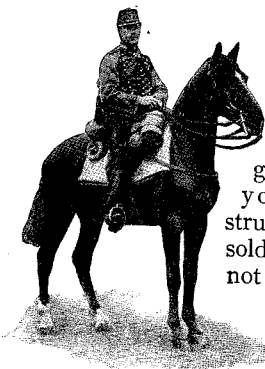


Field artillery in action.

## WORK AND PLAY OF THE MILITARY ATTACHÉS

By Captain T. Bentley Mott

Military Attaché to the American Embassy at Paris



If you have ever made anything of a journey on the country roads of France during August or early September, you must have been struck with the number of soldiers seen at every turn; not soldiers out in their best clothes for a holiday, but organized bodies with arms in their hands, and

packs on their backs; a squad at the bridge, a picket at the cross-roads, a battery on the neighboring hill, a regiment sitting in the interminable ditch that borders the highway or lying in the fields that slope away from it.

These men are at manœuvres, and hard work with little fun they are for everybody, yet eagerly anticipated as is any change that brings a break in garrison monotony. But there is another reason why the period of the manœuvres is a happy one for the soldiers. It is for them what commencement time is to the collegian, and the long

marches, the nights in granaries or on the grass, the two o'clock reveille, are all forgotten in the thought that soon the work will be over, and then there will be furloughs for many, and permanent home-going for at least one-third of them all.

The manœuvres are the crowning point in the instruction and in the efficiency of the army, and for many of the officers they constitute a veritable annual examination on which the future of their career may largely depend. When they are over, the soldiers who have completed three years of service go home, rejoicing in their liberty and the sight of the dear faces and familiar scenes of "their country." *Mon pays* to the Frenchman of the lower class means his town, his "quartier," his village; the rest of France is as far to him as the Indies.

The soldiers who are left have very little to do for a month or so. Many are given furloughs, and most of the officers go on leave until the new recruits arrive. Then the wheels of the factory which turns out 180,000 soldiers a year are once more put in motion, not to stop again for another ten months

People who live in America, where soldiers are few and rarely seen, where no one need serve unless he chooses, can understand only by an effort of the imagination all that the French army is to a Frenchman. It represents no mere instrument of the Government for distant expeditions, or a first line of defence in case of some vaguely possible war; to him the army is a barrier against an ever-present and dangerous flood, a bulwark whose strength ensures not his country's peace alone, but her very existence. What affects the army, then, affects him; its glory is his happiness, its weakness, his despair.

But there is another intimate reason for this unfailing interest. There is no family in France where the father, brother, uncle, or cousin, has not served, or is not serving, in its ranks, and to even the women the details of military life are as familiar as last year's fashions.

While every regiment of the army spends about two weeks of the summer in manoeuvres of brigade, division, or corps, special interest attaches to what are always designated the Grand Manœuvres. These consist of the evolutions, as nearly as possible on a war footing, of two or more army corps, involving the assembling, marching, and fighting of from 45,000 to 140,000 men. The mere spectacle this affords, terminated as it often is with a review by the President, draws a vast crowd of sightseers, who are by no means incapable of appreciating the points of the game. At this period the daily and weekly papers of every city and town in the country devote many columns each morning to the details of the previous day's exercise and criticisms of the work of generals and troops. To read these one would think that every editor in France was a ripe military critic, and, indeed, it is true that many of the papers have men of first-rate military talent on their staffs.

It is to these Grand Manœuvres that foreign nations are invited to send officers, who are entertained during their stay at the expense of the Government.

Nothing is more characteristic of French hospitality than the minutiae of the arrangements made to receive and care for these officers, and the largeness, even extravagance, which attends their entertainment. Americans who have lived much in France

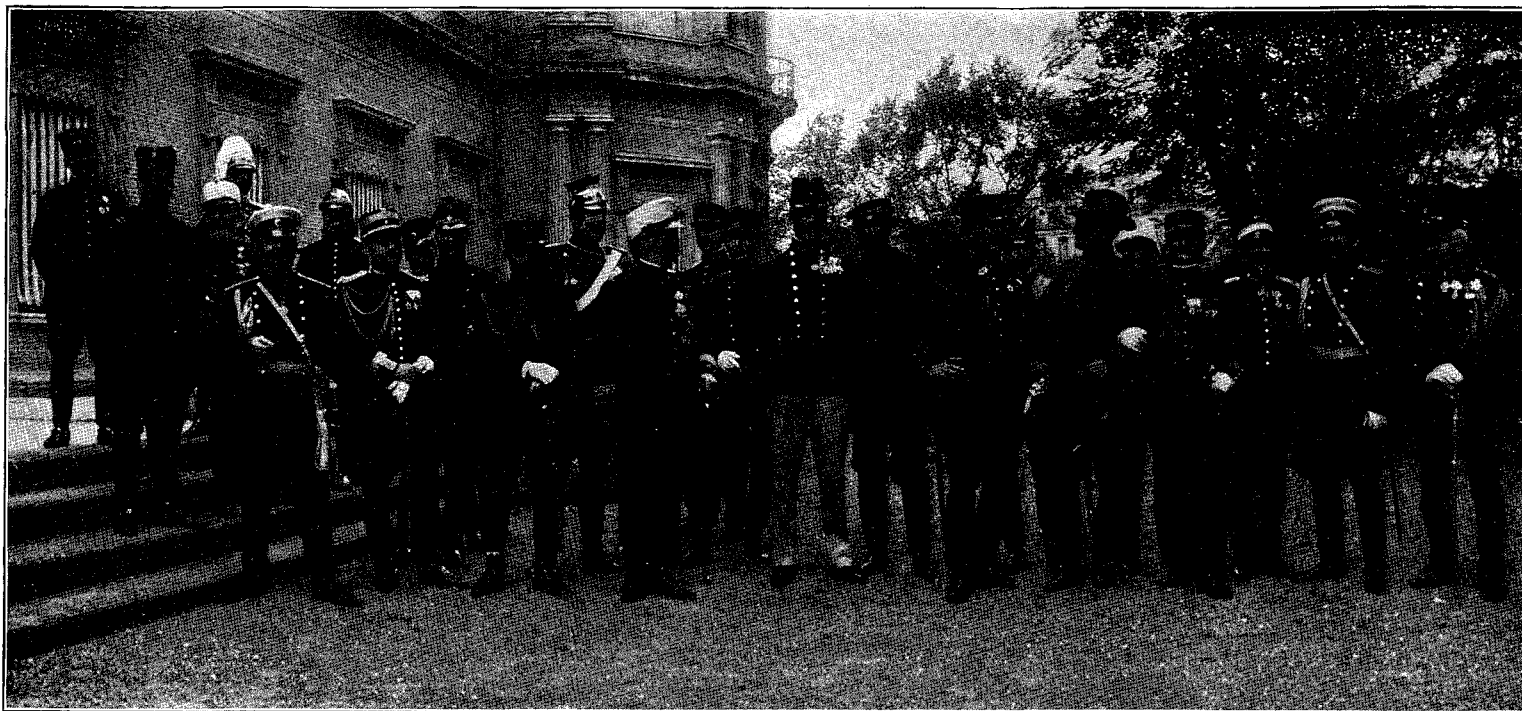
often remark how seldom French people do anything informally. If the average Frenchman, fresh from the acquisition of transatlantic habits, should telephone home late some afternoon that he was bringing a couple of friends to dinner, it is likely that his less advanced wife would find means to prevent the renewal of such disconcerting hospitality. The French do not enjoy these surprises. If a guest is coming they like to have sufficient warning to enable them to receive him with due honor, start the drawing-room fire, set out the best china, add a course or two to the dinner, and in general be sure that when the best foot is put forward it has the best shoe on it.

This trait is characteristic of the nation in official as well as in family life. They like to give an invitation in due form for a fixed date, and upon its acceptance make their arrangements to receive their guests; and, indeed, he would be hard to please who found any fault with a habit which brings with it an exquisite cordiality toward the stranger, a deference toward his wishes and an anticipation of whatever can add to his comfort and pleasure.

The officer who has been designated by his government to attend the manoeuvres is requested to present himself on a certain day and hour at a certain room in the Ministry of War. Here the Chief Intelligence Officer receives and welcomes him, and then proceeds with a short examination: "What is your weight? Are you a good rider? Do you prefer a quiet horse? Do you ride an English saddle or have you brought your own? Where are you staying in Paris? What is the date of your commission? Please tell me how to pronounce your name," etc., etc. The usefulness of these questions is evident, but it requires the French genius for detail to think of that and to take care of thirty men of all the nations of the world, foreseeing absolutely *everything*, from religious and political distinctions to the *amour propre* which prevents any man from acknowledging he is not a good rider.

After this information is recorded, the officer is asked to come in full uniform to the residence of the Minister of War at half-past two on such a date to be presented.

The first time he faces this ceremony, an American or an Englishman is likely to



A group of foreign officers at the manoeuvres of 1902.

Reading from left to right: France, Argentine Republic, Spain, Portugal, Bulgaria, France, France, Switzerland, Japan, Germany, Spain, France, Holland, Austria, Chili, France, Italy, United States, Spain, France, Greece, Russia, Denmark.





Field artillery in action.  
Rear view of gun and caisson.

ask himself whether our way of glaring blankly at people we do not know—especially when we are sure that sooner or later we are bound to be introduced to them—is, after all, superior to the custom prevailing in Continental Europe.

The American walks into the large drawing-room where, perhaps, twenty officers are assembled. He knows they are all every-day sort of people like himself, but he cannot help being a little impressed with their varied and strange magnificence. He goes over to the French officer who put him through his examination the day before, shakes hands, and asks him fervently whether he is well; he is so glad to see somebody with whom he has a speaking acquaintance. He then turns to look about the circle, which inevitably recalls the Eden Musée. Nobody says anything to him, he knows no one, and so, like the rest, he solidifies into waxen silence.

Just then a Russian or a Belgian or a Bulgarian comes in. He pauses in front of the first man he encounters, gets his heels together, pronounces his name and title, and extends his hand. The other does the same thing and, behold, as simply as that, they know each other! The new arrival repeats this ceremony in front of every person in the semi-circle, which seems to have formed itself expressly to facilitate the manœuvre, and then he, too, chooses a spot on which to petrify.

It is much better than our way, saves the master of ceremonies the repetition of thirty unpronounceable names thirty times over, and if you have not been introduced to everybody in the room, 'tis your own fault.

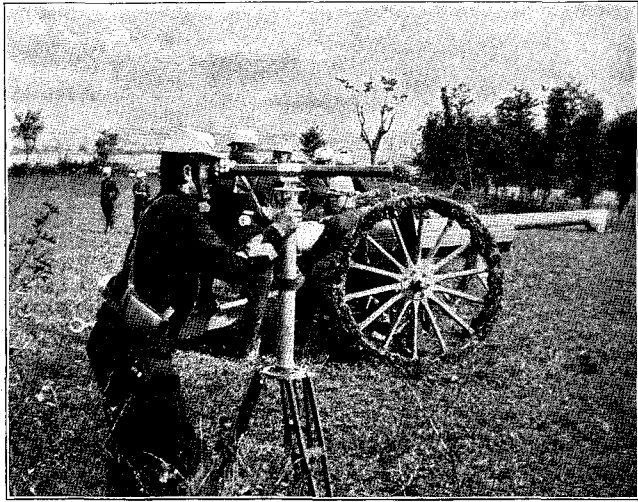
The Minister now arrives, though not until the French officers almost imperceptibly have arranged the whole row of foreigners in a vast arc, according to rank. Then comes a *tour de force* for the Chief Intelligence Officer. Preceding the Minister one pace, he pronounces to him the title, name, and country of each officer—frequently there are from twenty to thirty—and, as far as my experience goes, invariably without hesitation or mistake. If anyone thinks that the Chief Intelligence Officer in France is not selected for ability, let him try to do the same.

The Minister then makes a short speech of welcome, always concluding with "gentlemen, I will now say *au revoir* until we shall meet upon the terrain," and departs. After this each officer receives a large envelope, and those who have been to the manœuvres before go home. The others stop to ask a few hundred perfectly natural questions, every one of which is answered beforehand in the printed slips contained in the envelope. That is why the knowing ones have gone home.

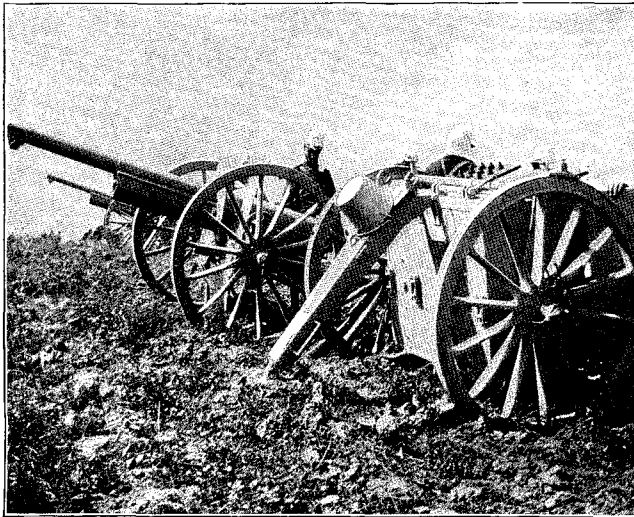
I have no intention of indexing the contents of that envelope; it is sufficient to say

that when I packed my trunks I found in it the labels to paste on them; when I considered whether I should dine before going to the station, I not only learned that we dined on the train, but found a sketch indicating my seat in the car and the names of the other officers at my table.

From this moment, until ten days later, when he is set down at his quarters in Paris by a cabman, who is probably already engaged and



The battery telescope.



Field artillery in action. The new 75 mm. gun.

The bottom of the caisson—turned toward the enemy in action—is of steel plate; the doors are of steel plate; the gun has shields; all the cannoneers are thus protected from infantry fire coming from the front.

nœuvres, involving the largest number of troops. Usually the best hotel in one of the towns near the scene of action is appropriated to them wholly or in part; a special train takes the party from Paris, remains for their daily use and takes them back; a horse, a groom, a mounted orderly and a striker\* are assigned to each man, and six or seven French officers are detailed to see that nothing is needed for the comfort of the luxurious or the information of the inquisitive.

For the last three years the supreme direction of

knows the name of his fare, the foreign officer moves like a locomotive upon a strategic track laid by the French engineers. He glides so smoothly and so agreeably, with such interesting conversation and jolly companions withal, that he does not perceive that he is on rails, or if he does, the places where he wants to slow up, go fast, or take a branch line, seem known already, and 'tis done before he can ask for it.

During one week the foreign officers are the guests of the Government, and this period covers the most interesting of the ma-

all the manœuvres has fallen to General Brugère,† an officer now well known in the

\*Each French officer is allowed a soldier servant who generally is most capable, being often a *valet de chambre* doing his military service. This man is called an "ordonnance." Before the custom was prohibited in the American service, our term for such a man was "striker."

†There is no commanding general of the French army, the highest grade being general of division. The Minister of War (who may or may not be an officer of the army) commands the army directly, and even the orders of the President, to be legal, must be countersigned by him. However, the Vice-President of the Conseil Supérieur de Guerre is the officer designated in time of peace to command the principal army or armies of France in case of war, and to fit him for this task he directs all the great manœuvres, witnesses the lesser ones, and in general supervises the whole field instruction of the army. This is the position now held by General Brugère.

United States for the happy impression he made as the head of the Rochambeau Mission of 1902. A more fortunate selection would be hard to imagine, both for France and for her foreign guests toward whom he acts as host.

It is not a small thing that one man should unite the distinguished manners and *savoir vivre* of a diplomat with the straightforward ways and direct speech dear to professional soldiers; but this General

the general directing the manoeuvres; after this the daily routine followed with unbroken regularity. We were waked at about four o'clock in the morning, had a light breakfast and got to the railway station about half-past five, whence the special train took us to a point near the outposts of the previous night. Here we found our horses and orderlies, and once mounted, were free to go where we chose—in groups, in a body, or singly.



On the firing line.

Brugère does, and it brings him love and confidence in the service and out of it. Amidst all the dissensions and disputes that rage over the army in France, there is heard nothing but praise for the talent and industry with which he devotes himself to sharpening the great instrument confided to his hands.

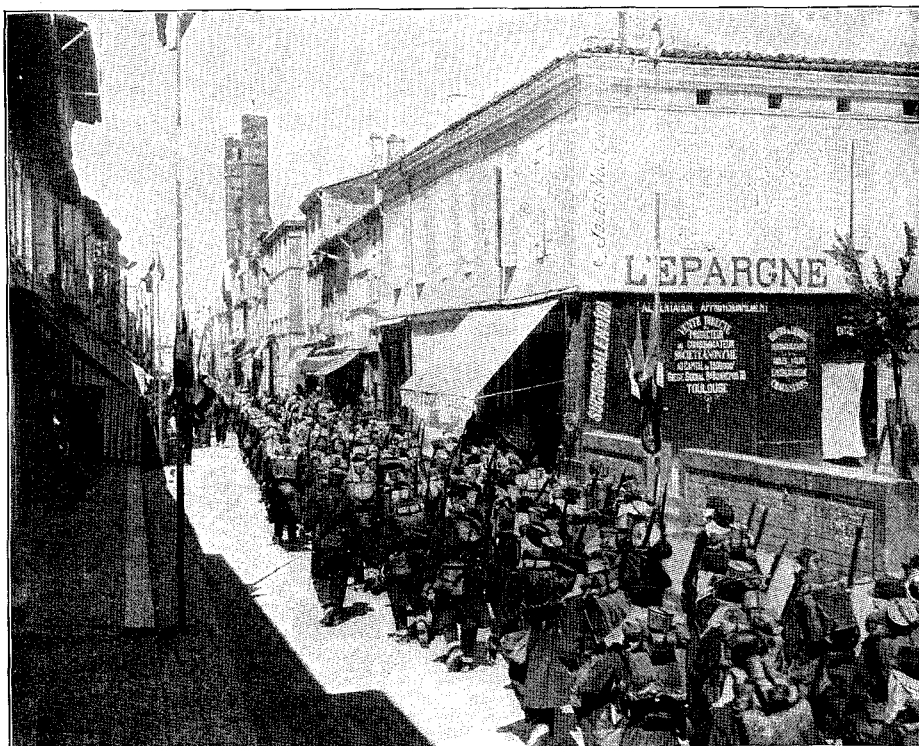
General Brugère's recollections of his recent visit to America procured me the pleasure of many a chat with him in the pauses of the manoeuvres last autumn, and he seemed always glad to revert to the two things which most pleased and impressed him in all that he found on the other side of the Atlantic: the American woman and Colonel Roosevelt.

The night the foreign officers arrived at the headquarters in the field was always signalized by a dinner given to them and the senior officers of the army present by

With a good horse and well-mounted orderly, a map of the country and the orders for the day's movements in your pocket, all France and a fair portion of her army spread before you, it may be imagined that the sensation is distinctly exhilarating as you leave the road to prick across the fields, all fresh and moist as they usually are from the rain of the night before.

After riding for about twenty minutes you come upon a squadron of chasseurs halted in the sunken road crossing your course; further on, a few horsemen are trotting back to report the result of their reconnaissance; then a messenger goes galloping off to the rear with a report for his general, while you push on to the crest of a hill and just see in the distant fields the white caps of the enemy's infantry. They are no enemy for you, so you ride peacefully on, quickening your gait as





Column going through a village.

you catch sight of a column of artillery in the distance leaving the road to take position behind the crest of the hill that lies before you. A big field of growing corn appears in that direction, the ground is heavy from recent ploughing and the rains, you want to catch the gunners in their worst troubles, and so you gallop ahead.

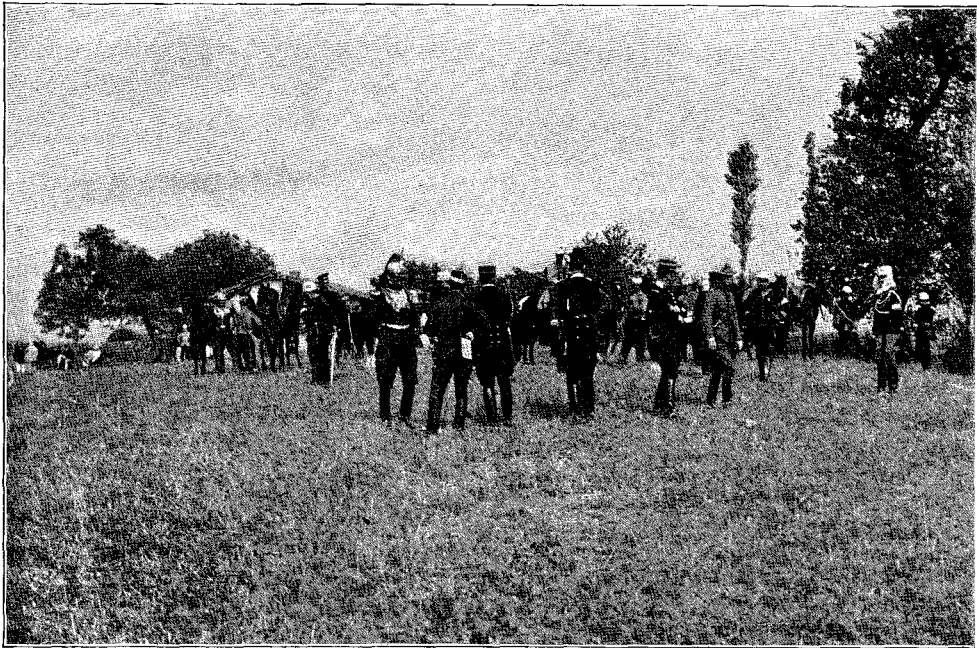
As often as you have seen it, you never tire of watching this artillery, believed to be the best in the world, pick out its place with calm judgment, come up quietly and with no appearance of hurry, unlimber behind the crest, concealed and protected from the enemy, and yet at once open fire with range and direction fairly good, which a few trial shots soon reduce to accuracy.

They are in the cornfield now, and the stalks crackle under the heavy wheels; maybe it is the drivers' whips you hear, for their horses have to tug to get up the slope.

Suddenly a regiment of cavalry is perceived moving back toward the flank of its infantry; it is exposed for only a minute or two, but in that time the guns have been brought to bear on the new target, and

rapid fire is ordered. This gives you an idea of what it means to be able, in a pinch, to fire twenty shots a minute; the first half go wild, but the last have the correct range and they sound as rapid as a pom-pom. The cavalry is galloping hard now to get under the hill, but that minute would have cost them dear if shrapnel as well as powder had been in the guns.

You have joined the attacking army as was your intention, and now in rear more artillery is seen coming up and taking position; further back, between these hill-tops the masses of infantry are beginning to appear; later on they spread out, advance and detach their scouts and lines of sharpshooters. But now a halt is ordered. The manœuvre is developing too fast; the artillery must be given time to crush the enemy's guns; moreover, the infantry are not crawling slowly along from cover to cover as they would do if the red caps on the other side were really shooting at them. After a while it is deemed that the enemy is pretty well shaken up; his guns are moving off to another position, it is seen that he cannot



Some of the foreign officers stop at the headquarters of the 17th Corps

hold out where he is; the infantry columns move forward, the little squads have already done so and are lining the ditches you jumped over as you came up to look at the artillery unlimber.

You ride on till you come to the tri-colored flag of the division commander, who is on foot walking about, apparently with nothing to occupy him. That is really the case, for he can only kill time until the action has further developed. You present yourself and ask him to be good enough to tell you what he expects to do. He takes your map, and marking it with his pencil, says that "we are right here and the enemy is occupying that line of heights; my reserve is back there and as soon as I hear that the attack of the other division is pronounced, I shall push everything I have against the hill you see here, marked 'moulin'; the best place for you to see the final attack would be here"; and so on. You are very much obliged, borrow a light from the Chief of Staff, try to look unconscious while two or three ladies, who are out to see the fight, take a snap at you with their cameras, mount and ride off to inspect the reserve, as you know the final attack will not come off for an hour.

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This final assault is always a stirring sight, whether possible or impossible from the point of view of real war, and as made by the French in great masses of men following line upon line, drums and bugles sounding, red legs flying and throats splitting with yells, it stirs you with a martial excitement hard to resist.

The position having been taken, our poor friends with the white caps fall back to the line already chosen, whence their artillery begins to sound on the ears of the victors as soon as their own retiring infantry are out of the way. You ride over to see how this retreat is conducted, when you perceive a counter-attack preparing to the right of the hill that was lately the matter of such hot dispute. The general commanding the white caps has brought up his reserve and, seeing the weak point between the two divisions opposed to him, pushes them down the hill he holds, across the little stream at the bottom, up the opposite slope, while all the guns he can get thunder from the nearby heights and keep it up till friend and foe are almost meeting.

It is all fine to see and instructive to think about, and you are imagining a minute and critical description, quite unlike





to present themselves to the General and find out what he intends to do.

this one, which you are going to make of it in your official report. You even photograph the windmill on the hill and the victorious troops, peasants, ladies, generals, foreigners, and newspaper correspondents all mingled and crowded about it.

But now you look at your watch and your map and note that you have just time enough to catch the train by riding hard. You refuse the suggestion of your friend Journu to send off your horse, have breakfast in his automobile and let him spin you luxuriously back to Toulouse. It is tempting; for Journu, besides being General Brugère's chauffeur, is the prince of good fellows and a delightful high private to boot, with an automobile that is larder, cellar, and observation car. But you keep that for another day and think you will be punctilious and join the others on the train.

Fortunately you do not have to bother with roads, so off you go across country to the station. You meet a fellow attaché and begin to tell him what a fine sight that last assault was and how he missed it, when he interrupts and expresses his sympathy that you were not with him about three miles off on the left flank where the two cavalry divisions met and charged each

other. This cools your ardor a little and you inwardly determine that to-morrow you will ride with the cavalry, though, of course, you stick to your superiority of judgment and the importance of what you have seen from a purely tactical point of view.

This discussion brings you to the station where the other men are arriving, hot, mud-stained, and dusty, hardly resembling the spick-and-span sights in patent leather, gold lace, and all the colors of the rainbow you saw depart that morning. It reminds you of a hunting field in England, where a fly speck on your breeches at the meet causes more comment than a whole bog on your back at the check.

One of the most picturesque sights of the manœuvres is when the day's fighting is over and the signal "Cease manœuvre" is hoisted on the balloon. This is usually about mid-day, and the ingenuity of the Frenchman in the matter of cooking is then seen in all its variety. French soldiers in the field live by little families of eight, and each family carries all that it needs for its comfort, whether for one, two, or more days, as the case may require. One man carries the utensils for the coffee, even to a strainer

and mill, another a can for boiling water, another a bundle of dry twigs picked in the morning before the march and packed all day on his knapsack, so that no matter where the halt is made a fire can be started with the dry wood at once.



The English Military Attaché in Khaki.  
(Colonel Stuart-Wortley.)

These little fires spring up all over the field as if by magic, and in a few minutes there is under way, besides the inevitable coffee, every conceivable dish that the ration could furnish or the pockets of the men and the shops at last night's cantonment supply. If one of the privates you see chopping up meat, peeling potatoes, or grilling a sausage, happens to be a prince, a duke, or a common-place millionaire, you may be sure that a bottle of good wine, a *paté de foie gras*, or whatever else the village furnished, will eke out the cold meat, bread, and cheese saved from last night's supper.

The French soldier has no more useful habit than this way of caring for himself; he is independent of wagons and can eat, as well as sleep, wherever he halts.

Remember that these men have been up since two o'clock in the morning, some of them on outpost all night; so they are hungry, and possibly tired, tough as they are. They had a cup of coffee and a piece of bread about half-past two or three, and

since then they may have crunched a crust, but they have trudged in the boiling sun and dust, or across ploughed fields that caked the feet with snow-shoe clots of mud, from three or four o'clock until noon, and when they have finished the lunch they are cooking (and, perhaps, a nap, if it is warm weather) they may have to march till five, six, or seven o'clock to the night's cantonment.

When our day's work was over and the thirty or forty officers from nearly every civilized country in the world assembled in uniform at one long table for dinner, the sight and the conversation were of no ordinary interest. The meal was always served with a good deal of ceremony and a regimental band playing outside happily filled any pauses due to the juxtaposition of men having no audible means of communication. For the most part, however, all spoke sufficient French to understand anybody except a Frenchman; to do that (strangely enough) requires a greater knowledge of the language than the usual run of army officers possess.

After a few days of this intimate association, good feeling and good dining slackened the formality which first prevailed when all were strangers, and all a little constrained by the desire worthily to represent their services, and when, in consequence, the politeness was sometimes so rigid as to be a bore. I have thus seen a dozen intelligent and hungry human beings stand ten minutes at the dining-room door, each bowing, protesting, and refusing to enter before the others. But the *camaraderie* which is happily characteristic of all soldiers quickly wore away the last remnant of this restraint and it seemed to all that they had been companions for years, instead of days.

The piano too was often a factor in this unbending process and one or two good musicians were sure to be found among the visitors. We were particularly fortunate in this matter last year, for one of the Spanish officers, being able to speak only a little French, made up for it by telling us each night on the piano many beautiful things of his country.

Speaking of Spanish officers reminds me

of the misapprehension that continues even to-day amongst our people concerning their hostility toward us. As a matter of fact, an American army officer will not find anywhere in Europe more genuine and cordial courtesy than from them. It may come from a long inheritance in this "grave and courtly nation," or spring from the real absence of any sustained enmity toward a people who have brought them much suffering; but where army officers are concerned, it undoubtedly takes its source in that sentiment which was as spontaneous at Santiago as at Fontenoy, and which forms a real and unconscious brotherhood among the military men of all nations in both peace and war.

This comradeship in arms is one of the pleasantest phases of the life at the manœuvres, and manifests itself in a hundred interesting ways. National distinctions and differences, real or imagined, count for nothing whatever, and where coteries are formed they follow simply lines of personal preference.

The recent practice at the Grand Manœuvres has been to start with a "theme" of given conditions for each of the opposing armies, then to let the movements resulting from each day's fighting or manœuvre follow consecutively for several days, thus conforming to the actual conditions found in modern battles between large armies. In 1902, for example, the supposition was something like this: An army is moving north from the Pyrenees; it has pushed an advance guard (the 16th Corps) toward Toulouse with the purpose of seizing that place. An opposing army is moving to meet the invaders and has sent an advance guard of one corps (the 17th) to hold Toulouse and prevent the further progress of the enemy.

With this theme to start with and their initial positions prescribed, the 16th and 17th Corps and a division of cavalry fought and manœuvred for three days, the dispositions of each general depending upon the success or failure of the day before. By keeping an extra brigade in his hand

(and sometimes the cavalry) and throwing it on one or the other side, General Brugère brought a realistic element of uncertainty into the game and could make one army or the other retreat as he thought best for the instruction to be obtained.

During these days each corps commander knew of his enemy only what he could learn from reconnaissances and other means used in real war; the umpires (all generals of high rank) decided on the spot whether any movement undertaken was doomed to defeat, and thus whether one party or the other must fall back.

The more real these situations were made the more instructive it was for everybody and the more intense the interest taken.

The last two days are generally devoted to the manœuvres of an army composed



The Prince of the Asturias talking to a brigade commander.

Admiral Fourrier stands on the Prince's left.

of two, three, or four corps, against another army of supposed equal size but really only outlined by a few brigades. Of course, the represented enemy is always pushed back and his positions taken by storm, whereby the year's work is made to close with a



grand spectacular sight. Nevertheless, to direct, say, 120,000 men, as at Reims, in 1901, from their widely separated positions of the night against a short front of attack, to properly concert the movements while simulating all the phases of real battle, requires no mean skill on the part of commanding generals and much experience in handling large bodies of troops. The chief value of these manœuvres with strong effectives lies exactly in this opportunity they furnish to the generals and the staff to learn in time of peace what it would be

with a brilliant suite came from Spain, and incidentally delighted everybody with his good looks and frank cordiality.

In 1901 the manœuvres were unusually brilliant, due to the great number of troops concerned and the presence of the Emperor and Empress of Russia. The assembling of these 140,000 men to greet the sovereigns of the allied power, the wonderful spectacle of the assault of a fortified line by nearly the whole of this army and the magnificent review of the closing day, gave to the manœuvres an



Starting the fire to cook lunch at the long halt after the "Cease manœuvre" has sounded.

criminal to wait for war to teach them—the sure and swift handling of the units they command.

While the real work of the army does not vary much from year to year, the public and the press, always eager for a novelty, select some feature of each season's manœuvres for their especial attention. One year it is automobiles, balloons, bicycles or a new gun; another it is some important mission of foreign officers or the visit of a royal personage.

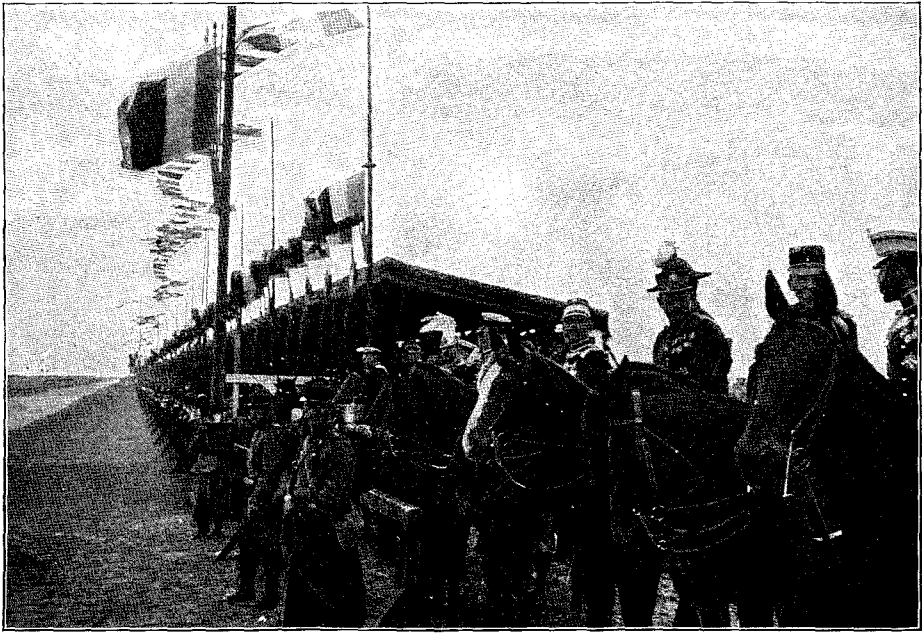
Thus, in 1900, much interest attached to the presence of no less than six general officers representing as many different nations; last year the Prince of the Asturias\*

\*Charles de Bourbon, Infant d'Espagne, lately married to the sister of the King of Spain.

interest which was felt by every soul in the country.

In the arrangement of these imposing ceremonies, France of to-day maintains her old-time prestige, and it seems to be in the blood of each inhabitant to lend intelligent aid to a final grand result. The perfect ordering of every detail and the consummate grouping into a splendid whole, the feeling for proportion and the unerring taste, would fail of half their effect were they not comprehended and seemingly served by the whole population.

For the review at Reims miles of special railway were built, not only for the Czar, but for the public; nearly a mile of stands was erected and covered with gold and scarlet cloth. A special station and a great



The foreign officers await the arrival of the French President and the Czar at Reims.

One mile of reviewing stands covered with cloth of scarlet and gold.

dining pavilion were constructed especially for his majesty's use, and both seemed too beautiful to be torn down the next day. The vast crowd, which came on foot, in carriages, in automobiles and by endless trains, were taken care of, seated and dispersed with as much ease (and less struggling) as the audience of a Paris theatre any night in the week.

The little touch of contrast needed to heighten and perfect the prevailing note of magnificence throughout these fêtes was furnished by the unaffected simplicity of the Emperor in dress and bearing. He moved about, talked and greeted people with the quiet naturalness of any captain in his suite. But when at the close of breakfast, in the presence of a hundred generals and the ruling men of France, he answered the toast of the President, it was with the manner and words of a king.

At that moment I could not help thinking of the comment I had overheard half an hour before in the ante-room. A servant behind me, guarding the portières, seeing the Emperor walking about the rooms, looking unconcernedly here and there, whispered to his comrade, "Dis, donc, mon vieux, il ne se gêne pas, celui-là!"

The Empress was a delight to all the camera "fiends," for she set them an imperial example. Wherever she went, a tall Cossack followed, bearing a kodak, which she constantly used, and after this I saw many an officer bring out a camera, until then concealed, and boldly snap whatever pleased him. Such is the force of high example.

The Russians were usually the envy of all the visitors for their easy command of foreign languages, but it is a mistake to imagine that all of them have this talent. I have seen Russian officers attending the manoeuvres who could not even speak a little French. Another surprising thing about them was that, as a rule, they drank so little. Of course, all Russians are pictured as talking every known language from birth and drinking gallons of rum each day. I can only say that those the Emperor sends to France do neither.

This does not prevent them from being thoroughly good fellows, and with a point of view in most things very sympathetic to an American.

During the manoeuvres about Chartres in 1900 the Russian officers were headed by Lieutenant-General Wonlarlarski, who,

I think, was an aide on the Grand Duke Nicholas's staff during the war of 1877-78. Upon our assembling at the Ministry of War he had himself taken around the circle and every officer in the room introduced to him, to each of whom (not even excepting the Japanese, if I remember correctly) he spoke a few words in his native language. When he came to me and heard the words, "United States," he said in perfect English, "Ah! so you are in the American army. You ought to be able, then, to tell me something of my old friend, Lieutenant Greene." I replied that I had recently had the pleasure of serving on his staff. "His staff, the devil! What is he doing with a staff?" asked the bluff general. "Like yourself, sir," I ventured, "he has not stood still." "Well, you tell him that I want him to send me his photograph. He wrote the best book of any of them about our war, and I think I have read about all," and then he moved on to say something in Roumanian to Captain Miclesco.

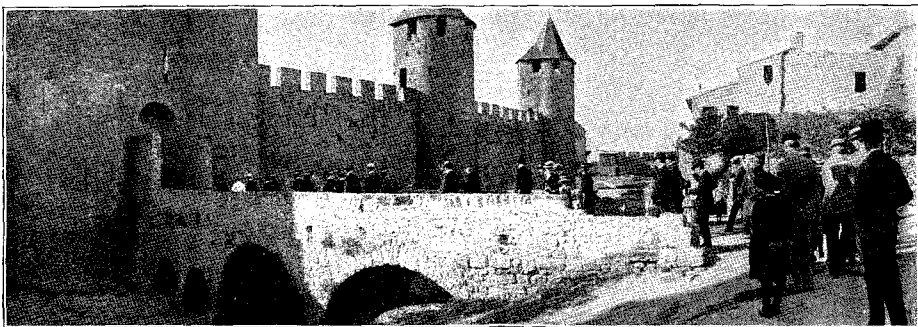
A month later I received from Warsaw a photograph inscribed to General Francis V. Greene and another for myself.

In whatever part of France the manoeuvres take place, the local population show a keen but polite curiosity in the foreign officers. This interest manifests itself soberly, or with much noise and shouting, according to the latitude and corresponding expansiveness of French disposition. In the north the people will wait in silence for hours to see the visitors, but make never a sign beyond the inevitable "Vive la Russie," which always hails the well-known

uniform of the allied nation; in the south, on the other hand, the crowds cheer and applaud as at a political meeting, and give one the feeling of being delightfully welcome. If, however, last year in Languedoc any of us so far yielded to the charm of this southern enthusiasm as to believe it a tribute to his personal value, he was well cured during the visit to Carcassonne.

On a day when the troops were given a rest, the special train took us to this famous old fortress, and the visit had been announced in the local papers. Unfortunately, it was decided as a matter of comfort that we should go in civilian dress. Thus, when the train reached Carcassonne, the enormous crowd of people from all the country round, who had come to see the foreign officers, waited in vain for the much-read-of brilliant company to alight; at last it dawned upon them that the motley and in no way distinguished-looking lot of civilians just leaving the station were the unworthy objects of all this curiosity. Their disappointment and disapproval were then shown nearly as vociferously as would have been their enthusiasm had we worn our uniforms. The whole thing was reduced to its simplest expression by an old peasant whom I heard grunt out: "Pshaw, they are nothing but just men like ourselves!"

And yet, in spite of Carlyle, there are people still left in this world, where all things now seem known, who cannot help believing that "the wearing of white waistcoats" is more than a sign, and has some connection with substance.



The foreign officers in mufti on an excursion to Carcassonne.



# A NIGHT OUT

By F. Hopkinson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



T HOREAU once spent the whole live-long night in the hush of the wilderness; sitting alone, listening to its sounds—the fall of a nut, the hoot of a distant owl, the ceaseless song of the frogs.

This night of mine was spent in the open; where men came and went and where the rush of many feet, and the babel of countless voices could be heard even in its stillest watches.

In my wanderings up and down our land, speaking first in one city and then in another, often with long distances between, I have had the good fortune to enjoy many such nights. Some of them are filled with the most delightful memories of my life.

The following telegram was handed me as I left the stage of the Opera House in Marshall, Mich., some months ago:

"Can you speak in Cleveland to-morrow afternoon at 2.30? Important—Answer."

I looked at my watch. It was half-past ten o'clock. Cleveland was two hundred miles away and the Night Express to Toledo and the East, due in an hour, did not stop at Marshall.

I jumped into a hack out at the hotel entrance and corralled the clerk as he was leaving for the night. For some minutes we pored over a railway guide. This was the result:

Leave Marshall at 1.40 A.M., make a short run up the road to Battle Creek, stay there until half-past three, then back again through Marshall without stopping, to Jackson—lay over another hour and so on to Adrian and Toledo for breakfast, arriving at Cleveland at 11.30 the next morning. An all-night trip, of course, with changes so frequent as to preclude the possibility of sleep, but a perfectly feasible one if the trains made reasonable time and connections.

This despatch went over the wires in reply:

"Yes, weather permitting."

To go upstairs and to bed and to be called in two hours wouldn't pay for the trouble of undressing; better pick out the warm side of the stove, take two chairs and a paper two days old and kill time until one o'clock. I killed it alone—everybody having gone to sleep but the night porter, who was to telephone for the hack and assist with my luggage.

It was a silent night. One of those white cold silent nights when everything seems frozen—the people as well as the ground; no wind, no sounds from barking dogs nor tread of hoof nor rumble of wheels. A light snow was falling—an unnoticed snow, for the porter and I were the only people awake; at eleven o'clock a few whirling flakes; at twelve o'clock an inch deep, packed fine as salt, and as hard; at one o'clock three inches deep, even as a sheet and as unbroken; no furrow of wheels nor slur of footstep. The people might have been in their graves and the snow their winding-shroud.

"Hack's ready, sir." This from the porter, rubbing his eyes and stumbling along with my luggage.

Into the hack again—same hack; it had been driven under the shed, making a night of it, too—my trunk with a red band outside with the driver, my fur overcoat and grip inside with me.

There is nothing princely, now, about this coat; you wouldn't be specially proud of it if you could see it—just a plain fur overcoat—an old friend really—and still is. On cold nights I put it next to the frozen side of the car when I am lying in my berth. Often it covers my bed when the thermometer has dropped to zero and below, and I am sleeping with my window up. It has had experiences, too, this fur coat; a boy went home in it once with a broken leg and his little sister rode with