

THE WOMEN'S PAGE

Touring

'Twas the day after Christmas, and all through the town not a creature was wise to the fact that me and John Bunny were leaving for parts not unknown—for we were headed straight for Knoxville, Tenn., by way of the Salisbury-Asheville route—except chief Early; and he wasn't worried any, only how was he going to borrow our furnace shaker. Being satisfied on that point by giving him the key to the cellar, we departed. No use in dilating on the luxury of traveling from Badin to Salisbury—you've all done it; but after enough time had elapsed to put over 'most any really important event, we duly arrived in Salisbury. They claim "Salisbury's the place;" and I'll say it is—to leave from. We tarried not any longer than the late departure of the train necessitated, and the cold gray dawn found us in Asheville.

If you've never got an early breakfast in Asheville, you've something left to live for. It made me homesick. They were just out of so many things. We left as soon as we could.

Now by traveling all day, and exercising twice the patience Job was called upon to display, and eating a box lunch, you get to Knoxville in the evening of the same day you started.

The Atkin Hotel is near the station, and we went there, as we didn't know how soon we might have to leave.

They are building a viaduct over the railroad, so that car tracers and people like that won't need to mingle with the residents and tourists.

To get where things are really happening in Knoxville, you have to do like the famous general we used to read about in the third reader—you march right up a hill, and march right down again; only in this case it's on the other side, of course, and its Gay (Street), so that helps some.

Everything is on Gay Street, almost, but the market house; and they have a good one, lots of fresh vegetables.

They have dozens of movie houses, easily accessible, but the theater is at the extreme end of Gay Street. After you've walked there, you feel that you're at the end of navigation. The idea of the city fathers in locating it may be to

make it as hard as possible to indulge in sinful pleasures like Keith's vaudeville.

Most of the people are engaged in going to the movies. It is, in fact, the chief industry; and of course when I'm in Rome far be it from me to run counter to the Romans.

Louisville is no better. We went there next, this not being a pleasure trip. Spring has struck the emporiums on Fourth Street, but not anywhere else. They were full of spring hats and suits and frocks. The skirts are wider (Mr. Beers, please note); but cheer up, they are also shorter.

Nobody would wear anything but a dark blue suit; it is as much a uniform as the khaki for the soldiers who come into town from Camp Zachary Taylor; plain and decorated; with citation cords and medals—and I must say Uncle Sam has as fine a mess of nephews as any uncle can show.

I met an old school friend of mine, and we went around Louisville some. They have large handsome picture shows, with good orchestras of fifty-nine and sixty pieces, and good pictures; but the town is dirty. My friend and I agreed on that; in fact, it is dirtier than Pittsburgh, and as we were both raised in that metropolis we ought to know. Pittsburgh has long been berated for its lack of spotlessness, but I think something real forceful should be said of Louisville. But the two cities have the same excuse—soft coal fuel.

To return to styles—and I suppose I may, as this is the woman's page, and the men don't read it anyway—pleated plaid skirts are good, and all your blouses must be short-sleeved, and veils are an important adjunct to any woman's get-up, if you want to be the glass of fashion and the mold of form.

The long summer days can be whiled away very easily making a beaded bag. To use a trite saying, "Everybody's doin' it." We saw some as expensive as \$150.00, but very beautiful; and sutories, made on looms and worn around the (when finished) are very chic, but also expensive to buy. I contented myself with buying a loom and beads.

Cincinnati was the next move, and it was more of a city, much more. The

weather was not "brite and fare," but cold and stormy.

Of course there are industries in Cincinnati to make money and keep the men busy, even with the country dry, but there was a waiting line at every movie, and all the restaurants were crowded.

The Sinton Hotel is a good one, the first one we struck that didn't have colored waiters, but French ones, mostly from Hoboken and Ireland.

I think I mentioned the weather, but words failed even me when I arrived in Cleveland. I thought maybe the North Pole had started south. The weather man handed it to us fair, that is overhead, but underfoot you had to mind your step, as it was one sheet of ice and drifted snow. The thermometer 4 above, a stiffish breeze off the lake, and a gas shortage. I thought of the "land of the longleaf pine," and wished I had an Aladdin's lamp to aid in my transportation thither. Failing in that, I fell back on the good old Pennsylvania Railroad, and went to Pittsburgh, for after I left the Mason and Dixon line my one idea was to see my home folks, and a little thing like weather wasn't going to stop me. The ice king was running things with a high hand here, too.

The shop windows were full of summer togs, so I judged everyone was going south, and, considering the thermometer, I didn't blame 'em; in fact, I meditated following their excellent example.

Of course, there's always New York coming in first and carrying off the palm, but Pittsburgh is some city, and especially when you know all the first families. But after seeing all the shops and all the shows and all my friends, I picked out my best one, and started on the home stretch.

Washington may be a southern city, but as I saw it it belied its reputation. We didn't call on Mr. Wilson, on account of our well known Republican leanings, but went to some more shows, and bought a canary bird which is now singing in Badin.

Salisbury was a little warmer, and breakfast at the old Yadkin looked good to me. John Bunny and "Our Bud" joined the itinerary here with a motor car manned by Herbert Jenkins, and