

THE STORY OF RED SPRINGS

Thriving Robeson Town is Modern Characterization of the Determination of the Scot to Hang to His Traditions and the School.

(Bion H. Putter in News and Observer.)

Within a few days, if it has not already arrived, a bill will reach the Legislature asking the transfer of Hoke county from Robeson county to a narrow strip of land that runs along the boundary between the two counties, giving Hoke county Red Springs and an extension of rural country from McMillan's station to Floral College, the strip reaching practically across the lower end of Hoke county. This narrow strip has been an agitated land since Hoke county was formed, and for some matter before, for before Hoke was created an ambition to form North Robeson county had been very active. Much diplomacy and considerable flank work and struggling in the trenches were necessary before the peaceful separation of Hoke was finally arranged and as in all other human affairs there was an aftermath.

Red Springs is only a dozen miles from Raeford and is twice that far from Lumberton, the capital of Robeson, and a lot of Red Springs folks wanted to go with Hoke when the new county was formed. But Robeson opposed the new county so vigorously that it could only be set off by taking a limited territory. The Hoke advocates took what was in sight and concluded to get more when they could. Red Springs agreed to stay in Robeson as they apparently could not get out and to make another effort later. The members of the Legislature from the territory embraced by Hoke consented to take what they could get, and so the county was made, hands were shaken over the boundary, the heavens smiled, and Robeson gave Hoke a blessing and they parted.

But when the McMillans and the McCalls and the McLeods and the rest of them from Red Springs go over to Raeford and foregather with the McMillans and the McLeods and the McCallis, and then go back home and figure that they are of the same family but live in different houses a homesickness manifests itself and something that looks like "Clanna nan cathraí" or "Gullibh a chieil," and means something like stick together, and then the Red Springs Scotch want to get into the Scotch county of Hoke. I like to get down and mix up with these old Scotch folks, for I was a boy in a Scotch Presbyterian community in Pennsylvania, and when I get among a new bunch of them there is a continual sense of being at home, and feeling that presently up the street may come old Roderick McDonald, or Archie McCullough, or Scott McClellan, or some of the others who have long ago left for the unknown country. As I recall in our early days among our old Scots if those persistent fellows wanted anything they generally went after it, and if they had to go more than once, they went but they usually got it before they quit.

So I reckon Red Springs will arrive at the Hoke county door one of these days and knock and say, "We have come with the family and the cattle and the rest of the things and we have come to stay."

But this is merely an incident in the shifting political geography of the State. Back of it is the story and the lesson. Red Springs is a new town. It is a modern characterization of the determination of the Scot to hang to his traditions and the school. Before the Queen's Museum had been chartered in Charlotte just previous to the revolution, Rev. David Caldwell, the young Presbyterian coming down from Princeton, had opened in Guilford county in 1767, his school, which served as academy, college, theological seminary and all the better, as the foundation on which to build a growing system of education in the State, and to start a remarkable number of young men on the

best and it looks as if there would be an alliance presently not only of the college town with Hoke county, but with the whole territory that the college has been established to represent for Orange Presbytery is one of the sponsors of the Red Springs school. Orange, Presbytery, on the map, includes the region next above the Fayetteville Presbytery. That is it includes the Presbyterians of that territory. The Sandhills Board of Trade knows no distinction of religions or anything else. All people are part of its hailfellowship. It lives with a limitedly. So the Reverend Doctor Poss, of the Methodist Episcopal church, writes to the Reverend Doctor Vardell of the Presbyterian college, that your school is ours, and there you are.

Beginnings of the College.

Some eighteen years ago the Presbyterians of the Cape Fear country arrived at the place where they thought they could establish a Presbyterian college for young women, and with all of that confidence in their powers to get what they want they selected Red Springs as the site of the institution they planned, and they commenced work. One of the things that made the admiration of these people is the satisfied way in which they undertake to carry out what they have set as the objective.

Red Springs College commenced with a little wooden building and a few thousand dollars. The main thing is that it commenced. It had not progressed very far until it found Dr. Charles G. Vardell, a Davidson man, and for Dr. Vardell came to Red Springs with a clear vision, and the proper amount of backbone to take hold of a job that should be done. He would have appeared about as inviting as that of old Sisyphus who struggled day after day with that eternal stone which seemed never could be rolled up the long hill and there established.

Without a doubt the people of Red Springs and the people of the Presbyterian church and the education of the State and everybody else who knows anything of the story of Red Springs, have been surprised by the swift development of the handsome, commodious, and modern college from the crude little building that marked its beginning less than a score of years ago.

But the development of the college these Presbyterians have created is not my story. That has already been told and we have all admired the fine persistence and confidence that has accomplished this work. The thing that commands my attention is the plan that this country college at Red Springs has laid out for its work for the future. And now, like the orchestra when it comes to the words "al seg" in the music, we will go back and start again.

This college for women is quite the life and motive of Red Springs and is making a move to unite the Red Springs territory with the young county of Hoke it is not only the desire of the Scotch community of upper Robeson to be made a part of the more extensive Scotch community on the other side of the present county line, but is the eagerness of a vigorous, progressive movement to be allied with other vigorous progress.

Turpentine Yields to Cotton.

Fifteen or twenty years ago Red Springs was in the turpentine belt and the production of naval stores seemed the chief purpose of life. As the pine tree failed the cotton tree began to demand recognition. From buying a few bales of cotton a year Red Springs now buys ten to twelve thousand bales a year, and fine productive farms stretch away through the territory where the turpentine was once the chief industry. Handmade homes have been created where the stills were. Cotton gins have supplanted tar kilns. Clean streets, good country roads, well stocked stores, an oil mill, prosperous banks and business houses of all sorts are in Red Springs. This section has been pushing ahead as fast as any other part of the counties just to the northwest and the Red Springs folks have the same restless atmosphere which prompts to be doing something.

That ubiquitous institution, the Sandhills Board of Trade, which is the next neighbor of Red Springs school on the northwest likes to annex to itself all good things that have in themselves the elements of progress. And the editor of the Sandhills Citizen has been laying some stress on the proposition that the Presbyterian college is one of the adjuncts of the sunshine

teacher. Yet to merely teach girls how to teach others to teach others, did not fulfill the purpose of having girls in school. So something more had to come and something more has come, and keep coming until schools for women and for men get far beyond where they are.

Recognizing the New Education.

At Red Springs this was recognized, and one of the most complete courses in domestic arts and sciences was introduced. When these lines were first proposed at Red Springs the world figured that education meant a certain polish for the girl, and an enlightened negro in the kitchen to attend to the physical requirements of the family, food being too undignified for an educated woman to deal with. Red Springs has set the standard of education for women far ahead of the field. This college will come up with that standard some day, but it has yet a long way to go. It is a feature of the college that it is a college for the girl and that it is a college which is making a name for itself along some new lines. A good college for women in a good climate in a beautiful location, which is doing good work is a valuable asset. So welcome is it given to Red Springs over a wider field than simply Hoke county. Red Springs will be introduced to the visitors from the North and New England, who will be shown that they can put them in school cheaper than they can leave the girls at home, and that the school will be one in which they can feel a constant confidence and pride, and to which they can go in an hour's journey over three or four of the best roads in the State, packing the hold of each different journey.

The college at Red Springs is starting out on two lines that are interesting and commendable. One of these is training the country girl to believe in the country girl and help make the country girl a girl fitted for her country career and one who can help herself and the country by her training. Life in North Carolina is practically country life. Only one out of seven people of North Carolina lives in a place as big as the town of 2,500 people. The other six live in the country or in smaller villages. Had a dozen not very big cities constitute this State's entire city exhibit. Wherefore it is apparent that North Carolina is a State in the country. The town of three or four thousand people is a country town. The girls of North Carolina are country girls, and so far as can be predicted North Carolina will continue to be in the country.

Setting Up the Problems Correctly.

The general principles of all things are the same in the country or in the city. Yet the city habit is superficial and in no way is adapted for life in the country. This condition the Red Springs institution recognizes, and it is the purpose of the college to train the girls to live upon the girls that the big problems of life in North Carolina are to be country problems, and that the training of the country girl who comes to Red Springs can not be satisfying if it is an imitation of the training of the girl who attends the city college with its city ideals of the superficial things.

The college at Red Springs is a country college because when it was established there were few cities in the State, and no city but Wilmington in the territory of the Presbyteries which established the institution. The college is a country institution now because of its location, but also of the determination that it shall be a country college for the purpose of doing work for country girls that shall give them an understanding of country life and a confidence in the possibilities and the ideals of country life.

Quite closely affiliated with this institution is the other of giving to domestic art and science the broadest possible opportunity. The education of women has been a haphazard thing. In the early days education was for men. It was to fit them for professional work. When women, steadily forcing recognition for themselves and for their rights to a fair chance with men, finally were granted the right to go to school it was a problem what women might be taught that would benefit them. To play the harpsichord and work a sample was about as harmless as anything. That server. Anything is good if it is a beginning. Once women were accorded the right to any kind of an education, if only to learn to count up to ten, the rest was certain to follow.

Presently the girl was allowed to go to the training school to become a

young folks and old folks will be turning to the farms from everywhere in droves.

NO CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ARE FOUND IN KINSTON

City Health Officer Reports Unusual Condition—Dr. Jennings Returned.

(Special Star Correspondence.)

Kinston, N. C., Feb. 14. — Dr. Geo. E. Kornegay, city physician, says there is not a single case of contagious disease in Kinston. This condition is unusual, even in Kinston, with its unusually low death rate. Although there has been no great amount of contagious sickness here since the smallpox epidemic of a couple of winters ago, it is seldom that there is a time in any community of 13,000 souls when there cannot be located a "catchable" case of some kind or another.

Dr. J. A. Jennings, agent of the bureau of animal husbandry of the United States Department of Agriculture, who recently returned to his station here from Western Pennsylvania, where he was sent to assist in the eradication of the hoof and mouth disease, talks interestingly of the epidemic which swept through the stock yards, dairies and herds of the Middle West and parts of the East and North, late in 1913.

"Up to January 1 the outbreak had cost the government in excess of \$2,000,000," Dr. Jennings said. "More than \$1,800,000 was spent in slaughtering the affected animals and reimbursing their owners. The government and the indi-

vidual states shared evenly in the reimbursement of owners of the cattle killed. Think of it, 101,176 animals slaughtered, either because they were diseased or had been exposed to contagion. Of the animals despatched by the government and state veterinarians 46,268 were cattle, 47,735 swine and the remainder sheep and goats. Under the recent urgent deficiency act, which was signed by the President on January 25, \$2,500,000 is now available for the work that remains. The loss in Illinois was larger than in any other state. Altogether, 36,758 animals were slain there. Pennsylvania and Ohio followed in order as second and third. Sixteen other states were affected. Energetic measures are now being used which will soon stamp out the pestilence in the few localities where the germ has not been isolated, principally in Illinois and Pennsylvania."

Dr. Jennings, who is engaged in the cattle tick eradication work in Lenoir county, had his headquarters with 21 other experts who had charge of the situation in Allegheny county, Pa., in Pittsburgh. Although when he left the situation there was well in hand, the county was not entirely free from infection.

That a note of warning was sent by the United States to the leading nation on each side of the great war on the same day is a pretty good indication that American neutrality is officially sure enough neutrality. This isn't an American war, and it is well for the belligerents and some Americans, too, to keep that fact clearly in mind.—Savannah News.

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Mother Jones, famous woman labor agitator, who has lived in all the minor capitals of the west among men who never dreamed of society luxury as it is known in New York, was invited to the Colony Club, the millionaire women's club of New York city, by Mrs. E. Gordon Harriman, the woman member of the Industrial Relations Commission, which had recently heard her under conditions. The Colony is the most and most gorgeous women's club in the United States, perhaps in the world. Scores of women worth great fortunes and scores more whose husbands are fortunes famous the world over, are members.

This is what "Mother" Jones had to say about the club after her visit, and she certainly shocked New York society women:

"I wouldn't live at the Colony Club for a million dollars.

"The women who go there are nothing but parasites. They are a lot of cats.

"They wear fur and furbelows and expensive hats. All they own is on the outside of their heads; there is nothing inside.

"Never again.

"When I went in, a great big funky in a gorgeous uniform opened the door for me and set me in the reception room. I felt like a fool.

"There were a lot of women around and I just sat and looked at them. I never saw the equal in my life.

"There they sat and talked of clubs and theatres and clothes and money. Beautiful hats they had on their heads, but that was all. The insides were empty. I could have told 'em about a club that would be better for them."