

"TARHEELIA IN BLEASEDOM."

Former Lincolnian Writes Interestingly of The Old City of Charleston and Incidentally Takes a Shot at Lincolnian Fashions And The Daughters of The Confederacy.

There should be a long dash after the word "Charleston" and that dash should stand for much argument in the mind of the writer as to the advisability or otherwise of adding to that word "S. C." To make myself clear I think I had better give the line of argument as it passed through my mind before I finally added those two insignificant initials to "Charleston." How absurd to add S. C. States are added to the names of places too unimportant to be otherwise located. Does Charleston come under that head? Certainly not. There is only one Charleston in the United States, only one Charleston in the globe. But haven't I heard of a Charleston, West Virginia? I think so, but that one doesn't count. No Charleston anywhere could possibly count. Yes, there is only one Charleston on the globe, so I shall not add S. C. But then, if this sees the light of day, it will do so in North Carolina print. I am a North Carolinian. North Carolina has been described to me, since my residence here, as "a valley of humility lying between two mountains of conceit." Humility indeed! Yes, there are a number of Charlestons, I am sure, and in order that people may know just which one I mean I shall add "S. C."—and I have done so in true North Carolina style!

But you cannot live long in this atmosphere and not imbibe some feeling of the importance of the place in which you are residing. It is so impressed upon you that you undoubtedly are impressed by it, and that is why I am writing to the newspaper. I had recollections of certain traveller's letters appearing in these columns at different times, and I at once became ambitious. Someone went to Cuba and wrote of things seen there, while another gathered items from the West. Europe and the Holy Land have been written of, but Europe and the Holy Land shrink into insignificance in comparison to Charleston. If anyone doubts me, let him consult a Charlestonian. Thus am I justified in a traveller's letter.

Well, I picked up my pen to describe Charleston, and I find that Charleston is indescribable. My mind has run the gamut of adjectives and none of them apply, none save the one word charming and, who can describe charm?

You cannot liken it to any other place nor its people to any other people for they are utterly unlike. You would recognize a Charlestonian in the Desert of Sahara, yet you couldn't tell exactly why. Nevertheless I shall attempt to differentiate. The children, the younger ones bask in the sunny hours of the usual winter day, on the battery, accompanied by their old time black mammies. If you have no other way of telling a Charlestonian's offspring from those of a plebeian outsider, you have only to stop for a moment and listen to its prattle. If the child addresses its nurse by a given name you may feel at once justified in turning up your nose at it. A Charlestonian's nurse forsooth, is always addressed as "Dah" and "Dah" she is to every member of the family—a conspicuous figure as she sits in company with several other "Dahs," gowned in big white aprons and nurse's caps, as the children play on the Battery. Father and mother, papa and mamma, accented on either syllable are common words no Charleston child would be guilty of using. It is for their exclusive use the original, august, and otherwise unheard of words, "paper" and "mam er" have been instituted. To give the latter word the proper pronunciation you must first say "bah," like a sheep, and then make the first syllable rhyme with it. If you have accomplished this, then you might go marketing. If you hear a woman at a vegetable stall asking for tomatoes (long a) or tomatoes (broad a) you immediately conclude she is an ignorant person and doesn't know what she is about. One thing you must learn when you come here is not to ask for tomatoes in your native tongue. You must ask for "tomatters" if

you wish to be treated with respect.

Just at present Charleston has taken on a more cosmopolitan air than usual and a stroll on the Battery or a walk down Meeting street brings you face to face with many different kinds of people. There is the tourist element, always interesting, and just now, a large number of outside people here for the races. Here and there among the passers are the well-to-do, modern Charlestonians, too conventional to be interesting, and whose street dress of a fashionable cut is off-set possibly by the next passer-by whose dress wrap and hat, of a by-gone style bespeak the pathetic attempt to hide poverty and hardship—a not infrequent figure representative of old broken down Charleston aristocracy.

One is struck with the number of very old women of the place—and apparently the older, the more active—and one not infrequently meets what could best be described as a very animated bundle of wrinkles, which if you happen to meet personally you discover is accompanied by a very bright and intelligent mind.

Charleston, the place, is equally as interesting as Charleston, the people. There is, of course, the Navy Yard, the old market, the Museum and other places of general interest, but the quaintness of several of the old historic churches, strikes one particularly. St. Philip's and the Huguenot church are interesting as is also St. Michael's. If you can appreciate St. Michael's, the old Charlestonian will look upon you with approval. Here all of the little Charlestonians whose "pap-ers" have made good money on Broad street and whose "mam-ers" have social aspirations, learn where they came from, and how to behave while in Charleston, with, of course, proper consideration given the place where all Charlestonians, properly born, may expect to go. St. Michael's is noted for its chimes. These chimes ring each quarter of an hour of every day in the year, with a special dispensation of melody, somewhat cracked with the age of the bells, on Sunday morning. There is a clock in the tower which, being also somewhat aged, gets frequently out of time. Nevertheless, if you know what is good for you, you will conduct your going out and coming in by that clock, even tho' it stops for several hours. It fell my lot to spend one New Year's night with in a half block of St. Michael's. As is the custom, a number of the church bells of the town pealed forth the hour. There was a great jubilee of melody over the birth of the new year, waking all in the house for a half hour or so. I soon dropped back to sleep, thinking all the noise was over, and the New Year well born—when lo! St. Michael pealed forth, full half an hour late, "Asleep in Jesus" and sundry, mournful melodies, bursting finally into joyful notes over the New Year. Everyone being Charlestonian, I kept discreet silence at the breakfast table, next morning, while the lovely chimes were being talked of. I could only recall with intense amusement how St. Michael's came in a half hour late, and treated the whole matter in utter disregard of Uncle Sam's time, just across the street at the post office. But pooh! What is Uncle Sam to St. Michael! Therein lies the charm of it all.

A description of Charleston would not be complete without reference to the Charleston darkey. Charleston is one of the three cities, I believe, whose negro population exceeds its white, an item of intelligence you do not have to go to the city records to grasp, for your first walk down King St., southward, to the Battery, will find you lifting your skirt and dodging pickaninies, playing mumbly peg on the sidewalk, much as you would a swarm of the all-to-friendly flies, also to be found in large numbers. Your first impression of being in a place quaintly different from all others, is brought you on the first morning after your arrival, when you are aroused from your slumber by the sound of a remarkable darkey voice coming from the street below. You rub your eyes and wonder whose colored man has lost his mind on his way to work, an idea that is quickly dispelled as your curiosity takes you to the nearest window and you see the darkey in



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question, with a flat board on his head, covered over with a piece of old toe-bagging. I can't begin to interpret what he says, but I afterwards learned he was the "shrimp man." Having this introduction to the street vender, you think you will not be so dense next time and catch for yourself what is said. So when the next crier comes down the street you prick your ears to be the wiser of his lingo. This one happens to be a woman and on her head a big basket of vegetables. "Soopum, soopum," she calls and you rack your brains to know what she is saying, but in vain. Expecting to hear of some new vegetable indigenous to Charleston soil, you turn to your hostess for enlightenment. The "Soopum" turns out to be the island darkey's twist of tongue for "Soup bunch" a favorite way of selling a small collection of various vegetables suitable for boiling in soup. As yet, I have not encountered but one Charleston dish I cannot learn to like, and when I decline it I am looked upon as a rank outsider and not at all to the manner born. It is a dish in which is centered all of a Charleston housewife's pride, and you must needs suffer insult for declining it. The dish in question is a mixture of rice and brown peas, familiarly known and affectionately designated as "Hopping John." On first tasting it I made bold to enquire of what it was made. "What! Never heard of Hopping John?" I was asked in shocked amazement. "No," I laughed, "I am from North Carolina." "I thought so!" was the squelching reply. I have since learned to decline that dish on the grounds of poor appetite rather than of poor taste. Rice, you know, is the South Carolinian's idol. As typical of the place it holds in his heart, I heard a Charleston man, not long ago telling his wife of an elaborate stag dinner of the day previous. "And what did they have?" his wife asked. "Oh, everything—rice and everything," he declared, in a manner that showed he had done full justice to the description of that dinner.

Charleston's out of town attractions are also delightful. There is the Isle of Palms (the proper pronunciation of which is "Oil of Palms") much more to my liking in midwinter than midsummer. In the summer you are confronted by the throngs of people who go there for a cool breath of ocean air. In winter, save for a straggler here and there, you have one vast, deserted beach with the ocean, fathomless and wonderful, for your companion. Then there are Forts Sumter and Moultrie, as well as other place to be enjoyed by a water trip, among them the famous "Magnolia Gardens," the like of whose glorious flowers it would be hard to find. Summerville, another point of interest is reached by rail, 22 miles out of town, a delightful spread out village among the long leafed pines. Being strictly a resort town, it is very cosmopolitan, and in living there one has the unusual experience of country town life coupled with freedom and breath of the city; and all because the natives have learned through contact with the outside world of tourists, what the usual small town does not have the opportunity of learning; that there are others in the world than those of local life. Here you have

the privilege of wearing a Paris hat or a ten cent sunshade—a short skirt and sweater or a gown from North, without comment. You can go duck hunting on Sunday or sing psalms in church; be good, bad or indifferent and nobody cares, because everybody is wise as to his own place in the world. There is only one person I know of who would not feel at home in Summerville, and that is Madam Grundy. Speaking of costume, I am mindful of the amusement of a Wilmingtonian on a visit to Lincoln, some years ago. It was the season of overskirts and "turban" style of hair arrangement, as set forth for the edification of the village ladies by McCall's Magazine. The visitor returned to her boarding place after a morning in town, greatly convulsed with laughter. "That is the funniest place I ever saw," she declared. "Why every woman I saw had a turban in her hair and an overskirt on and they all looked as if they were cut by the same pattern!" This is not poking fun at my native burg but simply to illustrate how prone the villageite is to think that not only garments but life itself, must be all cut out by the same pattern. I remember hearing one of these ladies of the McCall overskirt type come broadly out and denounce another for wearing a Paris hat, ludicrous for the overskirt lady because not in keeping with the styles shown in the Lincoln shops.

Speaking of Lincoln ladies makes me wonder if the Daughters of the Confederacy there, have any conception of what the war they are immortalizing was really all about. I used to think it was brought about over the freeing of the slaves, or, possibly, a question of principle, involved therein. But I have since learned better. It all happened because some unsuspecting Yankee Congressman bucked up against the opinion of a South Carolinian! Being native born to the Old North State and, therefore, distinctly Southern in birth and breeding, my personal regard of the man north of the Mason and Dixon line used to be anything but flattering. But a residence of many moons in "Charleston and vicinity makes one wonder a bit about things pertaining to the war between the States, which wonder becomes ripened into conviction, so strong one finds oneself longing to shake hands with every Yankee tourist one meets over the outcome of the Civil War.

LINCOLN'S ROAD COMMISSION ARE SHOWN OVER CLEVELAND'S ROADS.

A delegation from Lincoln county was here yesterday to look over No. 6 township roads, Lincoln having voted \$200,000 in bonds March 4th, for good roads. Those who came up were J. A. Abernethy, Robt. Nixon, G. M. Shifford and Mr. Houser of North Brook township. They constitute the high commission and expect to begin work right away. Mr. Nixon is a man of considerable avoirdupoise and will serve as part of the machinery, possibly the steam roller to pack the road bed. Our commissioners, L. A. Gettys and J. F. Roberts, with Haywood Hull, son-in-law of Mr. Abernethy, took them out over the road.—Cleveland Star.

Claim and Delivery papers for sale at The News office.

WHAT THE FARMERS' UNION STANDS FOR.

Not In Politics and Is Working For The Uplift of the Man Who Tills The Soil.

The Farmers Educational and Co-operative Union of North Carolina is five years old. This organization's intention is to educate the farmer in the process of marketing and distributing what he produces. To assist its members in buying and selling, to discourage the credit and mortgage system. To apply the Golden Rule. To secure equity and establish justice among themselves and all mankind. This organization has accomplished much and is strong enough to do much more with a proper spirit of co-operation. It is non-partisan in politics and only asks for a square deal for the class of people it is composed of. As an organization it cares nothing for partisan politics or political parties, but is greatly interested in the affairs of the government of this country and it's wish is, to see it prosper. But it stands for equal rights to all and special privileges to none in the affairs of the government of the country. Just now the Union, with all the rest of the world, has its eyes on the new administration that has just come into power and the new Congress that is to reduce the tariff at its extra session. It is to that Congress that the farmer should appeal for a square deal. For the manufacturer will be there to have his goods protected, but he will want his raw material admitted free; the cotton goods manufacturer will want free cotton; the iron and steel manufacturer will want free iron; the farm implement manufacturer will want free raw material but protection on their goods. The great sugar refineries will want free raw material; the jute bagging manufacturer will want his raw material free; the woolen manufacturers will want free wool; the miller will be there to have his flour protected, but will want free wheat. So all these people will delect our next Congress asking for protection and free trade at the same time. But will the organized farmers be able to get Congress to give them a square deal in the revision of the tariff. If his corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, cotton, hogs and cattle, his chickens and eggs, his beans peas, cabbage and everything else he produces on the farm is put on the free list, then ought not all the farm tools he has to buy, his clothing and shoes be on the free list too. But if those things have to be protected for the prosperity of the country and the benefit of the manufacturer, then every thing the farmer produces ought to be protected for the prosperity of the country and the benefit of the farmer.

In all Europe they can not raise a bale of cotton. But they do have millions of spindles to spin our cotton, and must have 8 or 10 million bales each year. Now would it not be just as fair for this government to tell the cotton manufacturers of the other parts of the world that if they get any of our cotton to manufacture they must pay the farmer 12 cents a pound and 3 cents a pound to this government as a export tax. We ask if it would not be just as fair as the present system of handling our cotton. Now they buy our cotton at any price they can get it in a free market. But this government says they cannot sell it back here without paying a duty on it. And in collecting that duty the government taxes itself for the people of this country that buys these goods pays that tax and is the people not the government. In the above proposition the farmer is protected with a guarantee of 12 cents a pound for his cotton and the government would be getting its 3 cents a pound export tax from Europe and not be sucking it out of its self. There are many other farm products that could be done the same way. We go to Germany for nitrate of soda to grow our cotton but that government makes us pay a tax before we can get it. Why not this government protect its farmers like Brazil protects its coffee farmers. That government sets a price on coffee and we coffee drinkers have it to pay. If other nations can collect an export tax off of what the people of this country has to have, then why not this

DOWN THE PIKE WE GO.

Mr. A. Q. Kale, of High Shoals, to Erect Handsome Building On Depot Street—Modern in Every Respect.

The News predicted some time ago that there were great things in store for Lincoln. Backed by as good country as we have and a people who are of the best we just can't help but move along and overtake our sister towns. We have had a lull in the building line for a couple years but that couldn't be helped on account of the panic that existed among the mills, thanks to the Radical party. Under the steady hand of Woodrow Wilson our country will grow and prosper and we are going to double up and swing right in with the tide of progress, and go down the pike.

That admirable move on the part of our citizenship in voting the good roads bond issue was one of the best things that has happened in some time and before the road work is finished we will be going at even a livelier clip than now.

Mr. A. Q. Kale, the affable manager of the High Shoals mill who knows a good thing when he sees it, has given the contract for a handsome building to be erected on his lot just below where "Piddner" Lawing will build his. It will be a two story affair. Store-rooms with handsome pressed brick and plate glass fronts will take up the first floor and offices will be arranged in the second story. The plans call for a modern building in every respect and as the general manager of the High Shoals mill never does things by halves, we may expect something "jam up."

Deserted From Army, Archie Sanders Held by Forest City Officers.

Forest City, March 10.—Archie Saunders was taken into custody here Saturday afternoon by Chief of Police Manning charged with deserting the army at Fort Warden, Wash. in September. Archie is one of Forest City's former boys, his step-mother is living here at this time. He enlisted in the army four years ago and has been stationed in Washington State since, he re enlisted one year ago under some excitement and later decided he would desert to come home. Since his desertion he has been in Canada and has been at this place only a few days. He seems very optimistic about the punishment which is likely to be meted to him.

ERROR IN CROUSE VOTE.

Dear Sir:—The report of the good roads election from Crouse Precinct in your paper last week is wrong. Only two votes were cast against Road Improvement here, whereas the published report is twenty-eight against it.

G. T. HEAFNER.

At the Saturday meeting of the Mecklenburg division of the North Carolina Farmers' Union, the county business agent, Mr. W. O. Crosby was instructed to negotiate for the purchase of 1,000 tons of commercial fertilizers for use by members of the organization. The purchase which was ordered will be made under terms of a contract that has been accepted and approved by the business agent of the State organization, time and cash payments both being provided. The contract for the State agent was made on a basis that 100,000 tons be bought and the Mecklenburg order is the contribution of this county to the general contract negotiated.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Easter Cards—At Houser's.

government collect an export tax on cotton and other farm products that other nations has to have. That is what the farmers' unions of this country would like to see done, instead of taking the money out of their own pockets to pay the foreign manufacturers taxes as they now have to do under the present tariff system of collecting taxes. The Farmers' Union is an educational organization and through it the farmer is learning more about his own business and the conditions that keeps him down than any other school he ever attended.