

MANY CELEBRATIONS IN PARIS AFTER PEACE

Rolfson Describes Parades and Celebrations Greater Than on Armistice Day

(Continued from last week)

Then, again, another day of great importance took place the following Sunday, November 17, Alsace-Lorraine Day, and that day equalled if it did not outdo Armistice Day. It would be hard for me to describe it, and conditions were practically a repetition of what I have described as occurring on Armistice Day. Of course it was a little different, too; it happened on a Sunday and it happened to be a beautiful day for such an occasion, and I moved on up to the "Place de la Concorde" which is an immense and beautiful square with its stately fountains, basins, monuments, etc., and an ideal location for a celebration, and even though it seemed large enough to hold several hundred thousand of people, including the streets and avenues running off of it, it was not able to contain the crowds which came, and the result was the breaking up of the parade which was to take place, on account of the police being unable to hold the crowds back and leaving space enough for a parade. However, I happened to be located quite near the reviewing stand occupied by the French president, President Poincaré, and when the crowd kept coming from behind and the line broke just at the beginning of the parade, it soon landed me within about 30 or 40 feet of the French president and I got a fine look at him; he happened to be just an ordinary looking person, and if you have seen his picture anywhere, he looks just like the picture, or the picture perhaps looks more like him. He is a very fine looking chubby little fellow and I guess is a typical Frenchman, coming, so I understand, from the Alsace-Lorraine country.

Another thing which added to the excitement on this day was perhaps three or four dozen aeroplanes of several different kinds, pulling off every stunt imaginable up in the air above us; some coming dreadfully close to the ground; others flying in all manner of curves; some going very, very high and dropping in cork-screw fashion, etc. Included among them, so they say, were some very prominent American ones, and also the French ace and wonder, Lieut. Fonk, who brought down the greatest number of enemy planes to his credit, so far as known, sixty-two officially accounted for within the French lines, and no one, of course, knows how many others. His machine happened to be No. 13, and we all watched him pretty closely; he was so good with his tricks.

It was getting near 3:30 when the crowds seemed to be getting thicker and thicker in the "Place de la Concorde" and as I knew there would be no parade and nothing especially interesting to stay there to see, except "human beings," I decided I would head the other way and go on towards the Madeleine, a very large and beautiful Catholic church. I supposed it would be easy to turn and go directly from the "Place de la Concorde" up the "Rue Royale" or "Street Royal" directly to the church mentioned, but I had to follow the crowd and I did manage to stay on the "Rue Royale" and a "jam" worse than the one of which I spoke in the earlier part of my letter; I struggled, so to speak, in the crowd for one hour going about four or five American blocks; there were just too many people for the space and they were just packed in there like sardines and everyone frantic to get out and struggling, and I saw more than one pitiful sight again of old and young folks being crushed and helpless. They say there were a great many casualties on this afternoon, and I did not get as far as the Madeleine; I managed to squeeze out and get into a little side street which was a little better, but not much. I soon moved on around and struck the boulevard further down and moved on towards the "Y" and went to get me a little supper a little later on; the crowds were larger than on Armistice Day now on the boulevards, so I turned in early. I felt like my previous experiences were enough, and I surely was glad to have the opportunity to lie down and take a good rest. On this evening people confined themselves to doing a lot of dancing, too, on the streets; here and there would be a violinist with a bunch of 100 or 200 folks dancing; another place would be a fellow playing an accordion, another place a mandolin, and so on everywhere; and still they were also marching and parading up and down the streets, and with all of your celebrations over there, which I understand outdid anything in history, I doubt whether you had anything to compare with the carry-in on that took place over here. And so it was; I could go on and tell you a lot more but it would be a big story, too big in fact. There were thousands of little things happened that one could not tell about in a letter, owing to taking up too much space, and, too, a lot of things one did not see. Of course every evening since, it seems, there have been little jollifications and impromptu dances, etc., which can be laid to the effect of the signing of the armistice.

Then along came Thanksgiving Day. King Edward of England was here. It was a rainy dismal day and I didn't make any special effort to see him except towards evening I did try to see the two sons of the king; princes they are, but on account of the crowd and rain, I did not stay long to wait for them; they were to be at the British Soldiers' and Sailors' Leave Club at 4 p. m., which is in the Republic Square, but I walked on up to the "Y" as I was going to get in on their Thanksgiving dinner which was to be served at 5:30 and I had my reservation made for that time, and I can say,

too, I had a real turkey dinner, but without the usual cranberry sauce which we hear so much about and always expect back in that good old U. S. A. The dinner was very nice, and I had my second piece of pie in France, a piece of apple pie à la mode, which could almost be put in a thimble. It was simply an aggravation, but we are thankful for small favors over here, you know.

I must tell you that the other occasion on which I received a piece of pie in France was on Halloween night. At the "Y" they gave a Halloween party with the usual black cats, lighted pumpkins, etc., with the weird-looking fortune tellers, and I had a real, honest-to-goodness piece of pumpkin pie; also a couple of cheese sandwiches, and a cup of coffee. The boys all appreciated this, from the way they acted, and you know I did, even if I "wan't" crazy about pie" back in the U. S. A.

Thanksgiving Day fell on November 28, and the following week the king of Belgium was here with his wife and a daughter, she being called a princess. The people here declared the usual holiday and of course a great many people were lined up along the route where they were to go but it happened that I was as busy as usual on that day and did not feel disposed to ask to be away from the office, and it was the usual "king" weather, raining, raining, and some more rain, but this does not seem to affect Parisians in the least, and they were out in great numbers, so I was informed.

Now the next, a very great and important event, took place on Saturday, the 14th day of December, 1918—called in France, "President Wilson Day", and it was a wonderful day—a day never to be forgotten and while I am going to give you a few little details regarding that day from my observations, I couldn't do it justice either; that would be a difficult thing to do; it would be hard for anyone to describe the reception which was given "Our President", and he must have been a proud man, and his wife, and also daughter Margaret must have been just as proud as he was, to have such a demonstration take place in his honor. I know every American, and there were thousands of them who saw him, was proud of our president, the feeling of brotherhood that exists between the two nations and peoples as a whole.

To begin with, the day before indicated some nice weather in store for us; we all had hoped it would be and often said it would be so long as President Wilson was coming "to town", but it clouded up in the afternoon of the day before, but the next morning, when I awoke and looked out of my window about 15 minutes to 7, indications were the clouds were breaking away, it was warm and the feeling was that it was going to be a grand and glorious day. I got ready, and at 8 a. m. I left the "Y", went down and got a bite to eat, and went to the "tube" station, and on up to the "Etoile" (meaning Star) station; this is where the Arch of Triumph is located and is a wonderful monument erected a good many hundred years ago. I came out of the "tube" station, there to find an immense throng of people, but I headed on down the "Avenue Bois du Boulogne" as I had noticed in the paper the day before that all militarized civilian employees, such as the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., K. of C., Red Cross, including ourselves, had been assigned a place down on this avenue. I walked on down the avenue, which was lined with people, at 8:30 in the morning, immense crowds, and getting down near the entrance to the "Bois du Boulogne" which is a big wood as the Parisians call it, but I call it a beautiful city park; I found the place and I was early enough to be in the front row right back of a little "blue devil" or French Chasseur who was one of many thousands of the French soldiers lining the way and keeping the people back off the boulevard or drive to be taken by the distinguished personages soon to arrive. My location was also within a block of the pretty little stone building or railroad station which the president was to come thru, and where all of

the royalties come when they visit Paris, so our bunch were near the head of the parade. Well, we stood and visited with each other, different ones, with all the patience in the world, when at 10:20, the 75's (the famous French gun) began to boom; the Republic Guard Band (the French president's own) struck up the "Marseillaise" and cheers came up from the station, and we knew he was here. The procession was soon on its way up the boulevard and he soon passed in front of me and I had a very fine view of him, perhaps within fifteen or twenty feet; the president looked fine with his head bared, and always waving his silk hat in his right hand to the cheering crowd, and he looked very happy and pleased; the weather was warm, and it cleared off somewhat and it was an ideal day for the occasion. Mrs. Wilson was in the next carriage with Mme. Poincaré, the wife of the French president, also Margaret Wilson, the president's daughter, and another lady. I neglected to say that with President Wilson in his carriage was President Poincaré of France. Well, after Mrs. Wilson's carriage were some other distinguished folks, each carriage containing some person of President Wilson's party and some French official or officials; near the end of the parade came General Pershing, and he received a great ovation, especially from our soldier boys who were there by the thousands in the space which had been reserved for them. The parade was soon over, as it only consisted of these notes:—no soldiers marching; no bands—it evidently is some custom they have of not making it any sort of a military or musical demonstration. The same thing happened with the king of England, and the king of

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Office Opera House Block
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PUBLIC SALE

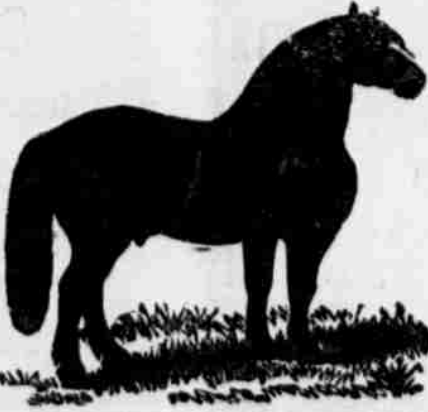
THE UNDERSIGNED ADMINISTRATORS OF THE ESTATE OF FRED L. CASE WILL SELL TO THE HIGHEST BIDDERS AT PUBLIC SALE ON THE CASE RANCH, 1½ MILES NORTH OF ANGORA, ON

Wednesday, Feb. 26, '19

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED PROPERTY:

230 - CATTLE - 230

Consisting of 90 head coming two-year-old steers; 50 head 1918 calves; 90 head cows and heifers, 2 to 6 years old; 2 white-face bulls.



28 - Head of Horses - 28

consisting of 1 registered Shire stallion, 4 years old; team mares, 9 years old, wt. 2600; team mares, 4 and 9 years old, wt. 2600; team geldings, 6 years old, wt. 3000; bay mare, 4 years old, wt. 1000; gray gelding, 4 years old, wt. 1000; black mare, 5 years old, wt. 900; bay saddle gelding, 8 years old, wt. 1100; saddle pony, wt. \$50; black mare, 3 years old, wt. 1150; 5 colts, 2 years old; 9 colts, 1 year old; 1 bay mare, wt. 1100.

Machinery and Miscellaneous Articles

One Peter Shuttler wagon; 1 hay rack; 3 sets good harness; 1 buggy; 2 good saddles; cultivator; grindstone; cream separator; new Ford car; set of veterinary tools; shot gun; binder; press drill; gang plow; sulky plow; 3-section harrow; 2 mowers; rake; Dane stacker; hay sweep; plows; cart, and many other articles belonging to a well-equipped ranch.

Sale Starts at 10:30

Free Lunch at Noon

TERMS OF SALE: All sums of \$25 and under, cash in hand; sums over \$25, a credit of six months will be given on approved bankable paper at 10 per cent; 3 per cent discount for cash; nothing to be removed from premises until settled for.

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BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if you head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin inside bathing. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your pharmacist a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish twinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly. ©