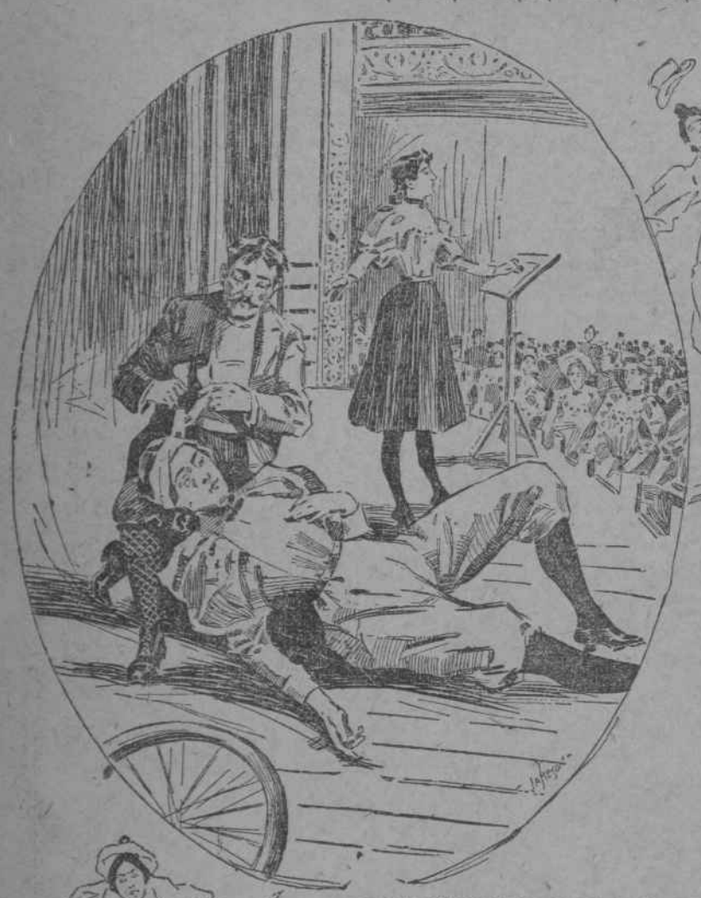
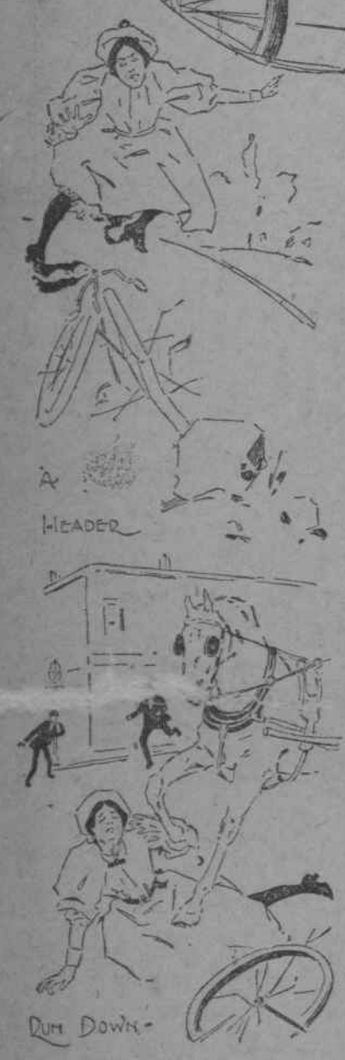
FIRST-AID-TO-THE-INJURED LESSONS FOR UNFORTUNATE BICYCLISTS.





RELIEF—scientific relief, quick and free—is to be provided for wounded bicyclers. Wheelmen and wheelwomen now may thread crowded streets in the knowledge that, when they are caught and crushed under horses' hoofs or the wheels of laden vehicles, they need not lie and suffer, perhaps die, for lack of such surgical attention as a tardy and youthful ambulance surgeon can give.

It is next to impossible that any accident should befall a wheelman on any traversed road in the vicinity of New York and another wheelman or some common-sense angel in bloomers not come in sight within five minutes at the most. When the new plan for the relief of injured wheelmen is in operation the first bicyclist who pedals up to the scene of a mishap will be, to all intents and purposes, an advance guard of the ambulance corps.

The agency which has set the new plan on foot—or awheel—is the Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured. And that makes it all the more serious in its import. The Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured is in no sense an organization of carpet knights. It is a life-saving institution of the first and most practical order, as has been often proven. Now it has decided to provide for first aid to wounded wheelmen.

A series of illustrated lectures is to be given in the quarters of the society similar to those by which instruction was provided in the methods of treating half-drowned people and sufferers from sunstroke.

In the previous lectures there has always been some element lacking. The new series will be illustrated with actual, live models. This system—really a kindergarden one—of associating an object with an idea, will make the course of instruction an altogether practical one. With such illustration it should be easy to demonstrate to all who ride how easy it is to be patched up after a collision.

In the quarters of the society, on a high platform, the living picture will stand, a woman when there are women to be instructed and a man when there are classes of males. Dr. James will have charge of instruction to the women's classes, and Dr. Francis Scratchly will lecture to the men.

Before the showing of the first picture, the objects of the series will be explained. It is intended to make clear by example the use of bandages. Strange as it may seem, there are few people who know how to properly bandage an arm or a leg that has been injured. They only find out how little they know when called upon in emergency.

One of the first examples of this amateur hospital treatment will be a model with her head bound up, so as to show how to use the bandage on a person with a scalp wound, of which "headers" are frequent creators. The instructor will show exactly how this head bandaging is done.

The handkerchief-bandage is held by the lower hem, with the middle of it placed on the head so that the hem lies across the forehead, the point hanging downward over the nape of the neck. After that the two ends are carried above the ears, crossed at the back of the head, brought forward and tied on the forehead.

It is a lucky wheelman, indeed, who, in the course of all his excursions over roads more or less rough, or among the vans and trucks of crowded streets, has not had a bad bruise of the leg. Indeed, a fracture is a thing of which any energetic bicyclist stands in continual danger.

But to teach the classes how a leg should be bandaged in case a bone has been broken the instructors will use a skeleton model, with a view to showing just how the bone looks before the fracture and the position to which it must necessarily be restored.

So every limb and joint is discussed and the method of mending it when it is injured is made plain. In case of a shoulder wound, for example, the model is bandaged by the instructing physician after the most approved fashion, and no one need go away without knowing just how it is done.

A Woman Who Has Lain on a Bed of Flowing Water for Two Months in Order to Save Her Life.

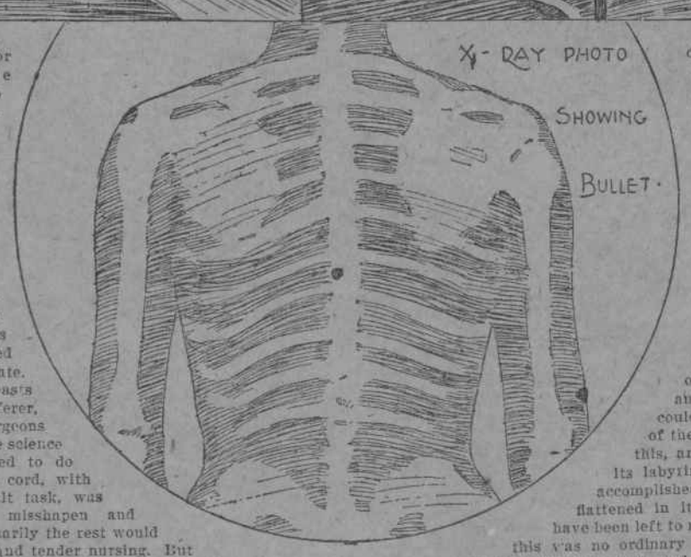
LYING on a bed of water, swung across a trough-like box on strips of canvas, a woman has rested in the Good Samaritan Hospital, in Philadelphia, since August last. Her sufferings and how they were alleviated by the ever ready expedients of modern science constitute a story of remarkable interest and novelty.

Mrs. Taylor Young, of Morehead, Ky., a beautiful young woman, of a prominent family in that town, was accidentally wounded last March by the discharge of her husband's revolver. She was no novice with weapons, and had undertaken to clean the revolver, as she had done many times before. The weapon was discharged in her hand and the ball struck her in the breast. The wound was pronounced fatal, for the best surgeons of that neighborhood declared the bullet could not be extracted. The ball had penetrated the chest, and, while barely missing the lungs and the descending portion of the aorta, had lodged against the spine. This seemed to be the more certain from the fact that the poor woman was completely paralyzed. In this awful dilemma the husband and the aged father of Mrs. Young decided, as a last resort, to remove her to Philadelphia.

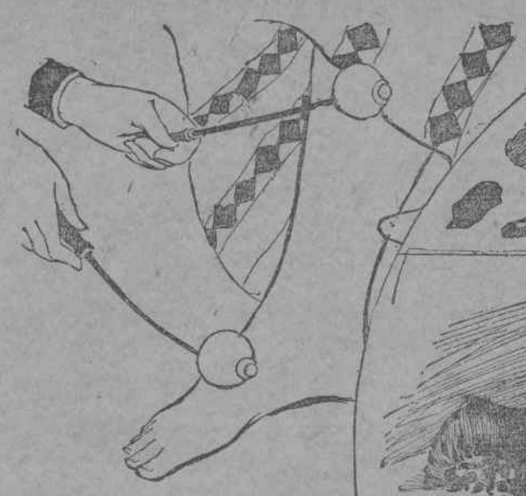
She was taken as tenderly as possible to the Good Samaritan Hospital, where she has since been nursed by the Sisters in attendance upon the patients there. Drs. Whittaker and Ransohoff, after an examination, decided that to probe for the bullet, in the patient's condition, would probably hasten what seemed to be her certain death. Mrs. Young was then on the verge of delirium, her temperature rising periodically to 104 degrees. Each day she was getting weaker and more emaciated, and bed sores almost as painful as the wound in the chest manifested themselves. The physicians were almost at their wits' end, when Dr. Cramer declared that decisive measures alone would avail. In consultation the doctors decided to employ Dr. Roentgen's now famous process, the X rays, in a desperate endeavor to locate the bullet. Mrs. Young and her family readily gave their consent. The arrangements were made on the last Saturday in August of this year.

An expert photographer, with the necessary apparatus, was ordered to be at the hospital at 7 o'clock in the morning and the process of photographing the interior of the body was begun. Powerful opiates were required to render Mrs. Young unconscious to the pain of moving her about and oblivious to the burning of the copper plates in which her back was strapped as in a cuirass. Slowly the process went on and slowly the hours sped, and not until dusk did the anxious physicians dare to remove the plates to see whether the science had accomplished the hoped-for result.

When at last the plates were removed, even the imperturbable men of science could not repress a cry of delight as they held the plate to the light. Science had done its work well, and the bullet, clearly outlined against the spinal cord, showed itself on the plate. The first ray of hope began to animate the breasts of those who had watched at the bedside of the sufferer, and the physicians were more or less elated. Surgeons could now step in and follow the path outlined by the science of the new photography. Another day was required to do this, and the work of probing in front of the spinal cord, with its labyrinth of muscles and arteries, though a difficult task, was accomplished without mishap, and at last the bullet, misshapen and flattened in its course, fell into the surgeon's hands. Ordinarily the rest would have been left to nature, under the watchfulness of the doctor and tender nursing. But this was no ordinary case, and the physicians found that from day to day the bed sores, eight in number, became more and more menacing. They created fever, and again and again drove the temperature of the patient to an alarming height. All the usual remedies failed. Moving the patient from one side of the bed to the other was only accomplished under the influence of opiates, and even then she would arouse from her stupor to hours of untold agony. Again advanced science had to solve a difficult problem, and the result was that a trough was built in the patient's room. This trough is 7 feet long, 4 feet wide and 4½ feet deep, zinc lined throughout and perfectly water-tight. At the lower end is a hole in which a spout is inserted, and to which a hose is connected, permitting a constant drainage. Across the top of the trough heavy strips of canvas are fastened, one at the head and two lower down, where the back and limbs may rest. In this strange bed, under the surveillance of a nurse, Mrs. Young, to keep her temperature cool and to soothe her, has passed days and nights since a few days after the operation last August.



SCOURGING THE BODY TO MAKE WOMEN BEAUTIFUL.



THEY literally beat women in some of the Continental cities now—beat them with rattans. And the women submit to it voluntarily. It's the new muscle-beating fad—a fad by which women who are passee, who have become physically played out by late nights and bad food and fast living generally may be rejuvenated, rehabilitated, with color in their pale cheeks and elasticity in their step.

It has just reached New York, and the strictly up-to-date society woman is taking her daily muscle beating religiously.

In muscle beating a woman has to go through about the same treatment as criminals of old did in the days when the knout was used.

The patient is undressed and laid face downward on a couch. Then the beating begins. An attendant is armed with an implement consisting of a rubber ball attached to a flexible rattan or whalebone handle, which bends with the force of the blow, and has the elasticity of a coach whip.

With this instrument of torture the beater first brings down the rubber ball on the thick and fleshy muscles of the back. These being the most important muscles treated by the new process, the whipping goes on with enthusiasm until the beater is tired and the beaten ready to offer a bribe for a cessation of treatment.

Leaving for awhile the shoulder muscles, the beater then attacks the lower anatomy of the patient, taking the muscles around the waist and beating a tattoo from side to side, until the red blood is forced to the surface and sent surging through the veins.

Then the hips come in for punishment. The tune of the rubber balls is played with renewed force, for here the blows can be administered as heavily as is compatible with the feelings of the patient, without any fear of the punishment being dangerous. Having hammered the patient's hip muscles into a state of abject submission the attendant then travels along to the thighs and calves, administering such a flagellation with the two light weapons as only confirmed faddists would be willing to submit to.

By this time the muscles of the back have recovered their wonted composure. Having beaten the jaded muscles of the back into life and vigor again, the woman under treatment is then placed on her back, and the muscles of the chest and stomach come in for a rain of blows from the merciless rubber balls.

When the beating is done by an accomplished hand it produces the most beneficial and pleasant results. Ordinary massage treatment is not in it with the drumstick method of muscle beating. There is as much difference between the benefits produced as between those that follow genuine gymnastic exercise, and ordinary hand masage.

The impurities that have clogged the system and rendered the patient languid and half-lifeless are beaten into action and forced along to where they can be thrown off. The flabby and almost helpless muscles respond to the energetic hammering of the rubber balls and become hard and useful once more. The blood, the great nourishing factor in the human system, is beaten into activity where it has been sluggish, and the whole system is revived.

Sufferers from feeble muscular power who have tried the new muscle beating fad are unanimous in declaring it to be superior to the old massage treatment in every way, and it is probable that the system of hard massage will soon give place to the flagellating idea.

The implements used are not all made alike. Some have two and three balls attached to the flexible rod, and these balls may be of any size that the patient prefers.

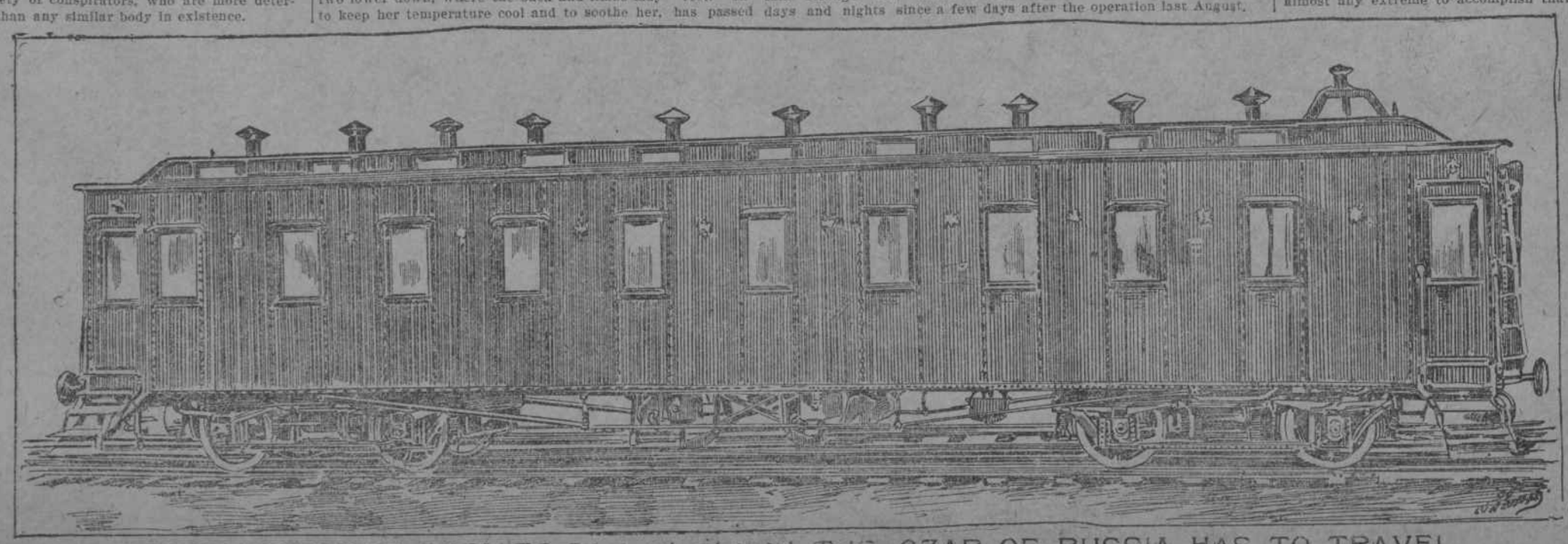
Another flagellating implement consists of a number of hollow rubber tubes attached to a handle, making an implement like a whitewash brush. The treatment with this implement is much severer than with the drumstick muscle beater, as the action is more like a cat-o'-nine-tails thrashing than a gentle hammering.

THE CZAR'S IRONCLAD TRAIN.

The Czar of all the Russias, the mightiest monarch in the world, travels in a railroad train which is a combination of a fortress and a prison. He is obliged to do this because his life is sought by a secret society of conspirators, who are more determined, more fearless and more unrelenting than any similar body in existence.

The train, which recently carried the young Czar on his international tour, which has created so great a sensation, consisted of twelve carriages. It is undoubtedly the most remarkable train in the world, but at the same time is less luxurious than the private car of the ordinary American railroad president, or even a successful comic opera singer. This is in spite of the fact that the treasury of the vast Russian Empire is at the absolute personal command of the Czar.

The most amazing features of the train are the provisions made to defend the life of the Czar against a violent attack. Each car is heavily plated with steel armor of the kind that is used on the most modern warships. In the illustration one can see the rivets with which the plates are fastened together. This armor, it is calculated, would be proof against charges of high explosives. It is especially strong on the bottoms of the cars, for it is there that an explosive would most likely take effect. It may be recalled that a well-planned attempt was made to destroy the train of the late Czar about two years before he died, but that, although it was derailed and badly injured by the explosion, no harm was done to the imperial family, on account of the strength of the armor plating. The train now in use by the Czar is even stronger than this was.



THE BOMB-PROOF PRIVATE CAR IN WHICH THE CZAR OF RUSSIA HAS TO TRAVEL.

SOCIETY GIRLS' MUD WASHES.

The old proverb that there is nothing that has not some use in the world if we only knew what it was has been verified again. This time the discoverer was the Summer girl who has returned from her outing at the seashore or in the mountains. The bugaboo of the Summer girl's season is the tan which she brings back to the city with her. It interferes with her wearing of evening gowns. And she will go to almost any extreme to accomplish that result in a hurry.

The latest wrinkle of the city girl is mud. Plain, dirty, sticky mud. The idea is by no means new, but it is the first time that society as a whole has accepted it as a skin beautifier. Swamp mud or the mud from the bed of a stream is the best. The skin should be thoroughly cleansed and dried until the skin feels warm, and the perspiration has started. Then apply the mud thickly, taking care to keep it from the eyes. It is especially necessary that care be taken to cover all portions of the skin alike, as the smallest patch of uncovered skin is likely to stand out with disagreeable plainness the next morning.

The feeling of the mud on the face is not as unpleasant as one might at first suppose. It feels much as a coating of vaseline or cold cream would, and its beneficial results are much greater. The hands are treated in the same way, except that it is advisable to wear an old loose pair of gloves to prevent the mud from being rubbed off during the night.

The idea of the mud wash is as old as history. The old Romans knew of it and it is very probable that Cleopatra used the prescription to enhance her charms. In the West mud is a panacea for poisonous bites and stings. And the rural maidens use it to whiten their skins.

The idea may be distasteful to a great many people, but it is the fad just at present, and has as many devotees as social fancies always do.