

American Writer Says French Make Living Real Happiness

Gouverneur Morris Describes Delightful Village, Once German, Where He Finds Dignity Among Officers But No Brutal or Bestial Treatment of Its Residents.

By GOVERNEUR MORRIS.

Having seen so many villages which had passed through the hands of the Germans, I could not rest until I had seen what happened to German villages when they fall into the hands of the French.

And, oh Lord, what a contrast I found. What are the opposites of everything that is brutal, lustful, bestial, atrocious and cowardly? It was the long run to that little village so recently German, but I was blessed with companions. A very tall, dark Spanish-looking grand seigneur of a civilian, with Satanic eyebrows, brilliantly white teeth, a head full of politics, diplomacy, history, architecture and wit, and a heart extraordinarily like that of a boy when he gets out of school.

Visited All French Hospitals.

His mission was to visit all the hospitals in France, for he was an expert in the conduct of hospitals, and has given immensely to them, money and service; but having a school boy heart, he was constantly "working." His mission was to get himself into the first line trenches and other places where the chances of a shelling are excellent. His English was perfection. I think it was almost better than his French) and he had a fine command of American slang, and of certain American points of view.

My other companion was the brother of the general who commanded in that region. He was a commandant. He was at least 60. His hair was almost white; so was his ample mustache; and so was his heart. His mind was as active as his body, and that is saying a good deal.

For later we were to climb a steep mountain together and though he wore heavy cavalry boots he went up it like a goat; and told stories and sang songs all the way.

At headquarters I don't know just what work commended itself to my commandant, I can almost imagine him sulking over maps and figures as a boy sulks over his lessons when he knows that other boys are on their way to the ball field or the swimming

hole, but at the front he found work to which he was peculiarly fitted. Wherever he went among soldiers, especially the Alpine chassieurs, beloved of himself and his brother the general, he carried inexhaustible wit, Homeric laughter, praise, affection and tobacco.

When the tobacco was all gone, he would go through his pockets, and to his own astonishment find just one more package of cigarettes, or a cigar, or a pocket knife, or some other trifling but acceptable present.

And he made speeches and ran up steep places to see old friends and make new friends, and to prove perhaps to us comparative youngsters just how much physical toll a man of his years can stand without turning a hair.

Fun to Be Chasseurs.

I have been lengthy about these gentlemen, because I got very fond of them, and I think they got fond of me. And thereafter we were together a great deal. But I have forgotten our chauffeur. He was a rich manufacturer turned soldier. He was young, and a great swell, and had owned race horses, and a limousine car with two men on the box.

But he confided to me that it was much more fun to be a chauffeur in the army. He affected the serवास, grinning the while, saluting very humbly and helping you on with your coat, and off with it when you had arrived somewhere or other.

Well, we flew out of the mountain town where the headquarters were, and descended into a green valley and just missed a fight between a German aeroplane and a French, for there in a field, at the side of the road, was the French machine with a bullet through its vitals, and the aviator trying to diagnose the damage, and a number of peasants who looked now at the descended machine, and then we fell in with a famous French river, going the other way, and followed it to its source.

And this source, unlike that of most rivers, was a definite place of beginning. The river came out of a hole in

the ground at the upper left hand corner of a small side hill cabbage patch.

Beyond the river source and still higher up in the world the road slipped into a hill and passed under it, and came out into a wild mountainous wooded country that had been part of Germany before the war began.

Along the sides of the tunnel, near the ground at short intervals were square holes. Each hole had once been plugged with a high explosive, but so swiftly did the Germans have to retreat that no one had found the time to "make the piece jump" as the French say.

The country was just like Switzerland without the snow mountains—everything very up and down, and black with forests. The Germans, for all their complaints of lack of room, had not succeeded in filling this little corner of their empire with Germans.

The glorious broad highway down which we went, curving and doubling into the valley beyond was French every inch of it, built within the year—for the ages of ages. Did I say French? I should have said Roman.

We stopped once long enough to pay our respects to the general who commands this slice of captured territory to borrow a lighter and more powerful car for the run over the mountain, and to get ourselves asked to dinner.

This general lived in a long, low chateau with a great umbrageous gravel terrace on one side, and descending gravel terraces on the other, and unsurpassable views of mountain valleys and forests. The owners of the chateau were still living in it.

I caught a glimpse of them far in the distance, an old lady and two pretty girls. They were sitting under a big rose tree, knitting things for soldiers. I liked looking at them; they were so peaceful, and well bred and French (though the pretty girls had been born German subjects) and I wanted very much to talk with them, but the borrowed car was at the door, and my commandant could not rest until he was among the Alpine troops.

Still Being Widened.

In this region German gobs had connected two juicy, grassy valleys by a zig-zag trail over a mountain. The conquering French have widened this trail into a road. It was still being widened.

We must have climbed a thousand feet through a magnificent dark forest of fir, larch and beech, and a traffic almost as congested as that on Fifth avenue at Forty-second street late in the afternoon. Hay was going over the mountain, and cannon and ammunition, and soldiers' bread and cheeses as big as mill stones, and infantry and cavalry, and engineers with surveying instruments.

You saw horses from Texas and Canada and Argentine (you can always tell

the Argentine horse because he shies at motors) and mules from South Carolina, and French perchons, and Spanish donkeys, and oxen, and gas engines from all over the manufacturing world, even Germany and indeed almost everything that can roll except automobiles.

And soldiers were dragging stumps out of the bank to widen the road, or darning into the traffic to fill holes and ruts with road material.

Had Been German.

We overtook a company of chassieurs, and my commandant stood up in his place and called them "my handsome chassieurs"—"Mes beaux chassieurs"—in a deep, booming voice you ask how they did and made them a speech full of honor that set them laughing, and we passed upward, out of the forest, and across the bare mountain top, where was a little ambulance station, with English drivers, and many deep holes that enemy shells had made in the short silk-line alpine turf, and then downward once more through the dark forest, and out of this again into a low lying narrow grassy valley, with a smallest sized village in the midst.

The village had been German. Was that why the little children surrounded our car grinning and saluting, and tossing their hats into the air, and crying "bon jour," "je parle francais," "vive la France?"

Now that it is no longer a German village the Germans shell it. All the shell holes are on the sides of the houses toward Germany. But there aren't many of them. It is a very little village; very hard to hit. But every few days a shell flies true and there is a hole to stop, and a wall to rebuild, and a mess to bury.

I talked with one old woman, who sat at an open window, a vase of alpine anemones on the sill, and who had not recognized her French. "Oh," she said, "we'd rather have the French and the shells than the Germans and no shells. Oh, yes, we were nervous when the French first began to come in. You don't look forward to having troops quartered on you.

"But they are such good children. They are gentle and helpful. This village was never so clean as it is now. Have you seen the Calvary (I.e. graveyard)?"

"They Are in Heaven."

Words could not show how beautiful the old woman was. And I did see it later, and it was beautiful—green grass and white crosses, and flowers, and when my commandant saw it, he brought his heels together with a click, saluted, and in his deepest boom, he cried: "Mes beaux chassieurs."

Other chassieurs, live ones, stood and watched him. Presently the cloudy, tragic look passed from his face, and he said, "but they are in heaven. Why feel sorry for them?"

It was theatrical if you like, and stud-

ied, but it had its effect on those who stood in that meadow looking at those new-made graves. You most distinctly did not feel sorry for the heroes, you felt almost glad for them; for if I read the chassieur of the Alps right, he loves to fight in a good cause, and he dies gladly, regretting only that he had but the one life to lose.

But there was one not yet buried. He had died under chloroform. The pine board mortuary chapel in which he lay rested of the chloroform fumes that still came from him. He lay on his back on the board floor, waiting till a coffin could be made—wrapped in a snow white sheet, you could just make out that his hands were folded upon his breast.

He had about him a great dignity. From a little cross on the wall, surrounded by a decorating frame of evergreen boughs, there looked down on him the image of another man, who, like him, had thought it worth while to die in a good cause, for the sake of his fellow men.

A PACK OF CARDS

The Game of Life Is Typified in a Pack of Cards

By SIMON WOLF.

First—We have a full pack, which in number, averages our life's duration.

Second—There are fifty-two cards, just as many as there are weeks in the year.

Third—Four colors, as there are four quarters in the year.

Fourth—Thirteen in each color, as there are weeks in the quarter.

Fifth—The different colors typify the different trials and colorings of our life as for instance, the heart should be like our own—innocent of deceit, pure and simple; and, when this color is trump in our domestic and social relations, then the game of life is never endurable. But when its sister color, diamonds, gets the upper hand, then life, in all its intoxication, may sparkle and flash, but the result is ever the same. It ends in a cold stone—dead for good and alive for evil. And oh! how many hearts have been sacrificed to gain diamonds, and how many of God's noblest creations have carried through life, instead of a contented heart a satchel of diamonds, every gem of which was purchased by degrading her or his divine and immortal attributes, and when thus acting, they simply allied themselves to the clubs, to which so many are driven. They give to every enemy a club, with which they are beaten. In German it is called "kreuz" and many of us have seen and heard of the "Hautkreuz." And again, as in French, how many a man has staggered out in life with the "Tref" card in his hands, full of heart, rich in diamonds, and ended, as we all must, by a cold application of the spades. Yes! "to this complexion must we come at last." "A spade, a spade," as Hamlet says, ends all of our games and sports.

And thus, while we start in life with the nurse's "whist" of warning, often playing "solo" as bachelors do, often "cribbage" in the vice of adversity and unfriendly criticism, which "piquets" us to such a degree that we miss the ripe age of "66," but then in life's morning we often have "Loo," so that "high low" compensates "Jack" for the "game" he finally loses. But whether we are "Boston scut," we are often badly "euchred," whether "playing alone," "assisted," or "ordering up." For all our "high" cannot score away the death "poker" who "cards" us off to the grave, where all the common trumps, where the colors are

Maniac Saw Victim Strangle.
Eington, N. Y., Dec. 11.—All the horrors that lunacy could devise were exercised at Chocouton Center today in the murder of an unidentified man by James Brown, a former inmate of the Binghamton Hospital for the Insane.

Brown firmly secured his victim and then strung him up to a tree with a strap buckled about his neck. With a knife in each hand the maniac then stared at the victim until he was dead.

Moslem Mosque in Paris.
Paris, Dec. 11.—The French government has decided to build a mosque in Paris as a place of worship for the Mohammedan troops fighting with the French.

MAYOR'S WALNUT-OIL
One Bottle Compound HAIR DYE
A restoration, essential product, suitable for all hair, gray, thinning, falling out, and balding. It is the only hair restorer that has been used for over 50 years by the most distinguished of the world's hairdressers. It is the only hair restorer that has been used for over 50 years by the most distinguished of the world's hairdressers. It is the only hair restorer that has been used for over 50 years by the most distinguished of the world's hairdressers.

As Herrmann the Great Once Said, "The More You Look the Less You See."—By Goldberg.

Diagrammatical Study of a Plumber Going for His Tools.—By Goldberg.