

strokes which fell thick and ringing like a hammer upon an anvil. When the victim fell dead they cut open his stomach. After the men they passed on to the women. They stripped them, cut off the nipples of their breasts, which they forced the children to chew, cut off their toes, plucked out their eyes and thrust them into two holes made in the breast.

In a farm they surprised a whole family, Burdikian by name, husband and wife, two boys, and a little girl of six. The wife, aged 23, flung herself at their feet crying for pity. They smiled and answered: "We'll give you pity, we'll give you pity, you'll see."

They then bound the husband to the foot of a bed, seized the woman, stripped her naked, and with three large large nails pinned her to the wall, one nail for each hand and one for the feet. With the point of a scimitar they tattooed upon her breast one of the Christian symbols. Mad with terror she was silent, and stared with staring eyes while they brought her husband before her into the middle of the room. They stripped him, enveloped him in petroleum, then set fire to him. The body caught and crackled merrily. The hair blazed like a torch. The flesh charred and fell off before the victim died. The persecutors danced and sang Christian hymns around the human bonfire. The children wept in a corner. The woman looked on from the height of her wall.

They next mutilated her breasts and forced the children to suck the bleeding flesh. They tore off her nails, cut off her fingers and nose and set fire to her hair. At last under her anguished eyes they sawed off the heads of the boys, plucked out their liver and heart and thrust them into the mother's mouth, shouting: "Holy Virgin Mary, save them. Come, come down! Do you not see that they are dying? It is their heart, you know, that you are eating—the heart of your dear boys whom you loved so much." They dispatched her by blows with a hatchet.

Another eye-witness gives the following account of the scenes of the next day:—

Scarcely had we left the church when the firing burst out violent and rapid quite close to us. Then terror gripped us, wild unreasoning terror which made us fly might and main in the opposite direction. We plunged through the first open door we found in our way. It was that of the French Jesuit Fathers' House, where already nearly 7000 Armenians had taken refuge. The Fathers from the beginning of the massacre had not hesitated for an instant. Defying the terrible danger which surrounded them both as Christians and as receivers of Christians, they had thrown their house wide open and had not even waited for the fugitives to knock at their doors. Three thousand more refugees were with the Sisters [Josephine Nuns of Lyons] in a house a little further away.

The Fathers were in terrible distress, for they made sure that if their own house could stand a siege, that of the Sisters was at the mercy of the least assault. So much so that at last Father Sabatier, S.J., decided without more ado to start, to go to the house of the nuns. He put on an old cyclist's cap, tucked up his soutane to his waist, said good-bye to Father Rigal, and sallied forth. He arrived, but with a bullet in his right side, in time, however, to be able to see that, after a bloody and violent fusillade, the Turks were beginning to fire the houses round the Sisters convent, and that the flames were already licking it with their devouring tongues.

The refugees, weeping and trembling, assembled. The twenty-five Sisters and two Fathers formed round them a living rampart with their bodies. Thus this crowd of men and women, protected by twenty-five women praying, traversed the short distance which separated the house of the Fathers from that of the Sisters. The crossing took an hour, during which they had to stop fifteen times under the fire, which had become more destructive still. The body of refugees, compact at the start, strayed in the streets, leaving at every corner stragglers and remnants. Their guides had to run forward, come back, form them in column again, and start afresh.

Some fell from time to time with a low moan, struck down by a bullet, and the people who followed trampled upon the body and scattered. Along the road lay the corpses shot through the head and breast, grim finger-posts of the line of march.

At 6 o'clock exactly the fire from the minarets ceased, and the Sisters entered the Father's residence with all their refugees save nine, who lay on the pavement with eyes open, arms outstretched, and face to the sky.

We have before us another letter from a Marist Brother, who describes what he then saw in the streets of Adana. They were lined with corpses and hideous fragments of a most incredible butchery. The details supplied to us by the Marist Brother are of a nature which could scarcely allow of their transcription in these pages.

Two days later, Father Rigal gives the following account of the state of the sufferers and of the scene of desolation:

"There is no one in the town. Even those whose houses have not been burnt have camped out in the open beyond, some on the land belonging to the German factory, the rest near the tobacco factory. The latter are supported by the British Consul (at Mersina), who is devoting his private means to the work and raising funds in England for the same object. The unfortunates receive about half a pound of bread per day, and a little lard or butter. The

Consul has had shelters erected in the open, and thus the greater number are sure of a roof during the night. During the day time they lie out in the sun huddled together near the tents.

Those near the German factory—by far the larger number—are much worse off. They have scarcely any shelter, and there is a great shortage of food. I wandered through this vast space and fifty times put the same question: "How do you manage to live?" and received on all sides the same answer: "Yesterday we were given half a pound of bread. The distribution before that was three days ago." They are all in charge of the Government and of the managers of the German factory. If my information is correct, they are about to turn them out of the factory enclosure for fear of contagious disease and to make them camp out in the sun. And what a sun! At Adana it is stifling.

Meanwhile, Fathers and nuns succeeded in hiring a house which they converted at once into a hospital, but a hospital without furniture, linen or drugs. Thus one of the nuns writes: "Thirty children on an average die every day from smallpox, fever, or hunger. Numbers of the wounded suffer agonies for want of proper care. . . But we have nothing, absolutely nothing."

Fortunately, however, a measure of relief, hopelessly inadequate, but better than none, was soon at hand. From Beyrût, linen, supplies and medical comforts were forwarded, and the assistance of qualified medical men secured. The French Consul General at Beyrût formed at his Government's expense an ambulance service for Adana. The British Consul and his wife from Mersina have taken up their residence in the desolate town, and are doing all in their power to alleviate the terrible distress.

THE FRENCH HOSPITALS

AFTER THE EXPULSION OF THE RELIGIOUS

It is a good many years now since the French Government, yielding to the clamor of the anti-clerical politicians (who have never 'jobs' enough to go the rounds of their friends) began what is called in Paris 'the laicization of the hospitals'—that is to say, the driving out of the religious nurses who worked without pay, and the putting in their places paid lay nurses (writes Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn in the *Boston Traveler*). So long as this change was made gradually, it worked little visible harm except to the pockets of the taxpayers. But the passage of the law against the congregations of 1901, and of the law of separation of 1905, emboldened the party in power to hasten the operation; and this haste has produced deplorable, not to say revolting, results. When the Government expels Sisters from the hospitals, it puts trained nurses in their places theoretically. As a matter of fact, it has only a handful of properly trained nurses at its disposal. The greater part of the new nurses are the veriest riff-raff, careless, and inefficient.

The following extract from a personal letter which I received a short time ago from a thoroughly-trained lay nurse who has been put in charge of a 'laicized' hospital in the West of France gives a better idea of what is actually taking place in the hospitals of the provinces than columns of statistics or of learned observations could give: The hospital of which I have charge has its service assured by lay nurses who are given the name of 'guards.' Surely they deserve no other name; that of nurses in no way belongs to them. The precipitation of the attempt to 'laicize' the hospital obliged the administration to accept such women as were willing to serve, without selecting them, for, in this Breton country, the respectable women would not be willing to supplant the Sisters. And so, among these recruits, I have found women of all sorts of morality, and, for the greater part, no morality at all. Besides, they are almost totally lacking in education. I have been obliged to give up eating at the same table with them. Their manners, their low talk, and their conduct annoy me the more that they are for the most part older than I, and that they consider me impertinent if I call them to order. It is a most painful situation, I assure you. In these wards, these 'guards' are far from giving the patients the care they have a right to expect. This, however, is not their fault. The authorities, in their impatience to replace the Sisters, tried to form nurses by giving ignorant women a few theoretical lessons and letting them practise in certain wards without any superintendence. They fancied that their recruits would learn practical nursing by associating with the ward servants. At the end of four months of theoretical courses, and of two years of this sort of unsupervised practice, they were given diplomas. It is with a force formed in this haphazard fashion that I am obliged to carry on a hospital of 350 beds, of which 320 are occupied. Every day I see dressings, and especially bandages, such as nobody ever dreamed of, and which are aseptic only in name. When I make it my business to point out their defects, I always find these 'guards' ready with their retorts, but never well-disposed. And when, in order to show them the right way I take hold and do the dressing myself, I am always rewarded by the disappearance of those who need so sadly to learn. I have never been able to persuade the 'guards' to come together to learn

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