Paris, Sunday, Aug. 18.

The Enterprise
Pudlibed Every Tuendey and Priday by the
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Editorial Correspondence After an $8: 45$ breakfast at the hotel, went to the
old Caledonia market, which covers from 10 to 15 acres, part of which is sheltered and the other part
The marketplace was covered with tables, upon which was spread everything imaginable-some of it things to eat and some things to wear, much of the
latter being second-hand, which gave some sections-of he market the appearance of a rummage sale. There were also many new goods, as well as valuable car-
pets, tapestries, and thousands of antiques of every kind and description. There were many articles evi-
dently from the home of people who have seen better dently from the home of people who have seen better
days on sale, doubtless to bring necessary food to the days on sate, doubtless to bring necessary lood to ine
home, If such a display was on sale in the United to the sea to buy. Known as the Caledonia market, it was, in former years, used to auction livestock.
Thousands of sellers were there, and buyers literallycovered the earth seeking goods.
$\qquad$
$\qquad$ where I viewed many of the world's renowned paintple gathering in Victoria station to take trains, busses, subways and street cars for their homes; and if you world, for there are $4,000,000$ people who work in has ample facilities to move them and at low cost The average cost, for both street cars and busses, and operated by the city. The independently owned There is not so much abject poverty seen here, and nearly everybody appears to be comfortably dressed around the city. The English styles are very different from that of Americans, and
steamer for Calais, France.

Caught train at 10:50 from Victoria Station in
London for Dover. Had a nice 77 -mile ride through a farming country; every hill, except a few sandhills, seemed to be solid rock or white sandstone. It was nearly every hillside; no mountuins, but considerable hills, and we pased through a half dozen tunnels. We reached Dover at 12:55 and boarded a boat for Calais immediately. We found the English Channel as quiet
as a small pond. It was almost covered with steam. as a smal
ships.
Left Calais at $3: 12 \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{m}$. on the Nord train, land-
ing in Paris at $6: 20$ after a ride of 160 miles. The country from Calais to Paris is generally flat and almost boggy, covered with very green grass and trees, and, like England, a grain and grazing country. The farmers did not stop work for Saturday evening, but were hauling in and saving their crops. They do not shock their wheat and oats as nicely as the British, who make the shocks almost perfect, most of them in the shape of houses so that it looks as if storm dam-
age would be imposible? age would be impossible.
Paris seems to be a much more modern city than
London; the buildings are more up to date, and the streets are nice and wide generally, a dew of the principal ones at least 200 feet wide, with wide sidewalks on each side and a narrow driveway beside the main driveway. Did not go in a store in London, nor, as yet, in Paris. Found the sidewalks here lined with
chairs and tables, with men and women drinking. chairs and tables, with men and women drinking.
Following supper, 1 joined a party for a walk, and
we went about 7 blocks to the Arc d' Triomphe, where the French unknown soldier is buried. It is far more elaborate than the tomb of the unknown soldier in England. A flare of light from a gas jet illuminated the beautiful fresh flowers lying on the marble tomb. people seem to walk the strets in the evening, but the people seem to
dany and night.

After breaklast and a religious service at $8: 45$, we left on a sight-seeing bus for a tour of Paris leading
to Versailles, the place where the treaty of peace ending the World War was prepared and signed. Of course, we remember Woodrow Wilson's part in formulating the terms of the treaty.
The Versailles Palace is the largest in the world, at one time housing 15,000 people. In two near-by
courts were located the stables of the kings, and 8,000 horses were kept there. It is now used by the French Artillery.
The palace is the most interesting place in France from a historical standpoint. It was first occupied by Louis XIV, then by Louis XV and Louis XVI,
three queens have lived there. The paintings and three queens have lived there. The painungs and
furniture are marvels of beauty and richness. The palace is surrounded on two sides by flower garden palace is surrounded on two sides by fower ga
more beautiful than any I have ever seen before.
There is quite a difference in the French as compared with the English. The former glory in their
warriors, especially Napoleon, yet they tell you of warriors, especially Napoleon, yet they tell you of
his defeat and banishment to St. Helena, while the English seem more inclined to hide their failures an boast of their glories.
A visit to the home of Napoleon is worth a great deal. In addition to the work rooms of the grea general, we visited those that renected he stept and
family life. We saw the bed in which he family life. We saw the bed in which he stept and that of Josephine, his first wife; also the bed in whic he died; his library now stands display of pomp and
his dining room. There is less dis. his dining room. There is less display of pomp and
glory in the home than in the palaces of the English glory in the home than in the palaces of the Engias love
kings. One commendable thing was the steadfast love kings. One commendable thing was the steadast love
of his first wife, Josephine, afterwards divorced. Evidently Napoleon never lost his respect for her, nor room in which she visited daily after his banishment to the lonely St. Helena Island by the British. Napoleon was evidently France's greatest man.
Our party, which is being conducted by the American Express Company, is faring well. They give us first-class lare at the best hotels. In Paris we are at
Hotena, of the best in the city. We also get the best busses for our turs. The roads over here are of the permanent type, generally very crooked as they also are in England.

## At the Ebb of Life

Elizabeth City Inte
Youth and middle-age laugh at a little group of old men who gather in Old Man Garrett's wheelwright
shop on Colonial Avenue every week-day morning and shop on Colonial Avenue every week-day morning and
afternoon. Youth and middle-age wonder at a pathetafternoon. Youth and middle-age wonder at a pathet
ically small group of elderly men who meet every ically small group of elderly men who meet every
morning for a brief prayer service in an upper room morning for a brief prayer servilding.
Presently youth and middle-age will grow old; and
then, suddenly, some day a realization will dawn upon the one grown old that death has slowly but surely re
duced his once large company of friends to a pathetiduced his once large company of friends to a patheti-
cally small circle that is narrowing year by year. Youth and midlde-age can make new acquaintances, form new contacts, find new human interests from day to day. But one grows old and it is too late to
find new friends, make new contacts, develop new in find new friends, make new contacts, develop new in-
terests. And the new generation is in a hurry and has little time to pause and converse with an old codger who speaks the language of another era and is wedded to a homespun philosophy that is archaic to our modern times. And so, when late in life a man slows down and begins to reflect upon the few human ties left to bind him to this uncertain life, his heart hungers for companionship and he draws closer and closer to the remaining few who understand him and can sympathize with his point of view.
The few old men who gather in Old Man Garrett's wheelwright shop in the-morning and afternoons are
not subjects for youthful and middlenot subjects for youthful and middle-age mirth; nor the few old men who haltingly climb the Y. M. C. A. steps every morning for a brief half hour of song and prayer. They are hungry souls who see life and all its former meanings slipping away from them, as the shore slips away from a castaway on a raft drifting toward an inscrutible horizon where the sun is going down.

Would Explode Old Theory
Exchange
Scientists at Cornell University have been experimenting with cod liver oil to determine its nutritive values, and as a result of their efforts another old theory is about to be exploded.
Long before Hector was a pup we were taught that an abundant use of cod liver would make us big and strong, and to that end we have gulped it down whether we like it or not. Back yonder the medicos either didn't know how to improve its taste or gloried in seeing us make ugly faces. But when this medicine is not doctored up to a more pleasing taste, you somehow get the feeling that something has been In their experiments at Cornell the pien
liberal doses of cod liver oil to toats and onors gave imals, but they did anything else but max fet and strong-they just took sick and died. While these scientists declare that these findings have no direct bearing on cod liver oil in human nutrition, they are about ready to recommend a reconsideration of the ancient idea that great gobs of the stuff is good for what ails you. And without demanding further experiment, every youngster we know will say a hearty and enthusiastic "amen."
However, what pesters us most is the fact that smebody didn't think this up some thirty-odd years


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