' At present I believe he is in Rome, at work at the history of the Papacy during the 16th century. I hear from him about seven times a year. That is all."

"Really," said Canton to me on our way to the drawing-room, "our host has a remarkable faculty for heightening the unimportant. He never made a bigger mountain out of a molehill than this evening."

The remark was reassuring certainly, though neither of us attached any importance to it. Amberley said nothing.

E. H. W. M.

### THE VISION OF SPRING, 1916

All night in a cottage far  
Death and I had waged our war,  
Where, at such a bitter cost,  
Death had won and I had lost;  
And as I climbed up once more  
From that poor, tear-darkened door,  
From the valley seemed to rise,  
In one cry, all human cries—

Yea, from such a mortal woe  
Earth seemed at its overthrow,  
And the very deeps unlocked  
Of all anguished ages, mocked  
In that they beheld at last  
This their self-sown holocaust,  
And their latest, loveliest sons  
Shattered by ten thousand guns.

Then the friend who said to me,  
Naught's so brief as agony,  
Seemed to stand revealed and blind,  
And a foe to humankind,  
And I cried, why very Spring  
Shudders at this fearful thing,  
And withholds her kindling sun  
Seeing life and grief are one.

Nay, said he, but in all earth  
There's one power, and that is Birth,  
And the starkest human pain  
Is but joy being born again,

And all night, had you but heard,  
There's no depth that has not stirred  
That to-morrow men may see  
God in every bursting tree—

Yea, he cried, the Very God  
In each blade that bends the sod,  
In each sod that feeds the blade,  
In each hushed, far-hidden glade,  
In each prairie, running free  
O'er some long fast-frozen sea,  
In each jungle, fierce and lush  
From its glutting thunder-gush,  
In each mammoth mountain-side,  
Thrust from womb of earth in pride,  
Climbing till creation dies  
From its crude, star-stricken eyes—

Yea, and in all eyes that see  
That frustrate immensity,  
And the larger life that wings  
In the least of creeping things;  
In the swift, invisible rain  
Poured into the human brain,  
In all gods that men made first  
When earth's glories on them burst,  
Gods of serpents, stars, and trees,  
And the gods that fashioned these,  
Great Gautama, propped afar  
Where no tears or laughter are,  
And the greater God who died  
That men might, uncrucified  
From the cross of pride and priest,  
Be as brothers at life's feast,  
God the Father, God the Son,  
God the love in everyone—

And I saw then fall away  
Veils from that gun-shattered clay,  
And beneath each scalding tear  
Sink to death some human fear,  
And behind each springing blade  
Move the slow, divine brigade  
Of all brave, up-rendered life  
To the last, supremest strife—

Yea, I saw from upper air  
God in ambush everywhere;  
And at that triumphant sight  
Lo, the dawn out-topped the night.

H. H. BASHFORD.

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### A FEW REMINISCENCES OF A NAVAL SURGEON

Once again amongst the trees and flowers of Whitechapel's oasis, and in the old wards we know and love so well, makes one forget there is such a thing as War! It makes me forget that I have been through the various experiences, that are the direct result of a War, which have fallen to my lot. The peacefulness of the garden is a treat in itself, especially if one compares it to the Naval Base in the Orkneys, where no green tree or field is to be seen from the decks of the ships of our Grand Fleet, or, again, to the dunes and the vast, flat, uninteresting, low-lying country of Northern Belgium. As I sit here, or lie in bed in Richmond Ward, I cannot but help realising I am lucky to be here. Some of the incidents have appeared as nothing until the various people about the hospital come and talk to me and ask questions. Then do I realise that my star has been in the lucky quarter!

It was my luck quite early on to see the results of War, for on the afternoon of August 29th I was transferred to H.M.S. "Lurcher" from the "Cressy" in the middle of the North Sea, in order that I might attend to many badly wounded Germans who had been taken off the "Mainz" before she sank. Even that was a memorable day, though it was very insignificant when compared with subsequent events. It was a weird sight to see the three destroyers, the "Laertes," "Liberty" and "Laurel," in company with the "Lurcher," approaching our cruiser squadron. The last named was the only sound one amongst them, but she was a sight to be remembered. On board, besides her own crew of 70, she had nearly 200 German prisoners, wounded and unwounded. There were 59 dead and seriously wounded; the remainder were either slightly wounded or untouched. It is difficult for anyone to imagine what this small ship looked like unless one had seen her. It was the first time I had seen a naval guard wearing the old fashioned cutlasses, with revolvers in their belts. But imagine, if you can, the "Lurcher's" journey from the scene of action with all these prisoners on board. There were enough sound ones amongst them to rush the guard if they had been so tempted. There can be little wonder that her officers drew in a sigh of relief when they met our squadron and knew she could discharge the greater portion of her cargo, the dangerous element. Though many of them had been saved through one of the bravest of acts, they were not inclined to show any gratitude whatever. A more surly-looking crowd of men I have never set eyes on. The act by which they were saved was indeed one that should be chronicled. There was the "Mainz," burning furiously amidships, her back broken and sinking rapidly. Commodore Roger

Keyes (now D.S.O.) takes his ship right alongside of the burning ship, sweeps the deck of the wounded and any who care to save their lives, also at the same time picking up men out of the water. If the "Mainz" had completely broken her back nothing in this world could have saved the "Lurcher" and her brave crew. But I must say this for these Germans, though many of them had been shot by their own officers as they jumped into the water, not one of them would utter a word against this Prussianism. In other words, they were faithful to their officers to their last breath, for several died. To continue; after about 160 of the movable prisoners had been transferred to the "Cressy," the "Lurcher" set off for Harwich on what has proved to be a journey of everlasting memory to me. I began work immediately, and for 12 hours almost continuously I slaved hard over the seriously injured. Some of the wounds were ghastly, and to add to the sight was the discolouration of the skin of these men from our lyddite shells. To describe all the different wounds would make too long a yarn. I suppose they were like many other wounds that have been inflicted during this present War. The behaviour of the men was splendid. The distribution of the men was my great difficulty; for a destroyer is not the handiest of places to house 60 wounded men. With great difficulty we got the greater proportion on to the mess deck, which much resembled a shambles; the remainder we stowed away in any nook and corner we could find. A few we had to leave lying on deck, and these we covered with blankets and tarpaulins, but, nevertheless, all through the night these men were to be heard calling out in broken English that they were cold; also you could hear their teeth chattering quite a few yards away from where they lay. Up to midnight 12 had passed out of this world, leaving their miseries behind them, and these were buried at sea. It was the weirdest burial ceremony I have ever attended, and one that will never be blotted out of my memory. The bodies were sewn into canvases and weighted with two shells to each corpse. The Burial Service was read by the Commodore by the light of a shaded lamp, the available members of the ship's company standing round with bared heads; the moon shone out in all its weird glory; impressive in its simplicity, the service ended, and then came the horrible part. The ship could not be stopped, so the bodies were lifted by the head and the feet and swung three times; on the third swing they were loosed, and a splash was heard which made the blood run cold through your body. Bitter though one may feel against a live foe, you cannot help being moved to pity, or something more than pity, on an occasion like that. As long as I live I shall hear those splashes in my ears, and each time I shall shudder. The remainder of



the journey was not quite uneventful, for three more died before we ran into Harwich in a thick fog.

Once at Harwich we immediately began discharging our patients. Some went to Shotley Hospital and some to Lord Tredegar's yacht, "Liberty." Lord Tredegar came on board himself at 3.30 a.m., accompanied by an old friend, or enemy, of myself and my contemporaries, Clayton Greene. I reminded the latter of a couple of interviews I had with him when he "ploughed" me in anatomy!

All the patients safely transferred, I went to the barracks for a bath and breakfast, later catching the morning fast train to town. After reporting myself at the Admiralty I rejoined my ship at Sheerness after an eventful 24 hours. Little happened between that date and the sinking of the three cruisers on the 22nd September, three weeks later. There is only one incident worth mentioning. Four days previous to the fateful day, whilst we were "coaling" at the Nore, a presentiment occurred to me which, try how I would, I could not dispel. I felt certain that when we put out from the Nore it was the last time. Now I had left nothing behind me as a souvenir, or keepsake, for a certain person who now is, happily, my wife. So I removed my ring from my finger and posted it on a mutual friend, with instructions to pass it on if I should not come back. There is definite proof of a presentiment which was not an abortive one. Of the sinking of the "Cressy" something has already been published in this magazine, so I need not relate those details again.

In passing this by, I might try to describe one's feelings during that two and a half hours in the water. One's first sensations are very difficult to describe. It is not bravado, I assure my readers, when I tell them that I was absolutely callous as to my own safety. The way I looked at it was this:—"I can swim. I can swim well. I may get picked up and I may not. Why worry?" I helped those who were not quite able to help themselves, and when it was obvious that there was nothing for it but the water, I found a quiet corner, where I said a prayer; having done that, I went back on deck, deliberately stripped myself naked, and waited. By this time the deck was nearly perpendicular. In attempting to clamber on to the side of the ship I was washed off by a big wave, and then I knew the fight with life had begun.

That in itself is a curious sensation! For two long hours I faced death, always with the same calm view as I have related above. All the good deeds and the bad deeds of my life crowded through my head; I don't suppose there was much of my life that did not get well scrutinized in that time; happy days and others, all jumbled up together, were retrospected. Then came the

time when I sighted the trawler about half a mile ahead, and the thought "Shall I reach it, for if I don't I am 'done.'" Then for the first time did any anguish enter into the question. However resigned one may be beforehand, I am quite sure the natural instinct is to clutch to any reed, however slight it may be. I did cut the trawler off and was picked up, as my presence here in this "home of Londoners" bears proof! Of the rest of that eventful day there is little to tell. I worked hard helping others until I was all but "knocked out" myself; this was later, when we were taken on board the destroyer "Lennox." There were many who needed my professional help, and not until all were attended to could I seek any rest myself. Our arrival at Harwich was greeted with cheers, which we felt were misplaced; such a catastrophe does not seem to call for cheers? I shall never forget that night spent at the hotel, which was converted into a hospital. We sat up for hours, waiting to see further arrivals. Sad to relate, some of our hopes were in vain. Next day we all dispersed on leave.

A month later I joined H.M.S. "Emperor of India," then our latest super-dreadnought. I spent ten months in her, without any very exciting incidents occurring, though, looking back now, I realise my lucky star followed me all the time. We had not been left Portsmouth very long when a submarine came after us, which, by a lucky chance, we dodged. Before reaching our Northern Base we encountered terrific Atlantic gales, and to see this fine ship of the line ploughing her way through the huge seas was really a wonderful sight.

Some of the incidents which occurred during my sojourn in this ship were:—(1) Watching a mine floating down upon us, which nobody could sink or explode, until it came right under the side of the ship, expecting any moment to be blown up or so damaged that we should have to look to our life saving apparatus; mine, of course, was down below under closed watertight doors! Nevertheless, it was sunk just before it looked like touching our side. (2) Whilst loading ammunition one day I watched a 13½ shell fall from the top of a shell hoist to the bottom, the shackle giving way. The suspense was only momentary, but I do not think any of the onlookers breathed for that moment! (3) One night it was discovered that someone had been smoking in one of the magazines, but the culprits were never discovered. (4) Once when we were in a certain harbour, we were "mined in," though we did not know it, and the enemy tried to entice us out. Fortunately for us, but unfortunately for those who lost their lives, a destroyer was blown up and this fact gave the show away. As we would have been the leading ship, I'll leave my readers to juggle with the possibilities. (5) Another time we were badly harassed by three submarines when we were out without destroyers.

You may imagine the cheer that rang out when the Commander-in-Chief signalled that one had been rammed and sunk. And the last episode was a personal one. We were coming south for a refit at the end of August last, when one day I was caught, unawares, by a huge wave, and nearly washed overboard. If it had not been that I pulled up against one of the rail posts, nothing could have saved me from going, for I should have fallen into the sea and been churned up by the wake of the propellers. This occurred unseen by anyone, and my end would have remained a mystery, for it was a comparatively calm day, there only being a moderate Atlantic swell on. During the refit I was transferred to a small monitor, and eventually found myself over in Flanders. During that time I was sent up to a battery in the dunes around Nieupoort. Once or twice I experienced the shelling that occasionally takes place in that part, though it was only of a very mild order. The sojourn there enabled me to see the trenches of the Belgians and French. Air fights were a common sight, and bomb dropping was not an unusual occurrence. Eventually, I was ordered back to my ship, which was to do some special work in the Channel. Our first day out on this work nearly resulted in another "ducking." The engines broke down in a gale, and we were at the mercy of the elements for hours, but luck eventually favoured me once again. Two of the engines we repaired and we struggled into harbour, after the worst of buffetings anyone could wish to experience. A flat bottomed ship is not an ideal thing in a storm! Unfortunately one's nerves will play tricks occasionally, and my turn came. I was then sent to the dépôt where I have remained ever since. Some day I may go back to sea, when I hope my lucky star will not desert me! I have yet to get my own back on the Hun for the ducking, and my greater wish is that I may be in the North Sea when the German High Seas Fleet comes out of her haven of rest for her final "victory." In conclusion, I wish "God speed" to all "Londoners," and may their luck be as good as mine has been.

G. N. M.

## MALINGERING IN THE ARMY— THE DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT

By T. S. RIPON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,  
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Malingering in the Military sense is quite different from the condition met with in civilian practice.

It may be defined as "reporting sick without a cause, with the idea of avoiding duty or punishment."

When a Medical Officer certifies a man to be a malingerer, the offender is usually severely dealt with.

The Medical Officer is, therefore, in a position of considerable responsibility, as he has to make a statement in writing, and very often finds it difficult to decide.

In order to come to a conclusion, one must realize that in the Army a man is either sick or well. There is no allowance made for being "out of sorts."

If a man is capable of going on parade he is not sick.

The difficult cases to decide are those when there is either no suspicion of any attempt to avoid duty or punishment, and yet no apparent disease can be found; or a defaulter complains that he is sick, and while there is undoubtedly some grounds for his statement, yet the disease is so slight that it is probable that he is shamming.

### DIAGNOSIS OF MALINGERING

The symptoms that the malingerer complains of are:—

- (1) Real.
- (2) Imaginary.

#### (1) Real

There is something there, but not enough to incommode him, i.e., an infinitesimal malaise.

*Example.*—A mild chronic dyspepsia which always gets bad when there is a route march.

#### (2) Imaginary

##### (a) A deliberate lie.

*Example.*—A man who had a congenial occupation fell sick when he was transferred to another job, complaining of sciatica.

On examination, stretching the sciatic nerve caused no pain.

##### (b) Mental suggestion.

*Example.*—A man who knew the name and symptoms of a disease refused to work, although assured that nothing was the matter.

### COMMON EXAMPLES OF MALINGERING

#### (1) Pain in the back

Every man gets a pain in the back if he carries a pack.

Miners who have acquired a permanent stoop suffer from pain in the back during the first few



months of training when they have to stand erect.

It is impossible to sympathise with these cases, otherwise the whole battalion would go sick.

Organic disease, lumbago and rheumatism, must be carefully excluded before deciding that it is malingering.

(2) *Pain in the chest*

(a) *Dyspepsia*

"I've been taking medicine for years, sir, for dyspepsy," says a particularly healthy-looking specimen.

"Then its time you stopped," retorts the M.O.

The luxury of medicine is all right for civilians in Peace time, but is strongly discouraged by the A.D.M.S. in War time.

(b) *Pain in the chest after meals associated with defective teeth*

One man I knew used to carry his artificial dentures in his pocket, and proudly show his toothless gums to me knowing that I would sympathise with him.

(c) *Stitch in the side*

This passes off so quickly that there is no excuse for falling sick.

When the man arrives at the surgery he has not got it.

(d) *Over-indulgence in tobacco*

The first visit is usually a genuine one, but I have met many men who take advantage of the fact that the doctor has warned the man that he has "smoker's heart," to avoid necessary drill.

(3) *Varicocoele*

This is one of the most difficult cases to decide, because the malingerer has something to exhibit if he comes before a Board.

If a man states that he gets no relief with the support of a suspensory bandage or on lying down, he is probably a malingerer.

(4) *Nervous breakdown*

Some of these men are wonderful actors, and have extraordinary imaginations.

One man who absolutely defeated me for weeks, stated that he had been wounded at Neuve Chapelle, and subsequently discharged on account of "nervous breakdown."

On making out his papers for a Medical Board, he was asked to show his discharge certificate, which he was unable to do.

At the Medical Board, I stated that I did not believe he had ever been on active service.

The man then tried to get out of it by saying that he had lost his memory, and did not remember saying that he had been at Neuve Chapelle, and admitted that he had never been in France. He was remanded by the Board for a report on his mental condition. The report stated that he was quite sane. It was a deliberate attempt to avoid duty by reporting sick.

(5) *Old injuries*

There are few things so annoying as to sympathise with a man who limps into your surgery with an old fracture of the tibia, and then see the cripple, armed with a bottle of linament, stride down the street without the slightest sign of any disability.

The Sergeant-Major knows that he is a malingerer, but no Medical Officer has the courage to look at a deformity, and deny the possibility that the man may be speaking the truth.

Once you get these men on active service, they forget their disabilities. At a time like this, when every man is of the utmost value, nobody should be rejected or discharged on account of an old injury or fracture, unless it is really exceptionally bad.

(6) *Flat Foot*

There is a mistaken idea that men with flat feet cannot do a long march. In one infantry battalion that I was attached to, fully 75 % of the men were flat footed.

Less than 2 % fell out on a long march. We took a lot of trouble with these men's feet.

Special toe exercises, massage, "feet parades" on the sea-shore, artificial arches, good boots and a battalion chiropodist, who was always available, resulted in a great improvement.

After we had transferred the worst cases for garrison duty, hardly a single man fell out on a route march on account of flat-foot.

Once a man knows he has flat-foot he has an excuse to avoid duty, and may become a malingerer.

(7) *Defective Vision*

This is a favourite method of obtaining discharge, and is usually fairly easy to detect.

Occasionally, however, one is defeated. Cases are on record in the French army of men obtaining atropine and appearing with unequal pupils.

(8) *Rheumatism*

Owing to the fact that many medical men (including myself) refer to obscure wandering pains as "Rheumatism," there are large numbers

of men who fall sick asserting that they are "rheumatic."

It is hard to discover how far they really are suffering pain, and how far they are putting it on.

The best way is to administer salicylates, phenacetin, and finally, pil. saponis co.; a denial of any relief at all suggests that the man is malingering.

Sometimes the "rheumatic" gives himself away further by asserting that the opium pill opened his bowels when he imagines the pill to be an aperient.

(9) *Other methods*

The above types describe the typical cases met with in my own experience. Readers will probably recall many other types, among which self-administered drugs form another group, e.g., cordite chewing, and picric acid (which produces jaundice).

TREATMENT OF MALINGERING

The first thing is to put oneself in the position of the malingerer.

It is not fair to punish a man who has acquired the habit of calling regularly on his panel doctor for a bottle of medicine, and who firmly believes he requires it. The habit has to be discouraged in the Army, as the men miss parades and the public are put to unnecessary expense.

The Medical Officer must remember, however, that he is fair game to the troops.

If he allows mistaken and unnecessary sympathy to be taken advantage of, it is his own fault.

Supposing a man over-sleeps himself, and finds he is late for parade, his excuse often is that he was sick.

By sympathising with malingerers, one is encouraging laziness.

The second principle is to grasp the attitude of mind of the officer-in-charge of troops, who is absolutely defeated, if, when a man is insubordinate and punished, he "goes sick" and escapes.

On a Brigade Field-day, half the unit may deliberately fall sick rather than tramp weary miles in a hot sun.

Having understood the position he is in, the M.O. should then see that the troops (I am referring particularly to the new armies) understand that "falling sick without a cause is a crime." He should explain to the Commanding Officer that when he marks the morning sick report "duty" in red ink, that he is prepared to swear that the man so marked is a malingerer.

Also he may write "N.A.D." (no apparent disease), and leave it to the discretion of the officer, who knows the man's character better than the M.O., to deal with the case.

The M.O. may have an "unofficial" sick parade in the afternoon or evening, during the men's spare time, where the man who believes that his system requires regular inspection may come.

Having cleared the ground, he then has only to decide whether, in the military sense, the man is sick or not (i.e., is incapable of performing his duties).

If he is really sick, he is sent at once to hospital. The Army doctor's motto is "Let all things be done decently and in order."

A man must either die on the field of battle or in a military hospital.

If the man is not "sick," then he is either suffering from a minor disturbance or he is a "maligner."

If you make up your mind that he is a malingerer (and you must be absolutely sure, because you will have to write it on the sick report, and there may be a court martial and a second opinion called in), then say to the man "I can find nothing the matter with you," and on the army form B 256, write "duty," in red ink.

I do not agree with the method of administering "Mistura Diabolica" on these occasions.

It is a mistake to discourage men from reporting sick by treating them badly. One should be very careful to do nothing to discourage legitimate cases from receiving every attention and relief.

It is of vital importance to obtain the confidence of the men.

The attempt to punish a malingerer by administering a nauseous draught is a mistake, because:—

(1) It is not the M.O.'s business to punish. (See King's Regulations).

(2) The real malingerer does not mind it.

The medical officer's job is to spot the malingerer and recommend him for punishment to his commanding officer. Most of the cases I met occurred in billets in England—in men who had been in training for six months or so—and were "fed up" with training.

On active service there is no malingering to speak of.

A British soldier will endure incredible hardships when the enemy is near and there is the chance of "getting at him."





## ANCIENT EGYPT

## II.

By A. A. H. EL-ZENEINY.

(Continued.)

The Ancient Egyptians (Pharaohs) were all of one race until three or four thousand years B.C., and they were characterised by the handsome round face and large eyes. Traces of them can be found in Middle Egypt at the present day.

Since that period different races have settled in Egypt and have mixed with them for centuries. Among the settlers were the Greeks, who copied all of their early civilisation from the Egyptians, and even now most of their words are of Egyptian origin. Greece was the first country to be civilised in Europe. The Egyptian priests looked upon the Greeks even in the days of Herodotus, as a nation of mere children.

Owing to the different settlers, the people of Egypt consisted of various races. Some of these races were of the Aquiline or eagle-nosed type; others of the Libyan, the Aromite, the curly-haired type, the sharp-nosed type, the short-nosed type, the forward-nosed type, the straight-nosed type.

The Arabs came to Egypt in 640, when it was conquered by Amre El-Aas, the Caliph of Islam, who converted most of the inhabitants to Islam. The Arabic language was introduced, then, a few years after, the great mosque (Azhar) was built in Cairo.

Now Egypt, due to the subjects taught at that Mosque, has become the centre of Arabic, and the Arabic priests (Ulama) are considered as the standard of the language in prose, poetry, logic, etc.; Azhar is the greatest university in the world.

The Egyptians started their writing in the first dynasty, 6000 B.C. The earliest inscription known is the tablet of King Aha.

Like the modern bushmen in Africa, the Early Egyptians must have subsisted upon the chase, and their main occupation must have been the hunting down of the deer (gazelle) and other wild animals.

As early as ten thousand years ago, the most abundant handwork of the Early Egyptians was the finely made pottery entirely formed by hand. It was built up from the base and in form so true that no error is perceptible. The facing was finished with a coat of red hæmatite, which turned to a brilliant black in the furnace.

It is interesting to note that similar materials are used in the same kind of patterns by the hill tribes at the back of Algeria at the present time.

The skill of the Early Egyptians is shown in their art of flint-flaking, in which they proved

themselves the most skilful craftsmen of any known race. The great double-edged knives are as much as fifteen inches long, but only one-quarter of an inch thick, with the edges exquisitely serrated in minute teeth.

The religion of the Egyptians was a matter of imagination. The Sun (the Giver of Life, as they called it) occupied the highest seat among their gods. Among others were:

1. Nafer-Atmu, God of Growth and Vegetation.
2. Hathor, the Female Principle, later identified with Isis.
3. Isis, the Mother Goddess.
4. Anhur, a Sun God.
5. Osiris, Corn God.
6. Ptah, the Creator, or Artificer, God.
7. Hathus, presided over Birth and Destiny.
8. Khonsu, God of Time and Science.
9. Aah, Morn God.
10. Horus, Conqueror of Evil.
11. Anubis, Guide of Dead.
12. Bastet, Goddess of Animal Passion and Patroness of Hunting.

The Egyptians used to perform a religious dance in which the various episodes of a successful hunt were enacted. It was thought that this would ensure a successful hunt, and therefore a plentiful supply of food for the tribe.

To the Egyptians certain animals were sacred as the symbols of certain gods. Thus, for example:

- To Ptah, the Beetle was sacred.
- To Osiris, the Heron.
- To Ra and Bastet, the Hawk and the Cat.
- To Set, the Crocodile.
- To Anubis, the Jackal.
- To Thath, the Ibis.

To honour these animals was an act of piety; but to kill them an offence for which death was the penalty.

Certain individual specimens of various animals were set apart to the gods as pre-eminently sacred, the knowledge of which was in the priests' keeping. When selected, the animal was regarded as an incarnation of the deity, and kept in the temple, where prayers and worship were given to it as to the god himself. When it died it was embalmed with as much care as if it were a human person of the highest rank. The River Nile held a chief place among those gods of their imagination.

Most of the cities and towns in Egypt were named by the Egyptians, and remain unaltered to the present time. A general guide to the reader will be given in a few words. Every town or a temple is known in most cases by one name, e.g., Thebes (the ancient and first capital), Karnak,

Dendera, Assiut, Deirut, Giza, etc., etc., whereas the towns and villages named by the Arabs are generally known by two names, e.g., Beni-Hassan (Sons of Hassan). Some are preceded by the Arabic prefix Abu (Father of), e.g., Abu-Kir. Others by Awlad (Sons of or descendants of), or Om (Mother of), etc., etc.

The name Egypt was given to the country by the Greeks as early as three thousand years ago. The real name of the country is Misr, derived from the Hebrew "Mazor."

The Nile is the Arabic word for Indigo. Cairo is the Arabic word for victorious, originally Cahira, corrupted to Cairo.

The Egyptians decorated their rooms with flowers daily, the dining-rooms included. Dinner was taken in the middle of the day. Upon the arrival of Guests at a Feast they were given water in order to wash their hands and feet, which were afterwards anointed with sweet scented oil. They then engaged in conversation, as it was considered impolite to proceed to dinner immediately. Before, however, the guests entered the room where dinner was served, flowers were brought to them and servants placed garlands on their heads, bringing fresh flowers when the first became faded. On the guests being seated, the servants handed round wine and the musicians entertained the company with the favourite airs of the day, giving them "excess of it" (Shakespeare), at the end of the meal.

Various toys, such as dolls, crocodiles with moving jaws, etc., were given to children, and the hoop and ball to those of a more advanced age.

In the tombs of Beni-Hassan (in the county of Minick) we find representations of women playing ball in the form of a dance.

A complete Egyptian house contained a great vestibule with an ante-room for the porter; behind there was a large dining-hall, at the back of which was a small court; on the right of this stood the bedroom, and on the left a kitchen and store-room; beyond was the garden. The story of the visit of Abraham to Egypt in search of food, when there was a famine in his own country beyond the Isthmus, is familiar to every one of us.

What a change it must have been for him, for many years used to a wandering tent life and the silence of wide spaces, to enter into the busy life of the Nile Valley, with its great cities and huge buildings, and to see the luxury and the splendour of the King's Court. We can well imagine that Abraham would tell stories of this visit to Egypt to his son Isaac, that he in turn would tell them to his son Jacob, and Jacob to his sons, and among them to his favourite son, Joseph.

The basket in the Upper Egyptian Rooms at the British Museum might well have been that which

the chief baker carried on his head. The models of the granaries show how corn was stored, and bring to mind Joseph's great work of fighting the famine that lasted so long. All the magicians and all the wise men of Egypt failed to interpret the Pharaoh's dreams, but the chief butler remembered the skill of Joseph, who had rightly foretold his reinstatement. The prophet, then thirty years of age, still lay in the prison, where he had been cast by Potiphar. Summoned by the Pharaoh he interpreted the dreams and was made the second person in the kingdom.

Fashions changed so little in Egypt for centuries that we can well borrow those seats and other furniture and paintings in the cases around, to put in the palace of the king to whom Joseph became as a son, and we may fancy them together discussing earnestly affairs of state—the King on his throne and Joseph ready with his reed pens and paints making his report upon a papyrus roll.

Later on comes the touching welcome to the old father and all the family, who had come across the isthmus, with all their worldly possessions, to settle in their own land where Joseph had become a prophet.

Little is known of the history of Egypt at this time, for the kings who then ruled were a race of foreigners who destroyed monuments rather than set them up. They are known as "Hyksos" (shepherds). By the destruction of these monuments many names of famous builders and soldiers who rose up during the years that Israel lived in the "House of Bondage" were lost.

Among them was Thathmus III., who inscribed and set up the great obelisk which we call Cleopatra's Needle, and which is now standing on the Embankment of the Thames. The famous Queen, it will be remembered, lived several centuries later than Thathmus III. He was also one of the first Kings of Egypt to make war across the Isthmus, first on the nations in the mountains of Syria, and secondly in the Valley of the two great rivers, Tigris and Euphrates.

Then there was the great Queen Hat-shep-su, who sent most interesting expeditions to discover unknown countries, and had an account of them with fine illustrations engraved on the walls of a magnificent temple she built near Thebes.

Magnificent were the temples and monuments set up by this dynasty of kings, among which we find the massive temples at Karnak and Luxor, near Thebes, up the Nile; that of Karnak, one of the mighty temples of Ancient Egypt, measuring 1,200 feet long, and covering an area of 430,000 square feet (nearly twice the area of St. Peter's, at Rome). Its great central pillars, already referred to in the first part of this article, are 78 feet high and 33 feet round, and can now