

## A. B. McDONALD IN ARKANSAS RESORT

Likes the Country in the Hot Region of the West

Editor Pilot:

In fulfillment of my promise to give you some of the results of my observations on my trip here; I will proceed to do so.

Left Sanford last Wednesday morning at six a. m., via Seaboard. Found the equipment very good; superior even to the R. & C., and while the speed did not seem very great, they did not have to stop to rest every time they climbed a hill. They get one somewhere by keeping steadily at it.

The sights along the road are probably familiar to most of your readers, as far as Hamlet. I would only say that between there and Aberdeen there are some who still have faith in dewberries and peaches. After leaving Hamlet I missed the tobacco—not a stalk to be seen.

Passing Monroe, the land is more or less rolling all the way to Atlanta; and it was very curious to me to see how so much of it is handled. I must say that with a few exceptions, as about Clinton and two or three other towns, it does not make a favorable showing so far as crops are concerned. I could but wonder at the futile efforts being made to keep the land from washing by cultivating in small patches, with snake like rows often only a few yards in length; while gullies on the hillsides and muddy water in the streams told too plainly where the soil was going. It seemed rather strange, too, that between Rockingham and Wadesboro where red clay and rock are so much in evidence, that the gravel and sand industry seemed to be flourishing.

A stop of thirty minutes at Atlanta, and on to Birmingham. But "Night her solemn mantle spread o'er the earth, some time before I reached there. It appears to be the fashion now to build union stations underground, so on arrival you march down stairs, and on leaving you march up again. I will say that in building the one in Birmingham the yidid not skimp as to size, at least. In fact it is so large and complicated that a stranger is liable to be confused, if not lost. We change here, from the Seaboard to the Frisco, for Memphis. The cars on this line are not equal to those of the Seaboard, but they are at least equal to those on the R. & C. The night air became so cold that I wished for my overcoat. An appeal to the conductor to have steam turned on failed, as he said the connections had been taken off; so there was nothing left to do but grin and bear it, which we proceeded to do. Morning found us still on Mississippi territory, and I will say that the wave of progress does not seem to have visited that territory in a good while.

After a stop of an hour and a half, we are off on the Rock Island train—better cars and speed than the Frisco. And now we come to the Mississippi River. It is bigger than Cranes Creek; yes, even bigger than Little River; but a great steel bridge carries us safely over and before us lie the famous river bottoms, a tangled growth of aquatic plants, trees of various kinds, with small lakes and pools of vile stagnant water, where mosquitoes and other "critters" multiply and increase.

Cleared land is soon reached, however, seemingly occupied exclusively by colored people. The soil may be rich; no doubt it was once, but the crops do not show it now. The land gradually rises, and after some time we pass through some considerable hills. We cross a medium sized river, and we are in a section almost entirely clear of trees, level and smooth, that stretches on either side of the road almost as far as the eye can reach, and seemingly not a tittle of it in cultivation, for what reason I do not understand. A small portion is fenced for pasture, another portion is mown for hay, and the remainder seems left to grow whatever plants have a mind to take possession. In one place I noticed, there were acres and acres covered with yellow flowers of some kind—looking almost as if it had been covered with a yellow sheet.

Later, we run into hills and cross White River, a sizeable stream; and while there may have been some reason for calling it "White" when it was named, the dun and muddy water and banks do not seem to justify it now. Next comes the Arkansas river, quite

## LAKEVIEW

Miss Elsie Palmer, from Greensboro, is visiting Mrs. H. G. Poole this week. The Kiwanis Club met again Wednesday at the Lakeside Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bost and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Brannock and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Miller and daughter, Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Holt, all from Duke, were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coffey, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bost and family expect to return to Lakeview in August to spend a week. They will occupy one of the attractive little cottages above the lake.

Mrs. Jack Muse from near Carthage, spent last week-end with her niece, Mrs. J. B. Eastwood.

Mr. Dewitt Munfred has returned to his home on Dawson St., Raleigh.

Mr. Andrew McFadyen, of Lobelia, was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Clyde W. Hice, from Charlotte, is here to spend the summer. Her husband, Mr. Clyde Hice, plays the banjo in the orchestra.

Speaking of the orchestra, last week a mistake was made in the names of the Southern Collegians. Mr. Sandy Watson plays trombone and Mr. D. Huggins plays piano instead of drums.

Misses Selma Smith and Mr. Steadman Ballard with Misses Eva and Lillian Oldham, of Vass, motored down to Montrose, Sunday afternoon, to visit Miss Blanche Smith.

Mrs. Millershaw and daughter, Wilmer, from Durham, spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Aiken.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Stutts, from Pinehurst, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Gibbon last week.

Mr. Steadman Ballard went to his home in Lillington last Sunday morning.

Mr. Otis Aiken and Miss Lenora Aiken are visitors of their brother, Mr. Ernest Aiken, this week.

Misses Ruth McNeill, Frances Blue, Loula Eastwood, Mesdames Helen Mar D'Auby and S. J. Gardner motored over to see Mrs. Ed. Thompson on Cameron route 2, Tuesday evening. Mrs. Thompson has been very ill, but was much better at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Y. Poole spent Monday night in Jackson Springs.

Misses Breadbeck and Nettie Ayres, from Southern Pines, are managing the Lakeside Inn for the present. They are very efficient women, and we feel sure that they will succeed with the Inn.

Miss Maude Stewart, from Eureka, was a week-end guest at the Gardner boarding house last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stevens and a party from Raleigh are camping, this week, in the red bungalow above the lake.

Mrs. Graham and Miss Della Powell, from Fayetteville, were the week-end guests of their sister, Mrs. R. B. Lindsay.

The Epworth League of Raeford

a stream, and I will admit that it is larger than Cranes Creek, too. Now we are in Little Rock, but it does not look very attractive from the car window and I am too tired to enjoy sight seeing anyway.

The land gradually becomes more and more broken, hills lift their heads higher and higher. The exhaust from our locomotive and the feeling of the air, both indicate that we are climbing. Two places of some note we pass: Bauxite, the famous for a material or earth from which aluminum is made; and Benton, a railroad junction.

Farther on, at a stop of some length, a copy of a daily bulletin is handed to each passenger—this giving some information and suggestions in regard to Hot Springs. A moment later a gentleman in uniform comes to about the middle of our car and delivers a short speech. He gives further suggestions and cautions regarding the use of the hot water, and while he talked loud enough, owing to the train noises, I understood but very little of it.

A short run and Hot Springs is announced. Tired and well loaded with dirt, dust and cinders after a run of near one thousand miles, between six o'clock Wednesday morning and three-thirty o'clock (central time) Thursday afternoon. I hunted a place of rest, which I found with Mr. J. A. Townsend, formerly of Lumberton, North Carolina, to whom I feel indebted for kindly courtesies and information.

Another time I will try to say something of the place, which is different from any one that I have ever visited. July 9, 1924 A. B. McDONALD. The Townsend Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark.

was here Tuesday for a picnic.

Mr. Arthur Newcomb was in town a day of last week to see his cousin, Mrs. N. L. Gibbon.

Messrs. Joe Monroe and Erastus Makepeace, from Sanford, were callers in Lakeview, Sunday evening.

Owing to the uncertainty of the weather, the Loyal Friends Class decided not to undertake the trip to White Lake last Thursday, but decided to stop nearer by.

Mrs. Stacy Brewer and family, of Vass, spent last Monday with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Eastwood.

The annual picnic of the Lakeview Sunday School and community will be held Saturday down by the lake. Dinner at 1 o'clock.

Rev. Charles Clark will preach here Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. Everybody come—you won't regret it.

We never heard a farmer say "by heck" and neither did we ever run across a dog named Fido—except in the newspaper funny column.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Joseph Cotton, late of Moore County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before June 2, 1925, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

This June 2, 1924.

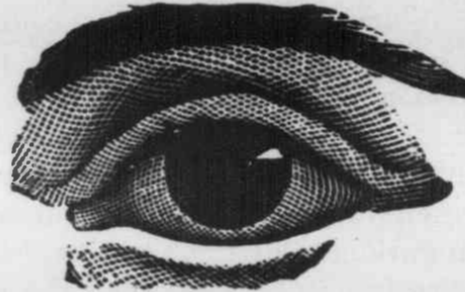
ERASTUS COTTON, Administrator of Joseph Cotton, deceased.

Thos. B. Wilder, Atty. (Aug. 1)

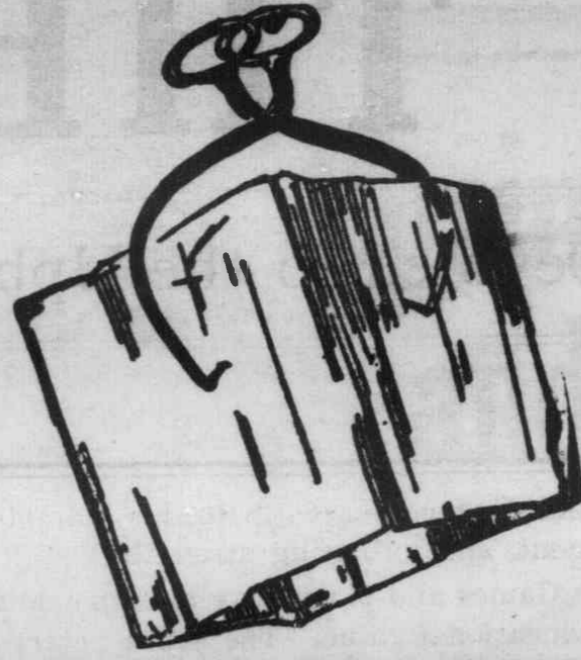
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J. F. DALTON, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Norfolk Southern R. R., Norfolk, Va.

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OFFERS

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Sold only on certain dates during June, July, August and September, with final limit, 18 days. Fares from Raleigh to Niagara Falls and return, \$26.70; to Atlantic City and return, \$16.85.

SUMMER EXCURSION FARES from Raleigh to San Francisco and Los Angeles, California, and return, going via one route and returning another, \$129.22. To Norfolk-Portsmouth and return, \$10.10; to Virginia Beach \$10.90, and return.

WEEK-END FARES. Raleigh to Norfolk-Portsmouth, \$7.60; to Virginia Beach, \$8.15, and return.

CORRESPONDINGLY LOW FARES in effect from other stations in North Carolina to the above points. For detailed information as to rates, dates of sale, limit of tickets, apply to nearest Ticket Agent or to.

JOHN T. WEST, Div. Passenger Agt.

Raleigh, North Carolina.

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