

GENERAL HAGOOD'S SPEECH THRILLS PEOPLE OF FRANCE

Words of American General Before Association of French Home Electrifies Country.

SOLDIERS TAKEN TO HOMES

Hospitable French Open Hearts and Homes to Boys From Across the Atlantic.

By Sterling Melling
Somewhere in France, July 4.—I have seen a beautiful and solemn sight. It was American boys going off to battle, kissed by French mothers—timidly, as if they feared to usurp so great a prerogative. Mothers across the sea, it was for you, for France, for gratitude. The boys did not go off to fight, alone, from lonely camps. They had spent an evening in a parlor. They had met French homes.

I will not describe the scenes. They were holy. One was of 11 young Americans in the library of a banker of Blois. Five ladies were present. The other, which I did not witness with my own eyes, was four boys in the parlor of a wholesale French druggist. On a third occasion, it was at a fashionable watering place, like Vichy. Young men from an American troop on halt, drawn by the hotel lights, at dusk, lingered timidly, outside. A beautiful woman hurried to them. "Will you come in?"

Hotel Crowd Thrilled
Now, it happened that one who had sung as a particular star in moving pictures was among them, and two of his companions had fine voices. Soon they were around the piano, charming the French hotel parlor with rag time, "Poor Butterfly," "I, 2, 3, 4," "The Broken Doll." When they got to "Dicky Doola," "It's Calling Me," and "Huckleberry Queen," figures from the garden strolled in, drawn irresistibly. There was something contagious, ardent, out of ordinary, in the strong male chorus. The boys were all keyed up, and young star, with his glorious voice, perfect method and face and presence of a young god, threw unconsciousness solemnly into "The Long, Long Trail." And elderly French men thrilled, without understanding the words, when they came to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Turn the black cloud inside out—until the boys come home!

"What is it? What is it?" questioned a white moustached Paris stock broker of his daughter. Tears were on the lovely girl's cheek, as she whispered: "They are going to the open battle, in the morning."

French Homes Opened
Things are happening here, which would thrill America. An American general has spoken words which electrified all France. Joffre himself has spoken, who never made a speech, and Madame Joffre sends this message to American mothers:

"Together our sons are shedding their blood. Our endeavor is to incite all French families to open their doors to their own sons, so as to remind them of their own homes, and during all the time they remain in France, we will consider it a sacred duty to do everything in our power for their welfare."

You have, of course, read much about this great national movement of French homes. All our soldiers, on their leave, are invited into society. With the cooperation of American regimental chiefs, a rain of invitations; personal, by name, falls on bunches of men whose army leave is due next week. Instead of wandering about city streets alone, or killing time in cafes, they are booked for chat-eaux, country places, pleasant villas, snug apartments. The thing is in the air. When passing American troops stop for a halt, the village folks, themselves, throw open their doors and call: "Come in! Come in!"

Invitation Is General
The thing is spontaneous, because French papers are full of it—these Americans, who have come so far to fight for us, must not be left to loneliness and promiscuous company, but, as in the successful great movements, there is organization and the flood of actual invitations is tapped and channeled by the powerful Association of French Homes, made up of social leaders of all categories, old aristocrats, Franco-Americans, modern fashionables, military families and the families of great business men, in connection with the leaders of both armies, and the French university world. When Joffre spoke, for the first time since the Marne (he had never before

GETS FRENCH HOMES OPENED



General Johnson Hagood at whose initiative French homes are opened to American soldiers.

appeared in public, in France, to give an address), he was backed up, in the proposition, by Bergson, the illustrious philosopher. Both remember, are Academics, of the Forty Immortals, like the Comte d'Haussonville, the historian and grandson of Mme. de Stael, Lavellan, the playwright, and the Comte Albert de Mun, who descended from the kings of France—his widow sat with them, at this brilliant Paris function. It took place in the Rothschild mansion beside the French white house, with its magnificent garden, in full Paris, for the overflow; and a mere mention of prominent names reminds us that Paris is always Paris, war or no war. I pick out the best-known, among the "ye" of Mme. Joffre, who are pledged to open their doors, socially, to American soldiers and invite all good French families to do the same!

Prominent Names Mentioned
Comtesse Albert de Mun; Duc and Duchesse de Massa; Duc and Duchesse de Montmorency (American); Duchesse de Clamont-Tonnerre; Marquise de Charette (another American family, descended from President Polk); Marquis de Dion; Henry Cachard, the international lawyer, adviser of our expeditionary forces; Paul Cambon, France ambassador, and Gerard, ditto; General Fau; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Allen; Mrs. Vanderbilt; Baron de Courcelles; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Carter; General Brugere; Comte de Fels, who married a daughter of the sugar king, Lebaudy; Vicomte d'Harcourt; H. Simond, owner of the "Echo de Paris"; Mme. Hottinguer, daughter of the international banker, Munroe; Baron Henri de Rothschild; Princesses de la Tour d'Auvergne; Cisse Bertrand d'Armon, niece of James Gordon Bennett; Joseph Reinach (Figaro), etc. etc.

Of the Paris committee actively arranging for the reception of American soldiers in French homes, I saw the Comtesse Jacques de Bryas (American); Mme. Paul Dupuy; Pierre Lalo; Princesses Arnon de Lutinge (formerly Mrs. Strickland); Cisse de La Rocheantini; Princesses de la Tour d'Auvergne-Lauragual; Cisse de Ste-Andegonde (American); and Mme. Maurice Borel, the secretary, with her staff of assistants, filing clerks, stenographers, etc.

Joffre Makes Speech
The first speech was made by Marshal Joffre.

Seated near him were Mrs. Cushman, of the Y. M. C. A.; Mme. Jules Siegfried, wife of the famous Alsatian manufacturer and Deputy of Havre, who has

All cameras were pointed and the reels turned steadily.

Hagood's Speech Electrifies

There was not a word that did not deeply move the audience, not an idea that did not strike with force and excite the admiration of all. Here it is impossible to give more than a few extracts, but it is generally known in army circles that General Pershing informed General Hagood, afterward, that his remarks would be used as anti-boche propaganda.

"We came to France for no material gain," began the orator, "and we shall return empty handed, unless it be, perhaps, to take our dead with us."

You could hear a pin drop. "Each man on leaving America feels, his mother feels, his wife feels, his sweet heart feels that we are not here to divide the spoils of the vanquished, but to fight for what we believe to be justice and what we know to be liberty: To this we will give all our money, all our young men, all that we have, and never stop until the game is won by our side!"

This nobility of soul, of classic grandeur, electrified the audience, as, the next day, it electrified France. I quote from the Petit Parisien and Petit Journal, the two papers which claim the greatest daily circulation in the world. According to the latter, the words, even in translation from English to French, give such a powerful impression that it was impossible

not to reproduce them, and practically every Paris paper made the speech the feature of its issue.

Not in War for Gain

"America," he said, "did not come into the war to help France, but to fight side by side with France in the same cause. We are here with all our might, with all our mind, with all our soul, and we are here to win."

The general explained that, being so far away, America did not at first see the war as it actually was; but now we understand it; and however distressing it may be for mothers, wives and sweethearts to send those they love across the ocean, yet they have done it.

"They are, in truth, more than the Spartan mothers," he said, "who bade their sons return with their shields or on their shields. Ah, yes, our women know that they will never return at all! Their dead must rest across the sea! Women of France, receive the living in your families! When they return to battle, let it be with the benediction of a home!"

Later on, far from Paris, I saw General Hagood. While a ferocious worker, of no great benevolence to newspaper correspondents, he was willing to speak on this subject, dear to the heart of his chief. "It is very dear to our government," he said, "and it has the entire support of the army. It is a national thing. Tell it to American women. The best ele-

ments are in the movement, society, the entire press, and the French university, whose ramifications go everywhere. In one form or another, it is on every moving picture circuit of France. Our boys will not be left to themselves in the cities. Up to now, there has been little chance for it."

"How?" I asked.

Boys Can't Enjoy Vacations

"Every time we begin to grant leave," he said, "this military situation arrives by which our lives are suspended. There is not an American officer, today, in France, who can go off and spend time at a chateau, while these things are happening. So, with enlisted men, do you remember those given two weeks at Aix-les-Bains for fine conduct? After eight days, they asked to return to the front—they felt they should be doing their bit. Couldn't enjoy themselves! If we had been longer in the war it would be different; but just now, asking or accepting leave is like a fellow trying to sleep on a locomotive engine in movement—he can't do it. But the engineer can. He is accustomed."

The general's face beamed. "The French," he said, "are like that engineer, or rather, like their own men who sleep beside the cannon's roar. We can't. So, when they ask us to chateaux, we put it off. But the time will come, more and more, and it will be splendid—"

a social movement without precedent in the world's history."

The organization is all ready. The house is empty, swept and garnished, awaiting only the guest and his seven brethren.

Many Entertain Soldiers

Near ports and S. O. S. centers, where men and officers are more or less settled and have certain hours of leisure, the social relations are already a great safeguard and comfort. Only ladies do not like their names to be mentioned in print.

Two, socially prominent in Paris, have taken villas at Sts. Marguerite, to have places where American officers and men can go from a nearby port on Sunday afternoons. At Brest, I am permitted to tell of five such seaside mansions, rented expressly for a like purpose. At the beach of M—, half an hour by train from another port, a wealthy Paris business man has leased an entire summer hotel and its personnel, for enlisted men. And so on. Endless lists could be compiled.

In Paris, I may cite Mme. Borel, example of many. This rich and gracious woman receives, every Sunday afternoon, from 50 to 75 American officers, and on two weekly afternoons, a corresponding number of enlisted men. At the Y. M. C. A. headquarters in the Avenue Montaigne, a list of a hundred Parisians and their wives could be made, each week, who come and ask for "Americans to take home." As for chateaux, the exam-

ple of the Marquise de Rochambeau must stand for them. Her hospitality is so grand that the Americans of a nearby post have named it Camp Rochambeau. The same might be said of the Marquise de Dampliere.

But, really, I prefer to think of a prosperous French druggist (ah, the worthy man!) who has gathered in four boys of the S. O. S. as a kind of temporary boarders. They are all the time at his pretty house and rose garden, near the barracks; and of evenings, they lead others thither. Around the piano, with the old man's gracious daughter and two pretty nieces, they pound and bowl the chorus of "Ella!" "A-lee-ee!" French demure pronounces it funny. The mother knits complacently. The grandmother, slightly worried, wonders what all these wild doings can be. For, you see, it's new—to the French, also!

STEEL GUITARS

\$6.00 AND UP
FREE LESSONS GIVEN
McDougall Music Co.
825 Alder Street, Near Broadway

THE HEILIG THEATRE TOMORROW at 8:15 and TWICE DAILY THEREAFTER

D. W. GRIFFITH'S SUPREME TRIUMPH

HEARTS OF THE WORLD



A Romance of the Great War A POSITIVE SUCCESSOR TO THE "BIRTH OF A NATION" AND "INTOLERANCE"

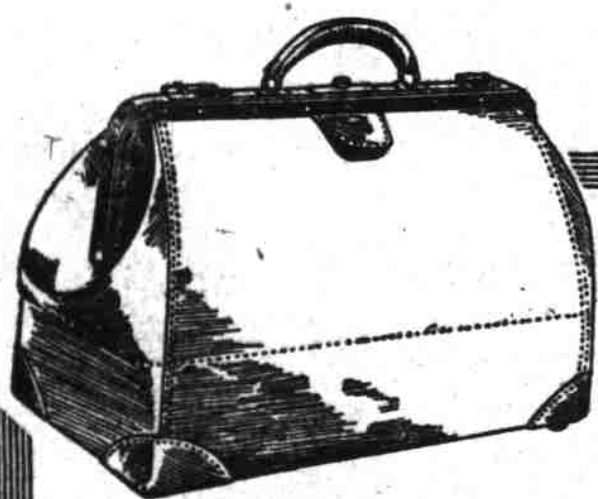
FILMED ON

The Battlefields of France SWEETEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD

ACCOMPANIED BY A GRAND

Symphony Orchestra

ALL SEATS RESERVED—The Prices
Matinee at 2:15—25c, 50c, 75c—Box Seats \$1.00
Evening at 8:15—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1—Box Seats \$1.50
SEATS NOW SELLING AT THE HEILIG



7.50

Every Bag Recommended to Give
Genuine "Likely Service"
The Unusually Low Price at Which This
Bag Is Offered

Makes It a "Winner"
THINK OF IT!

Every bag shown in this lot is warranted to be made of Genuine Grain Cowhide Leather of medium weight—not a split—a bag well worth \$12.00 at present prices. These bags are made in 16 and 18-inch, black in color, crepe grain finish, lined with a cross-plaid serge—three pockets, leather-covered steel form handle, corners sewed on, sides double stitched. A large, roomy pattern, chosen from a standpoint of all-round, practical usefulness and good appearance.

Positively, this stock cannot last at this price after August 10th. Our new supply will be priced higher.

Your Opportunity—Do Not Miss It—for it will not be offered you again.

Our Price 7.50

Woodard, Clarke & Co.

S. & H. Stamps With Every Purchase