

THE AMERICAN BAR ABROAD

By W. M. Person

Everybody seems to drink, mostly beer and wine. Little heavy drinking of whisky and brandy as we saw in London and Edinburgh. We saw very few men between 25 and 40. They had all been destroyed in the war. A great many widows, that you could tell by their dress.

On Sunday morning the 3rd of August, we started for Fontainebleau, 37 miles south east of the city. Over a beautiful good road that has been in use since Caesar marched his legions over it about 2,000 years ago when he defeated the Parisii, whose mud huts covered the islands of the Seine where Paris now stands. One of the famous roads of Europe, hard surfaced, concrete parts built of granite blocks and cement. We passed through Brabiscou, once the home of Fontaine, who wrote Aesop's Fables. Passed the field, the scene of Millet's Angelus, one of the famous paintings of the world. Passed Essennes with radio towers 900 feet high that can send its messages to the uttermost parts of the world. We stopped at Millet's cottage and took lunch at the Stevenson Palais where he lived and wrote some of his books. We then passed through the forest of Fontainebleau, containing 40,500 acres and is still the forest primeval made famous by Victor Hugo in his *Misérables*. After passing through the town celebrated for its wines, we came to the Pleasure Palace of the Kings of France. An imposing structure, full of painting and relics that tell of the favorites of the Kings of Maintenon and Pompadour. We saw the table on which Maintenon signed the Revocation of the edict of Nantes, which began the persecution of the Protestants by the Catholics, which sent thousands of the Huguenots to our states to become leaders in the making of our country. Fontainebleau means the fountain of the Dog because one of the noblemen, hunting in the forest, got lost and almost famished, was led by a dog to a spring where his life was saved. When he built a lodge in the forest he called it Fontainebleau. We saw the lake, about two acres, and the feeding of the fish. When a piece of bread was thrown in about a hundred carp would make for it. Many of them were three feet long. We were told some of the fish were known to be three hundred years old. In the middle of this lake was a marble columned canopy, where Napoleon would go and do his work undisturbed. After seeing the many sights and relics of this wonderful palace, we returned by a different route to Paris. Then some of the finest crops I ever saw, with the farmers working, cutting the wheat and oats with reapers and binders and hauling it in two-wheeled wagons pulled by two horses, tandem style. Their grain fields looked like some I have seen in Alberta. As we were in the suburbs of the city we saw

the statue of Rouget de Lisle, the author of *Marseillaise*, the national air.

The next day we went to Cemetery la Chase which cover 200 acres filled with monuments and memorials to their dead. Here we saw the monument and grave of Adalina Patti and Oscar Wilde. No city of the dead can be more beautiful than this great God's acre.

We went to the Lourxe, a great building 450 by 438, containing the greatest collection of painting and sculpture in France. Here we can walk miles and miles in their halls, the walls of which are covered with the masterpieces of the past. Napoleon took and brought to Paris all the works of art that he could lay his hands on and we saw the collection captured in Spain.

I often thought what the Kaiser would have done had he captured Paris, how he would have transferred these treasures to the Halls of Hohenzollern. We were so impressed with the wonderful beauty of this great collection that we spent two days there, enjoying every moment.

Paris has the finest opera house in the world, costing \$5,000,000. We attended and heard Hugo's *Rigoletti*, with an orchestra of nearly a hundred pieces.

No visit would be complete without a visit to the Pantheon. It was first built and used as a church, then changed to a place of burial for the noted dead, then made a church again and on the death of Victor Hugo in 1885 made a Pantheon. Here are some of the finest statues and paintings in the world. One we noticed was the martyrdom of St. Denis, who tradition says when he was beheaded picked up his head and walked five miles with it in his arms. Dozens of paintings portraying events in the life of St. Genevieve the patron saint of Paris and many of Joan of Arc. The French do not intend that their great men and women shall be forgotten, they embalm their memories in marble, bronze and painting.

We visited the tomb of Napoleon. We shall never forget the awe created by this wonderful Mausoleum to that great man. The lid to his coffin is covered by a piece of Naples marble weighing 35 tons. When the sun is shining the reflection is in some way thrown around the chapel that holds his remains at all times of the day. There we saw the collection of battle flags captured by the French armies, about 900 of them. We passed through the courts of law and the room where Dreyfus was tried and convicted. The city is divided by the river Seine and is crossed by thirty bridges, many of them wide and imposing structures. The last place seen was the Trochero with the largest dome in the world facing the Eiffel tower.

This nearly ends our stay in the

great city, the wonder of the world. One might live here a year and then not have time to see all the interesting sights and views of the city. There is no city like Paris and no people like the French. Their national characteristics are different from the English speaking races. They have produced some of the greatest men of the world. Irreligious but cultured their generals, their statesmen, poets, writers, and thinkers stand in the front ranks. Their system of jurisprudence is well high perfect, with no rules of evidence, but everything is admitted, the presumption of guilt follows the defendant, the judge can prosecute in his charge, thus very few guilty escape and few innocent are convicted. Our visit to Notre Dame, the famous cathedral, reminiscent of Quasimodo, Hugo's bell ringer, with chapels dedicated to all the saints, were historical and interesting.

We saw the great war pictures, typifying the generals and leaders of the Allies, containing the paintings of 6,500 men in circular canvas nearly 1,000 feet in circumference.

One morning we took the train for Rheims, the city destroyed by the Germans, containing 40,000 houses, only twenty remained after the Germans finished. We saw the famous cathedral riddled by thousands of destructive shells, with its roof destroyed by fire. The Palais de Justice levelled. They are slowly rebuilding on the ruins with pretty stately buildings but it will take years and millions of treasure to replace. There is a wine cellar here eleven miles long with galleries, in which a great many took refuge during the bombardment. The city contained a population of 240,000 at the beginning of the war, now it has 40,000. We took a carhobanc here for the battlefields. We passed over a rebuilt road to Berry-au-Bac. Then a country literally desolated by the cruel crime of war—no houses except a few newly built, no living trees, few fields in cultivation. At Berry-au-Bac we walked over the battlefield, saw the wire entanglement standing as they were when the war ended. Saw the cemetery near Soissons where many of our boys are buried. Across the Marne we saw a stretch of country literally desolate and covered with trenches and barbed wire entanglements. We passed Pontenent, Bateureux, Oeilley. At Fismes we saw the ruins of a small city destroyed by the American troops, who then charged and drove the Germans out. We passed Cohen, Cantignes and Chamburg and Quentin Roosevelt's grave. Then visited the great battlefields of Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry. Saw the American cemetery there, in which 20,000 Americans were buried, though many of the bodies have been removed and shipped home. No one can see the wreck and ruin of the relentless hand of German savagery but what regrets that the armistice might have been postponed until Berlin could meet the fate of Rheims. We saw hundreds of houses destroyed for no reason except for the lust of war and destruction and the women and children turned loose to live or die as fate should decree. No one can see all this without becoming a believer in the League of Nations and Woodrow Wilson.

Near night we took the train for Paris. After spending a day shopping, we took the train next morning, August 7th, for Brussels, the capital of Belgium.

We saw many of the battlefields and trenches by the wayside on this trip. We saw no destruction by war in Belgium as the German armies captured it in the early part of the war.

Brussels might be called a miniature Paris in the beauty of its city and buildings. We arrived late in the evening and next day put in full time seeing the historical sights of the city. We visited the Palais de Justice, which is the second largest building in Europe. Here we saw the Supreme Court in session with nine judges all robed but without wigs. Heard a case argued—lawyer used French. I never saw a more distinguished court, dignified and every judge taking notes of the arguments. One made a very old man and one by a very young man. We visited the art galleries filled with paintings galore. Then to the cathedral. We were beginning to be fed up on cathedrals and old churches and we were getting tired of them. We saw the American Embassy on Brand Whitlock Avenue. Then saw the place where Edith Cavell and thirty-five men were shot by the Germans. She was placed in a chair to be shot when she fainted and was given twenty minutes to regain consciousness but the time expired and she was shot in that condition. One of the German soldiers refused to shoot a woman and was immediately placed in the chair and shot.

We then went to Weivitz's Museum, one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. He never sold or gave one of them away but 120 are just as he left them to the public institutions. Said to be the best and weirdest paintings in the world. We were struck with "Napoleon in Hell" portraying the great general wrapt in red flames whilst a woman held up her dead husband before him, "The Precipitate Inhumanity" of a man who was placed in his coffin alive breaking the lid and trying to escape, while "Hunger, Madness, Crime" was a famished woman who had cut off the leg of her child and placed it in a cooking vessel. In Brussels Gallery we were shown many of Rubens masterpieces, "The Dead Christ in the Lap of the Virgin," "These Holy Family," "Venus and Her Attendants" and many others. Among the great monuments we saw was the tomb of the unknown soldier, with huge lions on each side and a statue of Edith Cavell.

We went to the Kings Palace and enjoyed seeing the wonders of this great mansion. The Belgians are just the finest people we met on the continent, cultured and polite, lovers of Americans and American institutions. After two strenuous days took the

train for Amsterdam. En route, we passed several splendid cities, Rotterdam and Antwerp. The country was just one continuous panorama of improved farms, the best we saw in Europe. Amsterdam is a beautiful city of 700,000 population, capital of Holland, the race from which Roosevelt came. The Dutch are a wonderful people—the greatest workers in Europe. Here we saw a woman and a dog hitched to a dump cart pulling a heavy load. Amsterdam has 64 canals running through the city with 263 bridges. Fine public buildings, wide clean streets except in the Jew's quarter. We went through a diamond factory one of thirty seven in the city, where we saw the workmen cutting and polishing the sparkling gems. Also the lace factories where the finest lace in the world is made. These diamond and lace workers families have been doing the same work for ages. We were driven out several miles to the Kings Country Palace and through the halls and rooms that were open to the public, with a magnificent garden full of blooming flowers that rivaled Southern California.

We went through the Reijks Museum filled with the masterpieces of Rubens, Franz Hals, Ruysdael and many others. The painting of "Cimon and Pera" by Rubens attracted our attention. On Sunday morning we took a steamer that carried us through the heart of Holland on our way to Volendam where the noted Edam cheese is made. This was a very picturesque trip with a landscape dotted with windmills and thousands of the finest cattle in the world—all fat and stand in grass that covered the ground as far as the eye could see. The farms in many cases, are so far below the level of the sea that we could see the house tops only as we passed for several hours. About noon we arrived at Volendam and were shown the cheese factories, also the cheese that had been made from the mornings milk. Here we drank some of the buttermilk from which the cheese had been made that morning.

We saw the peasants with their quaint native costumes and wooden shoes which they wear winter and summer. We were now in the Zuyder Zee and after several miles, stopped at Marken, where we again saw the quaint natives and their costumes.

We returned to Amsterdam late in the evening and after dinner went over to the holiday section of the city where the whole city, it seems, gathers in the beer garden to sip their ale and wine. We went in a cabaret that covered at least an acre with thousands of well dressed people and two bands and stages for the dancers. Holland is the richest country in Europe. She was neutral in the World War and profited by feeding the Germans. They were sympathizers with their kinsmen. On Monday we left Amsterdam for the Hague, a great city on the borders of the North Sea with a population of 200,000 and where the great Peace Palace is located. We spent two days here seeing the sights and they were many. Went to the beach and saw thousands in the surf of the North Sea. Between the city and the beach are miles of forest that have never been cut or denuded. On the way to the Hague we passed hundreds of windmills. Every farm had one and sometimes several. They did all their grinding and pumped the water from the land to the canals.

The great Peace Palace will soon, I believe, become the Police Court of the world, where the differences and quarrels of the nation will be settled peaceably. Europe has realized that Sherman's definition of war is too true. After spending two pleasant days we took train for Antwerp, the last lap of our trip in Europe. Antwerp is in Belgium on the Schelt. It was captured by the Germans after a severe bombardment, one of which could still be seen.

Antwerp is one of the great shipping points. It has one of the most noted cathedrals in the world, in which Rubens "Ascension of Christ" is shown—said to be the most valuable painting on earth and is worth mil-

ions. At the beginning of the World War it was taken to England and hid in a recess of a tunnel where the trains would pass by every few minutes. After peace it was restored to the cathedral. The Belgians knew that the Germans would steal it and carry it to the Hall of Hohensoilern. On the 13th of August we boarded the Zeeland for our homeward trip back to the country where God lives after the most delightful experiences of our lives. Not only seeing all that Europe had to show us on account of the love she had for us for saving them from the Boches but because they knew we were from America, where liberty is exalted, and Democracy is enthroned. Long will we cherish and remember the charming friends and the acquaintances we met from all parts of the world, even from the Antipodes, Australia and Tasmania. But no language we heard sounded as sweet as our own Southern accent—no flag with the beauty and character of our stars and stripes. And as we steamed down the lovely Schelt with its miles and miles of shipping from every land and clime, and saw the evening sun slowly sink behind the waves of the North Sea we knew it was shining in our beloved country, where the oppressed in every land is yearning to come and enjoy the blessings in store for those who cease to be slaves to

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