

including six trained nurses, are by now in the sickness centre, where they are so terribly needed. One of the party writes from Salonika on the 10th inst. :—

Arrived here yesterday. Town capitulated at 4 a.m. Greek army marched in. The Crown Prince comes to-morrow. Population completely indifferent, if anything glad. Men-of-war fill harbours. Two sunk vessels tell their own tale. 2,000 wounded brought in eight days ago; all being treated. A large staff of surgeons here. Help needed where we are going.

On the 11th she writes :—

To-day has been most thrilling. A Greek torpedo boat fired across our bows and held us up, and landed us with an armed crew, but after assembling us all in the saloon and seeing our passports, and rummaging for arms, allowed us to proceed. We then entered the Dardanelles, and are now being held up by the Turks. Obligated to land all our Turkish refugees. Ship after ship behind us laden with them, and with the prospect of a siege at Constantinople no undesirables are allowed to proceed. I wish you could see them, huddled together, men in bright orange sheepskins, women in yasmaks, children, chickens and goats in a small hold. Poor things, they are landing with all they possess. No shelter, and little chance of surviving. Before we left Salonika we saw the Crown Prince arrive. I hear the road to Salonika is a piteous sight, as men, women, children, and animals lie by the roadside where they have fallen from exhaustion and starvation. The authorities badly wanted us to land and do district nursing, but we are bound for our own hospital in Constantinople, and we hope to get a palace put at our disposal. There will be no need for anxiety, as we are well protected.

We very heartily congratulate this little band of nurses, who have the good fortune to find themselves at the psychological moment just where they are absolutely indispensable. Would that we had a hundred along with them, as we might have had if our Red Cross Society had a nursing element in its Councils.

Queen Alexandra has made a Donation of £20 to the Rebuilding Fund of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, and as we go to press a brilliant assemblage is gathered together at the Savoy Hotel, where the Countess of Ilchester and Viscount Castlereagh preside jointly in support of an appeal for the new Nurses' Home in connection with the extension of the hospital, on the fine new site given by Earl Cadogan. They are assured of generous support, and deserve it.

Mrs. Eliza Raymond has bequeathed £2,000 to Miss Edith Foster, a member of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Service.

THE HAY FEVER DELUSION.

BY FELIX J. KOCH.

Mother Nature has made man dance to her fiddling in more curious ways than one, and not only has she made whole towns decay and new towns rise by reason of a school of foolish cod, changing their annual running-places, but she has made whole summer cities grow, and, on the other hand, made townsfolk lose a countless toll by such simple things as a bit of pollen. If you don't believe it, go down to the railway depôt in the early autumn or late summer, and watch the "hay-fever" exiles pass out, in veritable droves, to the almost deserted vacation-lands of the North, where, to credit the average layman, there's no haying on, and hence no whiff of the new-mown hay to excite the hay fever.

When you were a boy, no doubt you wished you would catch hay fever. Then, when your colleagues were marching to school, you'd be travelling Michiganward, and beyond, to escape the festive pollen.

Maybe to-day you don't quite remember just what pollen is. Take a hollyhock of the single type and rub the centre protuberance between your fingers. There will come off a white mealy substance, which is the pollen. The bees, in gathering the honey, have this rubbed against their wings, bodies, and legs. Then off they fly to another flower, and there similar friction, in the course of the honey harvest, drops this pollen. Thus, in the economy of Nature, is in-breeding overcome, and the marriage of the flowers brought about.

But not all the pollen is so large in its individual grains as that of the hollyhock. Could we examine the air over woods and fields, in the autumn, we should find it scattered through with other minute grains, which the wind is helping to take from plant to plant. Among others there's the pollen of the rag-weed, to whose doors the hay-fever exiles lay the blame of their trouble.

Of course you know the rag-weed! In the sunnier area of the forest, usually at its edges, where there's shade and yet where the sun will come, you find it, the plant rising say to your knee, and topped with white combs of flower. Each individual blossom in the comb is like a diminutive thistle, turned white, or again like an upturned tassel. You gather it, along with iron-weed, wild brier roses, and golden-rod for the autumn church-bouquets. But when the rag-weed blooms, its haying time, and with the first promise of a breath of the new-mown hay, even the poorest of the hay-fever exiles gathers savings of a twelvemonth, laid aside to this purpose, and flees to the north.

Suppose that in a big city like Philadelphia but one man in every fifty has the hay fever, which would be a small percentage. Suppose most these men take their families with them. Suppose that the railway fare on each aggregate, round trip, but ten dollars; that they live when away

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