

EVERY CITY HAS ITS OWN VOICE

Nerve-Racking Conditions of North Almost Entirely Absent in South America.

OLD WORLD MELODY PREVAILS

Traveler in Havana Misses Shriek of Northern Newsboy and Hears Instead a Melanch Chant—Lima Quiet and Sleepy.

New York.—None but a dead city is without its characteristic voice. Each has its distinctive symphony of sound, changing with the hours from the roar of midday to the lullaby of dawn, and varying in locality from the brawl of factory wheels to the babel of busy streets.

North American cities are much alike in these manifestations. Their differences lie chiefly in volume.

Remember the traffic din of a North American city, says the New York Times, and there would remain for a time almost a dumbness. Most of the noisier cities are still by an overbearing competition of noise or made famous themselves in their effort to be heard. Perhaps this accounts for the hush, abnormal cry of the North American newsboy.

It is in Havana that the southward-bound traveler first misses the shrill of the familiar street arid howling of his papers. Under the windows, instead, there will be heard a mellow chant, at a staccato rather than a breaking pitch, always in at least two voices, ending upon the higher.

Not that the composite voice of Havana is duller and low. It is, on the contrary, vigorous and loud, the dominant note in its cacophony being the bark of its taxis.

Caracas, in truth, seems to have no noise to note. It does its utmost to shut out from its medley of sounds the world outside has not yet been reached.

Insensible to Noise.

Like the Oriental, the Spanish-American seems insensible to noise. He is regardless in his manner of life, and appears to find no need for the privacy so essential to the Anglo-Saxon.

Outside such cosmopolitan centers as Buenos Aires there is a vigorous survival in South America of the old Spanish sereno. Of his own of keys, dops, pipe, pistol and whistle only the latter remains. The hour is no longer shouted into iron-barred patios, together with the news of the night watches, but police whistles shrill through the small hours their assurance that the law is alert.

Most particularly may Arsenio, of all the African cities, lay claim to the church bell as its dominant voice. The newcomer is jarrred awake by it, vividly, in the misty, shuddering gloom of his first morning there, its primary tongue being a resounding stroke of a huge gong in the cathedral tower on the main plaza.

Lima, once capital of all the South American continent, has a sedate and quiet air. It is too aristocratic to be thrilled, and too far submerged in the busy afternoon of its gilded career to be excited by its striking overtones of sound. Its automobiles and its horse-drawn carts go about their business with a minimum of sound. The street merchant is less vociferous and the hawk sits interposing a silent midday between the more animated hours.

Callao is noisome, rather than noisy, both from proximity to the guano island that rises at its front door and from the squallor in which a large part of the population lives.

Callao is a port and its dominant voice is that of the sea and the seafaring activities of its water front.

Affected With Motor Car.

La Paz is afflicted with the motor car, which leads a harsh and boisterous life upon the Bolivian capital's steep hills and cobblestones. But in the early morning, before the tourists and the handful of dente decente—which is to say the decent gentry—foreign and domestic, have brought their anachronistic chariots into request, a far more fundamental and realistic note can be heard. The day trips into view, over the rough and stony, urged by his Indian driver's curious combination of whistle and hiss. Lama trains patter by and there is over all the scrape of leather sandals and of aboriginal bare feet.

An Indian village is free from the alarms that help so largely in building up the civilized complex. There is no clatter of motor car or wagon in small town streets, or upon the burro trails that creep through the highland districts of Bolivia and Peru.

Buenos Aires is international and its streets echo those of Washington and Paris. Montevideo is both a newer and an older Madrid. Rio de Janeiro is an artist's dream of Lisbon, although in a larger sense it is as individual and national as anything on the continent. And as for Santiago, which is a new and greater Granada—though its astonishing citadel park of Santa Lucia is but a pale similitude of the Alhambra.

Greater Sydney Includes 1,050,000. Sydney, N. S. W.—The population within a ten-mile radius of Sydney exceeds 1,000,000 now. The statistical estimate at the end of last year was 1,000,000 with that of the actual metropolis placed at 950,000.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

THE STEP BEYOND

JUST a step beyond the barriers which have so long defied us, and we are sure of our ground, certain of realizing our fondest hopes, and marching on and on with the victors. The thought thrills us with elation, but how hard it is to make the final stride when we are worn and weary. Human nature is prone to lose courage when the chase is tiresome. It inclines to become disheartened when carefully worked out plans and calculations fall immediately to produce anticipated results.

The fatal fault with most of us is lack of patience, coupled with an inclination to be governed by impulse rather than reason at the turning moment when everything is dependent on calmness and firmness of purpose. We incline to haste when we should go slowly and take accurate account of our energy, where we should conserve it, that our minds may not be filled with fear and finally overcome with sickening apathy.

In business, as in love, most of our miserable failures result from our refusal to consider seriously the step beyond.

For some paltry reason, a whim of the fancy, or a lack of activity, we find ourselves at the crucial moment weary of the chase.

So we sit in the inviting shade of a friendly nook, while our more ambitious rivals steal a march upon us and capture the prize, only a step beyond our impatient reach.

The blame is our own. But the truth never penetrates our souls until the clear perspective of years gives us a sharper vision which enables us to see our folly.

It is not until then that we fully understand our shortcomings. To make amends for our own delinquency, we proceed to pass around advice to our intimates, which, as a rule, falls on barren ground. They know us!

There is but a step between success and failure, however, but a step between hope and despair. When the occasion comes for action very few of us, alas, know how to make the step, though it is inviting and has an air of simplicity.

And yet there is probably no other movement more vitally important to man's future success than the step just beyond.

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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"PLUCK"

EXCEPT as a synonym for courage, pluck appears to have little in common with the words which are derived from the French root-word "coeur," meaning "heart" but, in reality, they are very closely allied, having their parentage in the old belief that the heart is the seat of bravery. "Courage" and "courageous" both bear testimony to this belief, having come down to us by way of the French, while "pluck" is essentially Anglo-Saxon and was formerly the slang term for the entrails of an ox or steer. When the butcher laid open the carcass of the animal he would divide the great arteries leading to the heart, cut through the windpipe, and then lift or pluck out the heart and lungs, referring to the entire mass as "the pluck."

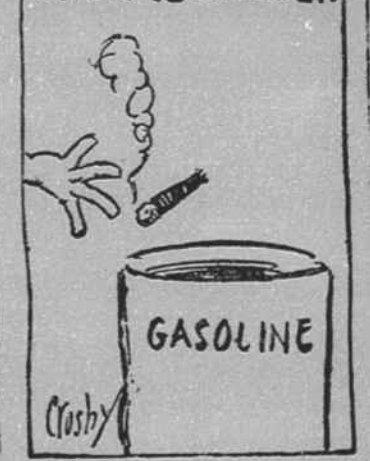
Merely as an indication of the comparative infancy of the word, Sir Walter Scott wrote in his journal in 1827 that a certain man was "wanting in that article which is blackguardedly called 'pluck.'" For a number of decades past, however, the word has been sanctioned by the best usage in English and has taken its place alongside the aristocratic words of the language.

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Had It Learned.

Diner—I have eaten much better steaks than this one.
Waiter (through force of habit)—Not here, sir, not here.—American Legion Weekly.

ONCE IS ENOUGH



Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

YOU LIKE TO ARGUE? You may be a bore or you may not with this propensity. Yet if you control it well you are a stimulating person to have about. Nothing is better for a crowd of lazy-minded folk than to have such as you around. You can argue on whether the moon has flowers, or cocks have life, or babies have rights, or women have hearts, or anything but politics and religion and still be popular and amusing. Argument and discussion can be the pep of a party if no one gets luffy.

SO Your get-away here is: YOU KEEP THE CROWD AMUSED AND INTERESTED (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

The man who holds down the ladder at the bottom is frequently just as much service as the man at the top. The mother in the home who is faithful to her duties is as invaluable as the breadwinner outside.

FOOD FOR THE FAMILY

A NICE little company sandwich which is different and served with a cup of cocoa or coffee will be enough for light refreshments is Chicken Salad Rolls.

Mix one cupful of cooked chicken, one cupful of chopped celery and one-half cupful of chopped green olives with three tablespoons of mayonnaise dressing, seasoning highly with salt and cayenne. Cut small rolls into halves, remove the soft centers, spread with softened butter and fill with the salad; press the halves together or serve open with the tops garnished to suit the taste.

For the Cooky Jar.

Take one cupful of shortening, two cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of milk, three and one-half cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of flavoring, a little salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix, chill and roll as thin as possible. Sprinkle the tops with sugar just before going into the oven. For variety cut with a doughnut cutter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and add three halves of almonds, points to the center at equal distances. These are called sand tarts.

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CLAY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

A MAN, they say, is made of clay; Undoubtedly it's true. But then one finds so many kinds of clay—now haven't you? Along the creeks are yellow streaks of clay that wouldn't do.

I know the mushy sort of slush Would never make a man; He'd fall apart before you start, Would crumble in the pan. That's not the ditch of clay in which Humanity began.

And in the yard is clay so hard, So shriveled up and dry, So rough and cold with musty mold And full of alkali. No love nor wit could soften it— You wouldn't even try.

But there is clay beside the way That's solid yet will bend, That gives and takes—the kind that makes A fellow and a friend, That once you choose, you never lose, That holds until the end.

So don't begin with clay too thin, Nor start with clay too thick, The plastic kind you'll always find The best to do the trick. Just add a hand of good, old sand— And then you'll have a brick!

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Porcupine Apples.

Select apples of uniform size and which will cook tender without losing their shape. To half a dozen apples prepare a sirup in which to cook them. When tender decorate with quartered blanched almonds, sticking them into the apple as thick as desired. Pour the sirup around the apples and bake until the nuts are lightly browned. Serve as dessert with cream. The centers may be filled with bright colored jelly and they may be arranged on a platter if desired, with a spoonful of cream whipped stiff on each.

Nellie Maxwell (© 1922, Western Newspaper Union)

Holland's Thrifty Peasants.

It is said that the Dutch peasant is well-to-do. That is indicated by the fact that Holland has more than two and one-half million accounts in savings banks, which means that more than one in every three of the population is laying away money for a rainy day.

SCHOOL DAYS



The Faith O' Men Copyright

Did You Know That ?

that a restaurant has been opened in Boone with all the latest and most sanitary fixtures such as

TABLES WITH VITROLITE TOPS, COFFEE URNS, MILK AND WATER COOLERS

and various other modern equipment never before seen outside of the towns and cities.

WE HAVE AT ALL TIMES A LARGE VARIETY OF SHORT ORDERS

Regular Dinner 35 and 50 cts.

GIVE US A TRIAL

Tatum's Restaurant

Groceries Delivered Free

Hereafter we will deliver in Boone all groceries purchased at our place, that is, where it is desired.

We take this step in order to be better enabled to render even better service to those to whom I am indebted for their very liberal support in the past, and which I shall endeavor to merit in the future.

We have everything in the grocery line, and if you cannot come for your needs, just let us know and our delivery wagon will be at your door in a jiffy.

Don't be backward about commanding us We want to give service.

W. A. THOMAS

PREPARE YOUR CAR FOR SUMMER

Now, when spring is here and summer not far away our thoughts turn to the long white stretches of road that will soon be waking the wanderlust in us.

Has your automobile been put in condition for the long week end trips you expect to make in it with your family at the close of a hard week's labor.

Will it be prepared for the exacting demands you will make on it this year? Much the same as the human system gets in a run down condition and requires a tonic so does your car need careful attention so as to safeguard the lives and the cash of you and your family.

We operate the best repair shop in this section. We have in charge of this shop a man who has the record of being one of the finest mechanics in Watauga county. No work goes out until it is well done, and ready for hard use under adverse conditions.

Bring us your car and let us get it ready for the summer season. Our service is prompt and charges reasonable. And when here look at our line of accessories and tires. Our line of tires and tubes is the largest in this section of North Carolina.

W. R. Winkler