

# "RED CROSSING" IS WOMAN'S DIVERSION IN PARIS

## "Diversion" Is Correct, for There Is Entertainment To Be Had in Visiting the Hospitals and Forming Part of Audiences Attentive to Soldiers' Tales.



They Exercise Their Profession by Putting on Fattigue Caps for Luncheon—Pajamas and Bath Robes Are Thus Rendered Formal to Keep from Shocking Feminine Visitors.

By ANN CANDLE.  
MID all the murmurs that arose from the Allied countries as to their somewhat foolish state of unpreparedness, the French Red Cross alone could afford to maintain a superior silence. It was so rich, so mightily rich! And so bubbling with the national sentimentality that one might accuse it of actually looking for trouble to expend itself on.



In England the Rule for Nurses' Uniforms Is Hard and Fast—In France Nurses Regulate Their Caps According to Their Faces.

of war it was put in the field immediately. They found the Red Cross prepared with funds untold, with ten thousand diplomaed nurses in one branch alone, and all volunteers; with so many hospitals at the ends of its fingers that you no longer felt astonished to see over the doors of erstwhile homes and hotels "Red Cross Auxiliary No. 47," or "57, or 67, and even higher numbers in Paris alone.

Of course, New York has heard of the "body snatchers" and laughed or jeered, according to its lights, but the body snatchers are the salvation of many a man lying for days in the trains that have been shunted into sidings at Amiens or Abbeville, or somewhere up-country. The orderlies, the ambulances, the beds, the luxuries they deserve are all waiting for them. So, at many a Red Cross hospital, managed by women used to taking the initiative, they have gone out in the ambulances and taken the men bodily from the trains of wounded, to the everlasting gratitude of their victims.

One man with a fractured leg, his face like paper and his voice so weak that only his indignation could make it heard, told, all unasked, how he endured a week's journey in the train after being injured in the battle of the north. Such mismanagement cannot be laid at the door of the Red Cross. The minute the wounded are in their hands all is well, and in spite of "hands off" in many places where they could improve the system their organization and their accomplishment since the war began are admirable and uncriticized.

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say, operations go on day and night such times as these.

Three hundred and seventy-five hospitals were ready August 1, in the Société de Secours alone, eighteen in Paris, and now within the military government of Paris seventy new ones, and eighty station hospitals. They have set aside 20,000 francs to remunerate the workers who are employed in making the clothing supplies for the hospitals. By August 3 they were sending out their "équipes infirmières," as they call their divisions of nurses, and the first ones to go received a manifestation from half Paris at the Gare de l'Est. Brussels received detachment after detachment, as did every hospital between here and Brussels.

There are plenty of well known names on the lists of those that went first—la Princesse de Poix, la Marquise de la Tour-Maubourg, la Comtesse Jacques de Chabannes-de Palice, Mlle. d'Haussonville, whose mother, Mme. la Comtesse d'Haussonville, is the distinguished woman president of the society. She is busy all day, and every day, with the other officers who stay with Paris, at the headquarters, in the Rue François, Ire, near the American Embassy. They have stopped working just long enough to attend high mass at Saint Pierre de Chaillot for the repose of the souls of the seven nurses killed during the bombardment of Rheims, two of whom were only twenty years old.

Only Fully Trained Volunteers Sent Out.

Over here the same problem of volunteers had to be dealt with as in England. But the Société de Secours aux Blessés Militaires uses only the fully trained, and has a hospital training school for that alone. They started courses in first aid under the direction of Mme. la Doctoresse Fabre, and the time has come to wonder where all those willing workers are busy.

It seems to be managed to the satisfaction of everybody. Each one gets enough and no one too much. If those volunteers are not still rolling bandages in the linen rooms, they have been appointed to certain hospitals where they act as visiting nurses, relieving the regulars during the day, foraging among their friends for comforts for their patients, redressing and bathing wounds, writing letters home, fetching and carrying generally.

It is not really the thankless task it looks on paper. Visitors' day is not every day, and while crowds of friends and strangers bear flowers to the wounded on Sunday afternoons, during the week the men welcome a diversion such as these volunteers bring—mint pastilles, the funny papers, cigarettes and awkward friends—such as I.

Pion-piur is what the French call "bavard," and if you say "Au revoir"



to him, for fear he may be worn out with all his chatting, he remarks, naively: "Vous savez, j'aime beaucoup causer." They never tire of telling you how marvellously they escaped; one has a real thriller of how a bullet passed through from one cheek to the other, displacing one tooth only; another rejoices that he is too fat for mere bullets to take effect and has concealed many a one in his person; another is voluble as to his horse's courage under fire and his grateful creature, but when he has told you how many thousands of Germans

interesting and successful women, Dr. Murray and Dr. Anderson, who, with a fully trained and carefully chosen staff composed entirely of women, excepting the few orderlies, have installed in Claridge's new hotel in the Champs Elysées a hospital of British ideals among all these French ones. This is one of the brightest spots in Paris. Claridge's, of course, lives up to recognized hotel standards in the way of decorations, and British ideas of hospital interiors are not necessarily pastel tinted.

Picture, then, these gilt and marble halls, with rows of beds, covered with the broad red and blue stripes of the Guards' blankets. Why shiver? The men love it, so few of them ever dreamed, they tell you, of waking up in marble halls, especially lately. Neither would they choose men doctors. Enough of men now for awhile.

In the Hands of Militants. This is, without doubt, the pet hos-

pital in Paris, and is actually in the hands of the militants. Dr. Murray, with the softest of voices, told me how she and Dr. Anderson, being militants, had attended Mrs. Pankhurst during her hunger strike, how, with funds raised mainly through militant sympathizers, they had brought to Paris a complete British hospital equipment and established in the hotel, loaned by Claridge, their British civil hospital standards. This is the most visited and "flowered" and feted of all the hospitals.

Operating and X-ray rooms are strange to Claridge's, and so is the little improvised chapel, where the chaplain of the British Embassy holds service, for English soldiers are better churchgoers than French. Stranger still in this big hotel is the chapel from which the British soldiers are buried. In the Cimetière Pantin, with so many comrades around them, they can hardly be said to lie in a strange land.

From the khaki-clad English women to the white uniforms at the Lycée Pasteur, where the nurses wear the regulation French Red Cross uniform, is an interesting study of femininity.

American Women Equip Private Hospitals.

Here are more and still more Tomnies, and all of the American women



All Paris Devotes Its Sunday Afternoons to Watching the Wounded and Their Envied Friends Promenading Discreetly by the Hospital Grounds



### THE WEALTH OF THE GARBAGE RECEPTACLE

#### Being a Frenchwoman's Dissertation On Our Wastfulness.

"THE wealth of the garbage receptacle accounts in a measure for the straitened circumstances of its owner—a French family could live on what an American family wastes."

This bold statement of facts by my French neighbor made me ask her to explain further. "American cooks," she continued, "strip the outside leaves of lettuce off, using the heart for the table and throwing the rest away. Then they use the choice centres of the celery for the table, and the imperfect stalks and green and white tops follow the lettuce leaves. A French woman would take these lettuce leaves and celery tops, cut or chop them up, adding one chopped onion and a quart of water, cover it tightly and simmer till all the flavor is out, strain them, and add enough cream or milk, thickening and seasoning, and would have a delicious cream soup for her dinner.

Beet and Asparagus Trimmings. "Here, when the cook boils beets she throws away all the tops. We wash, chop and boil those leaves and stems, using them like spinach, and in season what we cut from ends of asparagus we wash and boil until it is soft, mash through a sieve, season, add milk or cream, and behold! we have a cream of asparagus soup. Or we pare the stalks, cut them in thin slices, boil until they are tender, drain and cool, then marinate in French dressing a half hour, serving them on lettuce leaves. They make a most acceptable salad.

Apple Parings. "A French woman always washes her apples before paring them for apple sauce or pies, throwing the skins, seeds and all into an enamel saucepan. When finished, she covers them with cold water and lets them simmer while she is making the apple sauce or pie, then she carefully strains them; first through a sieve, then through damp cheesecloth, using to each pint of juice three-quarters of a pint of sugar, and in twenty minutes, after boiling and skimming carefully, she has three or four tumblers or paper jelly glasses full of irreproachable apple jelly.

"Odds and ends of cold cooked vegetables we cut fine and make into salads. All our meat bones, cooked or uncooked, are well cracked and thrown into the stock pot. Stale bread is all kept, the slices we use for French toast dipped in milk and fried.

## ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By ALICE DUER MILLER.

(An Englishwoman whose income has stopped owing to her two sons having joined the English army was taken care of last night at the Florence Crittenton Mission.—Press Clipping.)

The young men said to their mother: "Hear us, O dearest and best! Time cannot cool or smother The love of you in our breast; Here is your place, and no other— Come home and rest!"

And the mother's heart was grateful For the love of her cherished ones, And her labor, bitter and hateful, She left at the word of her sons, Till she heard far-off the fateful Voices of guns.

Their love did more enslave her; They did not understand That none could guard or save her When war was on the land But herself, and God, who gave her Heart and mind and hand.

### UNDER SUSPICION.

Certainly the English government is not felicitous in its dealings with women.

It has now decided to place under police surveillance all women whose husbands enlist, and it intends to withdraw the separation allowance voted to soldiers' wives in the case of any woman whose conduct strikes the War Office as "unworthy."

If it is necessary to supervise the morals of all who receive government money, why not begin with members of Parliament?

### VERY DOUBTFUL, IF THEY WEREN'T WOMEN.

In speaking of this, "The Nation" (London) says: "Whether a department can by one stroke abolish the rights of these women seems to us very doubtful in law."

### RELENTLESS LOGIC.

The New York State Organization Opposed to Woman Suffrage (if only the title were shorter we should speak of it more often) announces officially: "Pink roses, pink paper, pink enrolment cards, pink leaflets, everything pink, for the final campaign against suffrage in New York State."

It's hard to know what to answer.

### RESULTS.

A commission, composed of an anti-suffragist, a suffragist and a non-

partisan, has been sent to investigate conditions in the suffrage states, and reports as follows:

- How does the vote affect labor conditions? (1) The labor legislation that women pass is bad. (2) In suffrage states the working girl is healthy, rich and glad. (3) Conditions in the suffrage states are neither good nor bad. How does the vote affect the liquor trade? (1) The liquor interests all declare the woman's vote a boon. (2) The woman's vote has practically extinguished the saloon. (3) The woman's vote has no effect, although it may have soon. How does the vote affect the women themselves? (1) The women in the suffrage states have not survived the test. (2) The women in the suffrage states are women at their best. (3) The women in the suffrage states are just like all the rest. And so on and on.

### SOME VERY FINE WORDS.

If only President Wilson had said in his message: "And there is another great piece of legislation which awaits and should receive the sanction of the Senate. I mean the bill which gives a larger measure of self-government to the women of this country. How better, in this time of anxious questioning and perplexed policy, could we show our confidence in the principles of liberty, as the source as well as the expression of life, how better could we demonstrate our own self-possession and steadfastness in the course of justice and disinterestedness?"

In no way, Mr. President. But, unhappily, the above question referred to Philippine men, not to American women.

### AN UNFEMININE POINT OF VIEW.

The New York Times reports that Miss Chittenden said: "The anti-suffragists believe in women occupying public positions to serve city and state, if they were not hampered by family ties."

Hampered, Miss Chittenden? Is that how anti-suffragists look on home ties?

### BEAUTY FIRST.

"The saddest sight," said Dr. Sargent in a lecture at the Women's University Club, "the saddest sight is to see a woman lose all her feminine charm in the stress of business competition."

This may be the saddest sight to Dr. Sargent, but perhaps to the woman herself it might be even sadder to lose her only means of livelihood.

"I'd rather see a woman dead Than see her plain," our father said; And so we boys took little guns And killed 'em off all the ugly ones."

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