

THE MONROE JOURNAL.

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The Mountain Country As Seen by the Editors.

Lenoir to Blowing Rock; Blowing Rock to Boone; back to Blowing Rock; Blowing Rock to Linville City; Linville to Edgemont—take the trip as the North Carolina editors did last week, if you would behold a panorama of surpassing beauty. Travellers and pleasure seekers have long been going to those points, but never before have they been so accessible as now by a combination of railroad and highly improved dirt roads, which are in that section called turnpikes. The round from Lenoir to Edgemont should always be made rather than any one section. All the road is magnificently graded, and since there has been little rain in the mountains this year, they are in perfect condition. There is some macadam, some sand clay mixture, and some of the usual dirt road, but all well kept and in good condition. Twenty miles from Lenoir, where the train is left, to Blowing Rock and half of the distance sheer up the mountain sides, thence along the side and around Grandfather to Linville, thence whirling down the mountain side to the railroad again at Edgemont, the terminus of the Carolina and Northwestern railroad—it is a trip never to be forgotten, and one to be surpassed but rarely anywhere. If North Carolinians knew the beauty and grandeur of their mountains as they should, there would yearly be twenty visitors where there is one now. All along the line the accommodations are good and rates reasonable.

When the editors took the trip last week they were received everywhere with marked courtesy, genuine hospitality, and tokens of the greatest appreciation. Beginning with an entertainment at Hickory Monday night (which this editor was not on hand to enjoy) till the last one left Edgemont on Saturday, nothing was left undone that could be thought of for the comfort and pleasure of the party. At Lenoir, where the business sessions were held, the party received to the fullest the most enjoyable hospitality of the town and the never failing attention of the entertainment committee. Lenoir is at once one of the most substantial and promising towns of the State.

On Wednesday afternoon the party, filling every automobile, hack and carriage that could be had in a town where such things are numerous, started for Blowing Rock. The drive is ever upward, though this is not marked till half the way is travelled and the mountain ascent proper is begun. Five and a half to six hours are needed for the trip, and when the top is reached and you go bowling by the many pretty cottages and other buildings that nestle upon the hills, your team has earned a rest and you are ready for your supper.

From the sweltering heat of the low country to the invigorating coolness of the mountains! What a change! Down here you could wish most of all things to sleep under an electric fan. Up there it is a blanket, and sometimes two. "Blowing Rock" may mean one of two things: the old village and the summer homes, cottages and hotels, or "The Rock." The latter is the rocky nose of a cliff, broken off perpendicularly, and overlooking a magnificent expanse of mountains and valleys. The wind, pouring up constantly over the rock from the great gorge below, is so strong that the vegetation turns "landward," like trees upon the coast where the wind blows constantly from the ocean.

From Blowing Rock to Linville, the pike traverses the most wonderfully beautiful country. The massive grandeur of the mountains is subdued by a carpet of velvety green, and on the sky line the misty ridges mingle with the tinted clouds and the two become a picture more perfect than the artist's dreams. From contemplating nature's munificence

one is constantly drawn to reflect upon the results of man's skill and power as manifested in the building of the road along which the vehicle speeds. The way is here chiseled around a rocky knob, the mountain rising skyward on one side, and on the other hand shooting hundreds of feet downward; there it winds through the most lovely bower, massed on either side by walls of green, ornamented with the beautiful bloom of the rhododendron. Still another moment you are in the midst of a great grove of mighty chestnuts loaded with their long and pendant blooms, and yet again on one side under the roots of tremendous firs or hemlocks, and on the other side looking down upon their huge tops. Oh, it is a wonderful land—the road to Linville—waiting for painter's touch or poet's pen. Up, up, the rugged old side of Grandfather till the rocky sores in his sides, unseen below, come into view, and the nose and brow and beard, imaginative features of a far off view, are lost, and you begin to figure how far you must climb to sit upon his very top. And so, good reader, if you can excuse some personalities, you may have something of such a climb, as well as a few other incidents of more or less interest.

Leaving the teams of our more immediate party to take the ladies and such of the men who had no mind for the climb on to Linville, eight of us started on foot for the top. A wagon road winds up to where the mountain begins to jump perpendicularly, and here you begin to follow the spiral trail around, over rock and root and under fallen timber, and finally emerge from the scantier and scantier foliage to the top of the barren rock. Young Ike London of the Siler City Grit was the first upon the rock, the editor of The Journal next. And when we arrived, lo and behold! who should be sitting there waiting for us but Dr. Potat, president of Wake Forest College, who had made the trip alone. When he arrived he had found Mr. Simms of Raleigh and Mrs. Simms, who was the only lady of the editorial party to make the climb. Editor Huggins of Our Home, who was in the climbing party, became quite sick on the mountain, and so we all indulged a natural desire to rest and waited for him to feel better. Sitting upon the top, nearly 6,000 feet above sea level, we watched the ravens soaring high above us, and wondered at the daring of the man who will sail his airship higher yet than the ravens fluted. We stood upon the knob of the mountain known in the imaginative profile as Grandfather's chin. His brow is yet higher, but must be reached from the other side. Here the view is magnificent, Mt. Mitchell and all the lesser ones in the eye's reach. Then down, down, a glass of buttermilk from the hand of the Scotch lassie at the house below, and—again on the wonderful road to Linville. Thousands of dollars it has taken to build these fine roads on the mountains, and may those who have done it some day reap a great return for their capital. Linville, the beautiful! It bursts like "visions of rapture" upon the sight even in this country of beauty. Here art has aided nature and each has done its best. The valley has been made a town, adorned by pretty cottages, a well equipped hotel, drives and walks and links, at one end the river, at the other the beautiful lake, with the white heron and the wild duck upon its bosom.

There were so many pleasant incidents of the "campaign" that it were impossible to tell them all. One particular feature that ran through it all was the spontaneous hospitality manifested. Many of the editors were in a new country and the warm welcome they received will always make their pens generous when there is an opportunity to refer to that section. After spending a night and taking three meals at the finely appointed Esceola Inn at Linville, the editors prepared to leave and asked for their bills. "No charge for the editorial party" was the reply, and there was none. And the continued thoughtfulness of Mr. L. T.

Nichols, general manager, and Mr. E. F. Reid, general passenger agent of Carolina and Northwestern railway, added immensely to the pleasure of the trip. These gentlemen and their excellent wives never spared themselves nor minimized their facilities from the time of leaving Lenoir till they bade the party goodbye at Edgemont, the terminus of their road. They know the mountain country like a book, the points of interest, the sources of pleasure, and the means of entertainment. They are making a great contribution to the development of that fairyland and their road must eventually reach the measure of reward in increased traffic that it so richly deserves.

A large number of the newspaper people, including their fellow travellers like Dr. Potat of Wake Forest College, Dr. Few of Trinity, and Dr. Ferrall of the State medical department, accepted the invitation of Boone and spent one day on the west side of the mountain in that delightful village. The party was entertained at the Appalachian Training School, and this magnificent school was a revelation to many. However, this writer having known the Dougherty brothers since college days, and having known of their great achievement in creating the school, and in fact having visited the school once before, was prepared for what was in store. Measured by results, these farmer boys who twenty years ago came over the mountain to college, took their course but carried back an inspiration and a determination far beyond what was written in the diplomas, have already been among the most useful men of the State—and they have only laid the foundations for the great things that are to come. In sight of the spot that their own hands had rescued from the primitive forest, they began building a country academy. With the work their visions grew. They saw that the cause of public education could never go far in the mountains until there should be better opportunity for training public school teachers, and they set about the task. They secured State aid, meagerly at first, but for every dollar they secured they showed two dollars' worth of results, and the legislature became more liberal. They would never take a dollar more than they could spend to the best advantage, and their institution, which of course now belongs wholly to the State, is perhaps the only one in the history of North Carolina that has voluntarily limited its own appropriations. They are training the young men and women for service in the public schools, and these in turn are lighting the torch of learning and progress in the public school houses. The school has doubly made good, and it is the pride of the section.

Never has the writer stood about a picnic board more heavily laden or with more deliciously cooked food than was spread that day on the school grounds at Boone. Roast lamb, roast beef, chicken baked and chicken fried, boiled ham, the whole gamut of cakes, homemade loaf and mountain honey, and gallons of fresh buttermilk! And not one of the articles ever came from the inside of a store. Editor Rivers and his wife, Ed Coffey, Capt. Lovell, Solicitor Linney—all of them—never drew a restful breath while we were there, so busy were they in making things pleasant and so happy in the visitation. If the editors had failed to get to Boone it would have broken the heart of Bob Rivers, that sturdy editor of the Watauga Democrat, who steps from his printing shop to his cornfield when one job becomes irksome. In him the people of that town and county have a jewel—a man who labors in love for his section, stands four square with the world, and goes chiefly to his sensible wife for advice.

And never have I seen so good behavior at a picnic. Mr. J. Z. Green, who was with the editorial party, had an appointment at Boone that day to organize a county Farmers' Union and there was present a big crowd. I saw not a single case of impoliteness, and heard only one bit of loud talking. Watauga is a fine

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farming and stock growing section, makes the best cabbage and apples in America. has more individual farm owners than she has voters.

Too much cannot be said about the wonderful turnpikes of this section. One who has traversed the State-built pike from Wilkesboro to Jefferson when the mud was two feet deep and the travel two miles and a half per hour with a good team, would not be prepared for the magnificent roads of this section. The Lenoir and Blowing Rock pike is first class, as is the Yonahlossee from Blowing Rock to Linville, while the Watauga pike from Linville to Edgemont is a grand piece of engineering work. The grade is five per cent, and there is no danger whatever.

Death of Mrs. Curlee.
Mrs. Ida Curlee, widow of Mr. Thomas Curlee, died of pellagra at her home in Monroe last Wednesday. Mrs. Curlee was 50 years old. She was the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Michael Osborne. She leaves three sons, Messrs. Henry, Earl and Paul Curlee. Mrs. Alice Pistole and Mrs. W. F. Morgan are sisters.

Deceased was a good woman and died in the christian faith. She was a member of the Methodist church. Funeral was held by Dr. J. H. Weaver and Rev. Braxton Craig.

You don't know when a Tornado is coming any more than when a fire is. Better be prepared against both. See us about it.

N. C. ENGLISH,
Savings, Loan & Trust Company's.

Miss McNeely Wins Prize.
Miss Nannie Mae McNeely, daughter of Mr. Jas. McNeely of Monroe, recently graduated at Stokes Business College, Charleston, S. C., and in a contest won a beautiful gold medal given by the Remington Typewriter Company to the amateur making the the best record on their machine. Miss McNeely made an average of 43 words per minute in three contests, held June 16th, 21st and 23rd. The contests were held in accordance with the regulations of the National Business Show given annually in Madison Square Garden, New York. In her examinations at graduation Miss McNeely made the following remarkable records without error from unfamiliar business correspondence: Shorthand, 136 words per minute; transcribed notes on typewriter, 41 words per minute, and copied from print 57 words per minute. Miss McNeely has returned to her home here.

Wingate News.
(Correspondence of The Journal)
Miss Bessie Hamilton of Marshville spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. E. C. Snyder.
Mrs. Dr. I. S. Funderburk of Mt. Croghan is visiting relatives here.
Miss Mae Wingate of Waxhaw spent Saturday night and Sunday at Mr. Jim Gordon's.
Miss Pauline Boggan went to Mt. Gililand Monday to visit relatives.
Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Helms and Mrs. K. P. Stewart are spending a few days at Rocky River Spring.
Rev. E. C. Snyder and two sons Mr. Jesse Outen, Mrs. Dora Rushing, Mrs. Patty Bivens and little son, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Liles, and Misses Mary Sherrin, Blanche Helms and Odessa Williams went to Wilmington on the excursion last week.
Miss Janie Bivens will go to Lumber Bridge on a visit tomorrow.
Mrs. Francis Broadway of Marshville spent last Thursday with her mother, Mrs. E. H. Williams.
Mrs. Benton Brown of Hamlet visited her mother-in-law, Mrs. C. E. Brown, last week.
Mrs. J. E. Liles of Monroe spent several days with her mother, Mrs. G. C. Stewart, last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Lex Phifer of Wadesboro spent Sunday with relatives here.
Mrs. J. T. Cox and Mrs. J. W. Smith of Monroe spent Friday at Mr. J. W. Outen's.

Mrs. Lemuel Watson spent Friday with Mrs. W. C. Perry in Monroe.

Messrs. J. W. Bivens and H. B. Jones attended the Sunday School Institute at Rockingham on last Tuesday.

Mr. William Liles is having a handsome dwelling erected in the northern part of town.

Mrs. Oscar Collins was carried to the hospital at Charlotte this morning for treatment. Her husband and Mrs. Rufus Griffin accompanied her.

July the 28th will be the greatest day in the history of Wingate. On that day the corner stone of the handsome brick school building will be laid. The Masonic order will have charge of laying the stone and Governor W. W. Kitchin will deliver the address. A fuller account of the program will be given later. Every student that has ever attended the Wingate School is cordially invited to be present and join in the social part of the program. The afternoon will probably be devoted entirely to a re-union of the old students and social pleasure in general. Everybody is invited to come to Wingate on this important day.

Resolutions of Respect.
Whereas, the Grand Master of the Universe has seen fit in His all wise providence to call from his earthly labors to refreshment in the Grand Lodge above our deceased brother, A. C. Johnson, we, the Meadow Branch Lodge No. 578 A. F. & M., wish in a feeble way to express our sorrow and sadness at the loss which we have sustained.
Bowing in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we look forward with the eye of faith to the City of Light, through the gates of which our brother has passed, and hope to meet him there.
In token of the high esteem in which our brother was held by all the members of our Lodge, he was elected Worshipful Master at our last regular communication.
To the immediate relatives and friends we extend our heartfelt sympathy and invoke the blessings of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb and looks down with tender compassion upon those who put their trust in Him, in this hour of their sad bereavement.
We wish further to express our appreciation for the kindness and courtesies extended to us by the Monroe Lodge No. 244 in assisting in the last rites of our fraternity in consigning his body to the tomb.
J. W. Rowell,
J. L. Bennett,
H. B. Jones,
Committee.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.