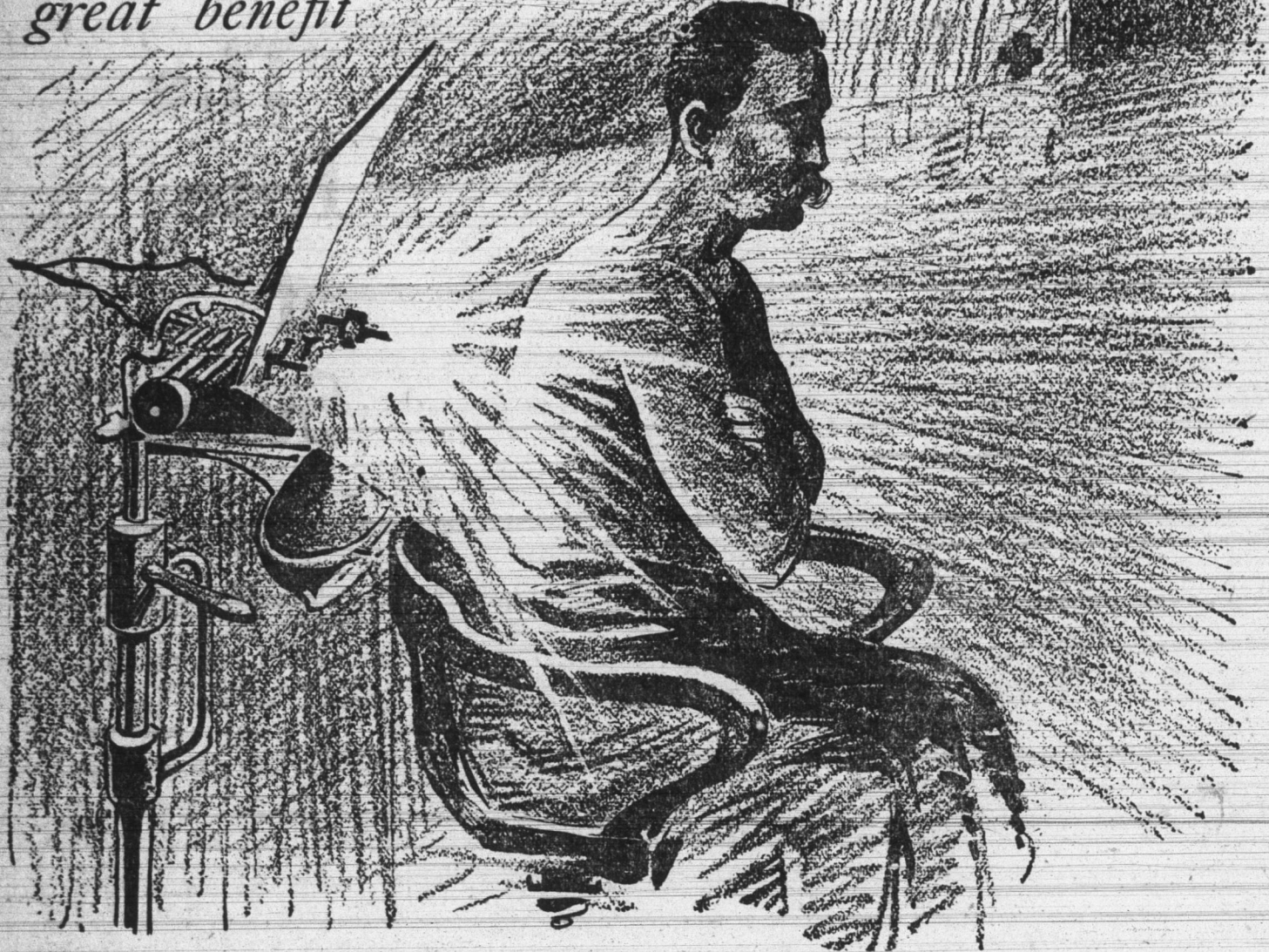


The Simpson Ray—Wonderful Cure for Serious Wounds.

Scotch engineer accidentally makes an important discovery which astounds medical world : : Hospitals find strange new light of great benefit



EVERYBODY has heard about the X-ray, a remarkable kind of light which today has an important place in surgery. It was discovered in 1895 by Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen, a German scientist. Many of us know something about radium, too, a wonderful mineral substance discovered in 1902 by Madame Curie, a French woman scientist. Radium also is of great value in the medical world—so much so that the chief countries are producing it at government expense for hospital use.

Now comes the announcement of another valuable discovery in the scientific world—a new kind of light ray that has marvelous curative properties, one that may revolutionize certain phases of the healing art. It is called the Simpson ray, and may be considered one of the war monster's gifts to humanity in compensation for millions of lives destroyed.

Sometime ago, William Simpson, a Scotch physics engineer, was experimenting to develop a very hard armor plate. He was using high-power electric currents to produce great heat. Now no man knows more than a comparatively few properties of electricity. Civilization has harnessed this infinitely powerful force in nature to some extent, but electricity is constantly doing something in harness to puzzle those who use it. So it came to pass that while Simpson was experimenting one of those puzzling things happened, and the Simpson ray was discovered, to be named after its discoverer.

Mary Boyle O'Reilly, an American newspaper woman, was in London not long ago and she went to interview Simpson at his laboratory. Here is her report:

"Take S-rays and keep young for a hundred years," said William Simpson, Scottish discoverer of Simpson's light, drawing forward a wheeled standard from which a spluttering electric arc gave out faint white smoke.

"You are suffering from bronchial hoarseness; let the light cure it while we talk. It has no danger ray, causes no burns, makes no martyrs; and it kills every germ within ten seconds."

"Pasteur and Metchnikoff taught that to kill germs is to create a new world. Without germs there can be no epidemic diseases. Also, the S-ray softens hardened arteries and loosens adhesions. That stops age, prolongs maturity and increases efficiency."

"We will yet be able to keep young for a century. Already the Royal Medical society insists that the S-ray is the greatest thing in the medical world!"

"Your hoarseness, now?"

Usual Fate of Baby Show Judges.

"You are saluted by most of the men you meet. Hanks, but I never notice a woman recognize you," said a friend to a prominent congressman.

"No; I haven't a woman friend in town," replied the politician.

"How is that?"

"I was once judge of a baby show here. The woman whose baby I gave the prize to has moved away. She was the only friend I had among the fair sex in this community; all the rest are my enemies."

I spoke, and my voice was entirely clear.

"I call the new ray 'God's own light.' It has already done so much good. This is the beginning of an age of marvels," he confessed. "To experiment on armor plate I was seeking an intense, pure heat. My handy man, a drunken, dissolute fellow, was handicapped by a bad burn."

"Suddenly the open wound began to heal. That puzzled me; to prove a possibility, I gave my hand an ugly cut with a knife edge of dirty brass, and treated the wound with a dose of light. Three days later the cut was healed, leaving no scar. Then I knew that I had discovered something greater than a foundry process!"

"Thus military surgery was provided with a safe ray which could stop discharges, cure stiffness or swelling, absorb scar tissue and relieve the torment of septic wounds. Only a short exposure is required, although there is no bad result from long exposure as with the X-ray, the electrodes being held 12 to 24 inches from the skin."

"Limbs which our soldiers feared were lost have been saved, cripples have suppleness restored, face wounds which made brave men look monstrous have been stimulated to clean healing. Since the sea battle off Jutland, hundreds of British sailors have been cured by S-ray of gangrene. Killing all germs, the Simpson light creates a thin, infinitesimal skin which obviates the necessity of messy dressings."

Five feet distant, electrodes of wolfram discharged invisible streams of ultra-violet rays. A subtle sense of restfulness and well-being filled the atmosphere.

"And neuritis?" I suggested.

Professor Simpson's white head nodded emphatically.

"If you please," piped a voice from the door, "I want to say thank you to my professor!"

Then she came in, a very little girl, shy but determined. "Last month I had eczema," cried the young voice, "and now I have not got it any more."

Beyond the laboratory door a slight girl in gray serge and a scarlet cape paused diffidently, a bouquet of white heather filling her hands.

"My mother sent this to you, professor," she said softly. "Like you, she is Scottish. For two years I have been a war nurse. Last month the hospital authorities ordered me home, 'invalided' from varicose veins. Doctors forbade me to walk or to stand. The war office wants trained nurses. I have my living to earn and a year's invalidism just now would break my heart. But every Scottish physician in England has heard of the Simpson light."

"There are S-ray installations in scores of military hospitals. I urged

an application; three treatments cured me. Tonight I return to my post back of the front."

Freckled face smiling thanks she could not speak, the girl nurse offered her bouquet to Professor Simpson.

"Heather!" he exclaimed. "Lucky heather from home! Lassie, I'll put it by my statue of Bobby Burns!"

"Nae then, I must keep back one bit," laughed the girl nurse, and laid the sprig on the standard beneath "God's own light."

The London Sphere, a weekly journal, recently published the following report on the "S-ray."

A great amount of curiosity has been aroused about the Simpson light ("S" rays), and there seems little doubt that we are on the eve of what may be termed a revolution in the matter of healing; and in view of the legacy of casualties which the war is giving us, no other type of scientific advancement could be more satisfactorily opportune. Maj. E. G. French, R. A. M. C., in one of the articles which have lately been appearing in the Lancet, says "the Simpson light is the latest discovery in therapeutics. For over two and a half years the scientific investigations have been published in papers; during one and a half years the "S" rays have been employed therapeutically, and over 9,000 treatments have been given. It will therefore be admitted that no undue haste has been shown in now introducing them into notice."

This was written some months ago. Now that the results are assured, no time is being lost in actually gathering in the fruits of the discovery and installing the apparatus in the hospitals; and the Simpson light treatment has already become a feature not only in the clinic centers of England but all over Europe.

The rays discovered by Mr. W. S. Simpson, an engineer, who, while experimenting in the affinity of rare metals for one another, noticed that the light produced by the electric combustion of certain ores had "curative" effects on the workmen's hands, in consequence of which he prepared special electrodes for combustion in an arc lamp, hence the "S" rays.

Without going into all the various results which are being detailed in the medical press from time to time, we may content ourselves here with the main fact that it has been tested in the worst of cases, that the exposure is a very short one, that there seems no limit to its application, from cases of shrapnel wounds to the more deeply-seated chronic affections, and "that some of the most intractable cases which had defied a great deal of treatment improved at once under the 'S' rays, and were discharged cured."

The Ideal.

"There is no doubt about it. We have a democratic country."

"Yes?"

"A lawyer who was accused of insulting congress replied that it couldn't be done."

An Alternate.

"Dear me, John, did you see anything in the kitchen of the lemon squeezer?"

"Well, I saw the teeman hugging our sour-faced cook."

Woman Must Be Her Own Guide

New York.—During the ebb tide of fashions is the time to plan one's campaign in clothes. There may have been days on this continent when a woman could have gone along without confusion, bought one or two of the new things offered by the dressmakers and worn them with serenity until the following season. But today there is dire confusion concerning clothes in the minds of most women. Few are strong enough to rise above it, and not many are sufficiently poised to disregard the perplexities that confront every woman who is attempting to dress either on a small or a large income.

Dressmakers have sprung up like mushrooms; importers who were once content with sending clothes from Paris twice a year, now feel it necessary to import them by every boat, and standing orders are left by them with the French houses to send over anything that appears new or is designated as such.

This may not be true of all the centers of American life, but it is certainly true of a handful of great cities, and as women are traveling this year in great flocks, like birds do, it is the great centers that are catering to their tastes and caprices and persuading the coin out of their purses.

Season of Uncertainty.

So, here you have this condition of life in early spring—conflicting rumors of what will be worn and what will be passed up; a widespread and sensational prosperity which enables women to spend quantities of money in the name of vanity; an immense number of importers, who are shuttling across the ocean and making new clothes do the same; a Paris needing money and, therefore, constrained to originate new garments at every turn in order to get the money out of the only continent that has it.

Looking this condition in the face, one finds it almost impossible to sail above it. Serenity of mind is a difficult thing to have when one is beaten by currents of fashion and rivalry.

The woman who can go calmly on from October to April, content either through taste or through philosophy, with the clothes she has, is to be envied. She is not the friend of the dressmaker; she is the enemy of the importer; she is not the purchaser desired by the shops; but she keeps her head above perplexities and con-

unwise to be tempted into looking one's worst, and that it is far better to refuse invitations and stay at home than to appear in costumes that are ugly, unbecoming, or not well made.

No one can tell your faults to you as well as you can do it yourself. One has heard a hundred women cry out for an expert to go over all the clothes they have, carefully mark down the social opportunities they are likely to have, regard well the figure and complexion and the personality that shines through the face, and, taking all these facts and possi-



Bandeau and bodice to match; new fashion started by French actress is to complete an evening costume with a headpiece of the same material. The gown is made of rose-colored satin ruffles from a deep, pointed cuirass of net embroidered in gold and colored crystals. The high bandeau with its chin strap, is of the same.

bilities together, map out a rigid system of dress that will exclude failures. If any woman were successful along that line she would make more money than a powerful captain of industry. But the cry goes out into the wilderness and no prophet answers.

There are dressmakers who take entire charge of certain women and guide them as best they can; there are earnest friends who are willing to give advice for nothing and make that advice as good as human nature permits, but the majority of women, after trying the dressmaker and the friend, still come face to face with these failures in clothes, for the purely human reason that salvation is from within and not from without.

Must Make Own Endeavors Count.

I do not mean that every woman is her own best guide. There are thousands who are lifted out of the quagmire of failure by sensible friends or dressmakers who literally pull them out by the arms and compel them to wear the things that are becoming and suitable; but it is rare that these women rise to any eminence in the art of dress. The woman who really dresses well, whose clothes are rarely failures and who appears suitably dressed on all occasions is the woman who takes her clothes seriously, maps out her campaign of purchasing, puts cotton in her ears when she hears the siren's cry and passes on her own way, rising to whatever heights of dress she can through her own endeavors.

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NEW NAMES FOR OLD COLORS

Shades, However, Are to Remain Just as Pretty as They Have Always Been.

Each spring brings with it a set of colors that are peculiarly its own, and these colors are given distinctive names of their own even though the colors themselves be as old as the hills. This spring we have got a set of really new and uncommon shades of color which are respectively known as sauterne, poltu, delysia and penguin. Sauterne comprises three gradations of mole color, from real mole to beige; poltu is a fascinating blue, very soft and, as the name indicates, a real soldier's blue; delysia is a warm rose, and penguin a delicate gray with a hint of brown in it. Each can be had in at least three nuances of its own color, and all the shades are distinctly pretty and becoming.

Blouses with any pretensions to being fashionable are no longer tucked under the skirt-waist. The new blouses are all worn outside the skirt and loosely girdled, and are of the basqued variety. Smocking is a favorite adornment for them, and splashes of gorgeous Japanese and Chinese embroidery on sober materials give them a rich and gay effect. A fascinating evening blouse of the basqued kind which was seen the other day was made in peach colored Liberty satin. The hem was about three inches wide and hemstitched, and the blouse, which was plaited from a yoke, buttoned down the front. Another, of black jersey silk, had bright patches of multi-colored Japanese embroidery, run with gold thread splashed over it, and was girdled with a thick silken rope ending in large tassels.

HOME TOWN HELPS

LEARNING TO KNOW FLOWERS

Information That Would Be of Immense Value to the Man Who Is Planning a Home.

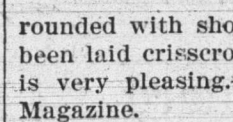
The home-maker, with facilities at hand, could choose wisely what to plant in his own home grounds. Lectures, instructive and helpful though they are, can hardly accomplish for the amateur planter in the course of half a year what a single visit to a shrubbery or a perennial garden would accomplish for him in half an hour. And, in addition, as everyone knows, the parks themselves would be all the more interesting and delightful for these garden sections.

The average person knows few shrubs and few flowers. To tell one of these that the snowball with which he is familiar is only one of a score or more of available viburnums; that the shrub he knows as a "hale" can be had in numerous varieties, some growing even into tree form, or that what he calls the "syringa" or the "mock orange," can be had in dwarf bush that is a mere pygmy beside its robust cousin—to recount facts of this sort is to surprise him. Yet it is important that facts of this sort be brought before him. There is too much uniformity in the planting of city yards—too much use made of the same material. Public gardens, exhibiting not only the common varieties, but the uncommon as well, those not so often met with but despite that, quite as beautiful as the others, would serve to overcome the tendency toward monotony already only too apparent. There are many purposes, as a matter of fact, that these gardens would serve, all of which the park board might do well to consider.

MAIL BOX OF RUSTIC DESIGN

Minnesota Farmer Had Good Idea When He Placed Ornament in Front of His Home.

A rural mail box, rusty and dilapidated, such as one occasionally sees fastened to the top of an insecure post at a distressing angle, presents a sharp contrast to the mail box which a Minnesota farmer has erected in front of his home. The box itself, which is of the ordinary metal type, is inclosed in a miniature log cabin with a gable roof. The post supporting the box and cabin is surrounded with short sticks which have been laid crosswise. The rustic effect is very pleasing.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.



Fire Prevention Education.

Fire prevention in public schools and fire prevention in homes are matters naturally of keen interest. In the first case the question is largely one of proper legislation regarding the construction and protection of school buildings; in the second case it is largely a matter of individual education. It is estimated that 60 per cent of fires occur in homes, though of course 60 per cent of the fire loss does not result therefrom.

Perhaps it is education which must be relied upon to furnish the chief weapon in the fight for fire prevention. Legislation is important; so is inspection of the construction and condition of buildings so that legislation may be backed up. But, speaking broadly, the co-operation of the individual, due to his "enlightened self-interest," is probably the essential factor in fire prevention as it is in the other activities of the Safety First federation.—Baltimore News.

Owning Home Gives Sense of Security

Ownership, like faith, affords a sense of security—and the whole conception of home is based on a feeling of security. You can close the door and the world is shut out. You can go away from it, and it will be there when you come back.

Now the tenant, the man who lives in other people's houses, can never be sure that it will be there when he comes back. In fact, that is one of the reasons why he lives in another man's house—he doesn't want it there when he comes back. And he sets forth on an eternal quest after an elusive, visionary something whose absence makes this present dwelling a whitened sepulcher.

Need Not Endanger Sewers.

Complaints are heard of tree roots entering sewers, but if the joints are perfect no such thing is possible. Roots are attracted only by soil moisture and cannot partake of food through any other medium. Therefore no moisture, no roots. Concrete is never waterproof, but may be made so by asphalt and other coverings. If so treated and a good job is done, no tree roots will ever enter a sewer through a joint in the pipe.