

Social and Personal

By ADDIE WILLIAMS CALDWELL

INNOCENCE.

At length when even falls, from work set free,
With hasting steps I near my longed-for home,
Knowing full well that when the key turns in the lock, that shouts of glee
Will welcome me,
And tiny feet will patter down the hall,
A rosy mouth will uplift at my call,
Then all my sordid cares will fade away,
As fades the darkness at the dawn-
ing day.

Baby, your dimpled little hands en-
chain
Our hearts with bonds that Love
himself hath forged.
Your smiling, rosy-eyed restraint
All angry thoughts, and banish pain
From your domain,
Indeed you are from kindly heaven
sent
So sweetly pure, so truly innocent,
Showing that home without thy pres-
ence sweet
Lacks its great boon, is sadly incom-
plete.

—William White Gleason.

Changing Taste in Hymns.

One of our churches in New York city having taken a poll of the con-
gregation in order to determine the
30 favorite hymns announces that
the following received the requisite
number of ballots: "Nearer, My God,
to Thee," "Abide With Me," "Jesus,
Lover of My Soul," "I Love to Tell
the Story," "Lead, Kindly Light,"
"Rescue the Perishing," "Rock of
Ages," "Onward, Christian Soldier,"
"What a Friend We Have in Jesus."
Four others were tied for tenth
place: "Love Divine, All Loves Ex-
celling," "Just As I Am," "Faith of
Our Fathers Living Still," and "In
the Cross of Christ I Glory."
Nothing could illustrate better the
change that has come over our re-
ligious thinking. In the list there is
not one hymn about Heaven. Ten
years ago no congregation would
have omitted "Jerusalem the Gold-
en" or "There is a Land of Pure De-
light" and 25 years ago half the
list would have been given to such
hymns.—Northwestern Christian Ad-
vocate.

DANCE AT PARK TUESDAY NIGHT.

A number of the younger social set
of the city will go to Lakewood Park
Tuesday night for a dance in honor
of Miss Placide Kramer of Durham,
the charming visitor of Mrs. W. G.
McLwaine at her home on West ave-
nue.

MISS HUTCHISON IN GRAHAM.

Miss Selene Hutchison who is in
Graham visiting her cousin, Miss
Madeline White, will return home to-
morrow or Tuesday.

LITTLE MISS HAGOOD'S PARTY.

Prety little Miss Marie Hagood,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ha-
good, is seven years old today.
She had a birthday party yesterday
at her lovely home on North Church
at which she entertained these friends:

Martha Lee, Elizabeth Fore, Mil-
dred Cave, Aurelia Cave, Helen Col-
yer, Katherine Johnston, Ashton
Mathews, Robert Jones, Gilbert
Rowe, Theodore Rowe, Robert
Hayes, Paul Eagle.

GREAT AUNT OF MR. CLARKSON.

The New York Herald contains the
following of interest here:
"Mrs. Clara Heriot, wife of General
Edgar L. Heriot, of the Confederate
army, died in Berkeley, Cal., on Mon-
day, aged eighty-six years. Mrs.
Heriot went to California with her
husband, who was prominent in the
campaign in Texas, at the close of
the civil war."
Mrs. Heriot was a great aunt of
Mr. Clarkson of this city, Mr.
Clarkson having been named for Gen-
eral Heriot.

ARE AT MONT EAGLE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allan and
daughter, Mrs. W. J. Bryan and Mrs.
H. S. Powell, the latter of Camden,
Ark., are at Mont Eagle. Mrs. Powell
will probably accompany Mrs. Allan and
Mrs. Bryan to Charlotte, on their re-
turn.

MRS. MALLINCKRODT COMES THIS WEEK.

Mrs. Harria Mallinckrodt, who has
been spending a month or six weeks
with her parents in Baltimore, will
return this week. Mr. Mallinckrodt,
as noted, returned to the city yester-
day, and will occupy his pulpit today.

RETURNED YESTERDAY.

Col. and Mrs. W. M. Smith and
daughter, Mrs. Richard Springs, re-
turned yesterday from Hiddente.

ARE AT DAVIDSON.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McGeachy
are spending a week or so with Mrs.
McGeachy's parents, Prof. and Mrs.
Richard Harding at Davidson. Dr.
McGeachy came to town yesterday to
conduct the funeral of young James
Sheppard.

MISS OVERCASH RETURNS HOME.

Miss Katherine Overcash has re-
turned home after a most delightful
visit to friends in Dillon, S. C.

TO GO TO STAUNTON.

Misses Margaret and Fannie Ker,
the attractive daughters of Mr. and
Mrs. James Ker, leave tomorrow for
Staunton, Va., to visit relatives and
friends.

With man, most of his misfortunes
are occasioned by man.—PILY.

LIBRARY NOTES.

(Written for the Sunday Social Page
by Miss Anne Pierce, One of the
Assisatnt Libraralans.)

"Thou must as well expect to grow
stronger by always eating as wiser by
always reading. Too much overcharges
nature, and turns more into disease
than nourishment. 'Tis thought and
digestion which makes books service-
able, and gives health and vigor to
the mind."—Pulver.

Joseph Crosby Lincoln, by way of
explanation in the "Foreword" of his
book, "The Woman-Haters," says that
it is a development from a magazine
story and is even now "not a novel,
but a summer farce comedy, a yarn."
But he is mistaken. It is as really and
truly a novel as any of its class con-
temporaries and a whole lot better
reading than most of them. It is in
fact, all right, but good, clean farce
and always funny though there are
situations in it which are anything but
funny to the characters in the parts.

Seth Atkins, a Cape Cod lighthouse
keeper, and John Brown, a young man
picked up on the beach half drowned
and converted into an assistant keep-
er, are the woman haters, one because
he was married and the other because
he wasn't. They agreed at the begin-
ning not to ask each other any
questions of a personal nature and
such an air of mystery and secretive-
ness was sustained until the end that
neither knew the other's real name
though both suspected that Atkins
and Brown were not according to the
birth register.

The one thing definitely agreed
upon between them was that woman-
kind, regardless of age, nationality or
previous condition, was not to be al-
lowed around that lonely lighthouse,
originally selected by Atkins because
of its remoteness. But in novels and
out of them we all know that where
men are there women will be also,
and this was no exception. The wo-
men, only two of them, seeped in some-
how and the trouble began. Likewise
the reformation of old Atkins and
young Brown, with a great joy to all
concerned as a finality.

Henry Sydney Harrison, the au-
thor, son of Caskie Harrison, formerly
professor of Latin in the University of
the South and a man of southern birth
and parentage, was for some time
chief editorial writer of the Richmond
Times-Dispatch. At present he is liv-
ing in Charleston, W. Va., and is de-
voting himself to literature, in which
he appears to have before him an as-
sured and brilliant future.

Alfred Ollivant, author of Bob, Son
of Battle, has written a new novel
entitled, "The Taming of John Blunt,"
which will be published in Septem-
ber.

Miss Lenora Mixson, of Gainesville,
Fla., who has been spending several
months West, mostly in Denver and
Manitou, is visiting her sister, Mrs.
T. H. Tatum.

Miss Earl Brunson, of Orangeburg,
S. C., will arrive soon to visit Miss
Mary Johnston, at her elegant home
on North Tryon street.

Mrs. W. W. Graham and children,
Miss Gist and Master William Gra-
ham, are home from Tryon for a week
or so. They have been at Mimosa Inn
for several months.

Miss Laura Rowe, sister and Miss
Sarah Rowe, aunt of Rev. Dr. Gilbert
Rowe, who are sick at Tryon street
Methodist parsonage, are improved.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Cave and chil-
dren have returned from Wrightsville.

Miss Ruth Benton, who is visiting
at Virginia Beach, will be home this
week.

Miss Eva Liddell is home from Blow-
ing Rock, where she spent several
weeks.

Mrs. E. W. Mellon, who has been one
of the most delightful and most hospi-
table homes in the city is making ex-
tensive improvements—improvements
costing about \$9,000. She has made a
large addition and remodelled the
main house throughout.

Mrs. W. A. McCoy, who is at Hot
Springs, Ark., writes that she is im-
proving very much. She had suffered
for some time with rheumatism. Mrs.
McCoy and children will remain at
Hot Springs for several weeks yet.

Miss Elizabeth Capell, left yester-
day on her vacation, which she will
spend with her parents, near Wades-
boro. Miss Capell is the popular sten-
ographer at insurance headquarters.

Miss Laura Washington Griffith, in
the absence of Miss Capell is presiding
at the typewriter at insurance head-
quarters.

Misses Elizabeth L. Sherrard, gen-
eral secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and
Julia Alexander were guests of Mrs.
C. N. G. But to dinner yesterday. Miss
Sherrard leaves for her new field Mon-
day.

Miss Mary B. Palmer, librarian, who
is at Weaverville, writes: "Am hav-
ing a delightful stay here in the
mountains. Will return Monday night.
My mother will remain here another
week and then join me in Charlotte."

Miss Mary Scott, of Yorkville, S.
C., who has been visiting Mrs. J. M.
Hubbard, of Huntersville, for some
time, returned to her home yester-
day.

Miss Margaret Gray, Mr. Will Gray
and Mr. Eugent Springer returned
home yesterday from Hiddente.

MRS. CONNER'S DIARY

Continuing the diary of Mrs. Henry
Conner—June-Oct. 1897. Last Sunday
told of the Rock Spring not Rocky
River, as stated, camp meeting; of
the trip to Salisbury, Lexington, Sa-
lem, Lincolnton, and Morganton, Mr.
and Mrs. Conner were on the eve of
starting for Asheville.

August 17—We continued our trip to
Asheville. When we reached the top
of the mountain I drank of the purest
and coldest water that you can con-
ceive of, the spring of the Swannoo,
the source of the French Broad. We
had just left the source of the Ca-
tawba flowing to the ocean and now
tasted of the water which feeds the
Mississippi. The scenery was sublime,
and beautiful. We reached Col. Da-
vidson's late in the evening. The
houses are generally at the foot of
the valleys, pure streams and grand
and imposing scenery on every side.

August 18—We were within 11 miles
of Asheville. Ascended a steep moun-
tain and had the first view of the town
below us. It was the finest view I
had ever seen. When we arrived,
stopped at Mr. Patton's—a very good
house, fine gardens, arbors of grapes,
currants, gooseberries. The style of
living is generally the same—great
abundance of all the necessaries of
life, yet none of the elegance and
taste which peculiarly belong to a
city. They preserve in this state pure
republicanism, in practice as well as
theory. We can see no lordly cas-
tle towering in proud prominence
over the more humble dwellings which
surround the princely homes. The
gifts of nature are alike bounteous to
all. This has most certainly a de-
cided influence in preserving their
pure principles. A general intercourse
and widely extended views would I
fear cause them to degenerate.

Monday 19—The small village (or
as it is called) town of Asheville, is
beautifully situated on all the sides
by mountains rising to the clouds—
quite a picturesque spot, but it
does not consist of more than 20
houses. Mr. Patton's establishment,
forming two-thirds of it. As they have
not a church or any regular preacher
they remain within doors to enjoy this
day of rest—Sunday. Left in the after-
noon for Barnett's there we slept.

Monday 20—Made an early start on
our new horses we had purchased, for
the springs. Crossed Ivy Hill and
creek which from its steepness was a
foretaste of what we were to en-
counter. We soon came to the Greater
Broad. The road was for the greater
part along the banks. On the right
side, as far as eye could see, immense
mountains of rock piled one above
the other. At their base a winding,
rocky road of just sufficient width to
allow a carriage to pass. One false
step and you would be inevitably lost,
to the left the river, foaming and
white with foam, and particularly beau-
tiful in the falls, which fell in great
depth perpendicularly and the noise
heard at a considerable distance. The
scenery is the most grand, sublime
and beautiful that can be imagined and
calculated to excite the mind to great
and bold conceptions. It is the "High-
land" of our country, and affords am-
ple scope for the pen of some native
Scott, who would immortalize the
pass and dell with tale of love or war.

They are employed in making at
great expense and labor, an excellent
road. We saw them boring and blast-
ing rock.

We left the Warm Springs on the
opposite bank of the river, and were
1 1/2 miles to Richbourg, which is now
the most fashionable resort for com-
pany, but the crossing of the moun-
tain was so steep and difficult that we
repented having consented to meet one
of the party there. Arrived before
dark and made arrangements to go
over to the springs—in order to enjoy
the comfort of a bath.

Tuesday 21—Crossed the river on the
flat. Walked to the house which
is kept by Mr. Garrett. There is a house
built over the spring, the water of
which is extremely warm—from 95 to
105 degrees—and of a considerable
depth. Returned to Richbourg intend-
ing to go on, but detained by rain.

August 22—Crossed the river at the
ferry opposite the house, and after
a ride of two or three miles bade adieu
to the county of Buncombe with all
of its mountain scenery and entered
on the limestone rocks of Tennessee.

Tennessee.
The habit has a peculiar agreeable
taste said to be extremely beneficial to
health. Crossed the French Broad
three times during the day, and Pig-
eon river once.

Knnoxville.
Thursday 23.—Went 13 miles to
Dandridge. Friday we were not 10
miles from Knoxville. Crossed the river
and entered the town. The latter
covers a large extent of ground, has
several streets, many large and hand-
some brick buildings, three churches
and a court house, which is on the whole
a place of some importance.

In the evening had a visit from Gen-
eral Dunlap who brought a letter of
introduction to General Jackson. I ex-
pect much pleasure in seeing a man
who has occupied so large a portion
of the hearts, thoughts and time of
the South, and who, I think, was
entirely devoted to the best inter-
ests of his country. He is a most
generous and noble man. He is the
son of the old General. He is a
man of high character and of great
ability. He is a man of high charac-
ter and of great ability.

Sunday 26.—Went to Himans, 13
miles, for breakfast. We were to en-
counter the Cumberland mountains.
The roads for the superior to those
we had crossed in the Blue Ridge
Spencer's Hill on the mountains is the
greatest descent I have seen. We
walked down it, and with difficulty
kept a sure footing. It is, I think, a
mile and were you to slip there would
be no resting place until you reach-
ed the foot of the mountain. It is a
most interesting and beautiful view,
bounded by the summit of the distant
mountains which towered above the
clouds and vied with their ethereal
beauty. "Twas a scene worthy the pen-
cil of a Claude Lorraine."

Monday 27.—Still on the mountain,
but the road was so level that, one
could scarcely realize it. It was
more like a valley encompassed
with mountains which encircled you
mountains covered with beautiful wild
flowers. At dark entered the town of
Sparta, and after a short ride to the right
there met the stage. One of the pas-
sengers, Dr. Davis, a very intelligent
gentleman from out state quite con-
versable and agreeable.

Tuesday 28.—Left and rode to Rock
Island where we again met the stage.
Wednesday 29.—Rode to Danville, 8
miles, for breakfast. They have a
great spirit for town-making (a new

word) but I think it would be better
or rather look better if they would
unite two or three of them together.

Reached Murfreesboro late in the
evening, although only 20 miles. 'Tis
quite a pretty place—a number of good
looking dwellings—churches with
spires.

Nashville.
Tuesday 30.—Expected to reach
Nashville early in the afternoon,—tis
32 miles from Murfreesboro—but the
roads are so rocky the horses scarcely
got out of a walk. The jolting was
equal to the road to the Warm Springs.

The town has a very handsome ap-
pearance, as you enter several very
beautiful country seats in the environs
collegiate buildings just at the entrance.
The brick here is so far superior to
ours in color and shape. It adds much
to the beauty of the buildings, which
are large and handsome. Drove to
Nashville Inn (the best public house in
the place). On alighting we were
shown to a handsome furnished cham-
ber which had been prepared for us.

Friday, Aug. 31.—Walked to several
of the stores. Very handsome goods
and fancy articles of late fashion.
Sept. 1st.—Received letters and pa-
pers from home which gave intelli-
gence of the prevalence of that fatal
malady which so often visits our city.
It cast a cloud of sadness over my
mind and excited feelings of the most
painful nature. Compared to exert
myself and go down into the drawing
room to receive callers. In the even-
ing went to Earle's portrait gallery to
see a full length portrait of Gen. Jack-
son, which is said to be a striking like-
ness. There was also one of his
lady.

This is certainly a very well built
city. The stores and warehouses are
the handsomest I ever saw—generally
of brick, handsomely finished, and the
streets wide and straight. The hand-
somest private dwellings are in the
upper part of the city. They are in
northern style, stand retired from the
street with a small garden or grass
plot in front, railings, steps of white
marble (white granite in interior kind)
and very abundant here paintings of
the same. There is a large public
square in the centre of which is the
court house and market. All the pub-
lic houses, hotels, etc., are in the
streets which form the square from
which all the principal streets diverge.

There is a fine bridge which leads di-
rectly to the Methodist, Baptist, and
Presbyterian churches. The
Cathedral lately erected, but not yet
opened for service. They are about
erecting an Episcopal church as they
have a clergyman and a very respect-
able congregation. There is a Masonic
Hall, a museum and a theatre.

Sunday 2.—Went to the Presbyterian
church. A. Mr. Sowers preached.
He was nothing very great. It was
a gay and genteel looking congregation
—many very pretty faces.

Monday—Had a visit from Mrs.
Catron, wife of Judge Catron, of the
supreme court, and a fashionable lady
of the haut ton—very easy in her
manner and intelligent. They have
the character here of being hospitable
to strangers.

Several ladies and myself intend
riding out to review the troops on
parade near the city, as it is fashion-
able for ladies to attend on such oc-
casions. We reached the grounds too
late—the parade was over.

Mrs. Eaton, mother of the senator,
was to have called and gone with us
to the general's, but was too
much indisposed. She is a fine old
lady, quite of the old school—very dis-
tinguished in her appearance and manner.

General Jackson.
Dr. Davis and Mr. Conner and my-
self went in the barouche, servant
in more than 12 miles from here.
We arrived before dark. Rode up a
long avenue and on reaching were met
at the hall door by Col. Ogden. The
general and lady were in the act of
descending the stairs. We of course
remained until they reached the hall
and were then presented. The gen-
eral is a very venerable, dignified, fine-
looking man, perfectly easy in manner
—but more of that anon.

Mrs. Jackson received us with equal
politeness, led me into a drawing
room, and insisted upon my taking of
refreshments which were handed.
One would have supposed from the
kindness of her manner that she was
an old acquaintance. After I was re-
sted she proposed walking into the
garden, which is very large and quite
well kept. I was obliged to decline,
enthusiastically fond of flowers. She
called for me the only rose in bloom.
After an agreeable stroll we returned
to the drawing room and were joined
by several of the gentlemen (for they
have always more or less company)
and the conversation was kept with
spirit until supper was announced. I
was handed in by the general and se-
ated to Mrs. Jackson's left. He occu-
pled the right, opposite to me. He
pronounced with much solemnity
manner a short grace and then per-
formed the honors of the table with
an attentive politness which usually
characterizes a gentleman. Every-
thing was neat and elegant. A com-
plete service of French china, rich cut
glass, damask napkins, etc. After
supper Mrs. Jackson, Major Eaton
(senator to congress) and myself for-
mulated quite a social trio until we retired.
Mrs. Jackson accompanied me to my
chamber, remained a short time and
then bade "good night."

The Jackson House.
Tuesday Sept. 4.—I shall claim a
writer's privilege and quote in journal
style enter into all the details of my
visit—first a description of the house.
You enter a large and spacious hall or
vestibule. The walls are covered with
a very splendid French paper—beau-
tiful scenery, figures, etc. The floor
is an oil cloth—handsome sofa, chairs,
table with liquor etc. To the right
are two large handsome rooms fur-
nished in fashionable and genteel
style—drawing rooms with rich hang-
ings, carpets, etc.

To the left is the dining room and
their chamber. There was no splen-
dor to dazzle the eye, but everything
elegant and neat.

After breakfast we went into one
of the drawing rooms where is a num-
ber of portraits (elegantly framed) of
the intimate friends of the general, al-
so one of himself and Mrs. Jackson,
but I have never yet seen one that
did him justice.

They want the spirit and expression
which the original possesses in a
great degree.

We then examined as they were
shown us the offerings which had been
presented him from every part of the

union. The sword presented at New
Orleans is the most splendid piece of
workmanship of the time I ever saw—
the antique style and would require
an armour bearer in attendance. The
one from Tennessee is in the modern
style, adapted for use—most rich and
elegant.

THERE'S NO SUCH WOMAN.

In the absence of the Love Editor
—who is cutting coupons and cards
in his limousine somewhere in the
Appennines—we approach the sub-
ject of the psychology of lovely wo-
man in fear and trembling; metapo-
etically, or, to quote in Hampton's Ma-
gazine, "writing over the ill-disguised
feminine pseudonym of Harriet Mon-
roe, give to the world the following:

To Her Lover.
Oh, love me well,
But love not me alone!
Love the hot sword, the banner and
the song,
The crowded way of sorrow and
wrongs.

The dream no tongue can tell
The enemy prone,
Yea, love not me alone—
But love me well!
Oh, serve me well,
But serve not me alone!
Serve all who will, the oppressor and
the oppressed,
Serve all who will not; bare things
aching breast!

Even though thou hear love's knell
Go bravely on!
Yea, serve not me alone—
But serve me well!

It is god verse; it would even be
good poetry, if it rang true. But
there's no such woman:
"But love not me alone!"

No woman since the days of Lillith,
the first woman, ever told her lover
that! We do not even except the
Mormon ladies. Love is the most
selfish thing in the world and every
woman wants all of him all to her-
self.

"But serve not me alone!"
We suspect Harriet to be a man in
disguise who reckes little of woman's
heart when sne's in love. Addition
she approves of, but division, never!
—Virginia Pilot.

THOUGHTS ON EVE.

The first woman, finding no other
man, look in the garden except her
husband, look to find a fitting
devil. T. Lee race night, has been
saved much tribulation if Eden had
been located in some calm and tranquil
land—like Ireland. There
There would at least have been no
New woman in her thirteenth
century knowledge, showed her true
feminine inquisitiveness in her cross-exam-
ination of the serpent, and, in com-
memoration of the circumstance, the
serpent seems to have been curled
up and used in nearly all languages
as a sign of interrogation. Soon the
domestic troubles of our first pa-
rents began. The first woman's fa-
vite son was killed with a club, and
married women even to this day
seem to have an instinctive horror of
clubs.

It was Cain that raised a club. The
modern woman has learned that it is
a club that raises Cain. Yet I think
I recognize faces here tonight that
I see behind the windows of Fifth
Avenue clubs of an afternoon, when
their noses pressed flat against the
broad plate glass, and as woman
trips along the sidewalk I have ob-
served that these gentlemen appear
to be more assiduously engaged than
ever was a government scientific com-
mission in taking observations upon
the transit of Venus.—From a speech
by Horace Porter.

A LETTER HOME.

Like to come and see you, daddy, and
perhaps I will some day.
Like to come back East to visit, but I
wouldn't care to visit, but I
Glad you're doing well, and happy;
glad you like your country best.
But for me I always hunger for the
freedom of the West.
There's a wholesome amount of it that
I never could explain;
Once you breathe this air you love it
and you long for it again;
There's a tie you can't discern in the
splendor of the sky.
It's just home to you forever and I
can't just tell you why.
It's so big and broad and boundless!
and its Heaven is so blue,
And the metal of its people always
rings so clear and true:
And its billowed acres quiver like the
sunder of the sea,
And its level rich and golden
in upon the shore to me.
Why, your farm and all the others that
we used to think so fine,
Wouldn't—lump 'em all together—
make a corner lot in mine.
And your old red clover pasture, with
its gate of fence rails barred,
Why, it wouldn't make a grass plot
in our district schoolhouse yard,
Not a foot has touched its prairies but
is longing to return;
Not an eye has seen the sunset on its
western heavens burn,
But looks back in hungry yearnings,
with the memory grown dim,
And the zephyr of its prairies breathes
the cadence of a hymn
That is sweet and all its promise
is the "Beulah Land" we know.
When we used to sit together in the
old-fashioned pew;
And at eventide, the glory of the sky
and sod
Bids me bare my head in homage and
in gratitude to god.
Yes, I love you daddy, love you with a
heart that's true as steel.
But there's something in Dakota
that makes you live and breathe and
feel:
Makes you bigger, broader, better,
makes you know the worth of
toil,
Makes you free as are her prairies
and as noble as her soil,
Makes you manly as a man, makes
you manly as a king,
And there's something in the grandeur
of the season's sweeps and swing
That casts off the fretting fetters of
your East and marks you blest,
With the vigor of the prairies, with the
freedom of the West.

TOO BUSY TO WORRY

"I'm going to meet Mrs. Edison and
my daughter in England, and then we
will make a motor trip through
France," he said. "I want a chance
to worry a little."
"To worry a little!" repeated a Hat-
ener.
"Certainly," said Mr. Edison, "I
haven't had a chance to worry for
about twenty-two years—been too
busy."—Thomas A. Edison is an inter-
view.

VALUE OF A TAR HEEL BABY.

While Charlotte, N. C., is having a
water famine, Pasadena, Cal., the
wealthiest city of its size in the world,
is facing a baby famine.—North Em-
poria Independent.

Yet we doubt if Charlotte, even
when engaged in fighting, would have
exchanged one of her pretty little tar
heels for a volume of fresh water that
would make Noah's flood look like a
molecule.—Virginia Pilot.

WAS A NORTH CAROLINIAN.

An inquirer in the Baltimore Even-
ing Sun asks: "Who is the Dr. Henry
E. Sheppard mentioned in your paper
on the editorial page?" The answer,
which is of special interest to North
Carolinians was this:

"Henry Elliott Shepherd, M. A. LL.
D., was born at Fayetteville, N. C.,
and after receiving his preparatory
education in his native state he en-
tered the University of Virginia. Shortly
thereafter the war between the States
broke out and he enlisted in the
Confederate army. After the war Dr. Shep-
herd was engaged for over a quarter
of a century in educational activities
in Baltimore and Charleston, S. C. He
has the distinction of being a pioneer
in the study and development of the
science of linguistic philology in Amer-
ica. The greater part of Dr. Shepherd's
writing has been done in Baltimore,
where he now makes his home. Some
of the volumes that have appeared
from his pen are: "History of the En-
glish Language," "Grammar of the En-
glish Language," "Historical Reader,"
"Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee," "Com-
mentary on Tennyson's 'In Memo-
riam,'" essays, reviews, contributions
to lexicons, encyclopedias, etc., and his
recent book, "The Representative
Authors of Maryland."