

STREETS FILLED WITH REVELRY AFTER ARRIVAL

Paris Dec. 28.—On the crowded Boulevard de Montmartre, a tall young American soldier stood amidst a group of French girls, French soldiers and American soldiers who had joined hands and were playing ring-around-a-rosy about him. He was a bit of a Puritan and somewhat out of place. At last a French soldier seized him, pushed his face up against that of a French girl in the ring. "Comme ça," he exclaimed as a kiss resulted.

Much applause greeted this bit of enforced internationalism. The ring broke up, seeking new girls or new Yanks to kiss.

Ring-around-a-rosy and kissing, for all the world like that at country kissing games, were the favorite sports of the Paris crowd celebrating the "carnival in President," which started Saturday when the President arrived, and lasted all Sunday night.

No Rough House.

You may get some idea of how simple and childlike the French crowd is when it is celebrating. There was little noise, no horns, no rough house work of the sort that prevails in American cities; no fighting, no one even got angry. No loud and harsh tones were ever heard.

The crowd walked from one side of the boulevard to the other and walked back and retraced its steps, laughing, chatting, kissing, dancing, playing ring-around-a-rosy. It regulated itself. There were no police in sight. It regulated traffic. No vehicles were permitted on the street.

A taxi attempting to cross. A little Frenchman sitting on the seat with the driver is hurrying somewhere with his family. The crowd seizes the vehicle. It engulfs it. It rocks it like a ship on an angry sea. It backs it up. The little Frenchman gesticulates and expostulates but no one hears him. The roar of laughter and gawdy drowns his voice. It begins to look as if he would stay all night the sport of the carnival-makers. Then suddenly the way is opened by one of those spontaneous movements a mob is capable of and the taxi with cheer goes on its way. For the mob knows moderation. It knows when it has gone far enough.

Must Kiss U. S. Soldiers. Moderation did not include kissing, but then Anglo-Saxon standards of kissing do not agree with French standards. In honor of President Wilson, that is, the Paris working girl, the girl who turning out shells in the factories had made a victory of French arms possible, decides that the "Sammys," as they call them, must be kissed.

Unlike the tall young Puritan with which this story begins, the Sammys were not averse. They went in thousands—for the American uniform is commoner in Paris than in any American city—where the kissing was thickest, on the succession of boulevards that lead from Montmartre to the opera, as they had gone once when the storms of shells were thickest at the front. They had firm and faithful allies; French soldiers in their blue were in numbers about equal to the Americans, kissing, dancing, joining hands, and men and girls together of all countries rushing wildly up the boulevard in a long string, or winding themselves around a whole group coralling them thus an kissing them all before letting them free.

Australians, with their big sombreros, lined up on one side, a few English Tommies joined the international sport with Parisian minuettes. An Italian, clutching his hat with its glittering of rosettes' feathers, passed through the throng, envied all the women.

Few Had Caps. Not few of the soldiers had caps. The Paris girls had done to steal the caps of the

RICH FRENCHMAN KILLED BY WIFE AT HER HOME

Westbury, N. Y., Jan. 11.—Jacques Lebaudy, known as "emperor of the Sahara," was shot and killed by his wife as he entered her home "Phoenix Lodge," here tonight.

Madame Lebaudy, who is popular in the fashionable Long Island colony, fainted after the shooting. News of the tragedy was conveyed to Madame Lebaudy's attorney by her 18-year old daughter, Jacqueline, who notified Sheriff Seaman, of Nassau county. Sheriff Seaman established a guard over Madame Lebaudy.

According to Sheriff Seaman the eccentric millionaire who was a son of the late Max Lebaudy, the "sugar king" of France, had been separated from his wife for several months.

About a week ago, Sheriff Seaman said, Lebaudy visited Phoenix lodge and created a scene. Madame Lebaudy then employed a guard at the home, but Lebaudy, returning to Phoenix lodge at about 6:30 o'clock tonight, eluded the guard and entered the home.

His body, pierced by a bullet, was found at the foot of the grand staircase of the house. Lebaudy was shot five times.

The Lebaudy home, where the shooting occurred, is within 1,000 feet of "The Box," where Mrs. Blanca de Saullies shot and killed her husband, John Longier de Saullies, in August, 1917.

Lebaudy whose escapades had filled columns in New York newspapers, made for himself the title of "emperor of the Sahara" in 1903 shortly after his father had died, leaving him an estate, the value of which was estimated at \$12,000,000.

Americans as souvenirs and men and officers alike soon lost theirs or had to hide them under their coats. A girl would grab a cap, hiding it in her clothes or passing it quickly to a friend. The soldier would seize her, kissing her energetically, perhaps recovering his "hid" perhaps not; soon all the Americans and other khaki-clad men were bareheaded.

Kissing over, in each instance the couples would separate. Few soldiers of any nationality formed any permanent alliance for the evening. Now and then you would see a young American walking along with a girl held firmly in his arms. She was plainly one of the working girls. The kind of women usually seen on the boulevard at night was absent; like the taxi they had abandoned the boulevard to the crowd that was celebrating the carnival; that loved laughter, childish kissing games, and who knows what besides. But all in honor of the President American.

Ride German Cannon Carriage. A German cannon carriage would come thundering along. It was the only vehicle permitted. On it would be perched 20 to 30 young men and girls of every nationality in an inconceivable tangle. Men and women from the crowd would seize it and run with it till they were tired, the mob opening up to let it pass. After a block or so they would stop, waiting until new hands should seize it and drag it on. They always volunteered after a few minutes. Then it would make its way from one end of the boulevard to another again and again, continuing like the kissing the hat snatching and the dancing to the joy of the multitude.

The crowd was never dull. Something always happened. A cannon clattered by. You had to get out of the way of a lot of men and girls who, hand in hand, were rushing up the street only to wrap themselves around a group and start a ring-around-a-rosy. If you were a civilian a girl rushed up to you, announced that you were President Wilson and kissed you energetically and everybody laughed.



1—Lieut. Gen. Sir R. Hasting and his aide of the British armistice commission at Spa, acknowledging the salute of a German soldier on guard duty. 2—Czech-Slovak soldiers going over the top in a raid on hotbeds of trouble in Siberia. 3—Vincent Adam, who is to command a yeoman guard that will form part of the guard at the Palace of Versailles during the peace conference.

LETTER FROM FRANCE

Clermont, France, Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Dad:

This being Dad's day, and since I have time to write, I confer the honor upon you for this occasion, hoping it will meet with your approval.

The censorship has been lifted so I can afford to tell you more of my experience, in detail.

We boarded the ship at Hoboken, New Jersey, on the morning of August 31, that was a great day, it will long be remembered by me. We sailed on the Royal Mail Steamer, Carmania. The first day was devoted strictly to business of course. At 8:00 o'clock the morning of September 1, we raised anchor and steamed out in Hudson Bay. That was a great day, as I looked back on the fast fading shores of America, something seemed to be saying: "This is your last time to ever see the shores of your native land and those you love so dearly. I guess that feeling comes to every man when he is steaming out for the battle fields of Europe."

Our convoy consisted of fifteen ships, escorted by one cruiser, three torpedo boat destroyers, and a fleet of minesweepers. At 3 o'clock September 1, we started on our long and dangerous voyage across. Nothing happened the first three days out. At seven o'clock the fourth day, a submarine was sighted, everybody grabbed life belts, and proceeded to their places without much confusion at all. The cruiser fired seven shots at the sub, the Carmania fired one, whether it was hit or not I don't know, but one thing it never bothered us again. Two days off the coast of England, sixteen British battleships picked us up, and conveyed us safely in to Liverpool.

We arrived in Liverpool, England, at daybreak, the morning of September 13 I was more than glad to land once more, and everybody else was also. We disembarked at 6 o'clock in the evening, went in camp six miles out of Liverpool, in the American rest camp, Knotty Ash, where mud was knee deep. They called it rest camp, but there was not much rest for the old man, believe me. We stayed in camp Knotty Ash two days. There is the place where I first saw the horrors of war, it was something awful the first two days I was there. I never saw a whole man the whole time I was there. One had either lost a leg or an arm in the Great War. On the 15th of September we left for France. It was a nice trip, and I must say England is a pretty country. We arrived in Southampton late in the evening the same date, went from there to another Rest Camp (rest your belly) until the next day. That evening we embarked for the shell torn fields of France. We sailed from Southampton at four o'clock in the afternoon; at two o'clock the next morning we arrived in La Harve, France, went into camp there for one day. Now here is where the real part begins. We saw our train late that af-

ternoon. We received orders to entrain for a destination unknown. At five in the afternoon we boarded our "Pullman." It consisted of box cars Hommes 36-40 Chaveux 8, in English that means 36 to 40 men or 8 horses. Believe me when the 36 Hommes got aboard it was some crowded. Well we started at 8 P. M., on that evening on what proved to be a two days journey. At 6 o'clock the following morning we saw the Eiffel Tower, of Paris. Everybody was glad, thinking we would have an opportunity to see that historical city of France, but were all disappointed. Well we came to the junction, and what do you think happened? Instead of going to Paris we circled around the place and I never had the honor of seeing it but I hope to before I get back. Two days later, found us at our destination, a place called Rolampont, Haute Marne. It well deserves the name, it was raining like everything when we received orders to detrain, and pitch tents.

It was rough sleeping on the wet ground (cold cruel ground). This is the place where we received our training in gas warfare. On the twenty-ninth day of September orders were received to entrain for the front. Once more we are off on our journey "Hommes 36 to 40 Horses 8." This time we were enroute to Flurey Sur Aire. On our way up we passed a hospital carrying back the wounded. All seemed to be happy "They hollered as we passed 'Give em Hell' boys, we started again and ran about 20 kilos. Then business picked up, we could hear the big guns shooting at Metz. Then a wonderful thing happened, (it was this) everybody was singing the latest war songs etc. Then as if the command was given all began singing "Nearer My God to Thee." The realization came to them that only a few miles ahead men were dying by the wholesale. We arrived at Flurey Sur Aire at 8 o'clock that night, it was drizzling rain and dark as it could be. I did not take us long to hike the mile to camp and there we pitched camp. The name is all that made it a camp. That was another night in the pure rain. Two days later we moved up to our present location, that is where the Headquarters is located. Owing to the limited training of the Regiment they put us with the Engineers building Railroads and construction work of all kinds. So any time anyone asks what the 802nd Pioneer Infantry did in this great struggle for Democracy, tell them they paved the way far supplies to get to the firing line. I think we did our part as well as those who went over the top facing the Hun.

Things were very peaceful when we first came to the village. Seven days we received our first baptism of fire in the shape of an air raid. We were sitting around the fire talking and telling tales when all at once we heard a crash and a yell report, one right after the other. That was my first experience of air raids, well everybody believed that they'd be in this status by the first of the year, if not but one thing that I don't like

and that is this, that large pond of water that lies between France and U. S., and I wish you could be here to take the trip back with us you would have the pleasure of seeing the sights, dad, you ought to see me how I am fleshing up a good deal since I have been in France. Tell mama that I said she would laugh her self to death if she were here to see the French people housed up with horses and cows, they live together. In one end of the house you will find the pigs and the other end the cows. What has papa did with his switch tails I mean that kicking pair of mules, I have visited some very historical cities both ancient and modern Verdun, Buxancy, Apremont, Clermont, is situated in the heart of the Argonne forest, the chaotic we live in is where the German Crown Prince stayed during the time the Germans had this section of the country under their control. Allot the boys are getting some fine and enjoying the best of health as well as could be expected, of course we could not expect things to be perfect. Give regards to all friends, tell them since we have licked the Hun we expect to be home soon. Washing you a merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. For this time I will say good by, my thoughts have all left me.

Paul N. Martin, Hqs. Co. 802, Pioneer Inf.

18 NORTH CAROLINIANS IN THE CASUALTY LIST.

Washington, Jan. 11.—The following casualties from North Carolina are reported by the commanding general of the American expeditionary forces:

Killed in action:
Charlie R. Beck, R. F. D. 3, High Point.
Died of disease:
Clint Brown, Fourth street, Statesville.
Robey A. Brown, Lenoir.
Wounded severely:
Uffe Crow, Cherokee.
James B. Davis, Forest City.
Milford M. Carnegie, Rowden.

Sam Lancaster, R. F. D. 1, Black Creek.
Dermot W. Lovin, Spruce Pine.
Ezekiel Warren, R. F. D. 2, Fremont.
Ernest V. Reese, High Point.
Elias T. Thomas, R. F. D. 1, Raleigh.
William J. Mooks, Tarboro.
John W. Gilley, Pilot Mountain.
Arthur D. Hill, 220 Fisher avenue, Greensboro.
Allen S. Hopper, Leaksville.
Killed in action, previously reported missing in action:
Osco Tucker, Laurel Springs.
Marine corps casualties:
Died of Wounds:
John W. Thompson, R. F. D. 6, Charlotte.
Missing in action:
Edward W. Taylor, Oxford.
Returned to France, previously reported prisoner of war:
William H. Campbell, Tarboro.

FEDERAL TROOPS TRAIN GUNS ON THE STRIKERS

(By The Associated Press) Buenos Aires, Jan. 11.—The committee in charge of the general strike agreed to end the strike this afternoon, after a conference with President Irigoyen and the president of the Vasena Iron Works. Government troops turned machine guns on a force of 200 strikers and their supporters when they attacked the post office shortly after noon, dispersing them. Twenty persons were killed and 60 wounded in another attack on the Vasena Iron Works today.

Although the report spread over the city that strike had officially ended, shooting continued in various sections for several hours later. The conditions of the settlement have not yet been announced.

The attack on the post office was carefully arranged. Men began to straggle into the building as on business and when about 300 were assembled shooting began. The government's machine guns soon put an end to their terrorism.

Two police stations were attacked early in the day. The employees of the Armour packing interests in suburbs of Avellanada joined the strike movement today. The packers entrenched themselves when the police arrived, and Seventh Infantry was sent to reinforce the post. At nightfall the two opposing forces were still lined up in battle formation. The food situation is critical, for anarchists have threatened to kill and are killing anyone attempting to distribute food of any kind. They have even drawn a cordon around grocery stores and pharmacies. Throughout the entire day the city was in the hands of unshackled anarchy. There is no longer any semblance of leadership among the rioters. Fighting was renewed in all parts of the city before noon, and in the evening there were several pitched battles along the Avenida de Mayo. The Fifth and Twelfth Cavalry, recruited to maximum strength, were ordered in from Santa province, and are due to reach Buenos Aires tomorrow.

General Dellapaine, as soon as he saw that the lawless element intended to continue fighting, issued orders to the army and police to requisition all automobiles required, and all day troops were rushed from one scene of disturbance to another. General Dellapaine also ordered the arrest of Russian anarchists wherever found agitating. It is understood they will be deported.

Fighting persisted throughout the day in the Russian section, where many citizens joined the troops in arresting anarchists. The question of food became very serious late in the day, not even enough supplies being distributed to feed the soldiers.

"TWENTY-ONE PERSONS KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK

Batavia, N. Y., Jan. 12.—Twenty-one persons were killed and three were seriously injured in a rear end collision on the New York Central railroad at South Byron, six miles east of Batavia at 8:30 o'clock this morning. Both trains were westbound running behind their schedules. Train No. 11, known as the Southwestern Limited, ran into the rear of train No. 17 the Wolverine, while the later was at a standstill preparatory to taking on a second engine for the run up the steep grade between South Byron and Batavia. Up to a late hour tonight few of the 21 dead had been identified, and the mangled conditions of the bodies and the absence of clothing is making the work of identification slow and difficult. All of the fatalities occurred in the last car of the Wolverine. The rear Pullman, a steel car, was reduced to complete wreckage. When the engine hit, the upper part of the second coach

LABOR BOARD TAKES UP MARINE TROUBLE

(By The Associated Press) Washington, Jan. 11.—The Government stepped in today in an effort to end the tie-up of shipping in New York harbor caused by the strike of marine workers on demands which the boat owners refused to arbitrate.

At the request of President Wilson, and with the assurance of the War and Navy Departments, the Railroad Administration and the Shipping Board that they would abide by whatever decision was made, the War Labor Board agreed to take up the case anew, despite the attitude of the employers. Arrangements were begun immediately for a hearing Monday in New York, and an official request was transmitted to the strikers that they return to work pending a decision.

Much discussion was caused by the possibility of the owners refusing to accept the good offices of the War Labor Board. Officials declined to say what would happen in such a case, but it was believed that the tugs and lighters would be put under Government operation rather than permit further stoppage of traffic.

President Wilson's cablegram also entrusted to the War Labor Board the important task of stabilizing labor conditions and preventing "industrial dislocation and warfare," which it has been feared might result from unemployment during the period of industrial and military demobilization.

While the War Labor Board will have to settle questions of both wages and the eight-hour day, it is the later which will cause the chief difficulty. In announcing its inability to effect a settlement, the board stated it was the demand for an eight-hour day which the boat owners refused to arbitrate that prevented settlement.

While the strikers offer a united body with which the board may deal, the employers include several parties. Besides the four Government departments—Army, Navy, Railroad Administration and Shipping Board—the War Labor Board also had to listen to the pleas of private boat owners. The Government parties to the controversy announced today that they were willing to submit to arbitration by the board. The private boat owners alone have failed thus far to indicate whether they will acquiesce to the request of President Wilson and argue their side before the board, but it was reported tonight that they would take their men back to work pending a final settlement. Shortly before midnight announcements were made by officials of various railroads that their ferry lines would resume operations early tomorrow morning.

From John H. Delaney, commissioner of plants and structures, came word he would tell employees on the municipal ferry line between Manhattan and Staten Island to report at the same time.

from the end was torn from its trucks and, lifting slightly smashed directly through the center of the rear coach for its entire length, sweeping the berths and seats into a compact pile of wreckage. Into this debris the bodies were tightly wedged.

Not a sleeping passenger in the car escaped death or serious injury.

There appears some conflict between the statements of railroad officials and Engineer John Friedley of the Southwestern as to the responsibility for the disaster. The railroad officials say that the rear of the standing Wolverine was protected by the block system and that in addition a flagman with a lighted fusee was sent back along the tracks.

Only three passengers in the one coach named names.