

# My Narrowest Escape as a Nurse



Emily Harris Dodd, American Volunteer Nurse in France, in the Garb She Wears as a Caretaker of Wounded Poilus and Americans.

BY EMILY HARRIS DODD,  
American Volunteer, Serving at the Front  
With the Ambulance Mobile of the Sixth  
French Army, and Special Correspondent  
for This Newspaper.

THE life of a nurse at the front is not composed entirely of dangers and hardships. Often there are happy interludes, moments, and sometimes even days, when the cruel business of war comes to a seeming pause.

Before telling of my narrowest escape in the Soissons bombardment, I want to describe one of these tranquil interludes, in which I attended a theatre performance near the trenches.

The 80th regiment was spending a week "en repos," encamped in a woods between Soissons and the lines. It was a regiment as rich in talent as in courage, and was famous for its concerts and performances.

They were planning a big affair for the afternoon of July 12, and some of the officers, hearing that two American girls were in the hospital at Soissons, invited Lotitia and I to attend the performance. We had been working rather hard and Mlle. St. Paul advised us to go.

They came for us after luncheon, in a big gray military car, and took us for several kilometers along a shell-torn road, to the beautiful green woods where the regiment was encamped.

The polius had chosen a grassy space among the trees, well shaded by the foliage from the spying Boche planes, and had erected an impromptu stage, with a curtain and scenery which they themselves had painted.

Emily Harris Dodd,  
Now at the Front,  
Writes About the  
Lights and Shadows  
of the Nurse's Life  
and Describes a  
Typical Moment of  
Peril in Her Hospital  
Career Behind  
the Lines



A Characteristic Group at a Hospital Headquarters Near the Soissons Sector. Emily Harris Dodd is Seen at the Left. In the Group Are Fellow Nurses, Surgeons and a Number of British and French Officers.

his to revive the pranks and quips of other days for the amusement of his comrades-in-arms.

Then there was Marvini, the great Marvini of the "Opera," who sang for us that day, I believe, as he had never sung for any audience in Paris.

To Lotitia and I the audience was as wonderful as the performance. Imagine more than a thousand soldiers, crowded together on the grass, their horizon-blue helmets and uniforms blending into the green of the foliage.

I was seated beside a young Lieutenant, and presently struck his fancy to ask if I would become his "marraïne," which is French for godmother.

He later sent me many letters, and once a faded flower, a "fleur des tranchées," which he had found wilting on the edge of a crater.

While I was still talking with him that night toward the close of the dinner, the great Marvini quietly pushed back his chair from the table and began to sing.

It was an old 18th century love song that Marvini sang, to the muted obligato of the two instruments. Ever and anon came the poignant refrain, "Cherri d'amour dure toute la vie."

Love's pleasure flies with dawn; Love's sorrow lasts for aye. And as those men listened there, grouped around the table in the dim candle light, each found an echo in his heart, for each had left behind some dearly beloved one to whom, perchance, he might never return.

Out there beyond the hills the firing had increased in intensity, with the falling of the night. An officer touched me gently on the arm.

"I think, mademoiselle, that we had best be seeing you back to Soissons. It is late, and you are tired."

Now let me tell you of the terrible air raid that came so near costing me my life. It happened at 3 o'clock one bright afternoon in July.

Two or three Boche planes had been over earlier in the morning, but they seldom dropped bombs in the daytime. We had been advised, however, to remain indoors on account of shrapnel.

I was standing at an open window in a corridor of one of the hospital wings overlooking the courtyard. There was no warning, for airplane bombs do not shriek through the air.

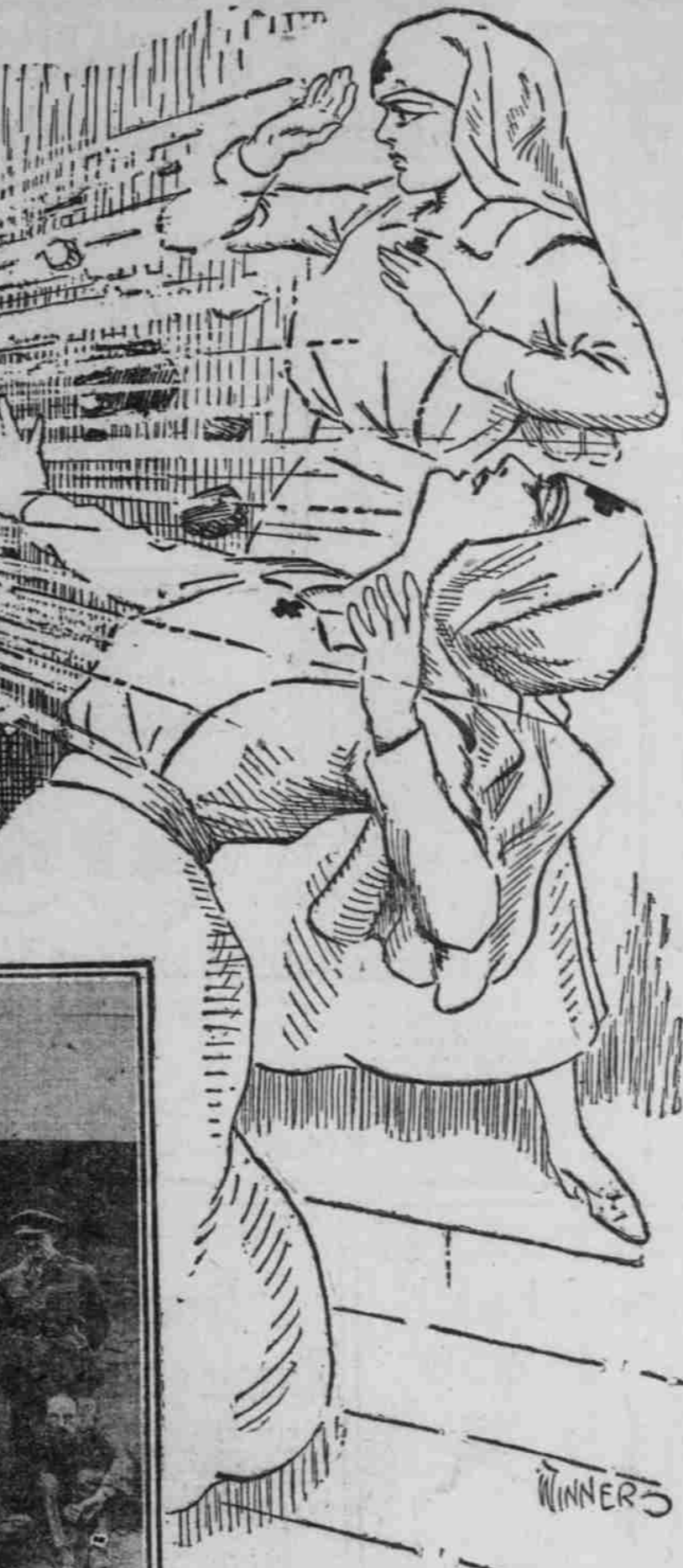
Suddenly there was a swishing sound, followed almost instantly by a terrific roar and crash as if the whole building had been blown from its foundation.

I was hurled back from the window, deafened, sickened by the shock and covered with flying dirt and debris, too dazed for an instant to realize what had happened.

Then I saw Sabine Estoret, who had been standing in the corridor beside me. Her hands were over her face, and the blood was streaming through her fingers.

But she managed to get to her feet and we both rushed down the corridor. We passed Mlle. St. Paul, who had been thrown to the ground, but was unhurt.

Then, in the confusion, I lost sight of Sabine. Imagine my relief, on reaching the first ward, to find that none of the men had been injured and that the walls were still standing.



WINNERS

They dropped two or three more bombs, but none struck the hospital, and in less than a minute it was all over.

How had we escaped? It was due to a miracle performed by the cure's old sewing machine. It had been left standing in the courtyard, and the bomb before striking the earth and exploding had crashed into the sewing machine, whose steel framework had been just sufficient to divert the angle of explosion so that the fan-shaped rays of white-hot metal were mostly deflected away from the walls and toward the open end of the rectangle.

Sabine was the only victim. Her pretty little face had been so badly scarred for life, but with splendid courage she refused to be evacuated, though many a soldier has gone back to Paris on French soil.

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## TULIP CULTURE FACTS TOLD BY ONE HAVING EXPERIENCE

Life History of Plant Must Be Understood to Insure Successful Flowering.

PORTLAND, June 8.—(To the Editor.)—In The Oregonian of May 19 there were presented in your columns certain opinions and recommendations concerning the culture of tulips. The writer has been for some time interested in growing tulips in this climate, and if you are willing to give me some space I will give you the result of my experiences and also recommendations of persons who are experts in this business.

In the first place, to understand properly the management of tulip culture, certain facts concerning the life history of the plant must be understood. The tulip is unlike the narcissus and hyacinth in that the bulb or root that produced the plant and flower of this season is not the same bulb or root that produced the flower last season.

same number of bulbs for next season that were produced for this season. This makes them more costly.

In the culture of tulips it is absolutely imperative that the foliage be left undisturbed until it withers and dies down. It is during the period after the flower has been produced and before the foliage dies down for several weeks that the new bulbs are being developed for the next plant, and to disturb the foliage means that the food elaborating system of the plant has been ruined and the new bulb will not be strong and plump.

There are a number of objections to leaving tulips in the ground during the summer. The principal one in this climate is that after the tulip stem withers away a small hole is left in the ground, immediately above the bulb, and down in this hole the slugs and snails will crawl, and they are particularly partial to tulip meat. A few slugs will eat the crown out of a tulip bulb in a couple of days.

and this naturally has the result of the new bulb being developed farther and farther below the surface of the soil. In consequence, after two or three years have elapsed the bulbs that are on the outskirts of the group are so far below the top soil they cannot reach the surface with their leaves and thus die. It is the experience of the best growers that it is better to lift the tulip each year after the foliage has died down. The earth should be shaken from the roots and if any foliage is left it should be cut off. The bulb should be placed in a cool, dry place, where it will soon cure. It is generally quite easy to determine which of the new bulbs will flower with the succeeding year, as they will be considerably larger. The little bulbs may be brought up in a nursery. The soil should not be more than an inch deep above their tops. If properly nourished after they begin to send up their own shoots many of the little fellows will bloom the next year. Of course, at the end of the season they will produce their own crop of bulbs, but as a general thing little bulbs only produce one bulb at the end of the season, which should be somewhat larger than the old one. This process will continue for three or four years, until the new bulb has reached a full-grown size, when it will have a tendency to develop at least one big bulb, and possibly some smaller ones.

It is not generally possible to continue the development of a single line of tulips indefinitely, as the stock bearing stock surrounded by a lot of little flowerless shoots coming from bulbs that are being developed.

Tulip bulbs have a tendency to be developed at the base of the old bulb,

soil. The Holland bulbs are grown in light soil, and this does not seem to impair the skin. The writer has never been able to find that an injury to the skin affects the flowering in any way. It should be borne in mind that in planting tulips they should be put deeper in light soil than in the heavy soil, although it may be said that tulips are very accommodating and will grow under adverse conditions.

The United States Department of Agriculture maintains a magnificent bulb farm near Bellingham, Wash., and it seems to be an established fact that the Northwestern-grown bulbs are several days earlier than the Holland-grown bulbs in this climate, and they are less susceptible to disease. Tulips can be grown from seed, although it is not certain what the result will be in the way of flowering as they may come true and they may not.

Summing up this information, the writer is of the belief that tulips should be lifted every year on account of slugs and insects. In this climate it is satisfactory to put tulips in the ground by December 1 at the latest. People who are really interested in this matter can get excellent literature and descriptions of the bulb farm at Bellingham, Wash., from the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C. They will also give a lot of information concerning the narcissus and hyacinth.

There is one more point of interest about the tulip, and that is that the tulip root is not a real bulb as compared with the narcissus or an onion. In other words, the tulip does not scale off, but is more in the nature of a solid mass of organic matter, although from a practical standpoint it produces the same results as a type of concentric bulb such as the onion.

Lewis A. McArthur.

Don't Waste Your Yarn.

One woman makes this suggestion in the June Woman's Home Companion: "It sometimes becomes necessary to unravel the work of an amateur knitter, and in these days of scarcity and high price of yarn no one wishes to waste it. It is marked and mused up by the previous knitter, however, and new work made from this yarn is not very satisfactory. Try this: Wind yarn in skeins, place in steamer for five or ten minutes, then let dry thoroughly before rewinding. The yarn will be found as soft and fluffy as new."

## Young Girl's Party Bag Is Unique in Design.

Little Miss Proud of Reticule Carried With Party Frock.

THE daintiest reticule in the world for a little miss to carry with her party frock of filmy net or ruffled organdy. It swings from the arm on a ribbon loop and is supposed to hold one's mouchoir and powder puff—for even very young ladies, indeed, these days take the shine off their little



Young Girl's Party Bag.

noses with talcum and a wee bit of lamb wool. It is quite permissible even in public. The little party reticule pictured is made of gathered ribbon, palest in color. In the center are three tiny

roses made of white, pale pink and deeper pink ribbon of narrow width, and a little silver leaf is tucked in by way of a nature. Both sides of the bag are alike and the inside is smoothly lined with pale pink silk.

Bread Without Wheat.

This recipe from the June Woman's Home Companion is recommended for a wheatless day.

Wheatless Quick Bread—One cup oat flour, one cup barley flour, one-half cup corn flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one teaspoon soda, one and one-half teaspoons salt, one-third cup molasses, one and one-eighth cups sour milk, two tablespoons melted shortening.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add molasses, sour milk and shortening. Mix thoroughly and bake in greased bread pan.

To Keep Lettuce Crisp.

When you have no ice, wash your lettuce and place in a colander, and cover closely with a piece of cheesecloth wrung out of cold water. Put in a cool place, in a draught if possible, and your lettuce will keep crisp for three or four days.—L. G. C.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With the Othine—Double Strength.