

*New York Tribune*  
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***French Capital Sees Its Oldtime Activity***

***Richard Harding Davis Tells of Remarkable Change in Three Weeks—  
Cafes and Stores Reopen and Boulevards Are Again Crowded.***

Paris is herself again, or nearly so. Those who were suddenly called away on business to Bordeaux or London are back. By a fortunate coincidence each of them was able to wind up his affairs and return the day after the Germans were pushed across the Aisne.

Three weeks ago, when I first arrived here, Paris was as desolate as Philadelphia on a rainy Sunday, but today the boulevards are as crowded as the Atlantic City boardwalk in July. This is true not only in the show places, but over all the city. Yesterday I walked to the American Hospital at Neuilly, and the cafes on both sides of the Avenue de la Grande Armee were crowded and every shop was open.

On Sunday it was impossible to guess where all the people who blocked the boulevards came from and where they had been hidden. When the Germans were within twenty miles of Paris the people you saw on the boulevards you could count on both hands, and half of them were German. But on Sunday they overflowed from the sidewalks into the street; whole families were promenading, old people, young people, all in their best clothes. Where they have been keeping themselves is a mystery. We have seen no signs of the returning prodigals, no cabs piled high with luggage, no porters bringing hand baggage. As suddenly as they vanished, as suddenly have they reappeared.

With customers returning and no Germans to fear, the shops along the Rue de la Paix are beginning to open and, as in spring, each morning a new flower greets you, so now in that famous thoroughfare where were bleak iron shutters, every morning another shop opens its portals and the window blooms with robes, manteaux or diamond tiaras. To help competition they came none too soon. For weeks we have had to buy all our diamond tiaras at one shop.

***Children Were Greatly Missed.***

The thing you missed perhaps most were the children in the Avenue des Champs Elysees. For generations over that part of the public garden the children have held sway. They knew it belonged to them, and into the gravel walks drove their tin spades with the same sense of ownership as at Deauville they dig up the shore. Their straw hats and bare legs, their Normandy nurses, with enormous headdresses, blue for a boy and pink for a girl, were one of the most familiar sights of Paris. And when they vanished they left a dreary wilderness. You could look for a mile from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe and not see a child. The stalls where they bought hoops and skipping ropes, the flying wooden horses, Punch and Judy shows, booths where with milk they refreshed themselves and with bonbons made themselves ill, all were deserted and boarded up, as desolate as the summer resort in February. But four days ago the children, nurses and baby carriages came

back, Punch and Judy shows reopened, and flying horses are pursuing each other in that hopeless race that is never decided.

The closing down of the majority of the shops and hotels was not due to a desire on the part of those employed in them to avoid the Germans, but to get at the Germans. On shop after shop are signs reading "The proprietor and staff are with the colors," or "The personnel of the establishment is mobilized," or "Monsieur — informs his clients that he is with his regiment."

In the absence of men at the front French women, at all times capable and excellent managers, have surpassed themselves. In my hotel there are employed seven women and one man. In another hotel I visited the entire staff was composed of women.

#### *American Banker's Offer Refused.*

An American banker here offered his twenty-two polo ponies to the government. They were refused as not heavy enough. He did not know that, and supposed he had lost them. He learned yesterday from the wife of his trainer, a French woman, that those employed in his stables at Versailles who had not gone to the front at the approach of the Germans had fled and that for three weeks his string of twenty-two horses had been fed, groomed and exercised by the trainer's wife and her two little girls.

To an American it is very gratifying to hear the praise of the French and English for the American ambulance at Neuilly. It is the outgrowth of the American hospital, and at the start of this war was organized by Mrs. Herrick, wife of our ambassador, and other ladies of the American colony in Paris and the American doctors. They took over the Lycee Pasteur, an enormous school at Neuilly, that had just been finished and never occupied, and converted it into what is a most splendidly equipped hospital. In walking over the building you find it hard to believe that it was intended for any other than its present use. The operating rooms, kitchens, wards, rooms for operating by Roentgen rays, and even a chapel have been installed.

The organization and system are of the highest order. Everyone in it is American. The doctors are the best in Paris. The nurses and orderlies are both especially trained for the work and volunteers. The spirit of helpfulness and unselfishness is everywhere apparent. Certain members of the American colony, who never in their lives thought of anyone save themselves and of how to escape boredom, are toiling like chambermaids and hall porters, perfecting most disagreeable tasks, not for a few hours a week, but unceasingly, day after day. No task is too heavy for them or too squalid. They are for all alike—Germans, English, major generals and black Turcos.

#### *Staff of Hospital Comprises 150*

There are three hundred patients. The staff of the hospital numbers 150. It is composed of the best known American doctors in Paris and a few from New York. Among the volunteer nurses and attendants are wives of bankers here, American girls who have married French titles, and girls who since the war came have lost employment as teachers of languages, stenographers and governesses. The men are members of the Jockey Club, art students, medical students, clerks and boulevardiers. They are all working together in most admirable harmony and under an organization that in its efficiency far surpasses that of any other hospital in Paris. Later it is going to split the American colony in twain. If you did not work in the American ambulance you won't belong.

Attached to the hospital is a squadron of automobile ambulances, ten of which were presented by the Ford Company and ten purchased. Their chassis have been covered with

khaki hoods and fitted to carry two wounded men and attendants. On their runs they are accompanied by automobiles with medical supplies, tires and gasoline. The ambulances scout at the rear of the battle line and carry back those which the field hospitals cannot handle.

The other day I watched orderlies who accompany these ambulances handling about forty English wounded, transferring them from the automobiles to the reception hall, and the smartness and intelligence with which the members of each crew worked together was like that of a champion polo team. The editor of a London paper, who is in Paris investigating English hospital conditions, witnessed the same performance and told me that in handling the wounded it surpassed in efficiency anything he never had seen.

*First Thought Was of Mother.*

We have had another visit from a gallant general—a German. Hidden by clouds, he dropped five bombs into Paris while everybody either was at church or was going to church and succeeded in killing a lawyer and in tearing the leg off of a little girl. When the gendarme picked her up she said, “Don’t tell my mother how serious it is.” Our Ambassador Herrick, with Hugh Frazier, second secretary of the embassy, passed over the place where the bomb fell just a few minutes before it struck. I visited the place where a bomb fell in the Avenue du Trocadero and it was difficult to see how anyone within a radius of fifty yards survived. Every housetop and window within that circle was hit, and gravel stones from the street were driven several inches into trunks of trees.

It may be that these German aviators are reluctantly carrying out orders, but as daredevils they are rapidly losing caste. In comparison with them the sharpshooter and the spy become heroic figures. The brain of a man who, out of rifle range and hidden by clouds, drops bombs among people occupied in nothing more hostile than in going to church would be worth dissecting. It is a performance as free from danger and requiring only the same kind of courage as that which leads a small boy to throw stones at the Empire State Express when it passes him at seventy miles an hour.