Only Former Department Commanders Favored For Positions Of Highest Office.

**CIVIL WAR VETS** 

**DETROIT RECEIVES** 

Detroit, Mich .- Special-All Detroit shook hands with white-haired heroes of the civil war. More than 5,000 members of the Grand Army of the Republic and affiliated organizations had reached the city when the 48th annual encampment was officially opened this forenoon. Every train, boat and interurban car arriving in Detroit car-ried scores of old soldiers and their wives and daughters. It was stated at G. A. R. headquarters that 30,000 dele-

gates would be here by tomorrow. Today was devoted to committee meetings at the headquarters of the G. A. R. and several of the associated bodies. The committee worked in ex-ecutive sessions "to get the conven-tion decks cleared for action," as a veteran expressed it. It was hoped to complete the routine work today, so the committee members would be able to join their comrades and wives to-morrow on boat rides.

## Meet Tomorrow.

The first public meeting will be held in the Light Guard armory tomorrow night, when the veterans will be wel-comed by Governor Ferral and other comed by Governor Ferr and other citizens of Michigan. Several re-sponses will be made by the com-manders of the various orders, includ-ig Washington Gardner, of Albion, commander in chief of the G. A. R. Prominent Grand Army officers have commented pleasantly on the arrange-ments for receiving the wearers of the blue. Boy scouts, who have played no particular part "on the receiving line," have won much praise. They form the veterans' needy guard. Several per-sons have been mentioned as prospec-tive candidates to succeed Washington Gardner as commander in chief. No veteran can hold the office two sea-sons in succession, and sentiment has not favored the election of a man who has not been a department commander.

hot favored the election of a man who has not been a department commander. The following post commanders are said to be in the race: C. W. Blodgett, Ohio; David J. Pal-mer, Iowa; O. A. Somers, Indiana; Frank O. Cole, New Jersey; P. H. Coney, Kansas, and Thomas H. How-ard, Oklohoma.

UTAH SANITARY CONTEST.

The cities and towns of Utah are en The cities and towns of Utah are en-gaged in a contest of a new kind. The struggle is to earn prizes for sanitation and cleanliness. The prizes are drink-ing fountains and bronze tablets. Fifty-three towns were formally entered by their mayors. The scoring began on August 17, and when it has been com-pleted the prizes will be awarded. The cities and towns are divided ac-cording to population into five groups

cording to population into five groups and there is a prize in each group. grouping is as follows:

Class A -10,000 and over. Class B -5,000 to 10,000, Class C -3,000 to 5,000. Class D -750 to 3,000. Class E -750 to 3,000.

The score card is as follows:

dition of streets, parks and alleys 10-General appearance of homes, barns, barnyards 11-Lawns and flower gardens..... 12-Vacant lots A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews Author The Perfect Tribute. etc. Copyright, The Bobbs-Merrill Compary,

## CHAPTER XXXIII-(Continued).

Mademoiselle sent a fair sheet of voice sank and she whispered the next paper with a few unsteady scratches words over the dark head bent on her across it, and sat down to live over hands-"and to have loved them. But cover hands—"and to have loved them. But But don't bother. I shall—get over it."

across it, and sat down to live over night, a hard business at times. But it was accomplished. The colonel had ridden to Norfolk for the day—had Francois known of that, one wonders? Lucy, waiting in that small stately study with the dim portraits and the wide vague view acros the fields of the largest giver beard the gray hoof beats wide vague view acros the fields of the James river, heard the gay hoof beats of Aquarelle pound down the gravel under the window, hear Francois' deep gentle voice as he gave the horse to Sambo, and waited one minutes more, the hardest minute of all. Then the door had opened and he stood there— the miracle, as it seems at such mo-ments to a woman, possibly to a man— if all the gifts and qualities worth lov-ing.

The light on the thick bronzed hair with its dramatic white lock, the diag-onal of fresh color across the dark face, the wonderful brilliant eyes, the strong the wonderful brilliant eyes, the strong leanness of his hands-there was some-thing in each detail, as the two gazed at each other in a short slience, which caught at Lucy's soul. That he was short, and so unlike all the men she had admired before, was somehow an added charm. The compact light figure seemed worth 100 big hulks of men. The injured arm in its sling gave her a pang of tenderness, a thrill of eag-erness to do anything, everything for him. A tumult of these thoughts and a thousand others beat about her as Francois stood grave, alert, in the doora thousand others beat about her as Francois stood grave, alert, in the door-way. Then he had made his precise bow, and she had hear his voice say-ing gently, "Good morning, Madem-olselle," and the door was closed; and they were alone together. In a flash she felt that it could not be endured, that she must escape. She rose hast-ily.

ily. "Tm sorry I must go; I can not

But Francisco had laughed and ta-

But Francisco had laughed and ta-ken her hand and was holding it with a tender force which thrilled her. He understood. She knew he understood the shame and fear of a woman who has given love unasked; she was safe in his hands; she knew that. With a sigh she left her fingers rest in his and sat down again and waited. "Dear Mademoiselle Lucy," said the deep kind voice, "my first friend in Virginia, my comrade, my little scholar-"

 Name
<l been lifted out of his poverty-bound life with such large kindliness that no bound which held him to that poor, yet dear life had been broken; who had been left all the love of his first home and yet been given a home and a train-ing and an education which so this and yet been given a home and a train-ing and an education which set him ready for any career; he told of the big-souled, blunt, Napoleonic officer, the seigneur; of the gray, red-roofed castle, with its four round towers; of handsome silent Pietro, and of the un-failing long kindness of them. Then his voice lowered, holding the girl's hand still, he told her of Alixe, of the fairy child who had met him on that day of his first visit and had brought him to her father, the seigneur. He described a little the playmate of his childhood, fearless, boyish in her in-trepid courage, yet always exquisitely a girl. He told of the long summet vacations of the three as they grew up, and the rides in the Jura valley, and of and the rides in the Jura valley, and of that last ride when he knew that he was to go to Italy next morning, and of how he had faced the seigneur and told him that he loud hid doubted of how he had faced the seigneur and told him that he loved his daughter and had given her up then, instantly, for loyalty to him and to Pietro. And then he told her of the peasant boy in Riders' Hollow in the gray morning light after the night of his escape-and how, by hand on the bridle and seat in the saddle, and at last by the long curl of the black lashes he had known the peasant boy for Alixe. Lucy Hampton, listening, was so thrilled with this romance of a life-long love that she could stience her long love that she could silence her aching heart and her aching pride and could be—with a painful sick effort— but yet could be, utterly generous. There is no midway in such a case be-tween online actions tween entire selfishness and entire unselfishness. The young southern girl wounded, shamed, cruelly hurt in vanity and in love, was able to choose the larger way, and taking it, left that sharp joy of renunciation which is as keen and difficult to breathe and as swart in the herathing as the air of a sweet in the breathing as the air of a mountain-top. Trembling, she put her little hand on Francois' hands.

The liquid tones choked a bit that and Francois lifted his 1 on head that and Francois lifted his head quickly and his eyes flamed at her. "Of course you will, my dear little girl, my brave mademoiselle. It is not as you think; it is not serious, mon amie. It is only that your soul is full of kind-ness and enthusiasm and eagerness to stand by the unlucky. I am alone and expatriated; I have had a little of misfortune and you are sorry for me expatriated; I have had a little of misfortune and you are sorry for me. It is that. Ah, I know. I am very old and wise, me. It would never do," he went on. "The noblesse of Vir-ginia would rise in a revolution if it should be that the princess of Roa-noke house gave her heart to a French peasant. I am come to be a man of knowledge"—and he shook his head with as worldly wise an expression as with as worldly wise an expression as if one of Guido Reni's dark angels with as worldly wise an expression as if one of Guido Reni's dark angels should talk politics. He went on again, smiling a little, an air of daring in his manner. "Moreover, Mademoiselle Miss Lucy, there is a fairy prince who awaits only the smallest sign from you."

you." Lucy smiled. "No," she said. And then, "a fairy prince—in Virginia?" "Ah, yes, Mademoiselle Miss Lucy. Of the true noblesse, that one. A fine, big, handsome prince, the right sort." "Who?" demanded Lucy, smiling still.

still 'Of such a right sort indeed that it

"Of such a right sort indeed that it is no matter—ah, no, but perhaps just the thing to make one love him more, that he is lame." "Harry!" Lucy's smile faded. "But yes, indeed, mon amle," and Francols patted the little hand with his big one. "Henry, indeed, Henry, who is waiting to kill me for love of you; Henry, the best, truest fellow, the manliest bravest fellow. Who rides like Henry? Who is respected by the old men, the great men, for his knowledge and his thinking and his state-craft almost-like Henry? Who has such a great heart and brain and such fearless course as Henry?"

his days it had happened so with this child of a French village. So that when the day came at last when he stood once more on the deck i of the Lovely Lucy, loaded with her cargo of tobacco for foreign ports, Francols feit as if he were leaving home and family. The long green carpet of the rolling lawn of Roanoke was crowded with people come to tell him good-by. All of his soldier boys were there, the lads trained by him, or to die for him. Lucy and Harry stood together, and the servants were gathered to do him honor, and people had ridden from all over the county for the farewell. His eyes dimmed with tears of gratefulness, he watched them I as the gangplank was drawn up and the sails caught the wind and the ship swung slowly out into he streamthe room.

swung slowly out into he stream-"Come back again-come back again" they called from the shore.

Francols heard the deep tones of the lads and the rich voices of the negroes and he knew that some there could not speak, even as he could not. So he waved his hat silently, and the ship moved faster and the faces on the lawn seemed smaller, farther away, and yet he heard those following voices calling to him, more faintly:

"Come back again-oh, come again!" bacl

with that the negroes And had And with that the negroes had broken into a melody, and the ship moved on to the wild sweet music. Way down upon de S'wanee Ribber, the negroes sang, and the ship was at the turn of the river. The stately walls of Roanoke House, the green slope crowded with figures of his friends, the sparking water-front—the current had swept away all of the picture and

crowded with figures of his friends, the sparking water-front—the current had swept away all of the picture and he could only hear that wailing music of the negroes' voices, lower, more fit-ful; and now it was gone. He had left Virginia; he was on his way to friends. And for all his joy of going, he was heavy hearted for the leaving. The weeks went slowly at sea, but after a while he had landed, was in France, was at Vicques. He had seen his mother, with her hair whitened by those years of his prison life—a happy woman now, full of business and re-sponsibility, yet always with a rapt look in her face as of one who lived in a deep inner quiet. He had talked long with his prosperous father and slipped into his old place among his brothers and sisters, utterly refusing to be made a stranger or a great man. And over and over again he had told the story of his capture and the story of his escape and the story for the count von Gersdor's great fancy for the song which they all knew: "De tous cote's I' on dis que je suis bete; Cela se peut! Et cependant j'en ris." Family, old friends who sathered to

bete; Cela se peut! Et cependant j'en ris." Family, old friends who gathered to see the little Francois Beaupre who had gone so far from his village, all these hummed the song with him as he came to that part of his tale, and then roared with laughter as he told over again how he had written it on the note left for the governor, the night of his escape. That was distinctly the best part of the chronicle of Francois, to the taste of the Jura peasants.

stretched hands in return. Though all his days it had happened so with this child of a French village. So that when the day came at last when he stood once more on the deck of the Lovely Lucy, loaded with her cargo of tobacco for foreign ports, Francols feit as if he were leaving home and family. The long green carpet of the rolling lawn of Roanoke was crowded with people come to tell

"Francois," Pietro began in his direct fashion, "I think you must go back to Virginia."

to Virginia." Francois regarded him with startled eyes, saying nothing. There was a chill and an ache in his heart at the thought of yet another parting. Pietro went on. "I have a letter from Harry Hampton. The place needs you; the people want you; and Harry and Miss Hampton say they will not be married unless you come to be best man at the wedding," Francois smiled. Pietro went on again. More-over, boy, Francois-you are not

smiled. Pietro went on again. More-over, boy, Francois—you are not doing well here. You are too are not doing well here. You are too useful; they want to use you con-stantly and you are ready; but you are not fit. You must get away for an-other year or two. Then you will be well and perhaps by then the prince will have real work for you. And you must have strength for that time. Your mother says I am right." With that his mother stood in the doorway, regarding him with her calm eyes, and regarding him with her calm eyes, and nodded to Pietro's words. So it came about that Francois went back shortly

to Virginia. On the day before he went he sat in the garden of the chateau with Alixe, on the stone seat by the sun dial where they had sat years before when the general had seen him kiss the girl's "Alixe," said Francois, "I am going to the end of the world." "Not for the first time," Alixe ans-wardd chearfully.

vered cheerfully. "Perhaps for the last," Francois threw back dramatically. It is hard to have one's best-beloved discount one's tragedies. And Alixe laughed and lift-ed a long stem of a spring flower which she held in her hand, and brushed his forehead delicately with the distant ip of it. "Smooth out the wrinkles, do not

frown; do not look solemn; you always come back, Monsieur the Bad Penny; you will this time. Do not be melo-dramatic, Francois."

Francois, listening to these same sen-

Francois, listening to these sane sen-timents, was hurt, and not at all in-spired with cheerfulness. "Alixe," he said—and knew that he should not say it—"there is something I have wanted all my life—all my life." "Is there?" inquired Alixe in com-monplace tones. "A horse, par ex-emple?" He caught her hand, disre-garded her tone; his voice was full of passion and pleading. "Do not be heartless and cold today, Alixe, dear Alixe. I am going so far, and my very soul is torn with leaving you-all." It takes no more than a syllable, an

reclaim that insulted sword. He wrote on, finished the letter to the exiled king, his father, a gloomy and lonley old man whom the son did not forget through the year spent away from

Then he drew out a fresh sheet of paper, and his faint smile gleamed; for the thought of this adherent in Vir-

for the thought of this adherent in Vir-ginia was pleasant to him. "Chevaller Francois Beaupre," he headed the letter, and began below, "My friend and Marshal of Some Day." He considered a moment and wrote quickly as if the words boiled to the pen. "The baton awaits you. Come. I make an expedition within three months, and I need you and your faith in me. Our stars must shine together to give full light. So, mon ami, join me here at the earliest, that the emper-or's words may come true. Louis Bonaparte."

A knock at the door and a man en-Louis Bonaparte." A knock at the door and a man en-tered, a man who seemed sure of his right in the room, who moved about the prince as if he were a bit of per-sonal belonging, an extra arm or leg ready to slip into place. The prince looked up affectionately at the valet de place who had been his mother's serv-ant, who recalled boyish days in Switzerland; who had managed escapes and disguises in the youthful exciting times of the Italian insurrection, the dangerous journey from Ancona; who even now, under Thelin, was getting to-gether uniforms and equipments, was casting buttons of the Fortieth regi-ment for the great event that was in the atr.

ment for the great event that was in the air. "Fritz, here are letters to mail." He pushed them toward the man; then, as the last slipped from under his hand, he curved his fingers about it. "Be careful of this one, Fritz," he said. "It ought to bring me the brightness of my star." my star.

ought to bring me the brightness of my star." Across the water, Virginia, two years had made few changes. On the June daye when the prince's letter lay in the postoffice of Norfolk the last of the roses were showering pink and red over the gardens in a sudden breeze. The leaves of the trees that arched the road that led to Roanoke House were sappy green, just lately fully spread, and glorious with freshness. Their shadows, dancing on the white pike, were sharp cut against the brightness. And through the light pierced cave of shadé a man traveled on horseback from one plantation to another, a man who rode as a Virginian rides, yet with a military air for all that. He patted the beast's neck with a soothing word, and smiled as Aquarelle plunged at the waving of a bough, at a fox that ran across the road. But if an observer had been there he might have seen that the man's thought was not with horse or journey. Francois Beaupre, rid-ing out to give a French lesson to Miss Hampton at Roanoke house, as he had been doing for four years, all uncon-scious as he was of the letter waiting for him at the moment in Norfolk, was thinking of the vent to come to which that letter called him. Down the velvet that swept from house to river at Roanoke house, by

which that letter called him. Down the velvet that swept from house to river at Roanoke house, by the brick wall which stretched an arm against the waters—a dark arm jew-eled with green of vines and white of marble statues—there was a rustio summer house. It was furnished with chairs and a rustic table and here on this June day the lady of the manor elected to study the French language. The Chevalier Beaupre was taken here on his arrival. Branches of trees whispered and waved; afternoon shad-ows ran sliently forward and sliently withdrew across the lawn; the James river flowed by. river flowed by.

The two good friends bent together over the rough table, and the James river, silently slipping past, sang in a liquid undertone. And the time went fast in the pleasant lights and shad-ows of the place and shortly it was two hours that the French lesson had been going on. been going on

(Continued next week.)

Florida and Georgia together con-tributed 97 per cent of the quantity and value of the fuller's earth marketed in 1913.

On the Trail. Just around the corner Adventure lies,

The scheme was devised by J. H.

Kirkham, of the Utah Farmer and sec-retary of the Utah Development league. He went with it to Governor Spry and Dr. Beatty of the state board of health. The three counseled together on the plan, worked out the score card, and brought the contest to the attention of the more and essection of

Just, worked out the score card, and brought the contest to the attention of the mayor and association of commerce of each town in the state. In order to get results in a town, the people of the town are divided into two cleanup armies—the red and the blue. Each has a general, who maps out the work and directs the effort. A prize is given by the commerce body to the army doing the best work. Each war-rior wears a clean city button, red or blue, as the case may be. In the city hall a large map of the city is placed. Whenever the commit-te reports any man as having excel-lently kept premises a star is placed on this man's location on the map. The effort to get a star for one's home is one of the best influences of the con-test.

test.

The scoring will be done by inspect-ors from the state board of health, and the prizes, based on these reports, will be given by the committee meeting at the state capitol. For weeks the people of Utah have

been having clean up meetings of every sort. The churches have done their part. The papers have carried columns of news and editorial matter. In an excellent editorial the Deseret Evening News even the towne are meridine not News says the towns are working not so much for the prizes offered as they are for honor of being known as the cleanest towns in the state. The Utah Development league has set a good ex-ample for organizations in other states.

FEE SPLITTING.

## Against Public Policy For Physicians To Split.

To Spit. From the West Publishing Co. Docket. Where a person requiring a surgical op-ration is treated by the family physician, and the operation is performed by another physician assisted by the family physi-dan, can the latter act as agent for both parties and draw pay from both parties without the knowledge of the patient? The without the knowledge of the patient? The parties and draw pay from both parties without the knowledge of the patient? The parties and draw pay from both parties without the knowledge of the patient? The parties and draw pay from both parties without the knowledge of the patient? The parties and draw pay from both parties that any tacit understanding or agree-ment between the two doctors for di-vision of fees would be against public policy and void, and that the patient, in an action by the operating physician for has charged an unreasonable sum for his services in order to divide the fees with the family physician.

# Education and Eugenic Progress.

Education and Eugenic Progress. From the Atlantic. It is a well known fact that the educated classes, represented by such professions as wayers, clergymen, doctors, and produce the shiftiers, whereas the feeble minded, the shiftiers, and the imprudent usually have a birth rate far above the average. Graduates from our colleges and universi-ties have as a general rule scarcely near children to perpetuate their fami-ties the average number of children of the graduates of Harvard is less than we the record of Yale is no improve-ment; and the showing of various other colleges and universities is but little better.

"I see," she said, and her voice shook and she smiled misily, but very kindly, "You could not love any one but that beautiful Alixe. I-I would not have you.

And Francois bent hastily, with tears in his eyes, and kissed the warm little hands. The uncertain sliding voice went on.

I am not-ashamed-that I said 1 am not-ashamed-that I said that-to you. I would not have said it--not for worlds. I--though you were killed. I--don't know what I said. But I am not ashamed. I am glad that I-am enough of a person to have known-the finest things-and"-her

others." But the time came, six months after his return, when Francols must be sent to visit the officers of certain regi-ments thought to be secretly Bonapart-ist; when only he, it was believed, could get into touch with them and tell them enough and not too much of the plans of the party, and find out where they stood and how much one might count on them. So, against the general's wish, Francols went off on a political mission. It proved more complicated than had seemed probable; he was gone a long time; he had to travel and endure ex-hausting experiences for which he was out pose, unconscious—a look no Amer-ican could ever have worn. "And, volla, mademoiselle, my little scholar will always stand next to and close to them." He bent over her hand and hausting experiences for which he was not yet fit. So that when he came home to Vicques, two months later, he them." He bent over her hand and his lips touched it long and tenderly. "Is it right between us, mon amie? Are we friends always? It is indeed so for life with me." was white and transparent and ill. And there were some of the mysterious men at the chateau to meet him, delighted,

And little Lucy felt a healing pace settling on her bruised feelings and heard herself saying generous words of friendship which healed also as she pitlless. Delighted with the work he had done, with his daring and finesse and success, without pity for his weakspoke them. Then "I must find that savage boy

Henry, and beseech him to spare my life," spoke Francois at last. "My life is of more value today, that it possesses a sure friend in Mademoiselle Lucy," he said and smiled radiantly. And

share the hard and smiled radiantly. And was gone. Lucy, to her astonishment, felt light-hearted, felt as if moved into a large, clear, sunshiny atmosphere out of the stormy unrest which had lately held her. Also she found herself thinking over the astonishing things which Francois had said of her cousin Harry. It would seem indeed as if the undying love for the Chevalier Beaupre which had possessed her yesterday might, after all, have been a very which had possessed her yesterday more than he could do to resist that terpation at times. And at times if which had possessed her yesterday might, after all, have been a very which had possessed her yesterday might after all, have been a very which had possessed her yesterday it might have been. Such things happen. Lucy Hampton, level-headed as well as warm-hearted, began to see in an unphrased way, even as soon as her knight had left her, that it might be so with her. And, with that thought came the thought of Harry. "He said-that Harry loved met self. And the broken hearted one was smiling. "CHAPTER XXXIV. "CHAPTER XXXIV. " Wonce More Ar HOME. "In fewer words, with less told, Fran-cois' straightforwardness motamor-phosed the angry lad Harry Hampton into a follower more devoted than he into a follower more devoted than he

In fewer words, with less told, Fran-cois' straightforwardness metamor-phosed the angry lad Harry Hampton into a follower more devoted than he had been even in the first flush of en-thusiasm for his rescued prisoner. Again the boy dogged his footsteps and adorned him frankly. And Francois, enchanted to be friends again with his friend, wondered at the goodness and general like a mirror; that if one looks into it with a smile and a cordial hand held out one meets smiles and out-

downcast misery of poor Francois' face. And then the same cruel, wise angel turned his attention to Francois. "If she thinks that, let her," whispered the perverse one. "Let it go at that; say yes."

and Francois lifted mournful eyes and repeated, "That you should love Pietro-yes-that is what I have wished for all my life."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### SUMMOND

and success, without pity for his weak-ness, begging him to go at once on another mission. The general was firm as to that; his boy should not be hounded; he should stay at home in the quiet old chateau and get well. But the boy was restless; a fever of enthu-siasm was on him and he wanted to do On the morning of May 9, 1840, the sun shone gaily in London. It filtered in intricate patterns through the cur-tins which shaded the upper windows of a house in Carlton gardens, and the brooze lifted the lace, and sunlight and breeze together touched the bent head of a young may who sat at a writing siasm was on him and he wanted to do more and yet more for the Prince's work.

of a young man who sat at a writing table. A lock of hair had escaped on his forehead and the air touched it, lifted it, as if to say "Behold the Napoleonic curl! uncle!" See how he is like his

But the pen ran busfly, regardless of the garrulous breeze; there was much to do for a hard working prince who found time to be the hero of ball-rooms, the center of a London season, and yet could manipulate his agents throughout the garrisons of France, and plan and execute a revolution. It throughout the garrisons of France, and plan and execute a revolution. It was the year when the body of Napoleon the first was brought from St. Helena to Paris, and Louis Bona-parte had resolved, in that steady mind which never lost its grip on the reason of being of his existence, that with the ashes of the emperor his family should come back to France. For months the network had been spread, was tighten-ing, and now the memory which held its friendships securely always, took thought of a Frenchman living in Vir-ginia. As soon as his letter was fin-inshed to his father—the pen flew across the lines: the lines: "The sword of Austerlitz must not b

in an enemy's hands," he wrote to his father. "It must stay where it may again be lifted in the day of danger for the glory of France." His letters were apt to be slightly oratorical; it was moreover the fashion of the day to write so.

There on yonder hilltop Romance waits, Lure of war and passion In her dreaming eyes; Where one almost sees them Are the sister fates!

Over far horizons Youth would go Out of distant skylines Calls the dream; Unknown lands entice us, Dullness here we know-Over happy valleys Magic glories stream.

Just around the corner Just around the corner Love invites; Down the sunlit roadway Youth must roam. Youth must ever follow, Questing for its rights. Paths that lead around the world, And straight back home! —Chicago Daily Newn.

FRENCH HERO OF '70 COMMANDS BRIGADE



General Paul Par

General Paul Pau is one of the eleven members of the French mili-tary board of strategy and is a hero of the Franco-Prusian war of 1870. where he lost his right arm. He is now in active command of one of the French brigades.