

## THE CADUCEUS.

## BACK TO CHAOS

BEING THE RUMINATIONS OF A  
COMPANY TAILOR.

"Gimme my suit. I've waited about as long as I expect to. You've had my coat and trousers now about two weeks, putting me off right along. Why, I could'a done it myself in one-tenth that time."

Not more than five minutes had elapsed when the private, first-class, now calmed down, re-entered the tailor shop and, saying in an apologetic tone something about having "lost" his head, he asked the tailor to have the suit ready for the next day.

This scene occurred in the shop of a company tailor at Fort Howard, one of the coast defenses along the Chesapeake. The tailor, as we have noticed, was a passive actor in this episode. He said nothing. Indeed, it would have availed him nothing to try to reply, for it was his misfortune still to be unable to group intelligibly words in English.

It was habitual with him, whenever he received complimentary remarks similar to the above, to lapse into a semi-conscious condition, and during this spell he would perform his work mechanically, his thoughts, fixed on his erstwhile home—Russia.

He realized that at times he merited the invective poured upon his head, because of his inattention to the work in hand, but, try as he might, he could not eradicate from his mind certain scenes of the recent past. Always there would recur to his mind, with a tenacity that he could not shake, a solicitude for his motherland. He felt anxiety for her in her present prostrate condition. He asked himself, "What was in store for her?" What result was to come from the dark confusion, chaos, and the whirlpool of conflicting ideas of the contending idealists, leading this young republic, swayed and cajoled by these modern tyrants, through the crude stages of democracy?

The scene rapidly shifts, and he sees himself doing guard duty thousands of miles from civilization in the mines among the ice fields of Siberia, and no one to commune with but the guards and political and other prisoners of Russia. Here, for nine months during the year everything is ice-bound; no signs of vegetation.

One day, when there were unmistakable signs of spring, the ice was beginning to melt, the rivers thawing out, a messenger (having left his dogs and sled down a ravine) on snow shoes, sliding and tumbling made his way to the headquarters of the officer in charge of the prisoners and mines. What unbelievable information was he imparting? A revolution in Russia? Inconceivable! He presents documents. Prisoners and guards, disregarding their positions, hugged one another; they formed circles and whirled around; they shouted and danced and laughed and wept; they were becoming hysterical. It had come at last. Russia was emancipated.

A crude boat makes its way down a rapidly thawing out Siberian river;

## DENTISTRY'S NEW ERA

CARE OF THE TEETH GROWN TO  
BIG ARMY FACTOR.

Just a little over a year ago we had but fifty-eight dental surgeons in the United States army.

Today we have one dental officer for every thousand of the total strength of the army, with a reserve list of 4,874. Of that number we have over two thousand commissioned officers on the inactive list, subject to call.

When the troops were mobilized for overseas duty and the new national army was called into service every camp in the country was equipped with dental infirmaries and a dental clinic in every base hospital to examine the men and see that every man was physically fit as far as his mouth and organs of mastication were concerned, before being sent to foreign duty. The man today who does not have the required number of teeth is not barred from the army. Uncle Sam sees that the man is furnished artificial teeth to take the place of the lost ones.

The dental equipment that is being furnished the national army cantonments and mobilization camps is the very best. Base hospital outfits replacing the portable field outfits, fully equipped laboratories for the mechanical part of dentistry and also for the construction of splints and appliances in fractures of the jaw.

May I add that it is the splendid work that is being accomplished in the surgeon general's office and the co-operation of the medical professors that we have been able to accomplish so much in so short a time.

—By David G. Eberhart, Captain,  
D. R. C.

the boat loaded to its utmost capacity, among its occupants being the tailor. There follow weeks of precarious drifting on the river filled with miniature mountains of ice. Connection is made with a railroad line, and ere long they step on Russian soil. With kaleidoscopic rapidity the scene once more shifts. Here is Petrograd. The mobs are thronging the public streets, carrying banners and standards, passing in endless procession—children, men and women, old and young, strong and feeble. All are marching through the streets as steadily and inexorably as the flow of the tide toward the sea, in an unceasing black mass, headed for the resting place of their fallen comrades. They decorate with wreaths and consecrate with tears the place where their heroes lie. In public squares immense crowds gather and listen breathlessly and with eager attention to their fiery leaders.

So vivid and gripping were these scenes on which his mind was lost, that he was unaware that two soldiers were waiting for their clothing, and he gave a start and wheeled around from his machine when one of them spoke to him. Yes, he had their trousers pressed.

For a fleeting moment he had had his dreams.

SERGEANT J. ROSENBERG.

Mark  
Theatre

Liberty Park

Camp No. 4

Sunday, June 30

Dorothy Dalton

IN

A Five Act Fine Art  
Production

The Dark Road

Lonesome Luke  
The Funny Fellow

AND THE LATEST

Hearst Pathe News

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10c

Run Continuous

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to 11 p. m.