

HERO SURGEON'S DIARY OF DEVOTION

Mute Record of Bravery Amid Serbian Pestilence Written by Dr. Donnelly.

HE DIED AT HIS POST

Buried in the American Flag— "Human Life Doesn't Amount to Much," His Comment.

Dr. James F. Donnelly of this city, the Red Cross surgeon who died in Ghevgheli, Serbia, on Feb. 24 of typhus fever, left a diary which told of his work in the Serbian town from the date of his arrival, on Dec. 18 last, until six days before his death. Its brief paragraphs comprise a record of heroic devotion to duty in the face of hardships and privation. It tells of restoring another surgeon stricken with typhus to health.

The misery and suffering of the wounded appalled Dr. Donnelly. He sympathized with them in their agonies and marveled at their endurance. A long and harsh experience in the most active kind of medical work in the Far East, in Africa, in Haiti, and at our own Quarantine Station in the Lower Bay had not dulled his sensibilities to the distress of others.

On the last day of the year Dr. Donnelly wrote: "Spent the whole day in the hospital trying to relieve the suffering—that is the best way I know to wind it up." He frequently mentions his thoughts of his wife and son.

On Feb. 18 he records the last entry. He was writing in a railroad station, where he was awaiting the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton. Two days later he was stricken with typhus, and four days after that he died. He was buried in an American flag, the gift of Sir Thomas.

Here are extracts from the diary taken from yesterday's issue of The Medical Record:

"GHEVGHELI, Serbia, Dec. 18.—Arrived here at noon and visited a silk factory that has been turned into a hospital, with 2,000 patients. Such a sight of suffering that it makes one's heart bleed! I hope to be able to make the best of things and do something to help.

"Dec. 19.—I have done my first operation here, and extracted a bullet from the neck of a Serbian soldier, and today have dressed the wounds of about 100 patients. The conditions are terrible.

"Dec. 20.—This little town in the southern part of Serbia has a beautiful climate, and we are not exposed to any danger, as the fighting goes on about 500 miles north and the wounded are sent here by rail. The suffering of these poor people is piteous and their endurance marvelous; they let one operate, and not an outcry!

"Dec. 21.—We had five operations today, and took off the legs of three soldiers with gangrene of the feet. To make a round of the hospital, with its sounds and its suffering, is a terrible experience. I have just been ordered by Dr. Butler to make the rounds of all patients and have them ready in the morning for operation, so expect tomorrow will be a busy day. I have a small room with two other doctors, with no comforts whatever and many rats. Sherman spoke the truth when he said war was hell. I never want my little son to be a soldier.

"Dec. 23.—We are very busy here with 2,000 patients, and the horror of it makes my heart sick and cures me of wanting to talk about the war. We get little news here, only the French papers from Greece.

"Christmas Eve.—Another big day. It is 8 P. M., and I have just come back to my room and am writing this by candlelight. I will get to bed by 8:30, as I am dog tired and need the rest. The bed is hard and has not been made up since we got here.

"Christmas Morning.—My first thoughts this morning flew to my wife and little son. I hope from the bottom of my heart they will have a Merry Christmas. I wish I were nearer to them. It is half-past seven, and after a cup of tea and a slice of black bread we are to make the rounds and operate on twenty patients, and that will be our Christmas Day.

"Christmas Evening.—Was in the hospital all day until 6 P. M. For dinner we had a roast pig three weeks old, fruit, candy, and some red wine sent us from Saloniki.

"Dec. 31.—The last day of the year, and what a year! Spent the whole day in the hospital, trying to relieve the suffering—that is the best way I know to wind it up.

"Jan. 4.—We are at last getting things into some shape. At the start, with all the suffering, we could get little food or milk; now things are looking better, and in another month we hope to have them in good shape.

"Jan. 5.—Received orders today to move to our new quarters, opposite the hospital. If we can get a few necessities together I believe we shall be more comfortable. We have not had many comforts as yet. I am writing this by the light of a lamp, which is better than the candle.

"Jan. 6.—This is the day before Christmas for the Serbians, and this morning four little children came to our floor and sang Serbian national songs. We gave them each 10 cents, and they went away happy. The view from our window here is beautiful. We can see the snow mountains about five miles away. Today I worked on the grounds with Austrian prisoners, digging holes for waste. It is like a Spring day, much too warm for an overcoat, and with little wild flowers growing everywhere. The hospital has just received 100 pigs, so patients and soldiers will have pig for their Christmas dinner. They need a good meal, poor things.

Five Miles for Water.

"Jan. 12.—This afternoon I went about five miles from town for a few barrels of water. Five miles in a heavy rain, on a poor road, in a cart with two Austrian prisoners who could speak neither English nor German. I took a hot sulphur bath at an old Turkish bath, very primitive, and have just come back in a broken-down carriage, leaving the two soldiers and the driver to get back the way they came. I am writing this in a little Turkish café, and have ordered hot tea with lemon and sugar, to ward off a chill. A Turkish boy has sold me two hard-boiled eggs for 5 cents, so this is my supper.

"Jan. 13.—I am writing on the second floor of a barn, which we have turned into a surgical ward. Today I have gone back to my usual work of dressing patients. Yesterday was a bad day, and I must be pretty tough to stand it in the wet all day long. But I don't grumble, for I brought in a ton of pure water from the mountains, and had a new experience. Tomorrow is the Serbian New Year. Everything is very quiet. No one comes through except the soldiers on the way to the front. It is sad to see them—young men for the most part; no overcoats, carrying only a gun, cartridges, and a big loaf of bread.

"Jan. 18.—Have been working in the operating room all day. We are getting some typhus and typhoid cases, but cannot do much for them. Our death rate is about six a day, which is fair considering that we have 2,000 patients.

"Jan. 19.—A relative of the King's came to the hospital. She was very charming, and questioned us about ourselves. Only two of the six doctors were married. When I told her I had a little boy she said, 'If your wife and boy come to Serbia be sure to let me know and you must be presented to the King.' Have just seen an English paper of Jan. 13, and it looks as if Italy and Rumania would come into the fight. They might as well come in and get it over with.

"It is now nearly 9 P. M. and we are about ready to get to bed. We get up at 6 o'clock, breakfast on bread and tea at 7, and by 7:30 are in the hospital making the rounds and operating. It has been raining hard for twenty-four hours; we can't complain of the

weather; at Nish and Belgrade they have had some heavy snows, but we have had none here yet; it looks like a mild Winter. They seem to be gathering their forces to strike a heavy blow by springtime. I am not anxious to see any more suffering.

"Jan. 24.—Am to be on duty in the pest house for a few days, in charge of a doctor who has typhus fever.

"Jan. 25.—I am writing in the pest house about two miles from town. It was built for cholera patients, but so far we have not had any, so smallpox, diphtheria, typhus, and all the infectious cases are sent here. Dr. Gouthes, who went with me three weeks ago to the sulphur baths, is here with typhus. He was married last August and sent here by the Bohemia. Red Cross. His wife is a nurse and has joined him.

Many Physicians Ill.

"Jan. 26.—Dr. Gouthes is much better, and has a good chance to get well and go north in a few weeks. A year or two ago there were about 300 Serbian doctors; now there are only about seventy they say, and of this number half are ill and will never practice again. This is the result of war and hardships in the past four years.

"Jan. 27.—I am alone in the building, which has been turned into a laboratory, and am now assigned to examine all well water and look after the sanitary conditions generally, and it certainly is some job. Dr. Butler has gone to Nish.

"Jan. 29.—Today we had a visit from the Crown Prince George. He has been shot twice, and is on his way to Italy to regain his health. He is single, about 30 years of age, and seems a good fellow. He gave some gold pieces to the patients in the wards.

"Jan. 30.—It was an awful sight to see 200 sick and wounded soldiers come into town today. Many fell by the roadside while trying to reach the hospital; some were without shoes. We did all we could for them, and they are wonders and never complain. Human life here does not amount to much. The chap who makes the coffins takes great pride in keeping the boxes out in front of his shop, and the soldiers count them as they pass. An oversympathetic individual in this part of the world could not last long.

"Feb. 7.—Today is Sunday and I am on duty all day looking after 500 patients.

"Feb. 9.—Rumors today that Bulgaria may enter the war and would strike this town first; we have all arranged to gather in our hospital and hoist the Stars and Stripes. Some prominent English surgeons passed through town today, and I gather there will be plenty of work for all the doctors and nurses inside of a month.

"Feb. 13.—I am at the station awaiting the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton. His yacht Erin brought him to Saloniki, with six doctors, twelve nurses, six orderlies, and three motor cars. He is on his way to Nish.

"Feb. 14.—It certainly was a great pleasure to have Sir Thomas Lipton as a guest for one hour yesterday. He remembered that we had met at the Lotos Club; he presented me to all his party—about thirty in all—and we walked to the hospital together. It was a great sight to see how every one looked at him, and how good and kind he was to all our doctors and nurses. He gave me a gold four-leaf shamrock, which I shall keep for my wife. He also gave me his picture, and is going to send me an American flag and an Irish flag. In about seven days he expects to pass through again on his way back to Saloniki, and will write me when to expect him, so that I can be at the station to receive some tea and supplies which he wishes to present to our war party.

Dying "Like Flies."

"Feb. 17.—When I see the suffering here my heart cries out. It is terrible to see young men dying like flies. There is no more wood to make the boxes, and in the shed where the bodies are kept there are about forty awaiting burial. Dr. Gouthes is up and round again, but his wife is down with typhus.

"Feb. 18.—I am at the station awaiting the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton from Nish. I wish to thank him for the large American flag and the Red Cross flag he sent me. Later: He did not come, but is expected in a few days."

Here is what Sir Thomas Lipton wrote about his return to Ghevgheli:

"The first hospital I visited on my way to Nish was at Ghevgheli. It was an American hospital, and I was taken through every ward by Dr. Donnelly. There were some 1,400 patients, principally typhus. Many patients were lying without blankets or mattresses, just in their ordinary clothes. The condition of those patients was something terrible. I also saw some of the American nurses; out of twelve, seven of them lying sick of typhus, and three of their doctors out of six down with the same thing.

"Dr. Donnelly came to the station to see me off, as fine a type of healthy man as you could see, and of a happy, cheerful disposition. On my way back, when I got to the station at Ghevgheli I looked for Donnelly, but to my great sorrow I learned that he had died the day before."

"RUSSIAN BARBARITIES."

Germans Accuse Czar's Troops of Violating the Laws of War.

To illustrate the breaches of international law committed by the Russian forces in their recent raid against Memel in East Prussia, The Frankfurter Zeitung of April 17, received here, publishes the text of documents found on April 6 at Andrzejewo in the bag of a Russian Adjutant, who was killed there. One, an order to the Memel Detachment No. 2, 7, dated March 20, 10 P. M. at Polangen, read:

"In view of the fact that the landing of a hostile corps did not succeed and is impossible, our detachment received the order to occupy the city of Memel anew, and in return for the treachery and faithlessness shown by the enemy, to drive the entire male population out of Memel. On the streets in which our troops advance, all their property and possessions are to be confiscated. Upon order of the commander-in-chief, there are to be taken forthwith from factories and workshops of Memel, press machines, with pumps and belts, for the purpose of extending the operation of our military factories.

"The Captain of Thoop S must, upon the expulsion of the male population from the city, sort out the laborers of all kinds and take them along in the rear of our barracks for shelter.

"Colonel Rebrikow is appointed Chairman of the commission that has existed since March 6, for the taking over of the city in place of the Captain of the First Company, Captain Mekarski. He is to be in charge of the expulsion of the inhabitants, according to the order in question."

An order issued by General Potapow, according to The Frankfurter Zeitung, reads:

"Money found on the prisoners is to be delivered to the State Treasury. Signed, Maj. Gen. Potapow, Detachment Leader, and Kononow, Chief of Staff."