

Paris in Wartime, and What is to be Seen There

Cripples Make of Gay Metropolis a Sorrowing City; How
the French Capital Strikes a Visitor

(By Carolyn Wilson)

Paris—I suppose you are wondering if the everyday Paris I've been talking about doesn't mean that one sees a lot of wounded—scores of "mutiles," as they call them, cruelly, it seems to me. Unfortunately it does—that is the only sorrowful sight in the day. For laughing, joking, merry soldiers, done up in bandages though they may be, are not sad. They, at least, are going to get well. But the young fellows and the poor, pale men of 40, minus an arm or a leg, or with faces horribly distorted—these you can't pass without a tremor a sudden tightening at the heart, and for a bit lovely, hazy Paris loses its beauty.

German Policy. Sometimes I think the Germans are very wise to hide their wounded—keep them out of the big cities, where their psychological effect might be bad. I never saw a bandaged or mutilated man in any of the really big cities in Germany. And I remember one day as I was in the crowd near the Hindenburg statue in Berlin that I became vaguely doubtful of the way a soldier's arm swung away from his body. To be sure, his hand was gloved and it carried a cane. But I pressed nearer in the huge crowd, and as if by accident, gave it a shove, and as I had thought, it swung to and fro, inert and helpless from the body.

That is the way the Germans care for the aspect of their boulevards and for the effect on the civilian population.

Hard Not to be Repelled. It is something to be ashamed of, but only to be overcome with difficulty—that first instinctive shrinking from deformity or horrible mutilation. I am so angry with myself every time it happens to me, but I can't overcome it. I can better stand the terrible wounds I see in the hospitals. They seem less personal—more a part of surgery.

And always I think to myself as I see these poor disfigured bodies and faces, "What will it be like after the war? Now these men wear the uniform. They have the braid of achieved service on their sleeves, they have the medals of acknowledged bravery over their hearts. But what will it be when they are all reduced to the levelling, forgetting monotony of civilian clothes? In the struggle for life which will follow the war, will the nation as individuals—not as a nation—forget what these wounds stand for? Will people shudder as one shuddered at the mutilated beggars of peace times?"

Boy Minus Two Legs

The Invalids were the most seri-

ously wounded of the pensioned soldiers live, is just a couple of blocks from my apartment. One morning as I was tending the flowers in my window boxes I heard the click, click of sticks on the pavement. Across the square was a young boy hobbling cheerfully along on four sticks. Both legs were cut off below the hips and the red trousers of his uniform were cut and tucked in above the stump of the wooden leg, rolling thick above the knees. The canes that he held in his hands were just as thick as the wooden legs and his progress was noisy and slow.

Just as he passed the entrance to the Chambre des Deputes a little bunch of violets—one of these little early bunches, two sous on the carts at the corner—dropped from his tunic and fell to the pavement.

He leaned against the wall and using his two canes as sticks, tried to catch the violets between them and lift them up.

Thankful for it. One's mind moves so slowly I suppose I stoop watching him for three or four minutes—pitifully, without action. Then picking a bunch of flowers from my boxes, I ran down to pick up his violets for him.

He smiled at me with grateful eyes and trying to salute me with a cane incumbered hand, he said: "They were my first violets, madame. I couldn't lose them because I'm from Midi, and we of the south love our flowers so much."

I showed him where my flowers were blooming too, up three stories, and he added: "If I should come by and whistle like this"—and he whistled the motif from "Louise"—"trust a Frenchman to hand you opera—"would you come to the window and throw me down some flowers?"

Did Not Appear Again. But I never saw him again. If he came on his four stumpy sticks I never saw or heard him.

He is just one of the Paris I am trying to show you.

Most of the people in the streets look busy. They are all going somewhere. The old mother in the street car takes out her knitting as she rides. Next to her is the housewife taking the long trip to the central markets to get her food cheaper.

There are nurses hastening to their patients, little midwives sunning themselves at the noon hour, a few torpid South Americans lounging along.

The showy places of Paris life seem to be made only for neutrals—dark small cafés, with gorgeous waitresses standing outside; sleepy Spaniards, inquisitive Swiss, and hurrying Americans, just—O, always just—on the point of placing a million franc order in some arm of the service.

This Crowd Fills Cafes. All the smart tea places in Paris are filled from 4.30 to 6 with this crowd accompanied by ultra-smart demi-mondaines in strict tailleur of subdued hues—only their flashing jewels showing how much money their benefactors are making out of the war.

Indeed, so much do they fill the afternoon tea places that they have become hardly proper for the serious "femme du monde."

You see her, at dinner, however, when the tone is quite changed. These women of the dinner hour, though you wouldn't realize it to look at them, have been slaving all day—everything from turning mail-tresses in hospitals and running Red Cross shops to feeding refugee orphans or unpacking crates.

This dinner with their husbands, the order and perfection of cooking and service, is the surest rest they can have. Perhaps they are hurrying a little to get off to the theatre—a ornelle revival, a Dumas thriller, or a little war drama.

The theatres are full every night and so are the movies. The plays are for the most part carefully chosen, and are not of the type for which Paris used to be famous.

You see simple peasants up to Paris to meet the bulls on permit, all sitting tensely through the scene—the pollu more than any, and you smile happily over his racy descriptions of the preceding scene. It is 11—the restaurants have closed this half hour—people stand on darkened street corners, hailing taxis and cabs with a half hearted insistence which draws no retort from an all too ready cabman.

Little families wander slowly homeward—the dear "permissionnaire" in the centre, the family convening inward, as they walk, that no single word shall be lost.

The man ahead of us slips his arms around the girl's waist, and they kiss with that simple naturalness of the French which calls for no comment—even unspoken.

The camions—trucks full of bread and provisions—thunder out toward the forts of Paris. Ambulances crawl in from La Chapelle with their somber load. A bright moving star, like a huge comet, produces from moment to moment, a faint hum—a faithful aviator doing cold night work.

Have I perhaps made this visual Paris a little more distinct to your eyes?

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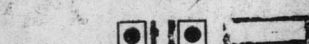
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BASE HOSPITAL "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

This photograph shows a base hospital in France of the type in which most wounded Canadians are treated before being sent to England on the litter in the court-yard are lying German and French wounded, both badly in need of medical aid and some even more in need of services of a minister on their faith.

Just Reparation For Wrongs Done by Foe

Is Demanded by French Socialists—Urge That No
Peace Be Concluded Until This is Assured

Paris, Dec. 28.—The Congress of French Socialists yesterday by an almost unanimous vote passed a resolution requesting the Entente allied Governments to reply to President Wilson's note concerning peace by saying that they are ready to accept the conditions for peace which must include just reparation for the wrongs done by the central empires. The Socialists also declared they were for such a peace as was defined by the International Socialist Congress in February, 1915.

It was decided by the Socialists of

the Entente allied countries at the London conference that the hope of peace can be entertained until German militarism is crushed. Resolutions were passed urging that Belgium be liberated and compensated, that the question of Poland should be settled in accordance with the wishes of the Polish people, and that "from Alsace-Lorraine to the Balkans those populations that have been annexed by force shall receive the right freely to dispose of themselves."

Music and Drama

The Grand. One of the strongest and tenderest dramas ever penned, a play whose sweet story, has thrilled the hearts of countless thousands, was witnessed on Wednesday at the Grand Opera House in the presentation of the Ernie Marks company of the great religious classic, "The Rosary." The play is too well and favorably known to require comment, and many of those numbered in the large audience last evening had witnessed it staged by other companies in the past, but availed themselves eagerly of the opportunity to hear once more the tender story of "The Rosary." The rendition of the play was perfect, other members of the cast, whose performance is deserving of special mention are Norbert E. Dorente, in the role of the good Irish Priest Father Brian Kelly, who is the power for good in the Wilton household; Neil Benbow, who is the power for evil, in the part of Bruce Wilton, who is brought, through the efforts of Father Kelly, to faith, and Ben Lumley, whose interpretation of the character of the interloper Kenway Wright, fell nothing short of excellence.

COMING ATTRACTIONS. A splendid list of attractions is that which has been billed by Manager Jas. T. Whittaker for the first few weeks of the New Year at the Grand Opera House. The opening feature, if all goes well, will be a grand military concert to be staged under the auspices of the 215th battalion on New Year's night. Arrangements for this feature are now being completed. Other attractions which Manager Whittaker has in store at early dates include the following: "The Only Girl," musical comedy, one of the hits of the season, playing next week at the Royal Alexandra, Toronto.

"The Lad and the Lamp," another musical comedy number, which the theatre-going public of Brantford has so long been demanding.

Also bookings of the famous musical comedies "Bringing Up Father" and "Mutt and Jeff." Manager Whittaker has visited Buffalo and Toronto in his efforts to obtain the booking of these plays, and is assured that his endeavors will be appreciated by the theatre-going public of the city. As in the past, the management of the Grand will strive to give its patrons every accommodation and nothing will be spared in obtaining the best offerings to be secured.

ECHO PLACE NEWS

The annual meeting of the ratepayers of the Echo Place school was held last evening. H. C. Thomas, chairman of the Trustee Board, in the chair, who, after stating the purpose of the meeting, called upon Messrs H. E. Craddock and Robt. Sowden, for the auditors report stating that they had found everything in first class condition, books and records well kept. J. L. Barnes, Secty. Treas., explained in detail the receipts and disbursements for the past year which proved very interesting to many of the ratepayers present. H. E. Craddock was appointed auditor for the ratepayers, the other to be appointed by the trustee board at a later meeting. Many helpful suggestions regarding insurance, ordering of coal, reports of meetings, more use of local papers for annual meetings, were spoken of by Messrs H. F. Patterson, J. J. Burke, H. Quillie, J. H. Gullen, Mr. Delbridge, D. Steed, Alex. Edmonson and others.

Election of Trustee was next taken up, when J. L. Barnes, was declared elected by acclamation by the chairman. The following are the trustees. H. C. Thomas, Morley Myers, J. L. Barnes. Many favorable comments were made about teaching staff, Miss R. Neelds, Miss M. Walton and Miss A. Graham, and there good work in the school.

This is the third time that Mr. Barnes has been unanimously elected as school trustee for a three year term, a fact which speaks volumes as to the confidence placed in him as to the confidence placed in him as to the recognition of his valuable services.

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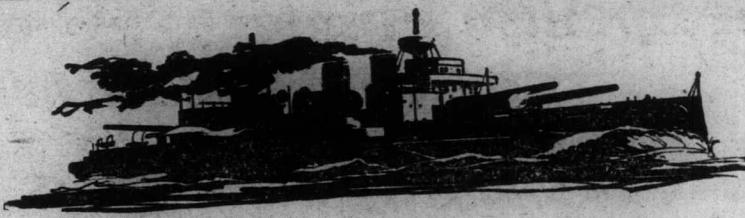
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