

FIRST RUMBLE OF WAR THROU'S PARIS

Optimism of Gay Boulevardier Rudely Dispelled by Declaration of Nation.

AMERICAN JOINS FLIERS

Republic's Hour of Need Finds Many From United States Willing to Give Lives That Liberty Shall Not Perish From Earth.

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BY RAOUX LUBBERY.

ARTICLE NO. 3.

The first days of August, 1914. Everywhere in Paris—on the boulevards, in the streets, in the cafes, in the theaters—we heard the same rumor. War against Germany was on the point of being declared. In spite of all, the Parisians did not take the matter seriously.

Meanwhile a feeling of anxiety was present in the air. Sometimes they joked, sometimes they talked gravely, but always the discussions were in harmony with the tone of the morning and evening papers. Some of them had seen the trains crowded with troops being pushed towards the frontier. Of course this meant something.

"Babi" responded the other; "you will see that everything will be arranged satisfactorily as in the past. At Agadir, did we not come within a hair's breadth of having a rumpus? And Fashoda! At Fashoda, also, our misunderstandings with the English were quickly settled. Everybody thought that would turn out badly, still you see at present they are our best friends."

Marc Pourpe and I sided with the optimists, that is to say, with those who did not think it would come. Notwithstanding, we worked diligently on our future project. Everything was in disorder in our little workshop. Here and there on the floor lay maps of Eastern Asia and the neighboring oceans, alongside were rulers and dividers as well as pencils, red, blue and yellow.

Long Trip Planned.

This time we had in mind a long trip that would last for perhaps ten months or a year. We expected to visit many of the Oriental countries, starting at Sumatra, then Java, later the Philippines and Japan, coming back towards the southwest through southern China, Indo-China, Siam and Burma. After all this we would return to France to enjoy a little well-earned rest.

Already for a good hour my mind had been wandering to the East. With eyes fixed on the map, deep in thought, studying the possibilities of an aerial voyage from Bangkok to Rangoon, was lost in the midst of the peaks and ravines of the big chain of mountains separating Burma and Siam, looking for a convenient way to cross the range. Suddenly my soundings were interrupted by the voice of Marc Pourpe.

"Say, Lufbery," he called, "you have lived in the Philippines and know a little bit about the country. What do you think of the hydro from Borneo to Manila?"

"Very feasible, very feasible," I replied; "the distance from Borneo to Manila is not too great. At that moment we heard a formidable bang! Bang! The door flew open and in tumbled our old comrade, Father Pierre.

"Well, Father Pierre," he shouted; "what's the matter?"

"Too exhausted by his rapid ascent to the second floor, he was unable to say a word for several seconds. Finally he recovered sufficiently to speak in a voice that was heard from the bottom of his stomach: 'We're in it! We're in it! It's time! War has been declared!'"

Pourpe Is Called.

A few days later Marc Pourpe was called up and left for his post. On a Morane-Parasol, he, with a few other pilots was assigned to the defense of Paris. As arms on their planes, they carried steel darts and old cavalry muskets.

Before leaving, Pourpe, to whom I had confided my intentions of enlisting, had said, "Good luck, Lufbery; perhaps I'll see you in Berlin within a few days."

Full of enthusiasm, I departed for the recruiting office in Rue St. Dominique, hoping to be received with open arms. Upon arriving there I found myself in the presence of an enormous crowd, men of all nationalities and all ages, having come like myself to offer their services to France. Lost in the midst of this masculine gathering which obstructed the entrance of the street, I could discern a few women. Very likely they were the wives, sisters or fiancées of the future legionnaires. Those with tender hearts were crying outright while others were dabbing at their eyes with the corners of their handkerchiefs.

In vain I tried to sneak into the yard, but it was effort wasted, as outside the men were tightly pressed one against another.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to a small gathering on the opposite sidewalk. As I approached them I discovered a French Major surrounded by a few impatient volunteers, those who wished to leave immediately. They piled him with all kinds of questions concerning the necessary formalities for enlisting and showed him their soiled, creased military books, many of them written in foreign languages. The brave officer answered as best he could and did all that was possible to satisfy everybody.

PUBLISHER ACCUSED OF PURCHASING NEW YORK EVENING MAIL WITH MONEY SUPPLIED BY GERMAN GOVERNMENT.



DR. EDWARD A. RUMELY.

Dr. Edward A. Rumely, here shown sitting in the courtroom of the Federal building, the vice-president, secretary and publisher of the New York Evening Mail, has been arrested by Government agents charged with perjury, which charged grew out of a statement made by Rumely that the Mail was an American-owned paper. Evidence in possession of the Government shows that the paper is owned by the Imperial German government, which on June 1 paid, through its agents, the sum of \$735,000, which transferred the control of the paper to the Kaiser.

to a club which had been formed at 11 Rue de Valenciennes, but in reality was the recruiting office of the American Volunteer Corps. One evening I went there with them and was introduced to the president of the organization, who after several words of welcome took my name and gave me a questionnaire to fill out. Among the questions which I answered by a simple "Yes" were three reading as follows:

"Do you accept from the start all the severities of the discipline and the hardships of the war?"

"Do you promise absolute obedience to French officers of the active army?"

"Are you ready to swear loyalty to the French flag until death, if that is necessary?"

"Why?"

To this last question, instead of "Yes," one was supposed to write: "For the cause of Justice and Liberty." I wrote it down, feeling rather foolish, but serious about it as well.

At last the big day arrived and it was decided that all of us should go together to enlist, this time for good because the papers that we had filled out at the office of the American Volunteer Corps were nothing more or less than preliminary measures. There were about 40 of us. Coming from the club we formed in columns of fours with the French and American flags at our heads. We marched like veterans as far as the invalids, followed by a crowd that cheered:

"Vive l'Amerique! Vive les volontaires! Vive l'Amerique!"

Mob Hills Yard.

The yard of the invalids was crowded with a mob of new recruits of all nationalities. Patiently we waited our turn to take the physical examination. We marched like veterans on this occasion had performed the duties of Lieutenant, Captain and even General, gave us his last advice:

"Americans, come in!" cried a voice, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were in the examining room standing before the doctor.

The examinations lasted about half an hour, and I then went to the office of the American Volunteer Corps, where our entire band were turned down. One on account of flat feet; another for myopia; and the third because he was too thin for his height.

This last man they told to eat well and come back in a fortnight. The physical examination finished, there remained nothing more to do but to sign the enlistment papers lying upon the large table in front of us. However, I read mine carefully before putting my name at the bottom.

"This is not it! This is not it at all!" I told the non-commissioned officer on service. "I want to go into the aviation, not into the second regiment of the Foreign Legion."

"Don't you worry about that," he growled at me. "Sign it and everything will be all right."

Infantry Branch Not Desired.

But this was not my idea at all, because I had firmly decided not to go into the infantry unless it was absolutely impossible to enlist as an aviation mechanic. I bid my comrades good-bye, wished them good luck and went home, naturally without signing the papers.

MILITARY ASSET AM

Young Men in Colleges Will Get Fine Training.

NO DRAFT UNLESS DEMAND

Enlisted Students Will Receive No Pay or Allowance Except When Attending Summer Training Camps—Details Issued.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, July 12.—That the aim of the Government in establishing military units in the Oregon Agricultural College and other educational institutions is to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges, and to prevent unnecessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status, is set forth in a communication just received at the Oregon Agricultural College from Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War.

The plan, according to details received from H. P. McCain, Adjutant-General, calls for approximately 650 hours of military work each year on the basis of 33 weeks for the academic year and a six weeks' camp.

"It is expected," he said, "that this will qualify a considerable percentage of the students to enter officers' training camps on being called to the colors, and a large percentage of the remainder to serve as non-commissioned officers. The number to be certified for training as officers from any institution will not be based on an arbitrary percentage. It will depend on the quality of the men developed at that institution and the necessities of the service at the time."

Army Officers in Charge.

Not only will there be at least three Army officers in charge of the training of the members of the military unit at the Oregon Agricultural College, but six or seven officers of the detachment of soldiers receiving special training as mechanics and military tactics will be available for this work. Members of the unit will drill while the detachment soldiers are receiving mechanical instruction, and thus the military officers will be released for additional duties.

The Government will supply the necessary uniforms, rifles and other equipment. The closest co-operation between the War Department and the college will be maintained in the administration of the new system.

In all colleges having a Reserve Officers' Training Corps unit the already earned status and privileges of the students now enrolled will not be disturbed.

Contra to Be Uniform.

The courses of training will be uniform in all colleges, including those now having R. O. T. C. units, and uniform standards will govern the selection of students to attend officers' training camps. The general purpose is to provide a uniform system in all colleges, without prejudicing in any way students who are not already enrolled in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

A new unit will be established in the Oregon Agricultural College after the opening of school September 23. The enlistment of students will be urged to enlist if over the legal enlistment age of 18, while students under 18 will be encouraged to enroll in the unit.

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TRAINED NURSES NEEDED

MISS EDYTHE GILL IN ADDRESSES URGES ENLISTMENTS.

Appeal Made to Young Women Who Have Had Training to Enter Service of Country.

HOOD RIVER, Or., July 12.—(Special.)—Miss Edythe Gill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gill, now chief nurse of a military hospital at Camp Fremont, California, has made a number of addresses recently at California points in an appeal for trained young women to join the Nation's force of nurses.

Following is part of an address recently delivered by Miss Gill at Los Gatos:

"The calling of thousands of men together in more or less crowded barracks has resulted in epidemic of different kinds. With this condition the demand for nurses has arisen.

"Two sources have fed this growing demand, the Red Cross and the Nurse Corps. The last mentioned until the outbreak of the war, comprised about 200 nurses. Several calls have gone forth and still there is a dire need. I believe a campaign is about to begin for the enlistment of nurses. This will take our ablest and best-trained nurses.

"Secretary Daniels, in his call for nurses, gives them their right place when he says, 'They are as much a part of the Nation's military organization as he who carries the musket.'"

"If there is a nurse in your community who has an able body and no ties that keep her, let her come and join the ranks. The colors of the Nurse Corps may be restored to health and may live to share the glory of the cause for which they gave themselves."

Milton Dentist Called to Colors.

MILTON, Or., July 12.—(Special.)—Dr. W. G. Hughes, a member of the city council and well known resident of Milton for the past five years, this morning received a telegram from Washington, D. C., advising him to report for duty in the Dental Army Corps within the next two weeks. Dr. Hughes expects to shape his affairs

KLAMATH FALLS, Or., July 12.—(Special.)—In the belief that every woman in Klamath Falls under ordinary circumstances can devote at least three hours a week to the Red Cross work, a committee was appointed at a meeting of the Red Cross executive committee to present a plan for securing greater co-operation at the workrooms. This address will be reported at a meeting next Tuesday.

In recognition of her faithful and efficient services during the past year, Mrs. H. D. Mortenson was chosen unanimously as chairman of Klamath County Chapter for the coming year. J. W. Siemens was elected vice-chairman. Mrs. R. E. Wattenburg, secretary, and Leslie Rogers, treasurer.

War Needs in Food Emphasized.

CENTRALIA, Wash., July 12.—(Special.)—C. O. Gingrich, Southwest Washington food administrator, Wednesday night addressed a big meeting held in the I. O. O. F. Hall in Toledo in the interests of food conservation. Mr. Gingrich tried to turn to the regulations, gave figures on the flour situation and explained the sugar shortage.

so that he can enter the service in accordance with the call.

Mrs. John Jones, of Duquoin, Ill., went to purchase a new hat, and as she entered the millinery shop her attention was attracted by a Red Cross poster in the window. She concluded that the Red Cross needed the \$5 more than she needed the hat, and handed the bill over to the fund.

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