

cauliflower-shaped wart is not always due to venereal disease.

Treatment.—Soap and water, and dust with zinc powder. Sulphapyridine may be ordered.

General treatment.—To remove the warts all the affected cells must be destroyed, attention given to the general health and to cleanliness. The treatment varies greatly. Except on the face, acids or caustics may be used, such as acetic or nitric acid, lunar caustic or caustic potash, to help in the destruction. Care must be taken not to burn the skin.

Acid Salicyl is sometimes used in a concentrated solution, or glacial acetic acid may be painted on the wart daily until it is completely destroyed.

Warts which hang can be excised and an astringent used to arrest any hæmorrhage.

When warts occur in crops, it is often a tonic and nourishing diet that are necessary.

In some cases of persistent warts, one single application of carbon dioxide is sufficient.

Electrotherapy is given for senile and soft warts, the base of the wart being transfixed with a zinc needle and a current of one milliamperere passed through it for one minute.

Electro-dissection is usually performed on flat warts.

In years past, and even to-day, there are some strange methods used for the treatment of warts. Raw meat rubbed on to the wart is then secretly buried in the earth and left to putrefy; as it disappears, so should the wart. Another method very similar was to soak ivy leaves in vinegar; these were then rubbed on to the wart and buried; as the leaf withered, so did the wart. A horse's hair tied around the wart was another idea.

It was thought that if warts were present on the hand or fingers, continued rubbing by the fingers of the other hand, when remembered, would cause them to disappear, and even to-day one hears of soda being rubbed on to the warts to soften them and so eventually destroy them.

EDINBURGH CLINICS' "STRIKING SUCCESSES."

Some striking successes with psycho-therapeutic treatment given to boys and girls aged 10 to 14 who are still at school, but in violent conflict with parents and educational authorities, are instanced by Dr. Winifred Rushforth, one of the medical directors, in a report embodied in the second annual report of the Davidson Clinic, Edinburgh.

Dr. Rushforth stated that perhaps the largest single group of patients at the clinic were such boys and girls, and the clinic recognise that psycho-therapeutic treatment could bring about miracles of healing. Pressure of suppressed energy was the explanation of the behaviour of a boy of ten who had an intelligence far above average and the scholastic attainment of a child of seven. He was noisy and violent, but with the co-operation of a sympathetic schoolmaster and some very busy play evenings at the clinic, his destructiveness lessened and a happy, constructive attitude emerged.

The report urged that larger premises should be acquired, with basements and workrooms where children could play and work without fear of annoyance to adjoining tenants. The financial statement showed a deficit of £26 18s. on the year's working.

THE WAR.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken."—Eccl. 12, 6.

"Your son will not come back." The cord is loosed,
Its silver ends float lightly on the air,
And as he died the setting sun's last beam
Fell like a benediction on his hair.

"Your son will not come back." The golden bowl
Is broken, and the hour of life's defeat
Left him alone where, on the stricken field,
The dews of night shall be his winding-sheet.

"Your son will not come back." And yet I see
A thousand shadows on the hillside meet,
While through the valley as a whisper comes
The far faint echo of their unshod feet.

"Your son will not come back." How say ye so?
When leaning down towards this world of strife,
The Great Redeemer from his cross proclaims
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A. M. M.

Alas! How desolate this world without the life and laughter of those boys.

Day after day the long list of deaths recorded in the torrid desert, scorched with blazing heat, with thirst and the torment of flies, and in Europe what of the 'planes, lost in clouds, which never reach home?

Do we for whom our youth perishes ever realise their sacrifice and the debt we owe them? Sometimes on hearing cackling laughter we doubt it. It would be well to remember daily the fathers and mothers whose sons will not come back, many of whose lives are for ever dimmed.

A Splendid Brigadier.

At this crisis we could wish those who have sent dear ones as hostages to fortune could realise how providential it is that Dame Katharine Jones, R.R.C., is Matron-in-Chief of Q.A.I.M.N.S. and, as head of this beneficent Service selected by her, these legions of highly qualified Matrons and Sisters are serving well to the front in every zone of war. To know that when your son is stricken with wounds or fever a "pucca Red Cape" is at his bedside is indeed a solace. And this gives pause for thought. When war ceases and these beneficent legions return home worthy of all honour, to learn, maybe for the first time, that their profession has suffered a de-grading blow, that their high standard of efficiency and honour has been cast into the melting-pot, will, we have no doubt, arouse a sense of indignation at this evidence of ignorant ingratitude upon the part of those in high places at home.

Indian Medical Nursing Service.

Five members of the Indian Medical Nursing Service are 40 miles nearer the fighting line than any other women.

They are serving with the forward troops on the Burma Border, where they have recently arrived, after travelling for two days along twisting precipitous mountain roads in a lorry.

They look after 200 patients in a hospital made entirely of bamboo. Even the beds are roughly built bamboo charpoys. In the day time they wear nurses' uniform, but for evening duty they change into khaki drill battledress.

"We do it because it is the finest protective clothing against mosquitoes," one of them said. "Battledress is also much more serviceable and comfortable to wear."

The nurses live in bamboo "bashas," just like the troops, and sleep in camp beds.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)