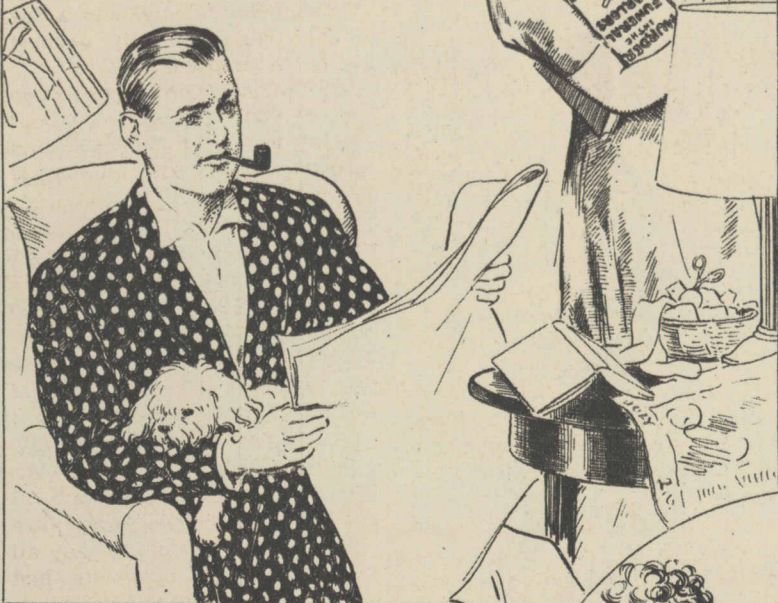


SIX MONTHS MARRIED

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By
W. E. Hill

"They want us for dinner on Thursday. What shall I say? I said we both had colds the last time." This couple have got in a terrible rut, and stay home night after night. Their friends are outraged:



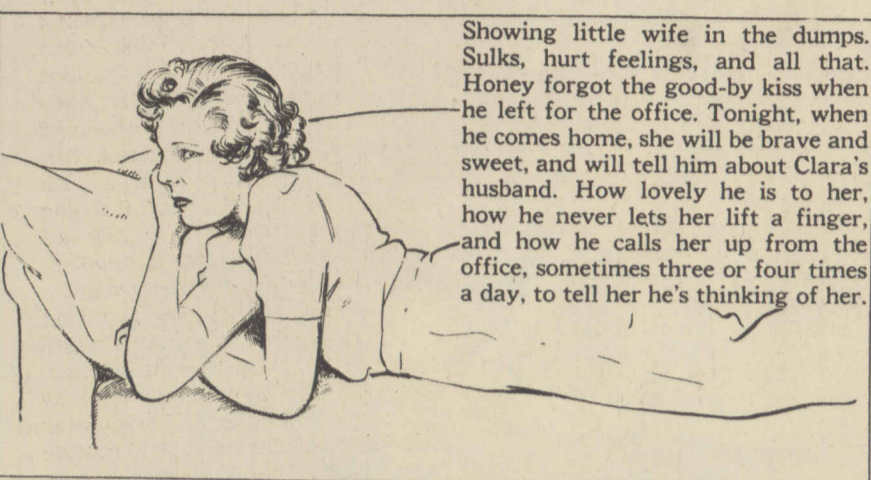
The nagger. Has found a lot of things to improve in her husband in the past six months. Plans to make him completely over.



This little wife of six months and no more is beginning to notice her husband's irritating habits. It's all she can do to keep from screaming out loud when he makes that awful crunching noise (with toast), when he leaves his bridgework in the bathroom, or when he turns the radio on full blast when she wants to talk.



Ethel married an artist and, after six brief months of wedded bliss, she has that disheveled look that artists' wives so often get. They grow to look more and more like their husbands' work, that's why.



Showing little wife in the dumps. Sulks, hurt feelings, and all that. Honey forgot the good-by kiss when he left for the office. Tonight, when he comes home, she will be brave and sweet, and will tell him about Clara's husband. How lovely he is to her, how he never lets her lift a finger, and how he calls her up from the office, sometimes three or four times a day, to tell her he's thinking of her.

The Heroic Lafayette

Their Lives Saved by America

(Continued from page one.)

the age of 14, he had inherited the fortune of his grandfather, the Marquis de la Riviere, and almost immediately the Duc d'Ayen bespoke him for a son-in-law. The duc had five daughters; Adrienne was the second. Had it not been for the objections of the Duchesse d'Ayen the duc and the marquis' great-grandfather would have married the 14-year-old boy and the 12-year-old girl at once. She said that they were too young, and her counsels prevailed. The wedding was delayed for two years. They were, however, happily married with all the pomp that their high estate required in April, 1774.

Adrienne's first child, a girl who was christened Henriette, was born toward the end of 1775.

Lafayette was a member of the king's bodyguard when late in 1776 he began making plans to go to America and help the colonists throw off the British yoke. He had become imbued with the new liberal ideas that were sweeping the salons, and neither the orders of the young King Louis nor the pleas of his relatives halted him. Evading the king's *lettre de cachet*, he sailed in the summer of 1777 in a vessel fitted out at his own expense. Dodging English ships

people. Marie Antoinette did not like his democratic notions.

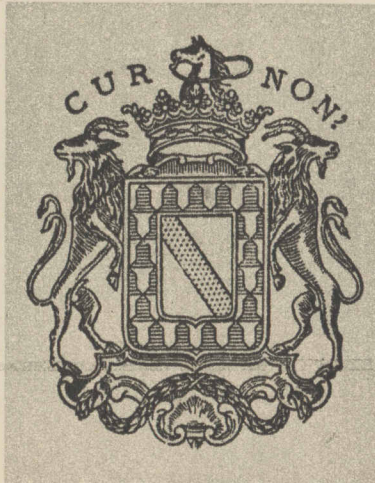
Undisturbed, Lafayette was a member of the states general in 1789. In the same year he was elected vice president of the national assembly, to which he presented a declaration of rights based on the American Declaration of Independence.

High in the favor of the early fathers of the revolution, he was made colonel general of the newly formed national guard on July 15, the day after the fall of the Bastille. As commander he struggled, not always successfully, to preserve order. Neither the king, who was being pushed along by the popular tide, nor the revolutionaries kept faith.

The weak Louis broke his pledge to Lafayette and attempted to flee across the border. If the royal family had not been captured at Varennes and returned to Paris the marquis might have been slain. He already was too moderate for the extremists who wished to be rid of all royalty—and the Jacobins, the most extreme of all, were getting the upper hand. It was extremely difficult to protect the stupid king, who conspired with the nobility who had fled and with the other powers of Europe for an invasion of France.

Lafayette's attempt to save the freedom and the life of Louis XVI. was to have tragic consequences. He was in command of an army sent to battle the invading Austrians when on Aug. 19, 1792, the assembly, which was dominated by Jacobins, declared him a traitor to his country. He was marked for death, and to avoid it he fled across the Belgian border and took refuge in Liège.

He was a man without a country. He was almost a man without a party. The Jacobins hated him because he was too near to royalty. The French emigrés, the kings of all Europe, feared him as a revolutionary. In violation of accepted international law, the allied forces of the kings seized him and threw him into prison. It was to be five long years before he would be a free man again.



Lafayette's coat of arms.

sent to capture him, he landed safely in South Carolina.

His services to America are too well known to retell here. It is enough to say that no other foreigner, and few Americans, did so much to make the revolution a success. He fought bravely. He was wounded at Brandywine; he commanded brilliantly in the Virginia campaign that ended with the surrender of Cornwallis; he gave unstintingly of his private means to help congress and his great and true friend, George Washington. He became the most popular figure in France, the idol of America.

While he was away the faithful Adrienne, who had fallen deeply in love with the husband chosen for her by her father, waited in the Hôtel de Noailles for him. Her second daughter, Anastasie, was born a few months after Lafayette left France the first time; she filled the place made vacant by the death of Henriette. Early in 1779 the marquis went back to France on a diplomatic mission, and in December of that year a son, given the proud name George Washington de Lafayette, was born. Another daughter, Virginie, arrived in 1783.

The ancien régime still lived when Lafayette's American career was over. At 26 he had attained all the fame, all the honor that mortal man could ask. He was wealthy. He had half a dozen estates; Chavaniac, in Auvergne, his birthplace, was the one dearest to him. His wealth, despite the cost of his overseas adventure, was ample.

But Lafayette was driven by ideas. He wanted political liberty everywhere in the world; he wanted a France in which every Frenchman, regardless of birth or wealth, would have the same rights a free-born American enjoyed. That was why he helped bring on the French revolution.

France had made him a major general. The commission was revoked in 1788. He had been too outspoken in favor of the



General Pershing at the grave of Lafayette in Picpus cemetery, Paris. Behind the grill is the burial plot of 1,306 guillotine victims of the Terror. (Chicago Historical Society photos.)

to kill her, along with the rest of the incarcerated nobles. How, then, did she escape? To historians there is but one explanation—the pleas of Morris and his successor, James Monroe (later President of the United States).

France then was at war with most of the European powers. Representatives of other nations were so disgusted by the brutalities of the Terror that they left Paris. Foreign trade was drying up, and the United States was France's best customer. The American diplomats boldly informed the committee of public safety that "every American is a Fayetteist" and that the killing of the wife of the hero would bring on a great wave of anti-French feeling.

At least her execution was delayed. Then suddenly the Reign of Terror was over. Less than a week after the three courageous women of the Noailles clan mounted the scaffold Robespierre was guillotined. France was sick of bloodshed.

Mme. de Lafayette was not released at once. The committee sent a hater of aristocracy, Legendre, to Plessis to decide which prisoners should be freed.

When she announced her name, because a kindly usher dared not pronounce it, the interrogator became abusive. He cursed Lafayette and all connected with him.

"I am ready at all times," declared the marquise, "to defend my husband and my name."

"Insolent!" cried Legendre, and sent her back to her cell.

Monroe and other friends visited her there. They continued their efforts in her behalf, and in January, 1795, Legendre relented and granted the brave woman her freedom.

Ill, all but broken by the hardships of her long confinement, "la femme Lafayette" conceived a project more quixotic than any her husband had ever dreamed. It is one of history's marvels that she could carry it out.

She began by obtaining a passport for her son George, now 15 years old, and starting him under the care of a tutor for America. With him George carried a letter to President Washington, beginning, "Monsieur, to you I send my son." The old friend of his father welcomed him, advised him as to his studies, and entertained him hospitably at Mount Vernon.

Then Mme. de Lafayette begged another passport for herself and her daughters and went to Dunkirk. But instead of emigrating to America she took ship to Prussia and in a few days (in September, 1795) she was in Altona, where a little colony of French emigrés had settled, among them her sister Pauline.

All were astonished when she disclosed her determination to take her daughters with her into Austria and if it were humanly possible to join Lafayette in his cell and live there with him until his release—or his death.

She went to the American consul at Hamburg and got a fresh passport, made out to

Mme. Motier of Hartford, Conn., and her children. This was no idle fiction. Connecticut was one of the American states that had naturalized the Lafayettes. With the precious document she set out.

By this time Lafayette's whereabouts were known. He had been confined for a time in Prussian prisons, at times in dank dungeons. Then he had been transferred to Austria, where the Emperor Francis thrust him into the fortress of Olmutz, gave him a number, and decreed that all who knew the identity of the prisoner should forget it.

He was harshly treated. His two good friends, De la Tour-Maubourg and Pury, were also at Olmutz, but were not allowed to see each other. Their quarters were unsanitary, they were not allowed to write their friends in the world outside, they were forbidden the use of knives and forks—for fear they would commit suicide.

We can only gloss over the story of how a Prussian liberal, Justus Erich Bollman, found out where Lafayette was and with the assistance of a young American, Francis Huger, cooked up a plot for his escape. Toward the end of 1794 they put this plot to the test. They got Lafayette out, free of his guards, and set him on a horse. But unfortunately the marquis lost his way and was recaptured.

Thereafter things were worse for Lafayette. He was kept in solitary confinement, forbidden to talk to his guards, and deprived of all exercise.

Mme. de Lafayette knew this. It spurred her on. In Vienna she used diplomacy to obtain an audience with the emperor, and, strangely enough, he consented to let her go to the prison on condition that she would obey all the regulations, and assured her she would be delighted with her husband's treatment.

On Oct. 24, 1795, she came in sight of the towers of Olmutz, and wept.

For nearly two years the four of them lived in Olmutz. For the womenfolk the régime was as harsh as for Lafayette. Pestilential vapors from an open sewer floated through their windows. Soldiers were punished in the courtyard and they could hear the horrid strokes of the whip. They could not leave their quarters; like the male prisoners, they were forced to eat all their food with their fingers—and it was unsightly, unsanitary food of bad quality, although they paid for it themselves.

And so time passed. Came 1797, and Napoleon, with French armies, swept through Italy. Austria was whipped, and the Corsican, instructed by the directory in Paris, made Lafayette's release a condition of peace.

For nearly two years the Lafayettes settled in Prussia. When the ambitious Napoleon seized supreme power they returned to France. There Lafayette lived temporarily the life of a country gentleman.

Mme. de Lafayette rejoiced. The eight years that followed were the happiest of her life.

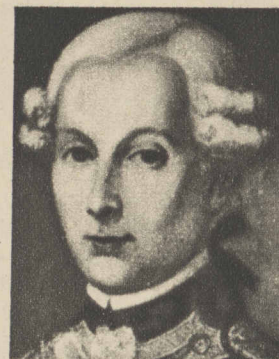
Shortly before her death in 1807 she remarked that she was glad her daughters were happily married.

"But," she told her husband, "I could not assure them such happiness as I have had. Only the power of God could do such a thing again. You are incomparable!"

Lafayette lived through another twenty-seven years, crowded with action. An old man, he returned to America in 1824, traveled 4,000 miles through a series of ovations, and was presented by congress with \$200,000 and 24,000 acres of land. He wished that Adrienne could have been with him then.

And when he came to die on May 20, 1834, his last gesture was to kiss a little locket containing a lock of her hair and engraved with her last words: "Je suis toutes à vous" (I am all yours).

She, too, had been incomparable.



Lafayette at 20.