

North Carolina



Wild Ponies of the Banks.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)
WHILE many Southern states are feeling the burden of a huge cotton crop at low prices, North Carolina, which not only raises cotton but has also come to manufacture cotton goods on a large scale, can see the other side of the picture.

North Carolina is passing through a renaissance. Due to her steadily intensifying shift from cotton fields to mill centers and from once-idle streams to throbbing dynamos, she has suddenly discovered herself on the threshold of industrial power.

The legendary North Carolinian who in the '60s called his three daughters Rosin, Tar and Turpentine, would today be naming them after cigarette brands, furniture trademarks and cotton-goods patterns.

Charlotte, situation between the big hydroelectric developments along the Catawba and Yadkin rivers, is a plexus of this new industrialism. In the last 25 years the number of textile mills operating within a 100-mile radius of that city has been increased fivefold, with a present spindleage of 10,000,000.

An hour's ride beyond Charlotte is Gastonia, one of the largest textile centers in the United States. Of its 20,000 people, about three-fourths are workers in the 42 mills whose tall stacks cut the sky. Yet, in the town's broad, tree-shaded streets, lined with neat cottages on well-kept, flower-fringed plots, one feels no oppressive sense of concentrated industry, but rather the restfulness of some model suburb, widespread to sun, air and surrounding countryside.

With mill workers' cottages rentable at \$3 a month, with water and electric light free, and a mild climate, necessitating little fuel, which is obtainable at cost, it is not uncommon for mountain families to work at Gastonia long enough to pay off their farm mortgage and then return to the Blue Ridge. Gaston county contains 98 textile mills, which represent one-sixth of the state's total spindleage and consume almost one-third of her cotton crop.

Winston-Salem's Factories.

Another center of importance in North Carolina's new industrialism is Winston-Salem. It has been designated "the twin city" since its component towns were merged in 1913, but no twins ever showed greater dissimilarity than old Salem and youthful Winston. Here one has the stately eighteenth century and the industrial twentieth century side by side, with a mere street or so acting as the hyphen.

Salem signifies that "peace" which was sought by the persecuted Moravians who founded it in 1753. And that "peace" has never forsaken old Salem. Cross a few streets and one is amid Winston's humming beehives of industrialism, where 15,000 wage-earners are turning out their daily trainloads of manufactured tobacco, furniture and textiles on a scale that leads Uncle Sam to rate Winston-Salem as the South's second industrial city.

A circle enclosing Winston-Salem with the denim center of Greensboro and the furniture center of High Point delimits an industrial patch 30 miles across, representing an annual product value of more than \$300,000,000. Winston-Salem's stamp-sticking machines consume annually the most expensive meal in the world—a matter of \$100,000,000 worth of Uncle Sam's familiar blue imprints. That is the sum of her federal tobacco taxes, which represent one-half of those paid by North Carolina.

From the tobacco standpoint, North Carolina's civic twins are really Winston and Durham. At Durham the

first perfected cigarette-rolling machine was used, and her fame for the "makings" dates back to the Civil war.

Durham finely symbolizes education springing out of industrialism, for it is the seat of Duke university, which is destined by recent bequests to become one of the country's greatest centers of learning. Social welfare springing out of education is as finely symbolized by the nearby state university at Chapel Hill.

Land of the Sky.

But all is not industrialism in North Carolina. In the west is Asheville, the gateway to what North Carolinians have well named the Land of the Sky. Never was an altitude of a half mile above sea level so unobtrusive, in all but the tonic atmosphere. Set in a vast bowl, Asheville is encircled by mountains whose 20 highest peaks top all altitudes in the Eastern states.

It was on the Biltmore estate, near Asheville, that, with the founding of a forestry school, the first steps in American forest conservation were taken. Today there are established in this region, for the protection of watersheds and hardwood reserves, the Cherokee, Nantahala, Unaka and Pisgah national forests. With a boundary which encloses more than 1,700,000 acres, the government had acquired, up to July, 1925, somewhat less than a fourth of this area. In the Pisgah, established in 1916 as a game preserve, native bear and deer roam, trout streams are stocked, and herds of bison and elk have been implanted.

Surrounded by the modishness of Asheville, one scarcely realizes that only 50 miles away mountaineers are living a ruggedly simple existence behind hand-hewn timbers and on small "switchback" farms, with revolutionary looms and spinning-wheels alongside their chimney pieces of native rock.

The Coastal Region.

A totally different part of the state is the coastal region with its low lands, its numerous sounds and channels and its off-shore islands of sand—"the Banks." For centuries wild horses have been roaming the Banks, and current tradition has it that they are descended from Barbary ponies which were brought over by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists. From time to time these "banker ponies" are rounded up and driven into corrals made of timber from old wrecks. It is a scene with a far Western tang, flying hoofs, swinging lariats, and the flash of branding irons. After the branding and calling out, the likeliest animals are auctioned off. They bring now only \$5 a head. A few years ago these putative descendants of Raleigh's "little Barbary ponies" were bringing from \$50 to \$125 apiece.

On the ocean side of the Hatteras banks one finds the greatest wreck area on the Atlantic coast. Along the beach are the skeletons of what were once ships, now blanched victims of the sea and sand, their upstanding ribs resembling files of gravestones, their forests of protruding spikes being the grisly grass of the desert-like expanse. At one point there are 14 wrecks within 100 yards.

Off the great apex of the Banks are those dreaded quicksands, the Diamond shoal. They are the more to be dreaded because of Hatteras, due to the enormous tonnage of steel hulls embedded in the Diamond, there is a magnetic deviation sometimes amounting to eight degrees.

The farther northward one follows the Banks, the more remote and resourceless seems the life of the people. Often it appears to be mere existence, as of castaways who have taken root on this two-mile width of sand bar, 40 miles off shore.

THE DECISIVE MOMENT

By H. M. EGBERT

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HARDING had watched the girl with the brown hair and the sad face ever since the voyage began. She had two acquaintances, and she spoke to no one else. He learned that she was a Miss Elsa Wayne; the man was Count Foscarel, and the white-haired woman his mother. And the girl was en route to Italy to marry him.

Harding was on his way to Naples, to take up a minor consular post there. At thirty he was not the sort of man to fall in love at first sight. But the girl's face haunted him, and the expression of sadness intimated to him that the marriage was distasteful to her.

He tried to scrape acquaintance with her, but the two watched her like hawks. It was quite by accident that he got his chance on the sixth day of the voyage.

They were near the Azores. For the first time the girl was on deck alone. Harding was a little distance from her when a sudden huge wave, lashing against the deck, swept her from her feet. She fell toward the bulwarks. Harding rushed forward and assisted her to rise.

"You must be more careful," he warned her. "You might have been swept overboard."

"That would have been no loss," she retorted. "I wish I had been."

He reproved her gently. "You should not talk that way," he said. "You have your life before you. You are young, and there is much happiness for you."

She turned upon him fiercely. "Do I look happy?" she asked. "I tell you, since my life began I have never known what happiness meant. My parents are the richest people in New York."

Harding remembered the fabulous wealth of the Waynes. An old family, they kept out of notoriety, it was at the bankers' investigation that Wayne had coolly announced himself to be worth a hundred million.

"I was brought up with the one idea of marrying well," the girl continued. "Well—I am doing it. Count Foscarel is of the oldest family in Italy. Only—I told him that if I married him I should run away with him. I would not endure the mockery of a marriage at home. My parents insisted that I should sacrifice my life for them. I have done so—but I lose my own means."

There was an intense bitterness in her voice. Harding looked at her aghast. "You had better go below and change your clothes," he answered quietly.

She turned away scornfully, but Harding remained on deck thinking of her for hours.

II

It was all so sudden that nobody afterward remembered much about it. The ship had struck an uncharted reef. In a moment the submarine rocks had torn a great hole in her bottom. She was filling rapidly and sinking.

In the confusion all order was dissolved. The vessel's crew pushed the passengers aside and rushed the boats. Harding, dressing hastily, had sought Miss Wayne's stateroom, to find her pale but composed, at the doorway. He seized her by the arm and hurried her on deck.

The boats were being lowered, but the cowardly crew fled them. There was a struggle about each. Revolver shots were fired. In the confusion Harding caught sight of Count Foscarel, trying to enter one. A sailor thrust him back. At this time the deck was almost flush with the tops of the waves.

The ship was sinking rapidly, and it was evident that she had only a few more minutes to live. Harding grasped the girl and fought his way frantically to one of the boats, tossing the sailors aside right and left. He got the girl into it. The boat was lowered. It touched the water and, swinging against the side of the ship, was overset. At that moment Foscarel jumped with an agonized cry. But Harding and Elsa Wayne were struggling in the water.

The vessel's prow was uplifted. Silently, and with hardly any suction, she went down. A minute after Harding found himself alone with the girl in his arms, and Foscarel near them. The overturned boat had been righted by a wave. Harding swam toward it, dragged the girl in, and followed. It was half full of water, and dangerously low. Harding began to ball with his hands.

Count Foscarel's head appeared above the waves. The man was swim-

ming toward the boat. He grasped the edge with his hands, till it heeled over. "Do you want to sink us?" shouted Harding.

But the man was crazed with fear. Harding contemptuously pulled him in. The boat was almost level with the water now. But Harding bailed furiously until at last she began to ride higher. He turned to Foscarel, who was lying down in the bottom. "Where is your mother?" he asked.

Foscarel spread out his hands in a gesture of helpless ignorance.

Harding bailed the boat as nearly dry as possible. Then they drifted upon the smooth surface of the sea, the sole survivors. The current was taking them rapidly toward a little, verdant island.

III

From the island they could see the distant coast, with the white houses, but they had been there two weeks and no fishing boat had come near them. The island was quite uninhabited. It was about a mile in diameter. It had contained a small settlement at one time, and the cultivated grapes and wheat had run wild, affording sustenance for the castaways. Elsa ground the ripe grains between two stones, mixing unleavened flour for them.

They reckoned that they could live while the wheat lasted. That meant two weeks longer. Then it would be slow starvation, or a diet of mussels and wild fruits.

Sometimes a fishing boat was seen far away, but nobody ever seemed to see the white skirt waving from the pole on a tall tree.

Foscarel lay in the sun most of the day. He scowled savagely whenever Harding went near him. Harding and Elsa were unconcernedly interested in each other. They spoke of their plans. "You are not bound to him, dear," said Harding. "His act in deserting his mother has robbed him of human rights. He is like a dead man."

And he bent and kissed her. Whether or not Foscarel saw that kiss, his glances were so malignant afterward that Elsa grew afraid. However, on the following day he withdrew to the other side of the island.

They did not see him, and there followed golden days of happiness in each other's love. They had decided that, being dead to the world, they would never return. Harding had a little money, and he meant to take Elsa to some quiet place in southern Europe where they could live with each other for the rest of their lives.

Then came the hoped-for fishing boat. It came sailing toward the island in the dawn, and the two came out of the hut to see the swarthy Portuguese looking in wonder at their shack. They started back in terror as the two emerged; they thought they were spirits.

Harding, speaking in Italian, managed to make himself understood. The fishermen agreed to take them to the main island as soon as they had made their catch that afternoon on the tide.

And they went away, and the hours went by. It was early afternoon when suddenly Foscarel burst through the trees exultantly and ran up to them.

"We are saved!" he shouted. Elsa looked at him, but said nothing. "A steamship is on the other side of the island. She has seen the flag. A boat is coming. Elsa, we will forget what has happened. We shall be aboard in half an hour."

Elsa's lips quivered. With the prospect of this new rescue all the happy dreams of the past were shattered. Again she seemed to be in Foscarel's power, so strong was the conventional bond. She turned to Harding. "What do you say?" she asked.

"Elsa!" "I must go, I suppose. After all, my parents are mourning for me. They love me. I have my duty. You will come—"

"No," said Harding. "I shall stay here."

The struggle was a piteous one. Foscarel watched with quiet triumph in his eyes. And Elsa yielded. Without a word, with lowered head, she followed him.

Half an hour later the fishing boat returned. Harding was waiting on the shore. His life seemed altogether empty now, and he did not know what he was going to do, but he wanted to leave the island where life had become so fair, only to cloud itself again in gloom.

"Push off!" he said, and stepped into the boat. And at that moment there came a rustling among the trees, and Elsa stood before him, radiant. She sprang forward, and Harding took her in his arms and placed her in the boat. There was no need of explanations. At the last love had triumphed.

Quietly the little craft put out in the fragrance of the afternoon.

Largest Dogs

The bureau of animal industry says that the three largest breeds of dogs are St. Bernards, mastiffs and Irish wolfhounds. The largest dog of which it has record is Bally Shanon, an Irish wolfhound, size 150 pounds, owned by Mrs. Glenn Stewart of Easton, Md.

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Giving Mother Away

"Ma, you were wrong about the wedding," bawled little Tommy, his mother having come in late.

"What do you mean?" "You said Mr. Flubdub was going into it blindfolded, but he didn't."

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