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MISS HEATH CONTINUES HER MOST INTERESTING DIARY

After Spending a Day or So in Liverpool Misses Heath and Lee Continued Their Journey to London—Have Interesting Conversation With a "Sure Nuff" Southern Negro.

Dear Papa and Folks at Home:—Even though I am now across the Atlantic, here in England, I have not forgotten that to-day fifty-two years ago you came into the world and though it is too late to write a lengthy message, I wanted to begin it to-night, so as to wish that you may have many happy returns and that you will make all kinds of good resolutions and to say that you are constantly in my thoughts and prayers and I do trust that all will go well during my long absence from home, and as this letter will in all probability not reach you till about Christmas Eve, in the language of Nixon Waterman:

"Here's a greeting to you, Dad, Just to tell you for a Father, way back yonder: And the older that I grow Then the more I come to know That the ties which bind our lives are growing fonder."

Just as I was leaving the club house in New York, your letter came, and you may know that I left my native shores in better spirit, because of news from home—I am afraid that I just missed one from Mama, as I almost know one from her on the way, but hope it will be forwarded by the New York office and that all of you have sent letters on to me. I want you to write me often, not short notes, but real letters—when you get down to business, you can do it and I shall expect them.

To-night at the dock, I wish that you could have seen the demonstration of feeling on the part of all—the deafening yells for the returning English officers and soldiers, then they gave them in return—a general feeling of thanksgiving for a safe voyage, then a grand shaking of hands, and "good byes." We were met by Y. M. men and women who managed matters in a most efficient manner—none of our baggage to bother with—then a ride on the "Overhead" (elevated), then a ride on a "tram" (double-decked bus) to the Adelphi hotel which is the finest in England, so one of the English Majors told us. We enjoyed our dinner so much, as it had somewhat a different flavor to that served on the boat coming across. It being Sunday night, the hotel was crowded, and truly, you would have thought that you were in one of the magnificent hotels of New York as there were so many many American officers and it appears to be their headquarters. We were waiting outside the dining room when some of the Englishmen from the "Orontez" came up. They were most courteous, and even the Colonel himself was busy with having us soon seated—they became hosts in a way, and said that they were so well treated in America that they wanted to return some of the kindnesses shown them. Before we could get anything to eat, we had to sign a card stating our purpose for being there and that we hadn't had meat in that hotel before that meal. Dessert is sugarless and all drinks too. Fruit is too expensive to serve. After dinner, we all came out into the lounge to hear the music and watch the women smoke! I saw only two or three men in the lounge in civilian clothes and they had wound chevrons on their sleeves and not but one man in the dining room except in uniform.

Monday November 25th.—I certainly did enjoy the soft downy bed and pillows last night and would have enjoyed them longer had I known I would be staying here all day. We were told last evening to be ready to leave to-day at two o'clock, so hoping to have a peep at Liverpool we got up real early, and just after breakfast were advised that we would here till to-morrow some time, so we spent the morning in the museum, in the public square walking around then had lunch at the Y. M. C. A. canteen, there we talked with some happy soldiers and sailors who were here on their way home. We hurried back to the hotel to be informed that we would leave here at eleven to-morrow, and could do as we pleased during the afternoon—at Knotty Ashe, a suburb, is one of the biggest American camps—"Rest Camps", so we decided that we would like to see it. The car ride was through an interesting residence section, and we gathered a fair idea of the homes and gardens these people have. We were graciously received at several of the huts by the men and women secretaries, but more so by the men themselves. This camp is brim full of American boys on their way home, and when many groups of them spied us, they yelled—"From God's Country." Many of them have never been to France, but seem anxious to be getting home. They asked many questions about New York and every where, and in each hut, one of the men called out the states we represented, and the boys responded seemingly so happy to talk with some one from their same State. On the car going out a soldier began talking who turned out to be from Virginia and he personally conducted the crowd. He seemed so glad to see we Southerners and I talked with

him quite a lot. In spite of the drizzly mist and black mud we enjoyed the trip immensely. After going to several huts, at most of which we were served hot cocoa and cakes, we went to one hospital, in which I discovered a negro from Charlotte and another typical "cotton patch" boy from "way down in Georgy," who said, "Yesm, I cum from Georgy and I ain't been no fudder dan here and I don't want to go no fudder—I would reether go back Souf to my old home"—at about this time, many negro soldiers began to congregate around me, one of whom was a very typical cold black greasy faced fellow with the whites of his eyes quite in evidence whose beautiful white teeth appeared like miniature tombstones, who at the first opportunity, gave me the old time bow and pulled off his cap and with a broad grin on his face said:

"Bless de Lord, dese white folks look like home—soon I laid my eyes on you I knowed you was from some where Souf, and to the question as to whether he too had been at the front, he promptly said: "No mam, thank God—we was all 'specting to be sent but got in good speretts soon as we heard that Uncle Sam had ordered many nigger regiments to the front lines and we knowed right den dat sumfin was guine to be doing and sho enough the Germans had to cum to de armistiss and since den, you know Miss, dat dere has been a secession of hosterilities and I am sho we will all be soon sent home." Knowing the negro as I do, I could have spent an hour very pleasantly with them but limited time would not admit.

In talking to some our own soldiers, they stated that it was very amusing to watch the native Englishman looking on and listening to our pure Southern negroes, in their drills, antics and imitable songs.

One soldier I talked to said that they had almost nothing to eat for a while and that he had known four or five boys to smoke alternately from one cigarette—think of it!

It seems that the American camps are to be cleared out in England as soon as possible and the camps to be turned over to England for her own troops use until demobilized. I was astonished and regret to know that the greatest degree of friendliness and brotherly feeling does not exist between the American and English soldiers. I am hoping that this is true only "Over Here," but as we were coming home we talked with two American officers, one of whom was from Edenton, North Carolina, the other from Easley, South Carolina, who was a graduate of the Citadel at Charleston, both were in the Thirtieth Division and at the front—the Lieutenant from South Carolina, said the American privates like the Australians and the Canadians best, but that he believes and hopes the unfriendliness of Americans and Britishers will all be overcome. These two men got up, took off their gloves and shook hands with me right in the car when they heard that I was from the "Sunny South." The Citadel graduate was wounded, a bayonet stab in the neck and just out of the hospital. He, too, said that they lost heavily when he was in the fight.

I have seen soldiers and soldiers every where, in fact almost every man is in some kind of uniform—so many of them are wearing pretty blue trousers and bright red ties—I made enquiry, and all Allied wounded while recuperating, wear that combination, which with a white shirt seems so patriotic with the red, white and blue in evidence.

I am tired and have a bad headache, so will get to bed early to-night.

Tuesday, November 26th.—We enjoyed our good soft beds again last night, for no telling what a contrasting type we may be sleeping in soon in France. We were only up in time to get our bags packed, have breakfast, pay bills and get to the station at eleven. In this hotel, all the employees are women and children with one or two exceptions—two unusual things, we had linen sheets and electrically wound clocks in every room—elevators everywhere—are called in England "lifts." Women conductresses on all cars. Another English expression "Enquiry," instead of our Information Bureau. In our rooms were instructions about pulling the curtains before turning on the lights, penalty for not observing same—"Exhibition of Lights" was their way of saying it.

We traveled like "elites" from Liverpool to London in first class Salon cars, in which there were only four compartments to a coach with chairs, one couch and tables just like a sitting room. It was grey and misty outside, and the smoke from the engine didn't rise quickly, consequently, practically all view of the country was obscured, yet at times we did get peeps at the thatched roofed houses and the beautiful green pastures with large numbers of grazing sheep. Everything is much greener here than at home this time of the year, saw many gardens with cabbage, etc., all looking as if they would be eatable. There were fifty nine girls and women on the train, so we spent some of the time getting acquainted.

Many came in on other steamers than ours and it reminded me of a class reunion to meet some whom I had met in New York City in the several conferences. One of the ladies said that we should be glad that we didn't leave New York City during the epidemic, for on several boats four or five "Y" girls died and were buried at sea, so I am beginning to think that all has happened for the best. We had lots of fun jumping (Continued on page eight.)

MR. J. I. HELMS DIES FROM INJURIES IN RUNAWAY

Suffered Fractured Skull and Internal Injuries Saturday Afternoon From Which He Died in Charlotte Hospital Sunday Morning—Funeral Service.

Mr. James I. Helms, who lived about seven miles west of Monroe, suffered a fractured skull, several crushed ribs and internal injuries in a runaway accident on south Hayne street Saturday afternoon from which he died in a Charlotte hospital about 1 o'clock Sunday morning, where he had been taken for treatment.

According to eye-witnesses, Mr. Helms was going south on Hayne street, in the rear of Sikes' stables when the two mules hitched to a buggy which he was driving became frightened at an automobile. Turning in their fright they plunged north down the street. Miss Jennie Belk, who was in the buggy with Mr. Helms, leaped from it and avoided injury. In some manner Mr. Helms was caught in one of the front wheels and beaten against the ground for several yards, suffering injuries as related above. He fell clear of the wheel in the rear of Sikes' shop, and the mules continued to run for about a block. As soon as possible Mr. Helms was carried to a Charlotte hospital, but the work of the surgeons was of no avail and he died about ten hours after sustaining the injuries.

Mr. Helms was about 42 years old. He is survived by his wife and three small children. His mother and three brothers, Messrs. S. A., D. A. and Coleman Helms, and one sister, Mrs. John Parker of Indian Trail also survive. He was an industrious man of good habits and a member of the Methodist church.

The body was prepared for burial in Charlotte and brought to Monroe on the early morning train. Funeral service and interment took place at Bethlehem church Sunday afternoon. Rev. M. A. Osborne, pastor of the deceased, conducted the service.

Delightful Dance.

One of the most enjoyable social events of the holiday season was the dance given last night in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce by the Cotillion Club complimentary to the young ladies of the city and their guests. The ball room was tastefully decorated in the patriotic colors combined with Christmas bells and long leaf pine. Sandwiches and delicious punch were served throughout the evening and Brown's Academy Orchestra from Charlotte furnished music for the occasion. Much of the success of the dance was due to the efforts of Messrs. Austin Cason, Clifford Goodwin and R. A. Morrow, Jr., who as a committee arranged all the details.

The young people dancing were: Misses Beatrice Fairley, Elizabeth Hudson, Hannah Blair, May Beasley, Octavia Houston, Sarah McNeely, Elizabeth Houston, Pat Ashcraft, Katherine Shute, Hazel Boyte, Annie Bernard Benson, Lucile Marsh, Dorothy Lee, Julia Fitzwater, Mary Douglass, Caroline Morrow, Claudia Sanders; Misses Beth Huntley, Mary Leak and Lee Ashcraft of Wadesboro; Misses Margaret Maxwell and Rogers Gibbon of Charlotte and guest Miss Lillian Matthews of Atlanta; Miss Laura Parsley of Charlotte; Miss Lucille Britton of Salisbury; Miss Caroline McCrae of Winston-Salem; Misses Margaret, Mary and Bess Spratt of Fort Mills, S. C., and Messrs. Chester Woodall, Dick Kendrick, Alex Walker, Bobby Griffith, Wm. Dowell, Walker Doon, Jack and Wesley Heath of Charlotte, Messrs. C. Davis, J. R. Coward, W. S. Chapman, R. S. Johnson, Chas. I. Ingram, Hugh Feuton, Wm. Johnson and Bill Dockery of Wadesboro; Mr. John Shaw of Greensboro; Hazel Morrow of Albemarle; Clyde Acton of Ft. Worth, Texas; Messrs. Walter Ayers, Sidi Stewart, Harry Coble, Olin Sikes, Julian Carpenter, Austin Cason, Clifford Goodwin, Eugene Lee, Victor Hamilton, John Douglass, Henry West, Anos Stack, Morehead Stack, R. A. Morrow, Jr., W. E. Cason, Jr., Darcey Hinde, Clarence Lee, Dewey English, Jack Olive, James Richardson, John Redwine, Joe McEwen, Robert Lee, Worth Nash, Francis Laney, Earl Hinson, Raeford Laney, Ray Shute, Worth Redwine, Sikes Sanders, and Mr. Ellis Lackey of Hamlet.

Chaperoning were Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Propst of Concord, Mrs. R. L. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Caldwell, Mrs. D. A. Houston, Mrs. F. G. Henderson, Mrs. Stafford Wolfe and Mrs. Estelle Stewart.

A New Weapon.

(Youth's Companion.)

We have all of us known performers who could make of the piano a terrible instrument of torture. The following extract from the London Daily Mail seems to prove that it can be used in warfare to break down the stoutest defense:

"After the fight at Ville-sur-Ancres last Sunday two Australians had been playing a piano in a cottage there for twenty minutes when a cellar flap opened and a German sergeant-major came out and surrendered with ten men."

Had Nothing on His Wife.

He had just been having a "scene" at home when Jones met him. Said Jones:

"Did you read about that inventor who says that only five grains of his explosive can blow up all Berlin?"

"No," he replied, "but my wife can beat him."

PRIVATE JOHN BEASLEY IS WITH ARMY OF OCCUPATION

Has Quit the Road Building as the 56th Pioneers Are Now Hiking Into Germany—Boys Are Delighted to Be a Part of the Occupation Army.

"It is my glorious privilege to be a member of the American Army of Occupation," says Private John Beasley in a letter dated November 29th.

Prior to the signing of the armistice the 56th Pioneers were engaged in building roads through a devastated section of France, but are now on the road to Berlin.

It was Private Beasley's intention to continue his column of Sketches in The Journal, but on account of the scarcity of paper and mail conditions this has been impossible. However Journal subscribers may look forward to a real story of the Great War, for on his return John will have remarkable experiences to relate. The following extract is taken from a letter written September 25th:

"Imagine yourself in a dimly lighted 'Y' hut, filled with eager-eyed, khaki-clad lads, listening to a fellow picking a rag-time tune on a piano and you will have a fair picture of how I am spending the evening. If, however, the picture is too illuminating, remember that the soldier's life is not by any means occupied with 'Y' huts, music and musings. From dawn to dark the members of the American Expeditionary Force are put through a severe course of training and by 'rest time' in the evening they are rightly in the humor, and in need of the entertainment that the Y. M. C. A. offers. In this connection let me urge upon you the necessity of supporting the coming Y. M. C. A. campaign. Their work means so much to the soldiers that one is justified in asserting that without its aid there could be no war—at least no victory.

Four thousand miles from home—and in France! In these times of stirring events, when precedents and records of long years' standing are broken each day, this statement makes little impression upon those at home, but to the boys over here it seems larger than the distance from the equator to the rubicon. If you marvel at the exploits of the Americans on the front you could understand if you only knew how eager we all are to get back to the States. We all know that the quickest way home is through the German lines.

"A railway journey through part of France is full of interest even if accompanied with numerous discomforts. Troops, you know, ride in freight cars. A French freight car is about half the size of an American car, and the old-time hoboes, if any of the species exist around home, would be surprised to learn that 32 soldiers ride in a car! On the boat trip over I heard a sailor who had succumbed to the appeal of the navy poster, exclaim: 'Seeing the world through a port hole!' Well might I add: 'Seeing France through a freight car door.'

"French cities lack the American hustle and spirit. The people seem to have concluded about fifty years ago that they had done their best, and have since refused to respond to the lure of progress. In the rural districts, one is surprised to find, France leads. The roads of France, despite having suffered for lack of repairs for four years, are ideal. In fact, I haven't seed a bad road yet."

The following letter was written November 29th. Fathers and mothers who have sons in this organization will be interested in locating them:

"Athus, Belgium, Nov. 29.—The war is over—for some—but not for me, and peace—personally and selfishly speaking—will have little significance to me until I am once more safely back home. This is the literal truth. I am so accustomed to hardships that I believe I could endure any amount of physical suffering. It is my glorious privilege to be a member of the American Army of Occupation. Shortly after the signing of the armistice we were relieved of our tedious railroad work and started on the long march—days of hiking—to the evacuated territory, for four long years held by the Germans. At this time we are billeted in Athus, Belgium—a little town just across the French line. The German border is not far away, and one is led to believe that the Rhine river is our destination. Luxembourg is about 17 miles from here. It is probably on one of the maps you have, and by referring to one of them you can get our position.

"To get away from the railroad work was quite a relief. Really, I firmly believe that two or three more weeks of that monotonous work would have driven me insane. You know how irksome routine work is to me, and you will probably concur with me in this statement when you learn that we worked from sun-up to dark in all kinds of weather. Then, to cap the climax, we went to a miserable bed in a little canvas tent, just large enough for one to crawl in. We were working in a devastated part of France—in a section dotted with the ruins of fair cities—not civilians, and nothing bearing a semblance of civilization. Mail very seldom went out, and it was impossible for me to write often.

"It is changed now. This part of Belgium, in some miraculous manner,

was spared by the Huns. The people, naturally, have suffered much during their four years of slavery, but the Belgians, like the French, are a pleasure-loving people. They are making our stay quite agreeable, and we spend pleasant evenings in their little cafes.

"Yesterday Thanksgiving services were held in a Catholic church here for our regiment. The service was beautiful and impressive."

Time Extended For Red Cross Roll Call.

Owing to the interference of the Christmas Roll Call by influenza and inclement weather, the time has been extended to January 10th.

We hope to have a canvasser in every school district in the county and ask that every citizen give his name and a dollar to the canvasser when approached. If you were a member in 1918 your membership expired December 31st and it is necessary for you to rejoin for the year 1919. Subscription blanks will be left at W. J. Rudge Co.'s store and the different drug stores of the county and with A. W. Heath Co., Waxhaw, where you can call and enlist. Don't wait to be asked, but call and get your button and service flag.—R. C. Griffin, Roll Call Chairman.

Bloody Rioting in Berlin.

A press dispatch from London, dated Sunday, December 29th, tells the following regard to the fighting in Berlin.

Firing by German officers on an allied automobile carrying an American flag was the cause of street fighting in Posen last Friday, says a dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Copenhagen. The Germans were defeated in the fighting. About one hundred and thirty-eight persons, including a number of women and children, were killed during the rioting.

The dispatch says: "There was severe fighting between the Poles and Germans in Posen Friday which resulted in thirty-eight women and children and about one hundred Germans and Poles being killed. The affray originated as a result of a German officer firing on an allied automobile which was proceeding to Warsaw carrying the American flag.

"The Germans insulted the flag and Polish guard was called out. The fighting lasted several hours and the Germans were defeated.

"A delegation from the British mission to Posen protested to the German commander in the town, General Schimmelfeng, but the German officer declared that he had no control over the soldiers."

ANOTHER MAN IS VICTIM OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY

John Alridge of Southern Part of the County Was Robbed of Fifteen Dollars on Wolf Pond Road About Mile From Town—Held up Twice—Negro Answers Description of One Who Robbed Messrs. Carter and Rogers.

The third highway robbery just outside the city limits occurred Saturday night between seven and eight o'clock when Mr. John Alridge of the southern part of the county was stopped on the Wolf Pond road about a mile from town, by a negro with a pistol in each hand, and robbed of fifteen dollars. On Christmas Eve night, Fenley Rogers and Fleet Carter were held up at points two miles apart and robbed by a negro who carried two pistols, as was told in the last issue of the Journal.

According to information obtained from the police, Alridge had come to Monroe to secure money with which to move his family from the farm to some nearby town. He was returning home between 7 and 8 o'clock, walking. Just as he reached Shute and Broom's gin on the Wolf Pond road, a negro stepped out from it with a pistol in each hand and ordered him to surrender his money. Alridge refused to do so and the negro fired a shot as if to scare him and then turned to his right, going up a side road which opens on the Medlin road, about a block away.

Alridge proceeded upon his way without reporting the incident to the authorities. He had gone about a quarter of a mile when the same negro stepped out from one side of the road, where the Medlin road forks with the Wolf Pond road beyond Mr. Walter McCellan's house, and pointing his two pistols at him ordered him to hold up his hands. Then placing one of the pistols in his pocket he proceeded to search Mr. Alridge, who was forced to keep his hands above his head, securing fifteen dollars. When the negro had left Mr. Alridge at the gin he had hurried to the Medlin road and following it to where it intersected with the Wolf Pond road held up Mr. Alridge again.

Mr. Alridge proceeded to Mr. Will Flow's place where he telephoned the police that he had been robbed. The description he gave the officers over the telephone tallies exactly with that of the negro on Christmas Eve night held up and robbed Messrs. Fleet Carter and Fenley Rogers. He is described as being a young negro, below the medium stature, thick set. In all the robberies he has carried two pistols. The authorities are now planning an organized effort to apprehend the highwayman and are confident that he will soon be apprehended and landed behind the bars.

DR. S. W. PRYOR SUCCEUMS TO INFLUENZA-PNEUMONIA

A Prominent Physician of the South—Was Fifty-Four Years of Age and Beloved Throughout North Carolina.

Friday's issue of The Journal carried an announcement of the death of Doctor Stewart Wylie Pryor at his home in Chester, South Carolina, due to influenza followed by pneumonia. Doctor Pryor was known and loved by many people in Monroe who will be interested in the following taken from the Chester correspondence of The Charlotte Observer.

Friday's issue of The Journal carried an announcement of the death of Doctor Pryor, are an unbroken account of honorable service to his fellowmen. From its start to its conclusion it was a sequence of good deeds. He entered richly and broadly into the medical history of the Carolinas. Doctor Pryor was a native of Spartanburg county, South Carolina, being born on January 29, 1864, of the union of Stewart Love Pryor, and Susan Catherine (Haynes) Pryor.

Doctor Pryor attended the Atlanta, Georgia, Medical College, where by close application he was graduated with high honors in 1887. Doctor Pryor, following graduation at Atlanta, practiced medicine at Cherokee Springs, South Carolina, in Chester County, where he stayed several months. He then came to Chester, South Carolina, where he was destined to become one of the foremost surgeons of the South. From the start, in Chester, his ability, skill and resourcefulness as a physician and surgeon were quickly recognized and he speedily built up a large and lucrative practice.

After a few years' practice in this city Doctor Pryor's skill in surgery and other diseases began to attract patients from all sections of the Carolinas and he built a combined hospital and residence in order to care for them. Soon this hospital became inadequate and in 1904 he erected a large hospital with every modern equipment on Saluda street, which he named Magdalene. His institution was one of the first in the south to install a big X-ray outfit. Magdalene, like the first combination hospital and residence, soon grew too small and it had to be greatly enlarged to care for the patients that began to come from Virginia to Texas—in fact all parts of the south.

Doctor Pryor, several years ago, was highly complimented by being elected to membership of the American College of Surgeons, one of the greatest honors that can come to a surgeon in the United States. Before this distinguished body Doctor Pryor has read notable papers.

In addition to being an eminent surgeon, Doctor Pryor was one of the largest planters in the Carolinas. He was one of Chester's most successful business men and was prominently connected with different business interests.

Doctor Pryor was a consistent member of Bethel Methodist Episcopal church and was always interested in the activities of that denomination, both locally and throughout the State.

Doctor Pryor was a Knights Templar and took much interest in this lodge.

He was married to Miss Carrie Magdalene Tinsley, daughter of Rufus Waring and Sallie Rodgers Tinsley of Union on February 14, 1888. Magdalene hospital was named for Mrs. Pryor.

In addition to Mrs. Pryor, Doctor Pryor is survived by Mrs. Malcolm L. Marion, of Chester, South Carolina, Mrs. R. H. McFadden, of Chester, South Carolina; Mrs. E. O. Steinbach, of Selma, Ala.; Mrs. Alex L. Olliphant of Fort Worth, Tex., Misses Ruth and Clara Dale Pryor, and Master S. W. Pryor, Jr., of Chester. He is also survived by two sisters, Mrs. Anna Wilkins, and Mrs. James Epton, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, and two brothers, E. Pryor, of Rock Hill, South Carolina, and J. C. Pryor, of Gaffney.

PRESIDENT WILSON RETURNS TO FRENCH CAPITAL TODAY

Will Leave Paris This Week For a Few Days Stay in Italy—Will Visit No Italian City Except Rome.

President and Mrs. Wilson left Buckingham Palace this morning on the first stage of their return journey to France. On Monday night President and Mrs. Wilson were given a farewell dinner in the state dining room of the Palace by King George and Queen Mary.

President Wilson will go directly to Italy from Paris. He will leave Paris for Rome Wednesday night, arriving in the Italian capital Friday. Rome is to be the only city in Italy the President will visit. He expects to be away from Paris a week, returning there a week next Tuesday.

While in Rome the President will be the guest of the Italian Government. It seems certain now that he will visit Pope Benedict and also call at the Methodist college.

By the time the President returns to Paris from Italy the British delegates to the peace conference will have arrived, it is expected. The preliminary conference may then be in sight and the preliminary organization work of the American peace mission will have been completed.

It is generally understood now that the President will remain in Europe for about a month after his return from Italy and that he will take passage for America about February 10.