

Wanted--Five Acres of Sod

MAY 1ST, NEXT.

In finishing and landscaping Grove Park Inn grounds we will need sod enough to cover about five acres, and are advertising for it this far in advance so that any one with sod to sell, or caring to make a contract with us, will have time to prepare it and have a good stand of grass before the time we will need it. Please communicate with us by letter, giving your price delivered or undelivered.

Address
F. L. SEELY,
care Grove Park Inn

COMPLETE Change of Program TWICE DAILY

AT
PRINCESS THEATRE

10 A. M. to 6:30 P. M.
6:30 P. M. to 11 P. M.

Hear Chester Bonner Today

An Electric Coffee Percolator

Should Be in Every Home

They are of very pleasing design, their action is very rapid—delicious coffee may be made in nine minutes, starting from cold water.

Electric Coffee Percolators are made in three sizes.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.

PREMIER CARRIER OF THE SOUTH

Fifth National Corn
Exposition

Jan. 27th--Feb. 9, 1913

DATES OF SALE--Jan. 23, 25, 27 and Feb. 3, 5 and 7th. For further information address the undersigned.

O. C. WILSON, C. P. & T. A. J. H. WOOD, D. P. A.
Asheville, N. C.

Three Old Maids And a Widow

And the Prize They Set Out
to Capture.

By C. E. LEWIS.

There are few towns of 1,500 population that can boast of three old maids and a widow living on the same street, but that was the case with Clifton. Miss Vinton was an old maid because she never had met with a man good enough for her. Miss Hopkins was an old maid because the young man she would have married at eighteen was axed in two in a saw-mill, and she had vowed to be true to his memory. Miss Warner was an old maid because she was determined to marry none but a minister, and all the ministers who came were already provided for. The Widow Carter was a widow because part of a house had fallen on her husband.

The old maids and the widow were on visiting terms—in fact they rather liked each other. Where there are no male candidates for matrimony concerned old maids and widows can sit down together on the same veranda without quarreling. After the widow had solemnly assured the old maids that nothing on the face of this earth could induce her to be false to the memory of her crushed the quartet loved each other even more.

One day one of the merchants in the town sold out, and a stranger came to take his place. If he had been a married man the dove of peace would have continued to hover over Rose street, but as he was single, only thirty and a "catch" the dove saw a hot time ahead. The widow let no grass grow under her feet in calling at the store and incidentally mentioning her name and ordering four pounds of sugar all at once. She was one of the Four Hundred of the town, and on the part of the other 399 she made Mr. Strong well come to their notice. When he had thanked her she ordered two putlogs and a paper of starch, in addition to the sugar, to let him understand that she wasn't obliged to pinch pennies, and then departed.

An hour later her reprehensible conduct was known to the three old maids, and up went three pairs of hands; six eyes were turned upward in horror and three mouths opened to exclaim in chorus, "How shocking!" Then, during the next two days, each of the old maids made an excuse to call at the store and follow the program carried out by the widow. Each thought she was sly and wicked, but they found each other out, and from that moment the bond of friendship snapped asunder like an old clothesline left out in the storm of a year.

When women make war on each other they don't use fence rails to pound each other on the head. In most cases they go right on treating each other as nicely as they can to their faces, but using daggers and the darkness to insinuate. The three old maids and the widow gathered together as of yore, but the dagger was used whenever there was the least show. Mr. Strong proved a social success. The widow gave a little dinner and brought him out, but the old maids really monopolized him for the evening. Then Miss Warner gave an exhibition of her own paintings, which consisted of a cow apparently thirty-six feet long and of a river running up stream instead of down, and the widow held Mr. Strong's attention for an hour while she talked about her husband and departed.

At the end of six weeks the man who ran the sawmill and had a mortgage on the mill dam figured it out to his wife:

"There are three old maids to one widow, but if the widow gets left she'll be the first one I ever heard of."

Even the small boys around town noticed how girly the old maids were becoming. They giggled; they uttered cute little screams when they turned a corner and found themselves face to face with a cow; they fidgeted when they asked for gumdrops at the grocery. As for the widow, she set her jaw and walked into the store two or three times a week to ask the merchant if he thought the Seventy-seventh National bank of Boston was perfectly sound and to sigh with relief when he assured her of his confidence in the institution. His reports were soon afoot that Mr. Strong was paying his attentions to this or that one of the four. Then the other three would reply as one:

"Well, may be he is, but what on earth he can see in her is more than I can make out. She grows more homely and dowdier every day. Of course I'm telling you this in confidence, and, of course, it won't go further."

One fatal evening tragedy after tragedy happened, and the light went out of several happy households. Mr. Strong boarded with a family living half a mile from the store. He wanted the walk. He had to cross the bridge over the river and ascend a hill covered with woods, and there wasn't a house between his boarding place and the town.

The three old maids and the widow had had their eyes on this road from the first. They had soon begun walking for exercise. They didn't walk at the hours the merchant might be expected, and if they encountered each other they made all manner of excuses, but each one understood what the other was at and determined to battle her in the end.

Mr. Strong had been given three months in which to declare his intentions, and he hadn't declared. Time was too valuable to be wasted. His habit was to return to his store after a 6 o'clock supper and remain there until 8. Just before 8 o'clock, then, on this awful night four human figures might have been seen sneaking out of the town and over the bridge.

Each and every one of them would have passed on the bridge to listen to the musical plink of the river if they hadn't seen each other. The first, second and third were obliged to go on to avoid the last one. She was the widow. She knew the value of a bridge and a river and a musical plink, and she determined to stick.

One old tramp and a dog were responsible for most of what followed. The tramp came humping along through the town, bent on finding a country straw stack as soon as possible, and as the widow on the bridge heard his footsteps she began to look artless and coy.

It was later thrown away. The tramp was nearsighted and bumped up against her, and in her fright she went over the low railing and down into the water. If she couldn't swim like a duck she could at least scramble like a cat, and she managed to get ashore. Her condition was dripping, also drooping, also indignant. She realized that no dripping, drooping woman stood the slightest show in that contest, and she dragged herself home-ward and was not improved in looks or temper by having to wade through a couple of mud puddles.

Miss Vinton came next. She was sauntering up the hill wondering how "that widow" dared to be so bold and brazen when the tramp, who was now on the run for his life, overtook her. In his nearsightedness he took her for a horse and wagon and tried to shy out. She shied to the right at the same time and was sent sprawling by the collision. She got out of the roadside ditch to run into a patch of briars and scream for help, but there was no help. She had to extricate herself and follow the bedraggled widow.

The dog alone was responsible for what happened to the other two old maids. Miss Warner had discovered one woman ahead and two behind her, and, suspecting their heinous intentions, she had almost made up her mind to abandon her object when the dog, who had been circling on his brother out in the country, came along and set up a barking and growling. Tragedy was the result. The old maid never had encountered a dog before, and she at once scrambled over the fence into the woods and ran for her life. She fell down and rolled over, and she rose up again and struggled on, and when she reached home two hours later she immediately went into hysterics, and Dr. Smith put his first night call for fourteen years.

The dog had met with such success that he was encouraged to persevere. He came upon Miss Hopkins out of the shadows like a frolicking haystack, and as she screamed out and spread her wings to fly she tripped and went down. The fall might have injured her, but for the fact that she fell upon soft mud. She couldn't go back to town looking like the mortar mixer for a skyscraper, and she continued on to the merchant's boarding house to get the use of hoes and scrapers. They were furnished, but while she was using them she heard the ten-year-old daughter whispering to her mother that she'd bet a cent that Miss Hopkins had come out there to giggle for Mr. Strong.

That was an awful night in Clifton, though only four feminine hearts knew just how awful it was. Morning dawned with a murky sky overhead. It seemed to three old maids and a widow as if something more was still to happen. They were right. When the butcher boy called for his orders he repeated the same words at every house on his route:

"Say, you heard the news? Mr. Strong has gone to Phillipsville to get married today, and he's going to bring the bride home tonight. Hain't it great?"

Turkish Landscapes.

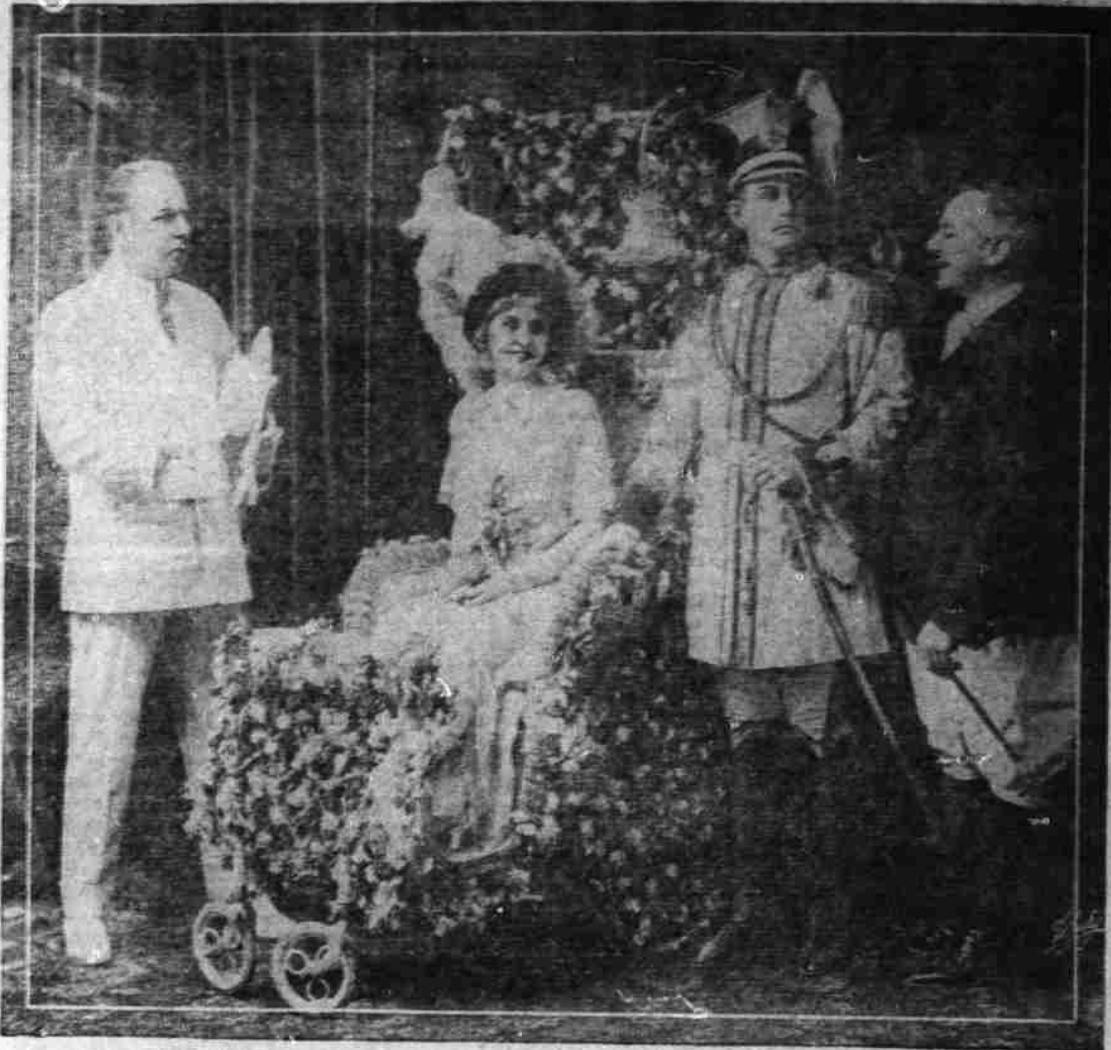
Sir Charles Elliot gives a dreamy impression of the regions on which the world's eyes are now fixed. "Whether one goes through Adrianople to Salonika, the sides of the railways look desolate and lifeless. Hills overgrown with dwarf oak alternate with plains whose bareness is half covered with scrubby grass. There are few signs of cultivation and fewer of human habitations. Oriental railways have a way of only skirting the edge of cities, and stations are sometimes several miles from the places whose names they bear. The deserted appearance of the land is intensified by the Turkish habit of constructing towns in depressions of the undulating plains, where they are invisible at a short distance."—Chicago News.

An Old New York Landmark.

Another New York landmark is passing—the Mott Memorial Surgical and Medical library property. It will be offered for business purposes. The library was established in 1806 by Dr. Valentine Mott, father of American surgery, as he was later called. At that period he was one of the foremost surgeons. There were no medical libraries in New York then, and to help along students Dr. Mott gave his private library, which was one of the best in the country. Besides his books, medical instruments of the different periods were an exhibition there. The books and the instruments of Dr. Mott have now been taken by the New York Academy of Medicine.

Chicago, Jan. 27.—Joseph J. Eitor, an industrial worker of the World leader, arrived here last night too late to take part in a discussion in a Union hall of a threatened strike of waiters here. Eitor declined to say what his comments would be in connection with the waiters' grievance.

Amusements



A SCENE FROM "THE ROSE MAID," AT THE AUDITORIUM TOMORROW NIGHT.

TOMORROW NIGHT AT 8:20.
"The Rose Maid."
"The Rose Maid."

Of "The Rose Maid," which will be seen at the Auditorium tomorrow night, the Raleigh News and Observer had the following to say:

"Gorgeously gowned and elaborately staged, 'The Rose Maid' came to Raleigh, and night, yesterday and proved to be a thoroughly satisfactory inauguration. The piece lost nothing by being more of a musical comedy than the operetta under which title it came, and the two capacity audiences probably would have voted musical comedy if the question had been put up to them.

"No prettier costumes on pretty girls have been seen in Raleigh this season than these, and no broader or more effective comedy than three excellent comedians in the guise of loan brokers to an extravagant, penniless duke, has been laughed at, 'Schmucke,' as played by 'Smile' Moore, could hardly have been improved upon. "Miss Evelyn Stewart as Daphne, the daughter of the duke's housekeeper, who stood by the duke after his rich uncle was supposed to have had a male heir and the duke thereby deprived of all prospects, possessed beauty, grace and a sweet soprano voice. Her role was perhaps not surprisingly difficult, yet she sustained it with a thoroughness that was entirely pleasing. Arthur Hopy, as the duke who was being very considerably boyed an income of nothing at all, was fully equal to the demands on him. His voice, though not strong, was clearly lyrical and true.

"The dancing was splendidly done in every number of an excellent variety of fantasies, and a chorus of diminutive ballet girls of perhaps six winters each, four little misses, was the hit of the piece. Unannounced on the program, their appearance just

after the rich uncle had apparently become a doting father with a lot of good comedy for the audience, was as acceptable as unexpected.

"Raleigh and its visitors will seldom have a chance to be better pleased at the local playhouse on a gala occasion any better than they were yesterday. The play was a sample of the best of everything that was brought out for Raleigh's crowning quadrennial event." Prices will range from 50 cents to \$2.00. Seats are selling at Whitlock's.

Many people dislike stinging raisins because of the unpleasant stickiness. This can be quite prevented by rubbing butter on your fingers and on the knife before beginning.

AUDITORIUM TOMORROW NIGHT

SCHLOSS THEATRE CIRCUIT
WERBA & LAESCHER Present
The operetta that enjoyed a two season's run at the Globe theatre, New York city through its captivating music, delicious comedy, tasteful settings and gorgeous gowns and was pronounced by all who witnessed the opera of fun and fashion as prettier than its sister opera "The Spring Maid."



COMPANY OF 25
AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA
Prices 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. Seats now selling at Whitlock's.

Mardi Gras Celebration

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO.
Premier Carrier of the South

Will sell round trip tickets to,
New Orleans, La., at \$22.40
Mobile, Ala., at \$18.65
Pensacola, Fla., at \$18.20

Tickets will be sold January 28, to Feb'y 3, 1913, inclusive. Final limit, to reach original starting point not later than midnight of Feb'y 14th, 1913.

EXTENSION OF FINAL LIMIT
Limit may be extended to March 3rd, 1913, by payment one dollar additional and depositing ticket with Special Agent, at destination.

Stop overs will be permitted on both going and return journey.
For further information, Sleeping Car reservations call at City Ticket Office, No. 60 Patton Ave., or write the undersigned.

J. H. WOOD, Division Pas. Agent O. C. WILSON, City Passenger Ticket Agent.
Phone 168.

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