

FRANKLIN TIMES.

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FARMERS INSTITUTE.

QUITE A LARGE ATTENDANCE LAST FRIDAY.

The Excellent Addresses of the Conductors Highly Pleasing to Their Hearers—Mrs. Hollowell's Talks Very Good.

A Farmers Institute for this county was held on Friday last at the court house. Messrs. T. B. Parker, Franklin Sherman, State Entomologist, and Prof. Newman, conducted the exercises at the court house, while Mrs. Hollowell, and Misses Hunt and Cobb, lectured to the ladies at the S. S. Room of the Baptist Church. The women's meeting was devoted to subjects of especial interest to women, such as preparation of food and care of children on the farm, this meeting occupying all the morning hours and being quite well attended, although it must be said that the ladies of Louisburg were conspicuous by their absence, only a very few residents of the town proper being present. The morning at the court house was occupied by addresses by Mr. Parker and Prof. Newman in the discussion of Corn Culture and Soil Improvement respectively. Both of these gentlemen are authorities on any subject pertaining to the farm and their talks during the morning are spoken of by those present as being very interesting and instructive. After the noon recess a joint meeting of the ladies and the men was held at the court house. Mr. Sherman led off in a discussion of Insect Pests, what they are and the best means of destroying them. He is the State Entomologist and as such his talk was of especial importance. Mrs. Hollowell followed Mr. Sherman in a most excellent talk about farm homes. Her object was to elevate and refine the homes of our farmers to lighten the toil of the farmer's wife and to make the rural home an attractive and pleasant place in which to live. She pleaded with the men to buy all the labor-saving machines they could afford, such as improved churns, sewing machines &c. to have the homes painted, adorned with pictures and whenever possible an organ or piano to furnish music for the family. All these are to be had with the exercise of a little thrift and economy. Mrs. Hollowell is a most pleasing and attractive lady, of fine intelligence and possessing a thorough knowledge of human nature. Her talk was most interesting and was paid fine attention. No nobler work than this can engage the attention of any North Carolina woman. There are numberless homes right here in our own county that could be so much brightened by the means of which are entirely within the purses of the occupants if they could only be shown how to do so as well as the need of lightening their present drudgery and toil. Mr. Sherman spoke along the same line. He spoke of the entire feasibility of having water in the country homes. It can be done with a windmill or a ram and a water tank elevated above the house. Sounds big and expensive but an investigation will show it to be practicable. All these things mean happier and more healthful homes. This is just as important as knowing how to raise good crops, and our people need instruction along this line. Mr. Parker then announced the appointment of the same executive committee as heretofore, consisting of one citizen from each township in the county, after which the institute came to a close. The visiting gentlemen expressed themselves as much gratified at the attendance and the interest shown. There were about 250 people present, including some of the most intelligent and successful farmers in the County.

LETTER FROM ARIZONA.

Which will be Read with Interest by our Readers.

Adamana, Arizona, July 5, 1908.

EDITOR TIMES:—I shall not wait until we get to California, about which so much has been said and written, nor to the National Park, of which we have read so much, nor to the Grand Canyon, of Arizona, knowing I have not a "Tillett" pen, but will send you a word from this little village of Adamana, Arizona, where my sister and I are quietly resting on God's holy day, and writing to those we've left behind.

We are fresh from a trip to the Petrified Forests, which is bound to surpass the wildest imagination of anyone. A ride of eleven miles through the Desert brings us to these enchanted Forests—trees turned into stone by a process and at a period unknown to man. Thousands of the petrified stumps, for four miles, greet your eye, of every conceivable color of the rainbow, some white as marble, some black as coal, some red as coral, the hues of the ruby, the amethyst, the diamond, all represented. Then to see the whole scene illuminated by the sun, presents a view of grandeur and beauty one can never forget.

We were driven there by our landlord, Mr. A. L. Stephenson, who is appointed by the government at Washington, D. C., as custodian of the Forests, and is the king-of guides, as he could tell us everything, and knew everything we wanted to hear.

If I could only have carried one stump of the Petrified Forest home, I should have been satisfied, but it is protected by its strength, and the Government does not allow any of it expressed or shipped, but all the same, I have a fine specimen for the TIMES.

We left Springfield, Mo., last Tuesday, where we visited relatives, and a ride of two days and nights landed us at the Indian Village, of Laguna, New Mexico. We got there at eleven o'clock at night, and the Agent kindly piloted us to the home of Mrs. Marmion, a full blooded Indian. She was our hostess for two days.

Our primary object in stopping at Laguna was to visit Acoma, the home of the Pueblo Indians, who live now as they lived four hundred years ago, when America was discovered. We were driven the next morning by another full-blooded Indian eighteen miles to Acoma, three hundred and fifty feet high of sand and rock. We looked up. The trail carried us to the homes of the Pueblo Indians. To climb or not to climb, ah, there's the rub! but being pretty well drilled in the Face-The-Music School, we climbed. I would go up seven steps and then sit down in the sand to get my breath, another seven steps and another rest, and so on until I got to the top. When we got to the top of the sand we found there was an ascent yet to be made of rock which looked high to us both. I told my sister to climb up, go ahead and reconnoitre and see if it was worth while, and come back and report.

She proved a valuable scout and reported favorably, so up I climbed. We were then at the home of the Pueblo Indians, some of whom we found could speak broken English and some could not. Their houses are built of adobe, a dirt peculiar to the section, a long row of homes all joined together, on the very top of the mesa. Some were on the ground floor, some two stories high, a few three, and each story and home reached by means of a ladder. The top of the first story was the yard and play-ground of those living in the second story.

My sister got their permission to enter their homes. I told her I would draw the line there. I would climb the sand and scale the rocks, but when it came to climbing a lad-

der I was out of it, I was content to look on and enjoy the performance as a spectator. She made it up all right and called to me that I was missing the chance of my life, but her arguments were unavailing. She spent some time in their homes and saw what I was debarred from seeing by faint heartedness. But didn't I regret it when we returned to Laguna and heard her tell so much of the home life of the Indians which she had actually seen while I stood on the barren rock, waiting!

I then told her she should never carry that advantage over me home, and I was going to see it if I had to go back to Acoma the next day. There was something uncanny in being entirely alone among the Indians, eighteen miles from civilization and a white face, and it gave one a weird, queer feeling.

We found there was another settlement of Indians near Laguna where we could see as much of their home life as at Acoma, so we walked over to it the next morning. We did not see any English speaking Indians at first, so we motioned for permission to enter their homes, and they said "Yaw." I looked at the ladder, saw it was wide at the bottom, but narrow at the top. I pointed to the top, then "circumferenced" the 'bread basket' business, and shook my head. The Indian understood, went and got another ladder. I summoned all the courage I had and up I climbed and I too was in the home of the Indians.

Each family has an oven in the yard, made of adobe, in which they do their baking and cooking. Everything is of this adobe, the floors, the walls the fireplaces.

Their homes are models of cleanliness and neatness, and the women were well dressed, most of them with beautiful shawls of silk around their heads and across their shoulders. They were profusely ornamented with silver bracelets on each arm, many rings on their fingers, large silver loops in the ears of many, and they were, as a rule, clean. Their costumes are very picturesque, and to us seemed beautiful.

They were of far handsomer material than we had any idea of finding in their every day home life. They did not seem to care to part from any of their personal belongings, but I managed to secure a bead necklace worn by one of them.

We seemed to be as much an object of interest to them as they were to us, but when my sister took out her camera they all ran indoors, men, women and children, and we were told afterwards that they were afraid of having their pictures taken.

We saw their old church, built wholly of adobe, and claimed by them to be nearly four hundred years old. The characters sketched on the wall were quaint and past our understanding, for it did seem curious to have a painting of Christ on one end of the Church, and a painting of a cow on the other!

We saw them grind their flour in an adobe trough in their room. The women and children rub the wheat between two rocks—lo and behold you have the Indian flour!

The Indian mothers have but little trouble with their babies. They nurse them, then band them over to an older child, who throw them around on their back, pull their arms around their neck, wrap a shawl around the baby, which they fasten some way in front to secure its safety, and then they run off and play, as if they had no baby attachment. Truly is the labor question in this department reduced to a science, for the children do not seem to mind it at all or feel it a burden, but look happy and contented.

Among the queerest of all queer things are the rivers in Arizona. They are dry. Only think of that, a dry river! When I saw the dry river beds, I thought the water had dried up, and when the people told

me the water ran under the ground, and the river bed was on top, I thought they were guying me, and wanted to test my credulity. But it is a fact, and the horses dig with their hoofs to the water, to get water for themselves and the cattle.

Adamana is a railroad station right in the midst of the desert, named from its first settlers, Adam and Anna Hannah, and can be reached only on the Santa Fe road. Here we can get good teams and the best of service to take us to the Petrified Forest, The Painted Desert, The Aztec ruins and burying ground of the Indians, where my sister dug up a piece of pottery supposed to have been buried there from eight hundred to two thousand years ago. It is richly decorated with Indian hieroglyphics, and she was offered ten dollars for it by a tourist who saw it, but that is something ordinary money cannot buy.

Yours truly was not much on the digging question, and may have to go back yet.

There are forty inhabitants living within a radius of one mile and a half around Adamana, and Mr. Stephenson told us of three ladies who came down from New York to see the Forest and after they got off and saw what manner of place it was, they got frightened and ran after the train trying to catch it and get on and away. But the train left them, nor did they leave on the next or the next, but like ourselves, lingered many days in this enchanted country. Mr. Stephenson keeps a No. 4 hotel and is guide, friend, councillor and Encyclopedia, and his guide "Jack" is a valuable adjunct and well worth cultivating.

Oh, we have enjoyed our stay in the desert, among the Indians, the Cowboys and the Mexicans. They liked us, and we liked them. We had a good piano, and it was a delight to play for them.

The climate here is fine, tho' it is very hot in the sun, we have cool delightful nights, but as hot as it is, even at mid-day, with the thermometer at 94, we can stay in it all day, without any debilitating effect, or suffering from the heat.

A cool delightful breeze fans us all the time, and makes us wonder where it came from, but we have to be prepared for the occasion. My sombrero measures sixty inches in circumference, with a nine inch peak, which affords ample protection for neck and shoulders, as well as head.

When we come in we are cautioned not to use water on our face or hands, as it would blister the skin. Our lips are badly parched and swollen, which is the only inconvenience we've met.

In our trip to the Petrified Forests, which are in the midst of the desert, we started from Adamana about 9:30, a jolly companionable party of tourists, about sixteen. Everybody knew everybody for the time being conventional and formality were unknown quantities.

We took a regular Stephenson lunch with us, which we ate under a tree of Jasper and Agate, a huge Monarch of the forest, which had fallen across a chasm fifty feet deep thus causing a Natural Bridge which cannot be excelled in Virginia or elsewhere—a natural tree petrified into Jasper.

It is almost past belief and certainly past conception, unless one could see it with their own eyes. No matter what may be ahead of us, we can never enjoy anything more than our stay in New Mexico and Arizona.

When we get back I expect all our friends will want to run from us. We will have much to tell. I am afraid they will want to get away.

Mrs. JOE PARSON.

Services Next Sunday.

Rev. E. H. Davis, of Goldsboro, will preach morning and night, in the Methodist Church here next Sunday. All cordially invited.

THE MOVING PEOPLE.

THEIR MOVEMENTS IN AND OUT OF TOWN.

Those Who Have Visited Louisburg the Past Week—Those Who Have Gone Elsewhere for Business or Pleasure.

Rev. E. H. Davis and family are visiting at the College.

Mr. W. T. Fuller, of Rocky Mount, is visiting his people near Mapleville.

Mr. T. W. Bickett made a professional trip to Greensboro this week.

Mrs. Wm. Berroughs, of Jacksonville, Fla., is a guest at Mrs. Jennie Hart's.

Miss Virginia Foster has returned from a four week's visit to Morehead.

Miss Annie Pegram, of Henderson, is visiting her father, Mr. G. L. W. Pegram.

Capt. L. L. Joyner and Mr. E. S. Ford went to Raleigh Tuesday to see the bill game.

Mrs. Sarah E. Pleasant left this week to visit her people in Durham and Aberdeen.

Dr. J. W. Jackson and wife are spending the week with Mr. C. P. Harris, near Mapleville.

Mr. R. Z. Egerton and son Lawrence returned Monday from a two week's stay at Panacea Springs.

Mrs. E. B. Wilder and children returned last week from a visit of several weeks at Jackson Springs.

Mrs. F. R. Pleasant and daughter, Katherine, have returned from a visit to her people in Greensboro.

Mrs. E. C. Webb, who has been visiting her people in Louisburg, left yesterday for her home in Granville.

Mrs. Dora Jackson left this week to visit her son in Wake. Before returning home she will take a short trip to Morehead.

Mr. E. P. Blackley, who fell from his engine on the Railroad some time ago, and was so painfully injured, left this week for Richmond, where he will be operated on for his injuries. His friends wish him an "easy" time and a complete recovery.

Rev. L. S. Mamey came over from Oxford and spent Tuesday in Louisburg. He is a member of the Educational Board of the Methodist Conference, and was here on business connected with the College which now belongs to the Conference. His many friends in Louisburg were glad to see him.

New Firm.

Messrs. J. T. Clay and N. A. Tunstall, two very clever gentlemen, have formed a copartnership under the firm name of Clay & Tunstall, and have bought the Blacksmith and Buggy Repair Shop of C. F. Richardson, on Nash Street. They are both first class workmen, and will give their patrons satisfaction. Mr. Richardson will continue the harness business at the same place and says that no one shall surpass him in his line.

An Enjoyable Occasion.

An enjoyable ice cream supper and Masonic meeting, given by the Masons, the boys and girls took place at the residence of Mr. D. T. Hollingsworth, of Red Bud, last Saturday night. Ice cream, cakes and lemonade were served. The beautiful table was arranged by the ladies with the most delicious cakes ever baked. After the supper was served, an enjoyable meeting took place in the upper story of Mr. Hollingsworth's store house. Mr. C. E. Gupton, of Sandy Creek, conferred to twenty five or thirty boys, several side degrees, viz. Ben. Johnson, three tall orders of Lebanon, Night Hawk and also the Dog degree. The degrees created much laughter. Mr. D. B. Parson was still laughing the last heard from. We sincerely hope to have Mr. Gupton in our midst again soon.

VIOLAT.

GO TO HAMPTON TO WED.

Z. V. Harris and Miss H. E. Nelson, of Washington Married.

The following special telegram under date of July 23, was sent the Washington Post from New Port News: Zeb Vance Harris, a government employe at Washington, and Miss H. Elizabeth Nelson, also of Washington, were married in Hampton this afternoon by the Rev. George W. Wray, pastor of the First Methodist Church. The bride and bridegroom left Newport News this evening on their honeymoon.

The Post makes the following comment: Mr. Harris is a clerk for the interstate commerce commission, and lived over the Florentine cafe, on Pennsylvania avenue. His bride is a graduate nurse and for several years was attached to the George Washington University Hospital.

The couple left this city Sunday night, telling friends they were going to Newport News for a brief visit. No intimation was given that they were to be married, and the news caused surprise last night.

Mrs. Harris is a pretty brunette, and is well known among the trained nurses of the city. She served as an apprentice at the Washington Asylum Hospital.

Mr. Harris has been employed in Washington several years and has a host of friends in the interstate commerce commission.

Mr. Harris is a native of Franklin county, being a son of the late W. S. Harris, and has a large number of connections in this county. He is a personal friend of the editor of the TIMES, and we extend him most hearty congratulations.

Tobacco Sales to Open.

As will be seen by the advertisements elsewhere in this issue the Louisburg tobacco warehouses will have their grand opening sales for the season on August 12th. They will be ready for sales August 10, and after August 1st, when the buyers will all be on hand, ready for business.

The old warehouses are all in fine condition, and will have about the same forces they had last season.

The opening day for the Farmer's Mutual Tobacco Company will be published next week. Read their half page advertisement on the last page of this issue.

The Death of a Good Woman.

Mrs. Martha D. Perry aged 80 years died at her daughter's, Mrs. Dixie McGhee, May the 21st 1908. She leaves 5 children to mourn her loss.

Our dear good mother, best friend of all,

And precious to my heart But yet and still it was the best For her and me to part.

Although she sleeps she lives forever With the angels of the blest For he who took our mother Doeth all things for the best.

She passed from death to life "From darkness unto light" Is the garden of "Sweet Eden" Where flowers never wilt.

A death of friends, she has gained And won the victor's crown And it not dead but sleeping And the sun of life gone down.

Out from her suffering illness She gently passed away To her heavenly home in glory To spend Eternity day.

But her hearts at home are grieved For her welcomed voice is stilled A place is vacant in our home To never more be filled.

God be merciful to the bereaved And help us understand That all is done for the best By thy Providential hand.

Mrs. CATO FRANCH.

Written by request.
Mr. S. M. Washington is on a visit to his people in Granville county this week.