

From a Girl's Note Book

BY IDA CLIFTON HINSHAW

As Kipling "ever heard the voices of the East calling," so ever seemed the magic West to me the most alluring of places. I do not know from whence came this charm, but much of it was due to the fact that I had read of the adventures of the pioneers, of the hardships and the untold hardships of the country, helped to make it the mighty country of today. They were but a mere handful in the number who left our Southern States to seek a fortune in that golden country of promise, but it is said whether sickle fortune came to these Southerners or not, they all did their duty well. However came this charm, as I said before, it still held me in its thrall as we journeyed from St. Louis to Kansas City. The day was almost spent when we reached this city of exciting activity, and the dusky shadows were but faintly seen for glorious aftermath of splendor, the setting sun had flung to the world at its death. The long orange quivering rays held imprisoned the waters of the Missouri, from out of which, in inky contrast, the sand bars gleamed.

Early the next morning we left Kansas City by the Santa Fe for Rose Hill, a village, almost across the State. The bluffs were soon left behind us, and as the day wore on, the hills and rocks receded, and we were fast speeding across the prairie. We passed hundreds of cattle, standing in the fields, or gathered about the pools in lieu of creeks—"cricks," as they call them—huge piles of hay with large stone sheds built over them, beautiful farmhouses, well-kept looking bridges about them, and barns of brown stone, peculiar to the country, or of red and white striped tin, like big blocks of peppermint candy. All this was interesting to us, of "the hill country."

The scarcity of "timber" impressed us here and there a small grove, and at our journey's end the sight of pecan groves near the Oklahoma border.

At the neatly kept stations the passengers might lunch from high winking stools, by a counter on which were sandwiches of prodigious size, and if the waiter hurried, one might have eggs fried "up" or "down," as he chose. To the loud beating of cymbals without the waiting houses, the hungry customer at his lunch, while others attracted by the noise joined the throng about the counter.

Nor were the passengers any less interesting than the landscape. These Western cars are always crowded, particularly the chair cars. On one part of our journey—the early part—there were many bound for Colorado. In search of health, but judging from their emaciated appearance and hollow cheeks, never to return. And, on our return trip, one Tennessee woman, praying with every gasp to be able to get home once more with the white plague as her enemy, went to the station, attended by nurses, bravely attempting to start home. Home—magic word! With a gasp and moan she had gone to the Home Beautiful, and five children in distant Tennessee were bereft of a mother.

There were many other interesting scenes on their simple garb, and bound on missions of helpfulness. Stock men, club women of austere mien, with bulky looking manuscripts, Indian boys in the Lawrence school, there were four brides on, two were pretty and attractively attired, two were Indians. The younger Indian girl had married an elderly ranchman, (for their lands adjoining and he had married her to make them all his, an enterprising passenger found out) who in honor of the occasion, wore a gaily knotted red handkerchief about his throat, and a wide felt hat of gray, with a red band. The other bride was elderly, and she had married a ranchman, young and rather good looking. It seemed one of "life's little ironies" that they should have thus been matched.

With utter disdain, the elderly groom looked on one of the bridal couples near him, making merry over a box of delicious bon bons. With a flourish he produced a paper bag and handed it to his youthful bride. The evident delight with which she hailed his gift—an enormous ham sandwich—showed that he had not erred in choosing it. Not to be outclassed in this gallantry, the young groom swung himself off at the next station, and returned with coconuts, which, with the aid of a ponderous looking knife, he opened and handed half to his elderly wife.

At one of the smaller stations an elderly woman, plainly attired, and loaded with packages, asked permission to sit in the chair beside me, just vacated. As she settled herself comfortably, she asked, "Might I ask from where you hail?" "North Carolina," "Shake," she cried ecstatically. "I'm from there—it's God's own country."

We shook hands gravely. She had come West with her sons, who were doing well. But she was "hankerin'" to see a clear stream once more, the fierce winds made her afraid and gave her the "neuragias," she was afraid of the "cyclone cells," and she wanted to smell the pines. All how she wanted to see some trees, not a few, but miles of them. Poor old homesick soul, longing for a whiff of "the pines and a glimpse of the land where the summer sun both shine!"

About as interesting as the patriotic old Carolina woman, was a lank, saw-toothed youth, with a couple of greyhounds which he exercised in front of our windows at each station. He stayed with them in the baggage car. We were told by a friend that these dogs were worth three hundred dollars each, and had won much money for their owners on the cards which he had for us. He said, the dogs had such picturesque names, in San Francisco racing greyhounds is a popular sport, one thousand at a time entered. What attractive names they had! "Talk-to-Me," "Roughy," "Lady Carmine," "Wilful," "Prince Albert" and "Never-settle Girl" were a few of them.

It was 11 o'clock the night we reached Rose Hill, and the broad prairie glistening in the moonlight looked like a broad expanse of snow. Surely there must be many stars twinkling above a prairie town than elsewhere. Rose Hill is a settlement of Friends, and a most charming, progressive little village. There are many Carolinians here, of various descent. A number of Coxes live here, who came originally from Guilford county. All the roads are boarded with a rather high, perfectly trimmed hedge of orange orange, forming in the fields an impenetrable barrier to the cattle. All these roads lead north and south, east and west, crossing when a mile is reached. All day long cars load-

ed with cattle, hurried by on their way to some of the immense "packing houses."

Here we visited a kingman, Mr. H. C. Staley, originally of Chatham county, who breeds an immense stock farm. When Mr. Staley "settled" here his very nearest neighbor lived eight miles away. He is the owner of large numbers of draft horses, and also has registered French-imported coach horses, to buy which men come from all parts of the United States. The largest of these horses was "The Dragon," who was superb, weighing two thousand pounds, and eighteen hands high. He seemed like the horse the giant rode in our fairy childhood stories. "The Dragon" is a descendant of "Dunham's Great Brabant." Another immense horse is "The Dutchman," who weighs 1440 pounds and is almost as many hands high as "The Dragon." His wife was a green memory of a child-hood home.

The Walnut river which looked like a respectable sized creek, overflowed the really beautiful city of Wichita to such an extent that people were about the neck. The Indian name "Wichita," meaning "The Peerless Princess," is well adapted to this queenly city. Here we witnessed a football game between the students of the magnificent Friends University, whose buildings and equipment were made possible through the generosity of Mr. Davis, of Lawrence, Kan., a cousin of Messrs. A. and L. H. Blair, of Winston-Salem, and Fairmont College. Such enthusiasm I have never seen displayed. People there were at the game, "to cheer for the home team," but it would have had to have been rolled in a chair. From the tiniest tot to the oldest of men and women, clapped and screamed the "college yell."

There are beautiful home cities, Wichita and trees—which to my fan-fancied tree-loving eyes, seemed like an oasis in a desert. Not so very large were these trees, but symmetrical, and of fine form. The present, many parts of the State are now being set out in trees. The corn crop is something to be marveled at. From "dewey eye" until darkness in the home of the largest wagon I ever saw, each drawn by four immense horses, hauled corn to the grain elevator. Such fields of corn! Only once have I seen such fields, and that in Vermilion county, Illinois, for there we rode a mile through the corn! One man apologetically stated, that owing to the great scarcity of labor, he only put in eighty acres of corn. They told me about their prices as averaging with ours in North Carolina. On corn crops I was not thoroughly posted, but I did not believe ours had ever gotten to nine cents a bushel, as it did once out there. It is really appalling—the scarcity of help in the West—and the "servant question" is as grave a subject with the women, as it usually is with men. Gas stoves, washing machines, anything to lighten labor in the kitchen they consider an absolute necessity.

Fortunately the Kansas farmer has neither rocks nor stumps to contend with, and the modern "stump puller" which was the delight of the soul, to some of the farmers in the other States we visited, he used to use to him. Neither does he need any fertilizer, for the soil is exceedingly fertile. Perfect roads, a fine system of rural free delivery, good telephone system, over which the people "visit quite a bit," libraries in the smallest towns, and an enthusiastic civic pride, are all a far cry, to the time, not so long if reckoned by years, when William Allen White wrote the editorial, "What is the Matter With Kansas?" that awakened her from her lethargy.

In one small town of about one thousand inhabitants which we visited, to show the "progressiveness" of the State, there was an auditorium of seating capacity of seven hundred. Literature of note had been lectured here, noted musicians played, and prima donas warbled forth golden notes for golden notes, to a crowded house, for far and near, people had come. One thing here—in this little town—interested us vastly: it was a modern house with nothing unusual about it at a distance, but near it, and discovered about the porch where the architect had intended an oval window, the picture of a man painted to fit in this window. He was a member of the Legislature and this was but a fitting recognition of his greatness. And yet there are those who contend that variety is an essentially feminine trait.

Many old names attracted our attention in our long drives through the country where beautiful sky and the land seemed to be always meeting and yet always receding—"Shoup & Shull," for instance—on a sign by the roadside at the crossing. Mr. Bump, admonished his customers to "get a hump and buy shoes of Loren Bump." "Little & Bigger Brothers," had a "feed barn;" "A. Darkey" very appropriately blacked and mended shoes; "Nero" with unconscious air, added a pair of old, while a few doors below him "A. Dumas" peddled books, instead of writing them.

Lord Scully, of England, who died recently, owned thousands of acres of land near here. One man near Douglas, Kan.—I think it was—was tending four thousand hogs for the son of a wealthy sugar king. This gentleman only allowed his son the paltry sum of thirty thousand a year! The counties of Kansas are divided into townships of six by six miles, which are sub-divided into thirty-six sections, each of these is divided into one hundred and sixty acres, they in turn are eighty acres and sixty to forty. The school district is about three miles square. The State school fund pays about sixty cents per annum to every one of our schools, the nicely equipped country school with modern desks and blackboards, lasting from six to nine months.

There are many coal mines in Kansas, and the coal at some of the places we visited. We met many educators, politicians, and ministers of all denominations, and we thought the country beautiful, and the people most hospitable, but like the old Carolina woman, "cyclones an' lack of trees, an' time-stones water to drink, an' never a good-sized rock to throw at your neighbor's hen" as she expressed it, make one think that after all, home is best.

We found northern Iowa very different from Kansas—rolling prairie. The invariable hedges were of ribwort, or yellow trees and like Kansas the farm houses were most attractive. The good roads and high priced lands enable the farmers to motor or drive in the cities to do their shopping. Des Moines, some one said, was made up of retired farmers. Some one else suggested

"tired farmers." At Des Moines, Villisca, Chariton and many of the smaller places there were Carolinians. The place which most interested me was Iowa Falls, a quaint old resort, where many English people, Vermonters, Canadians, and Southerners are gathered. This place is situated on a slight prominence, moated on three sides by canyons of limestone, which the province of nature, by some internal disturbance, has thrown to the surface, leaving many odd, grotesque and fissures. Three trunk line railroads pass through and the beautiful Iowa river, then solidly frozen over, stood between the rock passages, and vividly grees fir trees, a most striking contrast to the undulating prairie. This river is a source of undeniable pleasure to the fishermen in the spring and fall, for indigenous to its waters are such game as muskies, pickerel, perch, black, silver and green rock and striped bass. Prairie chickens, snipe and woodcock are here for the sportsmen.

A half hour's ride from Iowa Falls brings you to heavily timbered land, where lumbering in hickory and walnut is done. The famous Inlay says "Sach" and "Ojibwa" tribes, lived here in tepee villages. Through the liberality of one of Iowa Falls' citizens, Mr. E. S. Ellsworth, there is a beautiful cemetery here that can be found anywhere, with its long, long avenue of beautiful Balsam trees. The river winds in and out, with much beauty of natural arrangement.

There is one of the most beautiful cemeteries here that can be found anywhere, with its long, long avenue of beautiful Balsam trees. The river winds in and out, with much beauty of natural arrangement. "The mortgage letter" of Missouri, it seems that it should be of Iowa, but "hogs," one book on Iowa insists, spells the greatest industry of the State. It is said that a trip to Iowa, to taste the deliciously sweet, golden butter. Sweet potatoes are worth twenty-five cents a pound, sometimes eighteen, and even less—over three dollars a bushel, while Irish potatoes are but twenty-five cents a bushel, when plentiful.

Sweet potatoes are considered the piece de resistance of a "company" when the kind they have, "company" of those Iowa housekeepers could taste some of our sweet potatoes, with the sugar exuding from them. The kind they have, "company" of those Iowa housekeepers could taste some of our sweet potatoes, with the sugar exuding from them. The kind they have, "company" of those Iowa housekeepers could taste some of our sweet potatoes, with the sugar exuding from them.

The cold weather was "arriving," when we were in Iowa. A man quoted, "Poor as had arrived. The men were long fur overcoats which enveloped them, and fur caps pulled down over their ears, that gave them the appearance of hunchbacks. They were skating on the frozen river, or driving on some parts of it; the double doors and additional windows had been put all over the houses and on the trees, if you should venture out without something over your ears, they would freeze. And yet cold weather was just "arriving." Well, this was quite true, and it very often fell below zero. The natives of the State it did not yet seem to be really sold.

Most truly, Iowa, as it means "the beautiful," has been rightly named, and progress is here. It is not so charming, so attractive, as that State whom we all know and love, and whose sons and daughters in the far-off continents are "choking" with the spirit of which is embodied in Mrs. Martin's lovely toast—"Her's to the land of the long leaf pine, The summer land where the sun doth shine, Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great, Here's to the 'Old North State'!"

HERALD'S PROSPERITY'S RETURN
Big Gathering of Business Men in Baltimore to Register Their Confidence in the Restoration of Normal Trade Conditions.
Special to The Observer.
Baltimore, Md., Jan. 26.—Realizing that there still exists throughout the country some mistrust as to the business future as a result of the recent financial flurry, and believing there no longer exists cause for such apprehension, the business men of Baltimore have inaugurated a movement, the design of which is to completely restore the equilibrium of upset confidence.

A call is now being sent broadcast for a business men's "prosperity convention" to be held March 21 to 27th, inclusive, at which gathering it is proposed to present a clear, practical and convincing view of the exact conditions existing to-day and the future outlook. It is believed the deliberations of this body will prove a weighty factor in restoring business confidence and in mending trade all over the land.

At the business sessions of the convention there will be open discussion of all matters pertaining to trade and transportation, and in addition there will be addresses on practical business topics by a number of prominent men experienced in wholesale and retail business, in transportation and those branches of the Federal government's work that are more closely associated with business, notably the Inter-State commerce commission.

The Travelers and Merchants' Association has undertaken the preparation for the convention and is looking to the details of the work preliminary to this affair. Its transportation committee is now in communication with the railroad and steamboat companies' representatives with the view of securing special rates for the business men who will attend the convention from all parts of the country.

ENLARGING SPENCER YARDS.
Southern to Spend Much Money on Improvements of This Railroad Centre—Deputy Who Was Shot by a Negro on Road to Recovery—The Negro in a Desperate Condition.
Special to The Observer.

Spencer, Jan. 26.—The Southern Railway Company has let a contract to J. C. Morris, of Greensboro, for the construction of an enlargement of the roundhouse yards at Spencer and work on same was begun yesterday. The contract includes the building of a lumber shed of concrete building about 100 feet long, which will greatly increase the facilities of the yards. About 100 locomotives coal at Spencer daily. The Southern has made appropriations for a large two-story brick office and storage building which will be erected as soon as the finances of the company will permit. It was the purpose of the Southern officials to begin work on the office building last summer, but the work was delayed on account of the income of the road being reduced. Work by the contractors on the present improvements at Spencer is now being delayed on account of the non-arrival of material. It will require several pleasurable months, it is said, for the completion of the enlargement of the yards and pits in front of the Spencer roundhouse and will cost many thousands of dollars to do the work.

The Southern is now sinking an Artesian well on its premises near the roundhouse for the purpose of securing good drinking water for the employees here. The well is now something like 400 feet deep most of which is filled with gravel. Deputy Sheriff D. L. Beasley, of east Spencer, who on Wednesday night was dangerously out in the throat by Jim Draper, colored, whom he arrested for wife beating, is able to be out and will soon recover. Draper, who was mortally shot through the lungs by the officer, lies in Rowan jail in a desperate condition. So close was the range of the officer when he shot Draper that the clothes of the latter caught fire from the pistol of the officer, and it is said that he fled by the light of his burning clothes. Draper is the same negro that attempted to end the life of Chief of Police Julian and Officer Eagle, of Salisbury, three months ago. He boldly asserts that he will yet get even with them for clubbing him into subjection.

About four thousand railroad employees and their families of Spencer are watching with great interest the proceedings of the special session of the Legislature at Raleigh. The interest is also shared by every business man of both Spencer and Salisbury. It is the general desire of all that the 2-1-4 cent passenger rate law shall be repealed in accordance with the measure introduced by Representative J. M. Julian, of Rowan. The sentiment in favor of the old rates of the 1906 freight law is steadily increasing. It is hard to find a man, whether employe, merchant or traveling salesman, in this section who favors a low rate.

GREENSBORO NEWS BUDGET.
Union Church Service in Interest of Y. W. C. A.—Fire in Novelty Store Does Damage of \$1,000—Injunction Against Dr. Williams Made Permanent by Judge Webb—News in Brief.
Correspondence of The Observer.

Greensboro, Jan. 25.—To-morrow night at Centenary Methodist church there will be a union service in the interest of the Y. W. C. A. The following churches will unite in this service: Centenary, First Reformed, Friends, Westminster Presbyterian and Asheboro Street Baptist. The following will speak at the service: Miss Canler, Y. W. C. A. secretary; Mrs. C. A. Canler, Y. W. C. A. secretary; Mr. Vance, the Y. W. C. A. secretary at White Oak, Cotton Mills; Capt. F. P. Hoigood, Jr., and E. P. Wharton.

Fire this afternoon gutted Capt. H. E. Pusey's novelty store in the Dargett building, 329 South Elm street. The fire was started by the explosion of an oil stove, with which the manager, Mr. Edward French, was working. The firemen responded to the alarm promptly and by effecting a quick fire, saved the entire building from destruction. The damage does not very much exceed \$1,000.

Miss May Dorsett charmingly entertained a number of her friends this afternoon at her home on East Washington street. Progressive games were played and Miss Dorsett served refreshments. The firm of the McClamrock Market Company has received an order for 104 mantels to be placed in the officers' quarters of Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

The insurance adjusters, who have been engaged for several days in ascertaining the damage done by the fire at the factory of the Sherwood Bobbin Manufacturing Company, have completed their work and decided to pay the company \$24,000. The officers of the company have not decided whether or not they will resume operations.

Mr. G. W. Clark is here from Lafayette, Ind., and will at an early date formerly occupied as a lively stable by the late C. P. Venstony, on South Davis street. The board of aldermen has decided to expend sufficient money to make the Grand Opera House less dangerous in case of fire, etc.

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tion which he granted recently against Dr. John Roy Williams, enjoining him from erecting a tuberculosis sanitarium on Chestnut street. Through his attorneys, Stedman Cooke, Dr. Williams has appealed.

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Lame shoulder is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles and quickly yields to a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Mrs. F. H. McEwen, of Bolstown, New Brunswick, writes: "Having been troubled for some time with a pain in my left shoulder, I decided to give Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial, with the result that I got prompt relief." For sale by W. I. Hand & Co.

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