

"A FAR JOURNEY" INTO THE WEST

Interesting Travel Through Thirty-one States of Greatest Nation in the World.

(By Fred A. Olds)

This is the second chapter, so to speak, of a story of what in Biblical days would have been called "a far journey"; from Raleigh by way of Tennessee and Texas, to the Pacific Coast and the Rocky Mountain region, taking in 31 states, and the biggest "offerings" in the way of scenery which the western mountains, the Sierras and the Rockies, have to offer.

In the course of the first chapter we were in west Tennessee and the "Delta" of the Mississippi river, in a state which its natives quite tenderly speak of as "Ole Miss." The latter state has an enormous negro population; in its delta region at least four to one!

Land in the Delta, where only cotton is grown, is now worth \$100 an acre. In 1920, in the crazy "boom" period, after the world war, it rose to \$300. The average negro is nearly always in debt. He and his mule are the "backbone" of cotton-growing there. An irreverent wag said he had no doubt that "the negro and his mule would go to Heaven together."

If hard work and stick-to-it-iveness will take them they will arrive. Secretary Hoover is the idol of all the people in the inundated region along the Mississippi river and other streams. No man has been so beloved.

The writer dearly likes to observe odd things. So in Memphis and in the towns in all that region, and down in Texas, there were many not "Piggly-Wiggly," but "Clarence Saunders stores." This genius started the "Piggly-Wiggly," and then had a smash—that is apparently failed in business after he had built a "palace" in a Memphis suburb. Then he got a new idea, and his stores are numerous each having in big letter this inscription: "Clarence Saunders, Sole Owner of my Name." They say he has in a jiffy climbed into the "millionaire class."

There is an interesting thing about Memphis, this being that the majority of its folks were born in Mississippi, and in that city practically all the Delta cotton planters live. Of course the reader has heard of that "Slow Train Through Arkansas." Once the writer rode on it. He has tried many things once, but this experiment has never been repeated. So on a "flyer" we went by night to Texarkana, which is where Arkansas and Texas meet, and thence to Abilene, with plenty of small near its numerous oil wells.

Water is scarce and is sought for eagerly. Everything has to be watered and that all the time. The region is as high as that around Asheville, and at the south end of the vast chain of the Rocky Mountains. In Abilene is the largest epileptic colony in this country. Of Mexican laborers, notably on the farms, there are many. These are no doubt both happier and safer than in their own country, where there has been, most of the time for over a century, precious little of either safety or happiness. In that part of the world North Carolina is spoken of as one of the "old states." The people have money and they spend it. Texas is vast, but its folks declare it will never, no never, be divided, but will always be one state. It is five times as large as North Carolina. In a cafeteria the writer saw on a bill-of-fare "trout steak," and, always careful, asked whether it was sea trout or brook trout. It turned out to be catfish.

The Comanche Indians used to be numerous in that region and were terribly cruel, but now they are there no more. The Indian "wars" are all things of the past, these many years. There are as many Indians now in the United States as there were when Columbus first found "America"; this being started on the authority of the United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs. No longer do they amuse themselves murdering each other but in the west they sell the gentle "tenderfoot" (usually called "tourists") all sorts of alleged Indian-made "contraptions," which as a general thing are not made by them but in Philadelphia. The average tourist fairly gurgles with delight when he or she (generally "she") sees the Indians, big and little, and pocketbooks or bags

are opened in a jiffy. Here we are at El Paso, on the border line of Texas and Mexico. The ever dirty Rio Grande (or Grand River) is the dividing line of the two. By the Mexicans it is called the Rio Bravo (that is the Brave River.) It is as dirty and as useless as the Mississippi, and not infrequently goes dry. Many a Mexican longs to get into the Estados Unidos (as they call the United States) and they try to get across the river in airplanes, the price for a "flight" being \$15 for a Mexican but \$25 for a Chinaman. Uncle Sam has his eye open on such aerial visitors, as well as those who try other ways of crossing the international boundary.

El Paso, the old name of which was El Paso del Norte (in English "The Pass of the North"), has 100,000 population; one fifth of whom are Mexican-born; and a fifth of whom are also Roman Catholics. It is a handsome city, with wild and bare mountains on all sides, but not very high. There is a world of stone. On the heights above the city is Fort Bliss, with a large garrison of cavalry and light artillery, which to be sure is always "ready for a call," for Mexico is like a powder-magazine.

The national convention of the "Disabled American Veterans" of the World War was in session at El Paso, with a large attendance. Think of it! There are declared to be 140,000 of them in the country. Among those in a striking parade, which drew mingled tears and applause, were a number of totally blind. These marched, holding hands, and thrilled the throngs. The cavalry and its band from Fort Bliss and the light batteries from that very important post were also features of the parade.

Of course we visited Juarez, the wretched town separated by the Rio Grande from El Paso. There was its cathedral, built in 1649, with locked doors and not a "padre" (priest) in sight. There are no open churches and no priests in that sad country, into which we went by one international bridge, returning to the "Good Old U. S. A." by another, both built by the El Paso street railway company. There was the "plaza dos toros" (the place of the bulls), where the bull fights take place among those cruel and blood-oving people; there was the "plaza dos gallos," in which the rooster fights take place. The houses are utterly wretched, most of them of "adobe" (sundried mud), of one low story, with floors of the dirtiest sort of dirt. It is the object of every Mexican to have a wife and at least ten children. The heat poured down like fire. Many, in fact most of the houses were peppered by rifle and machine-gun bullets, or by shell-fire. These were the outward and visible signs of many an "insurrection."

It is possible a Mexican indulges in an insurrection and in the past dozen years there have been say twenty of them at Juarez. In the last one the folks of the little ragamuffin town, hard-pressed by their attacks, bethought themselves of firing towards El Paso, in order to save themselves. It took no time for this action to get results, for here came the American cavalry, machine guns

yesterday, as the scientists put it. The Appalachian mountains in the western North Carolina region, the oldest mountains in all America, are vastly older. The Canyon, century by century, gets deeper and deeper. Close by are the "Painted Desert," the "Petrified Forest," and a thousand other wonders, but the Canyon itself is supreme. It stuns the mind to think of, and it "brings God very near" to stand on its brink and gaze at its wonders. In the Petrified Forest there are thousands of acres and millions of tons of what were fallen trees, turned to minerals, and of all colors. They have in the strange transmutation become precious stones, jasper, onyx and opal. None are standing; all have fallen. Broken bits glitter like the splendid jewels they are. They stood as forest trees 250 feet in height and of vast diameter. They were cast down in ordinary fashion, millions of years ago, by an earthquake of great power, which was moving southward, and the treetops lie generally to the south.

We went from this Canyon to and light artillery. In a jiffy they were in the turbulent Mexican town, peppering folks and houses alike with their withering fire. They left their signs. At the American end of the bridge by which you return from Mexico you find a keen-eyed lot of U. S. Customs inspectors who do the closest sort of searching. There are many things to be looked for; for example liquors, "dope," articles of wearing apparel, etc.

Not far from El Paso is the monument which marks the spot where Texas, old Mexico and New Mexico come together. It is of granite and is surrounded by a spiked iron fence; the inscriptions being in English and Spanish.

From El Paso we went by the Santa Fe (pronounced Santa Fay and meaning the "Holy Faith," that is the Roman Catholic religion,) to Albuquerque (pronounced Alburkerkay), which is in New Mexico. It is high and the June air was chilly. At the very attractive railway station and Fred Harvey restaurant there is one of the best Indian museums in the west, with objects gathered by Mr. Harvey. Indians in the gayest of all gay costumes, with gorgeous head-dresses of great feathers, were on hand; of all ages, selling articles they were supposed to have made. From Albuquerque we went by train to one of the world's noblest natural wonders, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, river, in Arizona. It is unbelievably splendid and is cut by that stream to the depth of a mile. The train stopped at the El Tovar hotel, on the very brink of this abyss, and the mere sight of this opening in the earth turns the mind. Nature has mixed here all the colors in her paint-box. Near the brink the town lay here and there in the woods, but down in that gigantic bowl was a temperature many degrees warmer. Bright Angel trail led down the river, and tourists on horseback on their way to the stream looked like "atoms." A Hopi Indian village is near by and also an excellent Indian museum. The people are past masters in the erection of wooden structures, and North Carolina mountain folk can learn a great deal from them.

The Canyon of the Colorado is over 200 miles long and in places ten to thirty miles wide. The river has cut it from granite and painted it in all the colors of the rainbow. The northern side of the Canyon is 1,000 feet higher than the southern one, and on the former side is the Kaibab national forest. The Spaniards discovered the Grand Canyon in 1540. John W. Powell, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, in 1869 went with nine men in small boats, 1,000 miles down this mighty river, losing on the way four men and two boats. Vast all this is, yet terms of geology it is

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Needles, through a desert, in which the heat was withering, and there dined, in a hotel cooled by a refrigeration plant that cost \$20,000. The air in the hotel was say sixty degrees, perhaps fifty above the outside, but it was, as a lady "expressed it," "heavenly" to sit there and enjoy that meal, served in Fred Harvey fashion. But when we came out to take the cars again we felt like we were on the edge of the place politically called "Shoal." We raced through a desert and in the morning were far away from Arizona, and at Pasadena, California, and soon in splendid and enticing Los Angeles (the "Angels.")

You may be a "movie fiend," or nearly one, and of course you know of Los Angeles by hearsay; but your mind centers on Hollywood, its big suburb, where there is the most artificial life this world has ever known, where grown-ups pose as children, and there is a "Dictato of Morals."

Los Angeles has a special attraction, Santa Catalina island. You go a score of miles by rail to the more or less gentle Pacific ocean and then fourteen miles on a big ferry-boat to this island. The latter has been lately "acquired" by an American "Lord of Chewing Gum," who has built his "palace" on a lofty hill. He is the mainstay of the activities, including the ferry-boats. The island is not so attractive as Nassau, in the Bahamas, nor are the "sea gardens" so entrancing; viewed through glass-bottomed boats.

(To Be Continued)

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THE PESSIMIST Governor Gore of West Virginia was talking about the Mexican situation. "You can look at it," he said, "either optimistically or pessimistically. A good many of us incline to be pessimists in the matter. "Yes, we're like the chap to whom an optimist said: "There's nothing like hope." "There certainly isn't," was the answer, "for disappointing you."

Finally "What would you do if de worl' come to an end?" "Jump on de end an' trust in de Lord." "But spose de end broke off wid you?" "Fer de Law'd sake, don't ax sich questions. Mak's up your min' ter live twell yo' die, and pass de 'possum!"

BETTER THAN NO ACTING "That stage girl is always acting foolish." "Well, that's something—didn't know she could act at all."

The Difference When you mate in the game of chess The game is surely won. When you mate in the game of life The game has just begun.

Figures of Speech "Who are you?" "Sir," answered the bill collector, "I am inflexibility." "I am politeness," said the other, entering into the spirit of the episode. "Then we shall get along all right. Politeness pays."

The Lesser Evil Editor—Your writings have gained you prosperity, but you have written nothing that will live. Author—Perhaps not, but when it comes to a question of which shall live, myself or my writings, I never hesitate to sacrifice my writings.

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DEATHS (Continued from front page) paralysis, but had not been critically ill. This past week he appeared not so well, but almost up to the time of his death he was practically conscious. The funeral was from the home Monday morning at 11 o'clock, conducted by Dr. C. M. Hawkins, pastor of the Methodist Church, of which Mr. Covington was a member. Interment was in the old Covington cemetery near the residence. John Smith Covington was born March 27, 1861, the son of Thomas P. and Rebecca Anne Smith Covington. His father was born in 1832, died 1898; his mother was born 1836 and died 1915. There were 11 children in this Covington family, but there now survives but four. The dead brothers and sisters are H. H. Covington, J. A. Covington, W. W. Covington, A. P. Covington, Miriam P. Covington, Ella R. Haywood. The surviving are Mayor T. L. Covington and E. N. Covington, and Miss Margaret G. Covington and Mrs. Eliza M. McLaurin. A large number of friends attended the funeral, for he was endeared to a wide circle. John S. Covington was a friendly man, a lovable nature, and many a camping party of young folks will sadly miss his presence in the future. He had the rare faculty of not growing old, and he delighted in the companionship of his younger friends and kinfolk. The pall-bearers were six of his nephews, Bill and Jack Haywood, Ned Covington, Tom, James and Hamp Covington—the three latter of Laurinburg.

IN MEMORY OF SARAH E. RIDDLE Miss Sarah E. Riddle died Sunday, September 11th, at 6:15 o'clock, p. m. after an illness of two or three months. The funeral was conducted from the West Rockingham M. E. Church Monday afternoon at three o'clock by Rev. W. T. Yarboro, her pastor, with interment in the Zion church cemetery, where are buried two sisters.

The active pall-bearers were Michel Stone, Thomas Young, Frank Currie, E. C. Thomas, Walter Hasty, and W. T. Mullis. Miss Riddle was 67 years old and was a daughter of the late Wiley Riddle and was born in Moore county. Surviving her are only one more sister, Miss Lonia Riddle and one brother, Mr. Silas Riddle of Rockingham. He father and mother moved here in 1876 with seven children and all of them placed their church letters in the M. E. church of Rockingham, and now all except one son and one daughter having gone on to their eternal home.

She moved her church letter to the West Rockingham church when it was organized, placing her name first and contributing the first money toward the establishment of that church. She had many friends and relatives and will be greatly missed. She was a lover of children and flowers and a band of little girls placed the many flowers on her grave. We hope to meet her again some sweet day, and pray God to help us live a life as near spotless as she did. "When our work here is done, And our life's crown is won And our troubles and trials are o'er All our sorrows will end, And our voices will blend With the loved one who's gone on before." A loved one.

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM EAST R'HAM East Rockingham Methodist Church Union Revival—Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist. Rev. William Y. Stewart, evangelist of Burlington, came to us on August 28th and held a union revival in the Methodist Church. He preached twice daily and three times on Sunday. His messages were filled with spiritual appeal and masterfully delivered. The church was taxed to its full seating capacity, seating seven hundred and fifty, with great crowds standing on the out side, and Brother Stewart held them almost at his will from beginning to end.

On Sunday, Sept. 11th, at the evening closed one of the greatest greatest meetings ever held in this town, almost every one received a mountain-top experience and the people were almost unanimous in expressing their desire to live closer to the Christ they came to love. Brother Stewart made spiritual things real to us, and the people caught some of his contagious faith in God's word.

Brother Stewart is one of the few preachers that the writer has heard who made heaven attractive, most of them make us want to stay here just as long as we can. There were two hundred conversions with fifty seven additions to the different churches. When Bro. Dawkins asked the congregation to rise to their feet if they wanted to extend an invitation to Brother Stewart to come back for another meeting next year every person stood except some mothers who had babes in their arms or aged or infirm and they expressed their approval by raising their hand.

Correspondent.