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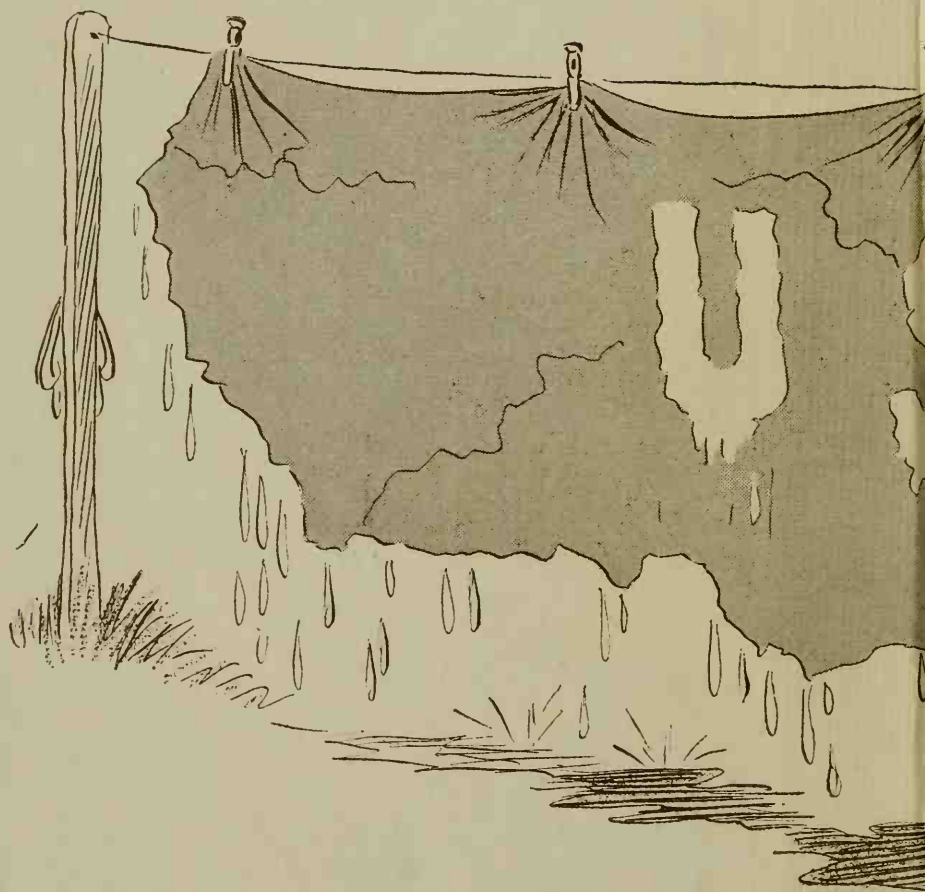
North CAROLINA

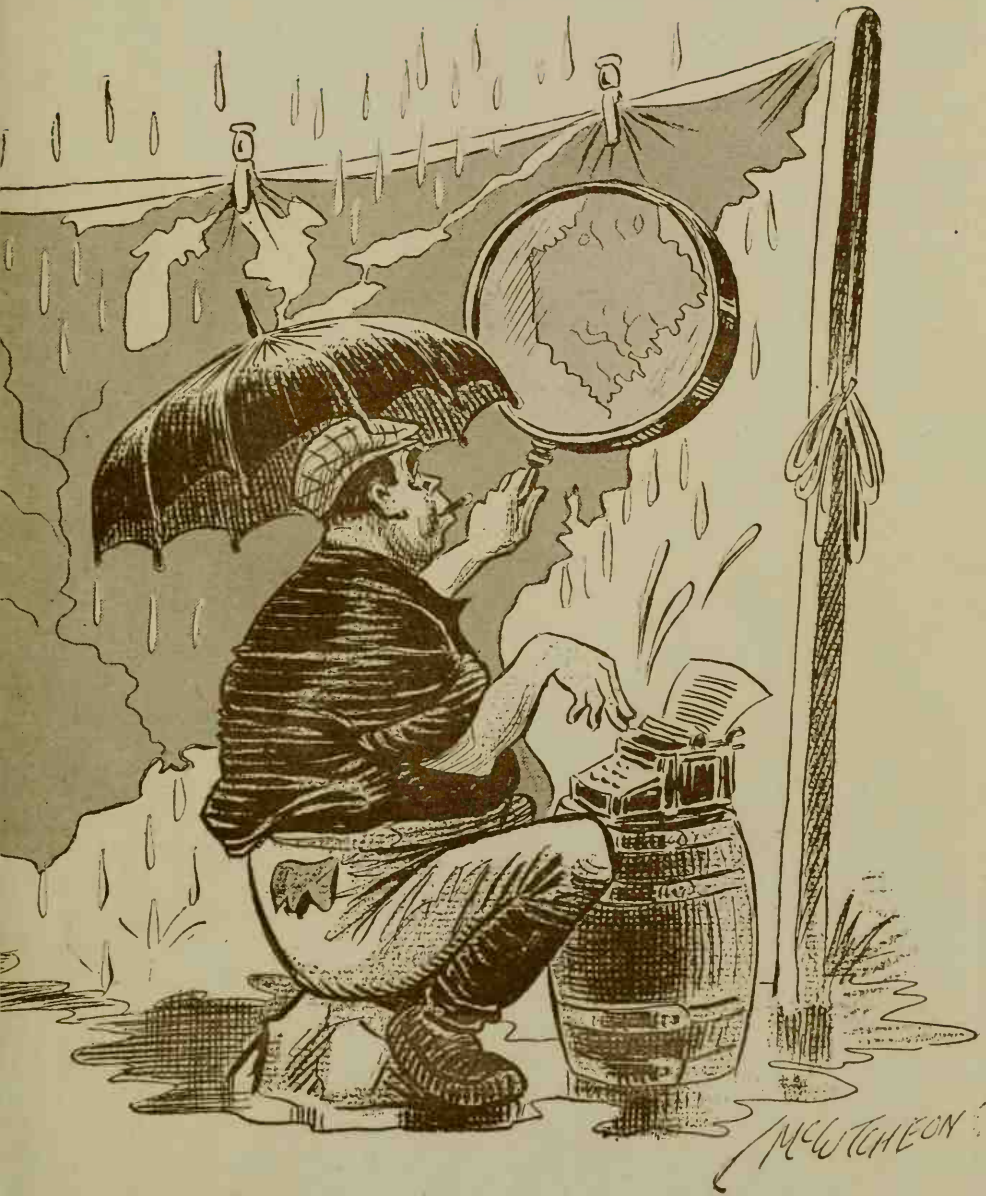
*All She Needs Is
A Press Agent*



by
IRVIN S. COBB







Cobb's America Guyed Books

NORTH CAROLINA

BY IRVIN S. COBB

FICTION

SNAKE DOCTOR
J. POINDEXTER, COLORED
SUNDRY ACCOUNTS
FROM PLACE TO PLACE
THOSE TIMES AND THESE
LOCAL COLOR
OLD JUDGE PRIEST
BACK HOME
THE ESCAPE OF MR. TRIMM
FIBBLE D.D.

WIT AND HUMOR

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MAINE	NORTH CAROLINA
NEW YORK	INDIANA
KENTUCKY	KANSAS

A LAUGH A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY
A PLEA FOR OLD CAP COLLIER
ONE THIRD OFF
THE ABANDONED FARMERS
THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
EATING IN TWO OR THREE LANGUAGES
"OH WELL, YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE!"
"SPEAKING OF OPERATIONS—"
EUROPE REVISED
ROUGHING IT DE LUXE
COBB'S BILL OF FARE
COBB'S ANATOMY

MISCELLANY

STICKFULS
THE THUNDERS OF SILENCE
THE GLORY OF THE COMING
PATHS OF GLORY
"SPEAKING OF PRUSSIAN—"

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



IF INVALIDS WHO GO DOWN TO FLORIDA EVERY YEAR FOR THEIR
HEALTH WOULD LEAVE THE TRAIN AT NORTH CAROLINA THEY
WOULD FIND A CLIMATE WHERE THE VERY AIR IS A TONIC.

NORTH CAROLINA

BY
IRVIN S. COBB

With Illustrations by
JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

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NORTH CAROLINA



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ILLUSTRATIONS

If invalids who go down to Florida every year for their health would leave the train at North Carolina they would find a climate where the very air is a tonic . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

North Carolina has within her as complete an assortment of natural glories as is to be found in any state this side of the Pacific. All she needs is a press agent 13

For a mighty long spell North Carolina was asleep, becoming finally the slouchiest and shabbiest and most slothful of the States below the Mason-Dixon line 29

And then about fifteen years ago North Carolina came out of her sleep, and I am here to testify that she came a'rearin and a'bustin . . . 47

What Uncle Jim could do with a young shoat! . . . 55

NORTH CAROLINA

NORTH CAROLINA

I

WHAT North Carolina needs is a press agent. She has practically everything else.

There is nothing cryptic about either of these statements. Both are meant to be taken as read. When I say the State of North Carolina has practically everything I mean literally just that, in the sense that she has practically everything which conduces to comfortable all-the-year-round living for the average human being. According to the best of my observation and belief, she has within her as complete an assortment of natural attractions and natural glories as is to be found enclosed by any set of state boundaries this side of the Pacific Slope.

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This witness equally is positive that, taking one season with another, she has on her Piedmont Plateau the most equable and agreeable climate of Temperate North America. And certainly, at this present time of writing, she is the most up-and-coming State of the South, if not of the entire Union.

But—I think right here I hear someone asking the question—if North Carolina has all these things what need has she for a press agent? The answer is that in these times the better the wares you may have to offer the greater is the necessity for a live publicity staff.

To this age, press errantry is what knight errantry was to a former age—it directs attention to the picturesque phases and, what is still more important, brings in the customers. Trade doesn't follow the flag; trade follows the well-devised propaganda campaign. And printers' ink makes the best

North Carolina

possible liniment for suppling up the joints of commerce. Accept no substitute, because there isn't any.

A town, a commonwealth, a nation even, can do with a press department just as well as a circus can, or a presidential candidate. Even the Judgment Day, when it comes, will have its special press agent. Everybody is going to be called upon to attend personally, if we take the Scriptures for it; all the same the Angel Gabriel will circulate the advance notices. There'll be an extra of the Morning Trumpet out giving the exclusive announcement.

II

AMONG our natural wonders, Niagara formerly had the call. In the first place, it was accessible, as compared with greater marvels out West. In the second place, nearly all the newlyweds who could raise the price of the railroad fares went there on their bridal tours. In those days Niagara was what Reno so often is in these—the place where the honeymoon winds up.

Thus the name of it became a romantic household word all over the country. Back in the early eighties, there was a sort of feeling that a pair of young people hadn't been properly married at all unless they went to Niagara. The creak of the groom's new shoes was music to the hotel runner's ear and the trousseau lost its maiden creases in the spray of the Falls.

Mammoth Cave, on the other hand, is an example of a scenic freak which always has suffered for lack of proper propaganda. Yet up until 1896 which, as may be recalled, was the Year of the Big Wind in America, it was the most conspicuous natural orifice on the hemisphere. It still holds second place in this regard and, if Mr. Bryan ever retires from active life, will go back again to first position. Everybody has heard about it but since the State of Kentucky has never had the foresight properly to press agent it, comparatively few persons residing at a distance have had their curiosity strengthened into the desire which sets the eager sightseer aboard the steam-cars.

Foreigners explore the Cavern's endless windings but the domestic varieties of tourists mainly continue to give their patronage to the Atlantic City boardwalk and the Hollywood studios. For their money these

North Carolina

latter demand a vacation place where there are golf links and large, expensive, acutely uncomfortable hotels and general jazz; but, most of all, they favor a spot that is widely touted.

The Grand Canyon, though, is one natural phenomenon which requires no organized publicity campaigns on its behalf. Being a thing which absolutely beggars all powers of description, it accordingly ensues that every human who sees it spends the rest of his life in going around and trying to describe it to persons who haven't seen it yet. I think I hear him: "If you haven't been there you can't imagine in the faintest degree what the Canyon is like. You can't get any real conception of it from pictures or from books or from what anybody says either. So listen, while I tell you about it."

Several hundred individuals also have pointed out that the Grand Canyon makes

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an ideal receptacle for dropping old safety-razor blades into. To begin with, there was the chap who first thought of the notion and then there were all the rest who immediately appropriated his wheeze as their own and repeated it, either in conversation or in print, without giving credit to the original source. Some of them, who arrived late on the scene, still are doing this and, of course, it all helps out in adding to the Canyon's reputation.

In this connection, perhaps it won't do any harm for me to state that likewise it is the best place I know of for eating watermelon by the slice without getting yourself or your clothes all splashed up. You take your piece of watermelon in your hand and you go out on Mohave Point—that's the way it's spelled, Mohave, but in deference to the Fred Harvey Company which owns the El Tovar Hotel hard by, it is pronounced More Harvey—and you keep on going until

North Carolina

you are on the extreme edge of the rim and you lean well out over the abyss, which is about five thousand feet deep at this point, and then you consume the delicacy without peril of getting any of the watermelon spilt on your shirt-front or your legs or anything.

Ripe pears or grapefruit on the half-shell or indeed any juicy fruit may be enjoyed with impunity by following the same plan. The Grand Canyon may be said to fulfill the same function for tidy eaters, of either sex, that the mustache cup fulfilled for careful gentlemen coffee-drinkers of a preceding generation.

California, now, is another example of a State, as counter-distinguished from a locality or a specific scenic object, which never has felt the need of hired exploiters. She provides her own and they work for nothing. Every true and loyal Californian is a climate booster, and by the same token, everybody

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out there is a true and loyal Californian, no matter whether he be a Native Son and a descendant of the Forty-Niners or merely one who moved in week before last from Nebraska or Iowa.

There's something in the air off the Western Ocean which makes him vocal. As a witty Australian, over here for his first visit, said to me not long ago: "Curious breed of people—these Southern Californians. They talk all the time about their climate—and they haven't any!" But then, in justice to Southern California it should be stated that the Australian had just come East after spending two weeks in and around Los Angeles during what ignorant outsiders call the rainy season. And, say what you will, there are times in Los Angeles when, to the stranger, it does seem to be raining.

As for Florida, she sufficiently is advertised by her loving general traffic managers

North Carolina

and by the tin-can tourists who follow the wild geese south in the fall and the robin redbreasts north in the spring. The stories which more particular guests bring home of the prices asked at the fashionable hotels down there during the season, also help a lot. Americans desperately crave to go where they'll be plentifully stung up. As a race we cling to the belief that anything which costs a lot of money must be worth a lot of money. Congress reflects the national sentiment; hence our present income tax, not to mention our jolly little tariff law.

But we were speaking of North Carolina's lack of a competent publicity bureau. Daily, in December and January, Northern people who are running away from the winter, cross North Carolina by the hundreds and on some days by the thousands.

They cross because it is necessary to do so in order to reach Miami or Tampa or Palm

Beach by the directest routes and so they traverse her from side to side never knowing, most of them, that they are passing through a land where the prevalent conditions exactly are suited to such transients as crave a climate with customarily enough of frosty spice in the atmosphere, mornings and night-time, to give it zest and enough of midday warmth to give it softness and a spring-like balm and still be free of any suggestion of the languor of the semi-tropical belts farther down toward the Gulf.

When hot weather comes the passenger tides flow back the other way and again across North Carolina go scooting long strings of cars bearing well-to-do folk from the Far South who are on their way to the Berkshires or the North Woods or the Canada lake country or the Eastern coast resorts, and who seemingly are oblivious to the fact that up in the North Carolina moun-

North Carolina

tains, five or six hundred miles closer to their homes than the places for which they are bound, they might find the tonic of cool breezes and the medicine of a pine-laden air, and with these a panoramic grandeur that is not to be excelled and probably not to be matched anywhere between Martha's Vineyard and Yellowstone Park.

III

WHAT North Carolina should provide, for her own good and theirs, is a beneficent hold-up man, a sort of agreeable cross between a road agent and a press agent, who'd halt every through train and go in all the coaches and tell the travelers what they were missing. His work would be in the nature of a liberal education to numbers of otherwise fairly well-informed persons who apparently think of North Carolina only in the terms of Asheville, a health resort, and Pinehurst, a convenient spot where one may break the long jump to the Florida Peninsula and at the same time shoot a mess of quail or lay by a few holes of golf.

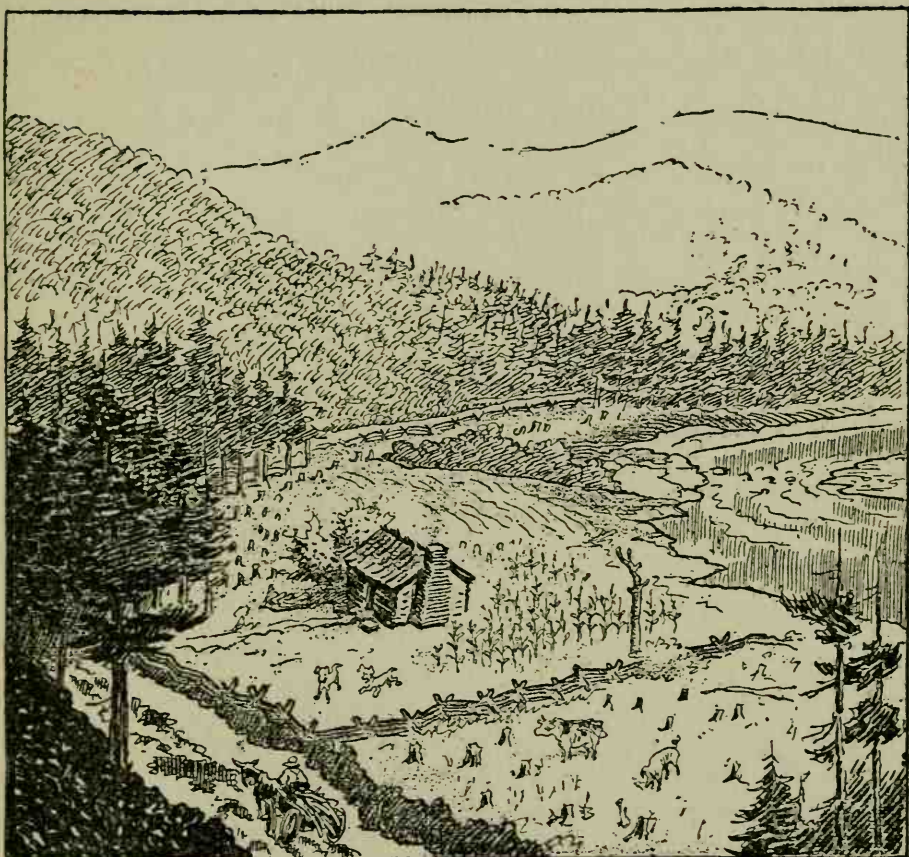
But North Carolina hasn't got around to this project yet. Perhaps in due course of time she will take the friendly hint thrown

out here. Lately she has been pretty busy attending to certain internal improvements.

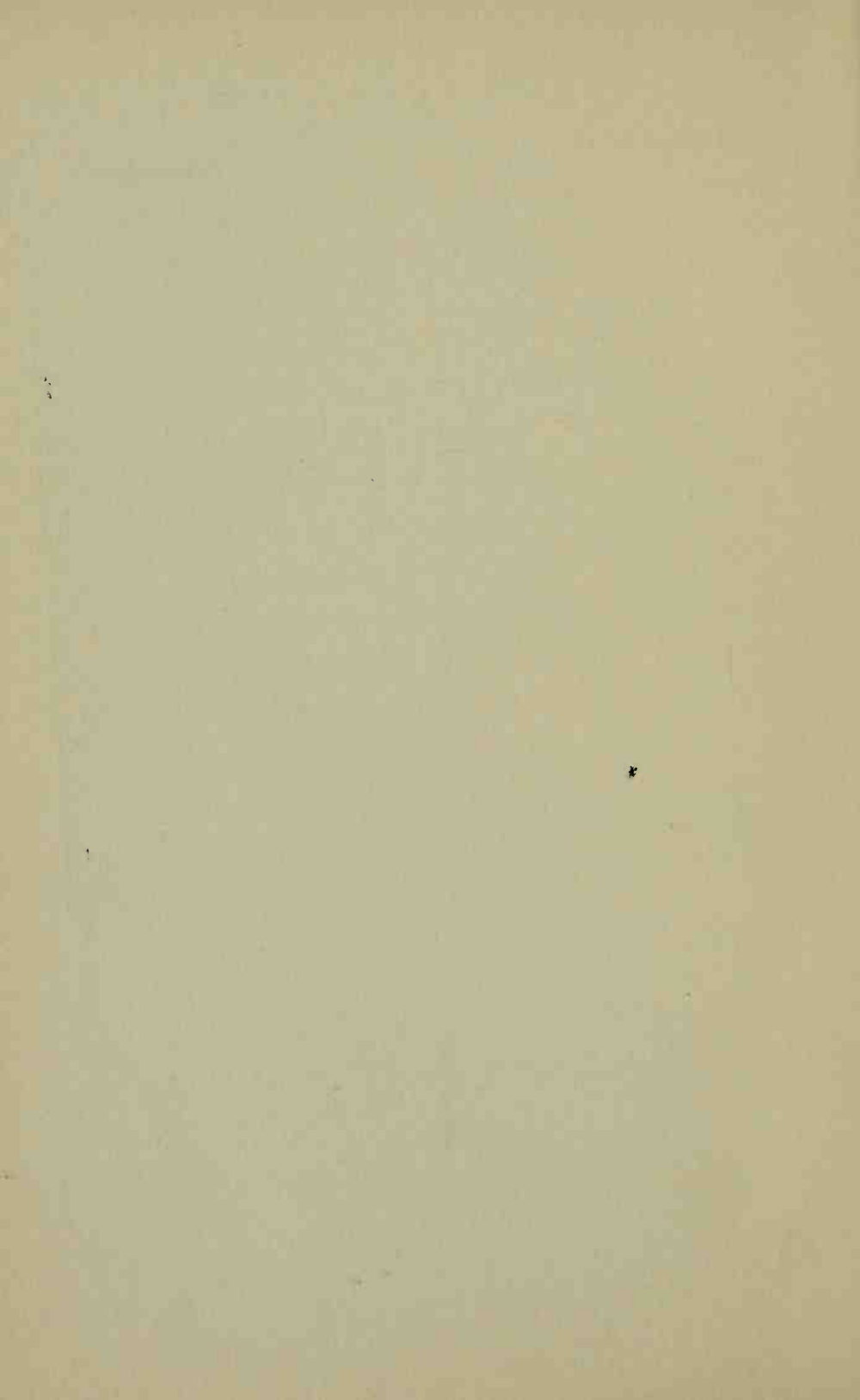
I am here to testify that she has attended to 'em, too.

I think it must have been about fifteen years ago that North Carolina really began to come out of the lethargies. She had been asleep a mighty long spell, drowsing indolently when she was not snoring, taking naps in the sunshine when not engaged in having bad dreams of the bad times that came upon the South in the trail of the war between the States.

She had live spots, of course; some of the cotton-mill towns and some of the tobacco-factory towns and a few of the towns large enough to be called cities, were spreading out and slicking up as they spread. But these evidences of sprightliness were confined and local; the body of the giantess slumbered on; only her fingers and toes



FOR A MIGHTY LONG SPELL NORTH CAROLINA WAS ASLEEP, BE-
COMING FINALLY THE SLOUCHIEST AND SHABBIEST AND MOST
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North Carolina

twitched under the influence of a sporadic enterprise. But the important point was that when finally she did awaken she awoke all over.

She had a bed of rich and deep traditions to rest on, though, through all the long lazy years of her supineness. In the first place, back at the beginnings of the English-speaking white man's state of things on this continent, her soil was squatted upon by types of men and women whose descendants today form a population that makes North Carolina perhaps the most typically American of the Southern States just as Indiana, by virtue of similar blends in her original composition, is undeniably the most typically American of all the so-called Middle Western States, and just as Oregon, from similar causes, is probably the most distinctively American of all those States which indubitably—and geographically—are Western.

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These first settlers almost exclusively were of Anglo-Saxon stocks—artisans, farmers, small traders—a sturdy, hard-headed, money-poor, land-greedy race, very shortly to be enriched by groups of Irish refugees and Highlander Jacobites and at a somewhat later period by a valuable stream of trekkers across the mountains from up Pennsylvania way—Quakers and Dutchmen and Welshmen, mainly; still later came Swiss and a few Swedes out of Delaware and New Jersey. So, you see, both in the strains of her immigrating and her emigrating additions, the young country signally was favored.

She did not carry from the outset the burden of an aristocratic institution which her high-headed neighbors on either flank—Virginia and South Carolina—already were carrying. It may sound like treason in some ears for me to say it, I being Southern born

North Carolina

myself, but it seems to me the South rather has overworked the Cavalier fetish just as New England has overdone the Puritan Father fetish.

I am constrained to believe that there were not nearly so many gentlefolk among the Southern colonists as one might be led to believe from reading some of the histories. Gentry, as a rule, do not cross a mysterious uncharted sea to bide in a wild and savage land. The elect, wherever found, are prone to stay on at home; they are doing pretty well there, else they would not be rated as belonging among the elect.

It is the starveling tailor, the runaway apprentice, the petty tradesman in debt, the down-at-heels schoolmaster, the itinerant preacher, the briefless barrister, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker who compose the mass of settlers in far places and these soon absorb the trickling admix-

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tures of adventurous younger sons and gentlemen soldiers of fortune who come with them overseas. Later, with prosperity, the pleasing romance of an aristocratic ancestry is created.

IV

AT ANY rate, this largely was true of North Carolina's settlement. Her first citizens did not build many mansions, but with bush hook and axe blade they hacked their way to the heart of the wilderness there to set up their log homesteads.

They craved room to breathe and acres of their own to dig in and a chance to practise, without let or hindrance, the religious beliefs which had brought a good many of them into the disfavor of the established civil and ecclesiastical forces in England and Scotland and Ireland. They were not disdainful of earning their bread in the sweat of their brow; they were not afraid of getting horny callouses in their hands. Where they had come from, sweat and callouses had been their portion.

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Harking back to the times of his forebears, I have heard a North Carolinian, speaking in humorous self-pity, describe his State as a vale of humility lying between two peaks of pride.

These first North Carolinians were a spunky lot and touchy on any issues affecting their personal liberties. They may have been humbly born; they were not humbly minded. Runnymede was in their blood, as witness the fact that the Mecklenburg signatories had the notion of a Declaration of Independence in their stubborn and wilful heads before the same idea crystallized at Philadelphia in the brains of Tom Jefferson and John Hancock and Ben Franklin and their associate protestants against royal injustice. What tasseled in the Boston Tea Party, what bloomed in bloody red flowers at Concord and Lexington, what reached its fruitage in the Revolution, had been sown

North Carolina

in its seedtime by a little handful of burghers on the North Carolina frontier.

As the Republic grew up out of infancy into strength and lustiness, the children and the grandchildren of those early rebels ran true to their breeding. They still were quite ready to mold bullets any time a danger threatened what they held to be their sovereign rights. The State's military record, '61 to '65, gave abundant proof of it.

If my recollection serves me aright, North Carolina, while one of the last and one of the most reluctant to break with the Union, led all the rest in the number of the men she gave to the Confederate army and the Confederate navy.

So, when the war ended she fell heavily under the ban of the Radicals in Congress. With the other seceding States she suffered her share of despoilment and oppression and proscription in the drear black days of Car-

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petbaggery and Scalawaggery. And, like them, she sat in her rags and her ashes for a weary long time after the shadow was lifted, a bankrupt, brooding on the wrongs of the Reconstruction Period.

OVERMUCH brooding made her slothful. She was like a desolated maiden who quits washing her neck and ears. Eighteen or twenty years ago I use to say to myself—and I think I was right—that with possibly three exceptions, which I will not here enumerate, she was by odds the slouchiest and the shabbiest and the most slothful of the States lying below the Mason-Dixon Line.

By the stripping away of the accessible and marketable pine, her supremacy in lumber, pitch and turpentine passed to districts lying farther down the coast, and with the waning of this major industry she sank deeper than ever into the slough of despond. Her farmers had the one-crop notion. Their

Cobb's America Guyed Books

cotton helped to keep the spindles of New England busy but the price they got for it gave them but the barest of livings.

Back about 1900, a neighbor of ours down in Kentucky had a fox hound that had been imported from North Carolina. That fox hound came of a noble strain, but he was so shiftless and so gaunt and so lackadaisical a hound that, in bitterness, the owner said he fitly represented the locality whence he came. He had such wobegone eyes, such dismally drooping ears, such a flea-gnawed, fly-bitten pelt! He moved, when he moved at all, in a shimmering haze of his own insect life. His name originally had been Nig, which was the wrong name, because Nig appertains properly to an all-black dog and this dog was not black excepting in spots, here and there.

So we went into consultation and we re-christened that hound. We thought seri-

North Carolina

ously for awhile of calling him **Tar-Heel** in honor of the place of his birth, but that didn't seem to suit, either. So finally we named him **Grandfather's Clock**, which was appropriate—he never missed a tick.

VI

I CAN visualize the typical North Carolina landscape as I have seen it from the car windows passing through, twenty-odd years ago. Or at least to me it seemed typical then. Here it was:

The mouth of a cove, where the foothills were cleft asunder. At the back, the high blue wall of the mountains; just yonder an unharnessed river wasting its potential strength on the rocky riffles in its bed; a rutted dirt road winding aimlessly off through the piney woods; in the foreground a clearing and in the midst of the clearing a slab shanty, unpainted, forlorn, dismal, lop-sided; a dooryard as shaggy as a barber's Saturday night; an untended field runneled with gulleys and grown up in sassafras sprouts; a scrub cow, a razor-back hog and

Cobb's America Guyed Books

a swarm of lank dogs; a tumble-down rail fence; everywhere the multiplying signs of slackness and untidiness and indifference.

Such ugly pictures still are to be encountered, here as elsewhere. What corner of the country is there without some such sight? But today another conception is infinitely more characteristic of the new spirit of North Carolina and this is it:

A smartened, new-looking cottage of the bungalow sort; a concrete highway, broad and smooth; a modern model brick district school-building just over yonder; looping away across the valley the great cables which, on tall steel towers, are carrying the captured water-power of the stream to furnish energy for electric light plants and street-car lines and mills and factories; good stock in the grass meadows; pedigreed fowl in the chicken runs; an orchard and a garden; a housewife who has learned the

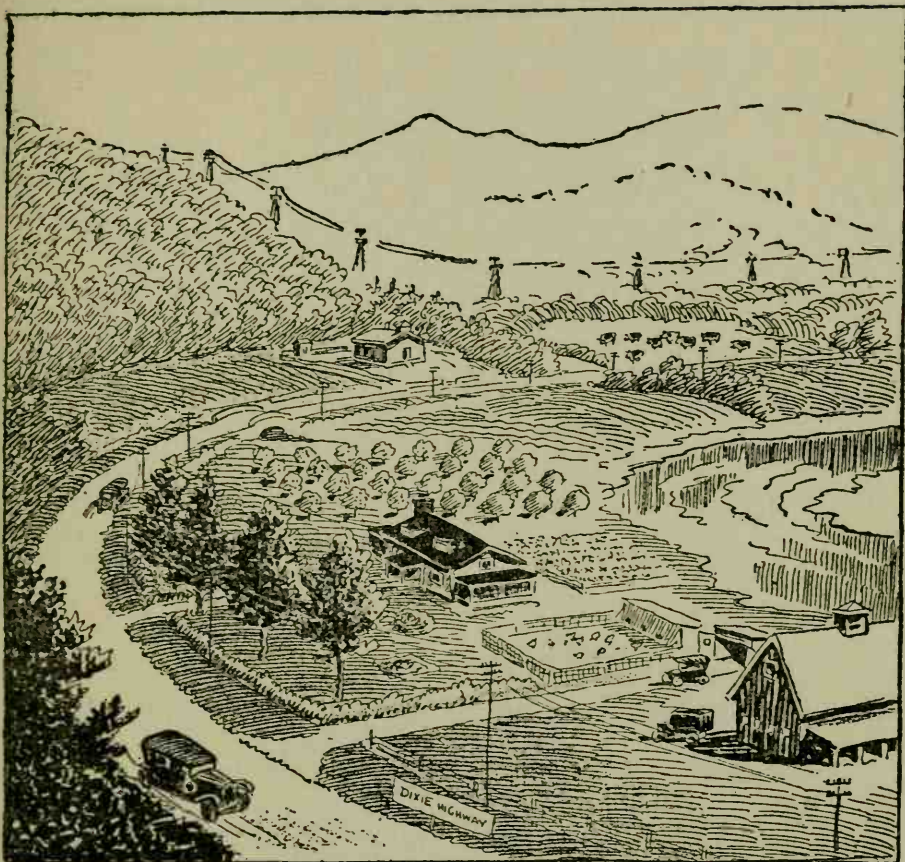
North Carolina

spiritual and material values of trim hedges and posy beds and green lawns and shade trees, brushing their limbs against the roof shingles; a husband who has a car of his own in the garage and a savings account in the bank; a family that subscribes for magazines and farm journals and for a daily newspaper and for Chautauqua courses; a family, also, that buys books and reads them; and on Saturdays, the old man loading the Missis and the children into the automobile and streaking away to the county-seat, with a cracking good road all the way, to see Doug or Mary or Charlie at the movie theater.

Certain of the States remind me of flowers. There's Louisiana, she's a magnolia; South Carolina, a tea-rose, somewhat faded; California, a hollyhock; Kansas—this is inevitable—a sunflower; New Hampshire, a peony; Vermont, a rock pink; Ari-

zona, a cactus; Wyoming, a clump of sage. And twenty years ago North Carolina might have been likened—if your fancy perhaps was a bit cruel—to a jimson weed. But not any more. Today I think of her as a lusty crimson Rambler, trained over a new and shiny trellis.

What Burbanking process changed the jimson into the Rambler? Probably the Chamber of Commerce at Raleigh or the Board of Trade at Winston-Salem or the Kiwanis crowd at Charlotte or the Rotary bunch at Wilmington or the Boosters' Club somewhere else—for I expect every sizable town has one such organization or more than one—would be ready to furnish explanations to account for the transformation. It might have been the increase of the textile manufactories that started it, or the growth of the manufactured tobacco interests, or the tremendous development of the water-



AND THEN ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO NORTH CAROLINA CAME
OUT OF HER SLEEP, AND I AM HERE TO TESTIFY THAT SHE CAME
A'REARIN' AND A'BUSTIN'.

North Carolina

power resources; they've been biting and bridling the cataracts and the rapids at a great rate these last few years. Probably all three of these and other causes besides had part in it.

In any event, the fact outstanding is that when North Carolina came forth from the trance, she came a'rearin' and a'bustin'. An awakening of civic pride, of communal cooperation, followed close along the path where private enterprise had shown the way. The State arose from the dust heap, swapped off her tattered sackcloth for tailor-made raiment and set her shining face to the future. This is not saying that she ceased to cherish the story of her past. A people who forget their own history do not deserve to be remembered. But it is saying that she just naturally took hold of the wings of the morning.

Let some native statistician tell the tale

Cobb's America Guyed Books

in exultant terms of bank clearings, in enlarged bank deposits, in exports and in imports, in enhancement of wealth and of production and census statements. Too many figures leave a flat taste in the mouth, anyhow. Going only by what these two eyes have seen, I proclaim these things, namely; that North Carolina today is the foremost State of the South in material progress, in public spirit, in educational expansion and in optimism of outlook. Indeed, I doubt whether among all these United States is a single one, of anywhere like population, area and per capita wealth, which in this last decade has put up more school-houses, laid more miles of paved road, and by city, county and state, has voted more bond issues for sanitary sewage systems, municipal water-works and power plants, than North Carolina has.

She has cut down illiteracy to a point

North Carolina

where her people point now with pride to the percentages of the lettered, where formerly thinking folk among them felt shame for the number of the totally ignorant.

She has wrought out so generally amicable a basis of understanding between whites and blacks that there is as little of racial friction as in any State having so large a proportion of negroes in the population. She has drained swamps, re-claimed wastelands to profitable agriculture, improved the breeds of live-stock, furthered plans of crop rotation, and her citizens have planted fruit trees and tidied up suburbs and plantations and farms. She has turned hog-wallows into beauty spots and brier patches into flower beds.

She has wrestled with her own problems in her own way, asking no help from without, and most of them she has licked and nearly all of them she has bettered. At this

Cobb's America Guyed Books

present moment the mania of Ku Kluxism grievously afflicts her. But with her I think recovery from the passing distemper will be quicker than in some commonwealths. The kindly and healthy quality that is in her common blood, the common sense that is her heritage from a hard-headed, straight-thinking ancestry, may be counted upon speedily to cure her people. But the trouble is that while everybody in North Carolina knows about these matters and justifiably is proud of them not enough people over the country have heard the good tidings. That's why I said before, and now say it again, that North Carolina could use a competent press agent.

VII

LATELY some of our intelligentsia have been bewailing the fact, as they saw it, that material progress, by making people over into a mold, has had the effect of hampering artistic impulse. If one can believe them, genius flames brightest in a shanty and the creative faculty grows best where all else is stagnated.

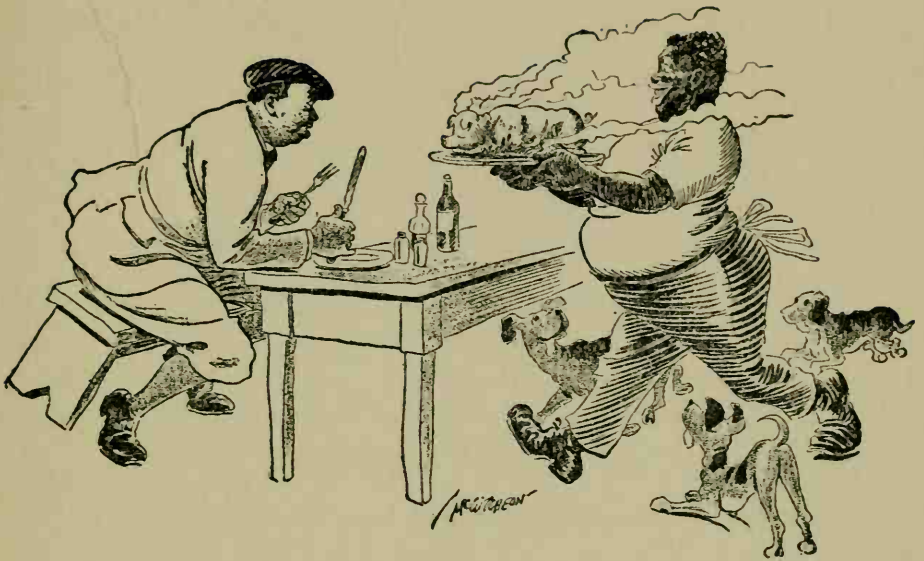
I merely would point out to these high priests of the higher criticism that within the span of two decades one North Carolina town, to wit, Greensboro, mothered two of our most brilliant exponents of that rather typical American art, short-story writing. One was Sidney Porter, better known to this world as O. Henry, and the other was Wilbur Daniel Steele. Laugh that off, oh, my masters!

Cobb's America Guyed Books

Nor, so far as I have been able to judge, has the tendency toward a regimentation of type, toward an ironing out of individuality which some observers profess to have discerned among us here of late, prevailed to any considerable extent in North Carolina.

Here are folks who have quickened their ambitions without losing either their personalities or their traditional ideals. On their private sides they still are so old-fashioned as to practise the ancient virtues. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God but very few of the jokes which are being told in mixed company nowadays! There are whole heaps of such folks down there yet.

I, myself, made a noteworthy discovery in North Carolina last quail-shooting season. I was not the original discoverer but I claim to be the first to blazon the word to



WHAT UNCLE JIM COULD DO WITH A YOUNG SHOAT!

North Carolina

the world. I found the best barbecue cook on earth.

It was at Bob White Lodge, which is a shooting preserve, that I found this personage. From time to time, many outlanders go to Bob White Lodge. Ostensibly they go, as guests of its owners, to shoot birds; this though is largely an excuse.

What they really go there for is to enjoy the hospitality of the place—an open-armed, spacious, all-embracing hospitality of a sort which grows rare even in the rural South—and to partake of the culinary handiwork of one Uncle Jim, who is short and very black and smiling and most highly distinguished in his particular calling. What he could do with a young shoat and an open trench fire and bastings of barbecue sauce made by his own private recipe! Nor was his fried cornbread to be despised, nor yet his Brunswick

stew, nor eke his turnip greens with smoked hog-jowl.

Some of us, for the good of our bodies and the reductions of our girths, were on rations when we met Uncle Jim. It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to diet—that was presumed to be our motto. But during the week we stayed, we fell from grace. The idea of dieting seemed to appeal to us only between meals. For that week we had a new prayer—Give us This Day Our Daily Breadth! And, lo, the prayer was answered.

VIII

THERE is another good reason for going to Bob White Lodge. It gives opportunity to harken to the words of scaly barked wisdom which fall from the lips of "Uncle Sammy" and "Crutch" and "Cap'n King." I forget whether it was Crutch or the Cap'n who on the occasion of a notable visit to New York made a distinct impression upon all whom he met in the metropolis. He stopped at a hotel on Sixth Avenue overlooking the Elevated railway from its side windows and he said that, although a complete stranger in the city, he was never afraid of getting lost when he went out alone because all he had to do was to find the street that had the trustle running through it and follow her back to his corner.

A Northerner would have pronounced the

word as it is spelled, which is t-r-e-s-t-l-e, but it is trustle to all of us who are Southern born unless we stop to take aim.

He expressed admiration for the mansion of his fellow-Tarheelian, J. B. Duke, but he added that if he was as well-off as Mr. Duke is, he surely would have a front yard and a front porch on his place, where a feller could sit of evenings and swap hellos with the neighbors going by. And on his first ride through Central Park he admitted that to him it looked like a right valuable piece of property.

But if you, hearing these things, had from them deduced that the speaker was an innocent-minded person you, to realize your error, had only to try to run a sandy on Cap'n or Crutch at draw poker, or better still, had but to sit by the fireside in the evening and harken while either or both of them voiced the simple wisdom and homely

North Carolina

folklore of a race of men who parted not from their native sapience and their knowledge of human nature and their estimates of true values when they started the job of remolding their State.

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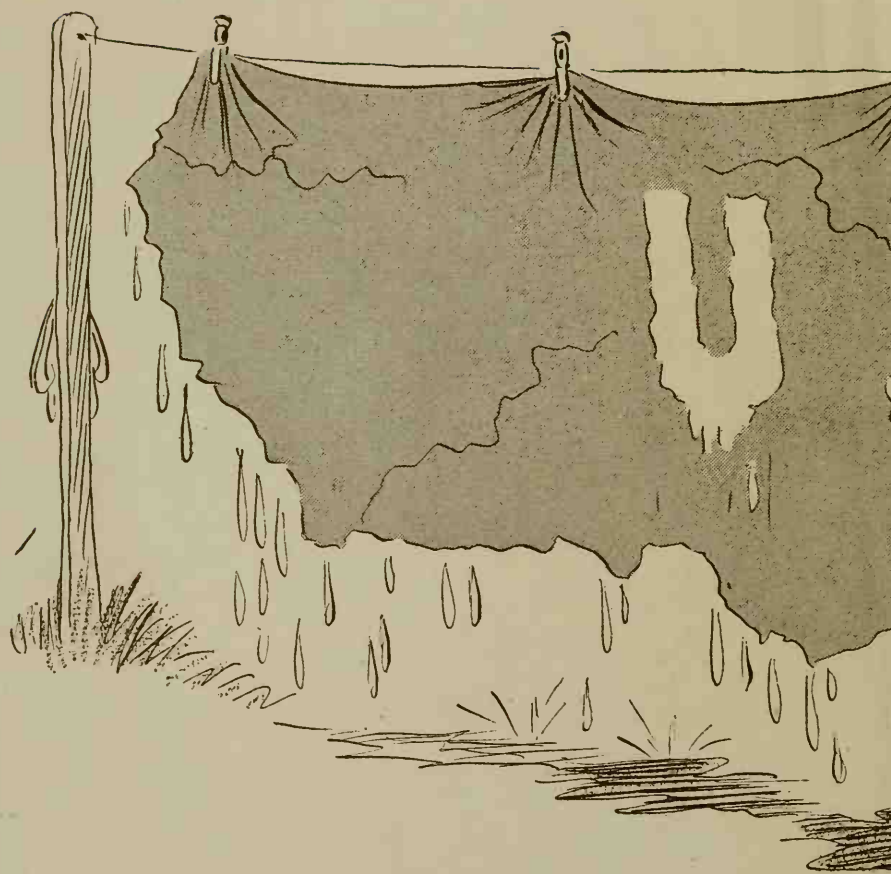
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