

TRIP THROUGH SOUTHERN FRANCE DESCRIBED BY SALEM TRAVELER

By JAMES ELVIN.

To the Editor: Perhaps some of your readers might enjoy a description of a trip through southern France. It was my good fortune last year to enjoy such a trip. We left Paris on May 17 and traveled direct to the city of Lyons, the big silk center of France. In the time of the Romans in this city, a young girl gave her life for her faith, one of the first martyrs in France, to the cause of the Christian religion. It is a city that has had a great history for nearly two thousand years. Long before the Christian era, the ancient Romans who streamed through the mountain passes from Italy had some strong flourishing cities in the southern part of France.

Spending the night in Lyons, early the following day our party journeyed to Annecy. This pretty place is situated on the shores of a beautiful lake. The snow-capped mountains arose from the edges of the lake. We rowed over the spot where "September Morn" was painted and were informed that the Annecy artist was a much astonished man when his picture created such a furore in the world of art. We also viewed the castle where St. Bernard was born. That evening, on our way upward to the heart of the Alps, we were obliged to acknowledge that the magnificent panorama spread before us was worthy of our own incomparable scenery of the northwest.

Swiss soil. It was possible for us to look at it. We hired an auto and motored for 20 miles along the shore of beautiful Lake Geneva. This was surely an enjoyable ride. We journeyed back to Lyons, then traveled east until we came to an ancient Roman town, named Digne, at the end of a famous Roman pass. There is a narrow gauge railroad from this place to Nice, said to be one of the finest examples of engineering in Europe.

Church is Gloomy Place.
Digne is noted for one of the oldest churches in France. The builders built the walls four feet thick, without windows, in order to support the roof. The cellar in the church was surely a gloomy place. Here we found all kinds of skeletons, some standing upright against the wall. The skulls of one skeleton were buried in the wall of Christ. The town is built on a high mountain and, on the very highest point, stands the lofty column of Caesar, built by Caesar Augustus to celebrate his victories over the Trans-Alpine tribes. On one of the hills in the town is the village cemetery, and one day I exclaimed, as he saw it, "Isn't that an insult to the Almighty for people to thrust themselves upon Him in that fashion?"

Industry Harnesses Streams.
The French have harnessed all the swift mountain streams and the power derived from their energy carried our electric car all the way to the foot of Mont Blanc. The architecture in this section was altogether Swiss, quaint farm cottages with great stones holding down the roofs. Little farms are under cultivation all the way to the snow line. Falling off the farm is no joke in that corner of the world. Those farms were so steep that it seemed reasonable to believe that the farmer's wife planted herself on top of a mountain peak and held the farmer with a rope while he farmed. The snow-capped mountains were very beautiful in the evening sunlight. We spent the night in an Alpine village named Chamonix, at the foot of Mont Blanc, where rich English and American tourists spend their vacations. Most of the shopkeepers spoke English. Opposite the hotel where I stayed was displayed a sign: "New York Cafe." The mountains, in the morning light, were sublime in their majesty and grandeur.

Famed Gambling Resort Visited.
We motored to Monaco and Monte Carlo and visited the famous gambling casino. The ruler of this little kingdom declared war on Germany and unselfishly contributed his army of 40 men, his pleasure yacht and one airship to the cause of the allies. The Prince of Monaco has just completed a grand church, the interior lined with Italian marble and his marine museum is one that many a larger place might well be proud of. The road to Monaco from Nice was one long ribbon of beauty. Never in any rose festival or floral parade have I witnessed such a profusion of flowers. Long high walls, covered with different varieties of flowers, gorgeous bouquets streaming from everything and everywhere, with a blue sea in front, and lofty snow-capped peaks behind made a picture that never can be forgotten. All that famous landscape gardeners can perfect, all the enrichment of which architectural and artistic skill are capable, all that a symphony of sound can bring to pass in music, all these can be found in the grounds and the buildings of the most famous gambling hall, Monte Carlo, in the kingdom of Monaco. A guide led our party all over the place. Here is a fool's paradise, if ever there was one.

—Every day in the year an endless procession of all ages and all classes of people, every one hungry with the desire to get something for nothing. No sound is permitted from winner or loser. Only the gleaming eye and blanched cheek give evidence that all is lost. The winners are few, and in

the grand hotels, surrounding the casino, many a pillow has been wet with the tears of the disappointed seekers after wealth.

Passing through the town of Mentone, we were soon in Italy. Farther south, we were able to see the Italian towns on the long peninsula. We were permitted to go into Italy, not very far, but far enough to buy some little souvenirs for our friends at home. Then, our driver carried us up to the top of a mountain and drove us back to Nice on the famous military road of Napoleon while the most picturesque panorama in all the world was constantly before us. The crazy French driver took a great delight in almost throwing us into a fit by driving at a breakneck speed as close to the edge of the precipice as he could get. On the return we visited the famous Roman village of La Turbie. Curious, indeed, did it seem to find people living in those funny houses that were built in the time of Christ. The town is built on a high mountain and, on the very highest point, stands the lofty column of Caesar, built by Caesar Augustus to celebrate his victories over the Trans-Alpine tribes. On one of the hills in the town is the village cemetery, and one day I exclaimed, as he saw it, "Isn't that an insult to the Almighty for people to thrust themselves upon Him in that fashion?"

Lady Waterloo Entertains.
Cannes was the next stop and this is another beautiful place on the Riviera. A couple of old French fishermen rowed our party over the Mediterranean to the famous Isle of St. Margarete where we examined an ancient Roman fortress and were particularly interested in its terrible dungeon. One of the leading ladies at Cannes was an English woman, named Lady Waterloo. Her luxurious home and beautiful gardens were open always to any American soldier. Before the war, the sister of the Kaiser had been a welcome guest in this home. We greatly enjoyed Lady Waterloo's hospitality.

We proceeded on our journey to big, dirty, ill-smelling, cosmopolitan Marseilles. People from all over the world are to be found here, and east and west, orient and occident, negro, white, African, Asian, all are here. It was in this place that we lost our nerve and, on that account, lost the opportunity for a fine trip to Africa to visit the Garden of Allah. We were in Marseilles for a very short time and moved on to Avignon.

Avignon has a fine museum and picture gallery. The surrounding country is delightful, and extremely fruitful in corn, wine, olives, oranges and lemons. Avignon is celebrated in ecclesiastical history, as being for a time the residence of the popes. By order of Philip IV of France, Pope Clement V and six of his successors, 1309-1377, were obliged to reside here. The papal palace is an object of great interest and a magnificent view of the beautiful Rhone valley was obtained from the top of one of its highest towers. The ruins of an old Roman bridge and tower were interesting.

Nîmes is not far from Avignon and contains many well preserved Roman buildings. The largest one is the amphitheatre which is in far better condition than the one at Rome. Bull fights and large assemblies are still held in it. The temple of Victory is a gem of Roman architectural skill and Napoleon was so pleased with it that he caused to be erected, in the heart of Paris, a great building copied after the temple of Victory at Nîmes. The Paris building is known the world over as the Church of the Madeleine. There is a well preserved gate, called the gate of Augustus Caesar, Roman baths, the temple of Diana, and the ruins of a great watch tower. I was so pleased to have had the privilege of seeing these wonderful sights. I ran across an American lieutenant and he said he never could understand why people should be interested in a pile of old stones. A very famous Roman aqueduct is another one of the interesting sights.

Carcassonne is one of the best preserved wall towns in Europe. In its walls are to be found Roman, Visigoth, Saracen, and pretty nearly all kinds of masonry. It is surely an interesting place. The old town situated on a height was a place of some note in the time of Julius Caesar. From its site, one may view the affor mile of surrounding country. Its situation is most picturesque with its double line of great thick walls, its ramparts and towers, parts of them

dating from the time of the Visigoths. The splendidly preserved castle dates from the 11th century. Romans, Gauls, Visigoths, Saracens, Spaniards, Italians, English, have fought for the possession of this place. In the 14th century, it effectively resisted the Black Plague.

Child's Wisdom Saved Town.
On the big stone gate post, at the entrance to the town, there is carved a crude, unartistic face. It is said to be the face of a wise little girl who was within the place when it was besieged by the great Charlemagne. The food ran out and Charlemagne was expecting the place to surrender immediately. The advice of the little girl was sought, and she asked, "How much food is left?" They told her one small pig and a sack of wheat. "Feed the wheat to the pig," she commanded. They did so reluctantly. Then she told the soldiers to carry the pig to the walls and throw it in front of the headquarters of Charlemagne. When the pig fell and the grain was scattered, Charlemagne gave up the siege, believing they must have plenty of food if they fed it to pigs.

We talked to an old woman who lived in the funniest little stone house. She said she had lived in that place for 85 years and that her father and grandfather had lived there before her. Another old dame came along and we asked her how old she was, and she said 72. The first one said "70," she is only a girl. Another old woman in the fort, an old ruin falling to pieces, and with her eyes gleaming with mischief, she said, "Maybe you would like to buy this place."

Toulouse was our next stop. This place was prominent long before the Romans came into Gaul. It was captured in the year 106 A. D. by a Roman consul, who despoiled its great shrine of the rich treasures for which it had been famous. It became the chief city of the Visigoths in 419 and it fell into the hands of the Franks in 507. In the early part of the 13th century it suffered terribly in the Albigensian troubles. In 1562, two thousand Huguenots were killed in this place. The Protestant, Jean Calas, made famous by the noble exertions of Voltaire, was broken on a wheel here in 1762, on an unjust charge. A great battle was fought at Toulouse on April 10, 1814, between Soult, one of Napoleon's generals and the Duke of Wellington. We found hundreds of American soldiers in this place, attending the famous University of Toulouse.

Journeying on to Lourdes, we were very interested in this Roman Catholic shrine. The legend in regard to this place is, that in 1858 the "Mother of God" appeared to a little French peasant girl, named Bernadette. The "Holy Mother" commanded the little girl to touch a certain part of a cave and when she did so, water flowed out and since that time the spring has been regarded as miraculous by the pilgrims who come from all over the world to visit this shrine. The grotto, near which the apparition took place, is now surrounded by a magnificent church built in accordance with the wish of the Virgin and containing numerous banners, shields, medallions, tablets and other precious gifts from grateful pilgrims. There was a constant stream of people coming all the while to draw water from the wonderful spring. The sick and maimed make their appeal before the altar in front of the cave, and crutches, plaster casts, trusses of all sorts, left by people who have been cured, are fastened all over the cave. The church is very beautiful and really is three churches in one. There are some very fine mosaics in the lowest church, depicting scenes from the life of our Saviour. One picture was particularly interesting. The "Mother of God" is seated on her throne in heaven. From one hand, there is a ribbon of light, reaching all the way to earth and resting on the peasant girl, Bernadette, and from the other hand the stream of light rests upon the old priest who was pastor of the church at Lourdes in the time of Bernadette.

Interesting Church Visited.
We Americans were interested in the American coat of arms and one of the many Knights of Columbus guides on duty here told us that the beautiful mosaic was the gift of friends in America. He also told us that the magnificent property erected at a cost of nearly ten million dollars had been confiscated by the French government. A wealthy Ro-

man Catholic of Paris secured a lease of the property and he, in turn, leases it to the church. No ecclesiastic can have any control of this property, and yet, Lourdes is visited annually by nearly half a million faithful pilgrims. You enter the grounds through a beautiful park that leads directly into the lower church, then by a grand stairway of stone, you may enter the second church and continue climbing up to the third church, as they built one on top of the other over the cave.

The interior of each church is lined throughout with blocks of beautiful Italian marble, each piece having been contributed by some one who had been cured at the cave. The priest of Bernadette is still alive and is nearly 90 years old. He officiated at mass just a few days before my visit. Then, there are the stations of the cross, and the bronze figures in groups, placed at distances along the hillside back of the church. To reach the first group it is necessary to climb a steep stairway of stone on one's knees, and it was a shock to me to see an able bodied man and woman going up laboriously in that fashion. When the old watchman saw us, he told us that, if we wished to go up, we must get down on our knees and go up like the others. We refused his earnest invitation and went back into the church again. Nearly every week, there is a grand holiday in France and on these days throngs fill the park and wonderful shrine of Lourdes.

Through a wonderful and beautiful country, for the Pyrenees are indeed beautiful, we rode to the top of the snow-capped mountains in an electric car which sometimes ran almost perpendicular, and finally, I arrived at the famous resort, Cauterets, not far from the Spanish border. Years ago, the queen of Holland, with her party, climbed a mountain nearby and was lost in a snow storm and obliged to spend the night on the mountain. Fortunately, she and her party found shelter in a shepherd's hut on top of the mountain and the mountain today is called Queen Hortense mountain, and a little inn on the top of the mountain is called Cafe Queen Hortense.

Away up here in the Pyrenees I met an American sergeant. He had just been married to a French girl, the school teacher in the little village. They were busy getting ready for their return to America. They invited me to her mother's home for dinner. I met her grandfather, 85 years old, who climbed the mountains every day to tend to his sheep and goats. He said the grass on the highest points was always the best grass and that the cows and goats gave more milk when they fed on the grass that grew near the top. He remembered Bernadette very well and had seen her often. He said she was a good girl and was always praying for her people. Forty-five years ago he raised native hills from a trip to South America, and he brought back with him a parrot. The parrot was still alive, and hale and hearty. It could speak English and French and tell you to "go to hell" in excellent English. I knew at once that it had made the acquaintance of some of our American soldiers.

Religious Wars Recalled.
We had a fine auto ride through the mountains, visiting the famous bridge of Napoleon, and saw a most curious church half fort and half church. Also enjoyed a carriage ride into the very heart of the hills, where the great waterfalls formed from the melting snows were indeed glorious.

Reluctantly, we came away from this charming spot and finally arrived at Pau, the birthplace of that great French king, Henry IV. This place is the center of French Protestantism. The beautiful Margaret of Valois ruled here in her queenly splendor a brilliant court that was continued after her death by her daughter. Here they shot Catholics to their heart's content. Finally, her famous son, Henry IV was born. He said he wished France to be always prosperous and every poor man would have a chicken to eat on Sunday. He never lived in our H. C. L. of a time. He was a great king. We visited the castle at Pau where he was born and where he maintained his court. His mother had holes bored in huge tortoise shell and ropes attached and, hanging the shell on a hook, she used it for a cradle for her baby. It is on exhibition in the room where he was born.

We next journeyed direct to Biarritz, the well known French summer resort on the Atlantic coast. In this place, the present king of Spain met and won his bride. The king and queen of Serbia also had a summer home here. Rich Americans have palatial homes in this pretty place. Our French guide told me that one of them has as many as four automobiles, and thought that was a wonderful piece of news. Harry Thaw brought Evelyn to this place and, while she flirted, he gambled. Jack Johnson lost nearly all the money he won in prize fighting at the big gambling casino. I witnessed a very strange game here, played by Spaniards. It resembled our game of handball, only each player wore strapped to his arm a long narrow basket. The rubber ball was received and served from this basket. Some of the men well advanced in years, were very skillful players. The funniest thing, however, at Biarritz was the bull fight. A number of gaudily dressed Spaniards stood in a ring and waved red cloths at a young bull. When the bull rushed that flag, believe me, he certainly put heart into his movements. I never dreamed a bull could move so quickly. The stands were crowded with American soldiers, and they always applauded the bull to the disgust of the Spaniards.

Party Under Suspicion.
Four soldiers and myself had an auto ride into Spain. We rode for nearly 50 miles through lonely mountains over a region greatly frequented by smugglers. Time and time again, our car was stopped, once by a captain and detail of French soldiers, who thoroughly searched us and our car and nearly scared the wits out of us. We passed through the country of a strange people, called the Basques. They speak a language of entirely unknown affinites, spoken by nearly one-half a

million people. It is supposed to be the sole representative of the ancient Iberian languages which were superceded by Latin when the Romans conquered Gaul and Spain. The Basques are a simple, brave and independent people, willing to undergo any hardship rather than surrender their mountain freedom. No invader was ever able to subdue or to expel them. The Basques are even prouder than the Spaniards and the mere fact of being born in their territory secures the privilege of "universal nobility." Ignatius Loyola and Saint Francis Xavier were Basques. They retain their ancient customs and costumes. They also have an architecture and their churches are very quaint and very beautiful. It is said that no one but a Basque can speak the Basque language. We stopped at a little seashore village to see the very unique Basque church with its wooden roof and beautifully carved wooden galleries around the three sides. We went on into the mountains which are dangerous by night as well as by day as many French and Spanish smugglers inhabit the lonely hills.

Finally our car came to a little stream; on one side was France, guarded by French soldiers, on the other side, Spain, guarded by Spanish soldiers. The uniforms of the Spanish soldiers are very similar to the uniforms worn by our West Point cadets. We traveled to this lonely spot, seldom frequented by foreigners, hoping to get into Spain, but the Spanish soldiers at first were obstinate and refused to permit us to cross the international bridge. But a pack of cigarettes wrought magic. The sight of an American cigarette transformed those stiff Spanish soldiers into good friends. We were at once permitted on Spanish territory and visited an old-fashioned and most curious Spanish inn, a fine subject for a movie film. The line-up of old Spanish men in that inn was a sight that would have quickly won the heart of any artist. We returned by another route. More experiences of shoes shoved into our faces while French soldiers searched our car. These experiences were so numerous that I began to believe that I was at the front again, and I enjoyed it all immensely.

We passed through beautiful Cambeau where Rostand, the famous French writer lived. He had built on a high hill a bungalow and it made us homesick to look at it. In this quiet and charming spot, he wrote, "Chanticleer," the play that made such a hit some years ago. He died from influenza in February, 1919. It will be many days before I forget that picturesque ride into Spain.

Bayonne Historical City.
We visited Bayonne, the gateway from France into Spain, and point of mobilization for many French armies that marched into that country, and a city alive with innumerable historical reminiscences. A well preserved Spanish fort, a grand old church, and some very wonderful Roman fortifications. Napoleon paid many visits to this delightful city. Some of the happiest moments he ever spent with Josephine were spent in Bayonne, 1793. In 1808, King Charles IV of Spain, and the members of the royal household came to Bayonne and so great was the influence of Napoleon that Charles IV on the 5th day of May surrendered the crown of Spain to the French emperor. In the end, the outraged Spanish people made Napoleon pay dearly for this brilliant stroke of diplomacy.

Packed in with a bunch of doughboys in the poorest kind of a third class compartment, I rode all night, until finally I arrived on familiar territory in the city of Bordeaux and then continued my journey until I arrived at my old stamping grounds in the heavy artillery camp at Libourne, where I began my work with the soldiers in February, 1918.

I was one of the first 400 Americans to arrive in the good town of Libourne. I doubt very much if any other town in France did as much for our men as the good people of this fine old town. My French friends gave me a wonderful reception and I was glad to see them again. Leaving Libourne, I rode north all night, sitting up in crowded compartment, arriving in Paris early the next morning. The railroad station is almost opposite the spot where Napoleon walked up and down the bank of the river Seine, trying to make up his mind to throw himself into the river unknown young officer. Without any money and seemingly without any future, the young French officer little dreamed his name would become one of the great names of France and the world.

Everywhere on this trip in the north, east, west, and south, at Beaune, Dijon, Lyons, Aixles Bains, Annecy, Chamonix, Digne, Nice, Menton, Monte Carlo, Cannes, Marseilles, Nîmes, Arles, Toulouse, Cauterets, Pau, Bayonne, Biarritz, in every one of these places, I found flourishing "Ys" with restaurants and canteens, with splendid sightseeing trips, entertainments, social, athletic, educational and religious departments, with men and women, working from early to late, trying to do their bit. In some places the "Y" workers in quiet spots with the little white cross over their grave, were buried with the comrades they had come to serve.

Uncertainty Fills Danish Government.
COPENHAGEN, April 2. It is understood that parliament will meet April 14 to pass certain bills which are now pending.

T. Stauning, socialist member of the cabinet, which just resigned, expressed the belief that a compromise would be impossible.

The Lieke ministry has just proclaimed dissolution of parliament and new elections. We socialists can not possibly accept the proclamation in any other light than a new challenge and break off negotiations," he declared.

Regarding the labor situation, he said: "A general strike is now inevitable. The railroad workers will probably begin their strike tomorrow instead of Tuesday."

Seattle Editor Charged With Libel to Soldier's Memories

SEATTLE, Wash., April 2.—Trial of E. B. Ault, editor of the Seattle Union Record, a labor daily, charged with criminally libeling memories of the four former soldiers killed at Centuria anniversary day, will start here Monday.

Superior Judge Mitchell Gilliam today denied a request from Ault's attorneys that 28 witnesses be subpoenaed for the defense from Centuria.

George Vanderveer, attorney, who defended the ten alleged I. W. W., charged with the murder of the Centuria ex-service men, will represent Ault, it was announced.

United States Will Not Be Represented in League

LONDON, April 2.—A reply has been received through the American embassy in London that it will not be possible for the United States to be represented in any capacity on the special commission which the council of the league of nations recently decided to send to Russia. This announcement was made by the league of nations here today.

At a recent meeting of the league of nations council in Paris it was decided that the government of the United States be informed of the resolution to send a committee of investigation to Russia and that the nomination of an American citizen as a member of the commission would be welcomed.

Mistrial Declared in Case for Girl Murderer

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 2.—A mistrial was declared tonight in the case of Ursula Broderick, 16 years old, charged with first degree murder for killing her stepfather J. F. Woodlock, who was shot to death in their home here April 14 last. After deliberating for more than 24 hours, the foreman of the jury reported that the body was "hopelessly deadlocked." Judge Kiene, presiding, then declared a mistrial and ordered the case re-tried on May 3.

The foreman stated that the jury had stood ten for conviction and two for acquittal since last night.

The defendant was apparently unmoved by the result.

Would Spend Million for Memorial Tablets to Soldiers

WASHINGTON, April 2.—A joint resolution proposing an appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the erection of memorial tablets at various county seats in memory of American soldiers killed in the world war was introduced today by Sen. Tor Harding, Republican, Ohio. The tablets would bear the names of the soldiers from each county who lost their lives. The resolution was referred to the military committee.

French Town Good to Doughboys—Is Honored

CHAUMONT, France, April 2.—The mayor today telegraphed General Pershing thanking him for the honor done Chaumont by the United States in christening a military transport "The Chaumont." General Pershing cabled the mayor the American government's gratitude to Chaumont for its treatment of the American soldiers during the war.

Employer to be Considered as Agent of the Employee

CLEVELAND, April 2.—In an effort to devise a method of wage pay-offers, managers and consumers, a firm of New York legal engineers, employed jointly 27 unorganized employes and associated employes in the Cleveland women's garment industry, today announced a set of ten principles of wage payment.

These principles are based upon the industrial experts' definition of wages as a share in the fruits of industry and not a payment made by the employer.

"The wage is not paid by the employer; he merely markets the product and acts as an agent to pay the worker for the part he has done," the wage and labor experts assert.

Montana Colder Now Than for Many Years

HELENA, Mont., April 2.—Montana is in the grip of a cold spell which breaks the April record for decades. Helena today saw the thermometer descend to seven degrees above zero, with no signs of moderation. Butte, on the western side of the Rocky mountains, experienced 10 degrees above as its minimum.

Stork of Nature and of Manure in Wild Chase

BAKERSFIELD, Cal., April 2.—Lieutenant S. W. Ruggles, 91st air squadron, won a race against the stork today when he flew from Rockwell field, San Diego, to Bakersfield on hurry-up orders to be at the bedside of his wife, who en route from Sacramento to San Diego, was taken from the train early today to a local hospital. Lieutenant Ruggles left Rockwell field with Lieutenant Krull as pilot at 10:30 a. m. today and arrived at the hospital at 1 p. m., and at 7 p. m. was receiving congratulations as the happy father of an eight-pound boy.

"Radley Jones" Why, that's my husband's pen name," said the lady of the house.

"Ain't it funny," marveled the cook. "My husband has one, too. I p at the pen they call him 'Glycerin George.'"—Judge.

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