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## THE SWASTIKA BOOK CLUB LAND AND ENGLAND.

aving the North Carolina...  
 Lyon's, we... our...  
 the British Islands. Every...  
 taken and a happier crew...  
 across a... of...  
 our destination being...  
 we first sailed south...  
 high... islands...  
 on... Bay...  
 then... east...  
 schools...  
 lighted...  
 from...  
 entered...  
 through...  
 Glasgow...  
 river which...  
 has become...  
 We... many...  
 beautiful...  
 elegant...  
 for...  
 walked...  
 for the...  
 in Laurinburg...  
 one of the finest...  
 Here we saw numerous monuments, statues of William III, the Wellington, Queen Victoria, Sir Walter Scott, Sir John Moore, James Wall, Sir Robert Peel, etc.

We found Edinburgh remarkable for the general excellence and elegance of its architecture. The longest street commences at the Police Holyrood and ends at Castle Hill upon the summit of Edinburgh Castle, standing 450 feet above the level of the sea. Among the most prominent statues erected there are to Playfair Ramsey and Robert Burns. The citizens of Edinburgh may well be proud of their numerous educational institutions to which no city in Great Britain has superior. Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, always visited by tourists, were pointed out to us. There's a fine roadway which surrounds Arthur's Seat known as the Queen's Drive. Scott made this vicinity of more than passing interest by his "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

In traveling about the rural districts of Scotland we were impressed by the thrifty appearance of the country, which seems to be cultivated with care. We saw a lot of sheep, horses and cattle. We climbed Ben Lomond, the doubly formed mountain, and when we reached the summit we saw the half of Scotland at a glance. We could see from Ben Nevas to Ayre—from Edinburgh to Staffa.

From the mountain we passed a pretty road to Burns Cottage and across the "Auld Brig O' Doon," and from Rob Roy's Cave to Abbotsford and Melrose Abby, where we saw the tomb of Mitchell Scott, of King Alexander II, and that of the Douglas marked with the sword. The Scotch people we found well ed-

ucated, etc. ...  
 and ...  
 way and ...  
 according to an American idea, but as a rule were not reliable.

At Dunfermline, Mrs. ...  
 a delicious Scotch dinner before we started for the ... of saints and scholars, ...  
 was once called. ...  
 how lovely it ...  
 touched the harbor ...  
 Lough, one of the ...  
 in the three ...

So smiling and ...  
 welcome, though a stranger to me and to the other members of the club who had never set foot on the "Auld Soil" before. Our trip to Ireland was ...  
 the secretary and ...  
 just before we ...  
 land first, I ...  
 fault is mine that our correspondence to the ...  
 not come in order. ...  
 noon we arrived in ...  
 secretary ...  
 College and the ...  
 den early next morning ...  
 ed me to write up our ...  
 through Scotland ...  
 the U. S. M. the same ...  
 some Irish hotels ...  
 a room for ...  
 and sit in a lower ...  
 the public tariff, and ...  
 pardonable sin for other than such a personage to desecrate it by his presence. The doors are not always ...  
 that I innocently wandered into this reserved yet public room, and seeing a desk, sat down to write up our trip through Scotland. The proprietor came in and apologetically asked, "What line are you in, Madam?" I promptly answered, "Selling massage cream and Grecian hair braids." He reported my line of business to the committee. They were satisfied and I was allowed to stay at the desk, but Mrs. O'Donnelly, who was just across the hall, heard the conversation and came to the door and said in an undertone, "Your bluff went through alright with the boys, but it is my private opinion that you are using more along your line than you are selling." I was in a close place and the best way out was to give up my paper and go out—so I joined my friends who were being shown the Hall and Ulster Bank. I thought sure I would write when I got to Limerick, but we reached there during the annual horse-fair and the town was so full of pretty horses and horsey-looking men I forgot all about it. They understood horse-dressing down to a finish. Horse-shoe pins was the thing stuck in high colored scarfs around their necks, and not a few had straws or blades of grass in their mouths. They were a sporting crowd and there seemed to be no scarcity of money the afternoon we were there. I spoke to a dealer about his pretty horses, and he said, "Why don't you buy a foine pair and take 'em back to the States wid you?" "Why, we are from Scotland county, North Carolina, the garden spot of the States, and the automobile

is king there." "Ach, the old boy burn the ightymobile anyhow; no decent man will ride in wan aven if he can get a sate behind a pair of horses like we have on the auld sod." We met a big red automobile on our way to Killarney—so the horse dealer has his rival at his door.

### SING HO! FOR ENGLAND!

Gladly would I describe the gleam of the North Carolina as she plowed resistlessly through the sun-spangled brine, for there is something fascinating and romantic about a ship's mizzen flaunting themselves boldly in the breeze, but unfortunately I do not know how to describe our sail (this being my first trip abroad); suffice it, therefore, that the liner had left Dublin and was somewhere on the bosom of the Irish sea, and that we of the first cabin stood upon some kind of a pier—the deck, I suppose—where those of the first cabin are allowed to stand, looking over some kind of a rail that separated us from the steerage passengers, who in many a picturesque group were sunning themselves in that space—whatever the name of it may be—in which steerage passengers are supposed to sun themselves. Of course our state room and cabins were perfect for comfort, but the weather being sunny and bright we enjoyed our place of standing, and from there we caught a birds-eye view of Liverpool as our liner got ashore Friday afternoon, February 5th, 1910. How eager we were to land, and how kindly was the greeting from Miss Minnie Smith, who had planned to entertain us while we sojourned in England. What a bustling place Liverpool is. There seems a little less consideration of caste there than in any other city we visited in England, doubtless because it is a business city of no special illustrious history where the rich men are in trade, whose fathers worked or came up by way of trade, making it impossible for their caste to be gentlemen in their native land.

The city has modern streets, fine substantial stores, banks, public buildings and beautiful dwelling houses. We saw large steamers of cotton coming in and I do believe the fleecy staple from the Southern States made Miss Dora Smith a little home-sick, for when we got back to the hotel she sang and played, "When the Fields are White with Cotton" and "The Sweetest Girl." Miss Alma Lyth turned her scales in music to the "Old North State," and some one's eyes grew misty as we all joined in singing "My Own United States." Of course we were enjoying England, but "East or West Home is best." Miss Minnie carried us to Leamington, where some natural springs exist which are believed to possess certain medical properties. Kenilworth Castle we need not write about, for Scott, in his admirable novel, has rendered the reading world familiar with it. Of course we did not fail to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. We hastened at once to the old church where

rest the mortal remains of Shakespeare. Just back of this ancient Gothic flows the quiet Avon in the same bed where it has glided for centuries. We stopped for refreshments at the Red Horse Inn, where Miss Minnie served a delicious course-dinner, then went out for a stroll through the quaint old village and visited with thrilling interest the house where Shakespeare was born. We haven't time to write about the sights and wonders of Bristol, and London being the largest metropolis in the world, we can only speak incidentally of it. We took rooms at a hotel where we could look out at broad, splendid, muddy Thames, slowly rolling in its graceful and stately way beneath its many bridges, bearing with it heavy lumber barges, excited, tooting little penny steamers and crafts of various shapes and sizes, the errand or burden of each meaning a different story. London's Westminster Abby and Towers are no longer novelties to those who visit the place every few years, but we were unable to restrain our feeling at the sight of them, for we had never before had more than a brief and superficial idea of them. No capitol is better supplied with public parks, the most notable being Hyde Park, covering about 400 acres, in the heart of London, and there we saw a brilliant display of wealth and fashion.

Of all the many noted churches, old and new, Westminster Abby is the most interesting, being the shrine of England's illustrious dead.

The House of Parliament, the Victoria Tower and the Clock Tower form very imposing architectural structures. The National Gallery of Painting on Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace and the Zoological Garden are of never-failing interest to strangers.

Fain would we have lingered in London to have seen more, but time called us, and we must not miss our steamer to France.

### MISS MARY PEARL MCKINNON.

On February 1, 1910, the Angel of Death entered our ...  
 bore away the sweet spirit of Miss Mary Pearl McKinnon, just in the morning of her bright and promising life.

Miss McKinnon was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McKinnon, of this place. She was a little over twenty-four years of age, and is survived by her devoted father and mother, two faithful and loving sisters and two brothers, to all of whom the community's sympathy goes out in this their hour of sore bereavement.

In the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends the interment took place at the family burying ground on the afternoon of February 2d. Her pastor, Dr. J. M. Rose, in his very impressive way, comforted the saddened hearts with words of beauty and tenderness.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. F. C. McCormick, W. D. Wright, Peter McIntosh, Mack Cameron, Roy Sutherland and T. T. Covington, Jr.

At an early age Miss McKin-

non united with the Presbyterian church and has always lived a beautiful and consistent Christian life. Endowed with a mind remarkably bright and attentive, a noble heart, generous and true, and fired with a praiseworthy ambition, many were drawn to her, and many bright anticipations were centered in "Pearl."

In the fall of 1903 she entered the State Normal College, Greensboro, N. C., where she was a student for two years and made many fast friends. After leaving college she spent one year at home and then entered the field of teaching for a short while. But just as she was blooming into a lovely and useful womanhood a dreadful tubercular trouble began to prey upon her. All that love and skill could do was done for her recovery, but to no avail.

In search of health she was taken to Black Mountain Sanitarium, where she remained over two years, during which time she made a brave and hopeful fight for life, always looking on the brightest side and manifesting a submission that was beautiful to behold. Though away from home and loved ones, she was not away from friends, for the grace and charm of her lovely disposition drew, as if by a magnet, all who came within the radiance of her bright and happy face. "None knew her but to love her."

Forgetful of herself, she found time, even in her extreme weakness, to cheer and comfort those who were not so sick as she was. But 'mid the ravages of so terrible a disease all hope of recovery was gradually lost.

About four months ago her devoted physician, Dr. I. J. Archer (who loved her as though she were his child), brought her home, as she desired to spend her last days with her own people.

Friends and loved ones vied with one another to see who could make her dying pillow smoothest, for all felt like it was a benediction to come within the circle of her influence. "Sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust," patient ever in her suffering, happy in the assurance of her Saviour's love, she had no fear of death, and gave frequent expression of her willingness to go and be forever with the Lord. Conscious to the very last, smiling her recognition when too weak to speak, still sweetly trusting, she peacefully passed away.

Such a dispensation is hard to understand, but a knowledge of the peace and happiness which overspread her dying couch, can but bring solace and comfort to those whose hearts are burdened with sorrow. We believe that the life that was just beginning to bloom in this world will open out in its full beauty and splendor in the other world, where the brightness of Eternity's sun will add radiance to its glory. For—

"She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
 But gone unto that other school  
 Where she no longer needs our protection,  
 And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
 By guardian angels led,  
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
 She LIVES whom we call dead." M.