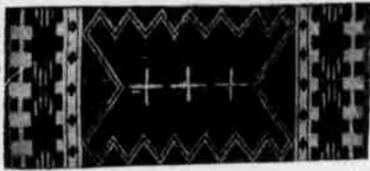


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**QUAINT OLD WINSTON-SALEM**

North Carolina Town where Time and Tide seem to Have Waited.

HERE is a little town in North Carolina where time and tide seem to have waited says the *New York Herald* in a copyrighted story by Louise Eberle, where a century past and gone has sat down to rest and wait, maybe, the end of time. The spirit of that other century finds here unchanged the scenes of her youth—streets, houses, ivy covered church and schools, great trees and, above all, that city of the equal dead that is the great beauty of the place, all are as they were when her first days dawned among them and she looked forward with wide young eyes to what the years would bring.

Each Easter there is held in this old city a feast given by the living to both living and dead, where those who have died since the Easter before are, as it were, the guests of honor. And this is the strange tale of it.

The twin towns Winston-Salem are veritably an example of the past chained to the present. Winston new, bustling, growing, the world's largest tobacco market, thrilling with life and energy; Salem what its name means, peace—peace with a century and a half drawn over her head like a veil to keep out the glare of the world.

About 1752 the settlers of this town came from Moravia, and there was then transplanted to this new soil a bit of the Old World that has remained as it was—unchanged, unchanging, waiting and content to wait, sitting aged among strong young cities, untouched by their youth, their progress or change.

The outer world takes very little cognizance of this ancient, quiet place—save to send its sons and daughters to its famous schools to be educated—till Easter week. Then trains bring in outsiders till Winston is crammed—for it is the new town that, with its modern accommodations, reaps the financial benefit of the attractions of the old, to which the old place is serenely indifferent. Thousands come and each year the throng is greater, and all who come leave wondering why no pageant has ever awed them as this ceremony, so simple that even the word "ceremony" is too much.

A love feast and an eastern dawn service are what bring the outside thousands, the first taking place on the afternoon of Saturday, or Great Sabbath, and the second Easter morning. It is the love feast that has about it the element of the remarkable that sets the thing apart, unique, unanalyzable, and holds a multitude in a spell it cannot define. For it is so devoid of the mysterious that it becomes a mystery itself, like the sun that by unwrapping itself utterly makes it impossible for the human eye to look upon it; for so simple is it that it has about it the awe of the simple manger at Bethlehem; so empty of pomp that it bows the heart to worship as the splendor of no king could do. Its one explanation

is that it is in spirit and truth, as well as in title, a love feast.

All in the hot spring sunshine the people gather and crowd the wide roads between rows of giant ancient elms. They pass, on their way from one town to another, the museum where is a wonderful collection of relics of the ancient days, one of the quaintest being the fire engine with leather buckets brought from Europe in 1695. The boys' school building now used by the local historical society, dates back to 1794, and the girls' school with its white pillared, ivy covered portico, has long passed the century mark. To it maidens came in the olden day from far and wide; came by stage or on pillions to receive the polish necessary for a Southern lady.

But quaintest of all is the little gabled brick dwelling which was built in 1769 as a "brethren's house" but which is now the "widow's house." It proudly boasts an ancient ghost, the "Little Red Man," who, clad in scarlet jacket and cap, remains faithful to the house where he once lived in flesh.

Washington was once entertained in Salem, and the old brick tavern where he rested still stands as a memorial.

But for all their history there is no place in the old town which can rival in the hearts of the people the ancient church, built over a century ago. It stands at the crossing of two quaint streets, plain, unpretentious, ivy covered. Its one claim to distinction, being that to it come each year from far and near thousands united by no bond of blood or interest, drawn solely by the knowledge that here each year there unveils itself in hearts the spirit of brotherly love, that primal emotion of the soul that antedates man's history, in the flesh, that is the voice of deep calling unto deep. The stranger coming for the first time may have expected to find a strange pomp and ceremony the magnet which draws these thousands, but it is the lure of utter simplicity and the irresistible attraction of love alone that brings them.

When every nook and aisle has been filled the Bishop rises to welcome the throng. The present Bishop is Edward Rondthaler, a man whose gentleness and childlikeness are his only cloak of dignity and who is patriarchal because of them. In his greeting he does not speak of welcoming strangers to his church; he tells of his gladness at seeing so many children of one Father and one Christian Church together. Then he speaks of the love feast, and as the quiet words go on one realizes slowly that this great reunion is not only of those who are there in the flesh, but of the dead also, and strangely, without fear, one feels that this thing, unbelievable in other surroundings, is true here—that all are gathered together from both sides of the veil in peace, in love, in fellowship. Then—there is no mystery about it, no miracle about it—in utter simplicity, in words like a child's the Bishop speaks of the presence there of the elder brother of them all, Christ, and one feels that this

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