

SOLDIER LETTERS

(Continued from yesterday)

At Nice we happened to meet an American lady, one of the inspectors of the Red Cross and various orphan homes, and she took us to the best moderate priced hotel, at which she and her mother are staying. She seemed to take a liking to our crowd and adopted us all. We called her "big sister" and she sure played the part. As she knows France very well and speaks French like a native, also Italian and German, she was able to plan our excursions and give us much interesting and useful information. She arranged several little parties for us at which we met some real American girls, also several nice English and French girls. We spent every morning bathing at the beach at which we always met some of our friends. The temperature of the water was just right, the surf had the proper amount of roll, and the beach was fine although of small pebbles instead of sand. Afternoons we made various excursions and evenings we were invited to little parties or went out with the girls to the "jettie" or other places of amusement. I had some splendid times with two little girls from New York who have been living in Nice with their mother for almost four years. They were in Berlin at the outbreak of the war where the older one had been studying music and painting for about seven years.

The finest excursion we had was one in a large touring car (which, by the way, we were able to hire only because we were soldiers). There was our bunch of six, a lieutenant who was with us on several occasions, a splendid officer, Big Sister of course, and another American girl. We left Nice at 2 p. m. Went up into and over the greatly advertised Riviera by way of the Upper Cornice road. Stopped on all of the high points to take pictures and revel in the beauty of the scenes laid out below us. We were looking down on the beautiful Cote d'Azur (Azure coast of the Mediterranean) which left a picture in my mind which I shall never forget. Numerous rugged

promontories divide the coast into many little bays of a deep blue on the precipitous slopes of which nestle the little towns and artistic villas amidst an abundance of flowers, shrubs and trees of both the temperate and tropical zones. Behind towers the snowcapped Alps, and all about you are ancient ruins, with old churches and old—perhaps also now—forts crowning all of the highest hills.

One old church and monastery called Notre-Dame de Laghet which we visited was of especial interest to me. It has long been a famous shrine for all of the mountain region round about it, and as evidence of its popularity there are thousands of relics of all descriptions entirely covering the interior walls of the church, articles which the simple mountain folk have given as a thank offering for what they consider some blessing conferred. There are crutches which someone has long used but needs no longer, crude models of ships which some sailors have made with much effort and patience and given as a token of gratitude for deliverance from a storm or shipwreck; there are also many rough paintings—occasionally one is quite artistic and colored embroideries which very realistically portray scenes in which some near relative has just escaped death, for instance there is one showing a landslide on the road just behind the person who so narrowly escaped, there is another depicting a horse running away with a child in a cart on the mountain highway,—of course the child escaped, hence the thank offering; over in another corner is a bride and bridegroom in full wedding costume, embroidered in many colors, perhaps the bride offered it as thanks for a good husband. I could describe dozens of similar unique gifts left there if I had the time.

Another interesting point was the little town named La Turbie, situated on a hill just above Monte Carlo. It has old ruins which date back as far as the time of Caesar, and winding streets paved with brick, some of which are so narrow that by stretching out the arms you can touch the buildings on each side. The houses all join, making one continuous wall

through which there is a few very narrow gates. Above one such gate there is yet a projection in the wall and holes through which the defenders used to pour boiling water or molten lead on any enemy who might attempt to force a passage into the town. There are stone arches over the streets between some of the highest buildings which bind all together and act as shock absorbers in case of an earthquake. The inhabitants are principally Italian mountain folk, yet I wondered why they should live in such an inaccessible spot and what they might do for a living. Passing through one of the tiny squares in the town we came upon a typical little Italian mother knitting with a pretty little boy clinging to her skirts. Big Sister spoke to her in Italian and very soon the mother's eyes filled with tears and for some time she was unable to utter a sound. We wondered what the trouble was and asked. Big Sister said, "She says, 'The brave Americans have come and soon they will win and then my husband can come home to me.'" I had to turn aside and grit my teeth to keep back the tears.

The road down the mountain side to Monte Carlo is perhaps the most winding of any I ever travelled. The little city with all of its beautiful buildings and bright colors looked like a toy model built about and overhanging the tiny harbor on which floated numerous small boats and the elegant yacht of the Prince of Monaco. On the promontory running out past the harbor lie Monaco, which together with Monte Carlo constitutes the whole of the free and independent Principality of Monaco, the gambler's paradise. If perfect climate, beautiful scenery and plenty of gay life makes paradise you would have it there. But knowing the reputation of the place so well, when I saw its elaborate, magnificence and brilliant colorings I felt exactly as if I was looking on some gigantic stage set for some comic opera, and yet I realized that there might be as much tragedy as comedy. All habits at the Casino lose in the long run, but there is one man, so they say, who came out winner. I will give you the story. It has been customary in case of a sul-

cide about the grounds for one of the keepers to immediately stuff a bundle of money into the pockets of the victim so that it would not appear that it was caused by the loss of everything at the gaming table. This man wanted to get out of there but had no francs, so one evening he walked out into the gardens, fired a pistol and fell forward on his face. One of the attendants rushed out and stuffed his pockets full of notes and then beat it. As soon as the attendant had left, this man got up and took the first train out. The Prince does not permit his subjects to gamble in the Casino.

After looking through the Casino and the prince's theater which is elaborately decorated and ornamented with a considerable amount of gold leaf, we went out on the promenade overlooking the sea and enjoyed a fine band concert. Similar ones are given free every afternoon and evening.

We returned to Nice by the lower Cornice road through Villefranche and other pretty little towns. About half way back we stopped and Big Sister introduced us to a nice old lady from Chicago who has one of the finest villas along the coast. She showed us around and truly it was a beautiful home. We came down the mountain side into Nice about 9 p. m. and the semicircle of lights around the bay below made a charming scene which reminded me very much of San Diego when seen from one of its highest parks.

On another day we took a trolley trip to Monaco, where we visited the museum and aquarium where there is a large and rare collection of specimens and fish which the prince has gathered on his many yachting trips. There is also a fine church there and the prince's palace is very richly furnished and decorated inside although quite plain outside. From Monaco we past Monte Carlo on our way to Menton which is the border city and is as much Italian as French. Just outside of Menton is the boundary line beyond which we were permitted to pass only a few feet.

There is a deep gorge there crossed by a stone bridge which is guarded by Algerian sentinels.

On our return to camp we stopped a night and a day in Marseille, which almost equals Paris in population just now and surpasses it in life and volume of business. It has a wonderful lot of fine shade trees, some beautiful buildings and monuments, a prominent church of Notre Dame also, on the highest hill, and a unique overhead suspension ferry across part of the harbor; but it is rather a dirty city and the population is a bit too cosmopolitan as is often the case with large seaports.

We returned to Paris on one of France's best trains, the P. L. M. Rapide which made fair time and was quite comfortable although slightly crowded. Of course the French have very poor trains now compared to what they had before the war. We had a grand time all of the time, yet it feels rather homelike to be back with the boys.

Much love to all, OLIVER.

U.S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE HOW TO CAN FIGS

Figs for canning should be sound and firm. Sprinkle one cupful of soda over six quarts of figs and add one gallon of boiling water. Allow the figs to stand in the soda bath for five minutes. Drain and rinse thoroughly. Bring two quarts of sirup, made by using three pounds and nine ounces sugar to one gallon of water, to boiling and add the well-drained figs. If desired the amount of sugar may be reduced, but it is not advisable to attempt the canning of figs without any sugar at all.

Allow the fruit to boil in the sirup for one hour. Place the fruit carefully in the jars and then fill to overflowing with the sirup. Partially seal jars. Boil (process) quart jars for 30 minutes in water bath. Seal. When cold test jars for leaks. Store in a cool, dark, dry place.—United States Department of Agriculture.

Her Prophecy Came True.

A story is told to the effect that Simon Bolivar, when he was a child of seven, had for a playmate in Spain a boy of about his own age named Ferdinand, the future Spanish King. One day, while engaged in a game of battledore and shuttlecock, a stroke by young Bolivar knocked the cap from Ferdinand's head. Whereupon an old nurse, who witnessed the occurrence, and who was deemed a soothsayer, declared that some day Bolivar would knock the crown from the king's head. Which feat he certainly did accomplish, so far as South America was concerned.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE TO LET ATTORNEYS VETERINARY SURGEON PHYSICIANS DENTISTS PHOTO STUDIO MUSICAL INSTRUCTION DRAYAGE AND TRANSFER COMMERCIAL TRANSFER CO. THE WORLD MOVES; so do we. F. G. ISHAM, drayage and transfer. THE CALIFORNIA AND OREGON COAST RAILROAD COMPANY TIME CARD

PRINTING THAT PLEASES WE DO IT! ROGUE RIVER COURIER GRANTS PASS OREGON