

A North Carolinian Abroad

Mr. C. W. Tillett Sketches the Places He Visits and the People He Meets in a Tour of the Continent.

London, Aug. 29.—Hurray for Old England! and hip, hip, hip three times hurray for the grand old English language!

We had a smooth voyage—mirabile dictu—across the English channel and that pleased me greatly; but the crowning pleasure of it all was getting where my mother tongue was spoken, and I can never make you understand what a relief it was to be able to understand and to be understood. I can compare it to nothing except getting well of the toothache. I have been pretending that I was getting along very well with the language of the various countries through which I passed, but now I will be honest and tell you that the way I was jabbered at from Naples to Paris nearly ran me crazy at times. I had a pained expression on my face every time I asked a question of one of these foreigners and a still more pained expression when I would endeavor to get at the meaning of the gibberish that would be poured out on me in reply. So please imagine my delight when the words uttered by a sailor at the head of the gang plank as I boarded the ship at Dieppe, France, to cross over to England, "First class (broad a if you please) passengers pass to the left, second class to the left," "Thank God for the English language," I said most reverently.

OLD ENGLAND. But let's come back to the first part—"Hurray for Old England." Let me tell you something, my friend. Apart from all question of language, I do not see how any disinterested person of any nationality could take the tour we have taken and see the people we have seen and reach any other conclusion than that I reached, viz: That England and the English men far excel any other lands and people. We have been in London now for several days and I have seen more nice looking, more intelligent, more men and women than in all the balance of the countries put together. In fact stand on one of the street corners and watch the men going to their places of business in the morning and you will appreciate my remark that no finer aggregation of splendid looking men can be seen anywhere in the world. I know that silk hats don't go for much (I never owned one in my life) but you will see more silk hats on the London streets in thirty minutes than you will see in any other city in the world in a whole day. I have spoken of judging England apart from the English language, but why should this be done. I can't resist the feeling that the grand old language has helped to make the country grand. Where else in the world is it spoken except by freemen? Who was it wrote so truly: "We must be free who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke; the faith and morals hold that Milton held."

ENGLISH PATRIOTISM. You will be impressed at once with the intense patriotism of the English. They love their government and are proud of its record. They are particularly fond of boasting of the prowess of their country. I stood on deck by the side of a middle aged intelligent subject of King Edward just as we sighted the southern coast. He pointed out the South Downs where the famous Southdown sheep are raised, but his eye kindled with a new fire as he explained to me how they could fortify the coast in case of war with France. "See," he said, "we could put one of our best batteries of that promontory and sink any fleet the French might send against us." I had precisely the same experience when approaching the coast from another point a few days later, when another Englishman began at once to tell me what they could do for any naval force that might attempt to attack their shores.

LONDON, THE BIG. But what of London? Well, it's the biggest thing I've ever seen outside of Texas. You soon realize that it is bigger than Chicago, bigger than Paris, bigger than the tall buildings found in our cities. A London man told me that their tallest house was thirteen stories. The average height of the business blocks is four or five stories. You miss the street cars, there are practically none. I had a bad experience of the omnibus system of this great city, but one can have but little conception of it except to see it for himself. There is a ceaseless stream of omnibuses on every street all day long, some pulled by horses and some operated by gasoline and electric motors. All of these are double deckers and about the most fascinating thing I know is to ride on top of a London double-decker. I spent hours of my precious time in that place watching the people and the stores riding through streets whose names had been familiar to me from my earliest childhood, and passing every now and then places of world wide interest. From my perch on the omnibus I watched the little street cleaners, boys, successors they seem to be of the chimney sweeps of a hundred years ago. These boys from 12 to 15 years of age, keep the streets swept and the way they do it is out, now almost under the horses' hoofs now brushed by a heavy wheel that would crush them to death if it swerved two inches—made my hair stand on end more than once.

LONDON POLICEMEN. Another object of great interest is the London policemen. The most striking thing about them is that they carry no weapon of any sort; no billy, no pistol, and yet the respect they command is perfect. My late partner, Col. Hamilton Jones (whose name is never mentioned, but I breathe a prayer of thankfulness to God for having allowed me such long and halcyon association with him) used often to cry out against the acts of brutality on the part of policemen. He contended that the billy and the pistol were not necessary to the maintenance of order, and while he numbered many policemen among his very best friends, still he often had occasion to reprove some of them severely for the too frequent use of these cruel instruments. Well, I would have given a year's salary to have had the grand old man seated by me on top of the omnibus as I rode down Princess Street and came to the corner at the Bank of England where so many ways meet—the busiest corner in the world they say it is. I verily believe he would have thrown his hat in the air and uttered a loud shout of applause as the unarmed policeman quietly raised his hand, and the whole assembly of people stood instantly still as if transfixed by magic into statues of stone. It was one of the simplest and sublimest examples of obedience to law that I ever witnessed, and taught me the lesson that the power of the policeman does not consist in the bigness of his billy nor

the number of times that his pistol will shoot.

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

Rome, of all the cities of the world, is perhaps the one of most interest to all people of all countries from a historical standpoint, but to the son of an Englishman, London is par excellence, the city of historic interest. Pardon me for blowing off a little. I have gotten back to the home of my ancestors. There in a street here in this great city named for my mother's family. One of them, they say, was Lord Mayor of London once and one of them was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. One of them was at one time English minister at The Hague. What a pity I forgot all about this when I was called on at The Hague in Queen Wilhelm's palace to write down in a book whether I was an aristocrat or a plebeian! No, I'm glad I forgot it, I thank God that I despise these class distinctions. They are so cruel; they are so entirely without foundation and cause so much bitterness and heartache in the mad striving of those who are born in one circle to push themselves up into that they call the higher circles. It may not be wrong for one to enjoy quietly the satisfaction that he has gentle blood coursing through his veins, but after all "rare" Ben Jonson was right when he wrote:

"Nor stand so much on your gentility Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing From dead men's dust and bones and none of yours or hold it."

But I do glory in all that has been done by my ancestors for the betterment of humanity. I glory in the record of that old French Huguenot, the humble Methodist preacher, who sleeps now in Oakwood Cemetery, in that for fifty years he spent all of his God-given powers in proclaiming the everlasting Gospel of peace and in helping men and women to lead higher and better lives. I glory too in the thought that my mother's ancestors did a little something toward making England's civilization the highest in the world as shown in its administration of justice and in its preservation of freedom. (There now that stuff was in my stomach (?) and I had to let it off. I feel better, and I hope that has made me better will not make you sick. I promise not to philosophize any more.)

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

This is the home of some of the most influential daily papers in the world, but they are not nearly so pretentious in appearance as the New York dailies. Instead of using the valuable space on the first page for big head lines, they print a large extra placard which tells in bold, colored type the leading topics in the paper and the newsboy holds this placard in full view of everyone as he goes about the street crying his papers. It looks funny to see the boy with a half-dozen of these placards hung around his neck. The papers have little foreign news in them and do not take much notice of America. The only one item about North Carolina and that was to the effect that an electric power house somewhere in the State, had been struck by lightning, killing several people, but it did not think it necessary to say at what place in the State this fatality occurred. The only other mention of North Carolina that I have seen in all my travels was an advertisement in a store window of some leaf tobacco which was said to have been raised in the celebrated piedmont section of North Carolina.

BRITISH CURRENCY.

But oh, the financial problem you encounter in wrestling with British currency. They have sovereigns and pounds and crowns and shillings and pence and ha' pence and farthings and heaven knows what else. I think I am a middling good mathematician, and yet I pledge you my word that I did not know whether I was getting the proper change a single time that the purchase amounted to as much as a crown. I'll bet a dollar right now that not half of you can tell how many shillings make a crown. "What is the price of this," you ask. "Five and six" comes the quick answer, which means that it is five shillings and six pence. I had occasion to consult a doctor (alas, they levy tribute on me every where I go), and when I called for my bill he said "one sovereign." "For heaven sake, my dear sir, how much is that?" "Just a pound and one shilling," he replied. Then he continued, "The professional men, doctors and lawyers, are practically the only ones that speak of sovereigns." "Ah, yes, now I see. It takes a rogue to catch a rogue. It is about as easy to say 'sovereign' as 'pound' and if you say the first it is one shilling more. Understand?"

ENGLISH BRUSQUENESS.

My English cousins are rather brusque. The policemen for instance are well informed and ever ready to give you full information, but they give it in the most abrupt manner. Graham can tell you what that is. I went out into the middle of a crowded street to ask one a question and after he had answered it, I turned without observing that a horse was right on me. The officer grabbed me by the shoulder and, whirled me around as he snarled, "You don't want to get your head knocked down, do you?" No, I didn't want to have my head "knocked down," nor did I want to have it twisted off my shoulders. On another occasion I gave a London cabby at the end of a drive one shilling, which was too little by six pence. "You don't take me for an omnibus, do you?" he snapped out.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

"But what of London itself?" I hear you ask. "Are there no places of interest?" To be sure, gentle reader, that is what's the matter. I have been going about here writing about newsboys, currency and other small matters, but all the time wondering where to begin telling you of the innumerable places of absorbing interest. Yonder is a tall monument erected to commemorate the great London fire (I don't know what year it was) and the cessation of the great plague, which were coincident. But why have they put that great eagle around the top of it? Ah, thereby hangs an interesting tale. It was found to be a most convenient place on which to commit suicide. Indeed, it got to be a bad to leap from the monument and break one's neck, so the authorities were compelled to put a great wire screen around it in order to stop that strangest of all fashions. Yonder is St. Paul's Cathedral—the St. Peter's of London. There lies the body of Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect and you are told in a Latin inscrip-

tion that if you would see his monument "dramatize"—"Look around you." Here sleep the remains of two great martial heroes of England, Nelson and Wellington—"Trifalgar" inscribed on the tomb of one, "Waterloo" on the other. They will not let you forget either one of these men, for there are the monuments to them all over the city. There is the old inn where Dr. Samuel Johnson used to sip his tea and say smart things for Boswell to record. "Look, there is Old Curiosity Shop," said the guide, and I almost cried as I gazed at the quaint little house. I went inside and bought a cunning little cut of the place which I will show you if the baggage-smashers will let me. This house is near Lincoln's Inn Fields fronting which is the house where Charles Dickens gave his first reading, and around which are the offices of the barristers and solicitors. I want to see there one morning about 10 o'clock and watched the lawyers coming to their offices. Nearly all of them walked with stately dignity, dressed in conventional black, wearing black gloves. I stood on London Bridge and looked at the ceaseless throng of people that cross and recross the river. I got on a swift express steamer at Westminster and rode down the Thames to Greenwich and walked up to the top of the hill to the observatory where they make time and longitude. I set my watch by the clock that sets the time for the whole world and I mean to hold it there till I get home just to show you how far "behind the time" we Western folks are. Speaking of time reminds me that this letter ought to have an end. I could keep on writing this way indefinitely, but if you will let me tell you about three more places I'll quit. Who could write about London and leave out the Tower of London or Westminster Abbey or the British Museum?

TOWER OF LONDON.

What a flood of historic memories swept over us as we climbed down from the big brake and walked past the red-coated guards through the ponderous portals into what is in many respects the most wonderful enclosure in the world. The keepers are dressed in the picturesque costume of the time of Henry VIII. One of them showed us through. It is silent enough for you—part of it erected by William, the Conqueror in 1078, but they continue to place here things that will be of interest to all generations—on the plain glass, the carriage that bore the remains of England's greatest queen to their last resting place.

The guide showed us Sir Walter Raleigh's dungeon cell. I walked inside. I thought of that beloved city named for him, and as I stood in the cell, I could easily imagine I was in the old Yarborough House. We were carried down deep and shown the dark dungeons—ironically called "Little Ease"—where Guy Fawkes was imprisoned nearly three months. I shuddered as the guide pointed out a spot outside called off as sacred, where Lady Jane Grey, the young queen, and a score of other celebrities lost their heads.

I saw the identical coat of mail worn by Henry VIII.—in fact saw the original armour of scores of kings and princes. We were taken up a winding stairway into a little room where the royal crowns and scepters are kept. The eyes of the ladies looked like diamonds as they gazed at these treasures. But I must hurry away from the Tower.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Westminster Abbey! Isn't it after all the most sacred spot on earth? I walked on the steps of the aisle across the space where sleep Gladstone and his wife, over into the Post's Corner where reposed the dust of Chaucer, Dryden, Browning, Tennyson and others. How can a man keep his shoes on in a place like that? Above is a bust under which is written nothing but the words "rare Ben Jonson" and near that is a table to the post Gay containing the lines so appropriate to the place, "Life is a jest, all things show it, I thought so once, now I know it." Oh, there were a great number of bodies of kings, queens and princes, Elizabeth, James I, Henry VIII and others, but there were no more greater than kings were they and paid little attention to the royal mausoleums.

But the blood rushed to my head and every nerve in my body tingled as I stood before the magnificent statues of Gladstone and Disraeli, the old time rivals, with their dramatic effect have been placed in juxtaposition, facing each other—the first well named the "old man eloquent," among the greatest, if not the greatest man the world ever produced, the second forcing his way from behind a dry, and when they jeered his first feeble forensic effort, sat down and replied pluckily "But you will hear me some day." The time came when the whole world hung breathless upon his words and there is now written on the base of his monument "Twice Prime Minister."

Let me not resist the belief—maybe it came to me as a part of my heritage from that old Methodist preacher—that there were none that slept about me in that holy place, none whose names or deeds were there commemorated, who would in the final summing up of all things receive greater honor and glory at the hands of the Judge of all men than these two brothers, who uttered that clarion call to righteousness that shook the sleeping Church of England to its centre and which has ever since reverberated in the hearts and consciences of men.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

I thought I would tell you about the British Museum, but my pencil falls from my hand. I saw there two things which I believe they say are classed as two of the Seven Wonders of the World. Get down your encyclopedic please and read of the wonderful things kept there and think of me as having seen a large part of them.

Bless my life, I promised to end this letter and yet I have not men-

HEALTH IN THE CANAL ZONE.

The high mortality is a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama canal. They are restrained, however, by the fear of fever and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who go to the Isthmus with their families, knowing they are safe from malarious influence with Electric Bitters on hand. Cures blood poison, too, biliousness, and the cessation of liver troubles, kidney troubles. Guaranteed by all druggists.

tioned the two most interesting episodes in connection with my stay in London—the trial I heard from start to finish in Clerkenwell Sessions Court and my visit to the House of Commons where I saw part of the ceremonies of the Prorogation of Parliament. Really I'll have to write another letter about these. You need not read it if you don't want to.

STATUS OF PEACE CONFERENCE.

Recognized by the Most Optimistic That It Will Be Broken by Results—Will Adjourn About the Middle of October—Has Cost Over a Million Dollars.

The Hague, Sept. 22.—After having been in session over three months, and with adjournment probably a month distant, it is recognized generally, and even by the most optimistic in the peace movement, that the second international peace conference has been and will be at its conclusion barren of results leading to permanent measures of benefit to the peace of the world. Mr. Choate, of the American delegation, however, is still optimistic regarding the results even on the great questions, and especially that of a permanent court of arbitration, being satisfied that the principle will be an easy matter to once the conference has concluded its session it will be an easy matter to overcome the prejudices concerning the allotment of judges and that thereafter the establishment of the court will be an easy task. The general opinion among the other delegates, however, differs from that of Mr. Choate.

The prevailing opinion as expressed by one of the leading delegates is that the absence of results in the conference on the great questions was due to the lack of preparation by all the countries represented. Indeed, what is to be decided, he declared, is that the chief result of the conference will be a growing feeling of diffidence on the part of the South Americans towards Washington as, rightly or wrongly, they accuse the United States of having neglected them and of caring only for the interests of Great Britain and Germany. It is generally remarked that the United States should have come to the conference with the certainty of having the support of all Latin-American countries or should have obtained from the prosecuting project those who were destined to meet with opposition.

The remainder of the work will keep the conference busy until the middle of October. It is easy to foresee that the only success will be attained by Germany who prevents the adoption of projects to which she is opposed, and by the small States, which have proved that it is impossible to reach a world agreement without their support. It is estimated that the conference has cost altogether \$1,300,000.

WU TING FANG MA YCOME.

He is Making an Active Campaign for the Washington Job, but China is Waiting to See How Washington Will Take It.

Peking, Sept. 22.—Wu Ting Fang, whom the native press for the past fortnight, has spoken of as the successor to Sir Chen Tung Liang-Cheng, as Chinese minister to Washington, has not yet been appointed to the post. He has, however, made an active campaign in an endeavor to secure this, the most lucrative position in China's foreign service.

China is especially anxious to nominate Wu Ting Fang, but his attitude and the views of Washington on the question, for the State Department there has voluminous evidence of Wu Ting Fang's connection with the recent boycott of Americans and American goods which it is here regarded as Wu Ting Fang inspired and fostered. It is hoped here and is considered not to be improbable that Liang Ton Yen will yet go to Washington.

Twelve Hundred People Attend Dedication of Remodeled Church.

The Holloman Building, Raleigh, Sept. 22. The Dedication services at the remodeled First Baptist church to-day were attended by over 1,200 people. A report showed that \$32,000 has been expended on the work. To-day \$11,000 was raised towards paying \$15,000 yet due.

The Limit of Life.

The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life is many years below the attainable possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period that determines its duration, seems to be between 50 and 60; the proper care of the body during this decade means, and when the organs carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after is Electric Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body.

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