

IDEAS OF A PLAIN GIRL.

By Dorothy Mitchell.

This thing called "style" has always been a source of amusement to me. Among some of my earliest and most lasting impressions are some of the absurdities and inconsistencies of fashion. There was one thing as a child I could never understand, and I must admit I can give no reason yet; and that is, why a woman would take cloth enough to make a long trail and then hold it up.

I always go to the millinery openings. What woman does not, but—I believe—I go more to see the funny side of things than with the intent to secure some manner of head adornment. I have never been popular with milliners because I laugh at their hats. Anyone with a funny bone would be bound to laugh. I remember once that I made a lifelong enemy of a milliner because I asked her when her "creations" would be shown. It must have been the manner in which I said it, for I can see no harm in it. But with all the things I say, I shall always have the greatest respect and admiration for the fashion designers. Surely they must have the greatest minds in the world to conceive of such queer and quaint "monstrosities," and to think of them so often. Just think they can so completely revolutionize things from season to season that the past shapes look "perfectly awful" when they were so "perfectly lovely" last year. I really cannot understand how it is done, but it is.

The other day I saw a lady making an "attempt" to go down the street wearing a skirt, which was "in latitude though sorely scanty" (with apologies to Burns.) She seemed like one in distress, and all the sympathy and pity of my nature went out to her, but when I ventured near, she gave me a haughty look and glanced (I thought) scornfully toward my apparel, and I passed quickly on, and left her hobbling along behind.

Perhaps I will be called a critic, I am not, I am merely giving my ideas. But as far back as I can remember people have commented on style, and they will continue to do so as long as woman makes herself a slave to fashion. But even in the present narrow skirt with its absurd and rather immodest appearance, we have something to be think-

ful for: It does not take much to make a dress. Think of falling down to about one-half or one-third of the amount of goods it used to take. Two years ago I bought enough goods to make a waist and now by adding two yards more, I will have a full-fledged—did I say full?—dress.

But now the pendulum has swung back to the other side, and woman is to be no longer hampered. No more fetters, and hobbles and impediments, but she is to come out in a perfectly sensible, two-legged garment—the hem skirt. The eyes of the world have been on this daring woman, and after I saw—Well! all I have to say is that I am glad I am just plain and simple, and that I am old-fashioned. I stood and watched her march away down the street, and thought that if I ever should wear such, I would go further. I would be a real Turkish lady, and don the veil; for I understand now why it is a shame for a Turkish woman to go with her face uncovered.

Securing Foreign Labor.

Southern Pines, June 2.—The sandhill country has reached a stage where an innovation in the labor question had to be introduced, and on Monday morning the black clouds that rolled up over the hills to the east of Southern Pines told that a new day had dawned.

On the Exma & Crossland plantation a strange people, speaking a strange language, has commenced the task that the home labor is unable to carry through.

The expansion of industry in the sandhill country has been far too rapid for the available labor supply, and the farmers have been looking in all directions for relief. It remained for Exum & Crossland to find the way out. Last week they received a delegation of Russian Jews from New York, and this week another group arrived, with more to follow. These people have been taken to the big operation at Lumberdale, where they will have the opportunity of clearing several hundred acres of new land and of making themselves permanent situations on the farms that are being opened, if they prove the right material.

They start out with a great deal of promise. They come recommended as industrious, steady workers, economical and dependable, and the well-known Jewish

habit of thrift and accumulation is expected to make of them a highly useful factor in the industrial mixture.

If these people work out satisfactorily, it is only a question of a short time until hundreds of them will be here, for the need of hands, good hands, who can be relied on to stay at the work before them, is imperative. It is well within the bounds of safety to say that a thousand good men could be placed in the sand hills territory next week if they were to be had. Farmers are hunting for trustworthy hands, land buyers want men to begin the work of clearing, the new cotton plantations want hoe and plow hands, the expanding business that follows a developing country wants men, and on all sides the same inquiry is heard.

About two dozen of the Jews have arrived at Southern Pines for the Lumberdale development, and the number that will come is dependent on the number that can be procured and the way those here take hold of their work. Most of them are new arrivals in America, unable to talk any English, but they appear to have the idea of work, which is about the same in any language.

An Arkansas Boy and His Goat.

A 15-year-old Arkansas boy and his goat have been embalmed in the Congressional Record. The boy's name is Hopping—that of the goat unfortunately, is not given. Hopping, with a plow of his own manufacture, to which he harnessed his goat, planted and cultivated an acre of ground in corn and gathered therefrom fifty bushels. The boy and the goat did all the work, except the first plowing of the land, which was done with horse or mule power. No special seed corn was used, no scientific method of cultivating followed. Common corn was planted, and the crop was tended in the common way.

The State Commissioner of Agriculture heard of the case, and finding it authentic, furnished the boy with the best seed corn obtainable for this year and gave him some instruction in approved methods of farming and cultivation, and he is going to try for 100 bushels to the acre. The commissioner also offered to furnish Hopping with a horse or a mule, but this the boy refused, preferring to stick to the goat

power and the plow he built for himself.

Hopping is all right and seems to have a ticket for Success. It is not every boy who can take a goat and a home made plow and work his way into the Congressional Record, the Agricultural reports and the newspapers.—Baltimore Sun.

Kinder Mad.

Steve Long is noted for attending to his own business and saying very little about it, says Everybody's. One morning an inquisitive neighbor met him returning from the woods with his gun over his shoulder.

"Hello, Steve. Where ye been? A-shootin'?"

"Yep."

"What ye been a-shootin'?"

"Dog."

"Yer dog? My! Was he mad?"

"Waal, he didn't look so dang-ed well pleased."



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