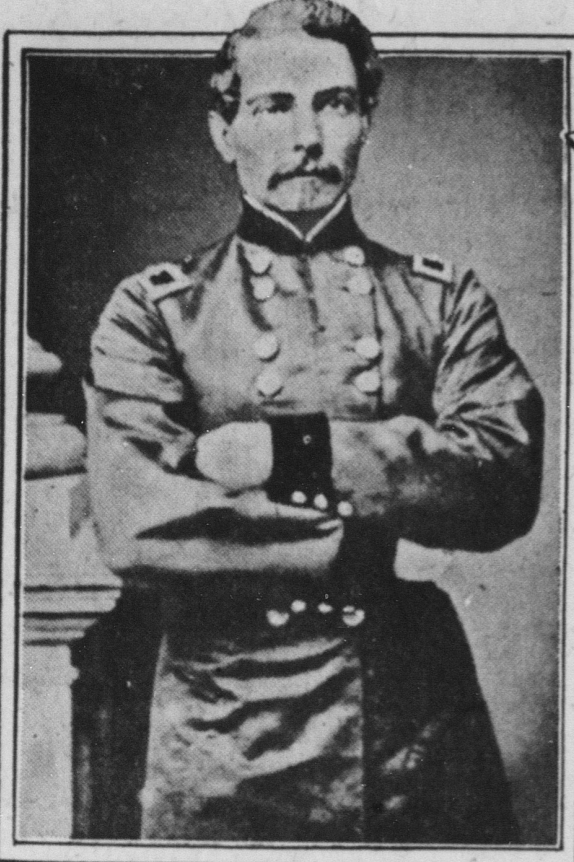


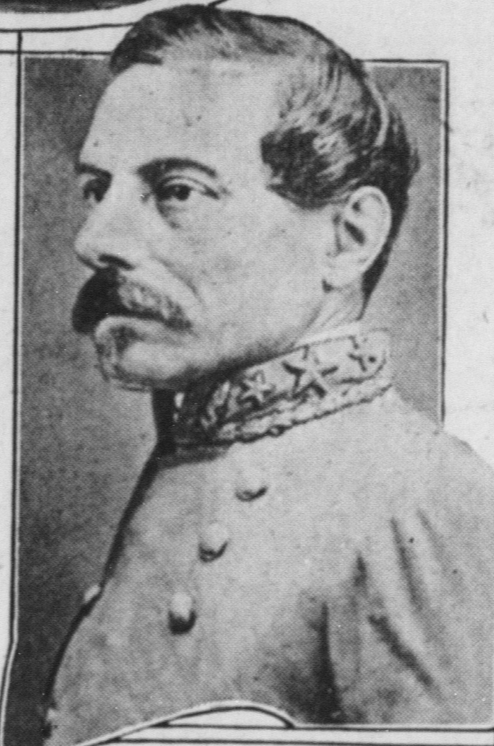
A Lost Soldier of a Lost Cause



Beauregard's Headquarters in Charleston



Laure Villere Beauregard



Beauregard after Shiloh

The Great Creole

(All pictures from Basso's "Beauregard, The Great Creole," courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons.)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

HE ORDERED the firing on Fort Sumter and thus furnished the spark which set off the mighty conflagration of the greatest civil war in history. But this "kindest military engagement in history, conducted with the utmost good nature, almost tenderness, on both sides—a pleasant curtain-raiser which gave no hint of the grimness to follow" was hailed as a great victory and he became the idol of a new nation, the Confederate States of America.

The Confederate congress, in behalf of the new nation, voted him a resolution of thanks. The general assembly of South Carolina, the scene of his great "victory," did the same. Citizens of his native New Orleans raised funds to buy a golden sword for him. His admirers in Montgomery, Ala., the Confederate capital, decided to buy him a new horse and present it to him upon his next visit there. He received more than 250 letters of congratulation and the manuscripts of five poems written to him.

Then he was ordered to Richmond to confer with President Jefferson Davis and his progress north was a triumphal procession with cheering crowds and blaring bands at every railroad junction. Wherever he appeared, the crowds demanded a speech. Arriving in Richmond, he "was hustled and shoved and kissed and had to stand with a scarlet, embarrassed face while a spindly maiden of forty, to whom forty made no difference, snipped a button from his coat."

Three months later two uniformed mobs fought a battle near Manassas or Bull Run in Virginia. The uniformed mob which had marched south, many of them carrying lengths of rope "to lead a Rebel prisoner back to Washington," went back toward that city in a panic-stricken rout almost unparalleled in history. The uniformed mob which had marched north, each man confident of his ability to "whip five Yankees before breakfast," experienced unexpected difficulties in whipping two. But theirs was the victory, anyway, and after that another extravaganza of hero worship.

In the South they began naming children after him. There was talk of making him President of the Confederate States of America. He had to keep an extra supply of coat buttons in his tent—they snipped them off so fast.

As you have probably already guessed, the object of all this frenzy was Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, a general in the Confederate army in 1861.

"But," you say, "if he was such a great hero then, why do we hear so little of him now?" To find the answer to that question, turn to a new biography which has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is "Beauregard, The Great Creole," written by Hamilton Basso, who has set about the task of rescuing from obscurity the man once hailed as "one of the greatest military figures in history."

In the prologue to his biography, Mr. Basso says: "Occasionally, in the text-books we came across his name. But it is only rarely, and then with a scant line or two they are done with him. 'He has fallen into obscurity,' even in the South where once he was loved and honored as much as Lee. And so, in writing of him, it has interested me to seek an explanation of his neglect and effacement. The fault, I believe, and the blame (if there is any blame) is that of the traditionalists and the myth-makers—all the Happy Galahads of the Picturesque."

Mr. Basso then points out that in 1865 when the Civil war ended, a defeated people returned to the daily routine of peace-time life, a changed life in which "they had no present and, so far as they could see, no future. All that was left inviolate was the past." And the prostrate South clung desperately to its memories of the beauty, the chivalry and the romance that had been in the past.

In the years that followed, myths and legends began to spring up to form the parts of the "plantation or Southern tradition" and a part of that tradition was that of the Civil war general. "Here, fortunately, the myth-makers were not called upon to exercise their creative ingenuity to any great extent. Their hero was already made. His name was Robert Edward Lee. Lee, then, became the legendary hero. He was the model the others must measure up to. A few Southern generals, notably Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Jeb Stuart, bore many points of resemblance to Lee. The tradition, therefore, could incorporate them into its dogma."

But Beauregard could not be so included. For one thing, he and Lee were totally unlike in every respect. Then, too, Beauregard was a Frenchman and the tradition is essentially Anglo-Saxon. Add to this the bitter antagonism that sprang up between President Jefferson

Davis and Beauregard early in the war. More than one historian has pointed out how Davis suffered from the delusion that he was a great military strategist and he would brook no interference with his strategy of waging a defensive war and trying to defend every part of the far-flung empire of the South.

In contrast to this attitude was Beauregard's desire for a concentration of the Confederate forces in the vitally important places and the waging of a smashing offensive war which would decide the issue as quickly as possible.

One of the most interesting "ifs" of the Civil war is what might have happened if this Creole, reared in the Napoleonic tradition, had been given a free hand from the outset. There is no doubt that he had in him the makings of a great soldier but he seems always to have just missed success—whether because of his own shortcomings or because of circumstances over which he had no control, it is difficult to say.

Beauregard was born on a plantation in Louisiana just 115 years ago—May 28, 1818—when that state was still more French than American. From the first he had a passion for guns, for horses, for everything military. So when he was sent to school in New York, conducted by the brothers, Peugnet, two ex-captains of Napoleon, and listened to their tales of the great campaigns in which they had fought under the Little Corporal, this passion was only intensified.

The natural result was an appointment to the United States Military academy at West Point in 1834. One of his instructors there was a Kentuckian named Robert Anderson. A little over a quarter of a century later the former student was to order his soldiers to open fire on the fort defended by the former instructor but he was not present when the fort was surrendered. "It would be an unhonorable thing," he declared, "to be present at the humiliation of his friend."

In 1838 Beauregard was graduated from West Point, second in a class of 45. One of his classmates was named Irvin McDowell. And 23 years later Irvin McDowell and Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard were to be commanders of the opposing forces when Bull Run creek in Virginia received its bloody baptism.

After graduation Beauregard, a lieutenant in the engineers corps, first helped in the construction of Fort Adams in Rhode Island. Then he was sent to take charge of an engineering project at Baratavia bay. So he came back to his own Creole country. There he met and fell in love with the lovely Laure Villere and when they were married two of the most distinguished families in Louisiana were united.

Then came the Mexican war and during that conflict he was twice brevetted for gallant and meritorious service, first as a captain, for his gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, and again as a major for bravery in the battle of Chaultepec. He returned to New Orleans as a local hero and was presented with a golden sword. But the years which followed were dull and uneventful ones and Beauregard was rapidly slipping into obscurity.

Then by pulling certain wires he succeeded in getting himself appointed as commandant at West Point. This was two days after Lincoln's election in 1860 and when it seemed certain that Louisiana would secede from the Union. On his way to New York Beauregard stopped off in Washington to explain to his superior officers that should Louisiana withdraw from the Union he must follow his state. The result was that he was superintendent at West Point for only five days, when he was ordered back to Louisiana, thus establishing a record for brevity in the time which any officer held that post.

Louisiana seceded and Beauregard, the engineer, who had prepared and presented a comprehensive program for the defense of the Mississippi river passage was called to Montgomery for a special meeting with Provisional President Jefferson Davis. "He kissed his wife good-by

and said he would be gone a fortnight. He was gone four years."

During those four years he rose to the height of his military ambition and sank to the depths. Within a short time after Manassas he was definitely "in bad" with Davis and the secretary of war, Benjamin. He was sent to the Department of the West as second in command to Albert Sidney Johnston. At the Battle of Shiloh Johnston and the command devolved upon Beauregard. But with certain victory in sight, when he could have annihilated Grant's army, he ordered the fighting stopped. He retreated to Corinth leaving Grant in possession.

After Shiloh the whisperings against Beauregard began. There began to be doubts as to the greatness of the hero of Sumter and the victor of Manassas. But he did score a victory of sorts in his skillful evacuation of Corinth when Halleck might have crushed him. Despite this fact, he was relieved of his command and succeeded by Gen. Braxton Bragg, one of Davis' "pets."

The illness which had troubled him since the beginning of the war made a long leave of absence necessary and after he had somewhat regained his health he was placed in command at Charleston again. There he successfully resisted a Federal attack aimed at this "breeding place of secession." In 1864 he was serving under Lee in resisting the sledge hammer strokes of Grant around Richmond. At Petersburg he beat off an attack which saved Richmond for nine more months. A year later, after Lee had surrendered, there was a dramatic meeting between Davis and Beauregard. Davis was pleading for a continuance of the war. But Beauregard and Gen. Joseph Johnston told him plainly that it was no use to struggle longer against the inevitable.

So Johnston surrendered to Sherman and the war was over. With only \$1.15 in his pocket Beauregard started back to Louisiana. In New Orleans he found himself still a hero to his people. But in the years that followed the hero-worship, even in Louisiana, faded. There was the matter of the Louisiana lottery, the gambling scheme which was so bitterly assailed as a menace to the morals and character of the nation. Its directors needed the association of some man whose greatness of name would lend character and dignity to the lottery and certify to the fairness of the drawings.

Finally they got such names, two of them. One was Gen. Jubal A. Early and the other was Gen. Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard. "The South was astonished, a little shocked . . . and made apologies for her distinguished sons. . . . But though it apologized for him and tried to forget his association with the octopus, it never really forgave him. It was not the thing for a Civil war general to do."

Came the 1890s. The Civil war was becoming a dim memory. Most of the great figures in it were dead. Only a few lingered on, among them the Great Creole. In his seventy-fifth year the old illness assailed him. "He felt as if knives were sticking in his throat; he could feel the pulse of fever behind his eyes. Sometimes, in the evening, his officers would come to his quarters to cheer him up. The fire leaped and roared, and those who liked whisky had a nip or two, and Stuart sang in his great booming voice. . . . Perhaps, as he went up the stairs, the echo of Stuart's song went softly into his darkened room, perhaps the dark was poignant with the ghosts of men in weathered gray. And perhaps as he fell asleep, there was the past again, and the days of golden glory, when his name was a banner in the Southern sun. Or perhaps there was nothing . . . only quiet and the ceasing of his heart and the peaceful coming of the end."

(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

Good Taste Today

By EMILY POST
Author of "Etiquette, the Blue Book of Social Usage," "The Personality of a House," Etc.

THE "COMING OUT" OF A DEBUTANTE

In other days a "coming out party" was not only of vital importance to the debutante for whom it was given, and to her own friends but of interest to society as a whole, which went to the ball or to the coming-out tea and made its decision as to the debutante's social qualifications. To put horse shows and dog shows, country fairs and debuts in the same category is perhaps destroying to illusion, but it is not at all far from the truth.

A dance, instead of a ball, would include only the intimate friends of the hostess, all the season's debutantes and younger dancing men. This would mean that the daughter is "presented" only to her mother's best friends, to whom she is obviously well known, and to the girls of her own age.

In other days the social success of a debutante depended to a great degree upon the approval of dowager hostesses who invited her to their dinners and to sit in their opera boxes. If they did not approve they left her more or less marooned. Today, this power of the dowagers does not exist. The debutante who is liked by other debutantes is invited everywhere. Even the mothers of the debutantes (let alone the detached dowagers) have little or nothing to say about the invitations of the youngest generations.

Normally, then, let us say that the modern debutante is still brought out occasionally at a ball, more often a dance, and most often at a tea—either with dancing or without. Or perhaps the debutante is not "introduced" at all. Perhaps she herself gives a dance, to which she invites none but her own personal friends, both girls and boys. Or perhaps she gives a theater party with supper afterwards, or perhaps she gives a dinner at little tables. There is no limit to the type of entertainment to be given and no exaction as to the number of invitations. Or let us suppose that her mother wants to introduce her formally without giving a party at all! Nothing could be simpler, or more conveniently proper! She need merely have the daughter's name engraved beneath her own on an ordinary visiting card, and send this card in a small envelope, which fits it, to her entire visiting list.

At all events, no matter what the party may be, the debutante receives with her mother, who stands nearest the door, and the debutante close beside her. No one else stands in line. Her best friends who are asked to "receive" are merely expected to wear light-colored dresses and no hats in the afternoon. At an evening dance there is no way of distinguishing those who "receive" from any of the other guests. (At an ordinary tea those who "pour" or in any way aid the hostess, wear hats. A debutante tea is the only exception.) On the other hand, it is best that all rules of convention be qualified by those of local custom. Meaning merely that under usual circumstances it is better to do as your neighbors do, than to attempt conspicuous innovations because they happen to be the fashion in Paris, or London, or New York—unless the innovation adds to ease or to beauty.

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Stainless Steel Teeth Is Latest Dental Idea

Some people carry little gold mines in their mouths. Now that gold has reached a prohibitive price, however, dentists have been seeking some inventive genius who could find or make a reliable substitute. Gold was used because of its malleable, rustless, and practically indestructible qualities, and to find another metal with these characteristics seemed a forlorn hope, notes a writer in London Tit-Bits.

Necessity has again mothered invention, and a British inventor has designed an electric welder which makes stainless steel lie down and behave itself, just as easily and readily as gold. Steel dentures are now the fashion, and are better, cheaper, and stronger than gold.

The dental mechanic takes an ingeniously designed pair of pliers, holds the parts to be welded between the electrodes of the pliers, turns on the juice, and electricity does the trick to perfection. Thus the problem of making a hard metal act like a soft one is solved, and in future your teeth should cost less and last longer.

COYOTES A MENACE

Coyotes in the upper reaches of the Cascade mountains are becoming more and more wolf-like every year, says Boyd Hildebrand, Okanogan, Wash., widely known coyote and cougar hunter. He asserts that the coyotes, driven high into the mountains by man's encroachment on their domain, are traveling in packs. Their depredations will result in a 25 per cent decrease of the deer fawn crop this year. Hildebrand urges employment of competent hunters to eradicate the coyotes.

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