

FROM A NURSE IN WARRING GERMANY

MISS KATHRYN ROTH-SCHILD, NEW YORK BANKER'S DAUGHTER. TELL OF EXPERIENCE IN COUNTRY BESIEGED BY GREAT CONFLICT. SHE WAS ATTACHED TO AN AMERICAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL



SHE TAUGHT WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO SPEAK ENGLISH

IN July, 1914, I left America to travel abroad on pleasure bent. I had a little idea of the coming war as anyone else, and even when the clouds swept dark across the horizon, I did not really believe the storm would break.

We arrived in Bad Kissingen on the day before the troops were mobilized. People stood in excited groups. Germans were preparing to leave for their homes, while Russians and other foreigners were wondering what would become of them if it came to war. The mobilization proclamation came the following day and suddenly, on a Sunday, war was declared.

Dismay and consternation were written upon every face. The strange tales of other wars came flooding to our minds, and we conjured up a thousand thoughts of hunger and discomfort. We were sure that within a few days not an able-bodied man would be left at home. Quite naturally we did not anticipate the systematic regulation which eliminated all danger of famine in spite of the proclaimed food blockade; nor did we know that an army is so organized that millions of strong young men are not called into the service until absolutely needed.

Bad Kissingen was the gathering place for the reservists from all the surrounding countryside. Early Sunday morning the troops came pouring in. They assembled in the famous Kurpark and in place of the usual gayly dressed throng there were now thousands of stern-looking men in rough clothes. Here they were soldiers in name only, for their uniforms, guns, and other equipment awaited them at Bamberg, an hour distant.

In the larger cities where fully equipped soldiers leave for the front it is a most inspiring sight to see them march away to the strains of military music, their caps and lapels bedecked with flowers. Here in this little country town the sight was not thus inspiring. It was only inexpressibly sad.

Most of the men were accompanied by their wives and sweethearts, and had come to bid a farewell which perchance would be the last. Nothing has impressed me quite so much as the spartan way in which these German women say good-bye to their men. I have seen the soldiers leaving for the front from town and city, in companies or by twos and threes, and I have never seen a woman shed a single tear until her husband, son or lover had vanished from sight.

It is not that they do not realize to the fullest extent the danger their men go off to face—alas, they know that full well—but they seem to feel it their duty to make the parting as cheerful as possible. So dry-eyed and smiling, they wave their handkerchiefs until they can see no longer.

For two weeks Kissingen assumed quite military character. The men came straggling in and their short stay was made as comfortable as possible by liberal portions of hot coffee, cigars and chocolate. Then the mobilization ended and the town settled down to a strange quiet, a quiet that seemed more uneasy because we realized so acutely that in France, Belgium and Russia the cannons were thundering and men were falling by the thousands.

I shall never forget the sultry, quiet weeks I spent in Kissingen during the summer of 1914. The days dragged by, one like the other, except for the preparations which were being made to care for the wounded when they should come. Some of the hotels were turned into hospitals and every one—as well as the rest—sewed all day long on garments and bandages. Mails came irregularly, and newspapers, too, arrived at odd intervals, because the trains were being used for

the transportation of troops. Even when news came of the fall of Liege and Brussels, there was little excitement. It was only when the Bavarian crown prince won a victory near Metz that the people forgot their calm and cheered and wept for joy.

On September 1 I arrived in Munich, the Bavarian capital. The life here was as different as could be from that in Kissingen. The streets and cafes were crowded, the theaters and museums all open. Orchestras played popular music. Singers sang comic songs. One would never have realized that a war was going on, had it not been for the yellow telegrams pasted on the bulletin boards and for the throngs of soldiers.

The city swarmed with men in gray. The remarkable part of it all is that one sees just as many soldiers now as one did a year ago last September. There are soldiers everywhere—in the streets, at the theater, in the cafes—strong, healthy-looking men, some of them already decorated with the Iron Cross.

After a week or so of aimless sight-seeing, my conscience began to trouble me. I felt it was wrong to stay idle in these earnest times, so I set about to find some occupation. I started in service at a day nursery, where poor children were taken care of while their mothers were at work.

All the children are delightful, and these were no less so than the average; but sad to relate they spoke a Bavarian dialect that was impossible for me to understand. They in turn did not recognize as German the language I spoke; so we decided that I was no success as a disciple of Froebel, and I started to search for a new field of activity. I found what I sought at the American Red Cross hospital, and soon began my work there.

I should like to be able to say that at once I attained the dignity of a cap and apron, but I did not, because I had even less than the average knowledge of nursing. I really started as an errand girl. I shopped, carried out propaganda, and made visits, in order to interest people in the good work. I chatted with Geraldine Farrar, was respectful to Countess von Bernstorff and visited enough titled people to set my democratic head awhirl.

The next step in my hospital career was when I began to do a little secretarial work, and soon afterwards I received my uniform and came more in contact with the work of the hospital proper. My special department was the provision room, where the Jellies and other luxuries that the regular commissariat did not carry were kept. I was the mistress of the key to the wine cellar and also looked after the clothing with which we supplied the men.

There was nothing too menial for me to do, and I was glad of every opportunity for service. I still have a mental photograph of myself scrubbing the floor and darning the biggest holes that I ever saw in socks. In December we received a huge shipment from the American Red Cross society, and we had so many boxes and bales of clothing, comforts, and cotton, that we decided to give the surplus to the German Red Cross. The Bavarian queen, as its official head, came to inspect our supplies. She was a little, wrinkled old lady, who smiled most amiably when we made our court curtsies and who was very grateful for our timely gift.

Christmas came and went. We thought of the men in the trenches and prayed for peace. But, in spite of the war, I enjoyed every hour in Munich, and a large share of my pleasure I owe to the musical advantages the city offers. Performances of the opera and concerts are being given at reduced rates on account of the war.

Has Made Study of Volcanoes

Frank Alvord Perret whose knowledge of volcanoes is probably unique in the world, is an American, a native of Hartford, Conn. After volcanic outbursts he has been able accurately to forecast their conduct for some time to come, and in this way his labors have been of inestimable value to residents of volcanic districts. He has visited and studied practically every volcano of note in the world. He was the first to reach Messina after the

devastating earthquake in 1908. As an inventor he is also widely known. In 1904 he took up volcanology and became honorary assistant to Professor Matteucci in the Royal observatory, Mount Vesuvius, and was later decorated knight of the Italian crown.

Oh, Sometimes, Yes.

A man who is not ashamed of the things he knows usually knows a great deal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lover Suicides in Rome.

The latest suicide of lovers in Rome is a version in higher life of what happens oftener in that city than anywhere else—or so it seems to one who has lived there and elsewhere. It must be owned that the "crime passionnel" takes, in England, the frequent form of the slaying of the woman by the man; in France one hears rather of the slaying of the man by the woman. In Rome the Romeo-and-Juliet deaths are curiously frequent, the lovers very young indeed, the parents

adverse, the class almost always middle. The young ones throw themselves from heights—not from the Tarpeian, which is now inadequate—but preferably from a high wall near the driving place of the Pincio. It has recently been specially guarded.

Will Be Mighty Empire.

Maintaining the rate of increase shown during the last 40 years, Russia's population at the end of the present century will number 600,000,000.



MISS ROTHSCHILD

but the talent remains up to its old standards, and one can hear a truly fine production of an opera for seventy-five cents or a dollar.

Towards the end of January I left Munich and made a journey to Italy. Though Italy was not involved at the time, one noticed the war more here than in Germany. People were poor and discontented, banks failed, one after the other; a declaration of war against Austria was expected daily, and everyone was in a troubled frame of mind. It took twenty days for letters from Germany to reach me. I could not stand the uncertainty and hastened back to Munich after a scant two weeks' absence.

After my return I worked harder than ever at the hospital. None of the cases under our care was serious, and as several of the men desired to learn English, the superintendent of nurses asked me to take charge of some classes. I had one class of beginners and one of more advanced pupils, and I can truthfully say I never enjoyed anything more than those English lessons I gave at the American Red Cross hospital.

I wasn't a very dignified teacher—one can't expect a nineteen-year-old girl to put on spectacles—but my pupils liked me and they learned a bit, too. However, even the English lessons did not furnish enough work to satisfy me. So after much coaxing I received my official Red Cross armband and became what is called in German a "Helferin," or assistant nurse.

I worked early and late among these wounded soldiers and found a great deal of pleasure in the work. It was a revelation to note how much fine feeling these men possess. The most of them are ignorant and uncultured. They were so grateful for every bit of care, and at times when I found myself downcast they always seemed to know the right thing to do and say.

After almost a year of this work, I took a rest and went first to Vienna and then to Marienbad. I found the latter resort in strange contrast to the Kissingen of the year before. Marienbad was full of people and almost gay. There was no dancing, of course, but there were social affairs, concerts and tombolas, where a game similar to our lotto is played. In addition one saw women as beautifully gowned as the Parisienne at her best.

And here, also, as well as in Munich, we found the same astonishingly large number of men. I used to wonder where they all came from. We got back to Munich just in time to see a parade in honor of the king, and if I had not seen it with my own eyes I should never have believed it possible that so many good soldiers could be left after more than a year of war.

As the time for our departure drew near my heart grew heavy. I was happy at the prospect of seeing America and my American friends again, but I had grown to love Munich and its people.

A Pampered Pet.

"My wife carries her fondness for that cat to excess."

"How so?"

"The critter takes a prominent part in concerts given in feline circles."

"Well?"

"And dinged if my wife ain't talking of having its voice trained."

His Order.

"What do you suppose the regimental surgeon said when he gave the order for vaccination?"

"Easy. 'Present arms.'"

"Idiot" Was Right.

"See here, I'm told you called me a 'blithering idiot.'"

"I did not."

"Umph!"

"Blithering" is an adjective I never use.

Wrong End.

"I don't like the way these wooden blocks in the paving feel to my feet."

"I guess you would feel more at home if you walked on them with your head."

OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

JOFFRE'S MAIN RELIANCE



trusted him with command of the entire group of armies operating in the region of the north.

One trait of his character is tenacity. It is to this trait that he owes that decisive success which largely contributed to the victory of the Marne. Compelled to fall back three days in succession, he retook the offensive each morning and ended by beating his adversary.

General Foch is of medium height, still sprightly in spite of his sixty-three years, and has bright, piercing eyes, which are strikingly intelligent and forthright. Under a rather heavy, unkempt mustache his lips mumble mechanically over a clear eternally extinct.

Adored by all his subordinates, General Foch has ever known how to make his men appreciate the facility of his authority, which is devoid of all the petty annoyances so irritating to the French soldier, who resents being needlessly bothered about trifles.

ARIZONA'S WOMAN SENATOR

Mrs. Frances Willard Munds is a state senator in Arizona. She was elected from Prescott and is chairman of the committee on education and public institutions. She has greatly enjoyed the work and has been treated with great courtesy by the male members. She has been called on twice to preside in the senate.

Mrs. Munds was born in California and was reared in Nevada. At the age of thirteen she went to Pittsfield, Me., and entered the Maine Central institute in the spring term of 1882. She took a scientific course and was graduated in 1885.

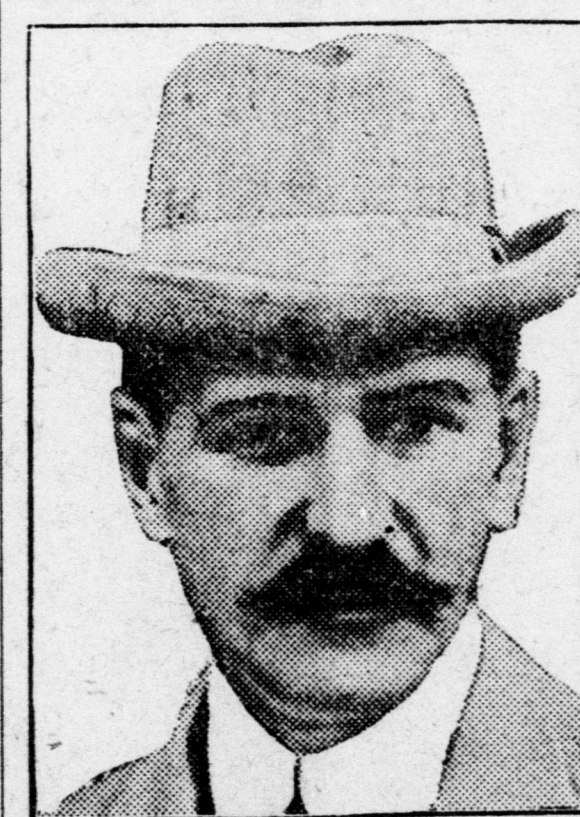
Soon after graduating she went to Arizona, where her family was located. She taught school two years and then married John L. Munds, for many years engaged in the stock business and mining. Her husband was eight years sheriff of Yavapai county. He and Mrs. Munds are Democrats.

"I believe in suffrage for women because I think their influence in politics will be a great benefit to themselves and to the human race in general," says Mrs. Munds. "I am convinced that the women will form the spiritual balance so much needed in legislatures. I hope to be a member of the next Democratic national convention, and if I am I shall work to get a suffrage plank in the national platform."

Mr. and Mrs. Munds have one son and two daughters.



GREAT MAKER OF POWDER



as an engineer. He at once began to practice his profession in large enterprises in Pennsylvania.

Later he took up the mining of coal and iron ore, and still later the construction and operation of street railways. Subsequently he entered the steel business, and finally, in 1902, became president of the industry founded more than a century ago by his paternal ancestors—the manufacture of explosives. His interests continued to expand until they included banking, railroad companies and coal mining, and also active participation in politics, in which he has been personally engaged almost from the time he became of age.

As to the man himself, his private life, his individual tastes, his habits of thought, the world knows almost nothing. It may not be inaccurate to say that a large part of the general public thinks of him as a masterful personality, who is going to put through his own plans regardless of any opposition.

STONE, VITALIZER OF MONEY

When the National City bank announced that Charles A. Stone had been selected to pilot the new \$50,000,000 company known as the American International corporation, that has set itself to the task of healing the financial wounds that the world suffers as the result of the present war, people outside of that mysterious world known as "high financial circles" wanted to know who Mr. Stone was, what he had done and what he proposed doing.

But when President Frank A. Vanderlip of the National City bank further announced that this same Charles A. Stone was "a vitalizer of money" there was surprise as well as curiosity.

For twenty-five of his fifty years Mr. Stone has been known throughout the United States and Canada as one of America's foremost efficiency experts. Today there are fifty corporations of the public utility kind under his management—one for each year of his life. No matter how sick they were when Mr. Stone got them his efficiency treatment made them whole and strong enough to go about their usual work.

His past twenty-five years have been very active because he is a construction engineer as well as an efficiency man—he has built factories, power plants and the like.



Suited to Winter Sports-Coats



There is nothing better suited to the sports-coats of winter than the chinchilla fur fabrics, which are manufactured in white as well as colors, and in some mixtures. They are practical as well as bright and showy, and are made up in plain models and in handsome fur-trimmed garments as well.

For skating, caps to match are made of the material, quite often combined with some other fabric or with fur. The very dressy skating costumes, made of velvet or plush and fur-trimmed, offer many suggestions for making up the more matter-of-fact chinchilla coats and caps. They are modeled most attractively on Russian lines, which are incomparably smart for really wearable outdoor clothes.

The plainest and most unambitious of chinchilla sports-coats is pictured

above. It is cut on lines so simple that it does not need description, and its intent is plainly to be purely practical. It presents no difficulties to the home dressmaker. Even the rolling collar is easy to manage because of the elasticity of the material. A "Tam" cap of the same material with yarn balls or pompons for trimming is equally easy to manage.

Chinchilla can be recommended for children's coats, as it includes all the essentials of clothes for winter, being soft and warm, attractive and durable. The prettiest of long coats, for very small girls, are made of white chinchilla and worn with white fur muffs and neckpieces and pretty bonnets of heavy white silk. Where the coat is intended for general wear, brown or blue or the regular chinchilla mixture is chosen.

Millinery to Meet the Spring



Millinery designed for those who journey South to meet the spring is distinctly gay and pretty in coloring. It presents more novelty in the way of materials used in making it up than in shape. Two of the new demi-season hats which are among those classed as "Palm Beach" models are shown here and they are quite attractive enough to deserve the name of America's great southern resort. However, they are designed for and destined to serve the tourist wherever she may wander.

At the left a logical shape for sunny lands is pictured in a French sailor of irregular width of brim. It is made of gray-blue georgette crepe, much like the familiar alicia blue, combined with the new Tokyo leather. The groundwork of the leather is of the same color as the crepe and its surface is covered with a mass of curious oriental figures in beautifully soft and gay colors. This leather forms the top of the crown and covers the upper brim, which is faced with the crepe and finished at the edge with a wide flange of it.

The little wings, posed at the right side, are made of the crepe and leather and mounted with a narrow band of black fur which reappears about the base of the crown.

A small narrow-brimmed model which will make the purchaser pause before she decides on any other is an adorable hat of coral pink faille and Tokyo leather. The crown is of the faille silk and the brim has a background of pale olive green and the usual intricate pattern in colored figures over the surface. At the front two big rosebuds of silk, one in coral and the other in light mustard color,

Side Frills.

The fluffy side frill is in vogue again. A jabot thus adorned will do much to redeem a somber looking dress or an out-of-date waist. There should be a number of these fluffy frills lying about at home, as it was so popular a model not long ago. Those who must make them will need, for one jabot, half a yard of pretty insertion and from three-quarters to one yard of edging for the frill, according to the width of the frill.

English eyelid embroidery is favored

are mounted with two sprays of white berries and a few dark-green leaves. A light yellow bud with berries is placed at the base of the crown in the back. The silk buds are elaborated with a tiny braid about the outside petals and for once the rose has been adorned successfully with a final loving touch of beauty.

Julia Bottomley

Sashes and Tulle Skirts.

One of the difficulties about the very full skirts is that they sometimes look bulky, and are bulky, about the waist and hips. The Paris dressmakers have been trying various expedients to overcome this bulkiness ever since they began to experiment with the full skirts. With a tulle skirt perhaps the best way is to have a sash, either a narrow band or a wide, soft ribbon folded narrow, fastened rather loosely about the hips. It restrains the excessive fullness, but at the same time does not form a harsh line.

Velvet Foot Rests Are Unusual.

Velvet foot rests for home use are new and unusual, being decorated with a new style of work. One which measures three-quarters of a yard long, 18 inches wide and 12 inches high, is covered with black velvet piped with flame color, and in the center there is an applied yellow velvet basket. The basket is filled with apples and grapes made of velvet and stuffed to half their natural size. This work also appears on other and differently shaped rests, in conventionalized flower and fruit designs.

Picot Finish.

A very pretty, but not very common finish for broadcloth collars and other trimmings is the machine-made picot. It must be well done, when each tiny point stands out conspicuously against the black velvet and other dark fabric which it usually trims.