

**STREETS OF PARIS AT  
ARMISTICE SIGNING**  
(Continued From Page One)

that it is "cute" or "refined" to be rude to people.

But to continue, we strolled along leisurely. The Champs Elysees is always crowded. It is a very wide boulevard with trees and benches and chairs. At present along the curb they have placed a captured gun about every twenty feet. There is

**PLENTY OF SUGAR  
IN UNITED STATES**

New York, July 26.—The war department has sold to the United States sugar equalization board 37,000,000 pounds of refined sugar, it was announced here today by George A. Zabriskie, president of the board, who declared there is "abundance" of raw sugar in the country, that retail prices should not exceed 11 cents a pound and that there is no need of hoarding.

The head of the sugar equalization board said that profiteering dealers, if reported, may suffer revocation of their licenses for they are still under the control of the federal food administration, who will not cease to function until the senate signs the peace treaty. He charged the apparent shortage to "speculative exporters" and belated orders from canners and candy makers. Housewives were "hoarding" sugar unnecessarily, he said. New England having refined sugars stocks sufficient to last six months.

Sugar is abundant in the United States and if it were not for profiteers and nervous housewives encouraged to hoard it there would be enough for every legitimate demand and a 30 days reserve supply in addition, declared Mr. Zabriskie.

"The chief factor in this apparent shortage, which is temporary," he said, "has been the belated orders of big fruit canneries and confectionery factories which failed to anticipate their normal demands and held off ordering their sugar in the expectation that prices would be lower. They know the refiners could not sell above the fixed price of 9 cents.

"Another element that, as yet, has not affected the situation, is the marine workers' strike, which we hope will be settled before the entire fleet of sugar ships is tied up in Atlantic and Gulf ports. Meanwhile, we are reaching by radio at sea all the vessels possible and diverting them to Cuba to bring back raw sugar.

"There is at present," Mr. Zabriskie said, "no shortage of raw sugar. The difficulty now is the capacity of the refineries. Of the 2,630,000 tons the United States sugar board contracted to purchase from Cuba we had still to receive on July 1 no less than 1,100,000 tons. In addition to this we have access to 1,970,000 more tons, including the best sugar, which will begin to come in about October 1, and the big cane crops of Louisiana and the insular possessions of the United States.

"The situation is entirely satisfactory so far as the raw material is concerned and I know the refiners are doing their part for their plants that. The refiner can not sell sugar have been operated nights and day, and some on Sundays for months past. In those parts of the country where local shortages exist it is true, there is an inclination to profiteer, but it is easy to fix the blame for for more than 9 cents a pound. The wholesaler is obliged to ask a minimum profit of 35 cents; so that the retailer does not pay more than \$9.35 a hundred. Every body, therefore, would be able to buy sugar at a maximum of 11 cents a pound and I know of chain stores selling it today for less than 10 cents."

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usually an old woman about with a satchel and a pad of different colored tickets. It doesn't cost anything to sit on a gun carriage, but if you sit in one of the iron chairs you pay a clacker and if you select a chair that has arms on it you pay two clackers or four sous, about four cents. I didn't know about having to pay for these seats until one afternoon I passed along there and found a colonel who had been one of my instructors over at the Army School of the Line at Langres and the collector came up to us for pay for the seats. At first I thought she was a souvenir seller and tried to shoo her away. I felt kind of bad about it when she explained that we were supposed to pay for the seats. The colonel made a remark that while we were sitting there that I haven't forgotten. We were talking about how pretty the women were and he said that he had been thinking the matter over and that it wasn't their beauty but their bearing and that he'd be willing to bet that if one of them came down the avenue with only a sheet on she'd look good in it. If you want to see Champs Elysees at its best, though, promenade there on Sunday afternoon. Usually every available seat is taken and the walks are full. Several punch and judy shows are going much to the amusement of the kids and, funny too, there is always a big crowd of grown-ups standing outside the ropes looking on. Another amusement for the kids is a small merry-go-round. And once I stopped for ten minutes watching two women feeding bread crumbs to the sparrows. The sparrows were sitting around in a circle and the women would hold out a crumb and one of the sparrows would fly up and take it and the fly off a way to eat it. It was amusing to watch two old pigeons standing by looking on with apparent disgust as they were too big to indulge in such fine flying.

We came to the end of the boulevard and turned into the Place de la Concorde and found quite a crowd gathered in front of the Hotel Crillon. I asked a K. C. man what the excitement was. He didn't know. He had seen the crowd and stopped. We asked a lieutenant further on and he gave the same reply. Then we asked a couple of Midinettes and they said that Monsieur Clemenceau was coming out of the hotel. It took me a long time to find out the meaning of the word "midinette". You see in French the word for "noon" is "midi" and midinette is applied to the working girl because they are seldom seen except at the noon hour when they stroll after lunch to kill the rest of the hour. They were laughing and talking and having the greatest time imaginable over nothing at all that I could see. We asked a Peace Commission captain who appeared to be on duty at the entrance and he said that he supposed that they were waiting to see the President and that he wished we would move along and not swell the crowd as he already had as many as he could handle. You know you can always tell the members of the Peace Commission because they wear a blue arm band with a pair of apothecary scales within a wreath embroidered in white. Every one looks at these insignia with interest and wonders why he drags down forty francs a day expenses and why his expense should be any more than any one else who happened to be assigned to Paris. The fellow had on a 91st Division insignia also. When we came over here we had all our packing boxes and field desks marked with a bucking broncho and a cowboy waving his hat. That was really a good insignia but after we got over here somebody changed it to an insignificant little fir tree, which really looks more like an arrow head than it does a tree. Well, this "wild west" captain with a characteristic American show of authority, insisted that we get behind a certain line. I wondered at the time if he were getting a way cleared for a machine gun battalion or if he were afraid that some bolshevik in the crowd would throw a hand grenade at the President. And then Secretary Lansing came out. It was the first time I had ever seen him. I expected to see a tall, slim man with a high hat, pearl grey trousers, spats, cane and gloves, but not at all. Well, he didn't have any of those and I didn't get a real close-up on him, but I'd almost bet that he had been chewing tobacco. He walked over and began conversing with a soldier. About this time an auto rushed up to the curb and the

President got out. Everybody cheered. The President looked over in our direction and raised his hat and smiled one of his characteristic broad smiles.

He fooled the crowd for they were expecting him to come out of the hotel. I saw his car from behind, and the shortness of the number attracted my attention. Most of the cars over here have long numbers. Motorcycle cops would have to have a pad pencil mighty handy if ever one of these cars wanted to get away from them. The numbers are something like "US187695BX" all run together. The President's car had U. S. on one side and below that was 1921. Add these figures together and you will find that it gives you "13", which I believe is the President's lucky number. Do you suppose that was intentional or just coincidence?

We passed along the north side of the Place de la Madeleine and turned into rue Royal. Here you find the famous Maxim's cafe. I never go there any more because they raised the price of drinks. You pay three and a half francs for an ordinary martini cocktail. And then it is the headquarters for a class of young women who style themselves the elite of demi-mode. Usually they are very pretty and always dressed in the very last thing in clothes.

There are three or four nice cafes on the Place de la Madeleine. Even by this time every chair was taken. When we got to the Cafe de la Paix we found the same thing there. The Cafe de la Paix is perhaps the best known cafe in Paris. There is room on the sidewalk to seat three hundred people anyway and it is said that if you sit there long enough you will see every person in the city. By this time the crowd was so thick that we lost the aviator lieutenant and the Boston Pioneer lieutenant and that decided us to keep closer together, so we went along each holding to the belt of the other. After trying four or five other cafes along the boulevards we gave it up and decided that if we wanted a drink we'd have to go inside and stand up at the bar and get it that way. This we did. The Georgia Engineer lieutenant whose nickname is "Parson", not because he resembles a parson, but because his real name is not far removed from a parson, ordered beer. That suits me. They didn't have any French beer (sold out) but they could give us some "Stoot" by which they meant English stout. The captain decided on something with a bit of a kick in it and called for "un cognac" (brandy). The girl behind the counter looked very severe for a minute and said that it was "defendu pour les militaires" (forbidden to soldiers) but a happy thought wreathed her face in smiles and with a wink she said that she could give him some tea. He got his brandy in a teacup. You see it is the same the world over. But here they very seldom refuse a soldier anything.

But let me tell you about the grand boulevards. Over here they don't give a street a name and let it go at that. Not at all. Everybody of any importance in the history of France must have a street named after him. Of course there are not enough real nice streets to go around so two blocks of one street will be named after one fellow, the next two after another, and the next two after still another and so on and so on. Les Grandes boulevard is the collective name for the boulevard which runs from the Place de la Madeleine to the Place de la Republique and is really the main street of Paris. It is very wide and has trees on both sides. If you want to see the whole population of the city get on the subway and ride to the St. Dennis station on the Clignancourt-Porte d'Orleans line and walk back to the opera in the afternoon. Rain or shine it is always crowded and you will get cross-eyed sure if you try to look at every pretty girl you pass. Finding it impossible to walk on the sidewalk on account of the dense crowd we got out in the middle of the street on a safe-zone which was already crowded. We stopped to watch a parade go by which was headed by a French captain with a lot of blind soldiers led along by girls. They were singing the "Marsellaise" and "Madelon" and "Over There" (or at least the tune of it). We saluted several times and smiled with the crowd. Without a moment's warning we found ourselves dragged into the parade and marching along with the rest. A bunch of girls had done it and there was no use in resisting.

The sidewalks were absolutely packed. I looked forward and back as far as I could see and we three were the only American officers in the parade and I could see other officers along the route of march smile at us as if they thought we were not dignified enough. This didn't last long however. We passed a staid, dignified-looking old artillery colonel. Five or six girls surrounded him and simply "rough-housed" him into the crowd. He resisted some but had to come along. Occasionally the singing would stop and everybody began singsonging the word "Avances" with the accent on the last syllable. It was a weird sounding thing but certainly kept the mob in step. By the time we got to the opera our parade was four or five blocks long and increasing every minute. Soldiers of every one of the allies were present. We went to the Madeleine church, back to the opera and turning south there proceeded down the Avenue de l'Opera towards the Seine. By this time parades were going in every direction. An American lieutenant was leading one. He had a French bugler for his music and a pretty girl with a walking stick acting as a drummajor and followed by a motly collection of doughboys, hack drivers, M. P.'s, sailors, girls and "poilus".

Another was a bunch of "blesses". Every day here one sees "blesses" who have had both legs shot off riding around in tree-wheeled chairs which they guide and propel by hand power. It always makes me feel bad when I see these fellows. Each one of them had three or four people to help them—mostly girls, but I saw some of our own doughboys helping. I think our parade was headed toward the Latin Quarter just across the river and I think perhaps the head of it did get there. But when we passed the Louvre Hotel, which is an American officers hotel, there were fifty or seventy-five officers standing out in front taking in the sights. The Indianapolis Engineer Captain and I got out of the column and pointed at them, shouted "Go get 'em". We didn't have time to say it in French but it was instantly understood and it would have done you good to see them mob that hotel and incorporate them in the crowd. Some of them beat a hasty retreat into the lobby, but they got them. Next thing I saw two Frenchmen had the Georgia lieutenant on their shoulders riding him around and shouting, "Vive l'Amerique". It's funny that they never say "Vive les Etats-Unis" but I guess that's too long. Anyway it's always America.

But they certainly mean the United States. The South Americans and especially the Chilians get terribly peeved about that. Down there they call us "Yanques" or "Norte Americanos", with the emphasis on the North.

We nearly got separated then and did loose our girls. That wasn't so terrible though and when we started back towards the Opera I found that I had a whole French family on my left (mother, father and young son) and the Indianapolis Engineer lieutenant had accumulated himself a stunning young widow. The head of the parade got to dancing and skipping along and this caused the column to "bellows" as an accordion; and with having to run about every other twenty steps and then "jam" against the others in front it got tiresome. At an opportune moment we made a quick get-away. I left my family but the engineer captain still held on to his widow. We held a hasty council of war. The majority was in favor of beer—so we lost the widow, she being the minority.

When we finally got back to the Place de la Opera there was hardly "standing room only". The crowd was baiting taxicab drivers. Everybody hates a taxi driver. I have nev-

(Continued on Page Three)

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