

PARIS THROBS WITH SCENES THAT STIR

Carl G. Doney Tells of Tearful Happenings as Impoverished Families Flee.

TRUST PLACED IN AMERICA

French People of All Classes Do Homage to Their Defenders From Sister Republic Beyond Western Sea.

BY CARL G. DONEY.
President of Willamette University.
PARIS, May 30.—This morning I went to the Gare d'Est to help care for the refugees, and my first service was an illustration of what the war is doing with some of the trifles which once separated folks. I carried the front end of a stretcher on which lay a Catholic Sister, infirm and twisted by some disorder. An American soldier carried the other end of the stretcher. On one side walked a woman, a physician, and on the other were two Sisters carrying various burdens. Though she knew I was a Protestant, the sick Sister turned to me and blessed me when we had placed her in the auto.

Following this two American officers, who were hungry, came into the station. They had no bread cards and talked no French. I soon secured cards for them and they hurried to a restaurant for a meal before they left for the fighting front.

A Sammie was in distress over a bag, heavy with his belongings, which he wanted to check for a few hours while he saw Paris. His French was limited to "oui, oui," but in a few moments he was relieved of his embarrassment.

Flight of Refugees Noted.
A longer time was required for a stricken family of refugees, composed of a pitifully thin little husband, a wife no less than, a boy of 15, a girl of 16, and a baby in mother's arms. For eight days they had been in flight before the Germans and early this morning they reached a town from which they could take a train to Paris. All their possessions were on them or in bundles which they carried and in two bags and a small trunk. The trunk and bags had been checked and they wanted to get them, but did not know how to do so. Leaving the others, the wife and mother went on a hunt for the baggage. We found piles and piles of bags, boxes, trunks and indescribable bundles and at last discovered one of his bags in a grain sack, crowded to the limit, but the other two pieces had not yet come in. The family had to wait until the next train for they could not leave without these few cherished things.

I wanted them to have lunch at the Red Cross canteen, but fear seemed to have destroyed their appetite and they refused. The baby, however, resolutely did its frantic best to get something from a meager fountain. Her husband imparted the awful information that he had had no cigarette for eight days and was about ready to quit the fight, but had he any money he would appeal to an American provided him with the cigarette and I invested some money in the wide-eyed girl of 16. Poor little maid! She looked at me with those eyes which still reflected the terror they had seen and in a voice scarcely audible she murmured "merci."

Thus the morning passed, the feeling people coming in on every train, but now the numbers are small, for the time has stopped and we believe they will soon be going in the other direction.

YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THESE LITTLE ONES PLAY

Eighteen Pupils of Miss Veri Butler Give Recital in Lipman, Wolfe & Co. Piano Parlors, Using Godowsky's Knabe Grand Piano.



Last night the "Musical Floor," the seventh at Lipman, Wolfe & Co., was the scene of a very delightful gathering of young piano students. They were about to perform for fully 200 friends and relatives upon a Knabe concert grand. And they did perform and will, too, upon the very piano that Godowsky himself used when he gave a concert in this city at the Auditorium three months ago.

The little folks certainly were happy. Lipman, Wolfe & Co.'s piano parlors were tastefully decorated for the occasion, and following the concert the interested audience was allowed to pass among the beautiful pianos, baby grands and players. Quite a number of the used pianos that are to be sold on sale beginning July 8 were in such splendid condition as to be taken for new ones.

An object of great wonder and surprise was the marvelous playing of the Ampico. Following the recital of Miss Butler's students someone asked to hear the much-talked-of reproducing piano perform, so both the Knabe and the Ampico were given an opportunity to show their respective qualities of tone. The playing of Godowsky, Busoni and Madame Olga Samaroff thrilled the listeners, who were simply amazed at the perfect reproduction of these great artists.

Miss Butler, who is a finished teacher of piano and harmony, remarked that the playing of the artists on the Ampico was "almost uncanny; it was so realistic."—Adv.

The fact that America is in the war with the allies has added courage and efficiency to the French army equivalent, I believe, to a million men in the ranks. The Americans sing, "We're Going Over, We're Going Over, and We Won't Come Back Till It's Over Over There." The French are singing it a bit, sometimes changing it to "They're Coming Over, They're Coming Over, and They Won't Go Back Till It's Over Over Here." And of course they fight! I wish I could tell you how many Americans are here. I do not know, but you see by the newspapers that they have already put a growing fear into the heart of the Boche. Once the Boche spoke of the English forces as "the contemptible little army," and he changed his mind thoroughly; but he transferred the term to the American Army, and even now he knows a whole lot better.

French Gratitude Boundless.
This afternoon I was on the Rue de Rivoli, where 20 American men passed in a column. A beautifully dressed and clearly refined French lady looked at them with tears streaming down her cheeks, and, turning to me, she said: "Oh, those beautiful boys, brave, strong, wonderful; but it is so cruel. Oh! the French are singing it a bit. Now do you suppose that they too will not fight? I dare to believe they will lead the world as soldiers."

Memorial Day Spent in France.
Memorial day observance carried a deeper or more solemn meaning than now. I well know what is taking place in every city and village of America, the same revival of memories, plus a sacred anxiety concerning the new heroes over the seas and those who will join them. It is a nation's Sabbath of patriotism, when the living recall the dead and renew a consecration to the cause for which they died. The custom is so beautiful that the present international relations will do but little to its adoption in other countries; America will show the way and there will be following. When people have gathered together for a common cause they will glorify their martyrs.

Today Britain and France are honoring the dead soldier and pledging their faith to the end that he may not have died in vain. Here in Paris, which crowns a hill, we have just paid our tribute to those who gave themselves that we might be free. I dare to believe that the observance was worthy of the occasion. At an early hour the four sides of the square in front of the Hotel de Ville were massed with the children of the city, every child carrying bouquets of evergreen and flowers. Officials of the municipality, chief officers of the American and French armies and representatives of the Y. M. C. A. were gathered under the high entrance to the City Hall.

Service Is Impressive.
In the distance military music was heard; it was approaching and soon we caught the tramp of marching men. The band played the "Marseillaise," the old columns in khaki that filled the hollow square, saluted and stood at attention. On all sides the children, with their eyes and hands raised, looked up at the men of France laden with flowers. Within were the men of America, friends of France and the world, who by their eternal purpose had made a holy thing. A red triangle man offered a prayer. In turn followed addresses by the Mayor, French officers, a Y. M. C. A. secretary and a concluding prayer by another secretary. The band rendered the "Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," while all stood saluting.

There was a command and the multitude moved in orderly march to the cemetery on the hillside. A spot of France is there made American forever by the dust of men from the homeland. Twenty Americans are now sleeping in the spot, which looks up to the old fortified city, which looks out upon a valley plain as lovely as a dream of paradise.

French Generals placed wreaths upon the graves and sweet-faced children passed in silence, dropping flowers upon the ungrazed mounds. Strong men brushed the dirt from their eyes and women let unrebuked tears course down their cheeks.

A path opened through the crowd and the soldiers of France. Our General there decorated a tomb with wreaths in which the Stars and Stripes twined with the flag of France. No grave was forgotten by the children, and as we turned from the sleeping city we left the heroes under a cover of violets, roses and lilies.

I shall not forget this day, and should my love for America or France ever become a formal thing, I shall need only to turn my eyes toward this scene to make my heart grow warm again with loyalty and love.

Hearts Beat in Unison.
In America and France, in England and Italy, wherever our soldiers are today, this scene has had its counterpart. There, too, have been renewals of patriotism and the avowal of international fidelity. Though nations differ in tongues and custom, though tradition and distance separate them, they have one speech of the heart and, standing together by the graves of their dead, they understand the language of sorrow and the exaltation of a holy purpose.

There are heavy shadows today. We are not far from an enemy who would destroy the civilization of the century, but our souls are unshaken because right bears the seal of victory. What we have just experienced adds assurance to our faith that democracy is omnipotent.

Army Orders.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—The appointment of Captain Herbert C. Lissner and Captain Arthur E. Hieby, of the Medical Reserve Corps, to meet at Fort Lawton, Wash., for the purpose of conducting physical examination of candidates for appointment as chaplains in the National Army, was announced at headquarters of the United States Army today. The Medical Board will meet at the call of the senior member.

Announcement was also made of the detail for a general court-martial to meet at the call of its president at Fort Geo. Wright, Wash., as follows:
Judge: Captain N. Coffey, U. S. A., retired; Captain Augustus B. O'Connell, 14th Infantry; Captain Ray B. Conner, Infantry; Captain E. W. Watson, of the Reserve Corps; Captain Guy C. Emery, Medical Reserve Corps; First Lieutenant Nathaniel E. Roberts, Medical Reserve Corps; Second Lieutenant Wallace S. Beden, Infantry Reserve Corps; Second Lieutenant Everett Harvey, Infantry Reserve Corps; Second Lieutenant Edward Tomlinson, Infantry Reserve Corps; Captain Cyrus H. H. Hieby, Infantry, judge advocate; and Second Lieutenant Alan G. Paine, 14th Infantry, assistant judge advocate.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt in Farewell Orpheum Show Tonight.—Adv.

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MEDICAL CORPS PROVES HEROISM

Every Man of Four Companies Volunteers to Dare Death in Interests of Science.

TRENCH FEVER TEST MADE

Brave Non-Combatant Soldiers Undergo Repulsive Experiment That Their Comrades May Be Freed From Dread Disease.

BY RHETA CHILDE DORR.
Published by arrangement with The New York Evening Mail.

One day last January four companies of so-called non-combatant soldiers of the American army in France were lined up to listen to an address from their officers. The men were members of the field hospital and ambulance service. Their officers were Army physicians. Working with them were other eminent physicians, members of the medical research department of the American Red Cross. This, or something like it, is what these physicians said to the soldiers:

"Men, we have set ourselves to find the cause and cure of one of the worst diseases the allied armies have to suffer. It is not a fatal disease, but it is slow and painful, and it is so common as to be almost an epidemic. Its ravages are so great that it actually hampers the allies in their struggle to win the war. Something like 500,000 men are suffering from it. Temporarily pulled out of our armies because of trench fever."

Science Appeals to Soldiers.
"The men have to leave the fighting line, go to hospitals and lie there suffering and helpless for weeks or months. When they are finally sent home, one attack does not give positive immunity from others, and it is a fact that many men have recurrent illnesses. Trench fever, worked in Flanders, where the British hold the front, but the French, Belgian and Serbian soldiers also suffer from it. When the American army gets here in great numbers we shall undoubtedly see thousands and thousands of our soldiers go under from this disease. Before our men come we want to know what the cause of trench fever is, and how to prevent it."

"We believe that the disease is carried by body lice, but we are not sure. We have tried experiments on animals, guinea pigs and monkeys, but they have not developed the fever. Now we have got to try more experiments, this time on human beings. You remember that the cause of yellow fever was discovered only after brave and devoted men allowed themselves to be bitten by the ategomyia mosquito, which was believed to carry the disease. Some of these men died and others were brought to the verge of death. But their deed banished the scourge of yellow fever from the world. Now we are asking you to do it. We are asking you to risk a lingering, painful and weakening illness, one that will keep you in bed for five or six weeks and often make you wish you were dead and out of it."

Not a Man Held Back.
"You will not die, but you will suffer. You will have horrible headaches, pains in your back, shoulders, knees, abdomen. This disease has been mistaken for appendicitis. It has often been called shingles fever. This will give you some idea of what trench fever feels like."

"But we are calling for volunteers because we want to prevent any more soldiers from having trench fever. We want to know what causes it, so that we can find out how to prevent it. Fifty or sixty men, willing to suffer these pains once, may prevent millions of men from again suffering the same pains. They will do more than win the war. We want sixty volunteers. How many have we?"

Four entire companies of field hospital and ambulance men, a certain American division in France were thus appealed to. The entire four companies, as one man, stepped forward and volunteered. Of course they did. That is the kind of soldiers we raised our boys to be.

I saw and talked to some of these men when they were recovering in a hospital near Paris. They were a fine-looking lot of men, American born, all of them, and all but one hailing from the New England States. They had been selected, regardless of their previous residence, simply because among 500 or 600 perfectly fit men they stood out as being in the absolute pink of health and strength.

Good Hospital Provided.
"We thought," said one of these volunteers to me, "that we were going to be sent up to a front line trench and sleep in the mud with the crotches till we got it. But to our surprise they took us up to a perfectly good hospital back of the British lines. Nice clean tents, good food and food—um!—Everything we could ask for. Even the 'crotches' were clean, in a manner of speaking, for the doctors were taking no chances with their experiment. They sent the eggs of those unpleasant beasts to England, where no trench fever has ever appeared, and when the eggs hatched out they put the beasts on trench fever patients. Then they put them on the volunteers."

About 50 or 60 of the longhairs in the tent were put on a square of cotton cloth and bound to the forearm of a soldier with strips of adhesive plaster. A piece of surgical cotton over the cloth was well handaged on, and over the whole dressing a strong cotton cuff was securely fastened with more adhesive plaster. No possible chance for the insects to escape remained.

Thirty-five soldiers were thus inoculated with trench fever. The rest were reserved for blood inoculation tests. The men who had their arms bound up as described endured an endless biting and chewing for 10 to 15 days until they developed the fever. It was a tormenting ordeal. Their arms became open sores from which blood and pus penetrated the dressings. The first attack of fever and blinding headache must have come as a welcome relief to intolerable itching.

All Are Made Ill.
Not a man but that came down with fever. One man ran a high temperature for 40 days and nights without a break, but with most of the men the fever and the pain were remittent. Some suffered so severely that the doctors were obliged to inject morphia. Those men who were inoculated with the blood of the trench fever patients developed the malady almost immediately. They suffered variously with



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