



A Ward in the Hiroshima Hospital.

THE RED CROSS IN THE FAR EAST.

An eyewitness' account of the remarkable work done by the Red Cross Society of Japan during the recent war with China—The phenomenal development of an organization that was formed upon American models.

WHEN the civil war broke out in Japan, twenty seven years ago, the Red Cross Society was a thing unknown there. There were no surgeons, doctors, or trained nurses attached to the forces of either belligerent party, and it was then with the Japanese exactly as it has been with their Chinese adversaries during the recent war. The wounded were left to die on the battle fields, and for lack of medical aid and proper nursing hundreds of men, whose lives might easily have been saved, perished in misery and neglect in the places where they had happened to fall. Soon after peace had been reestablished, the Japanese applied themselves to the cultivation of western civilization, and as a natural result began the formation of the army and navy which have lately won the admiration of the world. Their desire has been to get the best of everything, including not only instructors, weapons, and ammunition, but also the perfection in minor details without which no army can be said to be complete. Special attention has been paid to obtaining signal corps, military telegraphists, and a

commissariat of absolute reliability and efficiency. In the march of improvement the medical department was not forgotten, and a Red Cross Society was duly organized, the empress and the ladies of the court taking the utmost interest in its establishment.

Under the direct auspices of her Japanese majesty, a school for trained nurses was founded in Tokio. I visited it some years ago, and was amazed to observe the perfection of the system which governs it. In all branches of modern surgery and medicine the Japanese have achieved the same success that has crowned their labors in other fields, and many of their surgeons and physicians have already made their mark in the world of medical science. To the chief surgeon of the second Japanese army, who was for many years director of the Tokio hospital, is assigned the credit of a very interesting discovery—that of the wonderful antiseptic properties of ashes. "The great advantage of this knowledge," he remarked to me, "is that one can almost always obtain the ashes. Merely light a handful of straw, for example, and in a

moment you have this simple antiseptic, which when applied to a wound will prevent all further complication." Many trials of the efficiency of this discovery have been made not only in the hospitals in Tokio, but during the war, and all have been very successful.

The services rendered by the Red Cross Society of Japan, by the medical staff of

short of miraculous. When the troops began to retreat to their camps, they remained behind on the field to aid all who might be in need of their services. Many, however, they could not reach, because of the unceasing fire from the Chinese forts. And woe to the unfortunate Japanese soldiers left upon the field. With the advent of night the Chinese scouted far and near, and



Japanese Nurses Dressing the Wounds of a Japanese Soldier and a Chinese Prisoner.

the army and of the hospitals, during the recent war, can hardly be estimated. And not only did they look after their own injured soldiers, but everywhere and in every case after the Chinese wounded as well.

At the battle of Pen Yang, when General Oshima unsuccessfully tried to dislodge the Chinese from their forts, the medical corps without exception behaved like heroes. Those in charge of the ambulances, and the entire staff of the Red Cross Society, had been on the alert since the beginning of the fighting. Surgeons, nurses, and bearers, with the utmost courage and self sacrifice, braved all dangers and seemed to be everywhere at once. Under a continuous and deadly fire from the enemy they managed to attend to nearly all the wounded in a manner little

cut off the head and hands of every wounded foeman they could find.

On the morning of September 16, when the Mikado's army entered the forts, they found in several of them the frightfully mutilated bodies of their friends who had been made prisoners. Hands and heads were missing, others had been scalped, others lay with their eyes plucked out and ears slashed away. The city itself had been long since deserted by the Koreans and sacked by the Chinese. It presented a pitiful sight. Every house had been broken into, the streets were piled high with broken furniture and strewn with the bodies of dogs, horses, and men, while the ground was covered with Chinese uniforms and long queues. Strange to say, as soon as

the Chinamen perceived their defeat, they had cut off the latter and thrown aside their uniforms in the hope of being able to pass themselves off as Koreans.

General Notzu and his staff immediately proceeded to the governor's palace, but lately abandoned by the Chinese commanders. There, in the middle of the large hall, was discovered the bloody and mutilated head of a young and gallant Japanese officer, Lieutenant Takeuchi. The day before he had been slightly wounded and taken prisoner, and in all the disorder and haste attendant upon the evacuation of Pen Yang the Chinese had not forgotten to accomplish this last horrible deed.

After such horrors would it have been surprising to see the Japanese soldiers, excited by the battle and by this barbarous execution of their comrades, cast all discipline to the winds, and avenge their friends by shooting every Chinese prisoner? Yet, in spite of the rage which filled their hearts, the Japanese exhibited the most marvelous self control. Such was their discipline that not one soldier, though half maddened by the fighting and by the sight of so bloody a harvest, would have dared to ill treat one of the eight hundred prisoners without an order to do so. And the only order that came from the officers was: "These men must be well treated."

Well treated? Yes, and more—treated more kindly than the prisoners of any nation were ever treated by their conquerors. I went to see them a few days after the battle, and what a sight they presented! With their cruel and ferocious faces they were more like savages or wild beasts than human beings. Among them, in a private room, were a commander and several officers. At first the commander could not be induced to speak, but after I had told him that I knew Li Hung Chang, and many other officials in Tientsin, and that I had come to see whether he needed anything, he became more communicative. I asked him how he was treated.

"Oh, so well, so well," he answered; "three meals a day and all the rice and fresh water I wish for. I cannot understand it."

Considering what it cost Japan to carry rice and provisions to such a distance and through a mountainous country, where roads are unknown, such treatment was more than generous.

"So you cannot understand it?" I said. "Well, it is because the Japanese are civilized and you are barbarians. Are you not glad they did not cut off your head?"

"Yes, very glad. No words could express my gratefulness."

"Suppose you should in some way recover your liberty and return to your own forces, what would you do if one of these officers who are treating you so kindly now, fell into your hands? Would you treat him in the same way?"

"I would like to, but"—and he shook his head—"I fear I could not."

"But why? Are you not ashamed of the treatment you accord to prisoners?"

"Yes, it is very bad. But it is the result of orders from higher authority."

It cannot be doubted that almost without exception the Chinese officials approve of the slaughter and mutilation of prisoners. In the papers which the Chinese general left behind him were found proclamations promising rewards for Japanese heads, or parts of a head! The governor of Formosa and other high officers issued similar proclamations, and at the same time the Emperor of Japan was directing his ministers to announce that all the Chinese residing in Japan need have no fear; that should they be attacked in any way, they would be guarded; in short, that they were under the imperial protection.

I told the Chinese commander that in passing through Hiroshima I had seen seventy Chinese prisoners, and that they were treated as well as he himself was. It seemed to be beyond his comprehension.

From the prisoners' quarters I went to the hospital for wounded Chinese. I may mention here that the Chinese had no doctors, no ambulances whatever, and that they were accustomed to abandon their own wounded to die like dogs. The Red Cross Society had picked up eighty of the latter, and they were treated exactly as were the Japanese. Their hospital was admirably fitted up, and fully provided with medicines, drugs, and surgical instruments. These were carried in large and very strong lacquer chests, divided into compartments. I witnessed a number of operations, some of them extremely difficult, and I was amazed at the quickness, dexterity, and wonderful skill of the Japanese surgeons. I have seen operations performed in the best hospitals of America and Europe, and it is my conviction that nowhere was quicker or better work to be observed. Upon my arrival at the hospital, a Chinese soldier who had received two rifle balls in the chest was in the hands of the surgeon, one bullet having pierced him through, the other being still in the wound. In much less time than it takes to write it, the first wound had been

attended to, the bullet had been extracted from the second, and both had been washed and dressed. It was admirably done. Only three of those eighty wounded men died.

Upon my return to the military headquarters, where I was the guest of the commander in chief, I witnessed two extremely interesting scenes.

Four Chinese boatmen were brought in by soldiers. These men owned a large junk, and on the day of the battle it had been seized upon by some Japanese soldiers, who commanded the boatmen to ferry them across the river, which of course they were obliged to do. They were terribly frightened, and dropped upon their knees fully expecting that they would be beheaded. To their surprise, a generous sum of money was handed to them for the help they had rendered the Japanese soldiers, and they were told that they could return to their country; and in order that they should not be stopped on the way by Japanese men of war, a passport was given them.

Just behind these men stood a very pretty Chinese woman, of extremely refined appearance. She did not seem in the least alarmed. She was the wife of the Chinese telegraph operator of Pen Yang, and was the only woman found in the deserted city, the Korean women having fled long before the arrival of either hostile party. She had not been annoyed in any way, but had been left perfectly free, and provided with food and provisions. She had come to headquarters to ask that her husband, one of the prisoners, be set at liberty. This request, of course, had to be refused, the man being considered a very important prisoner on account of the knowledge of Chinese secrets and plans which he had undoubtedly obtained as telegraph operator. She was assured that he would be kindly treated, and was then advised to take the opportunity of reaching her family offered by the return of the Chinese junk—which she finally decided to do. Those who have any familiarity with the customs of war know how victorious soldiers, in any country, usually treat the women of a conquered city; and yet in a town occupied by twenty thousand soldiers and coolies—these last belonging to the very lowest class of people in Japan—the only woman present, the wife of an enemy, was entirely unmolested.

Everywhere, at Kinchow, Talian Wan, and Port Arthur, the Japanese medical staff and the many aids were constantly at the front, bestowing their attention and skilled care upon friends and enemies alike.

The military headquarters of Japan are

situated in Hiroshima, and during the war the residence of the emperor was in the same city. It is but two miles distant from Ujina, the great seaport from which all the ships and transports were sent. The city lies on a beautiful delta in one of the healthiest and most picturesque spots of Japan. To it the transports brought all the wounded from the field hospitals, as soon as they could safely be removed. I arrived from Pen Yang with a large number of wounded officers, ten days after the battle; for, knowing that a second army was soon to leave Japan for China, I was anxious to follow it rather than to remain with the first army in Corea. The day after my arrival in Hiroshima, I went to visit the hospital, or rather the hospitals. They are situated on ground presented by the emperor, a short distance from the city, at the back of the old and wonderfully picturesque castle, in a charming little valley divided into gardens and parks, many of which extend as far as the wooded hills which entirely surround it. There are four series of hospital buildings, accommodating a total of more than three thousand patients.

I was graciously received by the surgeon major general of the Japanese armies, T. Ishiguro.

"I have heard much about you from Pen Yang," he said. "In his report (which I read yesterday to his majesty) our surgeon general in Corea mentioned your presence there, your visits to the ambulances and hospitals, and the interest you manifested in both the Chinese and Japanese wounded. If you wish to visit our hospitals here, I shall be very glad indeed to show you around."

Before leaving his room, the surgeon general opened a silk bag, and taking from it a roll of bandages made of the finest material, he said:

"These have been made by her majesty, the empress. You know that she takes the greatest interest in our wounded and sick soldiers. Since the beginning of the war she and the ladies of the court have been accustomed to spend several hours a day in making bandages and a dozen other useful things. An apartment in the imperial palace at Tokio has been turned into a work room, and her majesty and the other ladies work very hard, I can assure you."

Upon this we started on our visiting tour, the surgeon general taking along the precious bag. The buildings, which are one story in height, are separated by small but attractive gardens. Immense windows open on both sides upon the wide surrounding verandas.

The first hospital we visited was divided into private rooms, occupied by officers. I never in my life saw daintier or cleaner apartments. The patients were undoubtedly well treated, for in each room I saw flowers, fresh fruit, cigarettes, books, and a dozen other luxuries. A commander was being attended by his daughter, a pretty young girl of fourteen or fifteen, dressed in a magnificent silk *kimono*.

To each officer the surgeon general presented one of the bandages made by the empress, and I cannot describe the emotion with which the gifts were received. It reminded me of what I had read some years ago about Napoleon visiting the ambulances, and I could well imagine the feelings of a wounded soldier receiving the cross of honor, or a mere look of interest and sympathy from his beloved emperor.

The buildings occupied by the common soldiers were equally well kept and clean—so clean, indeed, and so well furnished that nowhere could I detect any of those disagreeable odors always met with in our own hospitals. In these, instead of private rooms, were long dormitories, at one end of which were lavatories and bath rooms. Each bed was covered with a spotless white quilt, thickly padded with feathers, and each man was dressed in a long white *kimono* with a red cross on the left sleeve. They were provided, as I have already intimated, with the best tonics and wines, the choicest fruits, cigarettes, books, and newspapers.

The surgeon general took the keenest interest in everything, inquiring about the serious cases, carefully examining some of them, and addressing a kind word to all. Among the Japanese was a Chinese soldier wounded at the battle of Assan, but now looking well, clean, and perfectly satisfied. I asked him whether he was well treated.

"Yes," he answered, "but I would like to have Chinese food. I do not see why they do not give me Chinese food."

It was a staggering demonstration of ingratitude. And while he was offering his petty complaint his comrades were mutilating and beheading every Japanese unfortunate enough to fall into their hands!

Among the buildings of each hospital there is one entirely devoted to surgical operations. In one of them, while I was there, the surgeons were amputating a soldier's leg, above the knee. It could not have been done with more dexterity or nicety. The man was a common soldier, and yet, the case being very serious, the

chief surgeon of the hospital himself operated. I need not say that the latest devices and methods in medicine and surgery were employed.

The staff in charge of the hospital was composed of a chief, thirty surgeons and doctors, seven druggists, eighteen head nurses, and two hundred and thirty eight ordinary nurses.

The kindness and attention of the nurses towards the patients was beyond description. At their head was one of the most respected women of Japan, Countess Nere, wife of Admiral Count Nere. Like the other nurses, she was very simply dressed in a white linen gown. Many of the wealthiest and noblest ladies of Japan were among her assistants, having left their beautiful homes and given up all the pleasures of life to come to these hospitals and care for the wounded. The noble example set by the empress was followed by women of all ranks.

On returning with the surgeon general to his office, he showed me a package of disinfected bandages. Every Japanese soldier carries one of these under his coat, so that as soon as he is wounded he is able to dress his wound or to have it dressed by a comrade.

"Thanks to this," the surgeon general added, "and to the quick attention given to injuries, we can cure in fifteen days a wound that otherwise would require two months."

As I was leaving, a band began to play in the garden.

"What is this?" I asked.

"A military band which the emperor has sent to play for the amusement of the wounded. His majesty has ordered a military and a naval band to come here in turn, every day."

Where in the world are wounded soldiers or prisoners better treated?

Nor did the Red Cross Society and the ambulance service neglect the sailors. One of the finest steamers of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japanese Steamship Company)—the Kobe Maru—was fitted up as a hospital, and followed the fleet everywhere. Its magnificent cabins, larger than those of any ship I know, and its beautiful saloons, were transformed into a model hospital.

No one will deny after this simple statement of fact, that the Red Cross Society of Japan, together with the medical staff, earned as substantial glory in the late war by their good work in the cause of mercy, as did the Mikado's sailors and soldiers by their victories in battle.

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ON THE WAY NORTH.

THE train strolled along as only a Southern train can, stopping to pick flowers and admire views and take an unnecessary number of drinks. Why should you hurry when you have barely a dozen people in your three cars, and the down train will keep you waiting anywhere from half an hour to half a day at the switch? Everybody in the three cars would have taken the same view, except the young man from the North, who was trying to get back there again. He read his paper down to the last "Wanted," and calculated on its margin how much it must cost the company to run a car for one commercial traveler, very sleepy, one old man near enough to his second childhood to claim half fare, a negro nurse with a white baby that wasn't big enough to have any fare at all, and himself, Gardiner Forrest—of New York City, thank goodness!

If only things were different and she were on this train! He had heard her tell Douglas that she expected to go North about the twenty seventh, though she hadn't taken the trouble to mention it to him. If she had chanced to take this train and things had been different, they could have disposed of her aunt some way. Perhaps fate would have sent her one of her numerous headaches. Amy never had things the matter with her, which was one reason you liked to travel with her; and she was the nicest, jolliest girl in the world, which was the other reason.

Was there ever such a slowcoach of a train, or such a stupid journey? It was a relief when the conductor banged the door, and, coming down the aisle with a step that was almost hurried, stopped at the opposite section to speak to the negro nurse.

"There's a lady fainted in the forward car, and there don't nobody seem to know what to do with her," he said. "There's nothing but men in there, and they ain't much good at nursing. Can't you come in and lend a hand?"

"Course I can," she said with only a slight negro accent, rising in evident enjoyment of the situation. "I'm a fust rate nurse. I'll drap the baby right here, sir, if you'll just see he don't fall off. He won't

trouble you a mite." And to Forrest's dismay, she plumped the child down on the seat facing him, and bustled off after the conductor.

The two eyed each other in silence a few minutes, each measuring his man. Forrest decided to begin with a high hand, and let the other see who was master.

"Young man," he said, "if you dare to yell or wiggle or do anything unusual, I'll lick you!"

The nurse had said "he," and he took her word for it. If it should turn out to be a lady, he would apologize and retract. The baby leaned towards him and said distinctly, "Papa!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Forrest. "Do you want to start a scandal? I'm not your papa. You have made a mistake."

"Papa," repeated the baby, breaking into a gummy smile with two absurd teeth in the middle of it.

"Don't say it so loud," implored Forrest. "Really you're all off. We're not related at all. You can't bunco me, my friend."

This evidently reminded the baby of something funny, for he burst into a hic-coughing little giggle that made his temporary guardian roar with laughter.

"Papa, take baby," he shouted.

"Oh, I can't possibly. I don't know how. I'd lose your head off or something," remonstrated the other. The baby still held out eager arms, crying,

"Take him, take him!" and a warning change began to come over his face. Even Forrest knew what that meant.

"Say, drop that," he exclaimed. "You mustn't cry, you know. Nobody does now, it's bad form. Here, I'll come over beside you and you can get in my lap if you know how to work it. Steady there, general. I suppose the proper way is to grip you around the waist, only you don't seem to have any. What a lot of clothes you do wear!"

He was so absorbed in getting the baby safely settled that he did not notice that the train had stopped at a wayside station, and that a tall girl, evidently of the North, was staring at him in utter amazement from the door of the car.