

In using this splint a little attention is necessary to prevent soreness of the perineum. The ring of the splint, being covered with smooth basil leather, can easily be kept clean, so can the skin. The nurse should also several times a day press down the skin of the buttock, and draw a fresh part of the skin under the splint. To change the point of pressure over the perineum the limb can be elevated or abducted. The dressings can be applied without in any way interfering with the work of the splint. When the fracture has occurred through the knee or upper tibia the splint is applied in the same way.

It has often been a matter of astonishment to me that so simple and effective a splint has not been universally employed. It can be applied in a few minutes, usually without an anæsthetic, and one is always sure of good length and good alignment. The fractured limb can be moved in any direction without giving pain, so that transport is easy and safe. I have never yet had to plate or wire a femur in a recent case, and this I ascribe to using the Thomas splint."

CHILDREN IN WAR TIME.

Happy they whose lot in these grief-weary times is cast with little children. In no other society is such relief to be found, for surely it would be hard to discover a man or woman with a mind aloof from the war. While all our world is topsy-turvy, the realm of childhood is secure as of old; playtime, teatime, bedtime are the things that matter, and war is only a new game, and that such a game as the angels might play, devoid of malice, hate, or revenge. If they could have a hand in grown-up affairs surely things would be better managed, for it was a tender-hearted little girl who said wistfully: "Why don't they do all the fighting at night when everybody is in bed, then people would not get hurt?"

One tries to keep these things from the knowledge of very small children, but war is murder and will out; in some mysterious way even the babies know we are at war, and one little mite of two and a half astonished her mother by propounding what she thought to be a fit and proper punishment for the Germans. "I'll put them down the coal cellar, and then I'll put some mice down with them and some spiders."

I have heard a few queer people declaring that war should be brought home to children; that they should be made to suffer in some way, so that when they grow up they will remember the bad times they had, and be careful to keep the peace themselves! One might as well

punish the child of a burglar, so that when he grows up he may not go a-burgling. It is hard that these little ones, of all the world most innocent of the war, should have to suffer at all; we may at least leave them with care-free spirits and unembittered hearts.

But there are some children who have no childhood. From birth they are dogged by cold, hunger, and disease; a "national crisis" only serves to push them a little deeper into misery, and no amount of national prosperity ever seems able to lift them out of it. We have all heard lately of those little ones seen by our special constables crouching over watchmen's fires at three o'clock on a winter's morning, waiting for the distribution of stale bread; no new sight, we are told, but it needed new eyes, not blinded by the film of custom, to see it and tell us about it.

And there are others: the children of musicians, artists, business men ruined by the war. To them the war is indeed a terrible reality, for it keeps them hungry. They are never likely to forget it.

We others are sorry for them, of course, and hope that after the war we may have time to do something. Meanwhile we must attend ambulance lectures, play at being nurses, and in this the twentieth century, the age of machinery, spend valuable hours in making socks the way our grandmothers made them. It is a wonder we do not all take to weaving khaki on hand-looms.

There is one thing we do not remember. It is that these children in the bread-line, these hungry little ones in many a wrecked suburban home, are the England of the future. On their weak shoulders must rest the burdens laid down by those gone from us, and if we neglect them now we are doing our country a more terrible injury than is wrought by shot and shell in France.

Here is a task big enough and hard enough for the most patriotic—to feed and clothe and care for the men and women of the future; or, better still—for individual effort can do but a little—to demand of the powers that be that all these lives, so precious to the State, shall be cared for. We cannot afford to lose them, and we cannot afford to have them grow up short of the standard in mind or body that Mother Nature will give them in return for proper care.

JESSIE HARVEY.

DON'T MISS IT.

Our next week's issue will contain an eight-page Supplement of immense importance to the Sick and Wounded.

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