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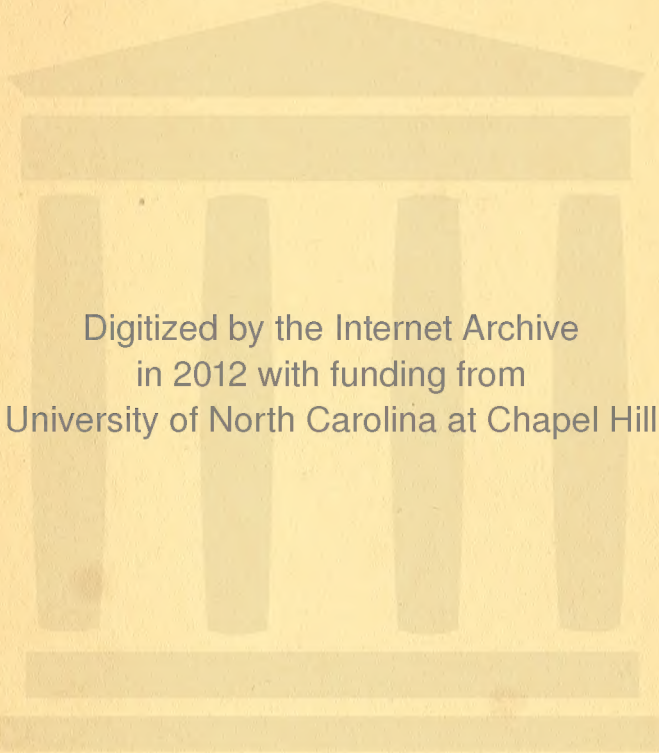
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THANKSGIVING REFLECTIONS.

When I am weary, I am so thankful that I have a bed;

When I am hungry, I am so thankful that I have that which will nourish the body;

When I am lonely, I am so thankful that I have friends;

When I am homesick, I am so thankful for my mother and father;

When I am weary in body, spiritually hungry and mentally forlorn, I am so thankful that I have a merciful God.

————— PUBLISHED BY —————

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*,

J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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A SONG OF GRATITUDE.

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores that the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise.
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their fattening dews;
Suns that genial warmth diffuse;
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion with its holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

—Adelaide Proctor.

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THE GOVERNOR-ELECT.

The Uplift carries in this number the picture and stories of the gentleman, whom North Carolina has elected by a most complimentary majority to be her governor, beginning in January next.

Our readers will get a very intimate line on just what kind of man is Hon. Angus Wilton McLean by following the contributions in this number by Ben Dixon MacNeill and L. J. Hampton on the next governor of the state. This is no pre-nomination nor pre-election estimate of the distinguished gentleman—it is a deliberate and studied effort to speak by note the entire truth, with no purpose to catch sympathy or support.

Mr. McLean is of the highest personal character and of the strictest integrity; he is no wall flower—he is a man of action; he is not effervescent—he is a sound and safe business man; he is remarkably democratic—the lowliest citizen of the state will receive polite and patient treatment at his hand; he is frank and open—every question that concerns the state and her citizens, if it's in his province, will be met with an eye single to the glory and welfare of North Carolina.

The Uplift is proud to be able to carry to its readers this estimate of the splendid gentleman, whom North Carolina has selected for her chief magistrate for the next four years. The Old North State is truly fortunate.

* * * * *

“SEEING CONCORD.”

It must be a source of no little pleasure and entertainment to all to be introduced to conditions of the past. It is a fine way to get a concrete knowledge of the marvelous growth, or the stand-still-ness of a community. For the young to know the obstacles which their parents encountered as youths, the lack of conveniences, the lack of modern tools, or the many handicaps because invention had not reached the zenith of its accomplishments, and to be conscious of the success that their parents achieved under the circumstances, must be regarded by every normal child a challenge to do something with his life, with the wealth of literature, enlarged school facilities, unlimited opportunities, and the applause of an awakened interest in childhood by church, state and society—all freely given him without price.

There are hundreds of welcomed new-comers in every town of the state, who have stepped into opportunities that were made possible for them by the deeds, service and activities of those who have finished their work and gone on. These, too, must be interested in the beginning and the development

of their adopted homes.

It is with peculiar pleasure that The Uplift is favored with an insight in the conditions of Concord many years ago as revealed by the interesting contribution of "M. A. H." Very few people now living in the town ever knew the county's first court-house stood about where Capt. Smith's office and the Concord library are; and that the building was burned to the ground. Very few people knew that the jail, with all the ancient means of punishment then in vogue, occupied the site the Pearl Drug Store now does. Very few people know that when Squire George M. Lore first took up his residence in Concord a cow-barn, with a caved-in roof, stood where the Correll Jewelry store now stands. Hundreds of people daily walk over the abandoned well at the corner of North Union and West Corbin streets—a well that practically furnished water for the entire population at one period.

They carried lanterns not many years ago, which were abandoned for an electric light system that a few enterprising citizens made possible—but the individual lights then were just a little superior to lightening-bugs—see the Whiteway we now have.

Not many years ago there was not a single bath tub in this modern city. A patriot in the person of the late P. B. Fetzer risked his all to give the town a water system—he was a benefactor, and people rapidly learned how to take a bath—in a bath tub. Jim Dayvault, chairman of board of Co. Commissioners, taught the people the necessity of ice, and the best people of town carried a little chunk of ice suspended from a string to their homes, just as proud as proud could be—now A. B. Pounds manufactures the ice for the town and delivers it—everybody uses ice now. What was once regarded a luxury is now a necessity. There is no end to the list of conveniences vouchsafed to us all by the far-sighted men who wrought before us.

And just thing! The old town is soon to have a \$500,000 hotel, modern and the last word in hotel construction—and this is a contribution by the men and women of today who are full of vision and faith. You fellow, that is satisfied with your surroundings and what you enjoy, are indebted to those who visualized in the past and those who are pressing forward today. A town is what its people make it; and it is a pleasure to take stock and note the changes and the growth.

* * * * *

"WILL YOU CO-OPERATE WITH ME?"

There used to be many schools, teachers and parents that observed systems

and practices that prevail at Prof. Webbs' Bellbuckle School in Tennessee. There are several of this kind of schools still in North Carolina.

Here is an incident coming out from one of the schools (it is in North Carolina and the man in charge of it insists on his own methods) that carries with it a perfectly apparent moral. The event is something like this: a sixteen year old boy was withdrawn from a public, graded school, one of the best in the state; the father was skeptical about the efficiency of the methods and the teachers, because his boy's monthly grades did not go over 25. Enough to arouse the anxiety of an honest-to-the-goodness father. He entered the boy in one of these Bellbuckle-kind of schools a few months ago.

Last week the head man of this school called on this particular father to consult with him about the deportment and application of his son. The boy was in the office at that moment. The father was politely informed that his son was not applying himself, was indifferent and was making no progress. These shortcomings, the teacher assured the father, can be overcome "if you will co-operate with me." That word "co-operate" is a flexible term and very meaningful—as interpreted in all Bellbuckle schools—and the father, throwing himself back simply replied: "My son will not be at your school any more."

And yet there are people who think that there are some bad and indifferent and sorry boys. Take the case.

* * * * *

GREAT REJOICING.

Having outgrown her hotel accommodations and the public having come to demand better and more conveniences in hotels, Concord finally awoke to the fact that something must be done. The Kiwanis, the Rotary and the Chamber of Commerce, aided and abetted by every one who recognized the great need, endorsed a movement for a modern hotel.

Some time ago a spurt in the direction of realizing the wished-for thing spent itself. Then certain people took counsel with each other and expert hotel campaigners were employed to put on a systematic drive. It began; it prospered from the start; and no town or city ever saw so many of its real live wires hustling with more energy and enthusiasm over a proposition than manifested by these representative citizens. They started out to sell \$375,000 worth of stock.

Monday evening the drive came to a successful conclusion. The campaign resulted in selling for the proposition \$382,200 worth of stock. Coupled with

the contribution to the proposition by the National Bank, this assures for Concord a half million dollar Hotel.

Who did the thing? That is being discussed in the old town today. Hosts of people, joining their energies, enthusiasm and services, under the leadership of a number of promoters, put the thing across. The honor belongs to no individual. There is glory enough to go round several times. Let rejoicing be unconfined.

But, say friend citizen, when you come to single out folks for valiant service and abiding hope and a bull-dog determination, don't forget a song continually sung by a little wiry new-comer in our midst—they simply call him Blanks, his full name and title are H. W. Blanks, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and chief of some other things.

* * * * *

HOLES IN THE BREAD.

We can fly—a thing that everybody except the late Joseph P. Caldwell declared about twenty-five years ago could never be done; we can ride along the road without horses; we can do hundreds of stunts that we regarded in the not distant past as impossible or not even thought of; but generations after generations have sat themselves down at the dining table three times a day and are today unable to tell exactly why there are holes in the light bread they eat.

Such a simple thing—so common and of every day view—has never excited the curiosity of man long enough for him to attempt a reason why dough will bake and then show numerous holes about in it. You may think you are smart, well-informed, popular and of some consequence, but the law of nature thrusts a little matter right at your eyes day after day, year after year that baffles your intelligence. Poor man—mighty nature.

Now comes I. K. Russell, member of the American Chemical Society, writing a book on the high sounding title of "The Romances of the Holes in the Bread." Does it solve the puzzle?

* * * * *

DREAMS COME TRUE.

In a highly complimentary article, which pleases all North Carolina, French Strother, painting a picture for the November number of World's Work, puts into the record this:

North Carolina is one of the oldest states in the Union. Twenty years ago it was one of the poorest. Today, with practically no immigration

from other states, with only the increase in population that comes from its excess of births over deaths, it finds itself one of the richest states, progressing rapidly in every desirable instrument of civilized life—a community of contented, industrious citizens, with beautiful and modern homes, thriving farms and factories, hotels in every small city that can not be excelled anywhere, highways that make travel and commerce comfortable and expeditious, schools that are good and daily growing better, a public health department that has brought its death rate to the lowest in the country and best of all, a people of one mind upon the great issues of life, inspired by a common ideal, informed with a common purpose, heartened by their success in the pursuit of a great vision, and confidently pressing forward to further achievements.

About twenty-five years ago there was a man named Aycock—.

* * * * *

POST-ELECTION DIAGNOSIS.

The public, in private and through newspapers, have tried to make out the reason for the failure of the Port measure at the late election, when the leading proponents actually believed that the measure would carry by a hundred thousand majority. It didn't, and now everybody is trying to ascertain what happened.

The people just couldn't see wherein it could accomplish what was claimed for it, and were unwilling to invest eight and half million dollars in an experiment. The simple reason, therefore, is that there were more people not in favor of the proposition than the number favoring it. Such economic questions, we take it, are no settled by North Carolinians on the ground of personal dislike or favoritism. The thing lacked friends—that's all.



THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

Greensboro Christian Advocate.

It was our privilege and pleasure, too, last Sunday morning to speak to the boys of the Jackson Training School. These boys to the number of 400 and a score or more of men and women to whom have been committed the care and training of these young Americans constitute an impressive assemblage as they gather in the big auditorium, which has been provided for church services and all public meetings of the Training School.

Those boys look and act the part of young soldiers and join with interest and good will in the services. Their quickness of perception and manifest interest in the speaker inspires him to do his best.

Superintendent Chas. E. Boger, is leading in a great work and he is meeting in admirable fashion every demand of his important task as superintendent. And no man in North

Carolina is engaged in a more important work than he in training these boys for citizenship and Christian manhood.

The boys of the Jackson Training School each week bring from their presses "The Uplift," an interesting and valuable periodical that is ably edited by Col. J. P. Cook, of Concord, who has been from the first the valued an enthusiastic friend of the Jackson Training School, and this weekly paper is but a suggestion of the high class of work the school in doing in all lines of its varied activities.

When you are passing on the state highway from Concord to Charlotte, or from Charlotte to Concord, as the case may be, do not fail to stop and see what is being accomplished by one of North Carolina's most valuable institutions—The Jackson Training School.

HOW ABOUT LIVING?

"You frequently hear it said that the world owes every man a living. Nothing could be further from the truth." We don't believe we ever heard anybody say that the world owes every man a living, or "the world owes me a living." But we have heard it said that we have heard it said, from something like 10 per cent of the speakers we have heard, all told.—Greensboro News.



ANGUS WILTON McLEAN—Governor-elect.

The distinguished citizen of Robeson county, whom the state elected her chief magistrate by a majority exceeding a hundred thousand, breaking all election records of North Carolina.

ANGUS WILTON McLEAN—Governor-elect.

Hon. Angus Wilton McLean, whom the people of North Carolina elected on the 4th of November, by a majority exceeding one hundred thousand, was born in Robeson county April 20th, 1870. Through his veins runs the inherited blood of some of the most prominent families, who made up the Scotch immigrants of the early history of this great section. In his lineage are representatives of men and women, who occupied places of great honor and esteem in their day.

Governor-elect McLean grew up in the country near Maxton, attended the public schools and later became a pupil in the school at Laurinburg of the late Prof. W. G. Quackenbush, a noted teacher of his day. Later Mr. McLean studied law at the University of North Carolina and upon his admission to the bar he located in Lumberton, having partnership association, from time to time, with the leading attorneys of that section of North Carolina.

The thing that makes this distinguished gentleman so outstanding among men, aside from the compliment and confidence in his selection as governor by a record-breaking majority, is his varied abilities and capacity along numerous lines: an able lawyer, successful banker, railroad president, a promoter of various industrial enterprises, cotton manufacturer, community builder and a splendid farmer. In all of these activities, he is smooth, cautious, calculating, earnest and trustworthy. What greater record could man wish than to have his neighbors, among whom he has labored and wrought

for years, say these things behind his back.

Politically, Mr. McLean has been an outstanding leader in democratic councils, having been National Committeeman; and in governmental affairs his wisdom and great judgment have been invoked, President Wilson having named him as one of the four directors of the War Finance Corporation. This corporation was the largest financial organization in the world, having capital resources of \$3,500,000,000. His experiences at the bar, his record as a business man and banker peculiarly fitted him for the duties of this high and important position. The fact that this position came to him unsought carries with it a distinctive honor, which the state at large begs to share with him—it was a compliment to the man and to the state, which he loves and serves.

Notwithstanding the honors conferred upon him, his prominence, his influence, his wealth and his success in so many directions, Angus Wilton McLean is folksy and approachable—in this he shows an inborn greatness that is not vouchsafed to some whom fortune attends. When he takes over the reins of the government of North Carolina as her governor, the humblest citizen of the state, regardless of party or religion, will have no trouble or embarrassment in reaching a necessary audience with him. Judging this distinguished gentleman, by his deeds and his faithfulness to every trust in the past, there is every assurance that North Carolina will be proud of the record which Mr. McLean will write as her chief magis-

trate.

About the middle of January, 1925, Mr. McLean will be inaugurated, and he and his wife, formerly Miss Margaret French, and children, will occupy the stately mansion, in which

old time, Southern hospitality will, as in the past, prevail. Gracious hospitality abides where royalty has no part—this be the proud glory of the state.

“Every heart that is truly great and generous is also tender and compassionate toward others.”

WASN'T SHE LITTLE?

By M. A. H.

When Dr. Herring and Judge Morrison Caldwell gave us two interesting pictures of Concord as they first knew her, The Uplift's appetite for more of this "Seeing of Concord" as she used to be was considerably whetted. Accordingly several long-time residents were invited to make contributions on the subject.

In the response by "M. A. H.," which follows below, we are given a picture with a setting of many years ago. It is full of living beings of that period, some of whom in name have entirely vanished from the roll of citizenship; and this choice friend of ours for many years and herself a charming example of the integrity, sentiment and chivalry of that period has given us a fine picture of the old town sixty-three years ago; and as the sunset of life is approached, as men and women come to count time, the thoughts of Sir Thomas Moore, as quoted, truly reveal the thoughtful and refined spirit of the correspondent and which is entirely natural with and indicative of those cradled in the environment of way back yonder.

The contributor declines for the name to be attached, so our readers may entertain themselves in figuring it out—but the story is historically correct as remembered by one who lived in that period. In an accompanying note, the fact is stated that "there must have been a meat market," but the keeper's name has passed out of memory.

The seasons come and go, the years roll by, and changes are wrought by the ever-flowing stream of time.

Sixty-three years ago Concord was a village. Now the traveller, standing on the heights of Sunderland, sees a city of handsome homes, churches, public buildings and business houses, embowered in trees, a

panorama charmingly spread over a wide extent of slopes and hills.

The citizens, then as now, were kind and neighborly, intelligent and law-abiding. Union street was then Main Street for on it were all the public buildings and homes of many prominent families. The public square on which the courthouse stood, with public well near by, was the

corner where Corbin now runs into Union street. The county jail, a large brick structure, was on the corner where the Pearl drug store stands, and had a garden which ran back to the limits of the First Presbyterian church, and included a big barn. The schoolhouse, where Rev. Elijah Morrison taught the boys and girls of the village, and later Misses Helen and Lily Long, was on the grounds of the Y. M. C. A. McDonald's factory, during the War Between the States, supplied all this section of the state with yarn and cloth.

Where are now Central school, Baptist church and homes on Grove street was a thickly wooded grove. Scotia was a grassy field. Phifer & York, Robert Foard, Washington Allison, a merchant on Hudgins corner, and the firm of Aaron Bost & Baldy Moss carried stores of general merchandise. Joel Reed's drug store was the only one in town. Across from this store was Harris' hotel where no Confederate soldier was permitted to pay for his entertainment. A flourishing cabinet shop was carried on by Castor & Deaton. There were no street lights and lanterns were carried on dark nights. The homes on Main Street were those of Caleb Phifer, Washington Allison, Dr. Edmund Gibson, Rufus Barringer, Victor Barringer, Nelson Price, (later Joel Reed's home) Dr. Lucius Bingham, David Bostain, Rhinehold Suther, Dan Coleman, Rosa Klutz, (on the present court house square,) Billy Cook, Robert Foard, Hattie Winecoff and Margaret Brown, whose house, still standing, was the end of the town. The homes on West Depot street were those of

umbus White, Elam Castor, Milas Leslie, Dr. John Fink, John Alexander and Calvin Burkhead.

There were Lutheran, Methodist and Presbyterian congregations, with faithful pastors in the pulpits. Dr. Bessent and a new comer from Virginia were the dentists; the lawyers were: Rufus and Victor Barringer, John Long and Dan Coleman. The doctors were Edmund Gibson, Lucius Bingham, "Red" Henderson and later the Confederate recruiting officer, Dr. Scott. In the house, where Dr. Houston lives, Victor Barringer entertained President Jefferson Davis, as he was on his way south from Richmond. Mr. Barringer on learning that the President and his escort were camped in the pine woods on the Godfrey Winecoff place sent out a carriage and brought in the President and his staff to spend the night with him. Mrs. Barringer, delighted with the honor, immediately had her cook, old Ellen, to get busy and prepare for them the best supper to which they had sat down in many a day.

Every family in town had a flower garden where were grown flowers and vegetables. On the lawns were shrubs and evergreen and in the gardens a wealth of flowers charmed the eye and were the delight and pride of the town. In Miss Jane Mahan's garden the walks were bordered with box wood and in the shelter of these grew the earliest vegetables.

Such was Concord in 1861. Her people were quietly going the round of daily business undisturbed by rumors of war. They were startled from this security by the secession of the state and the call of Gov. Ellis

for the state troops to join the Confederate army. The Cabarrus Guards and the Black Boys, the two military companies of the county, responded to his call and left their homes on the 21th of April, to join the State troops at Raleigh. From there they were sent to camp at Smithville, now Southport, where they fretted and fumed, because they were not in the fight, until they were transferred to the battle fields of Virginia. There were no more dinner parties, banquets or social gatherings in Concord. A heavy hearted people waited, morning by morning, for John Swink to hand out from the post-office in Allison's store the Richmond Dispatch, that they might scan first of all the list—"killed—wounded, missing."

At last the Conquered Banner was furled. The soldiers came home—some of them. Then followed the social and political turmoil of the reconstruction period. A time of per-

plexity and uncertainty for the housekeeper—a time when the carriage driver could vote but the master who rode inside could not. Nevertheless through the mercy of 'a watchful Providence and the indomitable spirit of her people Concord came triumphantly through the succeeding years to peace and prosperity.

We rejoice in this prosperity, yet when we recall the days of long ago and see again in memory the friends who walked the streets and mingled with us in daily business, church and social life our hearts are stirred with emotion, so admirably expressed in the beautiful lines of Sir Thomes Moore,

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather
I feel like on who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted."

THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee Lord for eyes to see
The need in every heart;
For hands and feet that I may meet
That need, and do my part;
For this Thanksgiving Day and friends,
For good I hear and see;
For all the year and its good cheer
My thanks I give to Thee.

—H. O. Spelman.

NEXT GOVERNOR OF STATE.

(By L. J. Hampton.)

Angus Wilton McLean, next Governor of the State, comes from a long line of Scotch forbears who tilled the soil, went to church every Sunday, and helped in any forward movement that promised the betterment of the community.

Some of his friends were discussing the other day his qualifications for the position showing how his steady rise from a modest country boy to a national figure was due not to any preconceived and herculean effort on his part but was a succession of events that came about through hard work and serious intention. What claim he has to the consideration of the voters is not of his own choosing. He never held an important elective office in his life nor has he sought one. His work for the Democratic party has consisted in organizing the forces, drafting the platforms, and helping finance the campaigns. Other than that he has remained modestly in the background and has let the other fellow do the shouting.

This trait of his character, his friends say, comes from a natural aversion to "showing off" and an uncommon aptitude for organizing a business and making it a commercial success. His home town always was planning some new project—either new waterworks, electric light improvement, red cross drive or some other cause just as worthy; and it had no difficulty in finding plenty of citizens who were willing to help but very few who were willing to shoulder much responsibility.

It was in the latter field, so say Lumbertonians, that McLean's aid always had to be sought. They felt that no project, no matter how necessary and promising it might appear to be, was a sound one unless it received first the whole-hearted endorsement of their fellow townsman who has now become a state and national figure. If he said it was all right and should be done and he would help put it through, there was nothing else to worry about. The thing was accomplished.

As to his "showy" qualities, his boyhood friends say he hasn't any. His first teacher says his hair was always brushed, his shoes tied, and his appearance more like the model schoolboy than any pupil she had. He was not a model schoolboy, however, if one is to believe what his old schoolmates say. There was many a scrap and lively fistfight at recess with the other boys and not always well-prepared lessons because he had extra work to do at home. He was, so they say, a typical boy who liked fun, had to work hard in school and out, and who impressed the others not by his showy and exceptionally brilliant work but by his manliness and industry. "There was nothing colorful about the early life of Angus Wilton McLean," one of his playmates wrote to another when he heard that Angus Wilton might be a candidate for governor. "His work on the farm and his circumstances at this time were too severe to let him cut up many capers. He plowed all the week, went swimming and fishing

on Saturday afternoons, and always—always—to church on Sundays. On Monday morning the same old routine started all over again. But this was the way he learned how success comes only from hard work and continual pegging away. He would never be where he is now if he hadn't been taught fortitude when he was a strapping young boy."

So he comes from good family although he was born poor. His father taught him how to farm just as he had learned from his father and grandfather. Today Mr. McLean is one of the largest farmers in Robeson County, but he does not let his large holdings be attended to by somebody else. He superintends his fields because he likes to do it and because he knows more about crops and land than the average tenant and so-called farm manager. He learned all this, not in school, but between the plowhandles. And he is proud of his knowledge and his experience.

As A Good Business Man

Mr. McLean organized and directed one of the first banks in Robeson County. He was only a young fellow at this time, but evidence of what the town of Lumberton thought of his business ability and trustworthiness, the bank in a very short time became one of the leading institutions of the county. It has continued to grow until today, the National Bank of Lumberton, is one of the safest and soundest banking houses in the State. His interests were so varied, however, that he invaded other fields. Soon after to see that better railroad facilities

were needed by the section. Immediately he set to work to form a company that would build a short line railroad through the richest part of the section, tap the main lines, and develop the commercial and farming possibilities of a hitherto backward part of the country. The Virginia and Carolina Railroad, 27 miles long, running from Lumberton to Hope Mills, is the material evidence of his youthful plans. The fine farming country along the railroad, the little towns scattered along the track, and the heavy traffic in freight and passengers show most conclusively how much needed was the project. St. Pauls, one of the towns on the short line, was hardly a wide place in a bad road before the railway was built. Now it is a thriving town of 2,000 with four cotton mills, fine houses, and everything that makes for substantial progress and comfort. This is merely one instance of what Mr. McLean's uncommon business vision and enterprises have done to help along a good county and town. There are others, to be sure, his development of the cotton mill industry in his home town, his investment in home ventures, and his open-hearted patronage of civic improvements have all contributed heavily to making Lumberton grow into a fine town.

As A Good Democrat

While Mr. McLean has never held important public office other than appointive, he has never aspired to such honors. His work as a consistent Democrat has been continuous. When he had just passed his majority, he was made chairman of the local Democratic organization and

from that time on he was closely identified with the Democratic party. He was a strong supporter of Woodrow Wilson in the preconvention campaign of 1912, and was delegate at large from North Carolina to the convention that nominated Wilson in Baltimore for the first time. At this convention he rendered signal services to the Wilsonite and to the cause of liberalism in general when he virtually secured the election of Edward E. Britton of North Carolina as permanent secretary of the convention. The fight was hard and bitter, for the ultra-conservative forces of Charles F. Murphy and others for Champ Clark's nominee nearly succeeded the latter. But many progressive leaders came to the support of Mr. McLean's candidate, however, and he was elected. The newspapers of Baltimore and other cities in recounting the happenings at the convention called this move one of the most "effective and unexpected successes" of the progressives in the early days of the convention. He had done a very bold thing and had gotten away with it. Such matters as this identified Mr. McLean with the progressive wing of the party and made his views and judgment much sought in public matters. From this time on he was no longer a Democratic committeeman from North Carolina. He was one of the new, energetic forces in the party that were doing everything to rejuvenate the party and bring it again to public confidence and service.

When the Democrats met at St. Louis in 1918 to renominate Wilson and to decide how the campaign for re-election should be waged, Mr.

McLean was one of the busiest and most necessary men there. Every matter of the party interested seemed to claim his attention. In the midst of all this confusion and hard work, a little incident, insignificant perhaps in itself but possessing vast possibilities of help or injury came to hand. It was the matter of selecting an appropriate legend for the campaign button. Somebody had selected the motto, "Safety First," and had in fact struck off several thousand buttons when Mr. McLean found it out. Immediately he caught the train for Washington intent upon convincing the secretary to the committee that such a motto was not only inappropriate at that time but might have disastrous results if used as a campaign slogan. He laid before the secretary in the most impressive way he could just his objection to the button; that such a motto as "Safety First," was most un-American; that it did not meet the temper of the American people when so many outrages were being committed; that it would leave in the popular mind that all we wanted to do, and all that the Democratic party wanted to do, was to remain neutral always and save our own skins; and finally that any such sentiment was selfish and cowardly and would not be welcomed by the decent element of our population. It was hard work convincing the committee, so they that attended say, but Mr. McLean went at the job with so much enthusiasm and confidence that in time he won them over. He suggested that the slogan "America First," be used instead; and it was. With what success the campaign

of 1916 shows.

These are only one or two incidents of his service to the party, however. As has been said, he has never asked for public support and has not, in fact, been anxious to obtain it. He has been quite content to use his unusual business and organizing abilities to forward the cause of Democracy leaving the matter of standard bearer to be taken charge of by popular choice. There is no campaign, county, state, congressional, or national that has not had free use of his services and that has not profited by his keen business ability and judgment.

As a Friend of Education

In the first speech Mr. McLean ever made for the cause of popular education he took a most extraordinary position. He stated that he hoped there would never come a time when there would be inequality of sexes in the matter of public education. He felt, as we all feel, that all the young folks should obtain the best education that a good state can give. But, he went on to say, if it ever happens that there must be a discrimination, female education is the most important and should be given first consideration. The Scotch have always been respected for their deep interest in education, but not particularly noted for giving precedence to female education; the older heads used to think that some kind of domestic training was necessary for Scotch maidens, but the higher education was not so important as in the case of males. But Mr. McLean has never held any such views. He has always insisted in practically every speech that female education is much neglected and

that it should receive more thorough and extensive consideration from our educators and public men. And his reason for this is clear: the woman is the maker of the home, and she ought to have ever social and cultural advantage for this reason. And so his feeling that if anything is to be neglected in our educational system it certainly should not be the homemakers is really the most sensible position to take, after all.

He has been not only a liberal contributor, to worthy education causes, but has served acceptably on several educational boards. He has been a trustee of the State University since 1912 and a vigorous supporter of its enlargement program. For more than fifteen years he has been chairman of the board of trustees of Flora Macdonald College spending a great deal of his time and money in making this Scotch memorial an active, valuable educational institution. As a good Presbyterian he has also served in church affairs. For a long time he has been a member of the board of trustees of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, acting often as the institution's financial adviser. His own church, too, at Lumberton, has enjoyed his exceptional business services in addition to his earnest efforts as a ruling elder.

As a good farmer—Perhaps if you were to ask Mr. McLean what the one thing he would rather do best in the world he would tell you point-blank: be a good farmer. He has been trying, so he says, to grow big crops and enrich the soil ever since he used to plow from sun-up to sun-down on his father's small farm on the Buck Pong in upper Robeson. How well he has succeed-

ed can be readily seen by the ship-shape condition of his farming lands outside the corporate limits of Lumberton. His farms are large, well drained, stumped, and bearing good yields. He has been careful, too, look after the comfort of his tenants both white and colored. Every farm has comfortable dwelling houses, warm and well situated. Health of his tenants and their contentment, he says, are as important as big crops.

He has overseers for his farming properties, but prefers to make the rounds himself. And he usually does for no matter how busy he may be and you want to find him the chances are that he will be out on some farm somewhere talking with one of his tenants, about the crops, or something. He says he does not need golf to keep in trim; he needs only a brisk walk or horseback ride over a farm to put him in happy frame. He is never quite in his sphere unless he is on a farm studying its needs and trying to see what will make crops grow larger. His early earnings in the law were invested in farm lands and are just now beginning to show some return on the money. But he is not worried. He would enjoy farming if he lost money at it every year.

This prediction for the soil comes, of course, from a long line of Scotch forbears who were all farmers. He learned how to plow in the field, not at school; and he saw how certain crops reacted to certain fertilizers and intensive cultivation, not by reading about such matters in a book, but by hard experience on a stingy little farm. Yet no man has a greater faith in scientific principles

of farming as taught in our schools today than Mr. McLean. He has no prejudices against "book" farming; one of his petty hobbies is to insist always that the farmer should have more farmer education and then a little bit more. Besides he should know not only how to grow crops but how to market them to advantage; in short, the farm boy should learn all he can about the soil and its productivity and then he should turn business man by keeping strict account, selling his product advantageously, then piling up a surplus against a rainy day later on. Peculiarly enough, Mr. McLean's own farming activities illustrate what he preaches. As a "dirt" farmer he learned a great deal about dirt farming. Now as a business man he is trying to apply modern methods to his farming operations. And his public service has been devoted to carrying a speech advocating a system of agricultural credits, including such features as land banks, short time credits, and such, that was practically unheard of and little understood at the time. It is an interesting coincidence, too, that the establishment of Federal Farm Land Banks exemplified the general principals that Mr. McLean had argued for in all his public utterances, supporting farm relief. It is simply another example of one man insisting upon a pressing need years before the organized forces of government took advantage of it. His public addresses show that he urged the establishment of a rural credit facilities long before 1913.

Therefore, Mr. McLean's activities have been much more varied and re-

sponsible than that which falls to the lot of the average good, substantial citizens of a community. What he has done, though, is his. It has been achieved solely by hard work and earnest effort. He says he is a farm-

er first and next a business man. By inheritance and aptitude he is a good farmer and business man. That is what he would liked to be called, and his friends say that no cognomen him better.

Wisdom evades the young person who has never learned to conserve the golden moments.—Selected.

MCLEAN AIMS.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

“While I have never been convinced that the port bill, defeated last Tuesday, was economically sound, or that it would remedy the evils at which it was aimed, I am profoundly convinced that we have too long neglected this phase of our natural resources. These inland waterways should be made to serve the State, and full advantages should be taken of the ports that we have.

“Inequalities in freight rates undoubtedly exist. Nobody seems to be in agreement as to the nature and the extent of the inequality. It will be the business of the administration after I am inaugurated to find out from authoritative sources, and apply remedies that are economically sound and that will operate effectively. Where there is discrimination, it will be removed, at whatever cost.

and terminals can be made to serve the people of the State, either directly or as a factor in the adjustment of freight rates, I expect to ask the General Assembly for reasonable financial assistance. It cannot be done instantly. It should be done

carefully, with the minimum of risk to public funds. We should be able to see our way before we go ahead.”

Question of Ships

I doubt if the State of North Carolina or any other commonwealth can ever operate ships effectively. The Nation has failed at it, and we could not hope for greater success with very limited capital. The development of our ports and waterways has not been defeated or stopped in the defeat of the port bill. We should go ahead with it, but we must know where we are headed before we start.”

That is the opinion of Angus Wilton McLean, Governor-elect of North Carolina, on the port terminal measure defeated at the polls last Tuesday. It is the opinion he held before the primary in June, before the election in November, and the opinion with which he will be inaugurated next January. The port issue is not dead, nor is the determination for an equitable adjustment of freight rates in abeyance.

Contributory to the doubt in the mind of the Robeson county man about the advisability of passing the

measure last Tuesday is the prevailing uncertainty about the condition of the State treasury, and the ability of the treasury to carry further burdens without the neglect of obligations that have already been assumed, and which cannot now be displaced for measure of undetermined value. In other words, North Carolina is in the position of a man who has a family to support on a given income that cannot be stretched to cover speculations.

Where We Stand

"The first thing we must do is to find out where we stand. North Carolina is not going backward. That much you can be sure of. It is not going to stand still. That much you can be sure of. If we find we can afford it, there are many things that ought to be done. Among them the development of our waterways and terminals. If we have the money, or can get the money without crippling anybody, progress will move into new fields."

Finding out definitely whether North Carolina has a deficit of seven or eight million dollars on running expenses is going to be the first of the McLean activities after he moves to Raleigh in January. He has listened to those who see figures in red on the wrong side of the State's ledger. He has listened to those who see black figures on the other side of the ledger. He has an open mind, and he is bringing it to Raleigh with him.

Must Be Entirely Frank

"There will be no use in not being entirely frank with the people," he says. "If we have a deficit, we have a deficit, and we will have to

find the money to take care of it. If we have a deficit, we are not going to add to it. Somewhere, we are going to find the money to do the things that North Carolina expects us to do. It will not have less roads, it will not have a less efficient health service; it will not have a less effective educational system; it will not give less care to its wards.

"These things are going forward. Our educational system must be strengthened. The State must take a fuller interest in the public schools. To that end we must make our equalizing fund more effective, giving aid to those who need it most. The smaller and less prosperous counties must have schools that are the equal of those in the richest. It will require additional revenues and probably a recasting of the machinery for distribution."

"The State must live within its income. Economies must be effected wherever it is possible. None of the institutions of the State should be pinched in their facilities for performing their appointed service. You hear a lot about "putting things on a business basis." Too often it is an empty phrase. We ought to make it mean something in North Carolina. I am directing no criticism. I am sensible of the service that has been rendered by the Morrison administration and its predecessors.

Safeguard the Future

The great task of the McLean administration will be to safeguard the future of the things that have been undertaken in preceding administrations. Almost everywhere there is a feeling of fear that progress has been too rapid to be safe,

that retrenchment will be necessary until financial resources overtake the chariot of progress. The feeling that there is a wide gap between income and expenditures is almost universal.

Under McLean there will be no looking backward. Where the slogan of the past four years has been "Progress," the platform for the next will be "All the Progress We Can Pay For." North Carolina will build all the new roads it can afford to build; it will build all the new school houses it can afford to build; it will sustain its hospitals, its institutions, its health work, its department of agriculture and do whatever else it has the money to do.

Even though it has been done at the expense of a deficit in the State treasury, North Carolina has done nothing that its duty to its citizens did not require. Some of the things it waited overlong to do. Too wide a gap lay between duty and performance. North Carolina was too far behind the procession. Roads, schools, hospitals, universities had to be built immediately to bring the State abreast of the procession. North Carolina, even if it is behind in its running expenses, needs no justification.

Time For Balancing Affairs

But the time has come for a balancing of the States affairs. The State has done no more than a proper regard for its duty required. It will not now do less. It will add to its program when sound judgment recommends it. This will be the attitude of the Governor to be inaugurated next January. Income will be made to balance with the require-

ments of the State's obligations to its citizens.

Development of the State's resources on sound economic principles rather than the great expansion of the State's primary governmental activity appeals strongly to McLean. This is the only basis upon which to build a greater state. A paved road through a profitless field, or by any idle factory adds no great value to the life of the State.

An educated citizenship that must go elsewhere to find an outlet for its energy and training is of no great benefit to North Carolina. Here at home agriculture and industry must be made to keep step with the phenomenal progress that has been made in primary governmental activities during the past four years. Life and opportunity and prosperity in the State must be made uniform.

The attitude of McLean is comparable to the "consolidating" process that used to be mentioned in the war news. After the first rush of the infantry over a territory, the taking of enemy positions, other troops were brought along to turn enemy positions to the uses of the captors, to extend the lines, to bring up supplies, and supporting artillery, to make the territory a part of the terrain already held by the invading troops.

With a mighty rush, the State has advanced its lines during the past four years. McLean comes along to consolidate the advance that was attained under the Bickett and Morrison administrations. He will bring up the material and cultural resources of the State, and prepare the Commonwealth for new advances.

If the times are propitious for a new "push," it will be made.

This is the state of mind with which McLean will come to Raleigh next January. It is not a detailed statement of definite items that make up the program that he intends to work with when he becomes Governor. He has many definite things he expects to be done with the territory that has been regained for the State along so many lines, but the big thing is that he is coming to Raleigh with an open mind on many determined to study every question thoroughly.

The new Governor is profoundly interested in bringing North Carolina to the attention of the rest of the world. He has had in mind for many months the suggestion of a department that will foster the bringing of new streams of energy into the State, new people with new ideas, and after they are brought here infuse them into the sound native soil.

He believes that here in North Carolina is the greatest natural opportunity to be found in the world. He would let the world know about it, and encourage responsible people who appreciate opportunity to come here and share it with North Carolinians. He believes that they would naturally bring with them many ideas of value to the people of the State.

Nothing in the recent history of the State has so profoundly disgusted the next Governor as the pillage that was perpetrated on the farmers of the State in the past few years by rapacious stock salesmen. Everywhere in his campaign he has seen the effects of it, and he will come to Raleigh with a determination that

it will not happen again during his administration. If there is insufficient law to prevent it, he will ask for more. If there is sufficient law, he will see that it is enforced.

Wants Pardon Attorney

Among the things he will ask of the General Assembly will be authority to employ a pardon attorney. He will not necessarily be a lawyer, but a man with capacity to investigate every application for pardon that is made. Instead of the long and heart-rending hearings that are made to the Executive for clemency, all applications will go automatically to the pardon attorney.

This official will investigate them. He will get the record in the case. He will see both sides of it. He will look into every phase of an application, not confining himself to listening to special pleadings that are made to him. This done, he will present the unbiased record of the case to the governor for action, together with recommendations. This one official will save the Governor half the time in his office, and nine-tenths of the strain of it, and at the same time give him authoritative basis for action.

It will unlikely develop into a spectacular administration. It will be conducted much like a business. McLean is a lawyer, but primarily he is a business man who has made a success of his own business. He has a reputation among his neighbors for fair dealing with them.

Primarily his interest will be to see that the State government performs its duty. As he sees the State's duty it means as much progress as the State is able to pay for,

and a healthy prosperity in all enterprises that will enable the State to pay for anything that it needs.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

A GLORIOUS DAY WITNESSING GLORIOUS WORK PERFORMED.

(Old Hurrygraph.)

A Party of Durhamites Visit the Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord, and the Guilford Tuberculosis Sanitorium, near Greensboro.

Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, with a Big Ben alarm clock, beating its tintinnabulations with all the vigor of a jazz band, the writer burst open the doors of slumber and immediately harkened to the call of the clock. It was the preliminaries to a visit to the Stonewall Jackson Training School, one hundred and forty miles away. It was an inspiring call. Jocund day had scarcely reached the horizon, to stand tip-toe and peep over the earth, but anticipation increased in brightness as the morning shades were raised.

At 6:30 o'clock two black automobiles trailed each other across the country, like two mellow-bugs chasing each other upon the placid waters of a lake. While day lingered along the eastern highway in golden chariot, in the west a full-orbed moon was bathing the earth in a silvery sheen and flooded a charm of loveliness upon forest and fields, hills and dales, like a bright silver signate leading us on, as we sped—not beyond the limit—along the winding way. As this silvery light melted into the day dawn, the sun arose

in golden splendor and changed the scene to one of supernal beauty, as all nature, as if in touch with his beauty, appeared as if clad in a gossamer of gold. There was no trouble in traveling. We had the major lights of the world, one in our rear and one in front of us, mingling in a flood of gold and silver.

Hearts were happy for the occupants of the cars were on a mission of witnessing human interest work—Uplift work, with all the word signifies. The two cars contained Durham county officials, and friends of the school, who had great faith and interest in the Stonewall Jackson Training School, at Concord, for the reclaiming of wayward boys, and giving them a chance in life. The occupants were W. E. Stanley, M. G. Markham, H. L. Carver, D. W. Newsom, C. M. Crutchfield, T. O. Sorrell, W. G. Fraiser, T. L. Pendergrass, C. A. Crabtree, Rev. T. M. Green, J. D. Pridgen, T. H. Lawson and J. A. Robinson.

The party was greeted most cordially at the institution by Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Boger, and James P. Cook, chair-

man of the board, and the man with this vision which has been realized after hard work with his good wife. and C. E. Boger, the superintendent of the institution. There are 397 boys in this school. It is an inspiring sight to see them at their work and in their marches and other activities. Durham county has one of the fourteen cottages of the plant, erected by the generosity of her citizens and for the promulgation of this noble work. Cottage life is the rule of the school. These cottages accommodate 30 boys. Durham county has 29 boys in her cottage, one being from Orange county. Three boys in each cottage, taking it turn-about are assigned to the matron of each cottage to assist her in the care of the cottage, the preparation and serving of meals, and other details that may arise. They have a program for each cottage in the week, and Sunday nights singing and readings. Each cottage has a phonograph and quite a few games. All cottages are built along the same lines, and face the avenue. Each one is kept in perfect order, and is a little home, with all necessary comforts, for each cottage colony.

The 397 boys, in line, marched to the beautiful auditorium and rendered an impromptu program for the visitors, after each visitor had been personally introduced to the boys, and made the youngsters a number of cheering and helpful talks. The auditorium full of bright-eyed, smiling-faced boys was a thrilling sight. Their eagerness to take in all that was said and done, and their appreciation of the visitors was an unusual inspiration. It was a good time all round. The boys sing well and

with a vim and vigor that makes the welkin ring with harmony when they lustily enter into the proceedings. The delightful concert was lead by a band of their number, little fellows, which have been in practice only 60 days. It was wonderful the way they used their instruments and the concord of their music. It would put some of the older bands to shame. After the concert, the Durham county boys formed a line of march and conducted the visitors to the Durham cottage which was thoroughly inspected and found to be ideal in every particular. The visitors and the boys had a jolly social mingling for quite a while and the joy was equally distributed among all. The glorious, amid such glorious work, was fraught with benedictions from the visitors upon the institution.

There are geniuses in that bunch of boys. Only waiting their opportunity to develop it, and be lead along lines that will reveal this development. One of the boys, digging Irish potatoes, saw in a ordinary "spud" the image of a human being. On his own volition, with some little pearl buttons, and hooks-and eyes, and a little narrow ribbon, he fashioned a good likeness of a woman. Who knows what images his young vision sees in the big boulders about the place. A newspaper article is too circumscribed to give an adequate account of the school—its beautiful and healthful location, environments; its splendid equipments for the work; its various buildings so admirably adapted to its purposes; its splendid and humane management; the success of its activities; the wholesomeness of its atmosphere; its farm, dairy and

mechanical operations. It is all so splendidly done it reveals a wonderful effort and situation. It must be seen to be appreciated. It is a realization of James P. Cook's dream of years. What little I have endeavored here to portray to you of this great and wonderful work, may be likened to what the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon, when she beheld his glory, "the half has not been told."

Guilford County Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

Durham county is interested in the building of a tuberculosis sanitarium. The question is now being agitated. To get concrete information on an institution of this kind, the Durham county board of health, visited Guilford county, which county has taken a decided lead in this State in this particular, to inspect the sanitarium of that county, between Greensboro and High Point, on the public highway, and which was put in operation last January. A party of Durhamites, with board of health, composed of Dr. J. H. Apperson, Dr. B. U.

Brooks, Miss Frazier, Dr. A. S. Campbell, E. K. Powe, Holl and Horton and Dr. S. D. McPherson, went up Wednesday at 1 o'clock, and were met at the sanitarium by the party that had been to the Sonewall Jackson Training School, and every courtesy was shown them by Dr. Spruill, the head of the Guilford institution. The building was gone over thoroughly and pronounced one of the most perfect institutions of the kind in the land. Every modern convenience and equipment has been installed. The arrangements of the buildings is ace in sanitarium construction. The Durhamites are highly delighted with their visit and the information they obtained. The Guilford institution can, at present accommodate 60 white patients, and 12 colored. The original building was erected at a cost of \$114,000. Other buildings are being added. It has an equipment of \$75,000. There are now 55 patients under treatment. Marked improvement has been noted in many cases and some have left restored to health.

AND THEY SERVE, TOO.

Editor of The Uplift:—

I note what you have thoughtfully said in your most interesting little magazine about what our big sisters of The King's Daughters have accomplished, I wonder if you will not be interested enough to view what their little sisters I. H. N. are doing in the Junior Circle of Concord. I know you are, and so we are sending you these few observations:

It has been said by Senior workers in the King's Daughter's order that

it is difficult to keep in tact a junior circle for the fact that in the transformation period from high school girl to college the circle loses members.

We feel that the Stonewall Junior Circle of Concord has a proud record, if not worthy of the banner among the junior circles of the state. Our circle was organized in 1915, at the home of Mrs. M. L. Marsh, on South Union street by ten high school girls under the direction of the Senior Cir-

cle of Concord.

During the nine years, the work of the Stonewall Junior Circle may prove interesting to your readers to know that from the original membership of this junior circle there are ten excellent graded school teachers, one trained nurse who is now holding an important position in a Philadelphia hospital; and seven of them are presiding over their own homes.

The officers of the present junior circle are:

President—Mary Cannon,
Vice-President—Mary Grady Parks,
Rec. Sec.—Frances Boger,
Treasurer—Louise Webb.

The Circle's first contribution to the state work was a beautiful oval art glass window, showing the King's Daughter's colors, the Maltese cross and lettering I. H. N., that was placed in the chapel built by the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters & Sons at the Stonewall Jackson Training School; it aided in paying the expenses of a tubercular patient at the Sanatorium; it continues at its principal aim, that of giving school books to indigent children in the county; it gives every Christmas a subscription to the Popular Mechanics Magazine to each cottage of the Training School, thereby remembering every one of the four hundred

boys at the Training School; and the little band of fine little girls rejoice in having every year a part in the state work of the order.

In September, 1923, the membership of this circle reached thirty-six girls whose ages ranged from 8 years to 16. There was too great a difference in ages to adjust the work and at the same time arrange suitable entertainment, so the circle divided in two. The High School girls continue to maintain the name of the Stonewall Junior Circle, and christened the band of little girls as the Silver Cross Circle. These High School girls act as big sisters to the little girls, and share equally in work and funds.

The Silver Cross Circle, composed of these precious little eight and nine year old girls, has reached a membership of twenty-eight and they are as busy as bees in swelling their ranks and take a keen and intelligent interest in their work.

The officers of the Silver Cross are:

President—Douglass Archibald,
Vice-President—Frances Fisher,
Rec. Sec.—Claudia Moore,
Treasurer—Orchard Lafferty.

These little folks hold and conduct their meetings like grown-ups, their big sisters in the cause.

“AT LEAST EDUCATION STILL SCRATCHES HEAD.”

Dr. Thomas Alexander of Teachers College, Columbia university, who addressed the district meeting of the public schools teachers of the state here last night, points out some of

the defects in education in the south. Our schools, he says, are text book schools, our teachers are poorly equipped and rural supervision of teaching has failed. **Dr. Alexander**

used Tennessee as a horrible example but that might have been because he was in North Carolina. Had he been in Tennessee, he doubtless could have made an object lesson of North Carolina.

There is hope for popular education so long as educators realize there is something left to learn and to teach. Conceding southern education to be as bad as the worst picture Dr. Alexander could paint of it, there is still progress being made. Anyhow, there is vastly more of it now than formerly and if only a smattering is being given the children they are all forced to take broken doses of learning.

No doubt the public schools in this section do rely to much on textbooks, but while the sort of training imparted by those who can rise above the text is of higher quality, there are not so many teachers who can make this grade. Nor have they the time. Some of the children, too, if given a book will get something out of it in spite of poor instruction. The first weakness Dr. Alexander points out is not without its compensations.

The second weakness, that of poor equipment, can be brought against the members of every profession.

The best equipment that may be obtained is all too little for the big and complicated business of living nowadays. Teachers should be better equipped; but those who lack the capacity to assimilate, more than they now have are, perhaps, better off, with a mission finish. It is there the primary trouble with the public schools is a lack of precision and thoroughness. Better a teacher who has covered eight grades and knows the ground traveled over than one whose brain has been atrophied by overfeeding.

And who may say that rural supervision is a total loss because it has failed to do what was hoped for it? Supervision in all lines is a doubtful efficiency. The United States congress has undertaken to supervise a number of things, including freight rates child labor and industrial disputes. All of its attempts can be termed failures.

Of course, educators should adopt and cling to higher standards of success than congress; but there is one wing of popular education which continues to insist on federalizing the public schools.

We wonder if Dr. Alexander favors the creation of secretary of education?—Raleigh Times.

WELL REPRESENTED.

There are 1,118,000 insects in the British museum. Somebody must have left the screen door open.—Detroit News.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Mr. John Russell has returned to the institution after spending a pleasant vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Loven and sons, of Charlotte were recent visitors of Miss Hattie Fuller.

Professor Harding and a group of teachers from Charlotte visited the institution last Wednesday.

Several jobs have been printed during the past two weeks, one a thirty two page book for the Caswell Training School at Kinston.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Goodman of Mooresville, and Mr. W. T. Goodman of No. 6 township, this county, paid a brief visit to the school last Friday morning.

Mr. Guy Alexander, the basket ball coach, picked his team last Saturday, the members of the team are as follows: Luke Patterson, James Suther, Earnest Brown, John Seigle, and Bill Sherrill.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth of Elkins were recent visitors at the institution. They made a thorough inspection of the school, and were thoroughly delighted with the school and its work.

Rev. Mr. Higgins, the new pastor of Forest Hill Methodist church,

Concord, conducted the services at the school last Sunday afternoon. If Mr. Higgins liked the school as much as the boys liked him and his sermons, he will be a regular visitor as long as he remains at Forest Hill.

The Training School takes a pardonable pride in its Sunday School. The interest and enthusiasm of the boys will attract the attention of the average visitor. And sometimes a visitor goes away and says some mighty nice things about us, just as Rev. A. W. Plyler did last week in his paper—The Christian Advocate. To have made a favorable impression upon Rev. Plyler means a whole lot in the estimation of all who heard him at the school. His sermon was one of the most uplifting and helpful that has been heard by the boys, and good preaching is not unusual at the school. Just as evidence that he had the attention of the boys—a teacher whose class is composed of some of the smallest boys at the school asked one of them last Sunday morning if he remembered anything Rev. Plyler had said. “Yes Ma’am,” answered the youngster, and before he could be halted, he had launched into a regular discourse. Of course, he’s only a small boy, but we just wondered if even a big preacher like Mr. Plyler wouldn’t feel a little bit complimented!

Ambitious Plans.

Barring an epidemic of measles or

a "spell" of bad weather, there won't be a dull moment at the school this Thanksgiving.

In keeping with the proper observance of the day, there will be church services. These will be conducted at 1 o'clock by Rev. L. A. Thomas of Concord, and will be so arranged that all of the boys will have a share in the rendition of thanks and praise.

There seems to be an idea prevalent that it would not be fair to let the day go by without a hunt. Superintendent Boger has promised that there will be a rabbit hunt first thing after breakfast. Anybody who hasn't gone with the boys when they hunt rabbits with sticks instead of guns doesn't know all there is about the ethics of hunting, and has missed a good time besides.

Certainly there will be dinner! This year there will be a barbecue instead of the time-and-custom honored turkey. And since nobody is expected to be able to indulge in much exercise after a barbecue dinner the basket ball team has a game scheduled during the afternoon so we can all sit in the grandstand and rest for an hour or so.

At seven o'clock in the evening there will be a program at the auditorium. The musical numbers will include everything from a rousing

march by the band to a vocal solo by a dainty Scotch Lassie, and if a good time is not "enjoyed by all present" it just can't be helped, that's all. To sum it up, the Training School is preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving. And all of the folks who have been asked to contribute to this celebration have been so nice about saying "yes" that we feel all thankful-like already. There's Hugh Sloop and his quartette, known as the singinest folks anywhere, and they are right on the program. And Miss Margaret Taylor, a niece of the jolly Scotchman, Jimmie Donald, is going to sing for us, too. Miss Catherine Deaton is coming to play some piano solos that sound mighty classical as to title, and we are prepared to listen with appreciation. Miss Catherine's father, Mr. Harry Deaton, is a Cabarrus county product, even if he does edit the Mooresville Enterprise now. Then, our band director is connected with the Melody Makers orchestra. If there's any better way to make the boys smile than to get the Melody Makers on the program we didn't know about it until it was too late.

As we stated in the beginning, Providence permitting, we are going to have a good time Thanksgiving.



VIRGINIA-CAROLINA FOOTBALL GAME
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1924.

Don't miss this great game which is an annual classic.

Special Trains. Special pullman sleeping cars and day coaches via SOUTHERN RAILWAY, November 26th and 27th, 1924, for this occasion.

Very low reduced round trip fares from all Southern Railway stations in North Carolina and Virginia to Charlottesville for this game.

Special dining cars will be placed at Charlottesville serving breakfast and special Thanksgiving turkey dinner, Thanksgiving Day, November 27th.

Baggage may be left on pullman sleeping cars during stay at Charlottesville, and the cars may be used during the day.

Special trains will be operated as sections of train 32 November 26th. Returning special trains will leave Charlottesville 1:00 A. M., as sections of train 33 November 28th.

Make your sleeping car reservations now.

For further information call on any Southern Railway Agent or address:

R. H. Graham,
Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

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VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 29, 1924

No. 2

PAYING TOO MUCH.

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.—Benj. Franklin.

—————PUBLISHED BY—————
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE CONVINCING PROOF.

"Here is a dollar," said a banker to his young son one one occasion. "I am giving it to you to do with as you may please. Do you understand, son? I want to see how wisely you can use it."

A few days afterwards the banker, who prided himself upon his business acumen, called the boy to him and asked "Have you found a way to use your dollar yet?"

The lad stood abashed for a moment, and then replied: "Yes, sir, I remembered what you had said, so when an appeal was made at Sunday school for an orphanage for boys, I gave my dollar."

"You gave it to an orphanage!" exclaimed the father in amazement. "You'll never make a business man." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "I will try you once more. Here are two dollars. Let me see what you can do with them."

To his surprise, the boy clapped his hands and cried: "I knew it! I knew it! My teacher told me that giving to the poor was lending to the Lord, and that He would return us double."

The father found himself with considerable food for thought.—Exchange.

THE GREAT MIDDLE GROUND.

French Strother came down, took an inventory of things he saw in the old state in comparison with no distant past, returned to his desk and wrote his

fine piece about what North Carolina has done, ending all by saying "about twenty-five years ago there was a man by the name of Aycock."

Then the New York Times got a letter from a Miss Hunter, who claims to be a North Carolinian, and with one ruthless and careless smear of her pen tried to spoil the picture. One cannot be a very intense North Carolinian to rush in and spoil as pretty a picture as Strother drew without some real hidden purpose.

Sometimes, to gain profit, alms or sympathy, there have been folks going North, crawling on their knees, begging for aid to redeem "low-down, benighted spots" in the state. This course leaves the impression that the picture that is drawn is a general condition, thus doing injury to a state. In some part of any city North you may find conditions the equal in poverty, ignorance and filth to anything that may be found in this state, but that does not mean that the whole city is like unto it.

Without calling names R. R. Clark, in one of his letters to the Greensboro News, takes occasion to talk as follows:

The trouble as between our boosters and knockers is the same old trouble, and it is universal. The enthusiastic boosters magnify our advantage and our progress. They assume it a virtue to exaggerate in what they regard as a good cause. The lightest criticism, any suggestion that we have a good piece to go; that while we have done well, have really made splendid progress in some directions but have fallen far short in others, is treated as rank disloyalty. The suggestion is derided and he who makes it is denounced as a kicker and a grouch. Any intimation that we are a little short of perfection is viewed with suspicion. Of a kind is the grouch who magnifies our short-comings; who assumes it a virtue to exaggerate and over-draw our ugly places and make them appear as typical of the whole. The extreme grouch refuses to give credit for any progress or to see any good. The whole emphasis is so placed on the dark side as to obscure all the brightness, the deliberate purpose being to create the impression that all is darkness and ignorance and vice; just as it is the deliberate purpose of the ultra-booster to make it appear that everything is all right; that there is neither spot nor blemish.

From both the forgoing, we should pray deliverance. But as it is impossible to exclude the ultra-booster, so it is necessary to have the ultra-knockers to make a balance. Both do harm. The truth is of course in the middle ground. We have made, are making, really great progress in North Carolina. It is cause for pride. It is well to recite the story, if we keep within bounds, as an encouragement to further progress. But it is foolish not to recognize the fact that we have yet a long way to go

before we reach the ideal state. We have yet progress and poverty, education and ignorance, vice and virtue. There is a great work yet to be done. It is absurd to pretend that there are no spots on the picture; and it is equally absurd as well as mean to try to darken the whole picture—to so over-emphasize our uncomely places that the beauty in others is obscured, and we are denied that which is our greatest asset—the fact that we are progressing, that we are making really great strides toward higher ground.

* * * * *

THE STATE'S OFFICIAL VOTE.

The State Board of Elections, having canvassed the returns of the late election, according to law, makes among other announcements of interest that Hon. Angus Wilton McLean received 294,441 votes, while his competitor, Hon. I. M. Meekins, polled 185,627 votes, making a majority for McLean of 108,814. The total vote cast in the gubernatorial race was 480,068. The vote given Hon. W. N. Everett was 295,564, which was the largest vote given to any of the democratic candidates.

The amendment providing for an increased pay for legislators was defeated by a majority of 15,358; that limiting the state debt carried by a majority of 84,911; securing the inviolability of the sinking fund received a majority of 58,863; the exemption of taxation on homes and homestead notes not exceeding \$8,000 was carried by a majority of 102,864; and the World War veterans' loan measure received a majority of 80,754.

The port terminals and water transportation bill presented for a referendum was defeated by a vote of 193,913 against, and 126,820 for, or an adverse majority of 67,193. Just 320,733 voters gave expression on this measure, or 159,335 less than the number who exercised their choice for governor. Those who are elated over this expression affect to believe that all of the one hundred, fifty-nine thousand, three hundred and thirty-five who did not vote on the measure at all were against it—a far-fetched belief—and, therefore it was defeated by a majority of practically more than 200,000.

It is reasonable to believe, however, that a vast majority of the 159,335, who failed to register their will in this matter, did not vote because they had not been convinced of the efficacy of the measure and certainly did not want to condemn a measure about which they were in doubt. It is also true that a few did not vote for or against, thinking that it was to be decided by a vote against the registration, as sometimes prevails in a bond election.

It must be a source of great gratification to U. S. Senator F. M. Simmons that his record has been such as a representative of the state in the United

States Senate for these number of years that the people gave him the largest majority of all the candidates in the recent election; and to Secretary of State Everett that he polled the highest vote recorded.

* * * * *

DIGGING DEEPER INTO THE PAST.

"The Society of the Mayflower" is a new organization, at least for the state of North Carolina. Its purpose is to enroll the descendants of those who came across in the Mayflower; and considering the unique prestige of those who are qualified for membership in this organization gives it a distinct position among the historical organizations, many of which have taken on no little social ambition and a select attitude.

Elsewhere in this number is an account of the initial meeting of the North Carolina branch of the Society of the Mayflower, same being held in Asheville and where a complete organization was effected. Unlike the Daughters of the American Revolution, men are eligible to membership, and it remains to be seen how big a part they will play when it comes to the political side of the society's activities.

This is getting back mighty far into American history. The family tree must have been well preserved to enable one to trace his or her beginning on this soil to the Mayflower's arrival at our coast. It would be quite easy for the Indian to establish his firstness in this country, or even for the one who is proud to claim a little Indian blood running through his veins.

Sometime ago, we are reminded, a swell function was being held in Boston, at which a considerable number of snobs were in attendance, one of whom in a condescending manner addressed a distinguished Indian who was present and assured him of his rightful claim of having been descended from one of the passengers of the Mayflower—swelling with great pride in making this statement. The Indian simply replied he too could trace his ancestors pretty far back, citing the fact that his forbears were on the reception committee that welcomed the Mayflower to the American coast.

* * * * *

"CORNCOBS."

Dr. Frank Crane, the versatile and erudite syndicate writer, declares that "some twenty million tons of corncobs, in the United States, are going to waste." If the doctor means this is an annual waste, his statement is quite faulty. Twenty million tons means, as nearly every school boy can easily

figure, forty billion pounds of corncobs annually which would mean the by-product of the production of nearly three billion bushels of corn, a thing this country is not guilty of.

“Corncobs going to waste!” Perish the idea. Thousands and thousands of bushels of them are used in making quick, hot fires; for smoking meat; for the manufacture of fancy breakfast foods (?); and for many other purposes to say nothing of the manufacture of the popular corncob pipe. Why, Judge Heriot Clarkson, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, remaining true to form and habits, folksy and of the people, makes a heavy draft annually upon the supply of corncobs in providing for his favorite pipe.

Mighty few corncobs are wasted, and it appears that the scholarly Dr. Crane puts himself in the alarmist class.

* * * * *

A DISTINGUISHED N. C. JURIST PASSES.

North Carolina is called upon to mourn the passing of Hon. Henry Groves Connor, of Wilson, N. C., whose death occurred at his home Sunday afternoon. At the time of his passing he held the position of Federal Judge for the Eastern North Carolina district, to which position he was elevated by President Taft from a position on the Supreme Bench of the state.

The state never knew a more highly respected official, and no judge enjoyed a higher position in the confidences and esteem of all classes. He was a model citizen—gentle as a woman but with a courage that was never questioned. Born in Wilmington July 3, 1852, but grew to manhood in Wilson, where ever after he maintained his residence and reared a large and honored family of children, among them Judge George W. Connor, of the Supreme court of the state; Prof. R. D. W. Connor, a member of the University faculty and an outstanding scholar of the state; and Henry Groves Connor, Jr., a prominent member of the Wilson bar, and who as legislator has made an enviable reputation as a wise and safe leader.

In early manhood Judge Connor made a distinctive record in the N. C. Legislature; he was appointed to the superior Court bench in 1885 by Gov. Scales, which position he held for eight years; from this he was elevated to the Supreme Court, which position he held for six years, going from there to a federal judgeship which he had filled for fifteen years, and his record shows that no position or ruling of his during that whole time was ever reversed by the Supreme court of the United States.

Judge Connor lived the life of a Christian gentleman; he rendered to his

state a faithful and esteemed service; and he died, mourned by the whole state, which was enriched by his nobility and his spotless record for a third of a century.

* * * * *

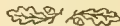
THE COUNTY MARKET.

Elsewhere in this number is a story of the Mecklenburg County Market, the same being taken from the Mecklenburg Times. It makes interesting reading, because of its vital touch to a class that must husband all their resources to make ends meet.

It is of no little interest to observe that such a market is being advocated for all the county site towns. One was opened in Concord on the 22nd, and it started off in fine shape with a promise of success. There was a little quiet objection to its establishment, but no one needs fear that it will work a hardship on any business concern, for there is enough business to keep happy all enterprising and hustling concerns; and who there be that would withhold from the industrious and enterprising country woman any opportunity to better her bank account or the simple means of a livelihood?

* * * * *

A glad sight: the little crippled boy, apparently made most happy whenever he made a sale to the passer-by of an almanac that boldly declared another year—1925. Just a few years ago we wrote it 1900—today a quarter of a century is measured off in time since that date.





1852 JUDGE HENRY GROVES CONNOR 1924

"AN ENGINE OF POWER," FOR GOOD OR BAD?

By C. W. Hunt.

Reverting to what Gerald Johnson, who was perhaps born in editorial harness, said: The power of the press is not diminishing but rapidly increasing, where it seems to diminish the appearance is due to the inability of newspaper men to handle and direct the immense engine in their hands." And your comment on the work that is done or should be done by those who essay to lead thought in a progressive or a tardy state, there comes to me these thoughts, which I hope are not out of place on these pages that have to deal with civics so largely.

This writer has often said, perhaps on these pages, once, that "great editors are born, not made." And I feel confident that no amount of training can make a newspaper man out of a man who has no talent for the work; nor make a wise and enlightened editor out of a crook, a money maker, a time server, at any cost. An honest man trying to serve his day and generation, can, with a limited talent for newspaper work be of real service: on the other hand a talented hireling, bought and purchased to edit a paper according to the interests of corporate power or political crooks, is a curse to its clientele.

The attributes of an editor of a secular paper need to be many, if he is to be followed with any degree of safety.

(1) He needs to be educated and broad enough to know the Golden

Rule.

(2) He needs a knowledge of geography, agriculture, science, political economy, psychology; a sympathizer with common humanity; all largely taken on by absorption.

(3) He needs to be honest in purpose, thoroughly grounded in the moral law, at least, and religion will not hurt him.

(4) He needs to be an independent thinker, and broad enough to be "four square."

(5) He needs to be above price, unbuyable for money or favor.

(6) He needs to be, first, a MAN; with a purpose, an honest purpose to know and to serve his generation in a way that is above ordinary suspicion.

(7) He needs, above all, good common sense.

That is putting it high, but when an independent thinker reads the papers of today, and notes how far short of the above standards so many of them fall, who would be leaders of thought, he is appalled, at times, at the bald attempts to mislead thought and pervert what should be honest leadership to sell interest or favoritism to some corporation, man, or some measure.

I go a step further to assert that any man, small or great, who can be hired to conduct the editorial columns of a paper of general circulation, supposing to tell the truth, as some one else wants it done, is unsafe to follow anywhere. And if schools of

journalism will drill that fact into wouldbe newspaper editors, in the embryo stage, it or they will have done the country a real service. In late years schools of journalism have sprung up in the universities of the land, at which a man of talent for that line can no doubt get help to broaden his perspective and fit him better for real helpful newspaper work. On the other hand if the student in journalism has not the standard qualifications, like some of the above, as a ground work, the school is likely to turn out a crook all the better qualified for crook-ed-ness.

The writer was amazed not long ago, at reading a leading editorial in a paper of large circulation in this State, denying the assertion that it had tried or was then trying to mould public opinion, but that it was trying to reflect public opinion. This was no doubt a shock to thousands of others who had been reading it for years and thought they were following a leader(?) This editor had all these years never realized his duty, or did not know what he had been doing or was a crook, passing as a saint. A man can pervert honesty of purpose in any line of newspaper work, religious not excepted, if his zeal for one side of a thing possesses him, and misleads his readers as to real conditions; but

what has been said above refers in particular to the paper that is the only perveyor a certain man reads; and is supposed to keep the busy worker, at other work, abreast of the times. If the reader takes and pays for it to get one side and biased stuff, then he is a contributor, that far, to sorry newspaper work. Of course this writer does not expect the fool politician to understand what he is driving at. Perversion is his stock in trade and few hope to reform him.

It has been less than a month since the oldest, in point of service, editor in he State, over his own signature, said: "there is no state west of the Mississippi river the majority party can call its own." That was as far from the truth, as independent and liberal men saw it, and as it proved to be, as it possibly could have gone. The fact is there was not a semblance of truth in it; yet there were thousands of North Carolina citizens who read no other paper thought they were reading truth. Reckless abandon is the proper name for such. In teaching journalism in the University of North Carolina, it is to be hoped for the State's sake, and for its citizens' sake the matter of truth will be the very first and the last lesson given. To put other than truth in a newspaper, wilfully, is to make it a perveyor of lies.

The Elizabeth City Independent, or The Advance tells of the philosophy of a mulatto who was a foundling and reared as a white boy till fourteen. He tried to be white, but came to the conclusion that it is useless to try to be "what you ain't," and contentedly lived as a negro till his death a few days ago. There would be much more happiness in the world if everybody would quit trying to be "what he ain't and never can be.

STORY OF JOHN AND ANNA.

By Mary M. Kizis.

John and Anna were sweethearts in Lithuania years ago, before John left his native vilage and began life as a miner in Pennsylvania. Anna waited for him to return, but John grew more fond of his new home as the years passed and urged Anna to join him here. Anna hesitated to make the long journey overseas; time slipped by; the romance dimmed and all correspondence between the two ceased. At length John married a girl in Pennsylvania. When ten years had passed and he was the father of four children his wife died.

How is a miner to care for his children? All John's days were spent deep underground. He had not become an American citizen yet. Neighbors did what thy could to hold the little family together, and one day an old countryman suggested to John that it might be a good thing if he would try to get in touch again with Anna the girl he left behind in Lithuania. Perhaps the great war and things that followed it made Anna willing to come to America. The pair succeeded very quickly, and after a

little encouragement Anna bade farewell to Lithuania and set out to join her sweetheart of years before.

There followed a fortnight of joyous anticipation—aboard the steamer bound for New York and in the Pennsylvania mining town where John and his friends awaited the day of reunion. When Anna reached Ellis Island it was found that she could not pass the literacy test. She must go back to Lithuania. John's American neighbors, fellow countrymen and various organizations made vain attempts to find a way that would make her admissable. They all failed. In deep dismay, Anna was shipped back across the ocean to her native village.

But the romance of John and Anna is not ended yet. If he were a naturalized citizen and Anna were his wife she could enter in spite of the literac; test, so John has taken steps to hasten his citizenship. When that is completed Anna plans to be ready and waiting for him in Canada, where they can be married and return together to Pennsylvania.

COLLEGE EDUCATION VALUED AT \$72,000.

A college education is worth \$72,000 to its possessor, according to a report made public by Dean Everett W. Lord of the Boston University. The estimate is based on a study of college graduates. The cash value of a high school education is placed at \$33,000.—N. C. Agriculture and Industry.

SOCIETY OF MAYFLOWER.

(Charlotte Observer.)

Mrs. James Eugene Reilly, Mrs. J. G. Baird, Mr. Lee A. Folger and Mr. M. R. Dunnagan returned to the city yesterday from Asheville where they went to attend the organization meeting of the Society of Mayflower descendants in the state on North Carolina.

The following from yesterday's issue of The Asheville Citizen will be read with interest in this section of the state:

The Society of Mayflower descendants in the state of North Carolina was formerly organized last night at the home of Burnham Standish Colburn, in Baltimore Forest and Mr. Colburn was elected governor.

Of the 21 original signers asking for the charter for this state, the first south of the District of Columbia and nineteenth in the United States, 14 being present for the organization meeting.

Officers elected were: Mr. Colburn, governor; Leonard Tufts, Pinehurst, deputy governor; Chester Pierce Munroe, Asheville secretary-treasurer; Macon Rush Dunnagan, Charlotte, historian, and James G. K. McClure, Asheville, elder.

The board of assistance will be composed of the officers and the following: Mrs. James Grier Baird, Charlotte; Lee A. Folger, Charlotte; Luria Lyons Lee, Asheville; Mrs. T. D. Rhodes, Asheville, and Edward K. Towe, Durham.

Chester P. Munroe is a son of the governor general, head of all of the organizations in the United States; Mr. McClure's father is governor of

the Illinois society and Mr. Colburn was formerly head of the Michigan society.

The session last night was featured by a talk on the Pilgrims by Mr. McClure and the reading of a poem by Mrs. Baird. Those present at the meeting were guests of the newly elected president for dinner.

The organization meeting was staged on the 304th anniversary of the signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower.

About 30 applications for membership in the North Carolina society are in hand and will be acted upon in the near future.

Indications are that there are several hundred people in the state who are eligible to membership in the Society of Mayflower descendants. Many of these are expected to join now that the organization is completed. Those signing the petition for a North Carolina charter are as follows:

Burnham Standish Colburn, William Cullen Colburn, Baltimore; Chester Pierce Munroe, James G. K. McClure, Jr., Luria Lee Lyons, Mrs. T. D. Rhodes, Asheville; Mrs. John Grier Baird, Mrs. James Eugene Reilly, Lee A. Folger, Macon Rush Dunnagan, Charlotte; Leonard Tufts, Pinehurst; Mrs. Edward Cyrus Winslow, Tarboro; Benjamin Franklin Folger, Dobson; Mrs. Fredrick Belton John, Fayetteville; Mrs. Frank P. Hall, Belmont; Miss Mary Wilson Puett, Lenoir; Horace Waldo Porter, Greensboro; Claude Romulus Dunnagan, Winston-Salem; Mrs.

Franklin L. Townsend, Durham; Ed- West Durham: Mrs. Maud D. Shae-
ward K. Powe, Edward K. Powe Jr., kcleford, Tarboro.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

I suppose I'm an old-fashioned woman,
At least my neighbors think so;
They say I'm clinging to customs
That went out of date years ago.

I simply can't learn the slang phrases,
In style I'm worse than a wreck,
For my skirts reach clear down to my ankles,
And my waist comes clear up to my neck.

I'm still saying grace at the table,
Tho' the bread may be barley or oats;
I don't hanker to join the "new women."
And I've never been crazy to vote.

I still love my husband and children;
I suppose that's an old-fashioned view;
And I still ready my Bible each morning
My faith in God's care to renew.

And so when they say I'm old-fashioned,
It's truth I don't want to deny;
For I love the old creed and the customs
That were born in the ages gone by.

And if the great morning of judgment,
Finds my soul without blemish or sin:
How much do you think it would matter,
How queer and old-fashioned I've been?

THE COUNTY MARKET.

By Mrs. Clyde Hewitt in Mecklenburg Times.

For a long time Mecklenburg county women have wished for a way to sell their garden and pantry produce. Much had been said and written in an endeavor to obtain a market place but all attempts had ended in failure. Finally the women decided to settle this problem in their own way and under the leadership of Miss Bertha Proffitt, home demonstration agent, the 19th of January, 1924, was set for the opening day.

The only place they could obtain was the home demonstration agent's small kitchen in the basement of the courthouse, but not being undaunted they fixed up this place with shelves and tables and hopefully launched a county market. Nineteen women sent in cakes and chickens and a variety of vegetables and realized forty dollars from their sales. This first day's patronage assured the women there was a real need for a county market and they went to work in earnest to study the needs of their customers and to get other women to send in produce.

They soon picked up many market pointers, for instance the dressing of hens. A hen with head and feet removed, singed and carefully dressed made a ready sale. Clean eggs of uniform size, vegetables washed and attractive arranged, butter firm and fresh, jellies covered with parafin to prevent mold, preserves, pickles and canned goods in attractive containers, all this combined with an effort to put out quality was repaid by

the keen appreciation of those who bought. They also discerned quality in cooking and the cakes, citron tarts, cookies, beaten biscuits, bread and candies are enjoying wide popularity.

Previously so much at home went to waste, many of the women had no way or time to peddle their produce and those that could go to town would often times find the market flooded and after weary hours peddling would sell or carry it back home. With the county market this is different, those unable to get their produce in can send it by a neighbor contributor or community club leader. Some of the regular contributors have never been to the market. A ten per cent commission is taken out and a check mailed back. This commission is to pay for paper bags, oiled paper, ice and other things. Perishables not sold are returned if convenient, or sold to the city markets at wholesale prices. Other products are left on the shelves.

Assured sales have stimulated the interest of the women and poultry clubs are being organized thruout the county to meet the great demand for chickens and eggs. They are becoming experts in many lines and realizing financial gains that will add much to the comfort of the home and family. For example, in the kitchen contest put on last spring by Miss Proffitt forty-eight kitchens were improved and much of the money was earned by the women themselves in the market.

become so very small that the county commissioners generously fixed up a larger room connected with the kitchen by a large hall which is used as an office and storage room. Over two hundred women were now contributing farm and culinary products and the management had become very difficult, so with the opening of the new room it was decided to put on community booths. The Derita club demonstrated this idea so successfully that Central Steel Creek, Dixie, and Hopewell followed their example, thus making four community and one general booth.

The booths have attracted much interest and enthusiasm for it is a greater incentive to the women to send in their produce when they sell it themselves. Every week sees new members and scores are willing to work, but the relay of two women at each booth on market day, Wednesday and Saturday, has been found most practical. Last Saturday, November 15th, 125 dozen eggs, a whole pork, ten dozen tarts and a great variety of cakes, fruits, vegetables and flowers were sold. Over two

hundred dollars were taken in, showing a phenomenal growth when compared with the first day sales.

Not being convenient for the Ramah club to put on a booth they conceived the idea of serving light lunches. With a few dozen sandwiches, pies and coffee, this idea was launched Saturday, November 8th. The following Saturday a chicken dinner was served. For lack of serving space many were turned away, and there were dozens of shoppers, business men and women who came after the regular dinner had given out. These were served sandwiches and coffee.

We are just beginning to glimpse what we could do if we had adequate space. The women are making the market a game of life and playing it for wonderful results, not only for financial returns but social and educational benefits as well. The success of the market has been due to the untiring service of the county women, the splendid suggestions and inspiration of Miss Proffit and the hearty co-operation of the county commissioners.

PAGE THE SAGE!

Miss Lizzie Kelly whom it would be superfluous to introduce to North Carolina readers was recently visiting the State Hospital at Raleigh. A patient came up to her and said, admiringly:

"Well, now, ain't you a fine-looking woman!.. Who're you anyway? I reckon you're Queen of Sheba, ain't you?"

"I am that!" said Miss Kelly.

"Then what're you doin' here?" the patient asked.

"I'm looking for King Solomon," Miss Liz replied.

—Nell Battle Lewis.

SEEING HIS GOAL.

Under date of November 18, the following interesting story of a marked determination comes out from Jefferson, Ashe County, N. C.:

The Jefferson school, the preparatory institution here controlled by the Methodist church, has a student who is exciting much interest and admiration in this section. He is W. H. Scott of Riverside, in this county. At the age of 32, he has entered the seventh grade and announced his intention to finish high school and college.

Seventeen years ago, Waddy Scott a boy in knee trousers, went to the Appalachian Training school, at Boone, and entered school. He was in the sixth grade. He was getting on well in school and looking forward to the completion of his course. But while he was home on vacation, he fell under the influence of some of the boys of his community, some of them his kinsmen. They told glowing stories of the money to be made in West Virginia. With a longing for adventure that was as great as his desire for money, he left school and went to the coal fields. After a few years of wandering and itinerant employment, Waddy returned to Ashe county, married a neighborhood girl, and settled down on a small poor farm on Mill creek.

But the boy was still restless and unsatisfied. He could not forget the erstwhile thirst for knowledge. But he had no money; he was past the school age; and one child after another came to the little home until there were five. All hope for an education seemed to have departed.

Then, a wonderful thing happened to Waddy Scott. He got religion.

And mingled with his old longing for learning there was a strange indefinite urge to a higher life. He wondered if he was called to preach the gospel. The few friends in whom he confided, even his relatives, laughed at him and discouraged him. He was a member of the Methodist church, which requires a rather high standard of scholarship for its ministers. But, as he expressed it, "there was no peace" for him. He prayed over the matter and came to the conclusion that if God wanted him for His man, He would help him find a way to prepare.

Waddy Scott made a trip to Ramseur where his first cousin, Rev. W. L. Scott is pastor. W. L. Scott grew up in the same neighborhood, finished high school and college, was for nine years the president of the Jefferson school, and is now a preacher in the Western North Carolina Conference. He was the boy from the home settlement to whom the natives pointed with pride. His example was the inspiration that caused many to break away from the poor fields of Mill creek and obtain an education. But even he could not find encouragement for Waddy Scott. Waddy was 32 years old, with a wife and five children dependent on him. He had no money. Waddy came home almost ready to give up his vision. But it seemed that there was a voice speaking to him which would not desist.

And then, there came into Ashe county a man whose faith in God and

his fellowman knows no limitations. Rev. J. L. Reynolds, pastor of this circuit, some way learned the secret of Waddy Scott. It was a secret; for his friends laughed at his suggestion that he was going back to school. But Reynolds said nothing was impossible for him who has faith.

When the fall term of the Jefferson school opened, Waddy Scott enrolled. He secured a little cottage and moved his family to Jefferson. Three of his children enrolled in school with him. One, he says, is a

“better scholar” than his father. But Waddy Scott says that the way is becoming easier. He is janitor at the school and the church. He does any job that anyone is willing to pay him for. He feels no shame in going up with the children and marching into the school room. He wants knowledge. He wants to prepare to answer the great call that he feels has come to him. His face shines as it has not for 17 years. He is marching to his goal.

YOUTH IN THE FOREGROUND.

By Dr. N. R. Melhorn.

A correspondent from Chicago sends us a clipping from one of that city's dailies, which reports the criticisms of the Church of England by a group of students at Oxford University. The occasion was a “Church Congress” that was held, and after reasonable allowance has been made for high spots in reporting, one can infer that the Anglican Church is not satisfying many of the young intellectuals of Great Britain. One might say much the same thing about American youth. The “Student Volunteer Movement” was more or less racialial at its 1924 meeting. The Methodist General Conference gave careful heed to a communication from young people's organization. Recently a group of Presbyterian collegians were given a rather tart response to criticism they offered to the Presbyterian Church through resolutions published in their journals.

Those of us who are fifty years of age or more may not always ap-

praise our youth correctly. Probably they know more at the age of twenty-one than their parents did at that period. The schools teach more extensively, the press is cheaper, and more effective in reporting, and the vogue of travel has increased beyond measure during the past twenty-five years. We meet ten times as many people observe ten times as much variety of life now as they did when you and I were young. We are all ready to admit the superiority of the rising generation when it comes to knowing things.

Whether they think more accurately than did their fathers in open to considerable debate. For example, the Oxford conference to which we referred at the beginning of this paragraph is reported as describing the Church as “a middle-age institution run by the middle-aged for the middle-aged.” That sounds well and is a type of phrase that a reporter likes to hear. It puts into

three apt phrases what is a general opinion among young people. Suppose one analyzes it.

Is the Church a middle-age Institution?

The middle ages are commonly dated between Charlemagne (800 A. D.) and the Reformation (1517). Neither the Anglican Church nor any other Protestant group was then in existence. The creeds, which occasion so much impatience, were, with the exception of the Apostles', Nicene and Athanasian, not yet formulated. The big problem was the relationship of Church and State, but the factors were popes and kings, bishops and princes. The "common people" who certainly figure largely at present could eat, breed children, fight battles, pay taxes and die, but they were not prominent as now. The present forms of Church activity are as different from the Middle Ages as a Pullman train is from the famous covered wagon.

Yet in one way the Church contains the Middle Ages. The administration of the Christian religion is through a continuous organism that began at Pentecost and has continued ever since. You can find many influences or features that originated between 800 and 1517. One might use these for a label, but it would lack accuracy.

Those Middle-aged Folk

Young people often complain that the Church caters to the middle-aged people. Well, we hope it does. It could not justly neglect those past thirty for several reasons. One is, that the majority of the earth's inhabitants are not young people. In America not more than fifteen per cent are between twelve and twenty-

five years of age. Youth would certainly lack most of its privileges and nine-tenths of its pleasures if these "middle-agers" did not keep the home fires supplied with fuel. Youth is long on promise and short on production. We need their promise, but not their production. We need their promise, but not their production.

The middle-aged need the Church that caters to middle-age. The chance to sing the hymns one learned in youth is a privilege one values, not because it is so old-fashioned, nor because he is obstinately wedded to the past, but because it is something that has lasted longer than he has. It was a favorite "when he was a boy." When you come to think about it, there are mighty few things that endure from generation to generation. Doctrines and customs which youth cannot adequately interpret and whose simplest meaning is enmeshed in experience and circumstances, are like old hymns. They stir up feeling and involve values to the folk of fifty that the youth of twenty cannot even imagine; of course, he cannot understand. One reason why the average teacher in a school, even in a university, cannot appreciate how socking his academic criticisms are to the generation that parented the group he is teaching, lies likewise the pedagog's inability to value wear and tear in every-day life, where the wheels are always turning, and one never knows what may happen next. It is middle-age that loves God because He is the same yesterday, today and forever. Every other thing he meets is sure to change. Religion alone furnishes him with a group of invariables.

Give the Grown-ups a Share

We have no complaints to make

about youth. We were once young ourselves, and we are proud of it. But youth should treat middle-age fairly, permit them to enjoy a certain fixedness, even in worship. The present generation of college and military youth have a lot of advantages their fathers and mothers never had, and they are thus superior. But the middle-aged have one advantage youth gets only when it has ceased to be young. The man of fifty has lived twice as long as his son of twenty-five. You can learn a lot from books and reading, and today's opportunities are wonderful. But nothing is real until you have lived it. It is experience that clarifies, classifies and values knowledge.

The eager, cock-sure venturesome-

ness of youth is a fine quality, but it is only attribute of humans. Young folk think a lot of themselves, and they should. But the middle-agers love these youngsters more than they love themselves. Most people between forty and sixty have gladly given up the things that were the chief sources of their earlier happiness. Quite a few were more or less play, but others have been given to their sons and daughters. Few children realize how eager a parent is to do well by the sons and daughters. If his religion did not stand by him, they would be the first sufferers. All of which means to us that a middle age Church for middle-age people is something for which the restless youth should devoutly be thankful.

CAPTURE AND BURNING OF CAPITOL.

What is regarded as a valuable historical document, a letter describing the capture and burning of Washington, D. C. 110 years ago, is in the possession of the New York Historical Society. It was sent by Mrs. Mary Hunter to her sister, Mrs. Susan Cuthbert, a few days after the events described.

The sisters were daughters of Richard and Annie Stockton. Their father, their uncle, Elias Boudinot, and their brother-in-law, Dr. Benjamin Rush, were all signers of the Declaration of Independence and distinguished supporters of the American Revolution. The writer's husband, the Rev. Dr. Andrew Hunter, served as chaplain in the Revolutionary army and during the War of 1812 was a chaplain in the United

States navy, stationed at the Navy Yard in Washington. Morven, the Princeton, N. J., estate of the family was destroyed by the Hessians in 1776. The letter follows:

"My dear Sister—You will doubtless wish to hear how we have passed through the perils to which we have been lately exposed by an invading foe, whether our lives have been spared or our habitations have escaped the devouring flames. With respect to both these events we have been highly favored. We are all in good health and our house unmo-
 lested. But our fears and trouble for some time past have been almost beyond description. The British army commanded by General Ross and the seamen by Admiral Cockburn have been advancing upon us

for more than two weeks, and, as we supposed, were not likely to be stopped or prevented from ravaging our city and destroying our property to the extent of their wishes. To crown this scene of affliction, on Wednesday last, the 24th of the month, we heard in the morning that the enemy were on their march near Bladensburgh and that our militia were on their way to meet them. My husband and myself concluded that it would be prudent to take our children and servants out of the way and place them a few miles off till the storm should be ended.

Redcoats In Washington

"I myself concluded to stay in our house with our housekeeper and one black servant, and my husband took away the children and the other servants. About the middle of the day we heard a severe cannonading in the direction of Bladenburgh and some hours after we saw our men running in great numbers in a disorderly manner. And in the evening, perhaps at sunseting, I will leave you to conjecture what our feelings must have been when we saw the British flag flying on Capitol Hill, and the rockets brandished for the destruction of our Capitol and for what other property we knew not.

"In a few minutes a grum looking officer rode up to our door and asked me where my husband was. I informed him he was not at home. He asked me when he went abroad. I told him this morning. What induced him, he said, to go abroad just at this time. I then looked him fully in the face and very deliberately told him that my husband was gone to take a family of young chil-

dren from witnessing such a horrid scene. He asked when my husband was expected home. This put a stop to all further interrogatories. I then asked him to go to the sideboard and help himself to any refreshments that were agreeable to him. And while he was regaling himself I asked in my turn what they were going to do; whether to burn the city generally, or confine themselves to the public buildings? He said that would depend on circumstances. Where no resistance was made private property would be safe; especially to those who remained in their houses. But that every house where resistance was made or in which arms should be found would be fired. He then told us that General Ross's horse had been shot under him from Galatin's house and that it was burnt. After graciously assuring us that we need be under no apprehensions—that their troops were under the strictest discipline—that none dared to come into our houses without permission.

"Soon after I went across the street to a neighbor's house from whence I could have a better view of the Capital. At this house a number of the officers were taking some refreshments, and seeing us alarmed they said evrything that could be said to quiet us. I told them I had seen many B. officers who were gentlemen, and that I could not bring myself to be afraid. I mentioned that a quantity of powder had been deposited in the Capitol and that I was apprehensive when the fire reached it, it might injure the inhabitants—they said it would be immediately removed, and that the Capital would no be blown up. They

talked of burning the Washington Bank, but were informed that it was private property and that it must destroy a great deal of individual property if it should be burnt—under these considerations they spared it. They mentioned that it was a painful service to them—that they were disposed to do all in their power to mitigate the distress of the citizens against whom they had no enmity. That their war was with the government and not with the people. All this relieved our fears concerning the city and ourselves.

But a most awful scene was to follow. Our important navy yard was to be destroyed by our own hands—the most suicidal act ever committed. No pen can describe the appalling sound that our ears heard and the sight that our eyes saw. We could see everything from the upper part of our house as plainly as if we had been in the yard. All the vessels of war on fire—the immense quantity of dry timber, together with the houses and stores in flames produced an almost meridian brightness. You never saw a drawing room so brilliantly lighted as the whole city was that night. Few

thought of going to bed—they spent the night in gazing on the fires and lamenting the disgrace of the city. The British never went near the Navy Yard till next morning.

“On the morning of the 25th we were introduced to Admiral Cockburn, who said he admired the American ladies—they made excellent wives and good mothers; but they were very much prejudiced against him—that his friend Joseph Gales had told so many lies about him that he was afraid he should never be a favorite. But he said he had paid him by scattering his types—that he had left a line to desire him to publish it in his next paper. He inquired of me and all the ladies in a very particular manner if they had sustained any injury—if any of the soldiers had come into our houses or taken anything from us. He intreated us if anything of that nature had occurred that we would immediately complain and they should be punished. I began to think ourselves happy, when an alarming storm of wind and rain came on which blew down and unroofed many houses. The storm we believe hurried the army off.”

FACE THE FACTS.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Does the general opinion of the country wish a continuation or abolishment of capital punishment? The country does not say. It does not meet the issue but seems inclined to shirk it—to procrastinate, to postpone decision and talk of something pleasanter. However, it gives signs

that it is uneasy over what it tries to put out of mind.

Consider now the case of two men, King and Harrell, convicted in South Carolina for the murder there in July of Major S. H. McCleary and sentenced to death. At the time the crime outraged the country's sense

of right and there was a general demand that the convicted men should meet the extreme penalty. A gallant soldier of the world war had hospitably given the two men a ride and by way of reward they planned to rob him and in pursuance of this he was killed by King.

And yet in a few months there stirs an appreciable clamor that the Governor commute the death sentence to life imprisonment—with the inevitable prospect that in a few years they will be pardoned. The reasons for leniency may be utterly inadequate, but they are sufficient to induce people to sign the petitions for leniency—including eleven of the jurymen who in effect voted the death sentence.

It is maintained that Harrell fired no shot, and it is seriously argued that the word of the two miscreants should be taken that they did not intend to kill Major McLeary but only rob him and because the Major made a move as if to draw a pistol in self-defense King was somewhat justified in slaying him. The law does not recognize and such self-defense right in a robber, but the petitioners do.

And stress is laid on the claim that Harrell had not made it clear to the jury that he had served in the war, whether a volunteer or dragged in by the scruff of the neck not stated, as if this were anything of atonement, that Harrell cannot read or write, and then further that the two men

lacked the education and training in the ways of advanced society.

Contrast the latter plea with one precisely the opposite made for Leopold and Loeb and not how the issue of capital punishment faces the country. The Chicago youths should have clemency, it was urged, because they were over-educated so that they passed the bounds of humanity as supermen; King and Harrell should have clemency because they were under-tutored.

A passing comment might be made that the pioneers of this country were in large proportion uneducated and though they might kill in fair fight or heat or passion they did not need to learn from books to hate the character who would abuse a benefactor's hospitality to do him harm. Such a one they held lower than the lowest—and so do most of their descendants this day.

The issue is, however, whether the country wishes to have capital punishment enforced or abolished—and it cannot long be evaded if there are more Frank and McLeary cases. If the extreme penalty is justified, is it not called for in these cases? Yet we note that the very jurymen who convicted King and Harrell ask that the death penalty be set aside in their cases. It this or not sign that at heart these jurors did not believe in capital punishment, however much they may tell themselves they do favor it.

American women are buying 17,000,000 boxes of rouge annually, but to judge from the thickness with which some of 'em are laying it on there must be millions and millions of women who are not getting their.
—Louisville Times.

EVERY-DAY TREASURES.

By Emma Gary Wallace.

We do not need to go to the far-away fields of the frozen North, to rugged mountain fastness, to stand knee-deep on the pebbly beds of racing rivers searching for gold, or to dig for precious gems in the pipes of extinct volcanoes.

We have far greater wealth right within our reach and grasp.

After all, the most precious treasures possible to win are those which are actually priceless—and the best of it all is that most of these every-day treasures are ours for the taking.

Sunshine, fresh air, and pure water are nature's gifts, and yet it has taken centuries of education to teach people to appreciate these things.

Every-day life has many daily satisfactions, which for preciousness are not comparable with taxable treasures—the joys of friendship, the sweetness of family ties, the splendid senses of seeing, and smelling, and touching, and tasting, the ability to surmount difficulties, and the knowledge that even if our best efforts seem to fail, that in the final pattern of life, every thread will be picked up and woven into lines of enduring strength and beauty.

One of the richest women I have ever known did not possess a large share of this world's goods, but her interest in the people about her, her fine spirit of encouraging and helpful service, her never-failing appreciation of the beauties of nature, her cheerfulness and great faith, made her rich beyond all estimate.

She had deliberately turned her back upon large wealth to do the things she loved to do. She heard the call and answered it. It was years and years ago that a timid school teacher about to fare forth for the first time sought her counsel.

"Well, how does thee feel?" she asked.

"Rather frightened," confessed the writer, who was that girl of yesterday.

"But why?"

"Oh, I am so eager to do my best," was the reply. "But the road is steep and long, and it would be serious to make a mistake."

The lady smiled again. "Thee has no need to fear," she returned quietly, "for thee has thy sword and buckler to fasten on, and the path up the mountain side leads to the top. Then thee has seen the vision. Thee is very rich!"

One of the things that is making our American life so feverish and increasing the strain of making both ends meet in the mistake of putting the emphasis in the wrong place.

Simpler living, a deeper joy in the worth-while things of life, and the courage to say and to do what is best for us individually, regardless of the pace set by neighbors and friends—all make for contentment, self-respect, the strengthening of family ties, and high thinking. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—The Christian Herald.

EMBLEM FLOWERS OF THE COUNTRIES.

By Lena C. Ahlers.

It is interesting to know just why the different countries selected the various flowers that they chose to be their emblems. It was not for its beauty that Wales choice centered on leeks nor Ireland's on the shamrock, which is the best known of the country's emblems. These emblem flowers have been chosen with as much care and sentimentality as that exercised by most parents in finding a suitable name for their children. Religious ceremonies, customs, important events and other historical happenings have played an important part in the choosing of the flower emblems of the countries that now have them.

It is usually well known why Ireland adopted the shamrock as its emblem, and many beautiful poems have been written in its honor, of which probably Moore's "O, the Shamrock" is best known:

"O, the Shamrock, the green immortal
Shamrock!

Chosen leaf

Of barb and Chief.

Old Erin's native shamrock."

The shamrock is a beautiful bluish-green color, and being the sign of three in one was chosen by Saint Patrick as symbolic of the Trinity.

It is also popularly known why Scotland chose the thistle and its emblem. It is said that in the reign of Malcolm the second the Danish invaded Scotland, and would have crept upon and captured the sleeping army had not one of the Danes

stepped upon a thistle, growing in a moat, and screamed. This awoke the sleeping Scots and the fortress was saved, and in gratitude the Scottish people honored the lowly thistle by choosing it as their flower representatives. The early reconstructionists and James the second had thistles engraved on their jewelry.

The rose has been chosen as the emblem of England, and the flag of Great Britain has a rose, thistle and shamrock entwined as representative of its three greatest powers, England, Scotland and Ireland. During the War of the Roses the soldiers of the house of Stewart wore white roses and those of the house of Lancaster wild ones, so the rose was adopted as the emblem flower in the fifteenth century.

The little country of Wales tells an interesting story of why they chose the unattractive leek as their emblem flower. While the brave Welshmen were fighting in A. D. 640, it is said, that the soldiers picked the leaves from the wild leeks found growing everywhere and placed them in their caps to disguise themselves. This camouflage was so successful that they were victorious, and ever since the Welsh wear leeks on Saint David's day, the first of March. Sometimes, some of the peasants plant leeks on their cottage roofs, believing that it is a protection against lightning. The plant grows from ten to twelve inches high and has greenish-white

or purple flowers that do not appear till after the leaves have died down. Landscape gardeners sometimes plant them in neat patterns, which from a distance resemble a painting.

Just why the Mexicans chose no-pal cactus or prickly as their emblem flower is not known. The plant is also known as Indian fig, and the stem is composed of many joints, covered with small awl-shaped leaves that are usually deciduous, and in the axils of which are found clustered barbed bristles and sometimes prickly spines. The flowers are yellow and only open in the sunshine.

The sugar maple has been chosen by Canada as its emblem. It is a beautiful tree, whose sap is made into the appetizing syrup that tastes so good. Canada's national song also immortalizes this handsome tree, the chorus of the song being:

"The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King, and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!"

Just why beautiful Switzerland chose the edelweiss is not known. Persia has also chosen the rose as its emblem, and every year holds a great feast of roses, in which everything possible is decked with roses. Because Japan is the real home of the chrysanthemums, and is known as the "Land of the Chrysanthemum," this queen of the autumn garden has been chosen as the national emblem. Violets are of great importance in Greece, so this modest little flower has been their choice of an emblem. Italy being the true home of the most magnificent water lilies has made its choice of this blossom for an emblem, and Spain has chosen the pomegra-

nate.

The fleur-de-lis is the flower emblem of France, and many legends are related as to the origin of the emblem. It was King Charles the fifth who definitely fixed it on the French coat of arms as three golden fleur-de-lis on a blue field. As a compliment to the king his subjects adopted the habit of marking north on a mariner's compass card with a fleur-de-lis, and the practice still exists. This flower stands for real achievement in peace as in war and is supposed to have been first adopted as a national emblem by the Bourbons, after the reign of Napoleon. The plant has sword-shaped rush-like leaves and is extensively cultivated. The flower have the brilliancy and beauty of an orchid and have many shades and colors ranging from white and yellow to mauve, blue, purple and pink. "The rainbow flower" is has often been called, and is a fitting representative of the artistic nature of the French people.

Because the lotus is always associated with the gods that they worship, and is supposed to be a representative of wisdom, the Egyptians chose the lotus as their emblem. The flower fairly throbs with the mystery and orientalism that makes Egypt such a strange, fascinating place. As Winter said in his beautiful poem "A Lotus Flower:"

"And every secret Nature told,
Of golden wisdom's power;
Is nestled still in every fold
Within the lotus flower!"

Pagan India believing that the lotus is sacred because Brahma, the Supreme Being that they worship, was born in its bosom, has also chosen

en it as their emblem. Lotus are found in great beds along the Nile and neighboring streams, and often the white, purple or rose colored flowers grows a foot in diameter. They grow on weak stalks four to eight feet long, but the giant flowers are only raised a few inches from the surface of the water. The beautiful drak green leaves are wide and spreading, looking like a fairy boats floating on the warm sluggish streams.

A pretty story is told how the kaiserblume know in America as corn-flower or bachelor's buttons, was chosen as the flower emblem of Germany. When the army of Napoleon held Berlin, Louise, the queen mother

of the Emporor William the first, taking refuge outside of the city, comforted and cheered the children by weaving garlands of kaiserblumen, which they enjoyed picking for her. When the garlands were finished the children and queen wore them.

The United States has chosen the regal golden rod as its emblem, over eighty species of this family being found growing in this country. As Andrew Downing has written so appropriately:

“The goldenrod, a Grecian torch,
Will light the splendid scene,
When autumn comes in all the pomp
And glory of a queen”

MAN'S DOMINION.

By W. S. Rankin, M. D.

Man's Conquest of Nature

It is written, “And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.” This is the first commission given to man, a divine commission given man even before his creation. Moreover, it is a commission that partakes of that “likeness” in which man was created. The creator, in giving the creature the commission to live over and not under nature lifted, as the Psalmist has said the worm of the dust to a place but a little lower than the angels.

It was not willed that man should assume instantly complete mastery over natural forces. The divine idea was that man should extend his

dominion gradually but continuously over nature toward an ever increasing, more complete and perfect exercise of power.

In the Beginning and Now

To fully appreciate the extent to which this great primary commission has been compiled with, we need to realize as fully as possible, to the stretching point of our imaginations, what man had to start with as compared with what he now has. Many of the simple things that we are likely to take as a matter of fact, to feel instinctly that they have always existed, have signalized great achievements in the advancement of man's dominion over nature. Take so simple a thing as fire and what fire means in its domestic uses, in the preparation and the sterilization of food, in bodily comfort and cleanliness; what fire means in the

commercial world in manufacturing and transportation. The discovery of fire and the elaboration of that discovery into its many and complicated uses represents a tremendous extension of the dominion of man. Again, take so matter of fact a thing as a wheel, which has been said to be the greatest single invention. When one reflects upon the part it plays in transportation and manufacture and the relation of these two to civilization, to the freeing of man from physical slavery and the giving of time to him for thinking and developing the nervous and spiritual elements of his life, one can well agree that the invention of the wheel is one of the greatest of all discoveries. The chimney, which we instinctively feel always existed, represented a very definite step in the advancement of man's dominion over nature. The smoky, dirty, malodorous cave and hut became much more habitable when the chimney came and carried away the smoke, the order, and the devitalizing air. The discovery and use of window glass to keep out the cold and to let the rays of the sun into an otherwise dark hovel meant a great stride in man's conquest of his surroundings. Perhaps greater than all of these was the development of a language and an alphabet by which knowledge was made cumulative. Without written language, knowledge died with each generation except for that small fraction which was transmitted by tradition; without an alphabet, knowledge remained circumscribed in location moving with leaden feet from one small community to another instead of generalizing itself throughout the

world with the speed of the lightning.

Rate of Advancement

In man's enlarging dominion progress has increased its rate with each new conquest. It has been said on high authority that the race travelled farther in the last hundred years than in the twenty thousand years between the stone age and the age of cultivation, and that the race travelled farther in the last hundred years than it did in the three thousand years between ancient Egypt and the Revolutionary war. We realize something of the rate of progress during the last hundred years when we recall that the first steam-driven machinery came in 1785, about one hundred and forty years ago; that the first locomotive came in 1804 and the first railroad in 1825, a little less than one hundred years ago; that the first steam boat was built in 1802; that the Clermont steamed upon the Hudson in 1807; that the first ocean-going steamer steamed out of Savannah, Georgia, in 1819; that the telegraph came in 1835; the ocean cable in 1851; that the Bessemer process for steel making came in 1856; that electric light, electric transmission, that is, the sending of power, came almost within our own generation, within the eighties and nineties of the last century; that the gasoline engine, which has made possible the automobile and the flying machine, came in the eighties, and the airplane practically in the last fifteen years. So we move and have our beings more and evermore in the creative likeness of the Creator Himself.

Man's dominion over the forces of

disease and death has been gained largely in the last fifty years; more strictly speaking, in the last thirty or thirty-five years. While the conquest of disease and, through disease, the conquest of death itself is strikingly evident in the history of the last quarter of a century, it is easy to see, looking back through the history of the last three or four centuries, that the beginnings, in accordance with which later events shaped themselves, were in the past, several centuries back, and that the conquest of disease is associated with and closely related to the conquest of nature in general.

The oldest authentic records that we have as to the average duration of life show that about four hundred years ago the average age at death was twenty-three years. In 1890, that is in about three hundred years, seven years had been added to the twenty-three, and the average age at death was thirty years. In 1900, the average age at death was forty-two years. Now, in 1924, the average child born has an expectancy of fifty-four years of life.

In 1887, the French lost nearly one hundred lives for every thousand engaged in the work of digging the Panama Canal. When General Gorgas took charge, the death rate was sixty-five lives per year per thousand population. When General Gorgas finished, the death rate (that is, the number of deaths for each thousand of the population) for the Canal Zone was about eighteen, and for the laborers, over whom he had complete control, the death rate was about nine. It may be remarked incidentally for the benefit of those who frequently

compare the work of state and county health authorities with the standard achieved by General Gorgas that the work in Panama was carried on under military law which, of course, was a far more rigid control of conditions than is permitted under civic law. Furthermore, the expenditure for health work in Panama was one cent per capita per day, 365 cents per capita per year, whereas the average county in the United States spends about 3 or 4 cents per capita per year on its public health. The 260 full-time county health departments spend about 25 or 30 cents per capita per year. The best financed city health department in the United States spends 97.4 cents per capita per year. It is true that public health, human life and health, is purchasable; but if it is purchased it costs money. So much in the nature of a parenthetical remark. We were speaking about the evidence of man's conquest over disease. We recur to our theme.

In 1890, when what we know as the era of preventive medicine really got out of the crawling stage and learned to stand and to walk alone, the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States was 245 deaths per 100,000 population. Last year it was 100 per 100,000 population. The typhoid death rate in 1890 was 46.5 per 100,000 population. Last year it was around 12, in many cities under two. In 1890 the diphtheria death rate was 81 per 100,000. It is now 15. Measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever have been cut down 25 per cent since 1895. Infant mortality that is, deaths within the first year of life per thousand births, has

dropped from something like 150 to 89. Typhus fever and yellow fever, now largely diseases of history, practically no longer exist. Smallpox that once caused one-tenth of all deaths now causes less than one-two-

hundredths of all deaths. And so we see how, in obedience to his first great commission, man has extended his dominion over nature, over disease and death itself, toward an ever more abundant life.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Rev. Mr. Gibson, Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian church, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday afternoon.

Four of the new instruments which were ordered a few weeks ago have arrived at the school. The instruments are: two saxiphones and two cornets.

The boys who were made happy by their relatives last Wednesday: Mack Wentz, Robert McDaniel, David Driver, Fleming Clinton, Herbert Floyd, Jack Stewart and Mark Jolly.

The golden text of the Sunday school lesson last Sunday was, "This is my beloved Son hear Him." A strong impression of the great character, Peter who gave up his all and followed Jesus, was fixed firmly in the minds of the boys.

Two Prominent Official Visitors.

The Training School had two distinguished visitors Tuesday. Everything was quiet, and the boys were busy at work and in school when word was "passed down the line" that Representative Walter Murphy

and State Senator Giles were in our midst. In as few minutes as it could be accomplished, the Training School band playing a welcome in the auditorium, and the morning school section was being assembled by Prof. Johnson to render an impromptu program just to show these friends of the school that we were really and truly glad to see them. Of course, the main idea was to permit the boys to see and hear them, and they were given a rousing cheer coming and going when they were introduced by Superintendent Bogar. They treated the boys to a sample of what real oratory can be when it is mingled with practical common sense, and gave the youngsters a most enjoyable and profitable half hour. They remained at the school for dinner and made a general inspection of the place. They seemed to especially enjoy a military drill given by the boys after dinner, and were introduced to the boys from their respective counties.

The band gave a concert in the Pavilion last Sunday afternoon. They did fine and the music was greatly enjoyed by everyone who heard it.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

BUILDS NO TEMPLES.

A rocking-chair and a newspaper on a Sunday morning in a cozy room before a cheerful fire may make the head of the family comfortable, but it never yet helped to build a church. The radio may bring to your house a rich musical treat, and you may feel more like flinging yourself on a couch and enjoying it than walking half a dozen blocks to church, but the easy way will never dot the land with temples.

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THE

UPDEGATE

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VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 3, 1925

No. 6

WE HAVE THE CHOICE.

As we travel the way of life, we have the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing, and all her lifeless creatures into a glad company, whereof the meanest shall be beautiful in our eyes, by its kind message, or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful, withdrawn silence of condemnation, or into a crying out of her stones, and a shaking of her dust against us.—John Ruskin.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO ONE AND ALL:

As you climb the hill of prosperity during 1925, as you deserve so to do, may you never meet a friend.

* * * * *

GOBBLED 'EM UP.

One most pleasing fact, among others, was made clear in the local neighborhood during the past Christmas season. Heretofore the subjects for the exercise of the Christmas spirit by way of "Opportunities" passed the hundred mark in number, and the aggregate number of needy ones in these opportunities reached into the hundreds.

This past season the "opportunities" did not pass the half hundred mark and the total number of the needy ones did not exceed two hundred. This shows a gratifying material condition of the community, which surpasses that of a year ago; or the system of making a thorough investigation of the worthiness of the cases by the County Welfare Officer, under the direction of the local circle of the King's Daughters, caused only the real needy cases to offer for assistance. In either event, the situation is improved and is, therefore, most gratifying. The Uplift had occasion, also, to note the most patient and efficient aid of Miss Lucy Richmond Lentz, who helped to make the handling of the "Opportunities" go off so smoothly.

But we started out to tell how two men gobbled 'em up. At a meeting of

the Kiwanis Club, just before the Yuletide, certain of the opportunities not taken were called to the attention of the Club by Kiwanian Tracy Spencer. Something like a dozen were in this list. And as they were called out Caleb Swink and Charlie Smart (they are never mistered in the Club without a fine is exacted) gobbled every one before others could put in a bid. But the large membership in attendance were made most happy to see two of its members so radiantly happy in putting into action their safety valves for relief of their overcharge of the Christmas spirit that was in their bones.

What an influence the story of the Christ Child has on normal man!

A MEAN HANDICAPPING SIN.

This is the time that many men and women feel called upon to make some resolutions. There is possibly not a living soul that did not on New Year's Day secretly, perhaps taking a friend into confidence, make some kind of a resolution to mend certain defects among the many that are so afflicted. And this is the third day of January 1925 and we dare say that many of the very positive resolutions made just three days ago have already been broken.

This is to be regretted: but after all good has resulted, for the act of making the resolution was the result of a self-examination and a secret if not a public acknowledgement that the fault was personally possessed and recognized. By and by the resolution will again be registered, perhaps at Easter, on a birth day, or July 4th, or at Thanksgiving—if not at either of these times, perhaps before the final dissolution, when strength may have been gained to enable the builder of the resolution to stand victor.

Speaking of New Year's resolutions brings one to think of the most prevalent faults of men and women. Jealousy, envy and back-biting are the meanest, most cowardly of them all. Any old thing, discredited by acquaintances and even his own family, can make things miserable by the exercise of his jealous and envious spirit and engage in a back-biting and black-guarding that is even repulsive to those that occasionally enjoy gossiping.

Jealousy and envy accomplish nothing—get you nowhere—and finally is the agency that leads up to the unhappy state of snarling, snapping cynicism. Among the New Year's resolutions let jealousy and envy and back-biting be given a deserved rebuke.

* * * * *

"THE SPIRIT THAT COUNTS."

The very foundation of civilization and the success of human families and

the glory of a people are to be found in examples such as exhibited in the story of "The spirit that counts," which appears elsewhere in this issue. One cannot read this engaging story of a manly young fellow taking the place of his father and playing so successfully the part of the head of a family of orphaned children, without feeling that there is lots of goodness in action everywhere.

The bad among us, the frivolous, the idle, the careless and the wicked, receive so much prominence in newspaper space and in the gossip feasts that carry on where serious things do not interest, one is sometimes inclined to believe that the world has lost its compass and is going at a rapid rate devilward. What if the papers would tell more stories wherein "The spirit that counts" is exemplified; and if the kind and helpful deeds of men towards less fortunate ones would become the theme among the loungers on the streets and at public places—would we not come to believe that the old world is growing better and progressing along safe and sane lines?

There are (we are certain from a close and intimate knowledge of the diamonds in the rough we have met in a ten year sojourn in the rural districts) lots of Thadoas Kingsleys today, as in the past. doing men's part out in the valleys, in the mountain coves, in the sticks and backway spots—many of them in the past have found their way to the towns and cities, filling a majority of the positions in industrial, commercial and religious activities. Stop and note the number of Thadoas Kingsleys who are making things happen and go in your neighborhood.

* * * * *

THE OCCASION MET.

The papers, daily and weekly, have for the past several days given us splendid accounts of how their people met Christmas and its opportunities. How they approached the matter in a majority of instances of seeing that the poor and unfortunate were provided with Christmas cheer, was itself a cheer to him that fully realizes the significance of the glorious season.

Down at Raleigh they have a working Rotary Club—it is made up of fine-spirited, red-blooded men. As their opportunity they adopted the two large convict camps of Wake county. Forty of these fine men met at the Confederate Monument on Christmas morn, divided the bunch into two squads, one headed by Col. Olds and the other by editor John Parks. Loaded with those things that play a part in the regular Christmas gifts they proceeded to the camps. There they met the unfortunate population of the camps as human,

fellow beings, and began the glorious work of trying to carry some 'cheer' into their miserable souls, by gifts, cordial fellowship and songs and Christmas stories.

Somebody at a certain period in the history of the world made this observation, "I was in jail, and you visited me not." This suggests a command: and those who sought to be obedient to an implied injunction were clearly on their rights with no suggestion of butting in. Men, however, differ—they have different visions and impulses; some seem to have none.

Throughout the state this Christmas seems to have been one of great cheer; and many there were, we make bold to believe, saw for the first time the true significance of the event.

* * * * *

TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER ROUTE.

Smiling and alert in the face of every kind of weather, he rode rural route No. 6 daily, excepting Sunday, for over twenty years. He was always cheerful, accommodating and efficient. Everybody at the Training School esteemed him and counted him a choice friend, who brought letters, papers, boxes and all kinds of mail matter just as regular as the clock marked the hour.

We all mourn the passing of Mr. William H. Heglar, the rural route carrier that had ridden the route, that passes this institution, ever since we have been in existence. The genial and enthusiastic soul has been transferred by a High Power to another route, and we entertain no doubts that the fine fellow is now enjoying the rewards of an earnest and faithful life in a territory not afflicted with the trials, and skids, the weather and a jungle of poorly addressed mail. Up to his dying hour he had us in mind—we shall not forget him.

Mr. Heglar died on the morning of the 30th at the Concord Hospital, where he had been under treatment for a stubborn and what proved an incurable disease, which doubtless his exposure and trials brought on. And yet there are people that begrudge a living and decent remuneration to these faithful agents of the government.

* * * * *

PUBLIC GRATITUDE.

"Archibald Henderson Boyden High School" sounds mighty good—good, because it is so seldom that a community rises to the point of doing full justice to the actor in a faithful and sacrificing service to his community. Salisbury does herself proud and honors herself in having the new handsome

larger school building named for Col. Boyden, who for years had given a loyal and wise service to the public schools of his city. Of course, the people of today and those who follow will come to call the school "Baldy Boyden School," for that is the affectionate appellation that the hosts of friends and admirers of this choice spirit among us always speak of him.

The completion of this splendid building and its proper naming is an event in educational affairs of the state.

* * * * *

A NEW PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Edith Vanderbilt, who has successfully directed the affairs of the State Fair during the past two years, declined a re-election to this responsible position. The whole state, just as one person, turned its eyes to one man in Cleveland county as the fitting and proper successor to Mrs. Vanderbilt. That man is Hon. O. Max Gardner.

He was unanimously elected to the presidency and has accepted. A fine and successful business man, an outstanding lawyer and a powerfully successful farmer is this most popular North Carolinian. He will fill the bill to the satisfaction of all.

* * * * *

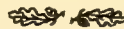
The election of Dr. E. W. Sykes, one of North Carolina's many proud products, to the presidency of Clemson College of South Carolina, reminds us of a terrible plight that would be the condition of South Carolina and Virginia if it were not for North Carolina. What would they do without the Old North State? Alderman at the head of the great University of Virginia; Pell at Converse; White at Anderson Seminary; and a score of others having gone to the rescue of these two neighbors in various great endeavors, express the prowess of the dearly beloved state that, quoting the late beloved Aycock, is coming down the road "with her head over the moon, her tail over the dashboard, a-hitting of the ground only at high places."

* * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND.

Mr. A. W. Klemme, Hight Point	\$ 5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Stonewall Jackson Junior Circle of King's Daughters, Concord,	5.00
Standard Buick Company, Concord	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
Stonewall Jackson Circle, King's Daughters Senior, Concord	10.00

F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord	10.00
Dr. A. F. Mahoney, Monroe	25.00
E. B. Grady, Concord	25.00
Ritchie Hardware Co., Concord	10.00
W. B. Ward & Co., Concord	25.00
Lady whose name begins with "E"	5.00
Mrs. J. M. Odell	crate of oranges
Parks Manufacturing Co.	5.00
Wilse W. Martin	15.00
Hoover's, Concord	5.00
R. S. Huntington	5.00
H. I. Woodhouse	5.00
Hardaway-Hecht	Raisins and Candy
Mrs. C. E. Boger	10.00
D. B. Coltrane	25.00
W. J. Swink	10.00
Silver Cross Circle King's Daughters, Rockingham	10.00
Rev. T. W. Smith	2.00
Mrs. J. W. Cannon	25.00
A. H. Boyden	5.00
10-13-8	50.00
Kiwanis Club	37.65
J. A. B. Goodman	5.00
Ed Mellon Co.	10.00



A CHRISTMAS BIRTH; A CHRISTMAS DEATH.

(By James A. Robinson.)

Broadcasted from the Studio of Santa Claus, Station DEC. 25.

"Stand by"—"listen in," little dears,
 And harken to the story I'm bringing;
 It has come down two thousand years,
 And that is why Christmas bells are ringing.

Angels touched their harps of gold,
 At night, while bending o'er the peaceful earth,
 And to the watchful shepherd's told
 The most joyous news of a Messiah's birth.

'Twas to a manger, lowly made;
 Brightest of stars guided them on their way—
 They found to human view display'd
 The Holy babe who is the Lord today.

* * * * *

A Christmas Death.

'Twas a week before Christmas day, dearie,
 With sweet joy beaming o'er his face,
 A little child scribbled letters cheerie,
 And mailed them in the fire place.

Kris Kringle was a merry, good old soul—
 He read those letters with a gleam;
 He brought to that dear little child four-fold
 Of toys, like in a fairy dream.

The little one babbled with joy on things
 Old Santa would place on his bed—
 But on Christmas morn, when an angel sings,
 That little heart was still—was dead.

So, on this Happy Christmas morn,
 Little dears, this is my memory story—
 While to us the Christ-Child was born,
 Another dear babe went back to glory.

THE SPIRIT THAT COUNTS.

By A. L. Whitson in Young Folks.

The last rays of a dull December sun fell softly over the world as Thadoas Kingsley, in a self-made skeeter, went skimming along the country road that led from the thriving little city of Chattanooga, to his home in the foothills of the Cumberland.

Thadoas, commonly known as Thad, was an employee of Fulton's Auto Repair Company, whose reputation for long hours exceeded any other shop in the whole city. But regardless of that fact, Thad preferred living in the country. Not that he had anything especially attractive to live in when he got there, but he loved the hills; loved to live among them, and he loved the little hillside farm which his father had left him to look after, when he died some five years ago. The little hillside farm, however, wasn't all that Thad's father left for him to look after, for besides the farm he left a frail little mother and three small brothers, for the eldest son to take care of. And Thad, an honorable son, of an honorable father, accepted the obligation to the best of his ability; and today, as he raced along the winding country road, his brain was awl with plans for the future.

Tom and Ben, the eldest of the three brothers, would finish high school with the coming spring. Then it was planned that Tom would take over the little farm; Ben would become a chemist in a laboratory in the city, and Ray, the youngest, should have a college education and become a lawyer. Thad had always wanted

his family name to stand out for something more than a mere farmer, and through Ray, he expected his ambitions to be fulfilled.

Suddenly he rounded a curve in the road and for a moment he allowed the little racer to slow down.

"God must have been in a wonderfully beautiful creative mood when he made you," he murmured aloud, as his eyes rested on the great towering crage of Lookout Mountain. To the imaginative mind of the youth, the mountain smiled back an affirmative answer. Then stepping on the gas with a generous pressure the little car moved forward again. Not until he reached the gate of his own little mountain home did he stop.

But long before he reached the house, however, he knew something was wrong. The unusual sight of his mother walking up and down the long gallery that ran the full length of the old-fashioned house, on such a blustery day, was quite enough to tell him so. As he neared the house, he saw her making her way down the narrow walk that led to the entrance.

"What's the matter, mumsy, dear?" he exclaimed anxiously, as he sprang from the little car to her side.

"Oh, Thad, Thad," she murmured hoarsely, "somehing dreadful has happened! Your Uncle Tom Kingsley, of Oklahoma, is dead, and his last wish on earth was that we would take his three orphan children to live with us."

"Three children to live with us, mumsy!" Thad exclaimed in amaze-

ment. "Why the idea is absurd. Surely he didn't know that it is taking every penny I can rake and scrape to take care of my immediate family."

"That's what puzzles me, Thad," the mother answered, as she drew her son's arm about her waist and moved slowly toward the house. "You know, he was here last summer and saw with his own eyes the responsibility on your young shoulders, and yet, his dying request is that we take his three motherless children into our home."

"Let me think, mother, let me think," the boy murmured huskily, as he dropped into an old-fashioned chair that stood beside the low, wide window on the left of the open fireplace.

Mother Kingsley made no reply, but passing into the small kitchen that adjoined the living room of the old farmhouse, began the preparations of a substantial supper. Thad always insisted that the family have a good six o'clock meal, and some way, somehow, there were always the necessities to provide such a meal in the Kingsley pantry.

Presently the door swung open to admit Ray. One glance at the bowed head of his brother brought the youngster scurrying across the floor.

"What's the matter, Thad?" he asked anxiously, as he dropped to his knees beside the youth who stood as a father to him.

Thad dropped his hand on his young brother's head and looking down at him smiled wanly. "I guess your brother is something of a cad, Ray," he said presently, "to feel inclined to shirk a responsibility, but

he feels like that nevertheless."

"My brother isn't anything of the sort," responded Ray, admiringly. "My brother, Thad, never shirked a responsibility in his whole life and I know he never will, so there." And striking him a friendly blow on the shoulders, Ray arose and marched away in the direction his mother had gone. From her he learned the secret of Thad's worried expression.

"I call him a nery scoundrel," Ray exclaimed, when he understood the meaning of his uncle's request fully, "that's what I call him!"

"It would be a great added expense to Thad," mother Kingsley said thoughtfully. "A great expense. I can't see how he's going to do it."

"What's the trouble, mumsy?" a fresh voice interrupted, and turning, Mrs. Kingsley beheld both Tom and Ben standing on the threshold.

"We came by our traps," Ben explained pleasantly, "therefore returned home through the back gate. And mumsy," Ben whispered, softly, "we've captured a peach of a turkey for Christmas. He just walked into the trap we had laid for him and without harm or injury of any sort, and we're going to surprise Thad. Now, don't you tell him. You just tell him to leave the meat for our Christmas dinner for you to decide on, and we'll give him the surprise of his life."

"All right," Mother Kingsley answered sweetly, "though I am afraid it would take more than a turkey to revive Thad's spirits just now."

Carefully, minutely, Mother Kingsley related what had taken place, and that Thad was trying to make up his mind what to do about the matter.

"Let's don't interfere, Tom," Ben said slowly. "He is the head of the house and whatever he says, goes with me."

"I don't feel that way about it, Ben," Tom replied quickly. "I think it's a downright shame and thoughtlessness on Uncle Tom's part to put such a responsibility on Thad. He knew how things stood here at home. Now, if it were next year, instead of this, I could see some chance of granting his request, for both Ben and I will be at work by then and could help Thad with the proposition. As it is, he has our schooling expenses piling up on him with all the rest of his troubles. It's just out of the question; we can't do it!"

"Here Tom," Mother Kingsley interrupted, "take this pail and run along to the barn. Old Snow won't understand why she isn't being milked. And you, Ben, better run along and feed the other livestock. Be sure," she cautioned, as the boys moved through the kitchen door, "to put a little extra hay in the pig shelter for the baby pigs."

"I'll fix the table mother," Ray said as soon as the door closed behind his brothers, "and then I'll run out and put Thad's little car away. He seems to have forgotten everything tonight."

"Don't disturb him, son," the mother answered sweetly. "He is trying to solve this unexpected problem that has fallen upon him. Your father was like that, Ray, only he always took his troubles to the mountains to fight them out alone."

Finally the outside chores were over and dinner was served, the dishes put away, and still no word

from Thad concerning the decision his hour of meditation had brought him. But at last, when the little family had assembled about the big living room, he looked up from the pages of the evening paper and smiled at his mother.

"I know, son," she said, without waiting for him to speak, "what your decision is."

"Yes, mother," he responded huskily, "we must take them."

"Thadoas Kingsley," exclaimed Tom, excitedly, you are perfectly foolish to take on such an added responsibility! The State of Oklahoma, no doubt, provides homes for its destitute inhabitants. Why should you bring Uncle Tom's children here to take up the extra space in our home, and right now, of all times, to spoil our Christmas?"

Thad looked at his brother for a moment in silence. "Come, Tom," he said, in a tender tone of voice, "you didn't mean that. That expression really didn't come from the heart of a real mountaineer. You were thinking of me altogether. Now fess up."

Tom hung his head, then moved across the floor to Thad's side. "You are right, Thad," he said weakly. "I was thinking of you, but you've been the spirit of generosity and unselfishness to us, and somehow I just can't stand to see you burdened down again with care, just at a time when we are on the verge of relieving you of some of it, at least."

"It's the spirit in which we do a thing, Tom, that counts," said the elder brother, "and while I know it is going to mean a sacrifice on the part of us all, there's no way getting

around one's duty, so the family must take on its increase in number. Anyway, won't it be nice to have a girl around the place? Just think of having a sister to love and take care of."

"Well, since you've mentioned it, it doesn't sound bad," Ben interrupted, "but one thing sure, I'm going to sell that silver fox fur before she comes, or else it will be good-bye fur. The girls on this side of the city have wanted it, but I shall turn it into a nifty suit before Cousin Margie arrives."

"Wait till you see her, Ben," Ray interrupted. "She might be worth doing without a suit for, and just think what a lovely Christmas gift that fur would make for a pretty girl."

"Like as not, she's as ugly as sin," Ben declared solemnly, "but either way, she doesn't get the silver fox."

"It will be finished in a few days, son," Mother Kingsley chimed in. "I have the lining almost completed."

"I'll take it to the city just as soon as it is finished, mother," answered Ben, "thought I think I'd make more money to wait till just a few days before Christmas, don't you?"

"No doubt you would," the woman responded, "for beautiful things always appeal to us most around Christmas time. 'Tis then we all want to be millionaires."

"And instead of that, you only have this to play on," said Thad, laying a ten-dollar bill on his mother's lap as he spoke. "That's all you can have to spend on the entire family this year, mumsy, dear," the boy continued, "ALL."

"That's enough," Mother Kingsley replied, as she patted the son's hand gently, "quite enough. We'll make up in spirit what we lack in gifts, won't we?"

"That's the idea!" shouted Ray. "We'll have a happy Christmas in spite of things. Maybe after all they won't be a bad lot, and big families are alright after they grow up."

"Yes," interrupted Ben, "all right if they don't starve before they get grown."

"How's the cellar, mother," inquired Thad pleasantly, "enough of what's down there, with a bit to spare?"

"Plenty of potatoes, canned fruit and red apples," Mother Kingsley answered, "a barrel or so of nuts, a keg of kraut, a stand or two of lard and a half-dozen hams."

"Not so bad, boys," Thad laughed. "Guess we'll manage some way. When do they want to come, mother?"

"As soon as we will receive them."

Thad studied the big figured calendar on the wall for a moment, then turned his face back to the eager group about him.

"I'll telegraph them in the morning to come right on," he said thoughtfully, "and by so doing they will reach here in plenty of time to celebrate Christmas with us."

"I've a feeling there won't be much but spirit with such a gang as that piling in," laughed Ray, "but we'll give 'em a dose of good-fellowship and perhaps they won't notice the lack of gifts."

"That will go a long ways," Thad answered, "but let's don't look upon them as something coming to destroy

our pleasure; let's think of them as something going to add to it. And let's plan for a tree just as we've always planned, but instead of buying the things we had planned to buy, we will have to change our minds and make our money go further by purchasing inexpensive gifts."

Ray went over to the mantle and took down his little china-pig bank, then, the only bank he had ever been known to trust his savings in. Carefully he extracted the contents and counted it out.

"Nine dollars and fifteen cents," he exclaimed joyfully. "Didn't know I had that much."

From a fruit jar in the cupboard, Ben produced his savings which amounted to eleven dollars and sixty cents. Tom being financial boss of the farm, brought out a little bank book and proudly displayed the magnificent sum of thirty-seven dollars and ninety-eight cents.

"Everybody has money but me," Thad laughed, as Tom replaced the bank book, "but I have the promise of a good raise soon."

"Of course, you haven't any money, Thad," Tom answered, "the head of the family rarely has, but just you wait till I get through school and you shall have a bank account."

"I'll add my share to Thad's account, too," chimed in Ben.

"And me, too," added Ray. "He deserves a big one and he shall have it. But what he's going to get in the future doesn't help now, so here's where I start the ball rolling. Let's divide up, and share our Christmas fund with Thad."

With a grateful heart at the gen-

osity displayed by his brothers, Thad accepted the contribution with the promise that he would make it stand for his Christmas shopping, just as they would do, except the food, that he always stood for alone. One by one the details of the housing and caring for the newcomers were discussed and taken care of. Margie would have the little room adjoining Mother Kingsley's room. William, being the age of Ray, would share Ray's room. The baby, a wee little lady of three summers, would occupy any available space that could be found for her.

* * * * *

On the twenty-second of December, the three Oklahoma Kingsleys arrived at the country home of the Tennessee Kingsleys. Just how Thad ever got the bunch, with their queer baggage, wedged in the little red racer was beyond the comprehension of his mother. Nevertheless, about five o'clock in the afternoon, she looked out the window and saw them alighting. Presently she was among them, kissing them and caressing them with motherly tenderness to which they so readily responded.

"Welcome home," Thad said pleasantly as he threw back the door and invited them in.

All the way out from the station Margie had been strangely silent, but when the doors of her new abode were thrown open to her the pent-up feeling that had held her captive all the way, seemed suddenly to turn loose and throwing her arms about Mother Kingsley, she began to cry.

"I was so afraid we would not be welcome, Auntie, she said hoarsely, "and knowing the conditions of

things here, I scarcely hoped to be received as pleasantly as I was. I only hope that I may in time make myself so worth-while for you and the boys that you may excuse us for intruding."

"I said welcome home," Thad repeated, "and I meant every word of it." And, gathering the baby in his arms, he went dancing about the room. "A little sunbeam like this will make the place more attractive, won't it?"

Margie was a born housekeeper, and from the moment of her arrival her presence was felt. In less than two days, the boys, one and all, agreed she was wonderful—just the sort of a sister they would have chosen had they had a choice in the matter. William, too, made himself handy. The long poles in the woodshed became firewood ere his second day's sojourn had ended. He loved livestock and farmwork, and until he would start to school, he insisted that he assume responsibility for the feeding and outside work.

Christmas Eve dawned clear and cold but long before noon a gray mistiness had enveloped the world, and specks of snow were occasionally hitting the kitchen window where Mother Kingsley and Margie were reveling in the mystery of spice-cake making. On the kitchen table, all dressed and ready, was a wonderful fowl, and in the living room stood a Christmas tree with its topmost branches kissing the ceiling. On it were numerous packages, small, that's true, and all day new packages were added. Mother Kingsley, along in the afternoon, slipped up to the garret, and, opening a little hair

trunk, took therefrom a beautiful china doll old-fashioned, of course, but nevertheless beautiful—the one sweet link with a long lost baby daughter. Twice she put it back, then taking it firmly in her grasp, she hastily made her way downstairs, and, after labeling it for baby Catherine, she tied it on the tree and went back to her work in the kitchen.

It was twilight when Margie entered the room with her tiny packages. But the Christmas spirit was in the Kingsley home, and though her gifts were no more than ten-cent handkerchiefs that she had purchased at the Kress store in the city, she tied them on with joyousness. "And this," she said aloud, taking from the folds of her gingham gown a slender envelope bearing the name of her cousin, Thadoas Kingsley, "is the gift of my father to the boy, provided he opened the door of his home to us. I wonder what is in it. Anyway, Dad," she said sweetly, "I have followed your instructions."

A little later, Thad gazing upon the tree, looked also with wondering eyes at the envelope bearing his name. "What could such a slender thing contain?" he mused to himself. Perhaps he would have thought more about it had not a large bundle of extraordinary size, "To Margie from Cousin Ben," caught his attention. One little pressure of his hand on the package made him stand back and chuckle with laughter, for well he knew that the package contained none other than the silver fox fur that Ben had intended to swap for a suit of Christmas clothes.

Christmas morning brought the

Kingsley tribe from their beds with shouts of joyousness on their lips, and rushing to the window, they beheld a snow-clad world.

"Just the sort of weather to make us eat up everything in the house, mumsy" Ben declared, as he grabbed his mother for a Christmas caress, "so come along and let's have breakfast—then for the tree."

"Let auntie rest, Ben," interrupted Margie, "I will help with the breakfast."

It didn't take long to prepare a breakfast of crisp waffles and syrup; and shortly afterwards the family assembled for the distribution of the Christmas gifts.

Shouts of joy went up from the lips of the receivers as one by one, the various packages were unwrapped; but the joy of Catherine over the old-fashioned doll, seemed to exceed the pleasure of everyone else.

Suddenly a little gasp of surprise caused every eye in the room to turn to Thad.

"What is it, dear?" mother Kingsley asked, as she saw her son's white face. In his hand she beheld a single sheet of white paper.

"It's wonderful, mother! Simply wonderful!" he answered, as he held out the paper to her. "Here, read it yourself."

For a moment, after reading the message, the letter contained, mother Kingsley, like her son, seemed stunned. Then she turned a smiling face upon the excited group about her. "This letter," she said, "contains wonderful news for us all. It is a letter from Margie's father to Thad, but I want you all to hear it: "Dear Nephew:

When you open the doors of your

house to my children, you are willingly assuming a responsibility for them. Something tells me you will do this; do it in the spirit that rightly belongs to a thoroughbred Kingsley. But, for once, you are going to be remunerated for your bigness of heart. When you get this you will kindly take it to Mr. Rose Wilson in your city, and he will in turn advise you what to do.

I have amassed a great fortune in oil lands in Oklahoma, but realizing I have only a short time to live, decided not to reveal my secret. Knowing you as I do, I feel that my children will find in you a fatherly protection. So unto you, I leave the bulk of my estate, to be equally divided among the Kingsley tribe constituted by your father's children and mine. I have no special request to make aside from a college education for yourself, because I believe you possess the spirit of doing things on the square and I trust you implicitly.

Devotedly your Uncle,

TOM KINGSLEY."

When at last the state of confusion and excitement had dwindled down to silence. Thad slipped over to his mother's chair, and dropping on his knees, bowed his head in her lap.

"I guess it was all for the best, mother," he said, slowly, "that I assumed this added responsibility. I am so glad I did."

Mother Kingsley laid a caressing hand on his shoulder.

"It's not so much the thing you did, son," she said, sweetly, "that counts; but it was the spirit in which you did it that deserves this reward."

RESOLUTIONS.

By James Hay Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

The day approaches when a large percentage of the apparently intelligent population of the land steps forward to announce, assert, depose, profess, swear or vow that, exercising its invincible will and irresistible resolution, it will never again do this, that or the other thing.

Aplomb will stalk the streets, Manliness will be writ upon the knitted brow. Moral courage will fill the air like an incantation. Affirmation, affidavit and asseveration will echo in baritone, soprano and eight different octaves from the serene sides of the everlasting hills.

The fetters of customs? Pouf! Gross stuff, to be burned into nothingness by the order of one's unflinching purpose! The grip of habit? Again pouf! Cobwebs, to be brushed incontinently from the walls of life by the magic broom of a man's God-given free will!

And another day approaches, fast and furious, that said, short stretch of sunlight when contemptuous Destiny strides up to him who so bravely swore on January 1, and says: "Infirm of purpose, give me the dagger!" And in the twinkling of a pessimistic eye, the dagger of indecision works its havoc, cuts through the fortifications of determination and lays Reform, a bleeding and piteous victim, upon the shelf.

—

New Year's resolutions? Short-lived, punny and pallescent things! They are the lilies of egotism, certain to wilt in the first warm blast of desire.

And that depression and destructive statement holds good because the average man, in swearing to cease pursuits of false and ancient gods, neglects to take the oath which, if anything can do it, will hold him true to the high resolve that decorates his conscience on New Year's morn.

He omits the little detail of pledging himself to associate only with those men and women whose influence will tend to keep him in the thorny path he has chosen. He forgets to cut loose from the acquaintances and friends who, unencumbered by purposes of reform, will go blithely on their way, offering him a cigarette, drink, golf game, luncheon, loafing or other self-indulgence to which he in unregenerate days would rush with the speed and gait of a terrified antelope.

He overlooks the fact that, being an average man, he is, above all things suggestible. Circumstances beat upon him as if he were white-hot metal under the hammer. What others think or say lashes him to this turning of the other. Let him see Sam plunge into the forbidden vice, and he is immediately harassed by the thought of how pleasant similar plunges on his part used to be.

Let him enter a room where formerly the gang passed around this beverage or played that game of cards for a little on the side. Let the familiar atmosphere of the apartment get into his nostrils. Let him contrast the picture of that good-fellowship, its friendly laughter, its cozy and delightful intimacy, with

the thought of another hour alone in the office. Let him, poor and hesitant creature, stand a minute in the current of those thoughts and mental representations, and nine times out of ten Desiny whispers in his tortured ear: "Infirm of purpose—"

It is all very well to talk about a man's will power. It has an independent sound. It is the essence of flattery to the one who mentions it and the one who hears it. No doubt it was a wonderful and powerful piece of work some years ago. But along about thirty years of age it begins to assume a battered and shop-worn look. It has had its knocks.

It has surrendered again and again to the voices of expediency instead of upholding the banners of idealism. It has been knocked about by "What will people say?" It bent the suppliant knee to the need of a raise in salary. It has been kidded into submission. And, worst of all, it has been imprisoned by the walls of habit. Its owner has done certain things so often for so long that what he likes to do is the jailer of his resolution.

"Ha!" says the voice of the scornful. "Is a man to desert his old friends just because he wants to live differently?"

The answer to that is: "Of what value is their friendship to him if they pull him down into low places or become a drag on his better con-

duct?"

A man has a right to choose as his friends and associates those from whom he will get something worth while, whether it be wit, or laughter, or sympathy, or inspiration. The interchange of helpful and entertaining thoughts and influences is the very structure of true friendship. He is the despoiler of his own character and the destroyer of his own strength if he consorts habitually with those who give him as their part of the trade harmful influences and nothing unlifting or improving.

"But," inquires the superior person, "can't a man stick to his good resolutions? Does he have to have help always?" The fate of the vast majority of New Year's resolutions answers that with a compelling though gloomy finality. The average man can keep their good resolutions without help, but few of them do. Why, then, make the thing harder by living among people who instead of helping on the good work directly and incessantly assail it?

If, of course, you are superior to the average man, you can do anything you want to. That has been proved a hundred thousand times. The human will, when really summoned to victorious battle, is unbeatable. And who is to say that you are not a superior man? Believe that you are, and you are. The will is just that mighty and imperial.

It is natural to desire and seek prominence in the world, yet it is a serious thing to be placed in the full light of public observation, our faults and weaknesses heightened by its glare, and doing—even the smallest of them—so much harm.—Exchange.

SANTFORD MARTIN AND HIS LITTLE PARTNERS.

(Winston-Salem Journal.)

Yesterday the Editor had the pleasure of meeting in a body and looking into the faces of The Journal's carrier boys, his most faithful partners in the business of providing the city of Winston-Salem with a morning newspaper. He experienced the joy of saying a word to them in commendation of their loyal service during the year 1924 and of wishing for them the sort of Christmas they deserve—the best that Santa Claus can give to anybody in the whole wide world.

Today he desires thus publicly to acknowledge his indebtedness to and grateful appreciation of the service rendered during the year by the little army of carrier boys—the “paper boys”—who deliver The Journal to the homes of its readers in Winston-Salem every morning in the year, except the morning after Christmas, when publication is suspended for one day in honor of the little boy who was born in Bethlehem two thousand years ago. He, too, was a working boy.

The Editor could not help but think as he looked into the upturned faces who greeted him yesterday that Jesus was once a little boy who toiled early and worked late in the town of Nazareth. To His mother, Jesus was just like these little boys in the city of Winston-Salem. To her he was always a boy—her boy—for Mary, the mother of Jesus, was not different from all other true Christian mothers of little boys who have

ever lived in the world.

Dr. W. T. Ellis, in his Christmas Sunday School lesson, imagines that Mary sat one evening at twilight talking with the disciple, John, to whose care Jesus had committed her. It was some time after Jesus had been put to death and has ascended into heaven. And Mary said to John:

“In these days of memory, I live over those first months at Nazareth, and the journey to Bethlehem, and the wonder-night at the khan. * * *

“As we went south to our family home for the high-handed Roman census, the spirit of Joseph was shaken because the public khan at Bethlehem was crowded; for he always treated me as though the best were my right; and he had set his heart on a large upper room. How tender and comforting he was on those trying last five miles between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. As for me, I was well content when the golden-hearted horse-grooms made place for me by a manger, on the fresh, sweet straw, with the friendly warmth of the beasts about me. Somehow I felt as if it were fitting that my Son should be born amid these strong men and simple surroundings. I thought of it many times later when He called Himself the ‘Son of man’ * * *

“Then at His first Passover, when we found Him the center of the learned rabbis, who thought Him and His questions wonderful, the refrain that sang itself in my heart was,

'This is my Son.' True, I rebuked the Boy, as was fitting, (Joseph never laid word of admonition on Him, leaving that to me) but even as I spoke and He answered, I glorified, that He who so early was about the things of the Father, was my son.

"When the crowds followed Him through Gallilee, and when He entered Jerusalem, my spirit kept saying within me, 'To them He is some Great One, but to me He is my Son.' * * *

"The whole world is talking of the deeds of mercy and helpfulness that He did throughout those three busy years when He walked publicly amidst the multitudes; yet I can match every one of these marvelous ministries with an instance of sweet and beautiful service in our home circle. Never was there such a son or brother. How blessed was I above women!

"That gentle heart which loved the whole world, loved me most of all. He thought of me in that last hour, when He gave me into your keeping; that was because He had been thoughtful of me ever since, as a little toddler about my feet in Nazareth, He had done the first considerate offices of love. A wondrous gentleman was my Son.

"Now I must tell you a thing that I have never said before, but you will understand. In that awful hour on the Cross, when His broken heart cried aloud with a cry that seemed to break my heart, too; when the sympathetic darkness wrapped us in; and when the very rocks themselves on which we stood swayed in agony, I seemed to hear Him crying as my Babe cried, long, long ago. Even in that hour of anguish—I hope it is not impious—He who hung there

before us in bitter shame, all for a world's pardon, was to me a Babe once more in my arms; and my heart ached to comfort Him with tender, soothing crooning words.

"While I was bowed in tears beside the Cross, there passed before my mind all His beautiful babyhood. I looked upon those bleeding hands nailed to the wood, but what I saw was His baby hands, so small, so soft, so graceful; and the face as delicate as a flower's petal, with golden curls where now the cruel thorns flowered red. A thousand incidents of His childhood came back to me; and while the others heard Him cry in anguish, 'Faher!' I seemed to hear Him call 'Mother!' as he used to do in all His little joys and sorrows."

Mary was the first Christian mother of a little boy. Before Jesus came women did not feel toward their children as she felt toward her little boy. Even to this day there are lands where heathen dwell, where there is no Christmas, where the spirit of Jesus, who was the first man to love all little children, does not reign in the lives of men and women. In those lands little boys are treated as slaves, not loved as children, even by their parents.

But wherever true Christians dwell everybody loves the boy. And that is why we know that this morning thousands of readers of *The Journal* in Winston-Salem will gladly join the Editor in wishing all the joy that Christmas can bring to our brave little partners in service who race through sleet and rain and snow and bitter cold to beat the sun to the waiting world. May God bless our "paper boys" and sustain them and

help them as they fight their way up to big, strong, manly manhood—the sort of manhood that rules the world.

“The most forgiving animal in the zoo is the giraffee.”

“What makes you think that?”

“Why, my dear, he overlooks everything.”—Tit-Bits.

WHEN PEOPLE FORGET THEIR BANK ACCOUNTS.

By Harry Van Demark.

On the face of it, it hardly seems possible that any man would forget where he put his money; yet this happens with sufficient frequency to keep the banks busy looking for the owners of some accounts. In almost every instance these owners or heirs are found, usually after a long lapse of years, and often with the greatest difficulty.

Almost invariably these occurrences happen in the savings departments. While there seems to be no universal rule, in some States savings banks do not consider an account dormant until it has gone from five to ten years without a transaction. Then the interest is stopped and a search begun for the owner, and Sherlock Holmes and Nick Carter themselves might have taken a few pointers from the officials who do this work.

The Central Savings Bank of New York City had a typical case involving a man who had opened an account in trust for another during the Civil War. He dropped completely out of sight, and in time, following its policy in such cases, the bank began to look for him.

Investigation brought to light the

fact that he had enlisted, and the records of the adjutant-general recorded him as having deserted. Further investigation showed that the depositor had changed his foreign name to an American name, duly authorized by a court of law, had entered business and become wealthy.

When approached by the bank's representative, he emphatically denied that he was the party who had opened the account. When shown a tracing of his signature from the books of the adjutant-general's office, and told where it had been obtained, he admitted that it resembled his, but positively asserted that it was not.

He denied that he had ever deserted from the army, insisted that he had been and was still a friend of the most prominent men of the nation, a loyal American who had rendered valuable service during the war, and that he had no knowledge of or relation with the bank in question.

When, shortly thereafter, a report was presented to him, reciting the conversation of a representative of the bank with a prominent business man who had known the depositor

from his youth, and by his former name, he went to the bank and admitted his identity, signed a draft authorizing the payment of the account to the widow of the man who was the beneficiary of the trust account, and of whose estate she had been appointed administratrix.

The same bank had a depositor named JOHN Nugent, who described himself as a teacher and gave Tipperary, Ireland, as his birthplace. When Nugent's account became dormant, the bank officials found that a man of the same name, and who had lived in this country the same length of time, had died in the year of Nugent's last deposit. This explained Nugent's non-appearance thereafter to the bank's satisfaction, but when that institution got in touch with the man's relatives, it was found that the John Nugent who had died was a totally different person from John Nugent the depositor.

With this complication settled, the bank advertised in Ireland, and wrote to everyone by the name of Nugent known to live in or near Tipperary. They searched the New York Board of Education's records, but could find no record of any teacher named Nugent. A search of private school records was also unsuccessful. All Nugents in New York and Brooklyn were asked about the missing depositor without result.

Finally the marriage records of Ireland were examined; the parish priests of Tipperary were enlisted in the hunt. The marriage record at last was found and one of the witnesses reached by that clue. He said that John Nugent had died in Ireland after returning from America, and led the searchers to Nugent's

widow, more than eighty years old, who was living in a work-house. The bank presented her with \$3,000 principal and interest of her husband's deposits, begun over a quarter of a century before.

The Bowery Savings Bank of New York also had an interesting case in the account of Frederick Sollman. The account was transferred to Eliza Sollmon two years after it had been opened, and three years later to Eliza Sullivan. Note the slight change in name. The account was finally entered on the dormant ledger and all efforts to trace its owner proved futile.

In answer to one of the many advertisements a William Sullivan wrote the bank, stating that the similarity to his mother's name had made him wonder if there could be any connection. In an interview with the bank officials he explained that his father, Frederick Sullivan, had died suddenly, and the shock had caused his mother to have recurring attacks of insanity. At last she was put in an asylum and her three boys in city charitable institutions.

Up to this point the story was clear. But Sullivan could not remember where he had lived as a child except that it was on the East Side opposite a graveyard. One of the several addresses given by Mrs. Sullivan proved to tally with that description. To most minds this would have established Sullivan's identity, but it was not legal proof.

So a search for papers began. Finally Sullivan found an old wallet with his father's name written on the flap, and his mother's workbox with her name on the cover. Both signatures matched bank records as well as could be determined from such time-worn

writing. The bank officials told Sullivan that there was \$1,100 to his mother's credit and advised him how to get administration papers. It then developed that there had been a fourth brother, and as this brother could not be found, Sullivan became weary of the matter and gave it up.

But the bank became all the more determined to find the Sullivan heirs. One of the officials recalled that insane persons often had a cunning way of concealing things and making mysteries out of very simple matters. He suggested that there might be other savings accounts, and found one in the Metropolitan Savings Bank to the credit of Eliza Sullivan for \$2,000. It also was dormant and unclaimed.

This bank's record made mention of a child named Mary, whom Sullivan wholly had forgotten, but whom he recalled when her name was mentioned. He said that the children had been sent to Randall's Island when they were all very young, although examination of the records there failed to reveal any such entry. Sullivan persisted in this assertion, however, and a long search finally

brought the record to light. The mother had fallen into the hands of the police in an insane condition, Sullivan said, and the children never saw her after that.

But nothing could be found of an Eliza Sullivan in any institution for the insane near New York. Further exhaustive searching by the bank officials uncovered the police record, showing the arrest of one Elizabeth Sollman, committed as insane, who had died in the Ward's Island Hospital. This undoubtedly was Eliza Sullivan, and on the strength of the evidence the surrogate issued letters of administration to the son.

It still remained necessary to find the sister and the other brother. The woman was traced to Connecticut, living as the daughter of parents she supposed to be her own, unaware that she had any brothers. Sullivan immediately recognized her from the resemblance to his mother. The last boy was located after an equally troublesome search, the estate settled, the family united, and memories of thirty years before renewed, all because the savings bank would not give up the effort to render a last service to a depositor.

HERE'S OUR RECORD.

Looking back upon it all, we can't help but feel a bit uneasy. We just wonder if folks outside had any Christmas at all. For it seems that all the Christmas there was must have been at the Training School. Right after Thanksgiving somebody had said, "We're going to have the best Christmas of anybody!" In a week it had become a slogan. And

day by day the preparations went forward. In the school rooms the first step toward the program is the memorizing of the first sixteen verses of the second chapter of St. Luke. It is a Training School custom, and the smallest boy is taught the verses perfectly. Then there were recitations to be learned, and carols, and all the things necessary

to provide a program worthy of the occasion.

In the cottages and all the departments of the school folks were working busily with one idea in view—"the best Christmas of anybody." The boys practicing the Christmas program had keen competition from the boys who were getting out the programs and the menus in the print shop, and baking the cakes in the bakery, and getting the materials ready for the dinner in the store room, and getting the cottages all decorated and ready for the great event. But it all went on amid an atmosphere of cedar, holly, mistletoe, red bells and tinsel, with hearty good will and cheer pervading the whole.

And at last it was Christmas Eve. Outside, rain and murky darkness. But nobody noticed. For everybody was going to the Christmas Tree. North Carolina soil never produced a finer tree than the one that occupied the center of the stage in the auditorium. It had been carefully selected, beautifully decorated, and it was a joy to behold. There was nothing of a tired, and stale, and worn-out feeling about that Tree. It was fresh and green, and pungent with the odor of live cedar, and it represented the ideal of happy hearts and willing hands who wanted us to have "the best Christmas of anybody." Two smaller trees had been placed in the background, and the entire stage decorated with garlands of Christmas greens. Wreaths and bells in every window finished the decorative scheme, and the whole was perfect—if you ask us!

Line after line of boys marching in

while the band played a hymn, marching eagerly, expectantly, but quietly. Then, if you did not believe in Christmas, it was time for you to leave. For who could keep a grouch when four hundred boys were on their feet singing "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!'"? And just at the close of the song a boy was coming forward at the front of the stage. He was only a boy—perhaps fourteen years of age. But with perfect composure he faced his audience and led the school in one of the most beautiful parts of the program, the recitation of the Scripture. In perfect rhythm, without a single falter, the chorus of voices rose and fell upon the verses they had learned days before, ending as they "found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger." A hush, and every head was bowed while the leader prayed as only one could pray who was a boy and who believed with all his heart in Christmas, and had been trained to properly conduct and express himself.

The program always includes a minister. This year Dr. Jesse C. Rowan of the First Presbyterian church of Concord was with us, and his talk to the boys was unusual and enjoyable. In fact, the school is justly proud of the entire program. A rendition of the hymn, "Silent Night," played softly by the band while all lights were off except the ones on the tree, and echoed by instruments from outside was especially effective. Another number by the band, "Cantique de Noel," was equally fine in interpretation. And nobody ever sang carols as the boys sing them on Christmas Eve. Nor, we think, could any youngsters recite better,

or do any of the things that went on in the auditorium.

Of course it wouldn't be a real Tree without Christmas bags. And they were there, a great big one for every boy, filled with good things, and distributed by men who were as excited and enthusiastic as any of the boys, and who were having as much fun out of the proceedings as any ten year old in the crowd.

It was altogether appropriate that such an event should be closed with a prayer, and once again quiet prevailed as Dr. Rowan led the closing petition. Satisfied, happy, and looking forward to To-morrow, the boys went back to the cottages, each one lugging his bag of goodies.

And Christmas Day? Well, it's just born in North Carolinians to believe in vittles. Each cottage had individual ideas about decorations, and each one seemed more Christmasy-like than the last one you entered. But they all smelled like dinner! And well they might. A hundred

chickens had bled and died for the glory of that dinner, not to mention the boiled ham, and the candied potatoes, and the rice and gravy, and the cake and all the rest of it. That was a dinner, and not a single boy would deny it.

And so Christmas went on. Not a lot of noise and wild excitement. but groups of boys, happily employed with games, gifts and boxes from home, and all that contributes toward a sane observance of the biggest event of the year. Who would have it otherwise? If Christmas means not joy, and hope, and new enthusiasms, and generous giving and gracious receiving, and kindly speaking, and friendly doing, then Christmas may well be celebrated at any time of the year. Christmas to us means all of those things, and we wish you a "Happy New Year," happy in the knowledge that the Christmas-time we have celebrated was better than anybody's.

TWICE A CHILD.

The greater part of Christmas activity was directed towards making the child happy. It is said that a person is twice a child; and it was most appropriate that The Sheltering Arm Circle of King's Daughters were busily employed in devising means for the happiness of the old women in the "Old Woman's Home," in Durham, which has their special object of interest and love. They had a tree, and a special program arranged for the entertainment of the old women; and a play, the product of the brains and genius of Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, treasurer of the state organization, was the joy of the occasion. Nothing can be more beautiful than the spirit of love and service for the aged, who have reached that point in life that they cannot well care for themselves or their wants and needs. Strikes us that this is practical religion in action.

EIGHTY-TWO YEARS YOUNG.

Daniel Branson Coltrane.

A few people have the distinguishing honor of celebrating their birthday on Christmas Day. One of them is Mr. Daniel Branson Coltrane, President of the Concord National Bank and the treasurer of the Jackson Training School since its early history. On that day he reached the completion of his eighty-second year in an active and useful life. There is no reason why his objective should not be an even hundred or more.

THE HINDU WIDOW SPEAKS.

By Alpha Fisher Thomas in *Woman's Work*.—A Monologue.

TOMORROW, yes tomorrow it must be; I cannot longer escape. It is my fate—and who am I that I should attempt to thwart the will of the gods?

Tomorrow, I must become a widow indeed—and oh, Hindu sisters of like fate, you alone can know all that means. Oh, why was I ever born? Why could I not have entered this life as a man-child, as a son, then my mother need not have suffered those untold cruelties? Had she been the mother of five sons, what a glory would have been hers; but not even to have one, and to bring forth five daughters—what a cruel fate!

On the day that I was born (she tells me) my father cursed as he had cursed at the advent of my four sisters, only his rage increased at each succeeding disappointment in having no son. But father is not to blame. Do not our sacred books tell us that every father must have a son? Else who could perform the religious ceremonies for the family after the father's death—and how could father's soul ever go safely through the countless millions of rebirths and finally be re-absorbed into Brahma who gave it, if there were no son to perform the funeral rites and the annual ceremony for the dead father? Surely, father was justified in taking a second wife into his house. Did not the gods reward him by giving him a son by this second woman?

But oh, how my heart bled for my

hapless mother, even when I was a tiny girl. Who was she? Only a female, the mother of other females. The new wife was not so fair as my mother, but she was the mother of a son, and hence found favor in father's sight.

Oh, Rama, Rama and oh, all ye 333 millions of Hindu gods, what did my mother do to anger you,—why did you give her only female offspring, and not even one son? Is there no mercy, no pity? Do you not care that a mother of daughters should endure daily curses and frequent beatings? That she should never have a kind word—that many times she should lie down at night hungry and weeping?

No wonder that she wanted to go back to visit her parents a few days each year—but even those visits were not satisfactory. Her brothers and their families were living in the same house with her parents, and some of the sisters-in-law were always quarreling. There were jealousies and rivalries so that we were always glad to get away again. But when we got home, father complained about the money he had spent and the new clothes we had bought. Then every year or two, there was the question of getting one of us married, and that meant a heavy debt for father. Mother wanted us each to marry a man not more than twenty years older than ourselves, but father thought money and jewels ought to have first consideration.

For several years our house was scarcely free of suitors, for must we not all be married before we were ten, according to our sacred books? Sita, my third sister, was very winsome. Two of my uncles asked for her, but she could not be promised until Kotamma and Tirupatamma were sure of husbands. Finally a relative of mother's, a widower with four sons, a man old enough to be Kotamma's grandfather, asked for her. He offered a nice dowry, so father called the priest and an astrologer and all was satisfactorily arranged. The wedding took place when Kotamma was nine. She was not a bit happy because she knew this old man could not live long and she would soon be a widow. A year later Tirupatamma was disposed of to a bachelor of thirty-five. My two uncles quarreled when the decision was made concerning Sita, the prettiest of us all. She liked the uncle who brought her the most toys, but this did not count with father and he gave her to the elder, the one who owned the most oxen. The astrologer said neither the names nor star of the younger uncle matched with Sita's, so there was nothing more to do about it.

Then Subbamma was arranged for. She was given to the uncle Sita liked. Mother says she felt much relieved when a suitable husband had been found for me, the ast of her daughters. I can just barely remember my wedding day. I was only five. I wore a pretty silk dress and many jewels and had a garland of jasmine flowers. As I sat in one end of the palanquin, I stole shy glances at the man of thirty who was

being carried with me through the streets in this fine way. He did not seem to notice me, but I enjoyed the band that led the procession, and the noise and the people. The men of our families followed us while the women stayed in the house and cooked a fine meal.

(I often wished that mother could go out on the street like father, but she says no self-respecting Broman girl over twelve or any woman would think of doing such a thing. She must not even let her face be seen by any man outside the family).

In a few days the bridegroom and his relatives went to his distant house. I did not see him again for a long time. When I was twelve, he came with his relatives and carried me away to his mother's house. I was proud that I was now old enough to go with him and yet I wept bitterly, because I had to leave my sad mother behind. When we reached my mother-in-law's house, I was very weary. All were eager to see my pretty clothes and my jewels. I was too shy to lift my eyes. His mother and brothers and their wives admired me. It did not take me many days to learn that the youngest sister-in-law was jealous of me, for I now became the pet of all the others. I was flattered and pleased especially because my brothers-in-law considered me attractive. It does not take a Hindu girl long to lose her beauty and I knew that I would lose mine all too soon, so I determined to enjoy it while it lasted.

My husband, (but of course I can only speak of him in my own meditations)—I wonder why a woman is considered so low that it is disre-

spectful for her to call her husband by name. I never say "Brahmayya" except secretly to myself. I would not so dishonor a man who has honored me by making me his wife, and he never call me Sundaramma. I wonder if no man in the world, not even a white man, honors his wife by speaking her name, and I wonder if a white woman always speaks of her husband as "the father of my children." I wonder if she too, she who is so bold that she goes out on the street just as men do, and walks and talks to her husband publicly, and even eats with him (I am told) and sits while he stands—I wonder if she ever calls him by his name? The white people have such queer customs; a woman does not marry until she wants to, and if she does not want a man she tells him so. Some do not marry at all. Very few marry before they are twenty years old, and here I am at twenty with the best of life past and gone. O, how different my estate!

At fourteen my first baby came. I was too sick to know or care if it was a boy or girl, if it lived or died. When a few days later I was able to understand, I was not very sorry that it had died, for it was only a girl. I did not see its father for many days, but I was sure he was glad it died, and its death made him less angry with me. When I was fifteen and a half, the gods were good, oh, very good to me. They gave me a son. Oh, how happy I was! The father of my boy came in to see him the first day and every day. He did not say much to me but I knew he was happy. After that I bore a girl and then another son. In the midst of our joy Cholera

visited our village and took away "the father of my children" and our babies. I was so grief-stricken that I did not think much of the evil days to come.

Cholera killed my babies and their father, I know it did, and yet our sacred books teach us that a woman becomes a widow only as a punishment for sin. Our gods know I always tried to serve "the father of my children" faithfully and well. I cooked his food the best I knew how, and placed it all before him without keeping back any. I did not eat until he was satisfied, and sometimes there was not much left for me. I never spoke back when he was angry. I was ever obedient. My one thought was to please him.

I wonder what terrible crime I committed in my former birth that could bring this horrible woe upon me now. It is my fate to be a widow. Yes, the gods will it. It is six months tomorrow since my babies were buried and their father's body burned. Sadness and loneliness have been my part; but oh, the past six months have been joy in comparison with tomorrow and the existence I must then begin.

Tomorrow I must become a widow indeed. I wear this gay dress today for the last time. Tomorrow for a little time I shall be dressed as a bride, only to have that silken garment replaced by a coarse one, my jewels all taken away from me, my bracelets broken, my long black hair will be cut, my head will be shaved and my hair not allowed to grow again. I shall be made to look like all India's millions of miserable widows clad in their coarse, colorless homespun—with no ornaments, eat-

ing only one meal a day, a slave in the house where I was once favored by all, a disgrace to my family and his, and ill omen to all who meet me, I must go out on the street with my face exposed like an outcaste woman.

Oh, Rama, Rama, help me to endure the shame and the indignities my wid-

owhood brings upon me, and I will ever pray for the safety of the soul of "the father of my children."

I am only a woman. I sinned in a former birth and called forth the anger of the gods. This widow's lot is my fate. The gods will it; it must be so!

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr

Miss Vernie Goodman was visited by her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman of Mooresville, on Christmas day.

John Forester, Theodore Wallace, Lambeth Cavanaugh, and Hurley Way attended the Kiwanis Club meeting at Concord. They rendered a program under the direction of Miss Vernie Goodman.

Herbert Poteat, Joe Wilkes, Zeb Trexlor, James Davis, Walter Cullers, J. J. Jones Jr., Earnest Brown, John Tomasin, Harvey Cook, Walter Hildreth, Fleming Clenton and Herbert Floyd, Judge Brooks, Sylvester Honeycutt, Lery Carlton, and Mike Mahoney composed the "Happy" squad on Christmas Eve.

The boys enjoyed a fine religious service Sunday afternoon. Team Number Four of the Christian Men's Club of Charlotte, led by Mr. Ed E. Jones came over and rendered a program that was one of the best we have had from any organization. Besides several helpful and inspir-

ing talks to the boys, there were musical numbers by a male quartette, and two solos by Mrs. Tom Glassglow. And besides all these things, we had with us at this service our loyal and esteemed friend, Rev. T. W. Smith.

Dr. A. F. Mahoney of Monroe is not only a skilled surgeon, but he is entirely successful in another role—that of the Training School Santa Claus. He has played this part at other times than Christmas, and his coming to the school is the signal for a general rush on the part of the boys. This Christmas he, of course, contributed generously toward the Boys' Christmas Fund. But he didn't stop there. He came along the day before Christmas with a smile, and gifts for folks in general, and among other things he left a good trap drum outfit for the school orchestra. We've stopped trying to say "thank you" to Dr. Mahoney, but we honestly think he ought to have a mighty good time if there's anything in the idea that the right way to be happy is to make other folks happy.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



WHAT THEY DO.

Let us thank God for books. When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing; how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven, —I give eternal blessings for the gift, and pray that we may use it aright, and abuse it not.—James Freeman Clarke.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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JUST A LITTLE "MORE."

A little more kindness and a little less creed;
A little more giving and a little less greed;
A little more smile and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we" and a little less "I."
A little more laugh and a little less cry,
A few more flowers on the pathway of life;
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

—Mrs. B. F. Fuller.

RECALLING SOME HISTORY.

Noticing a general discussion in the papers as to what new items might be added to the taxables, in order to raise additional revenue, and the alleged statement of Gov. Morrison that he could write a section to the Revenue Bill that would bring in twelve million dollars, we are reminded of a little piece of history that was made in the General Assembly of 1913.

Realizing that there existed an outrageous inequality in the assessment of properties, some escaping entirely and other items sneaking through with but little respect to justice, the Joint Finance Committee undertook to place

on the books a tax measure that would "make the tax-books tell the truth," which afterwards became the slogan of Gov. Bickett. This measure in the legislature of 1913 failed, because of a number of combinations; but it is interesting to recall that the able minds that had most to do with the defeat of that measure in 1913 became the leaders in a later legislature in writing practically the very identical measure into law.

A condition existed at that time, as in all periods, that called for a larger revenue and everybody, who took an interest in the matter, was trying to find a way out of the dilemma. Many suggestions of how to master the situation came from various sources. Among them was one from Attorney-General Bickett, who wrote a section to the revenue bill and submitted it to the Finance Committee. It was unique and far-reaching, and would have touched nearly a third of the population at that time, men, women, children and even babies. Mr. Bickett had written a measure that would levy a 1-cent tax on each glass of coca cola sold in the state. He confidently claimed that the revenue arising from the proposed tax would pay the entire running expenses of the state, and urged the Committee to incorporate it in the Revenue Bill. However, it was not accepted.

How many millions of dollars would a one-cent tax today on each glass of coca cola sold in North Carolina during one year bring into the treasury of the state? Figure it out.

* * * * *

IT'S A CONDITION.

R. R. Clark, in one of his editorial contributions to the Greensboro News, takes notice of the number who went through a jail confinement during the past year, at Greensboro. These numbered 869 whites, and 704 colored, or a total of 1,573. It is noted that the colored people had the minimum number; but taking the relative per centage of population the colored people's patronage of the county jail is the larger.

But superior advantages and opportunities being the lot of the whites, one might easily expect the white race to be in the minority. But we are confronted by a real disturbing condition. Comparing statistics of today with that of ten years ago, one is disturbed by the terrible increase of the whites who find themselves incarcerated. Years ago, it was rare to find more than 5 per cent of the prisoners in jail to be of the white race. It is not so today. This is a condition; and there must be a reason or reasons.

Mr. Clark further points out: "one finds support for the contention of some

of our Superior court judges, who have called attention to the fact that the number of whites—especially white youths—is increasing on the criminal dockets of our courts.’’ This seems quite evident. But why is it the condition? The answer is clear: parents are neglecting the real welfare of their children, the neglect of keeping the homefires burning; delegating the moral training almost entirely to the schools and other agencies; giving liberties that children do not know how to properly use, permitting them to loaf on the streets and other substitute-for-home places when their proper places are at their real home in company with their parents. The world has gone made in an effort to make the young lives of the children one grand play-house, when some simple duty that leads to making useful manhood and womanhood should be assigned them. We have absolute evidence—testimony that cannot be gainsaid—right before us that the absence of intelligent parenthood, idleness and liberty from home unattended breeds 95 per cent of youthful delinquency.

The fault is all but entirely with the parents—the youths become the suffering victims.

* * * * *

STILL TALKING A DEFICIT.

On the eve of the assembling of the General Assembly of North Carolina there has been a revival of the discussion of the relative size of an alleged deficit in the state’s finances. Though a number of audits have been made and horse-back opinions galore been advanced, no two seem to agree on the size of the alleged deficit.

It appears to a layman that a simple set of books, showing receipts and expenditures—including what is due the state and showing every sign of being solvent and capable of collection and the authorized obligations of the state—would call for just a matter of the use of mathematical addition. With properly-kept books, and a strict obedience to the mandates of the General Assembly, it seems that the use of a Burroughs Adding Machine in the hands of a competent operator could decide the matter of a deficit or a surplus in a day or so.

Whatever the true condition maybe, it is certain that no money has been embezzled; and we have hundreds of miles of the finest roads in the world and in spots some of the finest institutions and schools in America; and a public school system in a majority of the counties constantly improving and more efficiently meeting the demands of the time; and a people, brave and

industrious, that have their eyes set on the rising sun. Lots of comfort and hope in these.

* * * * *

THE VERY BIGGEST THEME.

The press is still busy, and for a good reason, in discussing the very biggest thing that ever occurred in the South—the establishment of a forty million dollar trust fund, by Mr. J. B. Duke, for the benefit of Duke University at Trinity College, for the aid of other institutions and for assistance of religious and charitable endeavor in the two Carolinas.

The press of the North seems to have taken as much delight in this most wonderful act, a demonstration of regard for his native soil and the vision Mr. Duke entertains for the future of it. We entertain no doubt that this great captain of development is just as happy over his most generous gift and the hope of its achieving in the future what his vision has pictured. It was not an impulse of the moment—it was the act of a cold, deliberate calculation of a master builder, who loves to make money not for the glory of it, but for the substantial purpose of doing big things, in the benefits of which all may in a measure participate—even unto unborn generations.

* * * * *

ANOTHER CONFEDERATE PASSES.

Capt. E. F. Lovill, one of the sturdy sons of the mountains, after a period of feeble health passed away on the 3rd at his home in Boone, Watauga county. Capt. Lovill had reached the fine old age of 83, though at no time did he seem to carry such an age, for he had lived a clean, honorable and upright life.

He was a lawyer, a legislator, a friend of man, a great believer in education, and a brave Confederate soldier. The most conspicuous labor of his whole life lies in the loyal devotion to the establishment of and success of the Appalachian Training School at Boone. From its foundation up to the day of his death he was the chairman of its Board of Trustees. Did we have the opportunity in time for this issue, we would like to incorporate into this short notice of this manly man the estimate held of him by Prof. Dougherty, the head of that popular and successful institution, in whose interest for years these two men worked most faithfully side by side.

* * * * *

THE NEWS' HOUSE-WARMING.

The Greensboro News, having moved into its handsome new home, invited

the public to make it a visit. It concluded its program of pardonable pride in its good fortune and great success by having a number of the craft as guests at a banquet. Those who found attendance possible are loud in their estimate of the wonderful achievement.

The Greensboro News has had a marvelous growth and it reflects credit and honor on its home city. The truth of the matter is, The News would do credit to a community five times the size of Greensboro.

* * * * *

DOWN TO BUSINESS.

The General Assembly for 1925 was formally organized on Wednesday, by the election of Hon. Edgar W. Pharr, of Mecklenburg, Speaker of the House; and Hon. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Northampton, President Protem of the Senate.

The tentative arrangement provides for the inauguration of Governor-elect McLean on Wednesday, the 14th. The press carries the statement that Gov. Morrison has no further communication for the legislature, leaving all suggestions and recommendations to his successor.

Gov. Morrison plans leaving Raleigh Wednesday afternoon for Durham, where he and Mrs. Morrison will spend the night, proceeding the next day enroute to their future home in Charlotte.

General R. F. Hoke used to enjoy telling of the remark Mrs. T. J. Jarvis made to her distinguished husband when he relinquished the reins of government to Gov. Scales: "Governor, it is all over."

But it wasn't.



DEPENDABLE MAN.

Giving his life to the service of his state without stint, Hon. O. Max Gardner never refuses to answer a call whenever it is at all possible. They had him in Charlotte to address a meeting, which was held at the Chadwick Hoskins Cotton Mills. The audience composed of mill folks and a large crowd from the city overflowed the hall.

What Mr. Gardner said is so fine and sensible that we reproduce a part of what the distinguished citizen had to say on that occasion, his theme being "The Dependable Man."

"The finest thing that can be said of any man is that he is dependable. It is the best thing an employer can say of an employe, and the highest tribute an employe can pay his employer. This word comprehends and implies the basis of all trust and the foundation of every

"There is nothing so fatal to any honorable relation in life.

man's success in any business occupation, profession or work, as a reputation for being slippery, uncertain, unreliable and unstable. I would a thousand times prefer to be called a fool, an ignoramus, a hog, or even an ass, than to deserve to be called an undependable man. The trouble with many of us is, we get the reputation of being untrustworthy without knowing it, without intending it, and sometimes without fully deserving it. There is little hope for the deliberate crook. The sooner he is locked up the better for society. I am not talking about him. The man we must help, and the man whom we should try to influence is the fellow who drifts and flounders unconscious of his uncertainty.

"I feel mighty sorry for this man. We find him not alone in the cotton mill, but on the farm and every where. He is primarily honest, and works hard—when he works—pays

his debts if he can, goes to church, is law-abiding and peace-loving, a good fellow. But somehow he gets nowhere, and gradually and slowly loses out. You look for him and he ain't there. You expect him and he doesn't come. There are thousands of such men in North Carolina. Their greatest trouble is, they lack the supreme ingredient of dependability.

"And bear in mind that this quality is not acquired in schools, colleges and universities. It is not the product of refinement or culture. It is the raw material of manhood—dependability. The great trouble with so many of us is that we are not possessed of a consecrated spirit of hang-to-itiveness. We are dissatisfied with what we have and long for that which we have not. We are restless and roving. We are bound to move. We think there is a better job over the river or a finer prospect 'down there.' We flinch in the face of devout purpose, and pull by jerks and spurts. We are always in motion, but we travel like a merry-go-round. One of the great problems of the present-day civilization is to stabilize and strengthen the will-power of this class of our citizenship.

"I do not believe that there is a

higher resolution any of us can make in the New Year than a firm resolve to so live and serve as to be worthy of the unsurpassed title of a truly dependable man."

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so busy botherin' 'bout de debts of Europe dat dey clean fohgits what dey owes at the corner grocery."

OVER-RELIGIOUS VS BAD MANNERS.

By C. W. Hunt.

There is nothing that goes as far in the making of a gentleman or a lady or a boy and a girl as decent manners. Even the poorest can be mannerly; and it is certain no parent can give a child a greater legacy in life than the training in good manners. I know people who can shine in conversation and entertaining ability, who will spoil the meal of all the other guests at a dinner party by taking a handkerchief and blowing their noses at the table as though they were in the barnyard. But the foregoing is just thrown in here; for the suggestion of this line of thought came by what a lady said not long since about two new boys in the neighborhood, the coming of whose parents had occupied some black headlines in the local paper, and were supposed to be up in "G" when things polite were at stake. "Said this lady: "Yes, the boys have been to my house, and they went into every thing in the house except the hot furnace." She could not have spoken more loudly or to the point. Somebody may have been busy telling others how to act, to the neglect of the home household. Reminds me of the old saying, "Shoemakers go barefooted."

And the foregoing recalls an incident, which I was a party to, in a

town west of Charlotte about 20 years ago. I was on the road in the interest of two papers, and approached a preacher's house on a business call. I noticed the gentleman was busy talking over the telephone, and naturally delayed announcing my presence until he had finished the conversation; but his two boys five and six years old took advantage of my civility and the father's being busy, and by the time he had finished his talk, they knew who I was and had searched all my pockets and had my pen and pencils in possession. I could have excused all that in the boys, but a few minutes afterwards in the parlor, when I offered to give a colored comic supplement to the boys, the father objected to their having this sheet for fear of contamination of their young lives.

The world is full of just such as these—top heavy—too busy training other people's children to train their own, or pampering in fear of worldly contamination, and by that denying the child the duty every parent owes, home training, and allowing the child to get that knowledge gained by association, and which no school teaches. We all love religious men and women, when they lead consistent lives, and inconsistency includes the failure to tell children and sink

it deep into their minds that they to others you meet, but teach your have no business nosing into other children that there is nothing so people's things. beautiful as politeness and if they do

You can make no more helpful re- not know what politeness is, from solution for the New Year than to your neglect, keep them home until resolve not only to practice politeness you have done your duty by them.

“Walk with your head up, you have a perfect right to, the world doesn't belong to any one individual.”

GOODFELLOWS CLUB.

Under a Charlotte date line we find this inspiring story in the Greensboro News, which tells of a most wonderful organization that operates in The Queen City:

“Your heart must be in the right place.”

In the above eight words are summed up the motto, slogan and guiding thought of the Charlotte Goodfellows club, an organization that is fast becoming known throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Formed five years ago by Rev. Dr. A. A. McGeachy, pastor of the second Presbyterian church, as the Men's Benevolent association, the organization has grown to imposing proportions both in membership and accomplishment.

However, ever after the organization of the Men's Benevolent association there was a lack of pep in the organization, caused, it was said, by the heaviness of the name. Dr. McGeachy called a conference of the leading members of the club and in an executive conference on the grass covered lawn of the manse the Goodfellows club was born and the old association passed away.

Unobtrusive charity is the main object of the club. Charity that reaches out and extends the helping

hand to those who have been denied or ignored by other agencies of mercy.

The club was born of the idea that there are hundreds of men in every city who have charitable tendencies but who have no connection with a church or charitable organization and who dislike making a parade of their charitable impulses.

No appeal ever has been made for charity except that three members of the club are allowed at each monthly meeting to describe in three minute talks one deserving case of charity that has come under their observation. No obligation is placed upon any of the more than 600 members to donate for any cause except of his own free will and accord. This policy, it is said, is responsible for the popularity and success of the club. Men who have attended practically every meeting admit that no member has yet failed to respond when given an opportunity.

One of the most inspiring of its many meetings was that held on

Christmas eve when the more than 600 men in attendance contributed almost \$2,000 to carry Christmas cheer to several needy families in the city. This was done without ostentation, publicity being shunned by the club.

The club has no minutes, permits no long addresses to its members, has the passing of resolutions on all matters, important or otherwise, and has no records except a card index system of its paid-up members, who are never dunned for fees and are automatically dropped from the roll when their membership fees are not paid in advance.

The club maintains an office and a full time secretary, Miss Gertrude Gower, of Gainsville, Ga., who also is a soprano singer of note, who keeps the membership roll and receives all dues and contributions. Three professional nurses are maintained in the city by the club and two orphans are kept in school. The nurses are paid by the club and work under the direction of the city health department. These nurses and several singers are honorary members of the club, being the only women whose names are on the roll.

The organization is composed of men from all walks of life from many sections of the United States and representing practically every religious creed and political organization in the country. Organized by a Presbyterian minister, its second president was a Catholic and its present president is a Jew. Playing the good fellow and acting the good Samaritan in a quiet way is the only function of the club.

Meetings of the club are marked

by a spirit of fun and good fellowship. Long winded addresses are taboo, although a number of celebrities have delivered three minute talks. Among the notables who have spoken are Major General John A. LeJeune, commandant of the United States marine corps; Billy Sunday, the evangelist; Houdini, the magician; Rev. Dr. George Stuart, evangelist, Strickland Gillian, noted humorist, "Cyclone" McLendon, evangelist, United States senators, governors of several states, and a number of noted musicians have appeared at club meetings.

Music takes about 75 per cent of the time of each program. "It is a mistake to believe," says David Owens, for the past several years president of the club, "that a hard-headed business man cannot be appealed to through his emotions. All decent men are charitable, only a lot of them are ashamed to admit it. It is impossible to bring 600 men together every month unless you have something better to offer them than a long speech describing the beauty of Christian charity. The banker and the industrial leader like to laugh and the creation of an informal atmosphere of good fellowship is the best advice for loosening tight purse strings.

"Lots of men brag that they do not care for as trivial a thing as music but they are lying when they say so, and 75 per cent of the success of the Goodfellows club is due to the fact that each program is made up largely of music. That, coupled with the fact that men are innately good and charitable and that they find an escape from organized uplift and regu-

lation by by-laws and constitutions, spells the success of the Goodfellows club."

The organization is now closing its fifth year of activity and is without a counterpart either in purpose or organization, so far as members have been able to find out, though several clubs have been organized in the south in emulation of it.

As stated above Dr. A. A. McGeachy, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, was the moving spirit of the organization of the club, although he modestly disclaims this honor. T. T. Allison was the first president of the club and John M. Robinson the second. David Owens is the third president.

MR. DUKE AND COUNTRY CHURCH

North Carolina Christian Advocate.

Mr. James B. Duke in his foundation of \$40,000,000 for education, charity and religion has set apart ten per cent of that magnificent gift to the building and maintenance of country churches in North Carolina. Nothing like this has occurred, hitherto, with all the multiplied millions that rich men have contributed to the welfare of humanity. And we believe that Mr. Duke in his gift to the country churches of his native state has placed this money where he can expect the very largest returns in character and high service.

In fact this new venture in ministering to the spiritual needs of rural North Carolina has already been tried out by Mr. Duke in his annual gift of \$25000, which with gratifying result he has for the last ten years contributed to the country churches of North Carolina. With the aid of "The Duke Fund," as it has come to be known, quite a large number of churches have been erected which could not have been built without such aid, and ministers were kept upon scores of fields that would have been deprived of their services but

for the timely aid of James B. Duke.

These \$25,000 each year for the last ten years have proved a great blessing to many of the rural sections of this state, but that is only a foretaste of what is to come when the Old North State receives a minimum of \$200,000 a year for religious work in the open country. In consequence of these generous funds there is a new and greater day just ahead for the country church in North Carolina.

But this new opportunity will bring with it added responsibilities. This gift does not imply a release from hard work, but it does imply an even greater devotion to the larger tasks in North Carolina Methodism. These unparalleled opportunities for development of the rural churches is going to require bishops who look not backward but forward and who are men of vision knowing how to plan wisely for the future. There will be needed also as presiding elders men of the same type. The presiding elder who just "goes around" will be more out of place than ever before. A living salary will be provided for the rural pastor, but at the same

time there will be a call for men, and men only, who can bring things to pass. There is no place for men who 'mark time.'

There will be, also, an urgent demand for additional ministers. We should at this very time have at least one hundred consecrated, religious young men in training for the great days ahead. Not men who have their eyes on big salaries and prominent places and whose desire is to be ministered unto, but, rather, young men with the spirit of the Master who would become great by rendering a great service.

A familiar portion of the Word of God comes to us just at this time with peculiar force. Here it is: "Therefore said he unto them, the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into the harvest."

The church should pray for laborers and then be careful to guide aright those whom God calls. Even the call of God has sometimes to be interpreted to youth by an older person. It was so even in the case of Samuel, who came eventually to stand at the head of God's greatest line of prophets. Furthermore, young men should be guided in their training. An intense passion for holy and high service hurries one to his task. He needs to be told by those who have been in the fight to equip himself in the best possible manner for what is to come. It is nothing short of a crime to allow young men to enter the Methodist itineracy half prepared for his life's work on the flimsy excuse that he does not have the money to go to college. It is

the church's duty to loan him the money that he may need to complete his education. And the church or men in it who have the due qualifications of the Christian ministry upon their hearts will see that such young men get the money. If anybody doubts this, try it out and be convinced.

In view of the foregoing considerations, the interests of the country church are to occupy a prominent place this year in the columns of the North Carolina Christian Advocate. We expect among other things to carry a series of articles upon this subject from church leaders who are not impractical theorists, but are men who know the whole subject and its attendant problems from actual experience. And we expect the series of articles to be one of the valuable features of the paper in this year of grace, 1925.

The attention of the whole church in our state should be riveted upon the country churches of North Carolina. Mr. James B. Duke is a product of the country church as was his honored father, Mr. Washington Duke. At least ninety-five per cent of the Methodist preachers of the two conferences in this state came out of country churches and a very large per cent of the membership in the town churches, owing to the influx of country people to town, were converted and joined some country church and later brought their church letters to town.

Mr. Duke though engrossed with big business was wise enough to see all this add in consequence to rightly estimate the value of these rural churches and of the ministers who

labor in these fruitful fields. And he not only saw clearly the value of the country church, but he has also given largely of his money to carry forward this all important work.

The response of the church to this sublime challenge of J. B. Duke must be met by immediate and whole-hearted enthusiasm. The effect of the gift of Mr. Duke upon the coun-

membership of our Methodism, both ministers and laymen, in North Carolina should be electrical. One and all should be aroused to fresh sense of their opportunities and responsibilities in this new golden day which has come to our Methodism and to the people of our commonwealth.

THE OLD WAGON WHEEL.

It is a worn out wheel, fit only for the junk pile. But it is mounted on a chestnut post, and revolves upon an axle that an amateur carpenter cut. The spokes project horizontally from the top of the post.

Upon the top of the spokes are fastened rural mail boxes. The carrier stops by it, turns it to a certain box and deposits mail; turns it again and takes mail out of a certain box. It receives messages, as the spokes indicate, from every point of the compass. It sends out messages to every point of the compass.

What are the lessons? Your life may be frail, or old and worn—ready for the junk pile as the world thinks. But it is capable of bearing a world message if it finds its place—if it is adjusted. Has your life found its place? Has it been adjusted? It can be, however frail or worn, whatever the world may think.

Another found its place and put it there; your Lord must find your place. You must submit. What about it?

Another old wheel (perhaps its mate) hangs in an apple tree hard by. I could hear it say: "I have seen my day; there is nothing I can do; nobody loves me; times are not like they used to be." Which wheel are you? They both had the same chance.

Hanging beside the last wheel was the "eye" of an old-fashioned hoe; it too was harking back to the "good old days" before "goose-necked" hoes came into vogue and knocked it out.

But it could be sold to the "junk" man, shipped to the foundry and converted into a thing of use. Maybe some of us need to be sent to the foundry. I wonder which ones?—J. J. Gray.

THE CHALLENGE TO MANHOOD.

Stanly News-Herald

The young or middle aged man who reads the daily newspapers these days and sees the evident dawning glory of old North Carolina and does not feel a challenge to his own manhood, might as well be taken out and shot, as far as his future usefulness to himself, his family, his town, county or state is concerned, for there is no spark there to ignite the fire of usefulness and service within his soul. But to the real men of this state there never was more to **thrill, enthruse and incite to action than at this very time.** Hardly does a day pass without something new developing that should call out the best that is in us all. New inventions, new developments in industrial and commercial lines, **improved farming, better highways, finer educational advantages**—all these stimulate the real man to greater personal endeavors and **challenge his ambition to keep pace with the tremendous march of progress on every hand.**

As we approach the beginning of new New Year let us, therefore, look to the future with hope and faith. Let us resolve that during this year we will play a real man's part. May we determine to better develop our minds, our bodies and our various business. Let the North Carolina high school and college pupil go back to his work with renewed determination to utilize his time in the preparation of himself for his life's work, to build a greater character and become a man among men. Let the business and professional man

realize that if he would keep up with the trend of the times, and take his place along with the leaders in his line of work, he must grow in character and soul, must keep his body clean and strong and his mind bright and alert. Let the farmer open his eyes to the fact that this is 1925, and that if he would do his best to serve himself and his country and help clothe and feed a great people, he must become a student and a business man as well as a farmer, that he must think and work, keep up with the latest and best methods and use the latest and best farm machinery. But these things mean **WORK.**

Speaking of work, reminds us of the statement which Mr. James B. Duke made at Durham the other day. It was a regular 1925 sermon that ought to be hammered into the life of every man, woman and child in this state. Mr. Duke was speaking of the great University which he has made possible for this state and of the great things in store for old North Carolina in the near future. He said "North Carolina should, within a few years, become the leading state en the United States. No state has greater natural advantages, if the peopl will only work and develop them. That's a point that should be hammered always. Work, work, work. People here just don't work enough. They are beginning to in the western part of the state. If they will only continue and increase their efforts, this will be a wonderful state in a few years."

And he preached another big sermon on the importance of activity when he said: "That Germans were able to become a world of power because they were active working and trading, turning money over. They will become a great power again in 25 years if they are allowed to continue. They work. The French are given to hoarding, holding what they have, turning nothing over. A section, state or nation can never get wealthy by trading with itself. If must go outside make things that others need, in return for which money is brought in. Then wealth will result."

Dreams and visions are great things if we work them out, but it takes work. A young fellow who aspired to become a great painter looked upon the masterpiece of a great artist and exclaimed, "Oh, if I could thus put a dream on canvas!" Dream on canvas," roared the great master, "it is the ten thousand touches with the brush you must learn to put on the canvas that make your dream." Just a polite way of saying that sweat has done more to produce the great things than genius.

If there is an authority on what work will do, it is Mr. Duke. He started at the bottom and got his great fortune largely through hard work—work both of mind and muscle. He is known as the one rich man who works and works and works—works all the time. Possibly no one in history has applied himself more ardently and regularly to his work than has this great power and tobacco king. It is said of him that he takes very little time for rest and recreation, but works constantly

and has done so all his life. We would not recommend the practice of "all work and no play for every one", but we do believe that most of us fail absolutely to work as we should. We in this section have never known what it is to really work like Mr. Duke recommends. We are just beginning to learn what real industry means. Some of us work hard enough with our muscles, but fail to work with our brain. That prevents us from getting anywhere. We should think first and then work towards something definite. In other words we should have a vision and then work towards it.

But getting back to the thought of our great state's glorious future and to Mr. Duke's statement, that gentleman, and he is a practical hard working man and not merely a dreamer or a visionary, said: "I have set out two and a half million trees from all over this country and Europe on my New Jersey place trying to make it look nice. I have done practically nothing with the one here, but the New Jersey place will not compare with this one in beauty. If I had done as much as I have done up there, this would be wonderful."

If there is a man in the world who should be authority on our state's natural resources and advantages, that man is J. B. Duke. The above statement, therefore, means far more than a mere spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm. He believes our state will soon be the greatest among the American Union and he tells why he believes it and his reasons are good, for he knows this state as few others do, and he

knows other sections of the world as well. He spoke after comparing our state with others.

Now as we start out the New Year let us do so with hope and faith. Hope in the future of our state, and faith in ourselves to measure up to the great service demanded of us in the future as makers of and citizens of such a glorious commonwealth. But let us remember here and now (and we would especially like to im-

press this upon the young men) the fellow who measures up as a real leader and stands out a man among the mighty men of our state during the next half century must work. He must be stronger in both body and mind than his father was because he will have to measure his strength with real men, for the future North Carolinian is going to be a real man in every sense of the word.

MR. WADE RECOMMENDS.

R. R. Clark in Greensboro News.

Insurance Commissioner Wade recommends a change in the law licensing stock sales, which he thinks will curtail the sale of phony stocks and "relieve the state of the unreasonable responsibility of acting as guardian for the public in the appraisalment of speculative investments." Certainly if there is no method by which the value of the stock may be determined with a fair degree of accuracy before the sale is licensed, which may not be practical, then the state should refuse to be a party to the business. Licensing a stock sale without knowledge of the value of the stock, or whether honestly promoted or promoted to defraud, makes the state aid and abet fraud. The state authority to sell gives the fake promoter the best argument he could possibly have. Mr. Wade says:

It would more practically safeguard the public to license the securities now exempted because of their soundness and instead of licensing the speculative security require all such to file complete data with the department regarding the organiza-

tion, personnel, plan of sale, promotion, granting no license for the sale of such securities, but providing a penalty for offering them to the public until such data is on file with the department, and a further penalty for representing to the public that they have been licensed by the state.

Authority should be lodged in the supervising official to suppress altogether the sale of any securities in which the element of fraud is apparent. Under such a system the public would be entirely safe in purchasing any security licensed by the department, and would be put on notice that those concerns not licensed were highly speculative, and that their securities would be bought at the purchaser's risk.

This would take away from the promoter the greatest selling argument he now has. It would relieve the state of the unreasonable responsibility of acting as guardian for the public in the appraisalment of speculative investments."

Mr. Wade "points with pride" to

the fact that, notwithstanding he had no appropriation for the administration of the blue sky law, of 53 concerns licensed to sell stock during his administration, and which did sell stock, only three reported failures that resulted in any loss to stockholders. This is an estimated ratio of about 6 per cent, which Mr. Wade thinks is sufficient "answer to the charge of laxity in the enforcement of this law." On the percentage basis, on the face of the proposition, the critics are silenced. But while it may not be Mr. Wade's fault so much as it is the fault of the law, when one considers what the three did to large numbers of our folks financially we hate to think what might have happened if six of the concerns had gone bad instead of three. At the same ratio of loss, if 25 per cent of the concerns licensed had gone bad, as they might have done so far as any special care on the part of the state was concern-

ed, a large section of the state would have been wiped out financially. It is poor consolation to one who lost his all by investing in a concern licensed by the state, which the state in effect said was sound and worthy of confidence—it is little comfort to say to a man who has been financially ruined and maybe never can come back, that only three of the 53 companies went to the bad. So far as the loser is concerned, it would be the same to him if all of 'em had gone to the bad.

The storm that followed the heavy losses sustained has made a big difference. A lot of people have been ruined and the knowledge that the state in effect helped in the ruin does not decrease the bitterness. Either the state will make a real effort to safeguard or will go out of the business of licensing frauds. The sacrifice has not been in vain, even if that is small comfort to the sufferers.

MARY'S QUEST.

By Emily H. Glover.

That was certainly the most eventful week that Mary had known for a long time.

Since her father's death her life had been hard and lonely. She spent the nights in the house of her nearest neighbor, but the days were passed in her own little cottage, striving in every way to make an "honest penny" here and there. She sold her violets and other flowers, took in sewing, made cake, helped the neighbors to can their vegetables—anything to make a little money. For Mary

Granville dreaded the idea of selling the little cottage and going to some large city to work. Her idea of bliss was to have plenty of time and money, so that she might study and read and travel, but always she wanted to keep the old home ready for her return.

Her only brother, who was much older than herself, lived on their father's plantation in the Mississippi Valley, and often sent long letters begging Mary to go and live with him; but Mary knew he could scarce-

ly "make ends meet" and was generally in debt when the year ended. So she stayed on in the old home, though she longed to go out west for a visit, and see all of her nephews and nieces.

But to go back to that wonderful week—the first event was a long, delightful drive with some friends. The fifty-mile trip and the delicious lunch at a farmhouse rested Mary greatly. But they had driven only three miles on the way home when something seemed to go wrong with the steering-gear, and for one sickening moment Mary realized that the car was turning over; then followed agonizing pain, and she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she was lying on a little white bed in a little white room, and the friend who had taken her to drive was standing near her, while the doctor was holding her wrist. There was a sweet-faced lady at the foot of the bed, but Mary hardly noticed her at first, as one arm ached a good deal.

"You are all right now, Miss Granville," said the doctor cheerfully. "You were lucky to get off with nothing worse than a broken arm, after such a fall. If you'll keep perfectly quiet and mind my orders you'll soon be all right again."

"Anyone else hurt?" asked Mary faintly.

"No, strange to say, you were the only victim, so you have nothing but your own arm to worry about, and the less you worry about that the sooner it will get well. It was very fortunate that the accident happened right in front of the Orphanage, for Mrs. Merton has given you the guest room, and there are lots

of nice little girls to wait on you."

"Yes," said the lady at the foot of the bed, "it will be a real kindness if you'll let Marjorie nurse you when your friend goes home—the child is a newcomer, and very lonely." Mrs. Merton smiled, and Mary loved her at once.

Even after the arm was set and doing well Mary felt so stiff and bruised that the doctor advised her to stay at the Orphanage for some days longer. And Mary was not unwilling, for she and the little Marjorie had become great friends. Marjory told her about the happy home she had lived in once, and how one misfortune after another had come to them, until an epidemic had deprived her of both father and mother. She and her brother, Tom, two years younger than herself, were left without home or money, and only a few distant cousins, who were almost as poor as themselves. Mary grew much interested in the two attractive children, and promised to write often to the lonely Marjorie.

But the news which reached her on the veryday of her return home made her forget her promise for some days. The mail brought a letter from her brother—"a wonderfully short letter for Jim," was Mary's mental comment as she opened the pages. Then her eyes grew wide with wonder and astonishment as she read:

"Dearest Mary," it began. "Good news! Good news! You're a rich woman! We're both rich, I mean—oil on the old place, and money in it after all! I am enclosing a check for \$200.00, so that you can come right out and see us at once. Then I can tell you all about it. I feel

as if I can hardly wait to see you. No time for more at present, as I'm desperately busy. Jim."

That was all, but Mary read it over and over and stared at the check for a long time before she could believe it. Then she was suddenly conscious-stricken with the feeling that she was wasting time when she ought to be working.

Another quick thought almost made her jump—why, there was no need to work any more! What a wonderful thought! She began to dream and plan. She seemed to see all sort of beautiful things in a kind of golden haze—first the visit to Jim and Eleanor, and the pleasure of knowing all of those dear children. Oh, and the trips to Europe and Palestine and Egypt and all the places she had longed to see. She would take two dear friends with her—poor artists who longed to travel. And what lots of money she would have to give away—money to missions, money to her own home church, money to the poor—yes, and a good deal of money to the orphanage where she had lately spent so many quiet days and had been so kindly treated. The orphanage should certainly have every comfort that money could buy.

At last she shook off the temptation to go on dreaming, and began at once to make preparations for the long journey to see her brother.

A happy year for Mary followed. She carried out every one of the beautiful plans she made that first day. Who can tell how much happiness her money gave, and to how many? The two artist friends enjoyed the eight months of travel abroad almost as much as Mary did. But "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and them.

in watching their happiness Mary had a double portion for herself.

But when they finally turned their faces homeward she could hardly wait to see the little cottage with its old-time flower garden and lawn and big orchard. She wondered if the flowers would be blooming and birds' nests all about the place, just as they were last year.

When at last she walked into her house again home seemed sweeter than ever to Mary, yet a sudden sense of loneliness possessed her. She sat very still on the wide porch and thought and thought. Finally she said softly to herself: "It does seem a shame that this dear little home should be of so little use now. And I can't leave it! And Jim and Eleanor don't need me, but it's so lonely here—"

Suddenly a thought struck her and her troubled face grew radiant.

"I'll do it tommorrow!" she cried. "They're the dearest little lady and gentleman in the world."

The next morning a handsome touring car stopped at the orphanage and Mary sprang out. After a consultation in the reception room Mrs. Merton told Mary she would send Marjorie and Tom to talk to her. Presently the two children came in with smiling faces. They thought the sweet visitor of last year wished to speak to them before she drove home. But when Mary explained that she had come to ask them to share this home—to be her own Marjorie and Tom—their joy and astonishment knew no bounds.

To have a little home of their own, with a garden and birds and chickens, and dear Miss Mary always with

No, they must call her "Aunt Mary," she said, and love her as much as she loved them.

Ah, that would be easy! "Why, we couldn't help loving you, Aunt Mary!" cried Marjorie, giving her a loving kiss, while Tom held one of her hands tight in both of his small ones.

A month later Mary sent this letter to her brother:

Dear Old Jim:

I do hope you'll find time for that promised visit. You can't think how I long to see you and to show you my Marjorie and Tom. They are darling children, and I've realized today for the first time that in trying to make them happy I've grown radiantly happy myself. In fact, I

have not had time to think of myself at all, because I've been so busy taking care of their present comfort and planning for their future welfare. Sometimes I lie awake at night thinking about Marjorie's graduation day, and wondering just what line of work Tom will take up when he is a man.

I wonder—but, no, I feel sure you won't laugh at your little sister's plans, Jim, for this kind of happiness is yours also. Today I read these lines, and they are so marvelously true I must copy them for you:

"It is in loving, not in being loved
The heart is blessed;
It is in giving, not in seeking gifts,
We find our quest."

A PILGRIM IN BELGIUM.

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles in Young Folks.

"Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

When the wrangling bells had ended
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And from out the silent heaven
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere
On the earth and in the air.

Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning
By the street-lamps faintly burning
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Burges."

Longfellow, The Carillon.

Burges, sometimes called "The Venice of the North" contains many things that are of interest to the traveler. Because of this our heavy baggage was placed at the last moment in the parcels room at the station in Brussels, and we departed to spend a week-end in the quaintest of quaint cities. But we had not taken into consideration the fact that Monday was a national holiday, Belgium's national "fete-day." The crowded condition of trains north caused us to realize something unusual was in the air. We learned that many employed people were using the opportunity for a few days at one of the coast resorts, Ostende, Zeebrugge, or at Middleburgh. Holland. The trains, in Europe, are

made up of cars that are numbered, I, II, III class. Few people travel first class many use the second class, while the third-class cars are over-crowded. Few Americans travel by the third class. We have traveled in all for the experience.

The cars are divided into compartment, holding from six to eight people, and usually have a passage at one side. Doors open at either side, so that the passenger may conveniently alight on a platform. The conductor comes and punches your ticket, sometimes before the train starts. With that, his responsibility for you seems at an end, If you do not alight at your own particular station, that is your misfortune. At some places, the name of the station appears on a street light near the station, at others, on a station bench, while at others you look in vain for a name. Conductors, owing to the construction of the cars, never call out the stations. Nor is "all aboard" or its equivalent shouted out. Instead, a bell, like a farmer's dinner bell, is rung a minute or two before the time for departure.

As, by the time we were ready to leave, ten persons had come to our compartment, the men took turns sanding. All of them were of the better class Belgians and spoke Flemish. A young woman by my side spoke to me in English, having acquired a fluency in the language from an English governess. It was she who gave the reason for the crowded condition of trains.

We traveled through a level country, well-cultivated and having a soil of rich black loam. It was the time of wheat harvest and on all sides, al-

though it was near the third week in July, the reapers could be seen.

No fences or hedges divide the fields or farms. Not even the landmarks of Palestine or the cairns of Scototland. It is impossible to imagine how farmers keep to their own bounds. The grass was green. Not a withered looking green, or a brownish burned-out looking green, but a green like a deep plush of emerald. The fields, brown-golden of the wheat, silvery green of the oats, emerald green of the grass fields, covered here and there with the scarlet of the poppies, of the blue and yellow of many other flowers, gave the appearance of a succession of patch-work quilts.

And there were orchards in abundance, with well-loaded apple and pear trees, and trees on which the cherries ripe and cherries red tempted the passerby. Gardens looked well-kept and prolific. The summer skies were bright. The villages, made up of quaint, comfortable-looking red tiled or thatched roof cottages surrounded with an abundance of marvelous flowers such as we never know, each village having its ivy-covered church tower piercing the sky, offered a variety that made every mile interesting and attractive.

People in foreign lands proudly memorialise those, by they poets, artists, or statesmen, who have added glory to their city. Our hotel was the Memling Palace, named in honor of the fifteenth century artist, Hans Memling, whose very choicest work of art kept within their own precincts.

A beautiful statue to his memory

stands in the Place Memling, a public square, while in another square the Place Van Eyck, stands a statue of Jean Van Eyck, another old master, the most famous painter of the early Flemish school, who died here in 1440.

One of the greatest glories of Bruges is the Belfry, immortalized by Longfellow. It stands in the market square, or Grand Place, a beautiful piece of Gothic architecture built in 1248. But the chief glory is not in the age of the tower nor in the style or architecture, but in the marvelous chimes in the top.

The "Bell of Triumph" weighing 19,000 pounds, requires eight men to put it in motion, while in the story above is placed the celebrated chime, or Carillon, composed of forty-nine bells, and weighing 56,166 pounds. These, cast in 1741, were the work of George Dumery of Amsterdam and made his name famous. Every year, from all over the world, many travelers come to hear these chimes. "But our city is not what it once was," said a native Brugeois to me. "It has never been the same since the Americans discovered it." I almost felt a sense of guilt as I sat in our hotel balcony listening to the wonderful music of the chimes but the huge clock face in the belfry seemed to look down at me with an air of genial interest and bid me welcome.

The "Bell Triumph" in reality a huge brass barrel, or drum having 30,500 square holes to change the tunes, starts the chimes every quarter of an hour by striking with each of its points the hammers, 184 in number, which are attached to the

bells by means of iron or brass wires.

Besides this enormous brass drum that makes the bells play mechanically, there is a keyboard on which the chimer plays the finest and most varying melodies.

A famous bell-player, Mr. A. Nauwelaerts, for more than a decade has given his talent for the pleasure of the people of Bruges. During the summer months concerts are held regularly three times a week, usually from nine to ten in the evenings, when the man, who is an international competition carried off the first prize, makes the bells speak to one's heart while he sends their sweet tones echoing over the town.

During the winter months the concerts are given in the mornings.

On one's approach to the city, three great towers pierce the sky, the belfry, the tower of the Cathedral of St. John and that of the Notre Dame. On the site of the Cathedral a chapel was first erected in 646 A. D., the Cathedral, in its various parts covering the dates from 961 A. D. to 1871. One of the famous sections of this place of worship is the pulpit of carved wood which required eight years to make and cost 42,000 francs. In the choir hang eight splendid Gobelin tapestries. Across the street, in the Hospital St. Jean, is the museum containing the very finest of Memling's masterpieces.

An outstanding work of art in the Notre Dame is the state of the Virgin and child cut in white marble by Michael Angelo in 1504. A similar statue by the same artist, is seen in St. Peter's at Rome. Of the chief glory of the first-named

tower, mention has already been made.

Bruges is a city of canals and cobbled canal bridges, so many bridges that, "no one has ever taken the trouble to count how many there are," we were told.

Surrounding the city are two canals, within the inner canal being the elevated tree-bordered walk called the "Ramparts." The people go to and from the city by one of four gates, one of the most interesting being south gate. Or Porte du Marechale, on the facade of which is fixed an iron head, to recall to the people of Bruges the fate of a man of Ghent, a traitor, who, in 1668, when the French army besieged the city, was ready to betray the city by opening the gate. His plan was discovered and he was beheaded.

Many of the houses of this city of 58,000 people are charmingly simple, being perfect examples of sixteenth century architecture, with the Flemish "step" gables so beloved by the Van Ecyks. The roofs present a hunch back jumbled appearance, red-gold in the setting sun.

Having taken a general view of the city, the pilgrim takes a seat on one of the numerous motorboats down by Quai de Rosalie for a tour through the numerous canals of the city: and here is picturesque beauty, the houses, with their over-hanging balconies and window boxes filled with flowers of brilliant hue, bordering the canals on every side. Here and there trees grow along the banks, reaching far out over the water, and forming a verdant arcade under which to pass. Bridges were many, "and bend very low" was the fre-

quent admonition of our English speaking guide. Some of the older bridges have beautiful arches, while the more modern ones make "stooping low" necessary. Hearing that Monday was to be a day of festivity over all Belgium, we decided to linger longer than had been planned at first, in order to witness the Carnival on the canals at night. Having some time to spare, we boarded a canal steamer and sailed by canal into Holland where we trailed around the streets of a town equally as quaint as Burges and where we seemed to offer as much amusement to the people as they did to us.

While the walks along the canals are not easy, much of the paving being of the cobblestone variety, they are very worth while. On many of them are quaint fourteenth century houses, each having its exquisitely beautiful embroidered linen half-shades with designs of mediaeval knights and ladies carried out in broderie Anglaise or in Flemish. In the smallest of shops were these same elegant shades, even in the small cigar shops. At every window, no matter how humble the cottage, were to be seen window curtains bordered in wide edges of real lace. We feel rich if we possess a nine inch piece for the front of a frock. Here, real lace abounds in profusion. But this is the city of real lace, the lace makers laying claim to supplying many of the shops of Brussels with their products.

Wandering down some of the narrow streets we came to the homes of the lace-makers. One sweet faced old lady looked from her doorway with the most cordial of smiles as though

inviting me to tarry awhile. At another place, women sat with bonnets like our grandmothers used to wear. Inquiring as to the reason why they wear these bonnets in their houses while at work, "It is the custom of our country," was the answer I received.

Travelers frequently inquire of other travelers in hotels as to what they have seen, so that nothing that is worth seeing is omitted. Learning that in the old Grunthuse, the palace of a noble family in the middle ages, in which many of the rooms are left as in the early days of its history, was to be seen one of the most valuable collections of lace in the world I went around. "Surely," I thought "no where in the world can lace makers be more adept." For here was one piece as fine as cobweb, a piece requiring fifteen hundred bobbins to make. The threads being so fine the work had to be done in a damp room to lessen the danger of breaking. This is said to be the finest piece of lace in the world, the maker having given her sight as a result of the strain.

In another case was a famous piece three yards long; forty-five year and three generations being necessary to its completion, while on the other side were the original Van Dyke collar and cuffs. Four hundred different pieces go to complete the display.

The art has to be acquired in childhood or it is not acquired at all. Passing by the lace-makers as they sit at their tasks by their doorsteps, one is reminded of the skilled pianist playing an intricate piece of music, with such ease do the fingers fly. Going down the business streets, one

wonders how they ever dispose of all their products, for on all sides are lace shops filled with most exquisite pieces. Nothing I saw in this line, however, in Brussels or Bruges was more beautiful than a lace gown on exhibit at Wembley, London, and in front of which stood an elderly man of ministerial appearance with a lady, presumably the Mrs. Curate. The gown was made over a pattern designed especially for Queen Victoria. As the white-haired, plain-looking old gentleman stood gazing, he remarked, in his pronouncedly English accent, "Now, there is a frock I like." "I wonder who wouldn't," said his wife, gently and meekly, with an accent equally English, realizing doubtless, as the old gentleman did not, the priceless value of the pattern.

Our Hotel Memling, as well as many other hotels, the belfry, the government building, and the post-office, a few cafes dating from the seventeenth century are some of the buildings surrounding the Market Square or Grand Place.

Here, on certain mornings, are groups of marketing folk, some buying some selling. Here, from our balcony we looked down upon a scene of uncommon interest, upon the street traffic, small carts drawn by dogs, singly, or in pairs or in threes, dogs that are trained for this particular work, nevertheless as to type. It was with something akin to pity that we looked at a fine dog drawing a cart, while a most inferior looking yellow street dog walked by, carefree. The cart dog, seeming to resent the superior air of the care-free cur, felt within him a desire to fight, but how

could he attached as he was to his encumbrance? All the fine dog could do was to look backwards as he drew the cart, barking vociferously at the yellow dog the while.

Here we see queer two-wheeled vehicles and queered quaint tilt-top wagons, market women in real lace head-dresses and wooden clogs, priests in black cassocks and flat roll-brimmed hats, and nuns with enormous wimples, all making a picture that looks more like the sixteenth century etching than market square in the modern world.

Monday morning saw the city in gala array, the red, yellow and black of the Belgian flag flying to the breeze on all sides, while here and there the Lion of Flanders, red on a yellow ground, rampant and clawing, was in evidence. People gathered early and soon the market square was filled. In the center a band-stand had been erected and here, at intervals during the day, one band or another played in their very best fashion the old classics. But now and again, we heard the clump, clump, clump of a boy in clogs going along the streets whistling, as he walked, as if to the accompaniment of the clogs, the seemingly world-known tune, "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

The people of Belgium are quiet and orderly. In spite of the fact that the day was a gala day, there was no disorder. On the wide pavements in front of the hotels and cafes, under awnings, hundreds of people sat, sipping various beverages.

All the townspeople had come out and the country folk came in, for the holiday. It was a holiday with-

out noise and commotion. No loud voices were heard, and no street brawls seen. The only sounds carried on the air were those of the carillon in the belfry each quarter hour, and the music band in the Market Square.

The people seemed to feel kindly toward us. As I wandered through the most ancient part of the city I lost my way. Thinking perhaps a group of schoolboys might be able to direct me, I inquired in the very few Flemish words I could remember, how to reach my destination. One of the boys, a lad of about twelve, could not restrain himself at my efforts, but laughed heartily in my face. The other two looked embarrassed at his bad manners. A little farther along as I walked on the Ramparts by the ancient body of water known as the Minnewater, where is an old tower from the year 1398, a last vestige of the old fortifications defending the city, three little girls smiled sweetly at me and greeted me in French. I tried to answer in the very best accent I could summon, and, while it was very bad French, I know, they understood me and waved their hands in a kindly farewell.

The carnival on the canals after darkness had fallen was the crowning epoch of a perfect day. Artistic fingers had fashioned the decorations on the boats, while musicians of ability played or sang as the boats glided noiselessly along.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Burges was a city of 200,000 inhabitants and was then the center of commerce for Northern Europe. All the shipping towns of

north Germany had their storehouses in Burges where the ships of all nations discharge their rich cargoes. In one day as many as 150 vessels sailed into the large harbor. Seventeen kingdoms had their official trade centers and twenty ministers represented far-off lands. In the early part of the sixteenth century the two rivers Swyn and Roya which formed a large estuary and fine spacious natural harbor, became silted up and choked with mud, to which is attri-

buted the decay of Bruges.

In 1907, the Brugeois inaugurated their new seaport Zee-brugge, which port obtained an historical reputation during the great war. It was here, on April 23, 1918, that the British navy sank at the entrance to the harbor, three large warships which effectually bottled up the mouth of the Bruges canal and put an end to the activity of the German submarines.

MARK TWAIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

So much had been written about the humorous side of the late Mark Twain (Samuel M. Clemens) that only in these two volumes have we had the opportunity of knowing his innermost thoughts and emotions. But it is not biography; rather it is an intimate record of the author's private life. He stipulated that it should not be published until after his death. "I am writing from the grave," he says in a foreword. "On these terms only can a man be approximately frank." And he is frank! He bares a human side little suspected. He was an ordinary mortal after all. Words and things hurt him—and deeply. He had his likes and dislikes. He was a man of many moods. Some of his perceptions are good; others absurd. Bereavements left wounds that never healed and caused him to regard the world through mirthless glasses. Mark Twain's life was bitter-sweet, though his writings do not show it. He had a queer philosophy. Listen to the man who wrote "Tom Sawyer," "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's

Court" and other sterling works:

"What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and words! His real life is led in his head and is known to none but himself. All day long and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding and his thoughts are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible thin crust of his world, with its scattered snowy summits and its vacant wastes of water—and they are so trifling a part of his bulk! a mere skin enveloping it. The mass of him is hidden—it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life and they are not written and cannot be written."

But for real bitterness the following is hard to match:

"A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little meagre advantages over each other. Age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities.

Those they love are taken from them, and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year. At length ambition is dead; pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release is in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them—and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they have left no sign that they have existed—a world which will lament them for a day and for-

get them forever. Then another myriad takes their place, and copies all they did and goes along the same profitless road, and vanishes as they vanished—to make room for another and another and a million more myriads to follow the same arid path through the same desert and accomplish what the first myriad, and all the myriads that came after it, accomplished—nothing!"

And they called Mark Twain "America's greatest humorist!"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr

The boys could not do much work last week because of wet weather.

Nine hogs were killed during the past week.

New quarterlies, for the first quarter, were distributed to the cottages last week.

Letter writing day came around last week, and every boy had the pleasure of sending a letter home.

The Goodman Literary Society held its regular meeting on last Monday evening, and held a fine debate.

The bakery has been closed for about six days while the old oven is being removed. A new oven will be installed soon.

The boys have been cutting wood

most of the time for the past week, as they had to have something to keep them warm.

The boys had a big time at the ball ground, last Saturday afternoon, the basket ball players had a long practice.

Mrs. O. K. Duckett has just returned to the institution after spending Christmas holidays in South Carolina.

The boys enjoyed a show on last Thursday evening. The show exhibited was: "Milky Way" and "Dumb Waiters."

The following boys received paroles last week: Bill Sherill, Garland McCall, Edwin Baker, and James Martin. These boys have made good records at the school. McCall was

one of our best baseball players and Sherill was a member of the basketball team.

Readers of this issue of THE UPLIFT will notice a large honor roll for the last month, showing that the boys are still keeping up the good work in the school rooms.

Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Higgins preached a fine sermon, which was enjoyed by everyone.

The golden text of the last Sun-

day's lesson, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord" and the subject, "Christ's Triumphant Entry" were read with enthusiasm by the boys.

Mr. A. A. Sims, Jr., and Mr. Ralph Lank Ford, representing the Lions Club of Gastonia, visited the school Tuesday afternoon. They brought with them, as a gift from their Club, a handsome cabinet Victrola and fifty records. The Gaston county cottage is very proud of such a nice addition to its furnishings, and the boys will get much pleasure from the machine.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

David Brown, Ernest Brown, Lambert Cavenaugh, Charles Crossman, James Davis, Claud Evans, Elwyn Green, Everett Goodrich Albert Huid, Robert Lea, Ervin Moore, Roby Mullies, Freed Mahoney, Washington Pickett, Watson O'Quinn, Thomas Sessoms, Vaughn Smith, Mack Wentz, Vestal Yarborough, Haskell Ayers, Charles Beech, Walter Cumins, Oler Griffin, John Keenan, Walton Lee, Vernon Lauder, Earl Little, Lee McBride, Argo Page, Whitlock Pridgen, Alwyn Shinn, Odell Wrenn.

"B"

Robert Ferguson, Doy Hagwood, Carl Henry, Geo. Howard, Geo. Faferty, William Miller, Lexie Newnam, Carl Osborn, Sam Osborn, Aubrey Weaver, Clyde Pierce, Clut Wright, Archie Waddell, James Alexander, Percy Briley, Harry Dalton,

Olive Davis, James Gillespie, Herman Goodman, Theodore Wallace, Smiley Morrow, Louie Pate, Donald Pate, James Watts.

Room No. 2

"A"

William Creasman, Mack Duncan, Fleming Floyd, Albert Jarman, Hugh Moore, Robert McDaniel, Harry Stevens, Clyde Holingsworth, Hyram Greer, Jeo Carrol, Leon Allen, Sam Carrow, Ray Franklin, Pleas Garfield Mercer, William Nichlos, Walter Page, Frank Stone, Lester Staley, Jim Suther, Robert Ward, Hurley Way.

"B"

Clarence Anderson, David Driver, Mark Jolly, Howard Keller, Homer Montgomery, Dick Pettipher, Brantly Pridgen, Joe Stevens, Jack Stewart, Worth Stout, Ed Ellis, Zeb Trexler, Frank Emmett, Irwin Cooper, Broach-

ie Flowers, Jess Forester, Sylvester Honeycutt, Charles Jackson, Garfield Mercer, Sallie Matthews, Ralph Martin, Lee Smith, Herbert Tolley, Graham York.

Room No. 3

"A"

Lester Bowen, Albert Buck, Clifton Hedrick, Roy Johnson, Solomon Thompson, Carlton Hegar, Elmo Oldham, Sam Poplin, Edwin Crenshaw, William Barbee, Abraham Goodman, George Holland, Arnold Teague, Luke Patterson, Walter Williams.

"B"

Adam Beik, Lester Morris, J. B. Hargrove, Rhodes Lewis, James Caviness, Sam Stevens, James Philips, Herbert Orr, Connie Loman, Douglas Williams.

Room No. 4

"A"

Jesse Harrell, Allen Byers, Ned Morris, Jesse Hurley, Ed Moses, Jeff Latterman, Harold Thompson, Jas. Fisher, Clyde Lovett, Hunter Cline, Raymond Richards, Charles Carter, Cebern McConnell, Brevard McLendon, Broadie Riley, Harvey Cook, Rex Weathersby, Furman Wishon, Jeff Blizzard, Jay Lambert, Cedric Bass, John Creech, Clarence Maynard, Herman Hemrie, John W. Forester, Winton Matthews, Reggie Brown, Bruce Bennett, James Peeler, Calvin Forbush

"B"

Paul Oldham, Alfred Stamey, Carl Richards, Luther Mason, William Harmon, Harold Cray, James Bedingfield, Glenn Walter, Britt Gatlin, Hill Ellington, Delmas Stanley, Herbert Floyd, Leonard Atkins, Ray-

mond Kennedy, John Kivett, David Queen, Harrell King, Sam Smith, Vernon Hall, Bill Rising, Paul Edwards, Ralph Leatherwood, Junius Matthews, Bill Penny, Emis Harper, Carl Richards.

Room No. 5

"A"

Lattie McClamb, Andrew Parker, Claud Wilson, Charlie Beaver, Elmer Mooney, Thomas Tedder, Kellie Tedder, Earl Torrence, Earl Edwards, Robert Sprinkle, Ray Brown, Theodore Coleman, George Lewis, Al Pettigrew, Lester Matthews, Grey Haddock, Lee King Lester Franklin, Wannie Frink, Clarence Weathers, Tessie Massy, Norman Beck, Albert Stansbury, Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Walter Culler, Maston Britt, Samuel DeVon, John Tomisian, Larry Griffith, Woodrow Kivit, Ralph Glover, David Whitaker, Linzie Lambeth, Elmer Proctor, Cecil Trull, William Wafford, John Gray, Lemuel Lane, Earl Green, Floyd Stanley, Dewy Blackburn, Will Hodge, Andrew Bivins, Leonard Burleson, Eugene Glass, Kenneth Lewis, Claude Dunn, John Watts Burton Emory, Ehas Warren, Lyonel McMahan, Preddy Turner, Geo. Cox, Claude Stanley.

"B"

Cecil Arnold, Conley Aumond, Parks Earnheart, J. David Sprinkle, James Long, Lestetr Love, Regize Payne, Ben Cameron, James Robinson, Ben Cook, Frank Ledford, Wilbert Rockley, Charlie Carter, Benjamin Moore, Otis Floyd, Toddie Albarty, John Hill, Bertie Murry, Garland Ryls, Roy Hauser.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XII

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 17, 1925

No. 8

THE GUIDE.

“Be ye not as the horse or as the mule which have no understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle.”

You are not to be without the reins, indeed; but they are to be of another kind; “I will guide thee with Mine Eyes.” So the bridle of man is to be the Eye of God; and if he rejects that guidance, then the next best for him is the horse’s and the mule’s, which have no understanding.—John Ruskin.

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Chas. E. Boger, Supt.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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FRIENDSHIP.

Gold cannot buy it,
Poverty try it;
Thrift may not cheapen it,
Sorrow must deepen it;
Joy cannot lose it,
Malice abuse it;
Wit cannot choke it;
Folly provoke it;
Age can but strengthen it,
Time only lengthen it,
Friendship forever.
Death cannot sever
Heaven the true place of it,
God is the Grace of it.

—Abbie Farwell Brown, in *Youth's Companion*.

THREE ANNIVERSARIES.

Lest we forget, The Uplift spends a little time in this issue in dealing out some thoughts relative to the lives and careers of three most outstanding characters in American history,—Franklin, Lee and Jackson. Benjamin Franklin's birthday is on today, the 17th; Robert E. Lee's, on the 19th; and Stonewall Jackson's, on the 21st.

There come days in the lives of men, of nations, of races, and in the life

of civilization itself which are of such conspicuous importance that they are set apart from the ordinary run of days and the events they stand for are duly remembered each recurring year on the proper date. Birthdays, religious feast days, days of battle—many are the occasions commemorated. The value to us of such special days is in their observance—that we dedicate ourselves to the spirit they perpetuate.

Much of what The Uplift carries about Gen. Lee is suggested by the statements and sidelights used by Muzzy in his School History, which has been justly criticised and very properly discarded by a large number of schools. The author, it may be noted in passing, is brilliant, scholarly and a master of the language, but in his pen there is vitriol.

Of the most wonderful man, Franklin, many stories have been attached to his name, as were jokes to the name of the late beloved Zeb Vance, that are merely the creation of brilliant and careless imaginations. Somebody recently claims to have exposed the act of discovery accredited to Franklin with regard to his kite and lightning. Regardless of whether this be true or not, this remarkable man wrought splendidly and served his country most admirably in a number of great and important events. The idea of observing Thrift Week, predicated on the sayings and acts of Franklin, is a wholesome one, fraught with much hope for good and no evil.

But the suggestion of a "Dollar-day," when preparing for Thrift Week, to stimulate business and seduce people to buy things they do not need because of their apparent cheapness, seems the height of absurdity. Just got the wires crossed by giving away to enthusiasm.

* * * * *

"SEVEN MILLIONS THROWN AWAY."

This is a statement made in the Chapel Hill News Letter. It has reference to the deplorable school attendance that the records reveal. The News Letter argues for its statement as follows:

The compulsory school attendance law of North Carolina does not seem to be very effective. Out of every 100 children enrolled in school during the last school year, an average of only 71 were in daily attendance. In 73 counties more than one-fourth of the enrolled children were absent daily. A school is organized to care for the total enrollment. When three out of every ten children enrolled in the state are absent daily it means that 30 per cent of the taxpayers' money is being wasted. Which means that about seven million dollars of school tax money was wasted last year because of poor attendance. This is enough money to carry the entire State bonded debt, and equals the total income from automobile li-

cense and the gasoline tax.

Four out of every ten dollars the taxpayers of Scotland county pay for school purposes are wasted. It's the taxpayers' fault, for poor attendance is largely the fault of the parents. It is up to the parents to keep their children in school and get the benefit of the money paid for school support.

The appeal is especially directed at tenant farmers, whose children in turn will be tenant farmers if they are not allowed to get an education that will enable them to compete with others on equal terms.

If the same condition prevails among the tenant farmers elsewhere, as we happen to know it in a certain community, then the low average daily attendance in the public schools is largely due to the indifference of the tenant farmer. One example of stubborn indifference comes to mind. Unable to read himself, one of these indifferent men deprived his little girl in the second grade of two whole months' schooling. He side-stepped the compulsory school law, by sending her one day in each ten.

Just what excuse this miserable and ignorant father would have given, had the authorities approached him on the subject, is hard to tell; but the real reason is that he did not want his child vaccinated. He boldly declared, "I will rot in jail before I will permit it."

The statistics, as published for the several counties, seem to indicate the ineffectiveness of the compulsory school law. It does appear that it is based on a wrong idea. If the law compelled each normal child to complete a certain number of grades—say the seventh—it naturally follows that there would be an incentive to the careless and indifferenat parents to avail themselves more liberally of the advantages and opportunities offered them.

* * * * *

PICKING ON THE QUEEN CITY.

It appears that the modernists, or what not in the kingdom of those who would sow the seeds of doubt in the authenticity of the Bible, have an eye set on Charlotte.

In the latter part of last year there was entertained in a select circle in that city an emissary from the clique that has prepared a "Shorter Bible" and some of the preachers were taken to task for not lending their presence to the designing woman that had come with her new wares. Just the other day an imported teacher, now employed in a North Carolina School, representing a so-called extension service, practically repudiated the Bible. In the first instance Dr. Bridges sounded the alarm and clearly explained why the preachers did not support the presence of the advocate of the "Shorter

Bible.”

And a teacher in the Observer, on Sunday morning, gave no uncertain sound in opposition to such trash being handed out to the intelligence of her city. Just because Charlotte is the scene of the first Declaration of Independence, these minions of devilment and conceit need not think that the Queen City can be converted to the theories of evil, such as must please Satan.

* * * * *

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE HIM.

There is something in the article on Jackson, elsewhere in this issue, which does not square with our understanding of the character and temperament of the great general, though it is taken from a high-class publication that is not given to extravagance.

There is nothing in Jackson's life as a boy and young man, nor after he became conspicuous in the military world that is at all compatible with a temperament that would give utterance to a statement like this: "President Davis rode on the field, and Jackson pushing aside the surgeons (they were dressing his wounded hand) tossed his cadet cap in the air and exclaimed, "Hurrah for the President; give me ten thousand men and I will be in Washington tonight."

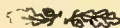
We just can't believe Stonewall Jackson pulled off such a stunt.

* * * * *

OCCUPIES A UNIQUE POSITION.

A great majority of the states of the Union have several ex-governors. North Carolina today has but one—ex-Governor Cameron Morrison. They work them too hard in the Old North State, for them to survive the strain for many years.

It is gratifying, however, to note that Gov. Morrison, while heading a strenuous administration in which he was never idle, retires to private life physically fit for long years of service.



GOVERNOR ANGUS WILTON McLEAN.



Inaugurated on Wednesday in the presence of an immense throng, who reflected the great satisfaction and joy of all North Carolina, and with an abiding confidence that North Carolina is to have in him a wise and great business governor.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Robert Edward Lee, son of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee of the Revolution, was born in Virginia, January 19th, 1807. He graduated at West Point in 1829, second in his class. He distinguished himself in the Mexican

In March, 1862, he was made commander in chief of the Confederate forces. To his surpassing ability was due the stubbornness of the struggle carried on by the Confederates between Richmond and Washington.



War as Scott's chief engineer. For three years he was in command of the Military Academy at West Point.

When his state, Virginia seceded from the Union, he though himself obliged to go with it. He resigned his commission in the army of the United States, and was made commander of the Virginia State forces and later a Confederate general.

When The War Between the States was over General Lee took the result manfully and devoted himself to the building up of Washington College (now the Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia) of which he was made president. He died on the 12th of October, 1870.

Comments By Muzzey.

"John C. Calhoun probably has

even today but one rival in the hearts of Southern patriots,—the gallant, warrior-gentleman, Robert E. Lee.”

Referring to the John Brown Raid about Harpers Ferry: “where with only eighteen men he seized the United States arsenal and, raiding the houses of a few of the neighboring planters, forcibly freed about thirty of their slaves. They were huddled together with his men in the arsenal, rather bewildered, and more like captives than newly baptized freemen, when a detachment of United States marines (under the command of Robert E. Lee) arrived on the scene, battered down the doors of the arsenal, and easily made captives of Brown’s band (October 18, 1859.) Brown, severely wounded, was tried for treason by the laws of Virginia. He pleaded only his divine commission in his defense and was speedily condemned and hanged.”

Of the effect of this occurrence, historian Muzzey says in a foot-note: “The tense feeling in the North led many men of note to endorse John Brown’s deed in words of extravagant praise. Theodore Parker declared that his chances for earthly immortality were double those of any other man of the country, and Ralph Waldo Emerson even compared the hanging of John Brown with the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The funds and firearms for Brown’s expedition of course came from the North, but the men who contributed them (with perhaps one or two exceptions) thought they were to be used in Kansas and not for a raid in the state of Virginia.”

“The secession of Virginia,” says Muzzey, “two days after Lincoln’s

call for troops was an event of prime importance. It gave the South her greatest general, Robert E. Lee. General Lee was the son of a distinguished Revolutionary general, belonging to one of the first families of Virginia, and was himself of spotless purity of character,—noble, generous, sincere, brave, and gifted. He had already been selected by President Lincoln to command the Union Army, but he felt that he could not draw his sword against his native state.****He became commander of the Virginia troops and, in May, 1862, general of the Confederate army in Virginia, which he led with wonderful skill and devotion through the remainder of the Civil War,” (an inaccurate and derisive name for the War Between the States.)

This author, in a foot-note, says this: “It was not till near the close of the war, (1865) that President Davis, who never very cordially recognized Lee’s greatness, was forced by public opinion to make him general in chief of the Confederate forces in the field.” Other authorities fix the date in 1862, but Muzzey declares that this did not occur until near the close of the war.

When forty counties of Virginia broke away from the state and formed a “Loyal” government, which was recognized by President Lincoln and later received into the Union (1863) as the state of West Virginia, Muzzey declares that Lee “called the people of West Virginia ‘traitors’ for leaving their state to adhere to the Union.”

The Greatness of Lee.

The world has come to recognize the hero of the South as one of the

greatest of all ages. The upright man, who did his best, which taxed the world's military genius and its storehouse to force a surrender upon the armies of the South in that great, terrible struggle in behalf of what they regarded a righteous cause, returned to the high office of a private citizen, living an example of modesty, correctness and usefulness to his fellow man that gave dignity and courage to the thousands that had followed him throughout the war and had returned to the task at home of making a living.

Another Story About Lee.

By Genevieve D. O'Neil, who, writing in *The Way*, gives an account of the great Lee in language that appeals to the young. This is the story:

He was a big-hearted boy and most loyal to his invalid mother. As a boy he was ambitious, and cared far less for popularity than for the fulfillment of duty. His father was a soldier and that is why young Lee spent a part of his youth at West Point, graduating from there as an engineer.

So well did he use the opportunities offered him at the academy that it was not long before his country recognized his great ability and set him at many difficult engineering tasks, among them the construction and repairing of the forts at the entrance of New York harbor. It was largely through his engineering skill that Vera Cruz was taken when the United States was at war with Mexico. But Robert E. Lee was modest. To him duty was worth more than wealth or flattery. While he was in the City of Mexico his health was

proposed by his jubilant friends who found him at work drawing a map.

"Oh, make some one else do that 'crudery' and come with me!" an officer exclaimed.

"I am but doing my duty," he replied and went on with his work.

Robert E. Lee became superintendent of West Point Academy and was leader of the party sent to take John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Then the War Between the States broke out and Virginia withdrew from the Union.

Robert, who by this time had risen to the rank of Colonel did not believe in slavery. Indeed, had he not freed all his slaves in 1862? But he did believe strongly in States' Rights and he loved his State above all else; therefore, though he knew his choice might mean ultimate ruin for himself, he allied himself with her and was appointed commander of the Virginia troops.

By now the United States had two presidents: Abraham Lincoln in the North and Jefferson Davis in the South, and to President Davis Robert became military adviser.

Although a great strategist, when mistakes occurred among his officers, Robert E. Lee was big enough to shoulder the blame himself. Even at the last, when a petty officer stupidly disobeyed him and forced him to divide his forces and to make half disobeyed him and forced him to keep his army from starving, he showed marvelous self control and magnanimity, never publicly blaming the unhappy man, although to him and his forces it brought defeat.

Once Stonewall Jackson sent to him for instructions about directing the

troops. "Go, tell General Jackson," he said to the messenger, "that he knows what to do as well as I." And after this, when Stonewall Jackson was wounded, he showed his fairness again by saying, "He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right." It was this nobility in times of stress that has endeared him to the entire nation.

Think of asking to have your rank taken from you when you are in command of an army. Well, that is what Robert E. Lee did. He suggested to President Davis that a more fitting man be put in his place; but this Davis refused to do, and so we see him, loyal to his cause, fighting against fate. Gradually starvation seized his troops; their clothes became ragged, their animals perished for want of food and many of the troopers, becoming too weak to carry muskets, were forced to cast them aside. Yet they remained true to their commander, one and all. They

had grown to look upon the Southern cause as Lee's cause and it was even suggested that he still keep up the fight, using guerrilla warfare.

But he loved his men, also! "It must be remembered we are Christian people," he replied, "We have been defeated and for us as a Christian people, there is but one course to pursue. These men must go home and plant a crop, and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis."

So it was he surrendered and withdrew to a little farm where he tried to live in obscurity. As he had helped to support his State, so now he did all he could to support the Union. He will be remembered for his tenderness towards the wounded Northern soldiers more than for anything else. Even when they taunted him, he showed them consideration. It is said of him, too, that he once exposed himself to great danger to save from death a fledgling sparrow.

THE DIFFERENCE.

There was a man, there was a man,
 Who hated meddling so,
 He saw his neighbor's house burn down
 And closer drew his dressing-gown
 And let the building go.

There was a man, there was a man,
 Who always lent a hand,
 Whate'er his neighbors did, he'd try
 To have a finger in the pie,
 They drove him from the land.

And old Diogenes remarked
 The difference to hit:
 "'Twixt meddling when you do no good
 And bravely helping when you should
 Requires a pretty wit."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin, the son of a tallow candle-maker, was born in Boston in 1706. He learned the printer's trade in his brother's office. He went to Philadelphia at seventeen. After many vicissitudes he rose to the ownership of a printing office, with an equipment such as was possible in that period. He published "Poor Richard's Almanac," which became famous for its proverbs.

He edited and printed the best newspaper published in the American colonies. He proved, in 1752, as the story comes down to us, that lightning and electricity are the same by means of a famous experiment with a kite. This discovery and the invention of the lightning rod made him widely celebrated. (It is a far cry from Ben Franklin to J. B. Duke, but one generation profits by the discoveries of a preceding one; and it is still a further cry from the experiment with the kite to the development of an electric plant that made possible the establishment of a gigantic plant that contributes the proceeds of forty million dollars to education, religion and charity. But it's a fact, just the same.)

Franklin founded libraries, a hospital, and a university. He went to London more than once as agent for his own and other colonies, and he promoted the repeal of the Stamp Act. He was one of the committee of Congress appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence, and was a signer of the document. Soon after he went to France as ambassador. It was his skillful hand that negoti-



ated the treaty of alliance with that country, without which the Revolution could hardly have succeeded. He assisted in making the treaty with England in 1782, and took part in framing the Constitution of the United States in 1787. Benjamin Franklin was the very best thing that ever come out of Boston. He died in Philadelphia in 1790.

It is fitting at this time, as we approach the observance of Thrift Week, to read one of Franklin's productions that appeared in "Poor Richard's Almanac." The title of it is "The Way To Wealth," which demonstrates his practical turn of mind, and suggests thrift of the first order. It reads as follows:

Courteous reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must be gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where

a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks;—Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A Word to the wise is enough*, as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost*

thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says. *the greatest prodigality*; since as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough*. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to a purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, *Three removes are as bad as a fire*, and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee*; and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send*.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will*.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children*. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then,

diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle*. Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove*; and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them*.

“Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may be for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities*. And again, *At a great penny-worth pause awhile*. He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparently, and not real, or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good penny-worths*. Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance*; and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire*, as Poor Richard says.

But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that,

perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for *The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt*, as Poor Richard says, and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back*; whereas a free born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright*.

“What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who would issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. (This was the remedy for collecting a debt in Franklin's time.) When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor

Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debts in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,
For age and want save while you may;

No morning sun last a whole day.
 Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live expense is constant and certain; and
It is easier to build two chimneys,

than to keep one in fuel, as Poor Richard says; so, Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harange. I resolved to be the better for it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

Richard Saunders.

IN TEN YEARS.

It was Sydney Smith who did this figuring: "If you make one person happy every day, in ten years you will make 3,650 persons happy; or brighten a small town by your contributions to the fund of general joy."

Take any worthy act, and figure on it for ten years. Suppose that you speak to some one every day for ten years about the value of Sunday school class-work. Thirty-six hundred and fifty people will have had their attention called to this important factor in the development of modern life.

Or suppose you add one word to your vocabulary every day; in ten years how fluent that vocabulary will be!

Thoughtfully read just one verse from the Bible every day, what a mass of good impressions you will have received in ten years.

Many little things do not seem worth doing. Perhaps they are not, if done only once, but think what the result will be if continued for ten years.—The Boys' World.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, immortal under the name of "Stonewall" Jackson, was born in Clarksburg, Virginia (now West Virginia), January 21st, 1824. He was descended from Scotch-Irish stock, and, left a penniless orphan when three years old, he soon showed "the stuff" of which heroes are made in his manly, self-reliant efforts to support himself. The world has never known a more dashing soldier; a more beloved general; a purer man; or more loyal patriot.

"The South in the Building of Nation" carries the following sketch of the life and career of General Jackson, which makes fine reading on the anniversary of his birth by all those who enjoy the story of the life and acts of a manly man of sterling qualities.

"Hearing of a vacancy at West Point he (Jackson) determined to apply for it, and making the journey to Washington, partly on foot, he appeared before the member of Congress from his district in his home-spun suit and with his saddle bags over his shoulders. The congressman took him to the secretary of war, who was so much pleased with his manly independence that he gave him the appointment. He was very poorly prepared and barely squeezed through the entrance examination, but he made rapid progress and graduated No. 17 in a brilliant class of which McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, Gibbon, A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, D. R. Jones, Wilcox and others were members, and one who knew him intimately



expressed the opinion that "if the course had been longer 'old Jack' would have graduated at the head of his class."

He at once reported for duty in Mexico, and serving in the artillery won distinction on every field, being made first lieutenant at Vera Cruz and breveted captain at Vera Cruz and Chembuso, and major at Chapultepec, rising to this rank in seven months and promoted more rapidly than any other officer in the American army.

In 1851 he was elected professor of natural science and instructor of military tactics at the Virginia Military Institute. While in the city of Mexico after the capture, he had, under the influence of Colonel Taylor, made a public profession of faith in Christ, and he now became one of the most active members of the Lexington, Va., Presbyterian church. He was accustomed to teach the

scriptures every Sunday afternoon to the negroes of his household, and out of this grew his negro Sunday school, to which he devoted much time and thought, and which exerted so wide an influence over the negroes. Then were very much devoted to him, and the first contribution to his monument in Lexington was from the negro Baptist church, whose pastor had been one of his Sunday school scholars. In the negro Presbyterian church of Roanoke there is a beautiful memorial window to Stonewall Jackson.

Jackson, like Lee and most of the Virginia people, was a "Union man," and opposed secession as a remedy for Southern wrongs, but when news was received at Lexington that Lincoln had called for 75,000 troops to coerce the sovereign states of the south which had seceded, and had called on Virginia for her quota of these troops, and that in response the Virginia convention had passed an ordinance of secession, Jackson made a speech to a mass meeting in which he said "I have longed to preserve the Union and would have been willing to sacrifice much to that end. But now that the North has chosen to inaugurate war against us, I am in favor of meeting her by drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard."

His friend and neighbor, Gov. John Letcher, made him colonel and sent him to Harpers Ferry where the skill he showed in reducing the high-spirited rabble who rushed to the front at the first call of the bugle into the respectable "Army of the Shenandoah," which he turned over to Gen. J. E. Johnson, marked him a real soldier. He was placed in com-

mand of the Virginia Brigade, which afterwards bore his name and became famous.

He met the advance of Gen. Patterson at Falling Waters, July 2, checked it and captured a number of prisoners. Soon after he received his commission of brigadier-general.

But it was on the field First Manassas that he won his true name and fame, when gallant Bee exclaimed: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall," and where he checked the onward movement of the enemy and did so much to turn the threatened disaster into the glorious Confederate victory. He was wounded in the hand but refused to leave the field, and while the surgeons were dressing his wound President Davis rode on the field, and Jackson pushing aside the surgeons tossed his cadet cap in the air and exclaimed: "Hurrah for the President; give me ten thousand men and I will be in Washington to-night."

In September he was made major-general and sent soon after to command the Valley District.

In early spring of 1862 he began his famous "Valley campaign" which has been studied in the military schools of Europe as an example of rapid marching, able strategy and brilliant fighting. That campaign may be summarized as follows: In thirty-two days, Jackson and his "foot cavalry" marched nearly 400 miles, skirmishing almost daily, fought five battles, defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed, captured twenty pieces of artillery, 4,000 prisoners and immense quantities of stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of

fewer than 1,000 men killed, wounded and missing, and with a force of only 15,000 men, while there were at least 60,000 men opposed to him.

He had spread consternation throughout the North and neutralized McDowell's men at Fredericksburg, who were about to march to aid McClellan in investing Richmond.

He bore a most conspicuous part in Seven Days around Richmond, the Second Manassas, and First Maryland, and Fredericksburg.

He captured Harpers Ferry with 11,000 prisoners, 13,000 stand of small arms, 73 pieces of artillery and large quantities of provisions and stores of every description, and hastened to Sharpsburg (Antietam) in time to defeat McClellan in his attack on the greatly inferior force of Confederates.

He devoted a great deal of time to supplying his regiments with chaplains and missionaries; had preaching and prayer-meetings at his quarters regularly and did everything in his power to promote the religious influence of his command.

His military career closed with the great Confederate victory at Chancellorsville, General Hooker with 140,000 men crossed the Rappahannock and Lee with his bare 50,000,

instead of retreating on Richmond, advanced to meet him and sent Jackson on a flank movement to Hooker's flank and rear, which resulted in the defeat and utter confusion of that part of his army. Jackson then went on one of those bold reconnaissances which he was accustomed to make, and on his return his party was mistaken for a cavalry charge of the enemy and fired into by his own men, with the fatal result that several were killed or wounded, and Jackson himself severely wounded. The surgeons thought that he would recover from his wounds, but a severe case of pneumonia ensued from which he died.

Calm, peaceful, trustful, in his last hours, he talked cheerfully of his approaching end—said that it "would be infinite gain to be translated and be with Jesus," and that "it was all right," and that he would "have his cherished wish of dying on Sunday"—then his mind wandered to the battlefield and he exclaimed: "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry rapidly to the front! Tell Major Hawks" and then with a sweet smile, he said: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

THE THREE MAJOR QUESTIONS.

There are three questions that I try to make myself answer every year. The first is, "What am I going to do?"

Life gets stale as swill unless it is stirred often. Gunners have to constantly test their aim. Guns are like

men, they are useless without aim. Aim keeps the planet in its orbit and a man or woman at his or her best.

Drifters are never anything but driftwood. A definite try puts power into our purposes. In youth you set out to own a farm, and educate

the children. Now that middle life has come, there are great things to be thought about and done.

“What are you trying to do” with the remaining years? I am convinced that fewer people than we think have a definite goal. What kind of a man or woman am I? Men who build houses for us to live in use a blueprint of plans and drawings. Characters are about the only things that are allowed to “just grow” as Topsy said in Uncle Tom’s Cabin. The Master of men said, “I must be about my father’s business.”

The second question almost drives me to distraction at times. It is “Am I getting it done?”

I have often semi-wished that the Almighty had made heroism of a little less extracting stuff.

The greatest thinker of the past 100 years said, “The greatest enemy of human goodness and greatness is not sin or ignorance, terrible as they are, but inertia.” That is the scientific name for laziness.

The Columbus who “sail on,” in spite of winds and floods and darkness are rare. Most of us say, “pull for the shore.”

A farm boy who was sent out to hoe corn was asked at noon how many rows he hoed. He replied, “When I get these two I am on, and eleven

more I will have thirteen.”

The future rubs right up against the present and takes its color from today. Break with worth today, and tomorrow is in danger. There is no other way than to keep eternally at it.

The third question we shall not be able to answer till the close of life: “Will it be worth while?”

“Ty” Cobb, the world’s greatest ball player and manager, was asked what he would do if he had his life to live over. He said, “If I had my life to live over again, I would probably be a surgeon instead of a ball player. I have only one regret: I shall not have done any real good to humanity when I retire.”

Of course, no man living can completely enter into the thoughts of Christ, but I have often tried to imagine how He felt when He said, “I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.”

In some deep sense each one of us has our work born with us, and if we set our souls to do some decent unselfish thing each day, and keep the white plume of the mind unstained, I believe that the things we have done will at least gleam like gold in the fading sunshine of life.—Selected.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By Dr. Holland in *Progressive Farmer*.

This is for boys and girls .Not because boys and girls need preaching to, but because I love them, I write this.

When I was a plow boy an educated man came to our house, and ate at our table. I listened to what he said. I have never forgotten one sen-

tence he spoke: "Our greatest pleasures come from our work."

I did not have any more sense than to believe it, and I have sense enough now to know that it is true.

Nature made our wonderful bodies for activity. We can't be well without moving our bodies. Play and work are the two ways God has of building healthy bodies for boys and girls.

Nature keeps alive our decent belief in ourselves by work. I cannot forget the 500 boys and girls I saw at the Junior Live Stock Show in November. Every one of them seemed to have something worth while doing in the world. They respected themselves because of their work.

Yesterday I spent two hours in a municipal court. Boys and girls, I wish I could paint for you the faces of a hundred different people I saw there:—thieves bootleggers, hold-up men and women, bandits, and thugs that had been caught in the net of the law.

Most of them were lazy, good-for-nothing men and women, mainly for the reason that they despise honorable labor. There was one woman brought up for stealing in a store. I could see written in her face the story of lost self-respect because she did not work hard at some good thing.

Nature keeps honest those who work. On our old copy books we

used to copy this maxim, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Now, I know that is true also.

We can't keep from doing something. We are made that way. Unless we direct our energies into some useful work, we will soon find ourselves doing things we are ashamed of.

The boy who has important things to work at will not have time to get off with the gang in a barn or box car on Sunday afternoons and smoke cigarettes and learn to gamble.

I have never yet seen a thoroughly lazy man or woman converted. It seems as if God himself can't do much with the lazy or non-workers. Every boy or girl who does not fall in love with useful work is a possible crook.

Nature makes us religious by our work. I remember the sunrises that I used to see when I went out to work. How beautiful they were! It always made my heart light to see the wonderful colors which God put in the morning skies. I know that I would have missed many an uplift in my heart for good if I had not been a working boy.

It does little good to preach salvation to idlers.

Because I believe in the characters and the future goodness of our farm boys and girls, I want to begin 1925 by waving my hand to them, and saying a prayer in my heart for them.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well.

Theodore Roosevelt.

UNCLE RASTUS' CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS.

(By Old Hurrygraph.)

I shore am gettin' pestered 'bout nex' Chris'mus comin' on;
'Taint lack ole times for Moster Santa Claus, shore as yu' is born;
Mon'strous changes in dese new times, an' hit 'pears ev'ry day,
Things is jis' gettin' euriser in mos' ev'ry which a' way.

Niggers ain't satisfied de way de Lord made dere kinky ha'r
Deys strait 'in hit out, lack white folkses, wid sum 'fin' frum a jar;
De men is gettin' autaymobeels, an' actin' lack dey is sports;
Spendin' haf' dey time huntin' bootleggers—'tother haf' in courts.

Dar ain't no mo' reigndeers, bells and sleighs to jingle and skeet—
Your neber sees Moster Santa Claus walkin' 'round on he feet;
He jis' hops inter an airyplane, and flies 'round same as a bird,
Dey contraption makin' de buzz'est noise dot mortal ever heard.

Den dars dem radyo things, dat takes words and music frum de a'r—
You talks in er trumpet, dey hears frum Durham to Zanzibar;
Ef yu' think 'bout hit keerfully, an' look at hit fus an' las'
Yu' can put hit down fer sartin, we'se a 'livin' mighty fas'.

"But ah's tryin' not to worry, 'kase I ain't got long to stay,
Ole Moster gwine to take me frum dese here low grounds sum fine day;
When ah climbs up to de corn'ouse in de neighborhood on high,
Ah hopes ah won't be a nubbin' at de shuckin' in de sky."

"Jes' turn de baek log ober dar, an' pull your stool up nigher,
An' watch dat 'possum a' cookin' in de skillet by de fire;
In dese here Chris'mus days, dey has changed so much de fashions,
Yu' needn't look to mirakuls to furnish yu' wid your rations."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

This cross word puzzle business is getting a whole lot of people puzzled, in such a way that their ideas come horizontally one minute and vertical another. In one of the Durham cafe's, no longer than yesterday, the atmosphere became a little sudorifous from too much heat in the room,

and the front door was opened to admit of cool air. A lady, deeply absorbed in a cross word puzzle in a newspaper—the Herald, I think—had her little girl by her side, who was sitting with her back to the door. Pretty soon she remarked, "Honey, you go there and close those screen

doors to keep the cool air off your back." That's one of the effects of the cross word craze.

He was a Durham citizen of another nationality, and small of stature. A man had requested him to sign a note in order that he might get some money from a bank. "Vell," said the man of small stature, "ets not necessary to go to de bank for money; you get de bank to sign de note, and I let's you have de money." Clever proposition that. Can you beat it?

A certain county official is a Democrat of the Democrats and his politics fits him like a sweater. He was asked on Wednesday, by a Republican whose party affiliations are as equally pronounced, if he thought there were any good Republicans. "There might be," the Democrat replied, "but they are all dead."

I met a man recently who was despondent. He was out of work, and had not been able to land a job. It was a hard matter to revive his drooping spirits. It is pretty generally always the case. A man hunting for a job soon gets acquainted with how the world is. There's something in the perversity of nature that doesn't want to consider a fellow that's out of a job. It will gladly take him from another job—but afraid of him if he hasn't one. When a fellow is busy, there is a whole lot of difference. When the job goes out hunting for the man the situation is entirely different. Instead of cold shoulders you get warm hands. You are wanted in various places. The

whole world seems one series of opportunities plated over with gold. It's funny; but it's so—and a strange characteristic of human nature. And human nature is the one thing that is the same everywhere.

The law has its humorous side as well as all other professions and activities in this life. A man whose mind was in doubt about a certain question, approached a Durham lawyer and asked the practitioner what could be done with a man guilty of arson. The lawyer very promptly told him he did not see what possibly could be done except make him marry the girl. That was a burning question easily disposed of apparently to the satisfaction of the lay mind.

Some people talk a great deal and say very little that you can remember. I heard a man talking a day or two ago that was the most sensible reasoning I have heard this year. Discussing things in general, at home and abroad, among other matters he said that "At home we have something to do before we may resolve ourselves into complete contentment. Crime continues on an increasing scale. Criminals find it too easy to avoid arrest and escape punishment. They are helped on by a distressing laxity in public sentiment and, worse than all, in certain places by a strange indifference to official responsibility. This won't do. Our material prosperity means very little without greater respect for the majesty of the law, the thing we must get before we can hope fully to correct these conditions. Material prosperity never can outweigh spiritual values. Let us re-

member that. The year 1925 will fall far short of any worthy ideals unless it marks a decided resolution in law and order. If we are still worthy of the priceless heritage of Americanism we can show it in no better way than in bringing this about. "That is what I call good, straight, sensible talking with solid food for thought."

When I published one of the Durham daily papers, years ago, I employed a young reporter, fresh from a college of journalism, and sent him out to report a fashionable dance, as I wanted the affair done up in the very best style. After a great deal of laborious writing he turned in the following copy his account of the dance:

Miss Flapperwit's gown was a lovely fit,

It was beautiful, there was no doubt;

But when she was fully inside of it,

Behold, she was over half way out.
This reporter was all out after that.

Tree planting should be considered an investment; not an expense. Few of us can own a forest, or even a wood lot, except by proxy of the government. But forests are composed of tree units, and trees of our own to love and care for. Plant trees for friendship, for comradeship, for beauty. Since time began trees have been man's unflinching friend. They have graced the world with beauty and given freely of their fruits and shelter. They cool and freshen the air we breathe, since they consume the carbon dioxide given out by the lungs of animals and release a portion

of the oxygen so necessary to the life of man.

There are trees in Durham named after people. I recall right now that some twenty-five or thirty years ago, there were two trees set out and both named "Jim Robinson." One planted by Capt. L. L. Pamplin, in the yard of the old original Watts hospital site, West Main street, and for a long time carried the tag on it bearing the name until it outgrew the tag. The other was set out by Mrs. M. B. Wyatt, in front of her residence, on Cleveland street. Both are water oaks, and both are fine, large and healthy shade trees today. Capt. Pamplin was here at that time on the construction of the Durham & Lynchburg railroad, now the Norfolk & Western. He was a warm friend of the writer. So is Mrs. Wyatt, and their trees attest their friendship, and at the same time give pleasure to others who "rest under the shade."

A short while back the subject of "auto-suggestions" was the rage over the country. That discussion referred principally to a state of mind, and its operations. The auto suggestions most needed just now more appropriately appertain to those who drive cars. Automobile drivers who believe they have heard every safety admonition regarding automobiles are liable to change their minds if they will glance over some of the suggestions I bumped into a few days ago, which are as follows:

Before an auto turns turtle all the passengers should get out.

The number of a car should be 6699 and should be worn upside down.

For the benefit of the man behind

the thoughtful autoist will mix perfume with his gasoline.

It is considered very bad form for a man driving an auto to try to drive between the headlights of another auto. This is liable to seriously damage the crank handle.

Two automobiles should pass on either side of each other, rather than on a direct line through each other.

Autos should always stop abruptly for washouts or burned fuses. It is not proper for an auto to turn the corner on two wheels.

One honk of the horn means "cross street;" two honks means "stand still, I'll get you coming back;" three honks, "get your ol' ice wagon out of the way;" a dozen honks, "help, I'm out of gasoline."

THE OTHERS.

What do we mean by others? We hear much about serving and helping others. That one word has been made the motto of classes and organizations connected with the Church. Poems have been written and stories gathered to show what is the proper relation to others. Are these others a selected group made up of individuals who are poor, or suffering, or handicapped or unfortunat in one way or another? Might Others be the people around us who are free from physical want and bodily pain? Maybe the others we need to be deeply concerned about are just the people we associate with day after day. It may be the companions in the home with whom we are in daily contact who are our others for whose welfare, comfort and good cheer we are accountable. Who will deny that we are in danger of not being all we might be to those immediately in touch with us, even when we are racing wildly hither and thither to do something for the others of whom we have heard, but possibly have never met. Certainly that wide range of unselfish service should be cared for, but lest we forget the others right at hand, it might be well to take a close-up view of home, office, school, neighbors and local church, so as to observe how many others are nearby to who we can minister—Selected.

COLUMBUS AND THE ECLIPSE.

Now that we are approaching a great eclipse of the sun, January 24th, a story by James Johonnot telling how Columbus restored to the means of preserving his own life by taking advantage of the superstitious of the Indians will prove interesting reading. A subject for debate, therefore, is suggested: "Was Columbus justified in deceiving the Indians?"

When Columbus first landed upon the shores of the New World, and for a long time after, the natives thought that he had come down from heaven,

change.

Now Columbus knew that in a few days there was to be an eclipse of the sun; so he called the chiefs

and they were ready to do anything for this new friend. But at one place, where he stayed for some months, the chiefs became jealous of him and tried to drive him away. It had been their custom to bring food for him and his companions every morning, but now the amount they brought was very small, and Columbus saw that he would soon be starved unless he could make a around him and told them that the Great Spirit was angry with them for doing as they agreed in bringing him provisions, and that to show his anger, on such a day, he would cause the sun to be darkened. The Indians listened, but they did not believe Columbus and there was a still greater falling off in the amount of the food sent in.

On the morning of the day set, the sun rose clear and bright, and the Indians shook their heads as they thought how Columbus had tried to deceive them. Hour after hour passed and still the sun was bright, and the Spanish began to fear that the Indians would attack them soon, as they seemed fully convinced that Columbus had deceived them. But at length a black shadow began to steal over the face of the sun. Little by little the light faded and dark-

ness spread over the land.

The Indians saw that Columbus had told them the truth. They saw that they had offended the Great Spirit and that he had sent a dreadful monster to swallow the sun. They could see the jaws of this terrible monster slowly closing to shut off their light forever. Frantic with fear, they filled the air with cries and shrieks. Some fell prostrate before Columbus and entreated his help; some rushed off and soon returned laden with every kind of provisions they could lay their hands on. Columbus then retired to his tent and promised to save them if possible. About the time for the eclipse to pass away, he came out and told them that the Great Spirit had pardoned them this time and he would soon drive away the monster from the sun; but they must never offend in that way again.

The Indians promised, and waited. As the sun began to come out from under the shadow their fears subsided, and when shone clear once more, their joys knew no bounds. They leaped, they danced, and they sang. They thought Columbus a god, and while he remained on the island the Spaniards had all the provisions they needed.

GEMS OF THE SKY.

By Josephine E. Toal.

How many stars can you name and point out definitely in the glittering sky? Do you know when beautiful Vega shines at her best? At what time of the year Aecturus is overhead? Can you tell the name of the brightest star in the twinkling lights

of heaven? Which star is red? or orange? or yellow? or diamond white? Have you found your favorite star?

Astronomy is a subject so great that few can pursue it in an exhaustive way—in fact, it never has been,

or can be, all learned—but everyone should be able to make at least a few acquaintances among the friendly lights of the silent night.

There are but twenty names in the list of brightest stars as given by accepted authorities, and only fifteen of these are visible in the United States, the remaining five belonging to south equatorial regions. It is true, however, that some of these latter are occasionally glimpsed from extreme southern latitudes in this country.

Not all of these fifteen royal ones are visible at the same time, for while a few can be seen at some hour between sunset and sunrise the year round, others, coming and going in their order, remain in sight for limited periods.

The star-lover hails the appearance of each in its season with the same delight he has in discovering the first violet of spring, the earliest golden-rod blossom of the declining summer, or in hearing the first robin song of the season.

On a clear January evening, when the thickly frozen ponds echo to the steel-shod foot of the merry skater, high overhead shines a V-shaped cluster of stars, particularly prominent because of the brilliance of the star which marks the eastern side of the V—a rosy red light, Aldebaran. This red star is one in the great constellation known as Taurus, the Bull. The V-shaped cluster outlines the bull's face, wherein blazing Aldebaran makes an angry looking eye.

One cannot well notice this star without having his attention attracted to a striking group a bit to the southeast—great Orion with the two

flashing gems, orange-red Betelgeuse in the right shoulder of the warrior, and white Rigel in the left foot, stars that rival Aldebaran in brightness. Having once noticed Orion with his three-star belt from which hangs suspended his gleaming sword, his majestic and commanding figure cannot again escape the sight so long as he holds sway. All through February he is a magnificently beautiful spectacle as he sails grandly through the southern sky, gradually retreating to the southwest until finally in May he disappears into the region beyond the setting sun, not to return again until the next October, when he slips in through the eastern doorway.

When out on a sleighing party some fine starlit February night, you will enjoy meeting the "Heavenly Twins," Castor and Pollux. They are then about half-way across the sky from east to west. These two stars are always so near together that you see both at once. Castor is white, while his brighter brother is a pale yellow. The twins may be recognized from the fact that two parallel lines of fainter stars extend from Castor and Pollux in a south-westerly direction, into the Milky Way, that broad scarf of hazy white spanning the heavens. The Twins lie farther north than Orion. Castor is not counted among the fifteen brightest stars. To his brother is accorded that distinction, but being a twin companion, the name Castor is always linked with that of Pollux. The two brothers will be your nightly companions all through the spring months.

When the mild April evenings be-

gin to tempt one to linger out of doors after sunset, look for Regulus, that bright white star at the end of the sickle's handle. About nine o'clock at night in the middle of April, the curved line of stars representing the old-fashioned tool used to harvest grain may be seen half-way across the sky from east to west and more than half-way to the zenith. Regulus shines with a clear scintillating ray.

As Maytime comes with all its orchard fragrance, and bird choruses, and the out-door world calls with special urge, star-studying is more than ever a delight. Then one's attention is attracted by a beautiful white diamond sparkling in the east in mid-evening. Its name, Spica, means "an ear of wheat." It is one of a large group of stars known as the Virgin, who is supposed to be holding in her hand a head of wheat. Spica's path across the heavens lies to the south of the zenith.

In the long June days, starlight time comes late, but everybody is then out of doors, sleeping porches are full-tenanted and the stars seem more than ever companions. Everyone, of course, knows the Big Dipper, but not everyone is familiar with that star of poetical fame, Arcturus, which shines, in June, nearly overhead and in range with a line drawn southeast from the bottom of the Big Dipper. It is distant from the Dipper about twice the length of the handle. The especially bright golden radiance of Arcturus makes it easily distinguishable from its star mates.

If in camping days, you will push your boat out upon the sleepingwaters of the lake some warm July

evening and look off to the south, low down in the sky, you cannot fail to notice a flaming red star in the midst of an irregular cluster rudely resembling the object for which it is named, the Scorpin. The red star is Antares. Because of its low position in the sky and consequent short path to travel, its stay above the horizon is comparatively brief, but its rare color makes it an especial favorite with star students.

In the clear, dry atmosphere of the sultry August night, a trio of beautiful lights form a striking diamond-shaped figure overhead. Look first for a brilliant white star, the center one in a row of three stars set close together like gems in a bar pin. You will find it about midway from east to west. This bright star is Altair, known, with its companions, as the Eagle. It triangles with charming Vega—a star farther to the north and so brilliant that you cannot mistake it, for with the exception of one other it is the brightest star in the whole visible sky—and with Deneb in the head of the Northern Cross, a large figure in the Milky Way.

Strolling across the campus on a soft September evening, your attention may be attracted to a solitary star very low down in the south. It so far outshines any other near it that it seems to be alone. Fomalhaut's path lies even closer to the horizon than does that of Antares and it makes an even shorter stay in our latitude.

October will have a delightful surprise for you if sometime, about an hour after sundown, you look carefully in the north-eastern sky. Soon you will discover a rarely beautiful

gem flashing its shining way along its upward course. Capella is one of the finest ornaments of the whole starry curtain. It flashes with a peculiar golden brightness compelling attention. You will recognize it by its place in a five-sided figure known as Auriga. All through November Capella is truly wonderful in the northern sky, and remains a cheery companion through the long winter.

In the keen air of frosty December nights the stars shine with more than their usual brilliance. Then it is that Sirius, the Great Dog Star, the brightest star of all the bending dome, reigns supreme in the east in earl evening. It flares with the dazzling splendor of a huge diamond, following on after Orion toward the west, and coming into view a little earlier each night until in February it has made half its run across the sky.

Its companion, Procyon, known as

the Little Dog Star, is less striking but easily recognized by its greater brilliance than the other twinklers in its immediate field, and by its yellowish tinge in contrast to the white light of its regal brother. Procyon rises a few minutes earlier than Sirius and a little more to the north, but because the swing of its orbit gives it a longer path across, it sets much later than does the Great Dog Star.

Polaris, the North Star, which is always to be found in line with the two stars which form the front of the Big Dipper's bowl, and a considerable distance away, though not one of the fifteen brightest stars, yet so far outshines its neighbors as to make it prominent in its field.

The fifteen brightest stars, named in the order of their brilliance are: Sirius, Vega, Capella, Arcturus, Rigel, Procyon, Altair, Betelgeus, Aldebaran, Spica, Polluz, Antares, Fomalhaut, Deneb, Regulus.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO AND NOW.

(Smithfield Herald.)

One more day and we will be writing it "1925." We are about to enter the last lap of the first quarter of the twentieth century. Twenty-five years have seen many changes. In 1900 cotton was selling at seven cents per pound. Eggs sold for twelve and a half or fifteen cents per dozen; chickens from twelve and a half to twenty-five cents apiece; hams, about fourteen cents a pound; butter twenty to twenty-five cents per pound; flour \$2.50 a sack. The hired girl received two dollars a week and did the washing. Laborers work-

ed ten hours a day and never went on stike. Women did not powder and paint (in public,) smoke or vote. A kerosene hanging lamp and a stereoscope in the parlor were luxuries and no one bothered about an electric light bill or even thought of a moving picture. Appendicitis had not become fashionable and microbes were still to be discovered.

Today! 1925—Everybody rides in automobiles or flies; we play the piano with our feet; go to the movies every night, and never go to bed the same day we get up. We blame the

high cost of living on our neighbors and wonder how in the world we can manage to "keep up with Lizzie." These are days of suffragetting, profiteering, and excess taxes.

And yet as we mark the changes in the past quarter of a century none of us want to go back to the "cheap" days of 1900. We know we have gone forward in things that count. Our schools are better housed and we have better teachers as a whole. We have better homes to live in, and better working conditions. Our churches are serving humanity as they have never served before. The spirit of the Master is spreading unto the uttermost parts of the earth. At the beginning

of this new year of 1925, we find it a pretty good old world after all and even thought we eat five dollar flour, fifty cent bacon, and grape fruit for breakfast these days, and get tax notices for Christmas presents, we still prefer the present to those "good old days of long ago" that some folks are always talking about. As we look back over the past years and more particularly the past year, we see much that might have been different. We see mistakes for which we are sorry. We see opportunities that were wasted. But one of the joys of the new year is the new start that we all can make.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

J. J. Jones, Jr.

Lattie McClam has been appointed afternoon car boy.

The new oven for the bakery has not yet arrived, but is expected soon.

Wet weather prevented the boys from going to the ball ground last Saturday.

James Suther, a member of the ninth cottage, has received permission to join the U. S. Navy.

Many mothers, relatives, and friends will be made happy this month since it is parole month.

James Gillespie, Will Hodge, Broadway Riley and Wayland Barbee have left us with honorable paroles.

The barn boys have been hauling dirt during the past week. This dirt was hauled to the cottage yards.

The boys that were given the new instruments a few weeks ago are progressing rapidly.

The carpenter shop has been closed down on account of the absence of Mr. J. M. Day, who is spending a few weeks in Ashville.

Haskell Ayers, Homer Barnes, and Thamer Pope have left the institution. They were paroled by Superintendent Boger last week.

Mr. John J. Barnhardt and Dr. Lewis, of Concord, conducted the service at the institution last Sunday aft-

noon, Mr. Barnhardt has been selected to get any particular man that the boys want to hear on the second and fifth Sundays of each month so last Sunday he brought with him Dr. Lewis, of Concord, who made a very interesting talk.

Paul Camp and Herbert Apple have been placed in the shoe shop under the direction of Mr. A. C. Groover.

The boys had their weekly show last Thursday evening. The show exhibited was: "Cabarrus County" and a two reel comedy.

Preparations are being made for chicken raising at the school this year. One incubator, holding four hundred eggs and another holding two hundred fifty, have been filled

recently.

Instead of having our regular Sunday School lesson last Sunday, we again had the pleasure of listening to Rev. A. W. Plyler, editor of the Christian Advocate, Greensboro. He took his text from II Peter 3:8 He opened his sermon by saying that figures were an important thing with man, but that God had no use for them. He said that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years is as one day, that when the little babe was born way down in Bethlehem, Judea, there was no given time or date, just said that he was born. He said that arithmetic wasn't the only study that was important, there are grammar history and geography. Rev. Plyler said that there were no dates recorded in the Bible. He preached a fine sermon and it was enjoyed by everyone.

DEEPER THAN CLOTHES.

Isn't he a fine-looking fellow?" you have heard folks remark about a boy who has passed by. A statement like this is a fair estimate of character. A boy who does not respect others enough to keep clean and neat does not have much respect for himself. There are times, of course, when a fellow cannot look like a fashion plate. But he need not worry. True worth goes deeper than clothes.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

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OUTSTANDING NEEDS.

"I favor progress in public education, because it is the foundation stone of our civilization. The classic utterance of great North Carolinian, 'A democracy cannot be built on the backs of ignorant men' sounded an everlasting truth. * * * * *

"The fundamental factor in our system of education is the public school system, because every process of educational development must begin at the bottom. Therefore, we need to stress more and more the work of our elementary and high schools. * * * * *

"If I should be asked to say what I found to be the outstanding needs in North Carolina, as I visualized them during my travels covering some forty thousand miles in ninety-eight counties in the past twelve months, I would unhesitatingly reply: Agricultural improvement and rural betterment. If I should then be asked to suggest what I considered the prime remedy for supplying this need, I would say: MORE EDUCATION, both academic and vocational."—Gov. McLean in his inaugural address.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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Never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness—Benjamin Franklin.

PAYING A HIGH PRICE.

Some days ago "Teacher" in the Charlotte Observer called attention to the infidelic utterances of an imported teacher, drilling a class of teachers in Charlotte. He dismissed the Bible as myth, and his arrogant manner suggests that he depends entirely on his own strength and wisdom, leaving God out of the equation.

It is strange that orthodox North Carolinians will spend North Carolina tax money for such influences among the youth of the state. But it seems that it is being done with impunity.

Following this communication by "Teacher" in the Observer another correspondent of The Observer has this to say:

"Last Sunday there appeared in the Open Forum an article about the teachings of a professor of the North Carolina College for Women, Greensboro. We wish to say that the article was a good one but it was not half of the story. This professor, who comes to Charlotte and meets his class

of teachers every Monday afternoon, has not only infidel ideas about the Bible, but the racial problem likewise. Time nor space permits us to print this man's attitude on the "home," "Bible," and race question. However, we shall say this much: He is an advocate of amalgamation. An investigation will be worth while any one's time in this serious matter.

It is not a question of what Mr. Keister is doing to uproot the faith of the group of Charlotte teachers who have paid for the course, but what is he teaching the girls at the college.

Why not investigate this man's teachings?

A LISTENER-IN.

Charlotte, January 17.

In the same paper Editor Wade H. Harris, taking note of some legislation along the line, has this to say editorially:

"Representative Broughton makes known the fact that he "will support heartily the measure to prohibit the teaching of evolution in our public or State-owned schools," specifically denying "the right of any teacher to draw a salary from the State of North Carolina or any of its subdivisions, for teaching evolution to any of our young people." The citizenship was only last week waked to the fact that the State is doing that very thing. Young teachers who pay a wage to a State professor to "coach" them to procurement of higher classifications, are forced to listen to ridicule of the Bible as the kindergarten to evolution. If Representative Broughton wants evidence to bring "before the General Assembly," he has only to subpoena a delegation from the professor's audience."

* * * * *

KEEPING HISTORY STRAIGHT.

The Uplift has many good and helpful friends, who watch us closely and keep us in the straight and narrow path. We are proud of them. This card from Mrs. Bettie P. Gibson, of Concord, will explain itself:

"Again I am taking the liberty of commenting on an article in The Uplift, which I consider one of the best publications in the State. It is in reference to the statement made in regard to President Davis' visit to the field of Manassas after the battle.

I cannot, of course, vouch for the exact truth of the statement made that General Jackson said to the President, "Give me ten thousand men and I could take Washington before night;" but I do know that it was published at the time and received without question all through the country. When you get tired of my efforts to 'keep history straight,' please do not hesitate to let me know."

One of the sincerest purposes of this little paper is to be accurate and frank. And we receive with gratitude any correction that friends may wish

to make to any article that The Uplift carries; and this particularly choice spirit that offers this information will be our historical guardian as long as life last, before we suffer any tired feeling.

It was, however, the picturing of General Jackson 'tossing his military cap into the air' as an introduction to his statement to President Davis regarding what he could do if he had ten thousand men that challenged our belief. We just could not think of the modest, serious-minded Jackson 'throwing up his military head-gear in the air,' but we doubt not that the great general could have accomplished just what he is made to have said to the President.

* * * * *

MAKING A BRAVE FIGHT.

State Treasurer Lacy, who has served in the state so well and faithfully for years, is now suffering one of his frequently recurring and frightful attacks of asthma. Before he had completed signing his name fifteen thousand times to as many bonds being sold in New York City, he was stricken. Distressing news came from his sick room; but in a few days the brave and courageous little official took the train and came home, where he is yet confined.

In the meantime some propaganda started to legislate him out of office, via the pension route. Those, who know the fine North Carolinian, were slow to believe that he would accept what seemed setting a bad example in the state, though conceived in the best and most laudable spirit.

His hosts of friends throughout the state are hoping and praying for his speedy recovery, and they expect at no distant day to greet him in his office and have him call us by our Kiwanian name and, in turn, address him by the friendly and companionable name, Ben.

* * * * *

JUST BEGINNING THIS FLYING BUSINESS.

The Chairtown News, of Thomasville, has been interviewing some advanced thinkers. A visiting genius, not satisfied with what has been accomplished with aerial craft, has communicated some ambitious ideas to editor Sturkey, and who knows but that in a few years his dream may be realized in accordance with the following:

It seems that I have been given to talking to people with wild ideas this week, as another fellow told me of an airship that he was working on that would make it possible to circle the earth within twenty-four hours. His machine is to be a cigar shaped, equipped with five motors

and has large compressed air compartments. It will be able to ascend straight up in the air to a height of one hundred miles, which will eliminate the earth's gravity. Of course there will be no air that distance from the earth, nothing but pure ether, so he will start up his compressed air pump and supply air breath. While perched one hundred miles above the earth, the earth will be rotating at the rate of 1030 miles an hour. If he wanted to go to China he would go up, stay about ten hour and then come down in China and so on. Yes I admit it sounds foolish, but who can tell what the future will bring us.

* * * * *

THE GOVERNOR'S INAUGURAL.

The concensus of opinion with regard to Gov. McLean's inaugural address is that it is indisputable evidence that he is a safe business man and a statesman. That will go a long way in giving the public assurance that the Old North State is to profit by the leadership of a wise and safe man.

This gives coloring to the famous telegram that General Cox, years ago, sent to the powerful county: "Hold Robeson and save the state." That fine old county has answered the appeal.

* * * * *

The General Assembly is enjoying the services of two very able presiding officer—one by the grace of the state in the election of Lieut-Governor Long, presiding in the Senate; and Hon. Edgar W. Pharr, unanimously elected Speaker of the House. If no considerable legislation has yet occurred, it is not their fault. These gentlemen announced their committees within a small number of hours after their induction into office. They did what they said they would do.

* * * * *

It is now Judge Isaac M. Meekins. President Coolidge gave him the appointment; the judiciary committee unanimously recommend his confirmation, which was quickly done by the U. S. Senate. Chief Justice Taft administered the oath of office, last Monday. While identified with the republican party, Juge Meekins enjoys the friendship of prominent democrats, who see in him very fine qualities of mind and heart. He succeeds the late H. G. Connor, who presided so ably over the Federal courts of the Eastern North Carolina district.

* * * * *

Great is a child. Little Hector McLean, the Governor's youngest, cared

nothing for what that vast throng was going to do to his daddy in Raleigh—he wanted to ride on the street car. And they failed to get the youngster to return home until he had satisfied his longing desire, and he was shocked that Raleigh folks run their “Street cars in the woods.”

* * * * *

George Ross Pou, the superintendent of the State Prison, has had his hands full. To be between two fires is no pleasant situation, one would imagine. One extreme would have it a money-making institution; another would have it made a picnic with frills and ruffles. It will require a man of great wisdom to satisfy both of these ideas.

* * * * *

“The Wizard of Strasburg,” appearing in this number, is a comprehensive picture of how we have gotten away from spooks and witchcraft, and recites the story of the invention of the very agency that had most to do with bringing about the new condition. The story itself is a little exciting—spooky—but the end justifies it all.



BIRTHDAY OF ANOTHER OUTSTANDING CHARACTER.

One's plans are sometimes tricked into failure. In preparing for the observation of the anniversary of distinguished men, whose birthdays fall in January, The Uplift had material for the inclusion of a fourth, but by some unaccountable oversight the copy did not get in the hands of the youngsters of the print shop.

No less renown and contributing no less to the distinction of this country was that superb scholar and scientist, Mathew F. Maury. This oversight is detected by an article just seen in the Rocky Mount Telegram, which follows. Maury, while a world character, never forgot that he was a child of Virginia. His dying words were, "Carry my body through Goshen Pass when the laurels are in bloom."

Although comparatively few may be familiar with the fact, today is the birthday of Matthew Fontaine Maury, one of the greatest naval figures of Confederate history. Consequently on today, his birthday, a brief resume of his work and a tribute to the man may be considered most timely. At the same time it may serve of worthy educational value.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, illustrious scientist, pathfinder of the seas and brave Confederate officer, was born January 14, 1806 near Fredericksburg, Va.

When he was quite young his family moved to Tennessee, and there he lived until at the age of nineteen he entered the navy as midshipman. From then on until his death in 1873 his life is full of interesting events, always abounding in works that have benefited the world. It was he who found the paths of the sea, who made the wind and current charts, a lasting favor to the mariners of the world. He organized and designed the system of weather reports and forecast of weather probabilities for

the farmers. One of his most popular works is "Physical Geography of the Sea" which has been translated into six foreign languages.

He was sent to Brussels in 1853 as the American representative to the Maritime Congress. Such was the impress of his greatness that he returned with five orders of knighthood conferred upon him. No other American was so honored by foreign potentates.

The possibility of the Panama canal and the laying of the Atlantic cable were conceptions of his brain. Cyrus Field said when the cable was completed: "Maury furnished the brains, England gave the money and I did the work."

With Maury religion and science never conflicted as he learned their harmony. To him the Bible was true and science was true. In this faith he passed away, and his body rests in beautiful Hollywood cemetery at Richmond. Although loved and raised by residents of the south especially for his Confederate record, he was truly a world figure in thought, deed and action.

THE WIZARD OF STRASBURG.

By Gladys Blake.

By the light of one candle in a quaint little room behind diamond-paned windows which overlooked a narrow, unpaved street, two girls were going to bed.

"I wish I had not come here," said the younger of the two with a sigh, as she tied on her nightcap. "Everything is so strange and queer. I can see that Aunt Emmeline doesn't want me in the house. She wishes me back home. And as for Uncle John—he frightens me! He is not the same man he used to be. Instead of the lively, cheery person I knew when I was a child, he has become a dark-browed, brooding individual with hardly a word for anybody. What can have changed him so? What is the matter with him?"

The other girl went softly to the door and looked out in the hall. Assured that no one was there, she closed the door again and bolted it. When she turned back into the room her face plainly showed that she had something to tell. But just as she was about to answer her companion's questions she hesitated and broke off a sentence in the middle. "Perhaps I had better keep quiet," she said doubtfully. "You would not want to hear gossip of your uncle from the lips of one who is but a sort of servant in his house."

"Do not call yourself a servant, Elsa, protested the younger girl with real indignation. "Would I sleep in the room with a servant? Aunt Emmeline herself told me that you are a daughter of a friend of hers and just came in to help her with

the housework while her health is so bad. She regards you as a guest."

"Be that as it may," said Elsa, "I learned what I have learned while serving in this house, and it might be more honorable if I held my tongue about it. Still, it is not right that you should be left in ignorance of the things people are saying about your uncle and—and—some things I have found out myself. You may not want to visit in this house when you know. Your uncle is under a dreadful suspicion, *fraulein!*"

"Call me *Griselda*," directed the other, and added: "Tell me at once what you are talking about, Elsa. What are people saying about my uncle?"

"They say," and the girl's voice dropped to a mere breath of sound, "that he has sold his soul to Satan and is become a sorcerer! He practices black magic in his jewelry shop at night when every one else sleeps. And by the help of his black art he can do in a day what it takes others many months to accomplish. That is what people are saying of your uncle, *Griselda*, and I have reason to believe it true."

Elsa spoke earnestly, and she who heard felt no desire to laugh. The date was in the middle of the fifteenth century, and in that medieval era witches and wizards were not mere Halloween jokes as they are today, but were firmly established as real beings in the minds of every man, woman, and child. The world lived in a sort of nightmare in which

witches in high-peaked hats rode on broomsticks to horrible appointments with demons and devils (where they received instructions as to how to contribute to the misery of mankind!) and magicians and sorcerers and wizards practiced black arts with the aid of Satan himself and sold their souls for the power it gave them.

So Griselda Ganfleisch, who had come a long journey on muleback in a merchant's slow caravan to visit her uncle and aunt in the free German city of Strasburg, felt the strongest consternation when this dreadful suspicion of her uncle was told her with bated breath by the girl who had been living for weeks in the house. A sorcerer! Her Uncle John a sorcerer? A confederate of Satan's and a worker of evil miracles? If it were so, she could not stay in his home, for sooner or later the burgo-masters and the priests of the Church would have him up for trial and terrible punishment. But to leave suddenly and take refuge in a convent until there was some way to get back to her parents would seem to prove the truth of all these rumors against her uncle and might bring his immediate arrest. She must not be the cause of that until she was sure the awful suspicion was true.

"Elsa, what did you mean when you said you had found out some things yourself while serving in this house?" Griselda asked after a long silence. "On what do you base your suspicions that my uncle is a wizard?"

Elsa shivered and went again to the door to make sure no one was listening outside. "Please do not

say that I suspect him," she begged when she had turned back to her companion's side. "I do not want him casting a spell on me that would lame or kill me. His changed character, his lack of hospitality (he will hardly let an outsider within his doors), and the way he neglects his honest trade of a lapidary had started people to whispering about him long before I came here. And then, as I told you before, he can do in a day what it takes others a long while to complete. But I know more than this. I know that he meets Satan every night in the jewelry shop just beneath this room where we are to sleep and that in the mornings when I go in there to clean up I find the place in a dreadful fix. Blood on the floor, on the walls, and bloody finger prints on the towels where they have wiped their hands! I say nothing as I wash them away, but I think a great deal."

"Blood?" repeated Giselda, and the dreadful word made her blench.

"Yes, blood! Brown, sticky blood! At first I thought it was wine, but wine is not sticky. And you know magicians have to use blood in working charms! Every magic philtre must have its drop of blood."

"Muman blood?" shuddered Griselda.

"I don't say that. It may be only the blood of chickens or animals. But blood is blood and proves that unholy deed are done down there in the dark of night."

The flame of the candle on the shelf flickered eerily, and the wind outside wailed up and down the narrow lane which passed as a street. Rain had begun to fall, and the patter

of it on the gabled roof of the house had a melancholy sound. The autumn night was cold, and there was no heat in the room. Both girls shivered with a sense of chill which penetrated their very souls.

"I shall not sleep tonight," stated Griselda, not in complaint but in determination. "I believe everything you have told me, Elsa, but I will not believe my uncle is a sorcerer until I have seen with my own eyes that Satan visits him and that they practice black arts together. Tonight you and I will keep watch."

Elsa agreed eagerly. She desired nothing more than to show Griselda those strange things she had witnessed so often.

The candle was blown out and the room left in heavy darkness. Curfew had sounded, and the walled city was very quiet except for the rain and the wind. The two girls lay in bed and waited and listened. They did not speak for fear they would lose some faint sound below which would tell them if anything was happening in the shop.

Lying there, Griselda's thoughts wandered to a scene she had witnessed in the market place of a large city not months before. She saw a great square filled with people and in the center of the crowd a stake. Tied to that stake was an old wrinkled woman who was pleading that she was innocent of having cast spells on anybody, that she had never ridden a broomstick in her life, that she had never brewed a love philter and never talked with a demon. But her words changed into shrieks as some one set fire to the wood piled up around her and flames ran up her

body. Griselda shuddered at the remembrance, but not at the cruelty to the poor old woman. She shuddered at the thought of there being such horrible things as witches and wizards in the world. Now her own uncle was under suspicion of being a sorcerer in league with Satan!

What was that!

Both girls sat up quickly in the big bed and strained their ears. Some sound in the street had attracted their attention at the same instant. Elsa got up and ran to the window, and at her soft call Griselda followed her. And looking out, they saw—the arrival of a visitor!

He was a tall man wrapped in a black cloak and he looked all around him as if he were terribly afraid of some one's seeing him enter the jewelry shop. Griselda saw her uncle come out with a lantern and heard him assure the man that there was no danger, that all were asleep. Then the tall man bent his head and vanished quickly through the low door, followed by his host. Immediately afterwards a gleam of light through the chinks of the floor informed the girls that the man were now below in the shop. And a queer creaking sound and a droning voice that seemed to be repeating an incantation assured them that they were busy in some manner. What mysterious work they were engaged in?

"You saw the man who arrived?" whispered Elsa to her friend. "He comes every night in that same furtive manner. And did you notice how tall he was and how black his clothes? He looks exactly as Satan is said to look."

“I must see him more closely,” said Griselda, though her heart was beating furiously and there was no doubt in her own mind that her uncle’s nocturnal visitor was he whom Elsa believed him to be.

“We will steal downstairs and see if they have left a crack in the door,” agreed Elsa. “Though if they have it will be the first time,” she added, thus betraying former experiences of her own.

The ladderlike stairs creaked sorely as they descended, but the strange noise in the shop and the pouring rain covered the sound. Both girls were trembling, but it was natural that Griselda should be the more nervous of the two. Elsa was getting used to the idea of being under the same roof with the devil, but to Griselda it was an entirely novel experience. Under her nervous excitement did she feel just a little curiosity as to what this infamously gentleman looked like on close view?

Unfortunately the door of the shop was closed and bolted as Elsa had always found it before. They could find no crack through which to peer inside the room. But pressing their ears against the panels, they could distinguish a few words that passed between the two—were they both men?—whom they knew to be inside.

“Ha, Master John!” cried a strange voice exultantly, evidently the voice of the visitor. “See all that we have done tonight! See, see! Does it not awe you to possess the power to do in one night what other men labor for months to produce?”

The jeweler’s reply could not be

heard, nor did the girls listen for it. For just then something else attracted their horrified attention. A little sluggish stream of reddish brown liquid had trickled out from under the door, and on touching it Griselda found it faintly sticky. Yes, Elsa was right; it could be nothing but blood!

“And look here!” whispered Elsa, picking up something that had evidently been thrown outside the door. “What is this, Griselda?”

“It seem to be a sort of pillow,” said Griselda, examining the object. “And it is simply soaked in blood,” she added with a shudder. “O, what if a human head once lay here, Elsa, and was severed in its sleep? Not one other night will I spend in this horrible house. When morning breaks I shall tell my uncle that I know him for a sorcerer and a confederate of the evil one, and I shall ask protection at the nearest convent. You must leave with me, Elsa. You cannot stay here longer.”

“And your Aunt Emmeline?” asked Elsa, as they slipped upstairs again.

“We will try to persuade her away also, but if she won’t leave her husband she must take the consequences. It cannot be helped.”

Griselda was not a girl to hesitate when she had made up her mind. Having determined to confront her uncle with the evidence she possessed of his being a sorcerer, she did so at the earliest opportunity. Before breakfast the next morning she found him polishing mirrors in his shop; and standing up before him, she informed him that she knew now that his lawful trade was not his only

business, but that he did dark deeds with Satan's aid every night when the city and household slept. How did she know? She had seen his black-clad visitor arrive by stealth; his awful trade was not his only them talking of being able to do more in one night than other men could perform in weeks. Furthermore, she had seen blood trickling from under the door where they worked, and she had found a bloody pillow where some poor victim of theirs must have once laid his head. So she was going away from the house where such things occurred.

Her uncle listened to her words in silence and sat quietly a long while after she had finished speaking. But when she was turning to leave him, he stopped her. "No, no, Griselda, you shall not go away thinking such things of me," he declared, starting to his feet. "Come and I will show you something that is a great secret. The man you saw last night was only a cowardly human being and not a devil. He lends me money to carry on this new work of mine, but is so afraid that he will fall under the suspicion of being a magician, as I have done, that he comes here only at night with great secrecy. Open that cupboard door yonder—here is the key—and see what you see inside. Draw it forth; look at it! What would you say that machine is?"

Griselda, who had obeyed all his instructions, stared uncertainly at the odd object she had drawn into the lighted shop. Then her face cleared a little. "It is a sort of wine press, is it not?" she asked.

"A wine press from which shall flow the most learned drink ever

quaffed by mortal men," declared her uncle solemnly. "It is a fount of knowledge, Griselda; it is a printing press!"

"And what is that?" asked his niece.

"See, cried her uncle, growing excited in explaining his dear secret. "See! I dab this type I have so laboriously cut with this ink I have so varefully compounded—which is not blood, but only a nut stain mixed with a little glue to make it stick—and the pillow you found last night is but my dauber. Now see, I place the paper so, I work the machine thus, and behold we have page after page of neatly written words which it would have taken a monk in his monastery a long, long while to have penned. In this way books shall become numerous and knowledge widely diffused. People call me magician, but I tell you, Griselda, that this invention of mine will abolish magicians, sorcerers, witches, demons, warlocks, and goblins! All, all will vanish when people have drunk deep of the wine from this press! Witchcraft will become the joke of children instead of the terror of adults. It is ignorance that makes the world believe in witches and hobgoblins, and I have here the magic which will banish that ignorance."

But Griselda, looking at those pages so swiftly written and at the odd machine on which they had been created, drew away from her uncle and stared into his gleaming eyes with her fear by no means dispelled by what he had shown her. She still felt that the inventor of this infernal writing machine must be a confederate of the demons he derided. And

edging farther from him, she soon standing there yet—John Gutenberg,
 fled and left him standing there by the wizard whose wizardry has ab-
 his press. olished witchcraft!

And on a marble pedestal he's

IF YOU WERE.

If you were busy being kind,
 Before you knew it you would find
 You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
 That some one was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
 And cheering people who are sad,
 Although your heart might ache a bit,
 You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,
 And doing just the best you could,
 You'd not have time to blame some man
 Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true,
 To what you know you ought to do,
 You'd be so busy you'd forget
 The blunders of the folk you've met.

If you were busy being right,
 You'd find yourself too busy, quite,
 To criticize your neighbor long
 Because he's busy being wrong.

—Rebecca B. Foresman.

A NORTH CAROLINA' WILL 193 YEARS OLD—MADE IN 1731.

(The Wachovia.)

In the name of God Amen.

I, John Baptista Ashe, of Bath County, in the Province of North Carolina, Gent., being through the mercy of God Almighty of sound mind and memory, do make, appoint, declare and ordain this and this only to be my last Will and Testament, revoking and making void all former wills by me heretofore made. The Lord have mercy on my soul for Christ's sake:

Imprimis: I will that all my just and lawful debts be dully paid by my Executors herneinafter named, particularly.

First Item. I give, bequeath and devise (after payment of debts) to my three children, John, Samuel, and Mary all my (personal) estate to be equally divided amongst them.

Second Item. I give, devise and bequeath unto my son, Samuel and to my daughter, Mary, up the North (Branch) of Cape Fear River called Ashwood which are situated lying and being on the south side of said River between the lands of John Porter, of Virginia, merchant, and the plantation where Daniel Renoho, lately deceased, dwelt, together with my other lands on the north side of said River directly opposite to those aforementioned to be equally divided betwixt them, the said Samuel and Mary, to them, their heirs, and assigns forever.

Third Item. I give, devise and bequeath unto my son, Samuel, a tract of land containing six hundred and

forty acres lying on Stumpy Sound, called Turkey Point, also one other tract containing one thousand acres called Henry's Island, on New River bank, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

Fourth Item. I give, devise and bequeth unto my son Samuel four hundred acres of land lying above William Lowrie's plantation on the main branch of Old Town Creek.

Fifth Item. It is my Will that my sons have their estates delivered unto them as they severally arrive to the age of twenty and one years, and that my daughter have her estate at the day of her marriage or age of twenty and one years, which shall first happen.

I will that my slaves be kept to work on my land, that my estate be managed to the best advantage, so as my sons may have as liberal an education as the profits thereof will afford and in their education I pray by Executors to observe this method. Let them be taught to read and write and be introduced into the practical part of Arithmetick, not too hastily hurrying them to Latin or Grammar, but after they are pretty well versed in these let them be taught Latin and Greek, I propose this may be done in Virginia. After which let them learn French, perhaps some Frenchman at Santee will undertake this, when they are arrived at age I recommend the pursuit and study of some profession or business. (I would wish one to ye Law the other

to Merchandise) in which let them follow their own inclinations.

Sixth Item. I will that my daughter be taught to write and read and some feminine accomplishments which may render her agreeable and that she be not kept ignorant as to what appertains to a good housewife in the management of household affairs.

Seventh Item. I give to each my Executors a gold ring, the respects which in my life I bore them.

Eighth Item. I will that Brick vault may be built at Gravely and my Dear Wife's body be taken up out of the earth and brought and laid therein; and if it should be my fortune to die in Carolina as my corpse may be conveyed thither, I desire that one large coffin be made and both our bodies laid together therein lodged in the said vault.

Ninth Item. I give and bequeath unto my honored friend, Edward Mosely, Esquire, the one-half or moiety of my land lying near Rock Fish Creek on the North West branch of the Cape Fear River, being twenty-five hundred and sixty acres, to be equally divided between him and my heirs, to him and his heirs and assigns forever.

Tenth Item. I give, devise and be-

queath unto my loving brother John Swan six hundred and forty acres of land lying on North East Branch of Cape Fear River which he bought of me of which I have not yet made him any conveyance, being land adjoining below that where on my brother, Samuel Swann dwells, to him the said John Swann and heirs and assigns forever.

Lastly: I nominate and appoint my honored friends, Edward Mosley and Nathaniel Rheid, Esquires, my good friend Moore, my loving brother, Samuel Swann and John Swann, my good friends, Messrs. William Downing and Edward Executors of this my last will and Testament desiring and praying them to see the same duly.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this second day of November Anno Domini 1731.

Jno. Baptista Ashe

Signed, sealed and published in the presence of us

John Hawkins

Cornelius Dargan

Mitch Rutter

her

Mehittabe X Rutter

mark

“The more important the thing we feel we must do, the more careful, extended and complete should be our preparation for doing it.”

FLORIDA'S SHELL MOUNDS.

By Merritt L. Allen.

Digging into the past has brought startling discoveries in all parts of the world. The excavators of the shell mounds of Florida have exhumed skeletons and articles which throw considerable light upon the aboriginal tribes that inhabited North America. The entire peninsula is dotted with these mounds, and the things which are found in them are the evidence upon which the American ethnologists are building the history of the early settlers and the Indians who were their direct descendants.

The mounds are of all shapes, sizes and formation, but for the most part they are round or conical. Those found inland are usually not very high, but those near the water's edge reach a height of from twelve to eighteen feet. Most of the shell mounds consist of irregular layers of sand and shell. As fast as the shells were washed ashore they were tossed upon the mounds, so that they represent an accumulation of ages.

The exact purpose of these mounds is a question which has caused much interesting discussion, but there are several uses which are very evident. Their first thoughts were undoubtedly for a home well above the low level they planted their gardens and built their huts. The elevation gave sweep to the strong winds which afforded the best of protection against mosquitoes and flies. It also protected the inhabitants during the high waters of hurricanes, when the water has been known to rise twelve feet in less than twenty-four hours. And they did not pick their locations for

building until they were sure that they were in a country abounding with game, and a good fishing ground along the coast. The steep sides and the loose shells made them excellent means for defense, but where the tribe was small in number it was their custom to build their mound where it would be most difficult to find in a locality surrounded by trees and scrub growth. Perhaps on one side they would be protected by an impassable morass and the other side would touch the head of a bayou where it would be hidden in a labyrinth of small islands.

They buried their dead in these mounds in order that their last sleep would be undisturbed by the high waters and the skulking wild beasts. The prevailing way to inter the bodies was in a squatting position. The feet were placed on a level with the knees with the legs against the thighs and these drawn up against the body. The heads were bent over and forced between the thighs. The accompanying photograph shows the skulls and a large bowl in an excavation now being made by the Smithsonian Institute at Weedon's Island on Tampa Bay. Common among the things found are pebble hammers, smoothing stones, sharks' teeth, flint spearheads, beads and shell drinking cups. A large number of hammers made from stone are found which were evidently used to open shell fish for food. Exhibitions show beautiful but crudely carved jars and bowls. Their pottery was made of black, blue, and red clay with a mix-

ture of white material resembling pounded shell. Cement is encountered now and then. This was made by burning the ever abundant supply of shells and obtainin lime.

The other accompanying photograph shows what is left of a shell mound in the heart of the city of St. Petersburg, Florida. It is a great curiosity to the tourists, for the story connected with it goes that

here the tribes for miles around used to gather for their festivals. Clams, oysters and other shell food were gathered in great quantities. As the clatter of their stone hammers broke the shells, and which were tossed upon the ever increasing mound, they told mighty tales of encounters with snakes, panthers, and hazardous trips through miles of saw-grass in the Everglades.

SAND BLAST FOR CARVING WOOD.

The sand blast—a stream of sand driven with considerable force by compressed air or steam through a tube which terminates in a nozzle of reduced bore—has long been used for cutting and engraving glass, stone and other hard substances. Lately it has been adapted to carving wood. The wood is first covered with a protective stencil of rubber, wax or other material that the sand will not act on. The sand cuts away the portions of the wood left exposed, the portions covered standing out in relief in the finished work. Flowers, leaves, conventional designs, etc., are easily and quickly carved. The effects prduced are quite beautiful, far superior to those obtained by any other mechanical process. The cost, of course, is much less than that of hand carving.

California redwood lends itself particularly well to sand-blast carving, because of its soft and relatively uniform texture. Carved wood is being much used for paneling and other decorative features in living and dining rooms, dens, etc., of California houses. The wood is often finished in its natural reddish-brown color. Sometimes it is stained or painted in a manner to bring out grain and carving with striking effect. Redwood, carved or uncarved, has an unusually beautiful grain, and gives pleasing results when used for inside trimming for houses, for picture-frames, etc. It is in many instances, being used for making door and window frames, siding and trimming of various kinds.—Ex.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A darky walked into a prominent young lawyer's office the other day and said he was looking for some free legal advice. "Have a seat," said the attorney, "I'll give you some and it will be worth just what you pay for it

A group of Durhamites were discussing the growth of radio fans and the interest people were taking in this new development in our every-day life; how satisfying it was at times, and how much static there was at other times, when up speaks a fellow, noted for his much talking and knowledge on all subjects, who had recently put in radio set, and said, "He had noticed that the 'statistics' in his were so voluminous that he could hear nothing else, and he was not much on 'statistics,' didn't care anything for them.

A motor concern sends me some literature on "the secret of motor efficiency; that saves its price every few days." Also is added, "Don't confuse this really great invention with anything you have ever seen or heard of. Don't use snap judgment. Let me send you one at my own risk to try on your own ear." I hail anything that will save its own price. If the gentlemen will send me a car to try it on, I certainly will not confuse it with anything I "have ever seen or heard of"—sure will.

He holed his putt for a birdie three after Bishop, who trapped his second, got out nicely and left him-

self a short putt for a four. Hill tried to pitch and run through a shallow trap but his ball trickled into the sand. Both punched their second shots in the barrance, while the local amateurs played short and pitched on in three. Bishop shanked his iron second when he hit it in the "grunk-el." You wonder what in the world I am talking about. Oh, just a game golf on the Hillandale course. Of course you understand how it was done.

"I know I ain't no glass of fashion, nor a mould of form, nor nothing like it," said one of Durham's fastidious Adonises, "and maybe there's lots of little things about being genteel and on the up and up that I don't anything about, but they ain't nobody can say they ever seen me wearing sleeve garters with red or blue bows on 'em."

The only trouble I see with these Christmas saving clubs is, they are started right before or just after Christmas, when most in general a gent is broke, or about to be broke. And then to add to the gaity of his financial feelings, right on the heels of his depleted exchequer come the gathering in of the income tax. Others may say what they please, but I rejoice over the fact that I have an income to pay on and I gladly give Uncle Sam some of my outgo to help him along. Some fellow has written a poem on the "Incoming and out going of the day," being so beautiful. It is. So is your income

and your taxes.

A Negro had been sentenced to the roads in the Recorder's court, and took an appeal to the superior court. Failing to give bond he was incarcerated in the county jail, waiting for the term of the court, and had been in jail for several weeks. His attorney visited him just before the court convened and told him he had better withdraw his appeal and go on and take his sentence. "Law, man," said the negro, "I thought I was employing a lawyer, not an agent for the chain gang."

The cafeteria policy is to wait on yourself. The cafeteria affords a fine opportunity for experimenting with one's self. It has its uses as well as its object of feeding the public. The grouch or growler, who is continually complaining or growling with waiters about this, that and the other, and taking him as an object, or an outlet for all his grouchiness, can visit a cafeteria; be his own waiter, and there take out his spite, spleen, and grouch on himself, and argue and abuse himself while he is waiting on himself, and it does not involve no one but himself. If he will do this it is a fine place for him to hear himself as others hear him.

Once an editor asked a reporter if he had interviewed a certain celeb-

rity, and the reporter said he had. "What did he say?" inquired the editor. "Nothing at all," replied the reporter. "I know that," said the editor, "but how many columns of it," "That's about the way I feel quite often when I start to tell folks what I've seen and heard in "Rambling Around." It's kind of hard work to write a whole column of nothing, but I have to do it to keep the editor of this paper in a good humor, and earn my salary. Of course it wouldn't be so hard if I didn't care what I said; but I do. I'm like a certain person I heard of once who always told everyone everything unpleasant she ever heard about her best friend, just to be able to say that she didn't believe a word of it.

The funny age is coming on us; in fact it is already here. Men are wearing balloon trousers, and the women are getting skirts that look like cross-word puzzles, and everybody thinks it is funny. But it is not half so funny as the costumes our ancestors wore—Knee britches, and skin tight pants, collars like sideboards on a wheel-barrow that choked the ears, and buckles and bows on their shoes; and the women hoop-skirts that made goodsize tents of their dresses. They did. And it was the fashion.

A grocer says that some people who buy on time don't seem to know when times leaves off and eternity begins.—The Progressive Grocer.

WHEN A PREACHER IS A SINNER.

News & Observer.

Preachers are not usually classed among sinners. As a rule, their walk and conversation are exemplary. Other men might with profit follow in their footsteps. The truth is that their correct life, aye, their unselfish life, is as compelling as the gospel they preach. If they were not more consistent than most men, their appeals would fall on deaf ears. It is because they illustrate the virtues they hold up for emulation that they find access to men's hearts.

Now and then a preacher goes wrong or falls from grace. The flip-pant assert it is proof that "ministers are no better than other men." They are wrong, and the evidence of their harsh and unfair judgment is that the lapse of a preacher is sensational news. It is because it is exceptional for a preacher to go wrong that the fall of one constitutes news.

But, taking the word of a Methodist bishop, there are preachers who are sinners. In an address to Chicago Methodist preachers last week, Bishop Hughes made this declaration:

"Any minister today who fails to toil in his study, who fails to buy new books and keep himself at the best, is a sinner."

If the bishop is right there are a few ministers who can be called sinners, but fewer than in "the good old days" when a Bible and a hymn-book and a volume of homiletics in saddle-bags constituted a preacher's li-

brary. But, if "sinners" in the definition of the bishop, they were the apostolic sort who by abundant labors planted the seed of the real Americans and Christianity in the New World.

There are new definitions of violators in every decade. With new inventions come new crimes. It was no crime to speed before we had flivvers, no crime to make brandy when it was not forbidden, no crime for parents to let their children roam the streets or fields when there were no compulsory school laws, and so on, including crimes against monopolizing the air and the like. It is because colleges abound and congregations are well read that a preacher is a "sinner" who does not bring to his hearers a sermon out of the fullness of the ready mind informed by much reading and study.

"Beware of the unprepared preacher who comes to a congregation and says, 'Brethren, I will speak to you out of my heart today,'" said a distinguished divine. "Usually he means he will preach out of an empty mind and is seeking an excuse for his lack of preparation."

What happens to "sinners" in the pew when the mandate of the Christ, "Feed my sheep," is not obeyed by the preacher in the pulpit? Does he not sin against hearts yearning to be fed with the bread of life?

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sidney.

HEALTH— THE STATE'S GREATEST ASSET

By Angus Wilton McLean.

One of the most significant aspects of modern conservation is a high regard for the health of the community. In the strenuous life of the twentieth century the demand is for a maximum amount of mental vigor in a sound body.

Community health, State health and national health is a composite of individual health. The better the individual health, the better the general average of community health. The more healthy, producing individuals any community has and the longer such individuals live to produce, just that much greater will be the progress of that community.

Good health is both an individual and a national asset. It is just as essential and fundamental to the integrity and permanence of a democratic nation as scientific progress, political achievement, industrial development or economic accomplishment. Indeed it is the basis upon which all these things are built.

The marvelously increasing longevity, with its resultant increased production and general progress, can be ascribed not to any change in climate or natural conditions, but to health education. People have learned how to conserve their health and abolish those conditions which were conducive to plague and pestilence. People have learned how to protect themselves against many of the diseases which were once so greatly dreaded.

An important agent for the advancement of health education and the realization of this individual and national asset is the public school, which is the natural and most effective training centre for this branch of public welfare work. Our schools must teach the elements of personal hygiene as well as community sanitation. The teaching of these things is an important part of the education of a community. Our schools must so train the individual as to prolong the period of individual productiveness, and prevent interruptions caused by illness, thus adding to social efficiency and individual happiness. Our State can no longer afford the retardation of efficiency which comes from ill health brought on by neglect, by environment, or by failure to combat preventable disease.

Some of the principal attributes of education in a democracy are moral character, civic efficiency and industrial competency. All of these can be attained in our American schools under well-trained teachers. To their achievement and full development there is this basic requisite—good health. Health education produces good health. Good health makes possible education. Education means progress.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

By May C. Kingwalt.

One hundred years ago this 11th of January was born Bayard Taylor,—poet, novelist, newspaper correspondent, lecturer, and United States ambassador to a foreign court.

Bayard Taylor's birthplace was Kenneth Square, Chester Co., Pennsylvania, but as shortly after the Taylors left town to live on a farm, he grew up in the country.

All country children delight in the outdoor world, but the color of the sky, the form of a passing cloud, and the rhythm of rain upon the roof meant more to the poet-to-be than to the average country boy. And was it merely a boy's adventuresome nature, or an intimation of the future globe trotter that made young Bayard love above all things to climb to the house-top,—or some other equally hazardous high place,—and look out upon the far country unfolded before him?

Very early he showed a great aptitude for committing poetry to memory and although as a growing boy he read everything, always he cared most for poetry and books of travel.

At seventeen, having finished his schooling at the Unionville Academy, young Bayard apprenticed himself to a West Chester printer and publisher of the Village Record.

But he soon grew restless. More and more ardent became his desire to travel and study in Europe. And when he heard that his cousin, Frank Taylor, and a friend were going abroad, his mind was made up. He would go with them.

The fact that he had not a cent toward expenses did not faze him; it

merely sharpened his initiative.

At once he went to Philadelphia to try to arrange with certain editors for letter to be written during his stay in Europe.

He was so eminently unsuccessful that two weeks before the day set for his sailing, he had accomplished nothing.

But the mark that distinguishes the man of achievement from one who remains a mere plodder is that he never accepts failure as final. Bayard Taylor kept at it. As a result, he went home in triumph,—with the munificent sum of \$140 in his pocket; \$50 that the editor of the Saturday Evening Post had paid in advance for twelve letters; a like sum from the editor of the United States Gazette; and \$40 for some poems that he had written, while later he arranged to contribute letter to the New York Tribune as well.

"A slim, upright youth, with rich dark-brown flowing hair, lustrous dark-brown eyes, and an expression which was half of eagerness, half of melancholy," is the vivid picture we have of Bayard Taylor at nineteen when July 1st he set sail for Liverpool.

Such a wonderful two years abroad!

First, he went on a walking tour through the north of England and Scotland. Then he traveled through Belgium and up the Rhine to Heidelberg. He spent the winter at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he learned to speak German fluently. The following summer, another walking tour took him over the Alps and through

northern Italy to Florence, where he spent four months perfecting himself in Italian. After visiting Rome, he turned his face north, and from Marseilles tramped through cold winter rains to Paris. Three months shared between Paris and London, and Bayard Taylor was homeward bound.

And every penny for his \$500 expenses during the two years abroad he earned himself. Think of the sturdy ambition and self-reliance and self-denial necessary to accomplish it! And never did so small an investment of capital pay such big dividends. For Bayard Taylor had not merely "seen Europe" in superficial tourist style. His thirsty soul had drunk deep of its culture; the new associations and contacts of travel had both stimulated his mind and broadened his outlook on life. And his letters, particularly those to *The Tribune*, had been so widely read, that on his return to America, if not actual fame, at least an enviable reputation for a young man of only twenty-one awaited him.

But as so often happens when one feels most confident of success, now came a dash of cold water in the face of his next endeavor.

Not only did young Taylor waste a year in a futile attempt to make a go of a weekly paper that he and a friend had bought out in his home county, but saddled himself with a debt that took him three years to pay after he had shaken off the dust of failure and begun all over again in New York City.

"But the mere determination to face difficulties diminishes their number," valiantly declared Bayard Taylor, "and in the good-will with which

we undertake a work is the work half done."

Yet time was so precious. For not only was there the urge of ambition. A dear dream of a home of his own was also an impelling power.

Even before he left for Europe, Bayard Taylor was already in love with Mary Agnew of his home town, a young woman of the most beautiful Christian character, and no poem that he ever wrote had the poetic exquisiteness of the love-story of these two.

It was a love-story with a sad ending. For after heroic years of waiting; the heartbreak of many separations while young Taylor was making a place in the world and an income sufficient to support a wife, the two were married only a couple of months when the sweet, saintly Mary, whose incomparable love letters had been the inspiration of Bayard Taylor's highest endeavors, died from old-fashioned lingering consumption.

But always had Bayard Taylor been of deeply religious nature; one of his strongest convictions through life, his belief in immortality, and at his young wife's death, while bowed in grief, his spirit was not broken.

The following year he went abroad, visiting Egypt, China, Japan.

On his return after a two years' absence, Bayard Taylor began giving the popular lectures on his travels that were received with such widespread enthusiasm.

But the lectures were always distasteful to him, and he only undertook the arduous task to make money enough to give him independence of time that he might be free to write.

For besides his newspaper and

magazine articles; the Cyclopedia of Travel and other books on travel produced by this indefatigable worker, Bayard Taylor also was a novelist of no mean ability, and, dearest to his own heart, a poet.

"Nothing kindled his pride and his pleasure like the praise of his poetry."

No less a critic than Longfellow called Bayard Taylor's "The Picture of St. John" a great poem,—“noble, sustained, beautiful from beginning to end.”

Bayard Taylor himself considered "The Masque of the Gods," in which he portrayed "the evolution of the human conception of Deity," his best work, written at white heat in four days.

Albert H. Smyth, one of his biographers, quotes the following noble lines from his "Prince Denkalin" as representing Bayard Taylor's own philosophy of life.

The words are spoken by a Christian in answer to Buddha's gospel of renunciation:

"But I accept,—even all this conscious life
 Gives in its fullest measure,—gladness,
 health,
 Clean appetite, and wholeness of my
 claim
 To knowledge, beauty, aspiration,
 power!
 Joy follows action, here; and action
 bliss,
 Hereafter! While God-lulled, thy
 children sleep,
 Mine, God-aroused, shall wake to wander
 on
 Through spheres thy slumbrous essence
 never dreamed.
 Thy highest is my lowest."

In the meantime had begun the happiest days of Bayard Taylor's life; the sunlit fruition of years of incessant hard work.

While abroad in 1857 he had married Marie Hansen, daughter of a distinguished astronomer.

Back in America with his bride, he began the building of Cedarcroft, their beautiful country home with its unsurpassed gardens, and fruit trees, and hospitality; the house-warming at its opening in 1860, "such as never was known in Pennsylvania."

Their winters the Bayard Taylors spent in New York where the author and poet had all the joy and stimulus of mingling in literary circles.

In 1878 a new honor and responsibility were added to his already abundant life.

Bayard Taylor was sent as ambassador to Germany.

The appointment gave great satisfaction to Berlin and the new minister with his wife and child took up his residence with equal pleasure.

But Bayard Taylor had been in German only a short time when he was taken seriously ill and he died December 19th of that same year.

The following March his remains were brought home to Cedarcroft and four thousand of those who knew and loved him followed in the funeral procession to Longwood Cemetery, three miles away, where later his last resting place was marked by a noble monument.

Not quite fifty-three when he died, yet how much of accomplishment; how fully he had lived!

"On all sides he touched the life of his time."

Bayard Taylor's last poem was

“Epicidium,” written in honor of William Cullen Bryant, and “the closing lines,” comments Mr. Smyth, “are as true of their author as of Bryant.”

“His last work, as his first, was Liberty!

His last word, as his first, for Truth
Struck to the heart of age and youth:

He sought her everywhere,

In the loud city, forest, sea, and air:
He bowed to wisdom other than his

own,

To wisdom and to law,

Concealed or dimly shown

In all he knew not, all he knew and
saw,

Trusting the Present, tolerant of the
Past,

Firm-faithed in what shall come

When the vain noises of these days
are dumb;

And his first word was noble and ‘his
last!’”

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

—Dr. Metcalf.

IS TUBERCULOSIS A SUFFICIENT REASON FOR COMMITTING SUICIDE?

By the N. C. Tuberculosis Association.

The daily press of January 14th, 1925, reports that a bank official in a prominent town in this State committed suicide that day, and gives as the cause the fact that he had tuberculosis and was afraid of transmitting the disease to his wife and children. This report brings forcefully to the attention of our people the question at the head of this article.

In some instances I believe the question could be answered in the affirmative; for example: An intelligent man has a wife and four children. He and his wife have been looking forward to the time when their children would be large enough to enter college, and have planned to give each one of them a college education. Against that day, they began early to be economical, and out of every month's salary, except when there was sickness in the family, they

laid by a small part for this particular purpose. Likely, too, some of the savings were being placed in Building and Loan, and perhaps some in life insurance, to help provide for the family in case of accident, and to help toward the education of the children. Possibly they had a little home with a mortgage still plastered on it for perhaps the last one or two payments. And now before he had gotten well started on his plan, he finds that he has tuberculosis.

He knows that in all likelihood he must stop work for a year, maybe two or three years, at the best. He sees his income stopped, his life insurance forfeited, his savings used up, debts accumulated, his home sold under mortgage. While, if he had died quickly, (and the truth that tuberculosis does not kill quickly like diphtheria, typhoid fever, and pneumonia makes it the most expensive

disease there is; in fact more expensive than all other preventable diseases put together) the insurance would become available, probably enabling the wife to pay off the mortgage on the home, and with the savings pull herself together, go to work, and raise her family.

Is there any greater tragedy than this? The fact that the bank cashier committed suicide makes this particular tragedy "news" as the newspapers say, but the greater tragedy still is that it is happening every day in our State, and sometimes several times a day. There is one bright side

to this tragedy, and only one, to wit: With the small amount of money being spent in the fight against tuberculosis in North Carolina, only one-half as many tragedies of this character are occurring today as occurred eleven years ago when the State began feebly to do active work in the fight against tuberculosis.

Surely tragedies of this kind ought to be sufficient to cause the people of our State, through the legislature now sitting, to multiply many times the amount of money being so well used in the fight against tuberculosis.

ONE APPLE.

In an orchard from which twelve thousand barrels of apples are shipped every year one individual apples does not seem worth thinking about. Yet in just such an orchard not long ago the foreman of the packing force made a determined search for one apple.

"We've got to find it!" he declared. "Come on now."

The men soon learned that the apple was in one of two barrels that had just been headed up. Into the first went a packer; he took out the first layer and the second and third and so on down through half the barrel before the desired apple appeared.

"See!" cried the foreman, turning the fruit bottom up. "Note that speck of rot? That's why I was so insistent."

One of the pickers had found the apple on the ground. It was a singularly large and well-shaped winesap and it weighed half an ounce more than the biggest apple ever found in that orchard, but it was a windfall and was bruised.

"These barrels go into cold storage," explained the foreman. "They are for late winter and early spring trade and will bring high prices. That speck of rot would have spread on that apple and then would have infected others nearby. The whole barrel of apples might have been ruined before the retailer could dispose of them."

So should we cope with bad habits. Run down that evil trait; its infection will spread, Summary treatment is the cure. That is the teaching not only of religion but of psychology. Go to the bottom of the barrel if necessary.—Youth's Companion.

“BUTCHERING TIME.”

To the fellow who was reared on the farm there always clings the memory of that greatest-of-all annual events—*butchering time*.

Though it has been a great many years, when we turn back and review that page in our life's history, the whole scene passes in panoramic view before us, from the setting of the alarm clock the night before clear on through every detail of the events of that long-looked-forward-to day. A strange tingling numbness occurs in our fingers now, when we think of the frosty fagots that we gathered in the early hours of that crisp November morning to keep alive the fires burning under the big black kettle suspended on a tripod in which the water was heated to scald the hogs. Well do we remember the old scalding barrel, and the old wagon box turned upside down to serve as a table on which to “*serape*” the pigs; the old single-tree which was used as a gambol stick. I know just the spot where we left it; we can still hear the sickening thud of the axe, as dad struck the hogs in the head knocking them down; we are startled as we feel the warm blood trickling over our fingers, from the cold steel blade of the long knife that he used to “*stick*” the

pigs with. As the day came to a close, we remember the crimson sunset and the reddened glow of the sky, and wonderful if it was stained with the blood of those poor pigs. Then as the night shades gathered there was the long row of ghostly appearing forms of the dressed hogs silhouetted against the moon-lit sky that caused a “*spooky*” feeling to play up and down our spinal high-line. Then followed the feasting period. Oh! how could anyone forget that intermingled aroma of frying liver, tenderloin, sage, mace, head cheese and garlic that permeated that home. Talk about white rose, lillac heliotrope, or carnation, for fragrance they are as nothing as compared with frying liver. Then there was the making of the sausage. We never crank a Ford, but we are reminded of the days when we turned a sausage grinder. Doughnuts! Why man, the doughnuts that mother made after “*butchering time*” equaled in size the balloon tires sold by Ford Agencies today.

If we could only live over again the “*butchering time*” of our boyhood days we would be willing to step aside and let the rest of the world go by.—Ex.

Dumb—“I hear they have established a home for telephone operators.”

Bell—“And what did they name it?”

Dumb—“Listen Inn.”

CRITICISM.

By Beatrice Cobb.

All of us are too prone to criticize. It seems to be an inborn inclination to find fault with the other fellow—the way he handles his job, when possibly in his place we wouldn't do it any better; his way of living, when our own lives are not exemplary; his opinions, when he has just as much right to think as he does as we have to think our way. We need to investigate, oftentimes more thoroughly than we do, before we pass along with critical comment reports of an adverse nature that come to us.

Isn't it a strange commentary on life that to criticize is one of the

easiest things to do, to praise seemingly one of the hardest? We look at our neighbors' faults through the magnifying end of the lens, at his virtues through the minifying glass. We save until after he is dead and buried all the nice things we have to say and think about him, when they mean nothing to him. How much better to show a little more charity and kindness while he is alive?

Many a critic can have the brakes put on his tongue by being asked "Do you know this for a fact." Often an investigation puts an entirely different light on a matter.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

J. J. Jones, Jr.

The boys have been cutting wood for the past week.

The boys could not do much work last week on account of wet weather.

For four Saturdays the boys have not gone to the ball ground because of bad weather.

Master Adam Beck, a member of the fifth cottage, has been placed in the shoe repair shop.

Mrs. Schwarberg, of Pinehurst, spent one afternoon last week at the training school. She is employed by the State Insurance Commissioner

and is visiting the schools in this community, making a number of talks on "Safety."

The new oven for the bakery has arrived at the school and will be installed at once.

Harry Dalton and Lee Smith, members of the tenth and first cottages, were paroled last week.

On account of rainy weather during the past week the work section has been shelling peanuts in the cottage basements.

Preston McNeill, a member of the

twelfth cottage, was honorably paroled a few days ago by Superintendent Boger. He has made a very good record.

The Goodman Literary Society and the Boger Literary Society held meetings last Monday evening and had fine debates. These are the first meetings held since before Christmas.

The old chapel is now being used for a band room. The band is growing since our new director, Mr.

Paul Owensby, has taken charge. It now consists of thirty-one members.

Prof. Hugh Moore, of the Concord High School faculty, and Mr. Lee Johnson, the boys work secretary of the Concord Y. M. C. A. conducted services at the school last Sunday. He took his text from Luke, 2:52, "And Jesus increased in stature and wisdom and in favor with God and man." He made a very interesting talk which was enjoyed by everyone.

DOES A DOG KNOW.

Maybe Foxy did not know what she was doing. Maybe it was merely a chance? Maybe the accident had nothing to do with her actions. But, it was all so remarkable and her actions meant so much that, though but an ordinary long-haired, black dog, she merits at least passing notice. Foxy is twelve. From her puppy days she has lived as a constant companion with two people who are now past seventy. She seems to understand them thoroughly. This is what happened. In July her master was painting a roof and by a strange kind of accident fell sixteen feet to the ground and was for the time helpless. The house was quite a distance away. Her mistress was in the house, upstairs in the sewing room. As soon as her master fell, Foxy ran to the house, found a screen door she could open, rushed through the house and found her mistress upstairs. Her wild excited barking, her strange actions, and her eagerness to get downstairs, indicated that she had a story to tell. She was followed and because of Foxy's unspoken report of the accident the hurt man was soon receiving much needed attention. Call it what you please, what that dog did was as effectual in giving the alarm as if she had possessed human intelligence and speech. Foxy had always been the recipient of the marks of kindness that makes a dog a faithful friend, and it is needless to say that her right to a first-class place in that household will remain unquestioned as long as she lives.—Exchange.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE DIFFERENCE.

Dissatisfaction with present attainments is a primal characteristic of man. The robbin, the wren and all God's feathered creatures are content with the nests and the songs of a thousand generations. The centuries come and go, but the squirrel is still satisfied with his storehouse of nuts. But the history of the human race is altogether a different story. One generation is but a stepping stone to something higher. The tug is out of the unattained and the unknown. Neither has any bird or animal shown an interest in the worship of God. The beaver builds dams, but builds no temples. Man, on the contrary, demands as a necessary part of his life a place to worship his deity.—Greensboro Christian Advocate.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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A FATAL SOURCE.

I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us so ready to make, that, because things have long been wrong, it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime from which this world suffers.—John Ruskin.

WRIGHT G. CAMPBELL.

A fascinating and inspiring spirit which had its dwelling place in the body of Rev. Wright G. Campbell, for the space of time allotted to man, took its flight Thursday of last week.

There was a day in the history of Concord, along about in the 80's of the past century, when this man and his wife, then residents of the city, were numbered among the most popular folks—people, regardless of denomination, or class or station in life, counted it a privilege and an honor to know them. He was a genius and brilliant; his wife possessed all those engaging charms that have made Southern womanhood outstanding among women.

A physical infirmity overtook him and he retired from the ministry. He

adopted the hand-maiden of preaching—he took to the school room. When the call could not be longer resisted and his health gave a warning, he returned from Pennsylvania to Concord, where open arms awaited him. Just about this time the Jackson Training School was taking form. To occupy his time and give him the benefit of the open air, he tendered his services in looking after and checking up the material as it was beginning to arrive for the very first building at this institution.

He helped in launching The Uplift; he taught school; he bridged chasms in our experience; he drew to him by his personality and charm every boy; and then when the companion of his bosom was stricken and her spirit returned to its God, he could no longer remain with us.

In all the thousands whom it has been the privilege of this writer to know most intimately, none possessed to a higher degree the attributes of the true gentleman. Selfishness—and he was a ripe scholar and a man of wide reading—was one word in the English language he did not understand.

Giving no thought for the tomorrow, he literally spent his life, his talents and his all for the pleasure and benefit of others. Years never blotted out his memory of former friends and associates. The character of the two men were revealed on one occasion—this man Campbell and the late George W. Watts; we saw these two men meet years after the time they had been playmates, had climbed the same trees and roamed the fields together, when responsibilities and activity had carried them far-apart in different endeavors and communications had long since ceased between them. This is how it happened: Mr. Watts throwing his arm around Mr. Campbell said, “well, well, this is Wright; and Wright yielding to the embrace warmly said, “and this is George.”

We have reasons for an abiding belief that these two choice spirits are now together, never again to part after their good endeavors, each of his own choosing.

* * * * *

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE FURNITURE?

“The whole town was crowded to the roof with furniture men, from everywhere; and the show continues next week,” spoke a man that entered the local train at High Point on the 23rd. This gentleman was returning to his home in Greenville, S. C., after spending a day or so, taking in the great furniture show at High Point.

The number of men, who go to that great furniture manufacturing city,

from every section of the United States, and the greater number of furniture manufacturing plants in many places in this state and in others, leads one to wonder where in the world does all this furniture that is annually made get to. The number of bed-room suits made annually, and the number of chairs manufactured annually outnumber all the births, we are certain, in a ratio of 5 to 1.

We were further entertained by a salesman—they always follow such meetings—who seems to have had poor business in his particular line. He deplored the fact that retail dealers, who emphasize the installment plan of selling furniture, had such a burden to carry on long-drawn out contracts. He stoutly recommended a clearing house, or a financial pool to carry all these contracts for a small consideration etc. If such financial organization were brought into existence, "I could," he claimed, "sell hundreds of car-loads of furniture where I only sell one." A little further down the line, another salesman informed the very same dealer that he had his factory running over-time in making a certain article of furniture. He was running over with enthusiasm.

But wht becomes of all the furniture that is made in this state?

* * * * *

TELLS A TRUE STORY.

In Sunday's Greensboro News, Mr. J. L. Seawell had a most engaging story of Henry Crichton, a typical ante-bellum negro. We are assured that the entire article is historically correct. It being such, it affords the newer and later generations the opportunity to understand the fine relations that existed between the two races, and, in many instances, the great love that prevailed.

We are reproducing the entire story, without the pictorial part, which consisted of the picture of Lawyer Lee and old Henry holding affectionately in his arms an attractive white child. That's true to life, too. Who of us, who are old enough to sport silver locks, do not recall the mutual affection between the negro and the child?

The conversation between lawyer Lee and Henry Crichton, when approaching the question of his defense, illustrates the confiding trust of the average ante-bellum negro and most assuredly the determined purpose of his white master to astutely and adroitly get Henry off just as light as possible. Lee is a great lawyer; and the attorneys, who see this, will appreciate the far-sighted smartness of Henry's attorney. The average lawyer makes for

himself his greatest reputation when he can spring such surprises or quote freely whole verses of scripture.

* * * * *

MANY NEW INDUSTRIES ESTABLISHED IN THE SOUTH.

Continued industrial development in the territory served by the Southern Railway System is shown by the annual report of the Southern's Development Service covering the year 1924.

The report lists a total of 132 new industries placed in operation during the year, 28 new industries under construction on December 31st, 84 enlargements of existing industries placed in operation during the year, and 8 enlargements under construction at the end of the year, a total of 253 new industries and enlargements.

As in former years, the greatest activity was in the building and enlarging of textile plants. New installations of textile machinery in new mills and in enlargements at points served by the Southern included 172,473 spindles, 4,307 looms, and 1,380 knitting machines.

* * * * *

PASSED US BY.

There was no little hope that the President would recognize the rights of the South in the selection of a successor to Mr. Potter, who resigned from the Interstate Commerce Commission; and to this end practically everybody had decided that Mr. A. J. Maxwell, of the North Carolina Corporation Commission, was the logical man to succeed Potter.

Maxwell has no equal when it comes to understanding the intricate points in the adjustment of freights, and when it comes to making a financial statement he stands very high with most men. President Coolidge persuaded himself that he did not need a man of Maxwell's type and he hiked off to New York, for a successor to Potter.

* * * * *

REFUSES TO BE STAMPEDED.

The public has learned early in his administration that Gov. McLean has a habit of studying a situation before he commits himself. They have found, too, that he has a distaste for the spectacular, and thus it is impossible to stampee him.

Gov. McLean, like the famous Georgian, wants to know where "he is at"—to know the facts—before he proceeds. He is right, of course. He evi-

dently, from what the paper boys gather in conversation with him, does not value very highly "accruals" in the conduct of a serious and statewide business.

* * * * *

The Uplift joins his other friends in the sincere regret over the illness of Mr. W. A. Foil, the State Senator from this county, who for the past ten days or more has been confined to his home. He had looked forward to an active and conspicuous part in the deliberations and actions of the General Assembly, and his constituency deplores the unfortunate condition of his health which deprives them of his valuable services.

* * * * *

That was a most distressing fire that swept one-fourth of the business section of Troy, N. C. In it Mrs. J. R. Blair, widow of the late beloved Reece Blair, was the greatest loser, having lost buildings valued at \$100,000, with just two thousand dollars insurance. Another loser was Editor Honeycutt, whose newspaper plant (The Montgomerian) was destroyed. But it takes more than a fire of that kind to block the genial, earnest Honeycutt.



RAMBLING AROUND.

(Old Hurrygraph)

The most patient man the world has ever known said "Man was born to trouble as the sparks to fly upward." It's the truth. And man is prone to mistakes as the rain drops are to fall. In the last rambles I wrote that I was "not" like a certain party; but I was made to say, "I am like." The little word not was left out. So it is well to watch your words as well your steps. Howsoever I don't think I'll make any more comparisons. I am like myself, and let it go at that.

It looks as though, if things keep on, the cities will be made up of automobiles, filling stations and hospitals. Every day brings more automobiles; filling stations are taking possession of all the street corners; and auto accidents are making more hospitals necessary. Not until the violators of traffic laws are made to feel the discomforts of an electric chair, to which every reckless speeder and bright-lighter, after an accident, should be sent, will the danger be corrected. That's the only way to eliminate the violators.

I passed by a business place the other day and the boss was evidently in a bad humor, from the way he was addressing his employes, using harsh language. He had on a terrible case of grouch. There is no place in achievement for fault-finding. It takes up time and energy. Worst of all it makes others grouchy. Nobody can do his best under such conditions. As a fellow helps others he

adds to his own fitness. It's just as natural as sunshine and quite as sure of beneficial results. Learning to be 100 per cent fit and to do everything well makes a fellow still more fit. It's this yielding to service that adds to efficiency and results in worth.

Man, of all creatures, is said to be the only being endowed with the faculty for thinking and reasoning. I am not so sure about that. There are some animals which appear to exercise these qualities, or at least some sense very much akin to them, far more clearly and rationally than many men, judging by the ultimate and final results as compared between some men and some animals.

Young Eugene Reade has developed a passionate fondness for raising chickens. He had on his yard a rooster that was moping about. And looking as if he was about to pass out from something like bronchitis. It was suggested to Young Reade that sometimes a little whisky administered in cases of this kind, would do good. He got the whisky and gave Mr. Rooster a spoonful. Not long thereafter this chanticler was seen leaning against a post, looking as if he couldn't see clear, and then he tangoed in a real reeling way about the yard, and cut up all kind of monkey shines foreign to respectable roosterhood. He was on a well-developed spree. Since that time he has been in apparently good health and the liveliest rooster

in the poultry colony. Usually whisky makes a rooster of a man. but this whisky made a man of that rooster.

Many an amusing incident is laid on Newlyweds. Some are fiction and some are true. A Durham Newlywed, talking to her dairyman, said: "I hope you keep your cows in a pasture." "Yes, ma'am," replied the milkman, "Of course we keep our cows in a pasture." "O, I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed, I am told that pasturized milk is so much the best."

I so frequently hear people say, "I fear this, that or the others is going to happen." The greatest enemy of humanity is fear. And fear exists only within ourselves. If you admit there is no future for you, then there certainly can be none. You have said it cannot be, and in saying you have made it so. If you establish a certain line beyond which you say you cannot travel, then you most certainly set a line beyond which you can never go. You have determined your own limitations; you have admitted your own weakness, or rather you have set up the weakness within you as superior to strength and courage.

Some time ago I was at the Patterson School, in the Happy Valley—the school for mountain boys, which is so much in need of funds to rebuild the original Patterson colonial home burned last Easter—and little Elizabeth Dobbin, the four-year-old sprightly daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dobbin, heard her mother and

some friends talking about having a twilight picnic. She stood around and listened, with her large blue eyes full of expected wonder, and when the opportune time came when she thought she would be heard she said: "Mamma, I wants to go on that 'toothpick.'" That was a clever and an entirely original expression.

I heard a lady, walking along the highway, talking to a companion, say, "Well, leap year passed and it didn't bring me a thing." Just about that time an automobile honked behind her and she and her companion jumped for the curbing on the side of the road and she added, "It seems that every year is leap year for the walking public."

I was in a store the other day when a tourist came in for a purchase and during the transaction, remarked to the affable clerk, "You haven't much parking space in your city." "No, we haven't," replied the clerk; "we live so close together that we haven't room for that; but look at our million-and-half dollar new hotel goin up, and the other big things about Durham." That's the spirit we want in Durham. If we haven't one thing, we've plenty of something else.

There was a discussion recently, among a coterie of young folks on Christmas presents they received. One said she got a beautiful book, and when one of the party asked her the name of it, she said she thought it was "The Red Boat." Then she changed her mind, and declared it was "The Scarlet Launch." Her friend still looked puzzled,

and after a little thought, the girl exclaimed, "Oh' I remember now; it was the 'Ruby Yacht,' by a man named Omar." Statistics show, however, that more people got chewing gum Christmas than books. I suppose because it is so much easier to exercise the chin than the mind.

MANNER OF WALKING.

To be recognized by our walk is quite common. All of us have personal peculiarities of many kinds, and none of them is more tell-tale than the way we walk. There is something in the swing of the feet that discriminates us one from the others. We can easily determine the identity of individuals frequently as far as we can see them if they are walking... The Bible has some things to say about how we are to walk to meet the approval of God. And, of course, when we are approved by Him we ought to be given a good reputation by all who see us and know us. We are asked to walk honestly. That suggests that all our movement among people should be irreproachable. Honesty may be our possession because we have been taught the worth, or the need, or being honest. The honest walk before God means that we are never found where He does not want us to be or traveling towards any place that He does not endorse. Walking honestly is walking worthily and the Bible suggests this as a worth while manner of walking. To be honest and to be worthy as God views us is about enough to justify any claim we want to make before the people about us. But, there is one thing more to be said about this manner of walking. Walking honestly and worthily brings a happiness to the individual that produces what we might term walking rejoicingly. How can we walk as though happy and rejoicing, unless we are honest before God and the people and are worthy of the claims we make? Watch your step, is a common warning. It might be amplified into a series of steps and be a walk. That is to be watched. This involves more than the swing of the legs and the putting down of the feet. It has to do with the whole manner of living. whoever takes himself seriously enough to believe that he is responsible for where he goes, what he does, and how he is judged, will be glad to have a walk that is honest, worthy and rejoicing.—Selected.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

(Presbyterian Standard.)

Recently a professor,, formerly of Chicago, but now a teacher in the North Carolina College for Women, came to Charlotte to give an extension course on sociology before a class of public school teachers.

He is reported to have said that Genesis is only a bit of Israelitish mothology, handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another. He said that this was proven by the fact that all other primitive people had similar myths and legends.

He ridiculed the account of God's writing the Ten Commandments on two tables of stone, as unbelievable.

The mireales were simply representatives of great truths. The feeding of the five thousand was only an illustration of the fact that Jesus taught enough truth to satisfy that many people. When questioned as to the 12 basketfull remaining, he thought that meant that there were more wonderful truths given than the people could understand. It seems though that he did not try to answer the question why Jesus took these truths from the little boy's basket. As a fitting climax to this perfor-

mance he said that he did not know that there was any one that believed in the whole Bible.

When one reads these remarkable views, he wonders how the people of this God-fearing State will receive them, whether they are willing to sit at the feet of this disciple of Modernism in its rankest form, who judges our faith by that of Chicago. We also wonder if these people whose fathers planted in early days the schools and churches of our State, are willing to allow the money of the State to be used to employ such men to instill their subtle poison into the minds of our young women, and thus touch the coming mothers of the future.

The State College for Women has done a great work for women in the past, and now we hope that the leaders will guard these young women at the most impressionable period of their life.

The authorities are asking for a larger appropriation from the Legislature. That such teachings are tolerated will scarcely appeal to those who hold the purse-strings.

There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increases of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

"I have been on this train seven years," said the conductor of a slowly moving Southern train, proudly.

"Is that so?" said a passenger. "Where did you get on?"—The American Boy.

MY WHITE FOLKS.

By J. L. Seawell, in Greensboro News.

It is a rare feat to smuggle irrelevant and incompetent evidence to the jury and make it impregnable in defense of the prisoner's liberty or life. This was brilliantly accomplished in the trial of Henry Crichton. An anarchist bomb-tosser would not have been less selective of his victim than was apparently Henry Crichton, the venerable negro waiter.

About 11 o'clock on the morning of July 16, 1897, Henry, clad in his culinary garb and armed with a double barrel shotgun, shuffled hurriedly from a side entrance of the hotel, walked 25 yards up Main street, a crowded thoroughfare of Lynchburg, Virginia, suddenly paused, raised the gun to firing posture and discharged both barrels in rapid succession.

The detonations were terrifying and terrific. Country teams broke from hitching posts and dashed madly down the street. There was stampeded ingress and egress into and out of stores and a stream of people poured from the Lynchburg National bank, where an immense plate glass window had been shattered by Henry's wild marksmanship, for a merciful providence had directed his aim above the heads of pedestrians. Henry did not move from his tracks and was immediately seized by bystanders, some of whom were rugged countrymen.

"Why, damn the nigger; what ails him? What was he shooting at? Hang him! No, pitch him down the high steps and bust his head open!"

But the erstwhile polite and peace-

able old negro was rescued by the police, taken to jail and infuriated citizens were quieted, though some were vehement in demanding summary punishment.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself, you crazy old fool?" demanded the young lawyer, who was daily served by Henry and who had been summoned as his counsel. "What have you got against this town, Do you know that people out there are ready to lynch you?"

"Lawdy, lawdy, Mister Johnny, I want trying ter hurt nobody but dat nasty, yaller, crap-shootin John Wilson. He's 'sulted my gal Susy three times, atter I tole 'im ter lit Susy 'lone. He's pledged rat gal most ter death, en Susy's er good gal, Mister Johnny; Susy's egicated, Susy is, en she haves herself gist like er white lady. En I tole dat John Wilson three times ter lit Susy 'lone. But las' night at de festival—well what dat low life, yaller, twinge-minded nigger sed ter my Susy, rite out loud—en he drunk, en cum staggerin en cussin rite up ter her. Well whut he sed wud er made eny white man kill 'im ef he'd er sed it ter er white lady en nuthin wud er bin dun 'bout it. When Jim Tolliver tole me 'bout it I got my old muzzle loader en went scoutin fer dat nigger, en when I seed 'im I fergot whar I was en dat dere wus eny body in de world but me en dat nigger. Mr. Johnny, dat yaller nigger ain't nuthin but er bad white man en er mean nigger all mixed togedder."

"Henry, do you mean to say that

you risked the life of every person in front of your gun—every innocent woman and child, white or black—just to resent what a drunken, irresponsible negro said to your girl Susy?"

"Mister Johnny, I want shootin at nobody but John Wilson, en—"

"Well, you're in a devil of a mess. You'll be indicted for a felonious assault—an assault with intent to kill—and your offense is aggravated by a general disregard for human life. You seemed to have a grudge against humanity at large. Why didn't you just beat the nigger without risking the lives of other people? The entire town is down on you. Every one thinks you were crazy drunk. The only thing you can do is to submit and take your medicine. It's a bad dose. It's several years in the penitentiary."

"Oh, Gawd! But Mister Johnny, you ken plead fur me!"

"Plead for you; yes, but what good will it do?"

"Mister Johnny dair aint NO lawyer ken plead like you ken."

"But I can't plead for anything but mercy and you'll never get mercy from a jury in this county. Never. We'll submit and plead to the governor."

"Mister Johnny cant yed tell em 'twus all 'bout Susy en won't dey sorter seuse de ole nigger? Ain't er nigger got er right ter pertect his chillun same es er white man? Er nigger's chillun is jes es good ter er nigger ez er white man's chillun is ter er white man."

"Yes, Henry, a negro has a right to protect his children, but the law claims the paramount right to pro-

tect; it authorizes no one to personally avenge a wrong; certainly not when in doing so he risks the lives of innocent persons. The law assumes to protect, not to avenge or 'pay back' and it punishes only that it may protect and that it may preserve its majesty. Sometimes, in sudden anger, we attempt to personally avenge or to 'pay back' and those who administer the law sympathize with us and don't punish us as severely as the law says we deserve to be punished. But Henry, a white man seeks personal vengeance in a sensible way; he singles out his man, goes after him and usually gets him. You went after everybody and got only yourself."

"But Mister Johnny wont dey sorter seuse me kase I'se jest er nigger?"

"Henry, I'm afraid that's the principal reason they won't excuse you—because you're just a negro."

"But Mister Johnny won't yer tell 'em twus all 'bout Susy, en—"

Susy, the devil! Do you expect me to make a fool of myself on account of Susy and be laughed out of court? Why they'd take it as a joke. But I'll do the best I can for you. We must submit and then see the governor."

"Mister Johnny what'll it cost me?"

"Well, there'll be the cost of the trial; aside from that it will cost you nothing in money; but it will cost you considerable in penal servitude. It'll cost you a term in the penitentiary. You will be indicted for a felonious assault with intent to kill, not for a common assault, which is only a misdemeanor. If it were for a common assault you might

be merely fined; but it's for a felonious assault and that draws a term in the penitentiary."

"Mister Johnny, I means what you en de guvner gwinter charge me?"

"Not a cent, you old fool."

* * *

The Letter.

Within a fortnight the lawyer received a surprising letter. It caused more or less jubilant profanity coupled with an inquiry why, in the name of all that is god and holy, the dejected Henry had not during their long acquaintance, disclosed to the lawyer momentous facts respecting Henry's past life. But Henry's empassive mind was enshrouded in gloom: "Dat want nuthin, Mister Johnny, dem wus my white folks. Dat letter won't git me nowhar." And the black prisoner looked pathetically and appealingly at his counsel.

The lawyer concealed his emotion by banter and bluster: "That letter will keep you from going somewhere, you old numbskull, if I can get it to the jury. It'll keep you from going to the penitentiary, you old rowdy—trying to assassinate this town with heavy artillery, instead of mauling that nigger with a hickory stick. Why you couldn't hit a flock of barns. Where'd you get that tiger blood anyway? I thought you were a peaceable nigger. You're never been in a scrape before in your life. What do you think the judge and the jury will care for a nigger quarrel? I believe you were drunk anyway. Why you'd have killed the president of the bank if he hadn't moved his seat a moment before you fired. How do you expect me to get you out of a scrape like this? Yes,

I could arrange your bail, but you'd best stay in jail and serve some of the time they'll give you. You might be the honor guest at a necktie party anyway."

"But Mister Johnny you sed dat letter you gist red wud claire me ef you coul git de letter de jury. I doan know how dat is kase I ain no lawyer en I doan see nuthin in dat letter to mirate ovur. Ez I sed, dem wus my white folks; but Mister Johnny, fer de Lawd's sake you git dat letter ter de jury. Gist read de letter when you's pleadin fer me."

"Well I see myself reading it now. Why the commonwealth's attorney would object before I had fairly begun and the judge would immediately stop me."

"How cum he'd stop yer?"

"Oh that's hard to explain to you. The judge would not permit me to even refer to the letter unless it had been admitted in evidence, and it cannot be admitted in evidence because the letter is what you call incompetent and irrelevant evidence. That is, evidence which has nothing to do with the case, or because what I claim to be evidence, the law says is no evidence at all, so far as your case is concerned. And that is true because the letter certainly has nothing to do with your case."

"Well dat's curious ter me. You gist sed ef de jury knowed 'bout de letter dey wouldn't sen me ter de penitensury en now you turns rite 'round en says de letter aint got unthin ter do wid de case."

"No, the letter has absolutely nothing to do with the case. There will be an indictment against you for felonious assault with intent to com-

mit murder in the first degree. Now tell me if that letter which relates only to something that occurred nearly 30 years ago, has anything to do with your firing a gun down Main street in an attempt to kill John Wilson?"

"Dat's rite; I sees, taint got unthin ter do wid de scrape I'se in. But yit you says de letter wud git me outer de scrape ef de jury knowed erbout it; en it do look lack de law wud lit er nigger whats in er scrape tell evvy thing he could en show evvy thing he could ter git his sef outer de scrape. It looks lack de law is studdin more erbout keepin er nigger in er scrape dan gittin him out."

"Oh, the law doesn't apply to the negro race alone. The law applies impartially to every one, white or black. The law even presumes that every prisoner is innocent until he has been proven guilty by a fair and impartial trial."

"Well dont dey hire er lawyer ter plead ginst er nigger, en—"

"There you go again. You seem to think that the administration of the criminal law is directly solely against the negro race."

"Naw, taint dat, Mister Johnny, but most prisners is niggers, en when you say 'prisner.' I natherly thinks uv er nigger. Well you says de law presumes er prisner's innercent till dey pruves he's guilty; what good do it do de prisner ter persume he aint guilty en den hire er lawyer ter pruve he IS guilty? En it do seem ter me de law studies more 'bout ketchin er nigger dan ketchin er white man; en it do seem hader fer er nigger ter git loose den fer

er white man ter git loose. When de law ketches er nigger he goes rite ter jail 'till he's tried en atter he's tried, ef he's guilty (which he most generally is) de stripes goes rite on de nigger en de nigger goes rite on de roads. When dey ketches er white man he niver sees de inside uv er jail en dey's slow es de rath er Gawd 'bout even tryin 'im en—"

"Oh, well, even if that's true it doesn't help us. I must think of some way to get that letter to the jury and your wild talk has given me an idea."

* * *

The Indictment.

The records of the corporation court of Lynchburg, Virginia, attest: "The jurors of the commonwealth of Virginia in and for the city of Lynchburg . . . upon their oaths present: That H. W. Crichton on the 16 day of July in the year 1897, within the said city, unlawfully and feloniously did attempt to commit the crime of murder in the first degree, in this, to-wit, that he, the said H. W. Crichton on the day and year aforesaid, in and upon the body of one John Wilson, feloniously, willfully and of his malice and aforethought did make an assault, and that the said H. W. Crichton, with a certain gun, which he the said H. W. Crichton in his hands then and there loaded with gunpowder and leaden shot, then and there feloniously, willfully and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot at and in the direction of the body of the said John Wilson; and in his said attempt did point and aim said gun, charged with gunpowder and laden shot as aforesaid and then and there discharge the same at and in

the direction of the said John Wilson, then and there being 'within shooting range and distance of him the said John Wilson, with intent him the said John Wilson, then and there feloniously, wilfully and of his malice aforethought to kill and murder, against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Virginia .

. . . Indictment for attempt to combat murder in the first degree. A true bill."

* * *

Lee Superb in Boldness.

Henry's escapade was harmless but the public had been outraged. It was aggrieved, resentful and bitter. He remained in jail till the day of the trial and his appearance as prisoner at the bar personified apprehension and fear; he was ashy and haggard. "Mister Johnny" arose, with an air of cool assurance, and to the astonishment of the spectators and the court, entered a plea of "not guilty." He artfully concealed his gratification that six of the jurymen were Confederate veterans by asking only those jurymen the perfunctory questions and with feigned reluctance announced, "the prisoner is content." Having established Henry's exemplary character and corroborated his testimony that his daughter had been three times grossly insulted by the prosecutor the defense rested.

The prisoner's counsel was superb in boldness and dash—eloquent in fervent appeals to reason and passion. Because oratory and eloquence are "the sweet elusive fragrance—the thyme and mignonette—of things that were;" because time makes memory dull, it may be only perhaps this

is what he said:

"Mister Johnny's" Address.

The only substantial thing worth living for in this sad world—the greatest prize of civilizations—is a happy home. We get nothing more in this life or in the life to come. The noblest attributes of the human heart are engendered by love of home. When merging into society from his primeval state, man surrendered his personal liberty to the law, the moving consideration of the pact was the law's guarantee of a reward to man's endeavor for a peaceful home. Hence, by the law of the land, a man's home is his strong fortress—his haven of refuge; his sure protection against "the terror by night," "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," "the arrow that flieth by day," the felon's stealth and the marauder's force. But the surest deterrent of a happy home is not restrained. Of the insidious, prowling, lustful wolf of infamy and disgrace, the keeper of the home and he alone can beware. The keeper of the home is charged with vigilance and care, for the wolf having entered, his ruin is irreparable. It is vain to suppose that the law affords a remedy for every wrong. There can be no remedy for a wrong which takes that which cannot be returned or which destroys that which cannot be restored. Vengeance is born of consciousness of a wrong the law cannot requite. A man's home is part and parcel of his soul. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And yea, what shall this brief span of years profit a man

though he gain the whole world and lose his home? Or what shall a man give and what can the law give, in exchange for a home?

When in a sudden rage caused by even an imaginary wrong, one takes the life of his fellow man, the law mitigates the punishment of death and inflicts a milder penalty. When an anguished and distracted victim of the greatest wrong that can be perpetrated by crime—a wrong for which the law cannot fully penalize and for which it can give no remedy—or when one who is even threatened with such a wrong—seeks personal vengeance, what then? For the white man there is the plea of “the unwritten law,” for the black man the plea of mercy. “The unwritten law” presupposes defense against the invasion of a home. Has the prisoner a home? The prisoner is a negro and he was a faithful slave.

From the relation of master and slave, as a natural sequence of its maintenance by the gentry of the old south, there grew the relation of guardian and ward. Master and slave are now no more. Guardian and ward must linger for aye. Faithful guardian and loving ward! It has been exquisitely said “The sun of their day has indeed long since set, but like twin clouds lifted high and motionless into some far quarter of the gray twilight skies, they are still radiant with the glow of the invisible orb.” The issues of the war are dead. O’er countless graves where heroes sleep, nature itself, in floral beauty or waving fields of golden grain, extols forgetfulness of battle fought. But remnants of forests effaced from the landscape’s memory

by carnage of battle remain deep rooted in the soil to combat the erosion of time or to spring again in newness of life. And know we well, they who once saw room and reason for two American sovereignties instead of one—just as did New England 50 years before; they who charged like demons at Gettysburg and fought like tigers at bay at Sharpsburg and Malvern Hill, would contend as valiantly against foreign foes! And know we well, deep rooted in the soil of our social life are remnants of an institution forever effaced (and thank God it is so)—yet remnants which thwart and combat political hatred and strife, which engender gratitude and love that could never be born of cruelty and wrong. Memory gives as confluences of an aeolian harp, the croonings of my own black mammy, as she held me in her arms and lulled me to sleep. In the words of Georgia’s matchless orator, uttered on the brink of his grace, “May God forget me and my people when I forget her and hers.” The loyalty of the southern slave is unsurpassed! He toiled faithfully at home to sustain armies contending against his freedom and he served his master in the ranks. When freedom came his faithfulness was not deterred.

This have I read or heard. Partaker of the horrors of Gettysburg was Tom, a slave—serving his master, a colonel. In the memorable “third day’s charge”—American valor’s superlative test—the master was mortally wounded. Tom stayed at his master’s side in that carnage of hell and saw him breathe his last. The master was solicitous of his son, a captain in the same regiment, and

Tom was besought and he promised to care for his young master and to remember his old mistress and her invalid daughter at home. Having at greatest risk carried his senior master's body from the field and given it descent burial, Tom sought his young master and was faithful in his ministrations. Later the young master also was killed and Tom carried his body to the old home and himself buried it in the family plot.

With freedom to Tom came dire transition to mistress and child. Widowed and orphaned, they became destitute and poor. A few short years and they changed their abode from a palatial to an humble home. For their daily bread the mistress toiled—

“With fingers weary and sore
And eye-lids heavy and red.”

Actually on their way to the alms house, mother and daughter were met by Tom. Steady industry and thrift in a neighboring city had provided Tom with a home. This home he surrendered to his mistress and her suffering child. Tom's wife and two children were moved into a one-room house on his lot and Tom fed and clothed those who once owned him, housed, fed, clothed and nursed them till they died and then buried the min the graveyard at their former home. There they sleep till this day.

For, THIS IS NO IMAGINARY TALE! THIS IS NO FABRICATION! (Then stooping and encircling the black prisoner with one arm, raising high above his head the

other arm and flouting an open letter) HERE'S TOM; TOM IS HENRY CRICHTON, THE PRISONER AT THE BAR! Every word of my story is verified by this letter from a grand woman whose word cannot be doubted; a woman known throughout this commonwealth for her noble deeds! When I read to him this letter in his gloomy cell, the prisoner, in mild surprise, simply said, “Dat want nuthin, them was my white folks.” Yes, they were his white folks and he and his kind are our black folks—ours forever; ours to encourage, ours to guide and protect!

But he is guilty! He is guilty of attempting to murder a wretch who would debauch his child! Alas, jurymen, you are helpless. You have sworn to do your duty, under our penal code, for felonious assault with intent to kill, to imprison him, for a term of years; the law is so written! You must consign him to slavery again! Take him! Imprison him. But as for me, than do such as that to such an one as he

“Great God I'd rather be a Pagan
Suckled in a creed outworn”

Or

“All of holy rites to pagan honor
pay.”

* * *

The minutes of the Lynchburg corporation court for October 6, 1897, further attest: “We find the prisoner, H. W. Crichton, guilty of a COMMON ASSAULT and assess his fine at fifty dollars.”

Raleigh, Jan. 24, 1925.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world.—Locke.

THE CASH WORTH OF A WIFE,

(Selected.)

How much is a wife worth as a cold cash proposition? The question is put by *The American Agriculturist* (New York,) which compares a few estimates on the value of a wife's services as a business asset. Some of the answers would seem to indicate that the woman is getting the worst of the bargain, tho the implied appeal that the farmer's wife should receive a stated salary is met with the statement that husband and wife should share as business partners. Both men and women answer the question, the answers ranging from one which quotes the story of a poor young farmer who justified his approaching marriage on the ground that he could almost take care of himself and that "it's a poor wife that can't help some," to the woman who submits the following formidable list of statistics:

"In the thirty years of my married life I have served 235,425 meals, made 33,190 loaves of bread, 5,930 cakes and 7,960 pies. I have canned 1,550 quarts of fruit, raised 7,660 chicks, churned 5,450 pounds of butter, put in 36,461 hours sweeping, washing and scrubbing. I estimate the worth of my labor conservatively at \$115,485.50, none of which I have ever collected. But I still love my husband and children and wouldn't mind starting all over again for them."

In sharp contrast a man sets down this feeling comment on housekeeping on the farm.

"It is a well established fact that many thousands of good, conscientious

women have slaved themselves to the grave on the farm. They sank into untimely graves to make way for new household drudges. The farmer's second wife would wear out in a few years and fold her toil-worn hands for the long rest. The minister would comment anew, vaguely but feelingly, upon the 'inscrutable providences' of God. Often before the clouds were well dried on the grave of the departed, 'our bereaved brother,' the victim of these 'inscrutable providences,' would cast a calculating eye over the visible supply of marriageable maidens, looking for another husky female willing to work eighteen hours a day and 'mother' ten stepchildren for her board and keep.

"But the housewife whose endless rounds of drudgery has made her the butt of a lot of ill-timed jokes, perpetrated chiefly by soured and saturnine bachelors, has at last been recognized as occupying a place of dignity and importance in the economic world.

"Miss Margaret Feddes, of the University of Nebraska, has figured exactly what the wages of the average farm wife should be, and it comes to the scientifically accurate amount of \$4,004.04. It includes separate items for cooking and serving meals, washing and ironing cleaning, care of children and sick, helping with milk and care of poultry, sewing and mending and miscellaneous services.

"What will the bewildered agriculturist think of the above claim when

presented by his smiling 'partner' at the end of the year? We opine that his views will have to undergo a radical change before he will be ready to pay his wife \$333.67 per month for just 'piddlin' about the house' sixteen or eighteen hours a day, seven days out of the week.

"He has always recognized her as a partner of a few of his joys and all of his sorrows, but this is a horse of another color."

A woman contributor scorns the time-honored precedent of "giving" the farm wife any particular share of the receipts, such as "the butter and egg money." "Under what authority does the husband 'give' his with necessities?" It is difficult, she

asks. "Why should not she just as reasonably present him with a runt pig or stunted calf, with which he is to provide himself and his children with necessities?" It is difficult, she says, to comprehend the condition by which the wife keeps up the house with butter and egg money, and she asks sarcastically, "What keeps up the farm, the watercress money?" The general opinion, as expressed in the answers, seems to be that the woman who cuts up the kindling and serves at the stove is worth all her husband can pay her, but that her share of the income should be in terms of joint partnership and not as "wages" grudgingly paid.

CLEVER TRICK OF FOX THAT FOOLED HOUNDS.

A reader sends us this account of a bit of strategy on the part of a fox that he saw when he was a boy in Fayette County, Pennsylvania: "One summer day father and mother and I hitched up the horses and took a ride down to a neighbor's. After dinner I walked to the sugar camp, and, as the day was bright and warm, I lay down under a tree on the hillside. I was very quiet; the ground squirrels were playing round; then I saw partridges and their young.

"While I was watching, I herd hounds barking. Soon afterward a large red fox came into sight. He would stop and look back and then run on a piece and stop and look back again. About fifty feet below me was a large rock. . . The fox stopped and looked at it; then he looked back, and taking a run, lit upon the rock. There he sat and watched the hounds, but when they came to where he had left the ground they lost the trail and began to hunt around for it. When they were on the back trail the fox gave another leap and landed away from the rock. The hounds heard him alight, and they came back, but the fox was sitting on the hill, watching them. They did not find his trail, and it seemed as if he were laughing and saying to himself: 'I fooled them that time!'"—*Youth's Companion.*

THE GAMBLERS.

By James Hay, Jr. in Asheville Citizen.

Life, a pleasing comedy if you don't weaken, in chock full of men who, racing nimbly to the sun-kissed heights of optimism, join their powerful hand above their unthinking heads and, emitting a reckless whoop, plunge straight into the middle of things without the shadow of an idea as to where they are going, what they will do or how to play the game.

They are the gentlemen whom Walter S. Gifford describes as "the blind frogs of life." They jump without looking.

This Mr. Gifford on Tuesday last, at the age of forty years, became president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a two-billion-dollar corporation. When he was thirty-four years old, he was Director of the Council of National Defense with headquarters in Washington; in touch with every effort of whatever sort made by the Executive Departments of Government and civic organizations of the country to win the war. In those days he made statistics give forth eloquent and convincing language. He was then, and is today, the greatest statistician in the United States.

"The regulation idea of a statistician," he told me one day, "is a long-haired, seedy-looking individual who keeps his nose buried in figures and turns out dry-as-dust charts which apparently do nobody any good. The idea's all wrong. The scientific statistician of modern business must be an up-to-date man who is young enough to be full of nap and ginger and who is able to exercise his imagi-

nation. He must have the ability to read the wonderful stories that figures tell and to communicate these narratives to others."

He proceeded to express his opinion of the hit-or-miss men who draw cards in the game of life without the faintest idea even of what the limit is.

"Every man," he declared, "if he is honest with himself, can sit down and figure out whether he is headed for failure or success. He can tell just where he stands in the battle for success, just as a business firm can do the same thing by the use of statistics.

"I'll illustrate. If two men form a partnership to run a grocery store at the next corner, I am perfectly certain that, with the aid of scientific statistics, they can come mighty close to finding out before they start whether they will make or lose money in the venture.

"I don't care what sort of business you mention, you should have a trained statistician who can lay on the table before you the cold figures which will make it possible to analyze the chances of success or failure in what you are planning to do.

"The little fellow, or the man who is in business alone for himself, can be his own statistician, provided that the scope of his business is small enough, but all the same he must have the benefit of statistics bearing on every phase, even the smallest, of his undertaking.

"Even the man who is thinking

of starting a little fruit store on the corner should work a lot with facts which are really statistical. He should know how much territory he can draw from, how near to him his next competitor is located, the general average incomes of the families in his district, the directions people walk and the streets they use in going to street cars and coming from them, or in going to churches or motion picture houses and all other kinds of stores than his. He should certainly know how many, if any, men have failed in that particular line of business in that particular location before him, and why they failed.

“And, just as a business concern can do this, the young man who is ambitious and wants to face honestly the obstacles ahead of him, can do it. In fact he is to succeed, he must do it. You can map out our own career just as you can map out what must be done to insure prosperity for a business undertaking.

“The real value of statistics, kept up to date from day to day, is that they give an unflinching and accurate past, and thus enable you to estimate the picture of accomplishment in the past and plan for the future.

“For all business concerns, and for all individuals, the day of the lucky hunch, the snap judgment, the hit-or-miss proposition, is past. That is, any concern can find out any day through honest statistics where it is

losing or gaining business, and why. It seems superfluous to point out the tremendous advantage to any business or professional man of knowing just where all his assets and liabilities are every day. In this way, he has time by the forelock.

“He can forestall ruin instead of waiting in ignorance or in cloudy uncertainty for the catastrophe to hit him. He can find out how competition is making inroads on him and what he must do to withstand these inroads and overcome them. Also, he can see the bright glow of opportunity ahead of him”

The trouble with the average individual, however, is that he delights in the deadly pastime of fooling himself. He likes to remain blind to the fact that he is slipping. He thinks with his wishes instead of his reason. Doing this, he surely and swiftly slides down to mediocrity and failure when once he has started on the wrong course.

This young Gifford, who at the age of thirty-four had one of the biggest jobs under the Government in time of war, outlined in a few words why so many men fail. They bet on themselves with the cards stacked against them. They refuse to judge and measure their own abilities or to take them as a guide to what sort of work they should undertake. They are weak corporations badly managed.

“True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing.. but what is necessary.”

MRS. COIT NORTH CAROLINA.

By E. B. Norvell.

To the Editor: I note with pleasure that Mrs. Coit contemplates donating her land on the Nantahala Mountains, Wayah Bald, for a park. I am writing to correct this statement, "Will of French woman said to provide park." Mrs. Coit is an American, born in Murphy, Cherokee County, North Carolina, the daughter of Charles M. and Martha Hitchcock, and grand daughter of Col. A. R. S. Hunter. Colonel Hunter was a pioneer settler of Cherokee County, and lived on West side of Hiawassee River, just below the mouth of Valley River that flows into Hiawassee on East side, and just to North West of center of Murphy.

Col. Hunter erected the first bridge that was ever built across the Hiawassee River just below where the Valley River flows into the Hiawassee. His home was on a beautiful knoll overlooking the Hiawassee and Valley Rivers. He was there when the treaty of New Echota was entered into between the United States and the Cherokee Indians, concluded Dec. 29th and ratified May 23, 1835, 1836. Wherein the Indians agreed to move west of the Mississippi. When the time came for the Indians to go west some 2,500 refused to go which necessitated the government authorities sending General Wool with a number of United States troops to Cherokee County for the purpose of compelling the Indians to move.

Huntersville, the home of Colonel Hunter, was the headquarters, for a

time, of General Wool. Among those who came with General Wool was Charles M. Hitchcock, a young army surgeon. It was whilst stationed at Fort Butler, now a part of the town of Murphy, that the young army surgeon met Martha Hunter, the daughter of Col. A. R. S. Hunter, which afterwards resulted in the marriage of the two. Mrs. Coit, nee, Elizabeth Wyche Hitchcock, and I think, the only child of Surgeon and Martha Hitchcock, spent her childhood days in Murphy. Some years after the removal of the Cherokee Indians, Dr. Hitchcock, with his wife and child moved, first, I think to some point in Texas, and afterwards to California, finally settling in San Francisco. In after years their daughter married a Mr. Coit, who died a number of years ago.

Doctor Hitchcock amassed a large fortune. His daughter has spent a great part of her time in San Francisco and a great part in Paris.

The land on Wayah Bald was inherited from her mother. It lays on top of Nantahala Mountains on North West side of the public road leading from Murphy, in Cherokee County to Franklin, in Macon County. There is not a grander or more beautiful range of mountains in Western North Carolina, than this part of the Nantahala. I sincerely hope Mrs. Coit will donate her holdings on Wayah for a park which may be the nucleus for great park in the Smokies.

THAT SPECK IN THE SKY.

By Emma Mauritz Larson in Young Folks.

Most of us have little sympathy or admiration for that speck in the sky that makes the inhabitants of the poultry yard hurry frantically for shelter, and yet the hawk and its cousins, the falcons, the eagles and the owls, all birds of prey, have a real and useful task in the world of out-of-doors. They keep in check the small rodents, field mice, rats and many other small gnawing beasties that devour untold quantities of grain and other human food materials. They sometimes actually help to save our farms for us, though they may look like unpleasant and expensive workers when we see them swoop down and almost catch in their clutch old Bidy Leghorn and her brood of sixteen downy chicks.

Naturalists have made careful studies of all these birds of prey, spending long weeks hunting for their nests and making sure just what varieties of falcons, buzzards, hawks and owls live in each part of the globe. There are in the world five great owl families, and of these three live in North America, Horned Owls, Bird Owls and Day Owls. But these families have several species in each so that there are in our country at least ten distinct sorts of owls. Perhaps that is enough to get along with in our national outdoor housekeeping, so that we need not mourn that there are about one hundred and forty other sorts of owls in the world who do not come to our temperate zone of America to live.

One of the puzzling and confusing things in naturalists' study of both

owls and falcons is the fact that often the young have a very different feathering from their elders, and they are apparently even larger than the parent birds. Several times when a bird with different plumage was first discovered the cry went out: "There is a new species of owl on this side of the Atlantic," but later it was discovered that the bird sighted was only a sturdy fine youngster of some well-known family sporting his first year feathers and that by the time he was two years old he would shed these feathers and assume the plumage by which his family have long been known and that he will wear all the rest of his owl days. A red owl was discovered in such a manner and christened Kirland before it was discovered that he was only a young owl of the Acadian Owl family, the family known among farmers as the Saw-whet Owl.

The Snowy Owl seems indeed to belong to the northern part of our continent with its beautiful plumage matching the winter landscape. The Cree Indians called it the Wopohoo, but when it summers in the far north the Esquimaux hail it as the Oopeeguak. Most of the Snowy owls are barred or banded with gray somewhat, but some of them are clear glistening white without a stain of color, and it is interesting to hear the naturalists say that these pure white birds are very old owls, grown hoary and silver like old grandmothers and grandfathers.

Hunters find so few male birds among the Snowy Owls in this coun-

try and Canada, perhaps one to ten or fifteen females, that they suppose that the males are too lazy to leave the articles for the migrating months, but await there the return of the touring female birds. Heavy storms to the north have sometimes driven down to Ontario and Quebec numbers of Snowy Owls, and yet it seems strange that they should be driven south by any degree of cold so wonderfully are their coats of feathers adapted to shut out the cold, with thick, matted, elastic feathers almost woven together. And under the matting of outer feathers, almost impossible for the hunter to break through, is a soft and very thick white down to additionally protect the owl from cold. And even under his skin the Snowy Owl wears winter protection of a thick layer of yellow fat. In fact, as the bird sits like a lump of snow only his staring yellow eyes, the tip of his beak and the very ends of his hook claws are bare, and surely those parts can not suffer from cold.

Perhaps after all it is not the storm directly that drives the Snowy Owls south, but the fact that the severe cold drives the small beasts and birds south and the hungry owl follows his fleeing pantry. When he deigns to stop at a farm he isn't easy prey to the hunter, even though wily hunters have sometimes disguised themselves in white garments, or if he is caught he is a terrible fighter with both bill and claws.

The Snowy Owl hunts its food both in daylight and twilight, indeed, it would have a sorry time if it could be active only in darkness, since the artic mid-summers days are very long. The Hawk Owl or Day Owl, is an

other owl that can see in bright light and the strongest sunlight can not put him at the mercy of the hunter. They like to dine on mice or squirrels or small birds, but if they stop near a farm they are quiet willing to try chickens or pigeons, and they are bold fellows not easily scared away.

In the fur countries hunters have reported that Hawk Owls followed them and snatched before they themselves could reach them any ducks their guns might try to bring in for the campfire supper. These Day Owls sleep at night like proper human beings, but in homes in hollow trees or rough nests constructed of sticks and dry grass. In these nests are laid from three to six very round eggs of clear white.

The great Horned Owl or Cat Owl was sometimes also called the Eagle Owl by the early settlers, though it has no right to steal that personal name from its owner in Europe, the true Eagle Owl. This is the Owl we are most apt to see stuffed, for it has been common all through the western hemisphere. So slyly does it choose its nest that not many eggs have been discovered by naturalists. It is a nocturnal bird, dozing all day in the shade, and flying noiselessly after nightfall to find its food and explore the land. They welcome a dark rainy day, which is as good as night to them, and with doleful cries they fly through the woods.

When there are a number of them together they seem to scold and jibe at one another. One hunter, kept awake all night by their uproar, said it sounded like one of the noisy creatures cracked a joke, laughed at it

himself and got all the other owls to laughing at it and then 'suddenly getting in bad humor demanded "what in the world they were laughing at anyhow."

The parent birds of the Horned Owl sometimes neglect their babies and stay away from the nest a long time, but woe to the boy who thinks he can safely climb to the nest if the old owls are in sight. The mother bird will fight fiercely.

The Horned Owl likes his meals to be of rats, mice, partridges, rabbits, pigeons, or poultry, and if these are scarce and he is hungry he may turn cannibal and attack and eat his own cousins the Short-eared and Long-eared Owls. Always, in his wild freedom or in captivity, he seems cruel and treacherous, and gives all owl families a bad name.

A funny little owl is that one called the Screech Owl or Red or Mottled Owl. It is almost blind in the daytime, and hides away safely during those helpless hours, so that it isn't as easily or as often captured as one might suppose. The early naturalists had a confused time studying them, for sometimes they seemed gray and sometimes red and the question was, "Are the red ones Screech Owls or are the gray ones Screech Owls?" At last it was learned that it was the youngsters of the family who were red and that all Screech Owls over two years old were gray.

The Long-eared Owl has a taste for insects, and loves to live in the loneliest spot he can find, where men are not apt to come. It winters in the

coast states of the Eastern United States, and goes north for the summer. It has small eyes and long ear tufts. It probably raises two broods a year, in April and July, and may use the same nest for several seasons instead of taking the trouble to build a new one.

The Short-eared Owl is really handsome and it can be proud of being scattered over all of America, Asia, Europe and Greenland. And everywhere they agree on the same family habits. Their food of insects and field mice, seldom of birds, makes them regarded more kindly by bird-lovers. They nest on the ground and may not even take the trouble to gather sticks and grass, but lay in natural hollows or depressions in the ground. The four or five eggs aren't nearly so spherical as those of the other owls and they are of grayish white.

The Short-eared Owls sometimes gather in flocks, perhaps for company in their migrations, and they are a fine sight, buff barred with dark brown and some parts nearly white.

The hawks and buzzards and eagles and falcons come for part of the year too and have been studied by naturalists and many mounted specimens placed in museums, so that we may know even the rarer ones by name and plumage. And if that hovering speck in the sky ever swoops down close enough to be really seen we may recognize the Sparrow Hawk or the Pigeon Hawk even as we learn to know our friends the Owls.

"Do motor cars make us lazy?" asks the Digest. Well, not if we're pedestrians.—Roanoke World-News.

BURR TAKES A CHANCE.

By Margaret Beibel in Young People.

Burr Henderson appeared preoccupied paying little attention either to his guest or the dinner.

"What's on your mind, Burr?" Gardner asked at length. "You haven't said ten words since we sat down. I'll begin to think you're sorry you invited me!"

In view of the fact that they had been chums for years, this was a safe remark. Burr scarcely heard it.

"I was just thinking about my job in the laboratory. I'm afraid there isn't much future in it."

"Why, I thought you liked it!" Gardner was curious as well as surprised.

"I did," Burr emphasized meaningly, "but it looks now as if Taylor, the new man, is intended for assistant to the chief chemist, and naturally the rest of us feel it rather keenly. I've been there two years. Today Craig overheard the chief say something to Taylor about an assistant for our department. Why should he speak of it to the new man unless he intends to give him the place?"

But Gardner was a confirmed optimist. "Hang around a while, Burr. Maybe he'll fall down on the job—if he gets it."

Mr. Henderson smiled. "Better make friends with him, Burr, while there's some doubt," he said jokingly.

"Give him the benefit of the doubt, Son," his mother suggested. "Maybe he is pretty well qualified for the place, by previous training."

"Well—there might be something

in that, though he seems to know very little about the work. Someone said he has been connected with a branch of the firm—but that doesn't help the rest of us."

"Father says to consider always the firm's attitude in putting men in charge of departments, Gardner put in. "A firm is in business to make money, and is not likely to show much favoritism without hearing objections if a department doesn't make good."

"There is a good deal in that," Mr. Henderson agreed readily.

"I'll compromise then," Burr decided aloud. "I'll help this fellow all I can—if he's worth it. He needs the information all right, and no one is over-anxious to help him. If the decision has been made, it isn't likely anything I can do will alter it now. If I see that I can't get ahead, I shall leave, for I'm merely marking time."

The boys finished their meal and left for a game, where Burr forgot the matter.

Morning found him resolved to accept whatever situation arose, since he was powerless to change it.

"Good morning!" he greeted cordially as Harmon Taylor entered the laboratory.

Obviously Harmon Taylor was surprised as he responded to this new cordiality. Burr, having determined to be through, watched for the new man's difficulties, discussed past orders, and explained conditions about the plant. Taylor was grateful beyond words and, when he found that

Burr was a willing source of information, plied him with questions. "I'd like to learn all I can about this department in a short a space of time as possible," he confided. "When a fellow is vague on one point, it seems to make others more difficult to understand."

They soon became friends, for Burr found Taylor more congenial than any of his fellow-workers—more alive, more ambitious, a bigger man.

"You know, Gardner, a fellow who isn't getting ahead, gets to be a bore—talks the same line all the time," he remarked one evening when they were discussing Burr's problem.

"I know," Gardner nodded. "With nothing new to discuss, it's natural to talk in circles."

"Taylor's thirst for knowledge isn't doing me any harm," Burr informed his friend. "We're working together digging up data. He isn't satisfied if I don't know—I have to find out."

Oddly enough, Burr had no thought of how his change of front would affect the others in his department. His one idea had been to accept the inevitable; to help Taylor and then leave, if there was nothing promising in sight for himself. It startled Burr to hear Craig advise mockingly one evening:

"Be sure to help Taylor along so no one else will have any chance!"

Burr flushed, but did not reply. It disturbed him more than he cared to admit. If Craig thought that, he probably would say it to the rest. Perhaps all the fellows in the laboratory looked at it in the same way. "What a nice position I've put myself into unwittingly!" he mused.

Finding it impossible to think of anything else, he fell to analyzing his position, "Do I imagine it, or have they all acted a little distant since I've become chummy with Taylor?" He worried over it at night, unable to sleep. Evidently Craig looked upon him as a traitor to the rest.

This was an angle of the situation that had not presented itself to Burr. Having decided definitely that the firm must have some adequate reason giving Taylor the coveted position, he had considered the question settled. If, however, the other fellows felt differently about it, Burr was not so sure.

Another week among his fellow-workers convinced him that there was a little difference in their attitude towards him. Then, just when it had become almost unbearable, a change came. Taylor was put in another department—likewise a minor position! The chemical laboratory became normal; small differences were forgotten. The affair blew over and the fellows resumed their former friendliness.

Three weeks passed, with no new development, except that Taylor was being shifted about constantly, always in unimportant positions.

Then, one evening, Gardner Clark inquired casually, "Anything new, Burr?"

Burr grinned. "Quite new. I found out today that Taylor is going in as assistant sales manager! He was on the road for the company—one of their crack salesmen. The firm offered him a good place in the office, if he brushed up on the technical end of the business. That is why he didn't mention his reason for being there. He's never gone

into the technical end much, and wasn't sure of qualifying. He is thorough, and wanted all the information he could get. The logical place to begin is the laboratory—the analysis of the product."

"All that fuss about nothing!" Gardner commented, referring to the position as assistant to the chief chemist.

"No—not for nothing!" Burr tried to keep the elation out of his voice. "Taylor recommended me for assistant. The story the fellows had pieced together drifted back to him,

and he told the chief." Burr paused. "I don't see yet how that helped me."

Gardner Clark saw a chance to register superiority. He patted Burr on the back in a way that implied a vast difference in their age—with the differences in favor of himself.

"Sometimes I will explain fully the attitude of the world in general, and of bosses in particular, toward the man who plays well a losing game," he promised airily. "As a matter of fact, Son, I'm going to be a great help to you in your new position!"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

J. J. Jones, Jr.

Hair cutting came around last week and every boy was glad to get his hair cut.

Richard Petterpher, a member of the fifth cotage, has been placed in the shoe shop.

The band gave a concert last Sunday afternoon. It was enjoyed by everyone who heard it.

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday: James Davis, Howard Riggs, and Zeb Trexler.

Mrs. Fraley, a member of the staff at the Barium Springs Orphanage, recently visited Mrs. Maude Harris.

The barn boys have been hauling dirt during the past week, improving the streets on the school grounds.

Herbert Tolley, Mack Duncan and Carl Osborne were paroled last week. These boys have made fine records at the school.

The boys went to the ball ground last Saturday. The basket ball players did not have a game, but had a long practice.

Charles Blackman, Charles Haynes, Thomas Oglesby, and Travis Browning, formerly boys at the school, were visitors here last Sunday.

The Smith Literary Society, and the Goodman Literary Society held their meeting last Monday evening and had fine debates.

One of the biggest activities engaging the field work at the institution is poultry raising. There are

in the several pens four hundred hens, and the egg production averages over three hundred per day.

Mr. Shelton, the boy's work secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Charlotte, accompanied by Mr. A. C. Bridges, a

lawyer, and a quartet, was here last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Shelton had charge of the services. Mr. Bridges made a very interesting talk on good habits.

IN THE WINTER WOODS.

Rank after Rank the patient trees
 Rise up against the sky,
 Strange voices whisper in the breeze
 That sways their heads on high.

Beneath lies silence, robed in white
 Broad billows like the sea,
 Her garments all with gems alight,
 That gleam mysteriously—

The world of men, and all it holds
 Of care, is far away;
 Here's naught but peace, the night enfolds
 To hide the scars of day.

—Outing.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1925

No. 11

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

In nature's laboratories Silence reigns even as it rules amid the movement of the spheres. The Master artist utters not his voice as he saturates the rose with fragrance or puts the delicate tints in the pansy. The oak, the pine and the redwood become strong and tall without any herald having proclaimed that they were to be the monarchs of the forests. The trees grow in silence. "First the blade, the stalk, the full corn in the ear," but without noise the garnerers of Egypt and of America have been filled with corn. The peach blushes in silence and orchards, vineyards and fields are obedient to the universal law of growth. Only the forces that destroy are accompanied by sound. Harsh and sometimes terrible are the voices of the storm, the earthquake and the thunderbolt in its work of destruction. These evident facts serve to remind us that the man who makes the most noise is not necessarily doing the greatest and best work.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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The Uplift

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PULLING AGAINST THE BIT.

Our people have gotten a taste of first-class, modern highways, and up to this time the cost of securing them has not fallen on the public, and thereby the state is full of enthusiasts who are pulling for a large continuation of the good-roads-program.

Responding to this sentiment that everywhere prevails in the state, Representative Bowie and Senator Heath have introduced in the General Assembly a measure providing for the issue of \$35,000,000 to continue this road construction. Gov. McLean, having familiarized himself with the financial status of the state at this time, and having large experience in financial matters and being a conservative and safe business man, recommends an issue of twenty million for the next two years. The governor has taken the public into his confidence—and they appreciate his candor—and assures it that he is heartily in favor of the modern highway construction in the state, but that conditions require great caution. From the reports from Raleigh it seems that Gov. McLean's views will prevail.

It is estimated that to complete the original program of building good roads in the state will cost at least \$250,000,000, and safety would suggest that it might be well to await the time when improvements would produce returns commensurate with the outlay.

Mighty big showing may be had by the expenditures of twenty millions

during the next two years in the construction of highways. Gov. McLean certainly has his eyes turned toward a safe progress.

* * * * *

THE FACT CONFRONTS US.

By way of the Christian Advocate of New York we come upon an exhibit that we have seen verified time after time in our own observation. It is very rare that trouble comes out of a home where parental training is emphasized; and it is very seldom that a regular attendant among the young upon Sunday Schools ever gets into serious trouble or does not attain manhood substantially equipped to withstand besetting temptations.

The little organizations that undertake to perform the functions of parental training and the Sunday Schools—substitutes that emphasize play and games, whether they bear a Christian name or not—are not the dependable means to equip the young for substantial manhood.

Listen here to the experience of Supreme Court Justice Lewis L Fawcett, as reported in the New York (Methodist) Christian Advocate:

“The latest plea for the Sunday school comes from Supreme Court Justice Lewis L. Fawcett, of Brooklyn, who has had eighteen years’ experience in the County and Supreme Courts. For the past seven years he has been trying cases in the Supreme Court, New York State.

“‘In the eighteen years of my experience on the bench,’ Judge Fawcett says, ‘more than 4,000 boys less than twenty-one years old have been arraigned before me charged with various degrees of crime. Of this 4,000, only three were members of a Sunday school at the time of the commission of their crimes.

“‘Even these three exceptional cases were technical in character and devoid of heinousness, so that they are scarcely worth mentioning.

“‘In 1,092 suspended criminal sentences, only sixty-two of the young men were brought back for violation of the conditions of their paroles. In each suspended sentence case I insisted upon the return of the youth, if he was a Protestant, to a Sunday school, if a Roman Catholic, to attendance at mass, and if a Jew, to attendance at a synagogue or a temple. In each instance I had the earnest co-operation of the minister, the priest or the rabbi, and in each case I saw to it that the young man had a job to go to as soon as he was freed on parole. In virtually all of the suspended sentence cases the reform was quick and, I believe, permanent.

“‘If we could keep the youth of America in Sunday school during the period of character formation, or at regular attendance upon religious worship, we could close the criminal courts and the jails. There would be no ‘raw material’ to work on. And what is good for the youth would

be equally salutary with adults. The sustained, wholesome, moral atmosphere imparted through habitual attendance upon Sunday school and church will expel criminal impulses.

“Any man not contributing to the support of some church or organized religious work is living on charity—riding on some other man’s transportation. If he really desires abatement of crime he should ally himself with those agencies which prevent or abate crime.”

“The plea of Judge Fawcett’s, coming as it does out of the daily experience of eighteen years, well emphasizes one of the major tasks of the Church and a major task of our civilization as well.

* * * * *

“ECONOMY TO THE BONE.”

A very grave and stubborn proposition confronts the General Assembly, now in session. It is a very able body of men, who are bent on legislating for the good of the state. They are taking stock of expenses and revenues. There is a sentiment among some to invoke the “sales tax,” as suggested in part by Attorney-General Bickett in 1913, who advocated the levying of a one-cent tax on each glass of coca cola. There is very strong opposition to any sales tax.

Touching on the problem that confronts this legislature, Editor Daniels says editorially under the caption, “Economy to the bone,” in the News & Observer of Tuesday:

“This Legislature, in order to pay the deficit of \$9,515,786.63 and provide necessary expenses, must levy additional taxes. Where this is shown to be absolutely necessary, the taxes should be levied. But not a dollar of tax ought to be levied on any man or industry until the Legislature has made a survey to see where expenses can be reduced without injury to the public service.

Senator Humphrey, of Wayne, has introduced a resolution calling for a detailed statement of salaries paid in all departments. That information should have been contained in the reports presented when the General Assembly met. It should be had without delay. It will be found that in some departments the salaries and expenses have doubled and trebled and even quadrupled in the past few years. There should be enough employees in every department to carry on the public business and they should be given just and adequate compensation. But any number not needed and every extravagant salary should be cut off. The people at home must practice economy. The State departments and institutions should do likewise.

It is the duty of the Committee on Salaries and Fees and the Appropriation Committee to see where money can be wisely saved. With large

sums of money paid for auditing, nobody until the Budget Commission's report knew how big was the deficiency or whether there was any deficiency. The legislators should go to the bottom. It would be well to begin with the State Auditor's Department. In the report of the year ending June 30, 1924, are these items of expense:

Administrative.....	\$26,047.45
Special auditing and accounting—State account.....	28,018.65
Special Auditing and accounting—County accounts.....	57,687.83

Total.....\$111,743.93

Whether this includes the big fee to the New York accountants is not stated. The Legislature ought to know. It ought to see how much it cost to audit accounts in 1920, 1921 and 1923 and compare the expenditures with those ending June 30, 1924. Like information ought to be had of expenses, with names of all employees, experts, etc., together with the salary and per diem pay, from all other departments.

Economy to the bone should be the policy, but no so-called economy that stops necessary progress and no niggardly salaries."

* * * * *

THEY SAY IT IS "INCONTESTIBLE."

In the face of different opinions entertained in some quarters, the Budget Commission, composed of splendid gentlemen, faced a delicate and troublesome job in arriving at an absolute knowledge that there is a deficit in the operating account of the state and more difficult job in ascertaining the exact amount of that deficit.

That body of men, all of whom can read, are familiar with the rules of addition and subtraction, are upright and honorable men and have the good of the state at heart, have declared that there is a deficit and that it amounts to \$9,515,786.63. This finding is pretty generally accepted as accurate. Neither the Budget Commission nor Gov. McLean, wise, substantial and business-like, did not, in the discharge of an important and delicate duty, undertake to fix the responsibility for the existence of this deficit.

* * * * *

THE CIGARETTE.

The cigarette and defective wiring cause the majority of fires. Greensboro and Raleigh have suffered greater fire loss during January than they did during the entire past year.

The Charlotte Sanatorium had a fire scare on Monday. Some careless person, just like cigarette smokers become, threw a lighted stub down a waste

chute. The trash caught fire, and considerable alarm was felt for awhile until the fire was located and extinguished.

The fascination of a workman sitting on the top of an uncompleted building, lighting a cigarette and enjoy himself on somebody else's time and watching another worker straining to get a piece of timber in place without assistance, and then after a few puffs throw the burning stub down among trash, is a puzzle to a normal man, who values life and property and faithful service.

* * * * *

“Old Hurrygraph” in his letter, this week, makes note of the richness of February in containing the anniversaries of many notable events. In this month we find the anniversaries of the birth of Washigton and Lincoln; added in interest are Valentine Day, Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday—and, then, the little violets are sticking out their noses, coaxing and courting Spring to appear.

* * * * *

Senator Overman's bill providing for the establishment of a third Federal judicial district in the bounds of North Carolina, has passed the U. S. Senate. Just see what bootleggers, use of the mails for fraudulent purposes and the violation of the Mann act have done to congest the federal courts.

* * * * *

Those, who set their faith on the reliability of the Ground Hog's forecasting of the weather, are in the class of those who place confidence in Jo Jo.



RAMBLING AROUND.

(Old Hurrygraph)

You know it is just naturally hard for some people to comprehend, take in, absorb, words or ideas when they are first given them. They seem dull to catch the meaning. I passed two men on the street the other day, and one was doing his best to explain a matter to the other who appeared to be lost in the explanation. It reminded me of the two Irishmen in business. Pat bought an office desk, and when it was installed, he gave an extra key to Mike, remarking that both could use the desk jointly. Mike began a careful search of the desk when Pat asked him what he was looking for. "I'm looking for my key hole," replied Mike.

I hear that Lieutenant-Governor J. Elmer Long is giving the automobile salesman a lively and merry chase. His Lincoln automobile was destroyed in the recent garage fire in Raleigh. The Lieutenant-Governor was long on insurance, and he will get a new car and pay cash for it. Now a cash in is the very cream of prospects; in is the very scream of prospects; hence the agents are sticking to the Lieutenant-Governor like fly paper. He is hearing more discussions, pro and con, mostly pro, than he hears sitting as president of the senate, he is just "Listening in." The only expression from him is, "When I buy a car you can set it down that I got a bargain." So, Long; hope he will.

I was walking along the street

Wednesday morning, on a pavement as slick as a sea of bald-headed onions, with their jackets off, with my pedal extremities jazzing with quivers as if they were treading on egg shells, when a man in a closed car drove up to the curving and opening the door, waved me in. That was benevolence in its most beautiful form. If I owned a car I would do this often, it made me feel so good.

I see it "stated in the papers" that Henry L. Doherty, president of the Cities Service Co., in a letter to stockholders, just made public, says "There never has been a time for the past 20 years when conditions in this country were more promising for a long period of general business activity and prosperity, and the return of the rental value of capital reasonable rates is a strong factor in the situation." He outlined his company's plans for the year, which includes the redemption of the common stock script dividends and the resumption of regular monthly cash dividends on the common. This is fine. If this optimistic view, and realization of facts could be extended to all other concerns which are not paying dividends, and haven't for some time, it would put a whole lot of joy in this old world, and raise many bowed heads to the sunshine, and lighten the heavy hearts of great numbers. I do hope Mr. Doherty is a prophet. Not only in his own business, but as to other lines of industry. "I cannot see a single cloud in the business sky that can be regarded as

a menace," he assures his stockholders. Would that all industries could say the same thing.

February is ushered in today. It is the shortest month of the year, yet it has more superstition, love, religion, veneration and patriotism crowded into its 28 day than any month of the year. The 2d is groundhog day, when some hold that the groundhog comes out on that day, and seeing his shadow he goes back and there will be 20 more days of bad weather. If he doesn't see his shadow, good weather begins. You can believe this if you want to; there are other things in the world just as believable. If the groundhog has anything to do with the weather he is a smart chap. The 12th is Lincoln's birthday. The 14th is St. Valentine's day, when the lovers come out and make the atmosphere and the mails resonate with tender sentiments. The 15th is expiation day, on which the great expiation and purification feast was held. The 22d is Washington's birthday. And the 24th is Shrove Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the Lenten season, the 40 days before Easter. So you see February is pretty well crowded with important events.

The appeal to the emotions is the essential of all human endeavors. In these days they do so many things mechanically and electrically. Logic and reason are the skeletons to carry the real appeal to the heart. It is very easy to see that logic and reason can be so weak that the strongest emotional appeal could not carry it. On the other hand, logic and reason

might be so strong and still have a small emotional appeal coupled to it that none other than those who take delight in the highest intellectual emotion would feel its influence. When we attempt to eliminate the feeling from human affairs and everyday life, when dealing with our fellow men, we leave only dry bones—the skeleton. The flesh, the heart beats, the bright and sparkling eye are gone. You have left only the dry matter of fact, reason and logic, and, therefore, in order to put the proper life, spirit and power into your appeal, that is done only through the emotions. It is the emotions that cause men to act. As Faust says in the words of Goethe: "But that which issues from the heart alone will turn the hearts of others to your own."

There is a good deal of talk about the cotton market. A whole lot of people are interested in cotton. Some are more interested in cotton futures than they are about the future of themselves. I was just thinking that an interesting analysis might be made of the market along the lingerie line. Figure the change in the habit of the gentler sex, estimate the number of yards of cotton which do not go into the petticoat trade; balance this against one million Ku Klux members with average of four yards per item of regalia and possibly two suits per year; debit item the increasing use of near silk; credit item increasing number of shirts totally ruined under flivvers. With the boll weevil annual dinner bill charged against production, the balance ought to strike pretty well.

Writing for a newspaper surely

does get you in bad every once in a while, do the best you can. Just leaving out a letter in somebody's name, or calling Mrs. Smythe Mrs. Smith, or getting an initial wrong, is enough to make someone your enemy for life. If you inadvertently forget one in a list of forty or fifty people who went somewhere to something or other, good night. They'll never forgive you, and say you did it on purpose. The average person, I mean. There are exceptions, of course. I know a society editor, on one occasion, among a long list of names furnished, at the last minute, badly written, hard to decipher, left out the name of a prominent couple and didn't get called down at all. If everybody would only be sensible like that, and realize that editors and reporters are only human, and just as likely to make mistakes, and forget once in a while, as anybody else, life would be lots easier for the newspaper writers. Why, even when they take extra pains to write something complimentary, they're likely to get jumped on just the same. I remember one society editor (not in this town) who wanted to please a certain lady especially, and wrote this about her: "Miss Molly Jenkins, a beautiful and charming young lady from

Newtown, is visiting her twin brother, John Jenkins, arriving just in time to attend the surprise party given him by his neighbors in celebration of his 55th birthday." And he never could understand why she passed him on the street without speaking. I guess editors are in just about the same boat as preachers. Whatever they do, folks don't like it. A Texas paper once put it this way about ministers: "The preacher has a great time. If his hair is gray, he is old. If he is a young man he hasn't had experience. If he has ten children, he has too many; if he has none, he isn't setting a good example. If his wife sings in the choir, she is presuming; if she doesn't, she isn't interested in her husband's work. If a preacher reads from notes, he is a bore; if he speaks extemporaneously, he isn't deep enough. If he stays at home in his study, he doesn't mix enough with the people; if he is seen around the streets, he ought to be at home getting up a good sermon. If he calls on some poor family, he is playing to the grandstand; if he calls at the home of the wealthy, he is an aristocrat. Whatever he does some one could have told him to do better."

First Stenog. (reading.)—Think of those Spaniards going three thousand miles on a galleon!

Second Stenog.—Aw, forget it. Yuh can't believe all yuh hear about them foreign cars.—The American Boy.

WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN.

By Dr. J. W. Holland in *Progressive Farmer*.

It is difficult to set down the reasons for one's beliefs.

No one can perfectly describe the inner proofs that he may feel so surely.

First of all, I suppose I am a Christian because my parents were. Do not turn up a nose at that reason. It is a good one. Family prayers were a little dry, and I had to go to church a little more than I wanted to, but the consistent lives of my father and mother proved to me that Christianity made good people. A hundred little doubts have come to my mind since I have grown up, but the joyful and sacrificing lives of my parents were too real to be denied.

Parents, you and I are rightly anxious to give our children a good "setting out" in life. I feel sure that the best gift we can give them is the example of consistent lives, and the memory of our devotion to remember when we are gone.

If our children believe in us, they will believe in our God.

A man once said this to me, "You are a Christian because your parents were, I am not a Christian because my parents professed to be and were not."

I am a Christian because of the inspiring ideals that Christianity brings to young people. Burn down all the churches, tear up all the New

Testaments, and in three generations virtue will be a rare jewel.

I think we fail to see this: that the ideals of personal purity, clean and high thinking about life, devotion to the heroic, all come, in the fullest measure from Christianity.

Christianity appeals to me because it condemns meanness and lowness in thought and action. Not that Christians are perfect. I have met a few that said they were, but their husbands and wives know better. "There is about as much human nature in one person as another, if not a little more," said wise old David Harum. We are not put here to grow wings, but to grow up. Christianity condemns in a man the things that are low and imperfect.

I am a Christian because I have the experience of getting strength in times of trouble. I have never had any need for dying Grace, and so know nothing about it. I have such a time trying to get Grace to live by, that I do not think of dying Grace.

Christianity is the inspiring power that is trying to build a better world. War, sin, and disease will be banished if God gets His way with the world.

The Christian life is the happiest, purest, most unselfish, and most neighborly way of living I know about, so I think I shall try to stick to it.

"Smiles should rightly be called human sunbeams, and a generous supply of them can chase dull care away any time."

ST. VALENTINE'S NEW BOY.

(Union Herald.)

"I'M going to send a valentine to old Miss Rugg!"

Elfrida Lee turned her head with an indignant frown towards the tall, prosperous-looking boy, lounging against one of the pillars at the High School door. Comic valentines seemed to have emerged from a short period of oblivion in Byfield, with a new lease of vulgarity and silliness.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" That candid expression of opinion was on the very tip of Elfrida's tongue, and it was rather a wonder that it did not come out; for Elfrida had a jack-in-the-box sort of tongue.

But it was the Axling boy—Theodore Axling—who had expressed the objectionable intention; that fact helped her to self-restraint. She didn't care to have anything to say to those people. She never had done so when they lived just around the corner, on Bay Street. Mr. Axling was the new mill owner, and people had not wanted mills in Byfield, anyway; that is the "old" people had not. And the Axling dog had made her cat's life miserable—they had seemed to reform the dog, as he grew out of rampageous puppyhood, but then you may be a person who particularly dislikes to have dogs chase cats!

Then Mr. Axling, who was rather a rough man, and, it was said, had been a mill boy, himself, had run for a town office and beaten her father—and they didn't go to her church—and so—and so—although there was a daughter just her age, Elfrida

had avoided them. She had persuaded Aunt Leonora, who had been at the head of their household since the mother died not to call upon them—although Aunt Leonora would have liked to do so.

Elfrida remembered having heard that Lucy Axling, the daughter, was delicate. She went to Miss Markham's private school, where the girls were mostly younger than she, and where she could not have a very good time, decided Elfrida.

But she had thought very little about the Axlings, since they had moved from Bay Street, until she heard what that horrid boy said about a valentine to old Miss Rugg. It was a simply brutal thing, she said to herself, to send comic valentines to poor and old and lonely people, like Miss Penelope Rugg:

Miss Rugg lived alone, the last of a large family, in her dilapidated old house on the crest of Crow Hill. The wolf had always prowled around the old house; it was she who had fought him off—for the sake of the others. She said, now, that there wasn't much heart in doing it, just for herself, and that people didn't care so much for home-made rugs as they did once, and the factories did all the knitting of stockings.

There wasn't much left for her to do except keep hens and pick berries—and it was no wonder if the wolf had his nose fairly inside the door.

No wonder, either, if she was sometime cross, as people said, to the boys who picked berries in the weeds around her house. It was on that

account that the boys had fallen into the habit of teasing her; and hence the comic valentine!—thought Elfrida.

“I know just what the valentine will be!” she said to herself, as she walked on; “a cross-patch, an old maid, a scarecrow” (Miss Penelope was tall and gaunt) “hideous coloring, vulgar verses! One may say such things don’t matter, but I know Miss Rugg, and I know they’ll hurt! It would have done no good to say anything to that dreadful boy, but I’ll see if I can’t intercept the valentine before it reaches Penelope Rugg! I wish the Axtings had never come to Byfield!” Elfrida was a person of strong opinions, feelings—and prejudices!

She happened to meet Elsie Crocker just as she made that resolve and Elsie had an idea in her mind. The boys and girls’ branch of the Village Improvement Society was to meet next at Elsie’s house, and she proposed to make a valentine party of the occasion and “have some fun out of it,” she said.

The fun-loving girl was uppermost in Elfrida, as Elsie talked of appropriate decorations, of ice cream hearts and jelly turtle doves, and of the clever verses that some of the boys and girls might be expected to write. “We want some really bright things—the old saint’s name has been such a synonym for silliness!” said Elsie.

That seemed delightful and sensible to Elfrida and she felt so much enthusiasm that she immediately began to compose some verses for the occasion, and quite forgot Miss Penelope Rugg and the threatened valentine, until the very morning of St. Valen-

tine’s day! If she had seen the Axling boy she might have remembered, but he was in a lower form, and the sight of him very seldom offended Elfrida’s fastidious eyes.

She hurried to the post office, before school, on St. Valentine’s morning, and demanded of the clerk that anything that looked like a valentine addressed to Miss Rugg, should be detained and destroyed. “Give it to me and I will destroy it!” she said fiercely.

“Can’t do that, you know,” answered the astonished clerk. “State’s prison offence to tamper with the mails!”

Elfrida caught her breath. She had not regarded the matter in just that light! “But people can be arrested for abusing the mails, can’t they?” she asked, irately.

“I don’t know whether comic valentines would be regarded as abuse. They’re not very serious,” said the clerk with a grin.

“They are when they hurt people’s feelings!” Elfrida declared forcibly. “There’s a boy whom I should like to have arrested!”

That Axling boy was so athletic and easy and prosperous! so cruel to animals she was sure, for it was more than likely that he had set his dog after her cat—and he was so heartless, as he showed by the delighted tone in which he had said that he was going to send a valentine to old Miss Rugg!

“I’ll go up there, this very afternoon,” she said to herself, “and I’ll carry her some ‘goodies’ that I’ve got ready for the valentine party. And oh, don’t I wish I could get the valentine out of her little mail-box at the cross roads!” For there was

a carrier who made his route on a bicycle, around the outlying districts of Byfield, and deposited mail in boxes by the wayside.

Up to Crow Hill she went, in a hurry, after school, with a basket full of delectable dainties that had been prepared for the Village Improvement Society's party.

She felt conscience-stricken that she had never before thought of carrying anything to Miss Rugg—or even of going to see her, except once or twice when she had been on a summer picnic in her vicinity. She did not quite know what she meant to do now—only to keep Miss Rugg's worn old heart from even a small hurt, if she could.

"Honk! Honk!" she heard, as she stood shaking Miss Rugg's dilapidated little mail-box, as if she might possibly shake it open, regardless of the terrors of the law. It was an automobile, in the distance, coming along that very untraveled road too!

As it came in sight she recognized a motor baggage car, considerably the worse for wear, that she knew belonged to the mills. "That Axling boy" was driving it, and his sister was with him, tucked away among a lot of barrels and boxes.

He slowed up the machine at sight of Elfrida. The color flamed into her cheeks. He stopped deliberately. If he dared to speak to her it might be an opportunity to give him a lesson! "If—if you are going to Miss Rugg's shan't I give you—or your basket, anyway—a lift? he asked. "The basket looks heavy."

"I—I wish I could protect Miss Rugg from the insults of heartless people!" flamed Elfrida. "You may

think it a small thing, but I happen to know that she's very sensitive—and—oh, won't you try to get it out of the box?"

"O, you mean valentines! Don't you be a bit afraid! I told the rascals I'd punch their heads if they sent any! Not one of them will! Muscle is a good thing sometimes!" He flung out an arm evidently made for strength, and in good practice.

An expostulating dog whine came to Elfrida's bewildered ears, from behind the box upon which Luey Axling sat. There was the sleek, brown head of the dog that had chased her cat! Elfrida's suspicions of the Axling boy returned in full force at the sight. It was easy to pretend to be her ally, now, but she could not believe in him!

"We made Grif lie down in the car because he was bad," explained the sister, with a shy smile. "He found a wounded bird in the woods; you wouldn't think the boys would shoot a redpoll linnet, would you?—and after all Theadore's trying to teach them better? Grif didn't want to drop it; he isn't a bird dog, you know, and he didn't understand. We've only just cured him entirely of cats!" She looked at Elfrida in a deprecating, apologetic way that was very disarming—to any one who had a heart!

"I have the bird here in a boy," the girl went on, with better courage, after she had met Elfrida's look; "we hope to cure it. Theodore is very skillful about such things."

Elfrida drew near and gazed pitifully at the little red-poll that tried to flutter and could not.

“Won’t you let us take your heavy basket, if you won’t ride with us?” asked Lucy Axling.

The boy swung the basket up on the car and Elfrida, bewildered, mounted beside Lucy. As ready and fluent as Elfrida was, ordinarily, it was now Lucy Axling who talked—as became the hostess of the occasion.

“I stop here, please,” said Elfrida, as Miss Rugg’s old house came in sight.

“Of course,” said the boy with a glance at Elfrida’s basket. “So do we.”

Elfrida began to have a glimmering sense of what Theodore Axling’s valentine might mean. But Miss Rugg, who stood in her doorway, shading her eyes with her hand, was evidently taken by surprise, although her seamy old face broadened into a welcoming smile at sight of her visitors. “It isn’t Thanksgiving and it isn’t Christmas!” she exclaimed.

“And—and you, too, Miss Lee! I always hoped it would come about that you young people would be friends—you’r so much alike!”

“It’s St. Valentine’s Day,” said Theodore Axling, somewhat hurriedly; “and I’m the old saint’s new boy! He has hired me to help him change things round a little, for the better!”

“I guess he has got hold of the right boy!” said Miss Rugg, heartily.

Her face darkened a little at the mention of Valentine’s Day. “I suppose the children enjoy their fun,” she said, “but I never can bear to go near my box on this day, and when I have to take them out I tear them

up and throw them away without looking at them? Solitary folks get too sensitive, I suppose.”

“See here! I don’t know whether you care about this wood!” Theodore was lifting a barrel from the car. “It’s only kindling from the mill. I’m coming up to chop you some more logs, next week!”

“He—he is the best boy!” fattered Miss Rugg, to Elfrida.

The same tact and thoughtfulness had been shown in the filling of the boxes and baskets; the suggestion of St. Valentine’s day had been used everywhere to soften the hard guise of charity. Elfrida was glad that she had brought one of the heart-shaped, frosted cakes that had been made for the Village Improvement party. The young Axlings had brought “goodies,” also, and they had a merry tea, at which Penelope Rugg presided, with the memory of many small bitternesses of the day quite smoothed out of her face.

“I’m glad I thought of it,” said Theodore, when Miss Rugg and his sister had left the room for a minute. “Shouldn’t have if those little beggars hadn’t been threatening to send her comic valentines. So I owe them one!”

“I—I ‘owe you one!’” said Elfrida, impetuously. “I shouldn’t have thought of her if I hadn’t heard you say that you were going to send her a valentine! I—misjudged you!—about your dog and all! I didn’t wait to find out what sort of a boy you really were!”

“Go off at half-cock, do you? I’m a little that way, myself!” said Theodore, lightly. But something in his

voice showed that he had not liked to be misunderstood.

"I might never have known you or your sister—since you live on the other side of the town"—stammered Elfrida, in a tone that recognized the loss it would have been to miss their acquaintance.

"Father wanted to live among his workmen, so that he could look out for them. He has those ideas, you know," explained the boy. Ideas of looking after his men!—and Elfrida had understood that he only desired town office!

Miss Rugg and Lucy returned. They had gone only to get cotton to put in the bird's box and to give a bone to Grif on the porch, who barked every time he heard the linnet chirp.

"I wish you would join the Boys and Girls' Village Improvement Society," said Elfrida cordially to Lucy.

"I think you could improve us!—you're so—so in earnest!" added Elfrida impulsively. "There's to be a Village Improvement party—a valentien party, tonight—I wish you would come as my guest! You would be

voted into the society—unanimously!—when they know—" The girl flushed and the brother and sister looked at each other doubtfully. It was evident that old, aristocratic Byfield had offered some social slights to the family of the new mill owner.

"I'd love to go to the party!" said Lucy, wistfully, with her eyes on her brother's face.

"O, we'll go—sure!" said the boy heartily. "But perhaps you'd better not put up our names for membership until we get a little acquainted," he added, with a touch of dignity that did not sit badly upon his very youthful shoulders. "Now, if you don't mind the baggage motor, shall we take you home?" And he led the way to that vehicle.

Miss Rugg stood in her porch and watched them as they went merrily off, the great dog capering behind. Her house was overflowing with comforts, and her heart with the good cheer of friendliness and thoughtful sympathy.

"Blessed St. Valentine!" she murmured.

"What became of that portable garage of yours?"

"I tied the dog to it the other day and a cat came by.—Phoenix."

WHY MARCH 4 IS INAUGURAL DAY.

How did it happen that March 4 was the date selected for the inauguration of the President of the United States?

It came about that it was in the City of New York that the old "Congress of the Confederacy" held its

final session. It had led a peripatetic life, holding sessions in no less than eight different cities and towns, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, Pa.; York, Pa.; Princeton, N. J.; Annapolis, Md.; Trenton, N. J.; and then New York, where sessions began in

1785.

During its last session, in July, 1788, it received official notice that the new Constitution, framed by a Constitution Convention held at Philadelphia, in 1787, had been ratified by the necessary number of States, and it immediately adopted a resolution providing that the selection of Presidential Electors by the various States as provided in the new Constitution should occur on the "first Wednesday in January, 1789;" that the electors should cast their votes for President on the "first Wednesday in February," and that the President thus elected should be inaugurated on the "first Wednesday in March."

And as it happened that the "first Wednesday in March," of that year occurred on the fourth day of the month, the date for the beginning of the Presidential term was thus fixed for the historic date, the "Fourth of March." And while it happened that in the absence of railway, telegraphs, long-distance telephones, wireless telegraphy and the radio, George Washington, seated at his comfortable home at Mount Vernon, Va., did not receive official notice of his election in time to reach New York by March 4, and was in fact, inaugurated on April 30, the date fixed for the inauguration by the act of the expiring Congress of the Confederacy, March 4, has always been observed as

the beginning of the Presidential term.

"Curiously," says the Trade Record of the National City Bank, which recalls these incidents, "while the new Government with its Congress and Chief Executive were thus established in the City of New York, the actual seat of the Government only remained here for a comparatively short time. All the sections of the country, New England, the Middle States and South, were respectively clamoring for the establishment of a permanent capital, and the matter was finally settled in favor of the South by a compromise by which certain Southern members withdrew their objections to a bill providing that the Government of the United States should assume the 26,000,000 of debts which the various States had incurred during the Revolutionary War, and a measure establishing the permanent seat of Government 'on the Potomac River' was adopted the necessary buildings for its occupancy to be ready by the year 1800, and the sessions of Congress meantime to be held in the City of Philadelphia.

"This establishment in the wilderness of a new seat of Government at a point distant from any great business centre marked a new era in capital making, and is now being followed in Australia where the new City of Canberra is being established as the future capital of the commonwealth of Australia."

Careful Listeners.—"When the eyes are shut the hearing becomes more acute," says a medical authority. We have noticed people trying this experiment in Church.—London Opinion.

PUBLIC HEALTH WORK AND PRO- LONGATION OF LIFE.

Journal of Public Health.

In 1911 *The City That Was*, written by Dr. Stephen Smith, the honored founder of the American Public Health Association, made the following statement:

"It has been estimated by careful writers on vital statistics that 17 in 1,000 living persons annually die from inevitable causes." In other words, a death rate of 17 per 1,000 was considered normal, so much so that the Registrar-General of England in his Twelfth Annual Report said: "Any deaths in a people exceeding 17 in 1,000 annually are unnatural deaths." In 1923 the death rate for the Registration Area of the United States was 12.3 per 1,000, while the estimated rate of 1924 is only 11.6 per 1,000.

How rapidly our ideas have changed! How quickly have the standards of a decade ago been proved to be too low! How clear the demonstration that life can be saved beyond what seemed possible only a few years ago!

Fiction and romance contain nothing more marvelous than our accomplishments in saving and prolonging life. The figures have often been given, but will bear repetition. The average length of life in this country has been increased from forty years to fifty-eight years in two generations, and the rate of increase has been more rapid in recent years. Four years were added between 1910 and 1920. The only disappointing feature about this increase in life expectancy is the fact that most of it

has come through saving infants and children under five years of age. Up to 1910, and probably up to 1917, there was no gain in expectancy of life at 50, and for the 60-70 year period it was not so good as in ancient times. Reports during the past two or three years indicate that we are at least beginning to prolong life in the middle and later ages, whereas formerly the middle life death rate was increasing somewhat.

Infant welfare work, including prenatal as well as post-natal care is still the most hopeful as well as the most practical and actually successful line of endeavor looking to the increase in longevity.

Among the other fields in which prevention has been markedly successful tuberculosis must take a high place. The death rate has been reduced one-half in twenty-five years, and the rate is steadily decreasing. Not only has the rate decreased, but the age at death of fatal cases has advanced six years, a factor of enormous economic significance. It seems likely that by 1930 the death rate from tuberculosis will have been reduced to a point below 50 per 100,000. Typhoid fever, which was for many years a scourge of our great cities, is now a vanishing disease, a reduction of approximately 75 per cent having taken place during the past twenty-five years.

The insect-borne diseases are a striking example of successful public health work. Yellow fever, the

scourge of tropical America, and a frequent visitor of the temperate zones, is another vanishing disease, practically unknown in districts in which it was endemic for many years. Malaria gives ground always before the advance of agriculture and drainage. Bubonic plague will never again become pandemic, and outbreaks will be limited, as they have been in New Orleans, San Francisco, and other American ports, to a few cases.

This is in no sense a survey of the situation, merely a pointing out of a few of the most striking results achieved in the field of prevention during the last few years, in which every reader of this Journal has

participated more or less actively. We are not giving ancient history, rather are we recounting facts known to all of us, and some of which are so recent that we have scarcely realized them.

While epoch making discoveries have pointed the path to successful, practical accomplishment, education, must be credited with a major share in the results. The public is becoming educated as to scientific facts, and is demanding educated physicians and health officers. Many newspapers publish regularly reliable scientific information and are seeking more and more authentic sources for their articles.

“HE DIED FOR ME.”

Sometime after the War Between the States, Henry Ward Beecher visited the Soldiers' Cemetery at Nashville. "Here," he says, "I observed a man planting a flower over a grave. I approached him and asked if his son were buried there. 'No.' 'A relative?' 'No.' 'Whose memory then do you cherish?' I ventured to ask. After delaying a moment, and putting down a small board which he had in his hand, he replied, 'Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out I lived in Illinois. I wanted to enlist, but I was poor, and a large family of children depended on me for their daily bread. Finally, as the war continued, I was drafted. No draft money was given me; I was unable to procure a substitute, and made up my mind to go. After I had got everything in readiness and was just going to report for duty at the conscription camp, a young man whom I had known came up to me and said, 'You have a large family which your wife cannot support while you are gone. I will go for you.' In the battle of Chickamauga the poor fellow was dangerously wounded, and he along with others, was taken back to a hospital at Nashville. After a lingering illness he died there. Ever since hearing of his death I have been desirous of coming to Nashville and seeing that his body had been properly buried. Having saved sufficient funds I came on yesterday, and here today found the poor fellow's grave.' On completing his story the man took up the small board and inserted it at the foot of the grave. Turning to look at it, I saw this simple inscription, and nothing more: 'He died for me.'"

REMARKABLE STUNTS IN DREAMS.

(Selected)

While asleep Mrs. Frank M. Inman, of 1060 Peachtree, street balanced a bank book that wouldn't come right in her waking hours.

That experience is the most unusual related by prominent Atlanta men and women interviewed on the subject of dreams. Others are almost as odd.

Ex-Governor John H. Slaton says that he frequently dreams of talking with his former law partner, the late Luther Z. Rosser, and that they discuss whatever comes to mind.

C. J. Haden, in a dream, was lectured by a pioneer of 1814 on the comforts enjoyed by the people of today.

W. R. C. Smith, dreaming of a feat of marksmanship, found that he had sent a bullet—one of lead and not of dreams—into the wall.

When the question of dreams was broached, Mrs. Inman was genuinely surprised.

"Who told you about my dream?" she exclaimed. "This is almost spooky as though you had read my mind. I've just been downstairs telling a friend about this dream that turned very much to my advantage."

In managing household affairs, Mrs. Inman had paid everything by check and filed her receipts. All had gone beautifully and she was thinking what a good manager she was until the time came to balance her bank book.

"Balanced, While Asleep"

"I tried for days to do so," she said, "but the pesky thing wouldn't balance. My husband refused to help me, and there it lay in my drawer, they fly in the ointment. One

night I went to bed and slept. Around 5 o'clock in the morning, while asleep I had revealed to me in careful detail just exactly what to do to balance my book. It was as plain as if I were reading it from a page. When I awakened shortly afterwards, I got up, followed my dream thoughts and the result was a perfectly balanced book. Mr. Inman has never stopped teasing me about my dream teacher."

Ex-Governor John M. Slaton says he day dreams almost as much as he does at night, "and I like them rose-colored," said he. "A dream, however, that comes to me frequently, is one in which I am talking to Mr. Luther Z. Rosser, my former partner who died last year. We seem to take up our conversation where it left off last, and we discuss everything that comes to mind."

That dreams do inspire people to do great things, according to Governor Slaton, is proven by Coleridge's famous poem beginning:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Hhan

A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alf, the sacred river ran,
Down into caverns measureless to man,

Down to a sunless sea."

"Coleridge dreamed his journey to these realms of fancy," said he, "and on awaking he found he had written a masterpiece in his sleep."

Some dreams are prophetic, particularly if you believe in dreams, as most of us do who have old-fashioned mothers, or mammies. "We used to tell our dreams at breakfast table, but after breakfast," said Mrs. B. M.

Boykin, "because it was bad luck to tell them before. We all dream in my family, but I have two kinds of dreams that spell trouble. One is when I dream of a tooth coming through, and the other, when a snake bites me."

'Snake in a Garden

She then told a vivid dream she had in Chicago last year, while she was there promoting and staging a play to help the Tallulah Falls school. "I retired early," she said, "after a busy day, and found myself walking in a beautiful garden. At my feet I saw a very long, handsome snake. I am not afraid of them, so I picked it up, but it coiled around my hand and bit me. I flung it off and began sucking the poisonous blood out. After I returned home, I learned from a very reliable source that a so-called friend of mine had written to Chicago to the people interested with me in putting on the play and had said she could not understand why I had been sent on this mission, since I did not have the confidence of the people here."

"I try not to dream, I can't afford to," said W. R. C. Smith, president of the W. R. C. Smith Publishing company, whose experience in dreamland, told by him at a recent luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce, inspired this tale.

"My dreams are too realistic, and take in too much territory," he continued. "It's a year's experience with me. The dream that I told at the luncheon was this. Several years

ago there was a hold-up of a street car at the end of the Ponce de Leon-Druid Hills line. I was living at that time in a new house in Druid Hills, near Moreland avenue. The area had not been built up, and we were somewhat isolated, so the night after the hold-up, when I went to bed about ten or eleven, I thrust a loaded pistol under my pillow. I went to sleep. Suddenly, my thoughts turned to Montana and my life in the west. I remembered how the cowboys used to twirl a gun on each forefinger, bring it to position and shoot in the twinkling of an eye. I had tried to do it many times, but never successfully.

"That night, however, I twirled and twirled, and evidently said aloud 'I've got it,' meaning I had mastered the feat. The screams of my wife from the adjoining room awakened me, and she called, "What are you shooting at?"

I then discovered that I had reached under the pillow, grabbed the pistol and fired it off. The bullet went through the mattress, hit the wall, and rebounded, coming to a rest under the bed. Attached to it was a bit of cotton batting from the mattress, and the cotton was afire. This dream taught me two things: One, that many an innocent man, sleeping with a gun under his pillow, has been wrongly adjudged a suicide. The other, that it is safer to encounter a burglar, if you are subject to dreams, than to have a loaded revolver too handy."

Worse.—"Did the speaker electrify his audience?"

"Worse buddy, he gassed it."

MEAL TIME TWO CENTURIES AGO.

(“Home Life in Colonial Days,” Earle.)

Perhaps no greater difference exists between any mode of the olden times and that of today than can be seen in the manner of serving the meals of the family. In the first place, the very dining table of the colonists was not like our present ones; it was a long and narrow board, sometimes but three feet wide, with no legs attached to it. It was laid on supports or trestles, shaped something like a saw-horse. Thus it was literally a board, and was called a table-board, and the linen cover used at meals was not called a tablecloth, but a boardcloth or boardclothes.

As smoothly sawed and finished boards were not so plentiful at first in the colonies as might naturally be thought when we remember the vast encircling forests, all such boards were carefully treasured, and used many times to avoid saving others by the tedious and wearying process of pit-sawing. Hence portions of packing boxes, or chests which had carried stores from England to the colonies, were made into table-boards.

The old-time boardcloth was in no way inferior in quality or whiteness to our present table linen, for we know how proud colonial wives and daughters were of the linen of their own spinning, weaving and bleaching.

The colonists had plenty of napkins. They had need of them, for when America was first settled, forks were almost unknown to English people—being used for eating in luxurious Italy alone, where travelers, hav-

ing seen and found them useful and cleanly, afterwards introduced them into England. So hands had to be constantly employed for holding food instead of the forks we now use, and napkins were, therefore, as constantly necessary. The first fork brought to America was for Governor John Winthrop, in Boston, in 1633, and it was in a leather case with a knife and a bodkin. If the governor ate with a fork at the table, he was doubtless the only person in the colony who did so. Thirty or forty years later a few two-tined iron and silver forks were brought across the water and used in New York and Virginia, as well as Massachusetts, and by the end of the century they had come into scant use at the tables of persons of wealth and fashion. The first mention of a fork in Virginia is in an inventory dated 1677; this was of a single fork.

The saltcellar was the centerpiece of the table; it was often large and high, of curious device in silver. Guests of honor were seated “above the salt” that is, near the end of the table where sat the host and hostess side by side, while children and persons who were not of much dignity or account as guests were placed “below the salt,” that is, below the middle of the table.

One of the most important articles for setting the table was the trencher. These were made of wood, about twelve inches square and three or four inches deep, hollowed down into a sort of bowl in the middle. In this

the food was placed—porridge, meat, vegetables, etc. Each person did not have even one of these simple dishes; usually two children, or a man and his wife, ate out of one trencher. This was a custom in England for many years, and some very great people, a duke and his wife, not more than a century and a half ago, sat side by side at the table and ate out of one plate to show their unity and affection. For many years college boys at Harvard ate out of wooden trenchers at the college mess table.

Poplar-wood is an even, white and shining wood. Until the middle of this (nineteenth) century, poplar-wood trenchers and plates were used on the table in Vermont, and were really attractive dishes. From earliest days they made and sold many bowls and trenchers of maple-wood knots. Bottles were also made of wood, and drinking cups and "nog-gins," which were a sort of mug with a handle. Wood furnished many articles for the table to the colonist just as it did in later days on our Western frontiers, where trenchers of wood and plates of birch bark were seen in every log cabin.

The word tankard was originally applied to a heavy and large vessel of wood banded with metal in which to carry water. They were made in various sizes and used throughout Europe and occasionally were brought over by the colonists. The chargers, or large round platters found on every dining table, were of pewter (tin and lead.) Some were so big and heavy that they weighed five or six pounds apiece. Pewter is not seen any more in domestic use, but in colonial times a "garnish of pewter," that is, a full

set of pewter platters, plates and dishes, was the pride of every good householder. These dishes could be recast into new pewtering gift. It was kept as bright and shining as silver. One of the duties of children was to gather a kind of horse-tail rush which grew in the marshes, and because it was used to scour pewter, was called scouring-rush.

Porringers of pewter, and occasionally of silver, were much used at the table, chiefly for children to eat from. Some had a "fish-tail" handle; these are said to be Dutch.

"Spoons, if not as old as the world, are as old as soup." All the colonists had spoons, and certainly all needed them, for at that time much of their food was in the form of soup and "spoon-meat" such as had to be eaten with spoons where there were no forks. Meat was usually made into hashes, thick stews and soups with chopped vegetables and meats were common, as were hotch-pots. The cereal foods were more frequently boiled in porridge than baked in loaves. Many of the spoons were of pewter. Worn-out pewter plates and dishes could be recast into new pewter spoons. The molds were of wood or iron. Wooden spoons were always seen. In Pennsylvania and New York laurel was called spoon wood, because the Indians made pretty white spoons from that wood to sell to the colonists. Horn was an appropriate and available material for spoons.

Every family of any considerable possessions or owning good household furnishings had a few silver spoons; nearly every person owned at least one. Families of consequence usually had a few pieces of silver besides

their spoons and saltcellar. Virginians and Marylanders in the seventeenth century had much more silver than New Englanders. Some Dutch merchants had ample amounts. It was deemed a good and safe investment for spare money.

There was a great desire for glass, a rare novelty to many persons at the date of colonization. The English were less familiar with its use than settlers who came from Continental Europe. The establishment of glass factories was attempted in early days in several places, chiefly to manufacture sheet glass, but with slight success. The earliest glass for table use was greenish in color, like coarse bottle glass, and poor in quality. Blissfully ignorant of the existence or presence of microbes, germs and bacteria, our sturdy and unsqueamish forebears drank contentedly in succession from a single vessel, which was passed from hand to hand, and lip to lip, around the board. At college tables, and even at tavern boards, where table neighbors might be strangers, the flowing bowl and foaming tankard was passed serenely from one to another, and replenished to pass again.

Leather was perhaps the most curious material used. Pitchers, bottles and drinking cups were made of it. Great jugs of heavy black leather, waxed and bound, and tipped with silver, were used to hold ale and beer; they were commonly called black-jacks. Drinking cups were sometimes made of horn. Gourds were plentiful on the farm and gathered with care, that the hard-shelled fruit might be shaped into simple drinking cups. The ships that brought lemons and

raisins from the tropics to the colonies also brought cocoanuts. The shell of the cocoanut was a favorite drinking cup among the settlers.

Popular drinking mugs of the English, from which they drank their mead and ale, were the stoneware jugs which were made in Germany and England in great numbers. There was no china in common use on the table either in England or in America. The Dutch settlers had "purslin cups" and earthen dishes in considerable quantities toward the end of the seventeenth century.

The earthen was possibly Delft ware, and the "Purslin" East India china, which, by that time was largely imported to Holland. It was not until Revolutionary times that china was a common table furnishing; then it began to crowd out pewter. The sudden and enormous growth of East India commerce, and the vast cargoes of Chinese pottery and porcelain to every housewife. In the Southern colonies beautiful pieces of porcelain were found in the homes of opulent planters, but there, as in the North, the first china for general table use were the handleless tea cups, which crept with the fragrant herb into every woman's heart—both welcome Oriental waifs.

It may well be imagined that this long narrow table—with a high saltcellar in the middle, with clumsy wooden trenchers for plates, with round pewter platters heaped high with the stew of meat and vegetables, with a can of pewter, or a silver tankard to drink from, with leather jacks to hold beer or milk, with many wooden or pewter or some silver spoons, but no forks, no glass, no

china, no covered dishes, no saucers—did not look much like our dinner tables today.

Even the seats were different: there were seldom chairs or stools for each person. A long narrow bench without a back, called a form, was placed on each side of the table. Children in many households were not allowed to sit even on these uncomfortable forms while eating. In some families children stood behind their parents and other grown persons, and food was handed back to them from the table. In other houses they stood at a side table, and, trencher in hand, ran over to the great table to be helped to more food when their supply was eaten. They were to eat in silence, as fast as possible (regardless of indigestion,) and leave the table as speedily as might be.

When the table-board was set with snowy linen cloth and napkins, and ample fare, it had some compensations for what modern luxuries it lacked. There was nothing perishable in its entire furnishings; no frail and costly china or glass whose injury and destruction by clumsy or heedless servants would make the heart of the housewife ache; there was a little of intrinsic value to watch and guard and worry about. There was little to make extra and difficult work—no glass to wash with anxious care, no elaborate silver to clean—only a few pieces of pewter to polish occasionally. It was all so easy and so simple when compared with the

complex serving of meals today that it was like Arcadian simplicity.

There were few State dinners served in the American colonies, even in the larger cities; there were few dinners, even, of many courses; not always were there many dishes. There were seen in many houses more primitive forms of serving and eating meals than were indicated by the lack of individual drinking cups, the mutual use of a trencher, or even the utilization of the table top as a plate. In some homes an abundant dish, such as a vast bowl of mush and milk, a pumpkin stewed whole in its shell, or a savory and mammoth hotchpot was set, often smoking hot, on the table-board, and from this well-filled receptacle each hungry soul, armed with a long-handled pewter or wooden spoon, helped himself, sometimes ladling his great spoonfulls into a trencher or bowl, for more moderate and reserved after-consumption—just as frequently eating directly from the bountiful dish with a spoon that come and went from dish to mouth without reproach or thought of ill manners. The reports of old settlers often recall the general "Dutch" dish, and some very distinguished persons joined in the circle around it and were glad to get it. Variety was of little account compared to quantity and quality. A cheerful hospitality and grateful hearts filled the hollow place of formality and elegance.

It is better to have a schedule and be late now and then, than to have no schedule and never get anywhere.—Forward.

MODERN SHYLOCKS.

(News & Observer.)

About the most depicable man alive is the one who takes advantage of the necessitous to fleece them when making loans. The Bible has fey anathemas so severe as those against usurers. Money lenders who extort exorbitant demands should read their Bible and desist before securing the condemnation promised. In the Goldsboro News John Herndon tells this story of the meanest man in Wayne county.

Douglas Sasser, a good-natured, hard-working colored man of family, is happy. He has just been released from the clutches of a modern Shylock, who was charging him interest at the rate of 500 per cent per annum on a loan of \$20.

It's the usual story. The furniture dealer was pushing him for a long overdue payment on his household goods. Foreclosure was threatened, and after making a vain effort to find someone whose endorsement would secure him a loan from the bank, he went to a money lender as a last resort. "Yes," said the money lender after the application had been duly made, "I will let you have \$20 so long as you pay me \$2 a week interest." Douglas needed that money too badly to haggle. He

readily agreed to signing a mortgage on the furniture, already sufficiently plastered—a fact that he did not reveal to the money lender, nor was that gentleman particularly inquisitive on this point—and signed up an agreement to pay \$104 a year for the loan, or until such time he found it possible to raise \$20 at one time—a rather impossible feat to a man who earns but \$12 per week and has a family to support.

A Goldsboro lawyer, "righteously indignant" when he learned of the usurious rate, signed the note for the colored man and enabled him to borrow the money at the legal rate of interest. He was a good Samaritan. Are there not good Samaritans elsewhere who will relieve the victims of such extortion? Better still, are there not officers of the law who will punish men guilty of this indefensible crime against those in distress? The law is plain that 6 per cent is the legal rate. Every man who charges more is a lawbreaker. The practice should be broken up.

Wanted: Portions on the bench who will give the modern Shylocks the medicine that the original Portia gave to the original Shylock.

Captain.—If anything moves, shoot!

Sentry.—Yessah; an' if anything shoots, Ah move.—The American Boy.

A BOY'S ALARM CLOCK.

It's something that isn't wound up with a key,
As many larm clocks are;
It is not to be seen on a table or shelf,
And its ring is not sounded afar.
And only one hears it and that is the boy,
Who owns this alarm clock truc—
It cannot be bought and it cannot be sold,
And it cannot be given to you.
It's a delicate piece of machinery, too,
Which never should suffer abuse;
If it should (in time, and it wouldn't take long),
'Twould gradually get out of use.
And what's the alarm clock of which I now tell,
That isn't wound up with a key?
It's that which says, 'Don't!' when one starts to do wrong,—
Why, it's a boy's conscience, you see!

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Dr. Moffat, a missionary to Africa, relates the following incident, which happened to himself and companions near a native village on one of their journeys: "We had traveled far and were hungry and thirsty and fatigued. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered three or four buttons that still remained on my jacket for a little milk. This also was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry and thirsty night. When twilight drew nigh, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and had a vessel of milk in her hand. She laid them down and returned to the village. A second time she approached with other and larger supplies. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. The solitary tear stole down her sable cheek when she replied: "I love Him whose servants ye are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full; therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place." I asked her how she kept the life of God in her soul in the absence of all communion with saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament she had received in school some years before. 'This' she said, 'is the fountain where I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn.'"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

J. J. Jones, Jr.

Peanuts were distributed among the boys at the ball ground last Saturday.

Ned Morris, a member of the ninth cottage, was paroled last week.

The barn boys have been busy during the past week, hauling wood and coal.

The boys all took a pleasure in writing a letter home to their parents last week.

Doy Hagwood, Herbert Poteat, and Reggie Payne have been placed in the laundry.

The morning school sections had a fine time at the ball ground last Friday sliding on the ice.

Mr. Corzine, the night watchman on the upper end, has resumed his duties at the school, after a long sickness.

We now have twelve cottages in use, two awaiting opening. This makes a total of fourteen cottages with more to come.

Readers of this issue of THE UPLIFT will notice again a large Honor Roll, which shows that the boys are keeping up the good work in the school room.

The J. T. S. Basket ball team met their defeat last Saturday, when the Rocky River five defeated them easily.

Mr. J. T. Bostick, one of the night watchmen, has left the institution to work in Sanford. Mr. Tom Carricker has been given the job.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cloer have resigned their duties at the institution. Mr. and Mrs. Carricker have taken their places as officer and matron in the fifth cottage.

Mr. J. M. Day, one of the third cottage officers, has returned to the institution after spending a few weeks with his wife in Asheville.

The sermon in the auditorium last Sunday by Rev. W. C. Lyerly, of the Reform church, Concord, was enjoyed by everyone.

Last Tuesday morning when the boys assembled at the tree Prof. W. W. Johnson read out the boys to be promoted to higher grades. This promotion has been delayed for a long time and the boys are glad to be promoted.

This is what you might call a "Ford" school, for at the present time no less than ten Fords are possessed by various officers and employees. And this gives many

of the boys who are mechanically inclined a chance to show their abilities, for more than frequently, and

as is usual, these Fords get out of fix. The best workers so far are Garnie Hawks and James Torrence.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Percy Briley, John Keenan, Smiley Morrow, Louie Pate, Fleming Floyd, James Suther, Herbert Apple, James Davis, Elwin Greene, Roby Mullies, George Howard, Lexie Newnam, Aubrey Weaver, Jessie Walls.

"B"

Haskel Ayers, Walter Cumins, Olive Davis, Oler Griffin, Valton Lee, Argo Page, Whitlock Pridgen, Willie Smith, Theodore Wallact, Hurley Way, William Case. Everett Goodrich, William Miller, James O'Quinn, Washington Pickett, Vaughin Smith, Clint Wright, Vestal Yarborough.

Room No. 3

"A"

Carlton Hegar, Rhodes Lewis, Walter Evers, Walter Hildreth, Adam Beck, Calvin Ferbish, John B. Hargrove, Solomon Thompson, Russell Capps, Albert Buck Bill Rising, Sam Poplin, Alton Ethridge, Walter Williams, Doughlos Williams, Cliften Hedrick, Edwin Crenshaw, Wirron Terry, Leary Carlton.

"B"

Connie Loman, William Beard, Alton Piner, John Haggart, Buford Carter, Lester Morris, James Poplin, Garland Rice.

Room No. 2

"A"

Garnie Hawks. Albert Jarman,

Howard Keller, Dick Pettipher, Brantley Pridgen, Harry Steveus, Herbert Poteet, Carl Teagueague, Luke Patterson, Abraham Goodman, Albert Johnson, Albert Martin, Roy Rector, Dalmas Robertson, Herbert Pottat, Carl Teague.

"B"

Zeb Trexlar, Graham York, Frank Stone, Bill Odom, William Nichols, Hallie Mathews, John Kemp, Chas. Jackson, William Kerndon, Broachie Flowers, Judge Brooks, Clarence Anderson, William Creasman, Roy Johnson, Homer Montgomery, Robt. McDaniel, James Caviness, James Ford.

Room No. 5

"A"

Lattie McClamb, Andrew Parker, Claude Wilson, Charlie Beaver, Earl Edwards, Robert Sprinkle, Theodor Coleman, Al Pettigrew, Lester Franklin, Wilbert Racklty, Tessit Massy, Albert Stanburg, Howard Riddle, Eldon Haint, Earl Mayfield, Doffus Williams, Douglass William, Cliften Glinn Taylor, Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Walter Culler, Otis Floyd, John Tomisian, Larry Griffith Woodrow Kivitt, Broncho Owens, Elmer Proctor, William Wolford Claud Stanley, Andrew Bivins Eugene Glass Lee Wright, John Hill, John Watts, Berti Murry, Garland Ryals, George Lewis, Elias Warren Turner Preddy, George Cox, Clarence

Weathers, Frank Ledford, Bowling Byrd, Lester Love, Raph Gover, Columbus McGee, Jesse Harry, Claude Dunn.

“B”

Samuel DeVon, James Cook, David Whitaker, John Gray, Earl Green Dewey Blackburn, Burton Emery, Lyonel MacMahan, Claud Stanley, Roy Hansen James Robertson Earl Torrence James Long Robert Munday Elmer Mooney Tom Tedder Kellie Tedder Ben Cameron, Willie Shaw, Lee King, Wannie Frank, Myron Tomison.

Room No. 4

“A”

Glem Walter, Russell Caudill, Jesse Hannell, Lemuel Lant, Charles Carter, Clyde Lovett, Hill Ellington,

Clyde Smith, McCoy Smith, Simon Wade, Pearson Hunsucktr, Charles Sherrill, Ceburn McConnell, Brevard McLendon, Junious Matthews, Ned Morris, John Kivttt, Forman Wishon, Harold Thompson, Jay Lambert, Cedric Bass, Vernon Hall, Vance Cook, Clinton Floyd, James Bedingfield.

“B”

Fred Gray, Luthtr Mason, James McCoy, Ed Moses, Lonnie Lewis, Hunttr Cline, Delmas Stanley, Thurman Baker, Rudalph Watts, Carl Richards, Jess Hurley, Emis Harper, David Queen, Clyde Brown, Jeff Blizzard, Sam Smith, John Creech, Byron Ford, Troy Norris, Britt Gatlin, Paul Edwards, Harold Cray, James Ivey.

The automobile has been termed “the implement of the devil” and, also, “the chariot of Jehovah.” It may be either, or both, or neither. That depends altogether upon its owner and driver. There is no such thing as a “tainted” auto, just as there is no such thing as “tainted money.” The automobile is only an instrument that men use in the service of God and humanity or in the service of the devil. The Methodist circuit rider has become a Methodist Ford driver, but the change has only increased his speed and efficiency. The little one-room school house with one little overworked teacher, has been exchanged for a finely equipped graded school with a teaching force in keeping with its material equipment, while high powered auto busses carry the children to school in the morning and home again in the evening. The auto is responsible for the new country school that we have and the new country church that we are going to have. The big ideas is to make it, whether a Ford or a Pierce Arrow, a “chariot of Jehovah.”—Greensboro Advocate.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE

UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 14, 1925

No. 12

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

I make the grain grow in the fields. I burrow into the earth and bring forth its buried treasures, centuries old. I turn the wheels of mills and factories. I speed the thundering trains, the ships on the seven seas, and the airplanes in the sky. All this I do that man may live in comfort. For I am the god of Progress:

I am WORK.

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The Uplift

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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WHAT A TRIBUTE!

My first debt to my father is the one I owe for having been brought into the world bearing an old and an honorable name

When I say an "honorable" name, in the case of my father, I mean a name that never was touched by any faintest breath of scandal of any kind. I mean the name of a man who was outstanding in his day and state. I mean a name which stood for love in his family, for recognition of and fidelity to manifest duty, for kindly consideration of his neighbors, for intelligent participation in affairs tending toward the betterment of the neighborhood, of the state, and of the nation.—Gene Stratton-Porter.

* * * * *

RECORDS OF INSPIRATION.

Mr. Drum, of the Cleveland Star, has picked out two of Shelby's conspicuous citizens, and about them he has written an engaging story of achievement. We are passing along Drum's story, for the subjects of it are among the state's finest products and their lives and records are an inspiration to the young who face life and a pride to us who love to look upon choice spirits.

So far as we know we have no case in their courts, never have had, and by the eternals we hope never to encounter such a situation, so we cannot refrain from a little comment. Judge Jas. L. Webb, who graces the North

Carolina Superior Court bench, is physically the larger—in fact his brother Judge E. Yates Webb, of the U. S. Court, while physically a large man, by the side of his brother looks the part of a boy. Drum's story would have been much more effective and pleasant to the thousands of admirers of these splendid citizens if he had accompanied it with the pictures of the two judges standing side by side.

Intellectually, they are both very pronounced; there is a charm about their personality; their lives are objects of cleanliness and high purpose; and with all their records of achievements, popularity, and honors they have all these years remained very folksy—that tells a great story.

Any community that claims such outstanding, fine fellows among its citizenship has reasons for feeling proud—and they are not all: Max Gardner, Clyde Hoey, B. T. Falls and scores of others attest the high-moral health and prominence of Shelby, which at this time, having outgrown its boundaries, is a-courting of the surroundings to come in and be happy along with her.

* * * * *

UP FROM A SLAVE HUT.

Margaret R. Seebach, a scholarly woman of Ohio, has written a book dedicated to missions and an aid to missionary workers, home and abroad. This book, entitled "Land of All Nations," tells the story of Moses Carver, a thorough-bred negro—not a mixture of different bloods as in the case of Booker Washington and other negroes who made their marks in the world.

We started out to adapt this story to meet the space we have to give to it, because it is the account of what we regard a marvelous achievement and points the way to a better understanding of the possibilities in a less favored race. At this juncture of our endeavor, we ran across an editorial in the Greensboro Christian Advocate, which we appropriate.

Editor Plyler will pardon us for taking the liberty of making one change in his clever notice of this remarkable negro—we have taken the liberty of eliminating the words, "Civil War" and given to that terrible struggle its historically correct name. The good brother, we are sure, will not object. For the sake of brevity many fine scholars and great, good men drop into the habit of calling "The War Between the States" by the title of the "Civil War."

Here is what The Advocate had to say editorially about Moses Carver:

Prof. George Washington Carver, famous negro chemist of Tuskegee

Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., has been lecturing recently in North Carolina. Among other places, he filled engagements at the University of North Carolina and at the North Carolina College for Women. We heard him at North Carolina College, where he spoke and exhibited 118 different products which he had made from the sweet potato. Approximately 700 young women of the college gathered to hear him, notwithstanding it was in the midst of the winter examinations.

Prof. Carver showed to the young women of the college a great number of things made from the potato. In tin containers he had samples of stock food, several kinds of paint, coffee, several kinds of flour, breakfast foods, meal, mock cocoanut concoction for making pies, instant tapioca, chocolate bonbons, corn starch, substitute, after dinner mints, flavoring, chocolate compound, yeast, orange drops, molasses, caramel, ginger, vinegar, rubber compound and many other things just as interesting and useful.

This wizard in the field of productive chemistry, has a life history equal to the wildest dreams of romance. He was born of slave parents on a farm near Diamond Grove, Mo., about 1864. In infancy he lost his father and several years later he and his mother were stolen and carried into Arkansas. The little boy had such a severe case of whooping cough that the thieves left him on the way not expecting him to live, but the mother was carried on and never heard of again. When the former owner of the parents heard of what had happened to the mother and boy, he sent messengers to recover them and bring them back. The boy was found and recovered in exchange for a race horse valued at \$300. He returned to his former home in Missouri, where he remained till a good sized boy when he began the struggles for an education by working his way through high school in Minneapolis, Kans., and later through college in the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts. After his graduation in 1894, he was elected professor of his alma mater and placed in charge of the greenhouse, devoting special attention to bacterial laboratory work in systematic botany. In 1896 Booker Washington secured him as a teacher in Tuskegee Institute, where he has been these 29 years. He now devotes his entire time to the department of research, except he teaches on Bible class.

This plain, unpretentious genius who appears to be as unmindful of himself and of the world about him as a hard working negro "field hand" who makes his living hoeing and digging sweet potatoes, and withal as religious, is a member of the Royal Society of Arts, London, and his work is the admiration and wonder of the scientific world.

The head of the department of science in North Carolina College began his brief speech of introduction by saying: "We are highly honored this evening in having with us one of the world's most renowned chemists." It is a long way from the pinnacle of fame in the scientific world to a

slave hut in the last days of the War Between the States. But one life of 60 years, and that of a negro, extends from the one extreme to the other in human experience.

* * * * *

CAVE CITY AND FLOYD COLLINS.

Cave City, Ky., and its now most conspicuous citizen, Floyd Collins, are coming in for unusual notoriety. The story that pictures this young fellow having failed to crawl out of the opening in a cave, through which he is alleged to have entered, is most thrilling. They say that a stone or a slide has caught him by one foot and holds him fast. In this condition he has been imprisoned for days.

There have been some conflicting accounts, to such an extent that a rumor has gained circulation that the whole affair is a fake. The military authorities of Kentucky, jealous of the state's good reputation, threatens to make an official investigation into the verity of the case. If Floyd Collins does exist in the flesh and is caught in the terrible condition alleged, we pray he may survive the time the faithful rescuers can reach him.

There is, nevertheless, a great moral attending this story: one may get into a trouble with more ease than he can extricate himself, either morally or physically.

* * * * *

VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA ROADS.

Gov. Trinkle, of Virginia, in making his statement to the effect that Virginia had a greater mileage of hard-surface roads than North Carolina; and that his state owed just \$7,500,000 while North Carolina owed \$65,000,000, no doubt tickled some of his constituency. But this superiority cannot be charged to any progressiveness on the part of Gov. Trinkle, who, if he presides over such a mileage of good roads, must have inherited them.

The News & Observer quotes Chairman Frank Page, of the North Carolina Highway commission, as follows:

"I wrote my friend Shirley that if he had all those roads why didn't he put them out on the ground where folks could use them," said Frank Page, state highway commissioner, yesterday referring to a statement made by Governor E. Lee Trinkle that Virginia has 1,753 miles of hard surface roads to North Carolina's 1,692.

Governor Trinkle based his statement on figures prepared by the North Carolina Highway Commission and H. G. Shirley, chairman of the

Virginia Highway Commission.

"I haven't anything to say about Virginia roads," Mr. Page said, "I try to know everything I can about North Carolina roads, but I don't know about the roads in Virginia."

"I imagine that we've torn up better roads in North Carolina than some of these Virginia roads," he declared.

Governor Trinkle in his statement said that in fairness to the people of both States it should be remembered that North Carolina owes \$65,000,000 for its roads, while Virginia owes approximately \$7,500,000, but that practically all of the North Carolina mileage was of modern construction whereas a good per centage of Virginia's is of ancient type. Some of the Virginia roads were built before the War Between the States.

Actually Governor Trinkle's figures on North Carolina is too high. The State's total is 1,660 miles including every finished mile, some on projects which have not yet been completely opened to traffic. The State's total including only finished projects is only 1,338 miles, which includes 1,012 miles paid for by the State, 51 built by Federal aid and 172 miles built by the counties and taken over upon the establishment of the State Highway Commission.

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DEFEAT LOOKS PROMISING.

The amendment that proposes to put the control of work by youths under eighteen years of age in the direction of Congress seems happily riding to defeat. It is the sorriest piece of legislation offered to the country in a century.

Pamper a boy, and keep him ignorant of the blessings of work, and deprive him of a development that reasonable occupation always affords, you are preventing him from reaching manhood prepared for the serious duties of life. There are ten youths ruined by idleness where one suffered by having to do service. The proposition is not even an old-granny thing—it is a downright absurdity and a design against capable young men of tomorrow.

Teach the boys to work and not so much play is a fine prescription to produce useful and capable men.

* * * * *

DIVORCE.

Instead of making divorcees easier, it would be wiser to make it impossible except on biblical grounds. The state press is cognizant of the forceful remarks of Representative Julia Alexander, of Meeklenburg county, speaking

against a bill that made two years' separation a reason for divorce.

State Senator Johnson, of Robeson, has offered a bill providing that no divorcee may marry inside of one year after securing a divorce. This is legislation headed in a wise direction. Nothing reflects so much on our ideals of home-life than to have it possible for a party to secure a divorce and proceed from the court-room to the register's office and take out license to marry another. It is scandalous, besides trifling with sacred matters.

Let us hope that Senator Johnson's measure may appeal to the favor and judgment of the General Assembly.

* * * * *

THE WORK IS PART OF THE BIRTH.

Nothing worthwhile, ennobling or beneficial has ever resulted from idleness and a state of do-nothing. Every success in life carries with it the badge of the dignity of labor. Work is part of the birth of everyone, who gets a proper view of life.

Lowell well says:

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work
And tools to work withall, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!

* * * * *

Ben Dixon MacNeill has been down to Dare county. In an informative story he recounts the number of great things that first saw the light in the county by the sea—and he has the people, a-hoping and praying for the success of the experiments being tried out in that section. Nobody ever heard a Dare county citizen, upon seeing an experiment come to naught. to say: "I told you so."

* * * * *

State Treasurer Lacy, whom certain parties desired to legislate out of office on the pension route, after one of his severe attacks of asthma, spent two hours on Monday with the Council of State. Everybody rejoices over his comeback. Loyal, clean, able and faithful is this man Lacy; not a particle of selfishness in his make-up—he serves the state, not himself.

* * * * *



RAMBLING AROUND.

(Old Hurrygraph.)

You have been in bakeries and seen cream puffs that were all puffed up in the latest fashion? Yes; I know you have. I stepped into a bakery not long since, and asked the price of a cream puff that had a chocolate-tinted cream de chene dress on that looked very tempting and appetizing. I was informed that ten cents of Uucle Sam's coin of the realm would put me in possession of that particular kind of puff. I set my thinking machinery to work, which ran off several yards of ruminations. Ten cents for a cream puff and five cents for a newspaper. Gee, Whizz! what a contrast the size of the Morning Herald represents an investment of thousands of dollars; requires a force of more than 30 people to produce it; has leased wires that bring news from all parts of the world; using a car load of paper ever week; printed on a press costing \$25,000; carried by mail and automobiles to towns; and carriers to homes, at a fraction over two cents a day. Oh, shaw! What's the use of arguing against a cream puff. I'll not do it. I'll eat the thing and be thankful that I had the sense (ten cents) enough to get it. I know now how it got its name. Anybody would be puffed up under the circumstances.

They were standing before an art-shop just those two, conversing on what would be nice and proper gifts for people. She said a handsome shaving mirror would be nice for a young man no doubt thinking a smooth face is nicer than one like a piece

of sand paper, which reminds me of a try-to-befunny fellow who remarked that the difference between a woman and a looking glass was that the glass reflected without speaking, while a woman spoke without reflecting. The girl didn't have to reflect before replying, "and the difference between you and the glass is that the glass is polished."

Man is very much like an automobile. It takes a lot of gas to run him; and sometimes it takes a woman to steer him. When he is courting he goes in high gear at a 60 mile gait; and has to be careful of his clutch. When age comes on science has provided the way for ordering the parts needed to vamp the physical machinery. You may order limbs, if you need them, hair for the bald pate; teeth and eyes when they are needed. It reminds me of Dr. S. Rapport, who is in report in Durham. On one occasion he had to order a glass eye for an aged colored woman. When the artificial eyes came and was shown the ebony patron, she inquired: "Doctur, does yu' think I'll see out'er dat eye as well as out'er de one in mah he'd?" The Dr. told her it was for ornament and not service, and it would be a "sight"

to see her see through it.

In rambling around I have noticed that when you have "gotten up in the world," as saying goes; that is, accumulated a moderate fortune, as it were, people say that are smart, and begin to take notice of you, and

show you attentions not before bestowed upon you. You will have plenty of friends who will say you are the luckiest fellow in the world." Your enemies will say you did not get your money honestly, or stole it. After you have passed out, and left behind what worldly goods you had accumulated, it will probably be spent by somebody who doesn't care a cuss how you got it; or even thank your memory for leaving it behind. It's the way of this old flivvering, radioing, flappering world.

The whimsicalities of life are seen on all sides. It pereolates through business, as well as our everyday affairs. It gets mixed up with humor and the twain are often the seasoning that gives variety and spice to the sober side of humanity. They had in Durham some time ago a big sale that required scores of clerks to handle the goods and the crowd. The clerks were secured on quick time, and there was not the fashionable formality of introductions to each other before their work began. The bonhomie, as we French scholars say, of the simplicity of the proceedings, was named humorous by the fact that when the rush came on there was so many clerks employed, that did not know each other, that they were often trying to sell one another goods, thinking they were prospective customers along with the others. But it kept every body smiling and that is a good thing in buiness.

As the world wings around in its orbit, and dashes off to us so many new things and contrivances, like the sparks from an anvil when a red

hot iron is being hammered into certain shapes it is hard to keep up with the whirl of events. Customs change too. And there is change among individuals, even if they have no change in their pockets. The fellow who some time ago would mow your yard, and trim your hedges, now styles himself a' mowing engineer. Why, the old-fashion shoe-shine is almost insulted to call him that now. He's a "shoe surface engineer." The man who has been in the habit of taking off your tin cans and trash, weekly—and sometimes pretty weakly—now styles himself "a garbage engineer." So it goes. People are all the time, in this age, engineering something.

It is natural to suppose that a person going to heaven from Durham would not want to leave heaven and come back to Durham. But some Durham enthusiasts are telling some stories as tall as the mountains of western North Carolina. One in particular. It is to the effect that a Durhamite died and when he got to heaven, St. Peter welcomed him and gave him the keys of the city. "Go anywhere you wish, Just wander around and enjoy yourself," St. Peter told him. He wandered. After a while, he came to a beautiful grove, and every tree in it had some one chained or tied to it. He asked St. Peter what it meant. St. Peter said, "Oh you mean that Durham bunch! Well, yu see, it's like this: The Durham slogan is 'They always come back.' Every one of those people have been in that town, so of course heaven isn't good enough for them, and they'er bound to go back. So

of course we just naturally have to keep them tied up, to keep them here." What do you think of that?

— — —

This thing of thinking has puzzled me more than the daily cross-word puzzles, since a man told me that about five per cent of civilized human beings think; twenty per cent think they think; and seventy-five per cent do not think at all. I have been wondering if I came under the head of the 25-per cent, because I am under the hallucination of thinking that I am thinking. But I may be mistaken. Nobody is infallible. It may be set down this way: The five per cent of independent thinkers are the saving force of humanity; without them we should be in a sorry plight. The twenty per cent mostly think what their favorite newspaper tells them to think; while the seventy-five per cent, so far as any intelligent effort towards the betterment of their own class or world conditions are concerned, merely drift; the best that can be said about them is that, like sheep, they will follow the first bell wether that happens to head the flock.

To think clearly and sanely, to arrive at honest, just, and profitable conclusions, we must first empty our minds of all narrow, extraneous ideas born of prejudice or intolerance, for if persisted in until they crystallize

into a habit of mind, they distort its vision, weaken our solidarity units in progressive movements for the benefit of humanity as a whole.

No. R. Our thoughts cannot help but be influenced by what we hear and what we read, and here is where the powerful influence of what, in these days, is called propaganda, slips in to mold and solidify our attitude of mind toward political and social questions of class and public interest.

It was getting on to the "we small ours" of Thursday night when the telephone rang vigorously, just like a fellow was excited and wanted to get something of his mind right away, when the call was answered, a rather harsh male voice filled the wire to its capacity with, "Tell me what is the vertical word of seventeen letters in Thurday's cross-word puzzle. If I don't find out before I go to sleep I'll have to go asylum." He was given the word, and when asked who it was speaking, replied, "John Doe." I do not find the name of John Doe in the city directory or the telephone directory, so I verily believe he must be trying to fool somebody, and is not as near going to an asylum as he thought he was. This is one instance when the accommodating Herald reporter got the "Doe" for serving the public.

**A Baltimore man has erected a monument to Adam. Perhaps believes he deserves the honor for belonging to one of the first families.—
Louisville Courier-Journal.**

DARE COUNTY - SCENE OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By Ben Dixon McNeill.

"They like to come here," A. W. Drinkwater, operator of the government telegraph office at Manteo, explained to Van Ness Harwood, then a staff correspondent of the New York World and now a grower of figs at Manteo, "because we let them alone. We don't bother them. They don't favor publicity much. They are nice people, but they don't favor publicity, and we let them alone."

It was a long speech for Mr. Drinkwater, but he could hardly have summed up the philosophy of Dare county with fewer words. Nor could a book full of words have conveyed a more comprehensive delineation of the people of the county. They find good in people; they are helpful to them; and they never bother them with busy and helpfully-intended proffers of suggestion.

Which probably explains why so many notable things have happened for the first time in Dare county, and among all the counties in the State there is none that can begin to compare with it. From the beginning of things in North America, on down to those present times, whenever any notable event was about to take place, somehow Dare county got itself determined upon as the scene of its happening.

It was the scene of the first attempt at colonization by the English in North America.

It was the scene of the birth of

the first white child in North America.

It was the scene of the first sustained flight of an airplane in the world.

It was the scene of the first successful experiments with the radio broadcasting.

Perhaps there are others and equally important first things that happened in Dare county, but these are enough for purposes of demonstration of the fact that Dare county is peculiarly adapted to the uses of experimenters. Dare county lets them alone, leaves them to their devices, helping when help is asked, but otherwise effacing itself while history is being made.

Nor does it content itself entirely with imported first things. Now and then it determines upon doing something first itself. As for instance when it determined to make Miss Mabel Evans the first woman county superintendent of public schools in the State. This was six years ago, and although other counties have since followed Dare's example, they have been less steadfast. Miss Evans is still superintendent and has brought about some first things of her own. But that is a story in itself.

Even Indians Friendly

It is an attitude of life that appears to be indigenous to the island and the banks that stand guard between the sounds and the pounding winds of the Atlantic. Even in so remote a time as the 1580's, when

the first of the English slipped through some long closed inlet, the Indians they found there were the same sort of folks as the Dare county folks now are. They didn't bother the colonists. They were friendly and helpful—so long as they were able to be in the face of the barbarities of the English.

And centuries later, when the Wrights came down from Ohio to experiment with something they hoped would fly, the Dare county folks were friendly and unobstrusive. When Fessenden and others came down with the intent to send telephone messages without wires, Dare did not call them idiots, as must have happened had they come to Wake county, or almost any other county in the State. Now when Miss Evans became county superintendent did anybody who got himself into the record cry out what it was a vain and foolish thing.

Old timers among the newspaper men who came down to observe these first things happen—there were none at the founding of the colony, nor was the advent of Virginia Dare chronicled in the society columns of that remote day—looking back over a quarter of a century are still puzzled, and not a little bewildered at Dare county, and the equanimity with which it observes the unfolding of experiments that have reshaped the lives of people in all lands and on all seas.

Battalions of them who came down with their noses into the wind in 1903, moved by unbelievable rumors that some men by the name of Wright had brought down a contrivance that was expected to fly

under its own power, still ponder the friendly reticence of Drinkwater when he told them that the Wrights were nice people and not favored to publicity. Dare county didn't bother itself particularly about whether the Wrights were going to fly, but it did respect their desire for solitude for their experiment.

A Self Possessed County

And when the flimsy craft did lift itself of Kill Devil Hill and flutter across the orange sands of the beach, there was no surprise among the men of Dare who were permitted to watch it, and who had lent friendly hands when hands were needed. Dare county is self possessed. For three hundred years it banks and sounds. It is used to seeing the unbelievable happen and has watched the world from its it is never astonished thereby. Van Ness Harwood was marveling about it a few nights ago. The speel of Manteo had got him and he was back among them to stay.

Roanoke Island is by way of being the hub of this vast county, and from it life radiates. Beyond the shallow waters of the sound are the banks. To the north is Kill Devil Hill, and a little to the southward is Nags Head. And then the Inlet and Chicomicomica and Hatteras, with every mile of it thickly peopled with legend from Theodosia Burr to the killing of the devil on a stormy night behind the 300-foot hill whose name commemorates the event.

The Island itself is 10 miles long and three miles wide. Manteo is set upon a little harbor that thrusts in

through the marsh grass at the northeast. Across six miles of sound is Nags Head, for a century the summer playground of north-eastern North Carolina and for a quarter of a century the mecca of a discriminating class of people from other sections of the State, where shoes are forbidden in summer.

Cutting the island in half is a ten-mile section of State highway, reaching from the site of old Fort Raleigh, from which the Lost Colony disappeared, southward through Manteo and to Wanchese on the southern tip of the Island. It is the only piece of State road on the island, and 25 miles of water separate it from any other road. There are two or three dozen automobiles on the Island, with ten miles of road and the streets of Manteo among them.

Up there at the old fort and just beyond it, where the hopes of Sir Walter Raleigh withered and were gone, where the mystery of American history had its tragic beginnings, is the site of the solution of a scientific mystery that is beginning to revolutionize life. Within sight of the old fort are the tumbling buildings where the first radio message was received from the station at Hatteras when the government was experimenting with the invention that was later acquired by Marconi.

Where Mountains Move

Across the sounds and within plain view from the fort is Kill Devil Hill, from which the Wrights flew 21 years ago. The road runs down the length of the Island through scrubby lands, menaced by

dunes that come nearer and nearer the threat of the marching sand down from the Atlantic across Kill Devil and the open sound.

There is something to inspire awe in the implacable solidity of these moving mountains that stand stark and yellow above the pine forests. Behind them are the bones of thousands of trees engulfed in years past, and before them virgin forests that will presently be swallowed up. There are pitiful trees with their heads torn and distorted, with only their tips struggling above the tide of sand a hundred feet high. By now they must have gone down to drowning in the sand.

Down there these sand dunes, cast against the low background of the island and the waters, seem immensely high, and relentlessly powerful, like mountains marching slowly across the plain, unhindered by the dread that runs before them. They tower above the tall pine trees, with the sun glistening on their crests, and march and march and march toward the inland sea that lies beyond the island. Behind them there is desolation.

But Manteo is remote from this threat, peaceful and content beside its little harbor, where the fishermen mend their nets and the mail boats come and go. It is the metropolis of the sound country, the capital, the clearing house for all its activities, and the point of concentration of the strange things that come and go up and down the waters. It is the most unique county seat in North Carolina, with a people whose faces are turned always upward toward the sun.

Remote and inaccessible, perhaps, but withal having a cosmopolitan air. Sleek yachts coming and going from New York to Florida put in there always. Great air cruisers sweeping up and down the coast, circle the harbor and drop down to smooth anchor. Hard by are the ancient fishing shacks, little sailing vessels, and every sort of craft that plies the water. Parked on the wharf in sight of these ships of the air, these yachts, these fishing vessels there may be a fine sedan and hard by it an ox cart. Only a grunting locomotive seems to be lacking from the scene to make it wholly representative of the ways men have devised for their own movements.

Sometimes a foolish traveler will approach a citizen with patronizing manner. He isn't rebuffed. He isn't patronized or laughed at in turn. It isn't the way of Dare county. They are a courteous people, and they have traveled widely. There are perhaps more college graduates there, more men who have traveled around the world and come back unspoiled than in any town in the State. You can't show off before them, because you have nothing to show off. Mantoo is at the door of the Atlantic, and her sons have the blood of adventurers in them.

And the most delightful thing to be discovered about the people is that they have not lost the art of con-

versation. They are not gossips in the unworthy sense, but by-word-of-mouth is still the means of communication and the transmission of intelligence among them. They talk. They have brought down their traditions with them from generation to generation, and each succeeding age has added to the store of tales that men tell among them.

Aaron Burr's Daughter

Romance is not dead there. You can still get a vivid account of the sad end of Aaron Burr's daughter, or the tale of where Nags Head got its name, or the killing of the Devil on a dark night and the name of the hill for him, and of countless adventures when the Atlantic had tossed its toll upon the beach along the banks, or of countless other legends and traditions that have come down through the centuries.

And strangers are not tolerated among them. They do not ambush and shoot them as is reported in certain remote places in the mountains. They adopt him immediately into the fraternity of Dare county, if he is at all the sort of people they like to have among them. And usually the stranger comes back. They can tell you funny little stories of the times Edison has been there among them, and of hordes of other people that you might think when wholly unknown among them.

It seems that a resort hotel was robbed and the guests, instead of expressing sympathy, only laughed.—Greensboro News.

THE TWO WEBBS.

By Renn Drum.

Down on South Washington street in Shelby, one of the most beautiful and historic streets in Western Carolina, are two homes side by side. By the window of one on week-ends a passer-by may see the towering and stately form of Western North Carolina's veteran jurist, the erect shoulders not yet showing the weight of 71 winters and summers. Perhaps the gaze of the twinkling eyes out of the window is recalling, or looking back over 32 years spent in the courts of North Carolina. For just exactly 32 years has Judge James L. Webb been solicitor and judge in the Superior court of North Carolina and throughout the 32 years he has never known Democratic opposition.

The window looks out upon the adjoining house, where there lives the "kid brother," and on week-ends the two chum together. The "kid-brother," now slightly beyond the half century mark, has been United States District Judge for five years in Western Carolina. Prior to that time he was known to America—and because of the times to the world—as the closest friend in the War Congress to Woodrow Wilson; 17 years on the floor of Congress, eight of which were devoted to leading the fights for the Wilson measures. The eight years saw him the most frequent guest of all the members of Congress at the White House, and the prime factor in the bitter yet successful fight for the Ship Bill. Judge E. Yates Webb was one of the few who were always admitted to the closest parleys of the Wilson ad-

ministration.

Remembers Struggles.

Brothers and next door neighbors and distinguished over state nation, yet old Shelby remembers them as two struggling young lawyers, partners. The many stories of their rise the elder residents tell are unique, interesting, yet none so interesting as the men themselves.

"A ship sails east, a ship sails west;
By the self same wind that blows—
For it's not the gale, it's the set of
the sail

That determines the way she goes!"

Up in the mountains of Rutherford county in the fifties there lived a pioneer Baptist minister, Rev. George Milton Webb. That in their youth he had dreams of both sons becoming ministers is a part of the interesting story of their life; that he was very desirous of having the younger son become a preacher is a known fact. However, from early boyhood and through the struggles that were part of life for a pioneer preacher's family there arose a longing to be a lawyer, a craving for the courtroom. One owing to his prominence in athletics while in college almost became a professional athlete, but otherwise it was the set of the sail that brought two boys from the same home to prominence on the bench.

The official lives of the two brothers—Judge James L. and Judge Yates to Shelby people—cover many State and National offices. One has been mayor of Shelby, State senator,

postoffice inspector, solicitor and Superior court judge. The other's official life runs from chairman of the county executive committee to state senator, keynote speaker at the nomination of the immortal Aycock, Congress and the Federal bench.

Hung Around Court Rooms

In his boyhood Judge Jim frequently left the others at play and passed many hours, lounging about the court room, listening to the disposition of cases and what interested him most of all, the speeches of the lawyers. So his life was moulded and at the completion of his education he returned to his hill country and his first law office was a corner in the study of Shelby's Baptist pastor. As the years passed the practice grew and a private office was secured.

During the time however the "kid brother" was building for a goal educating himself for a lawyer. Earlier perhaps in life than the older brother he also decided to be a lawyer and early Cleveland county court scenes are not complete without the youngsters up near the front drinking in every spoken word. The set of the sail was the same and after a big athletic career at Wake Forest Judge Yates Webb came home and was taken in the law office of the big brother—and the original law office, Webb & Webb is also a rare bit of Shelby history. There for a year or so the junior partner became an expert on the town's first typewriter, while the big brother was the talker in court. In 1893 the senior partner was appointed solicitor by Governor Carr, succeeding Frank Osborne, and at that

date the "kid brother" stepped out.

In the present day of such legal lights as Hoey and Gardner, debates wax warm in the county court house, but the old times tell of hotter times and real tooth-to-nail arguments that took place in the old Cleveland court building, when the young solicitor and his younger brother faced each other on a case. With the desire to show no partiality Solicitor Webb fought Attorney Webb harder than any other member of the profession. The young attorney knew it and the case transformed itself into a battle between two brothers rather than the presentation of the merits in the case.

Asked if he had his elder brother ever mixed with their fists when boys, Judge Yates Webb remarked:

"Not as I recall, perhaps it's too far back, but when he was solicitor and I was practicing we sure had some hot times in the old court house. And a naged resident listening in over in the corner chimed in: "I so, u-h-!"

It is just another coincidence in the lives of the two brothers that Aycock, who was nominated for governor by the younger brother in a keynote speech that is recalled over the State yet, appointed the elder brother to the Superior Court bench. And in his twenty years of service dealing with the trials and flaws of mankind Judge James L. Webb has a record known to few jurists. In western sections of the State Judge Jim means as much to "court week" as do the court houses themselves. Twenty years in dealing out punishment, advice, and to thousands "another chance" has brought against

him a Democratic opponent, as for twelve years he was solicitor without opposition.

Knows Many Counties

More than three decades of passing from court to court over the section covered by Cabarrus, Mecklenburg, Rutherford, Cleveland, Gaston, Polk, Stanly, Lincoln and Catawba counties has made of the section to him an office. A historian seeking data and an outline of progress that has been made in the section represented by the counties could find no better source of information. Charlotte, when Judge James L. Webb first appeared in court there boasted of near ten thousand inhabitants, the big textile center at Gastonia had never been visioned and the county seat of Gaston was a Dallas. The long journeys from court to court were made horseback or in a buggy and many of the journeys covered days. Now the veteran jurist can make any of his courts in a few hours by train or automobile and is enabled to spend most of his week-ends at home.

Queried as to the most remarkable bit of progress that he has noted during the three decades Judge Webb mused through the airplane, automobile and many things common to the present day but unknown in his a twinkle that is familiar to thourcary life. Finally his eyes twinkled sands in the court rooms of North Carolina, and replied:

"The typewriter! Yes, the old Munson."

The reminiscence brought forth some history. The copying, indexing and opinoins in days of old were tediously written in long hand and

the first typewriter that Shelby and the entire section knew was in the law office of Webb & Webb. Doing the junior partner Judge Yates Webb was the manipulator of the old machine and the early training is evident as yet when the Federal jurist strikes a rush, and he has been in one for months, and decides to do a little bit of the typing himself. But it is Judge Jim that recalls the machine with the most pleasure—"And the typewriter is typical of the progress the state has made. Perhaps you of the younger day might understand that I mean the state has made wonderful progress if you just had been a lawyer prior to the coming of the typewriter," he says.

Wilson, Aycock and Walter Johnson.

Perhaps if Judge Yates Webb, the dread of G. O. P. Congressmen for 17 years, should name three of his most outstanding friends they would be Woodrow Wilson, his best; Charles B. Aycock and Walter Johnson, the hero of baseball. Characteristics of the three taken together might make the ideal of the Baptist preacher's son who rose to national and international prominence. Two North Carolinians were close to the great Wilson during his two administrations—Josephus Daniels and Yates Webb. Daniels has written his "Life of Wilson" and where there are parts missing, if there be any, they best could be filled in by the Congressmen Wilson personally appointed Federal Judge. For it may be said that as chairman of the judiciary committee for five years and as Wilson's leader in Congress none knew the official War President better than the brilliant

Tar Heel. And years of comradeship like the trying years of the Wilson administration make of men friends in the holiest sense of the world.

Saw "Old Master's Triumph"

Perhaps because at one time a brilliant athletic career faced him Judge Yates Webb during his 17 years in Washington became one of Walter Johnson's closest friends. Through the Federal jurist baseball's greatest hero met his wife, the daughter of a Congressman. After being advised by his Congressman friend the "Old Master" asked for, and received, his first raise. When the trains from the South packed with fans of the national pastime last fall rolled into Washington for the World Series, Judge Webb was a passenger.

When the "Old Master" turned loose his all in the opening games, pitched his heart out and lost grieving with him up in the stands was his friend of 17 years. In that final game one of the most thrilling and outstanding bits of diamond history, when "Barney, the Pride of the Capitol," came back none rejoiced more than his Carolina friend doing an undignified dance for a judge as Washington picked up Walter and roared.

The fact that Walter Johnson was a pitcher perhaps started the great friendship between the two. At Wake Forest yet the records of Yates Webb, young 'varsity moundsman, are recalled. For three years he was a member of the 'varsity football and baseball teams of the Baptist institution, playing left tackle on the gridiron and pitching in baseball. During one summer vacation he

made a trip to Gainesville, Ga., and there pitched the Gainesville club to a victory, over Atlanta in one of Georgia's historic old diamond encounters. Offers were received then, but the young student stuck to law and held the set of his sail.

How Much Corn?

Shortly out of school the present jurist tried farming on a small scale and he recounts as one of the proudest moments in his life the time when a big neighboring farmer asked him "how much corn will you make?"

During the six years as partner of his elder brother the young lawyer, just a boy, ran for mayor of Shelby was defeated by a small margin, his only defeat in official life. While State Senator he became famous through his keynote speech when Aycock was nominated, and during the administration of Roosevelt he was elected to Congress. His terms covered four years under Roosevelt, four under Taft and eight under Wilson. When an appointment to the Federal bench became necessary in North Carolina during the end of the Wilson administration, there were no delegations to Washington, letters written, recommendations made and "wires pulled." The great War President knew the man of the job and named him—a personal appointment in the fullest sense of the term a tribute to the man who had fought his cause in Congress through eight hard years. That no better appointment could have been made is the testimony of those who have come in contact with the United States courts in Western North Carolina. Today in Western North Carolina Judge Yates Webb handles more cases

than are disposed of in any one Southern State Ranking as one of North Carolina's brilliant men and one of the outstanding Carolinians of his day there are few in the State better known or admired more, and the admiration and love of his home town people is greater still.

Out of One Home

That out of the home of a mountain preacher there came two such men is remarkable. That the grand-

sons of the minister who established the First Baptist church in Shelby are two of the state's leading citizens and are today, and have been for 15 years living side by side although prominent in official life is just as rare. But the "set of the sail" and the way it was held is the foundation of the story—of all the proud stories Shelby people tell of the two jurists who live side by side on South Washington Street.

LAW ENFORCEMENT.

(Monroe Journal.)

We hear a good deal about law enforcement. It is well. There will always be a considerable number of people who must be disciplined by the law. But in the final outcome in this country the only law enforcement that will maintain society will be the self-discipline of men and women and the teaching of the children that self-restraint, and not outward restraint, is the developing force of character and real lawfulness.

There is an old citizen of Union county who has reared a large number of sons. All through the years of their boyhood and youth he frequently said to them, "Boys, there has never been, so far as I can learn, a person of our name who was ever served with a warrant of any kind. We must keep up that good name." And the boys have done so and are doubtless teaching their children the same thing.

There used to be some parents who said to their children on starting them to school: "You are to obey the rules and mind the teacher. If you don't do it and the teacher has to whip you, you may count on getting another one when you get home." That might be considered rather rigorous, and perhaps was, but it taught a good lesson. Such children were more likely to grow into law-abiding citizens than the children of the family who always planted the seed of insubordination and lawlessness in the minds of their children by encouraging them to nag the teacher and upheld them in every little difficulty, right or wrong, important or trivial.

People, law enforcement works from within.

HOW THINGS LOOK.

By R. F. Beasley.

I have been coming down a good many years along with lots of other people who just have a liking for such things, to take a peep at the legislature and help save the State a little. As usual I am unable to report any progress. Hanged if I can save the State and I have been working at it a good long time. I have seen so many fellows who wanted to save the State and honestly thought they could do it if they could just come to the legislature, or go to congress, or be elected as county commissioner, or city alderman. Of course there are lots of folks who will say frankly that they just want it "for the honor," and sometimes some are so indiscreet as to say they want it for the salary. These are rare. The rule is that office is sought in order to put the candidate in a position to save the State. And so many honestly think that they can, and will, do wonders. But they all get caught in the whirl and bang of the machine. They have their day and go out and still the State is not saved.

A King of France once said contemptuously, "The state, bah, I am the State." But he found that he was mistaken. When the deluge struck him he was nothing but a memory. Over in England about the same time their leaders and writers were defending the state as the people—not the king, not parliament, not the land or the city or the rivers and the hills—but the living mass of people. And so it has turned out

under the working of free government. More than ever today the state is the people. We talk about reforming this and reforming that and saving the State. The organization of government is composed of men which form a pretty good cross section out of the population. These men act and react about as you would expect them to act in accordance with their atmosphere. So the State cannot be saved unless the people who are the State are saved.

So, like many others, I come down and look about and have my say, and meet old friends—and pay my own expenses—belonging to that class which somebody called "visiting Statesmen."

What Is Taking Place.

When I first began helping to save the State I thought it was a nice easy job that any patriotic and fairly intelligent man could do easily. I have found out my mistake. Some people never find it out and these are they who constantly think that if they could only get this law or that law passed the thing would be done. You can't save the State until the State gets interested in saving itself, and acquires enough intelligence and unselfishness to act together for the best interest of all instead of every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Will the State ever get that way? I doubt it, hence I am prepared to see the State go unsaved for the balance of my lifetime, and a long time afterward. But am I hopeless?

Not a bit of it. In truth I think the State is better than it ever has been and is getting better. But here is what is happening. The organization and the machine which we call government—local, State, national—is getting so big, so ramified and diversified, with so many arms and legs and noses and eyes and ears reaching out in every direction, that it is becoming a huge barrier apart, aside, above and over, the balance of the State—the mass of the people. The machine is becoming to have interests and aspiration and purposes of its own. The average man in daily losing his power to influence it. Mere mass of government is smothering the individual and he is losing his liberty unconsciously, and sacrificing it to a Moloch which is itself unconscious and purposeless. Mr. Shelby invented a character who undertook to make a life, breathing, man, to create

life. He got the huge thing ready, breathed life into it, and then found that it was a frightful monster that he could neither control or kill. It was his master. That is what is happening with our government. Will have built them for good and useful purposes merely as our servants. They have become so vast that they are becoming our masters and we can no longer control them. Not that the men who are a part of them conspire to this purpose, but that the machine has gotten so big that we can't help it. What is the end to be? Every man who wants a new law, a new office, or a new thing done, is adding his part to the huge machine. Yet how can we help it? There is the question for philosophers. Statesmen cannot handle it, because statesmen are concerned in running the machine, not in studying it.

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at desk or loom,
 In roaring market place or tranquil room;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 "This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
 Of all who live, I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
 To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
 Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
 And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
 At eventide, to play and love and rest,
 Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry van Dyke.

WHY READ THE BIBLE.

We reprint here a chapter on the Bible from a recent book entitled, "A Layman's Confession of Faith," by Mr. P. Whitwell Wilson, published by the Revell Co.

About the Bible, there is this advantage that whether we go to church or not, we can carry it with us everywhere and make it our constant companion. If, then, we neglect the Bible, the responsibility for so doing is entirely our own. That the Bible is so neglected cannot be denied. Most of us are too busy with other matters to find time to read the Bible, and we are content, therefore, with the verses which the minister still includes in "the preliminaries," as they are called, of public worship. What has alienated us from the Bible is not an intellectual difficulty over its contents, but the paramount claim of the automobile, the country club, and the making of money to pay for these things.

We are content, therefore, with an easier literature, and are much relieved in our minds when learned or pretentious persons tell us that the Bible has ceased to be trustworthy, is full of errors, and may now be discarded. That comforting theory sets us free for golf on Sunday; and as we tramp around the links, we thoroughly approve of the latest scholarship. We need not learn the Bible any longer for ourselves, and we need not teach the Bible any longer to others. It is a most happy release from reverence to God and service to man. And the sequel for society—for the nation—for mankind? One wonders!

It is possible that, in this mood, we underestimate the Bible. Far be it from me to deal hastily with anyone who is troubled with doubts; but life is really too short for time to be wasted on what the Psalmist calls "the fool" who cannot or will not admit that the Bible is unique. That the Bible stands alone among books, is common ground with everybody who is anybody; and it is merely in passing, therefore, that one mentions one or two illustrative facts.

A hundred and fifty years ago, there was the French Revolution and an outburst of Rationalism. Immediately there arose, for the first time, the Bible Societies, which translated this obsolete volume into every language, whether written or unwritten, on the fact of the earth; and momentous have been the results. In India and the East, the Bible is more read than any other book ever has been or ever will be; China alone has absorbed ninety million copies. Gandhi, the mystic, and Sun-Yat-sen, the statesman, are both of them readers of the Bible. In earlier days, there may have been a time when, in English-speaking countries, a ruler could afford to be ignorant of the Bible; but with the progress of enlightenment, the Bible has become an essential, at any rate, in the English-speaking world. All recent Prime Ministers in Britain—Gladstone, Rosebery, Salisbury, Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, and Baldwin—have been men of the Bible; and every recent American President—McKinley, Taft, Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge—

has taken good care to be acquainted with the volume on which he swears his loyalty to the United States. When H. G. Wells proposes to compile a new Bible, a popular magazine manages to market the idea for precisely one month; but, during that very month, the circulation of the old Bible exceeds that of the popular magazine. Then we have Conan Doyle suggesting a Bible without the Old Testament—which idea also lasts for one month, only to be followed by De Mille's great film, "The Ten Commandments."

And when some one organizes a debate on the inspiration of the Bible, the newspapers report it and the radio broadcasts it as fully as the most sensational of international prize fights.

In every generation there are similar evidences to the ineradicable fascination of the Bible. Scholars slay the Book, but it rises from the dead. And from all this it follows that the question to be answered on the Bible is essentially the same question that we must answer on Christ. Beyond dispute, he was the best Man, and beyond dispute, this is the best Book. Then, was the best Man, and is the best Book merely human or also divine? Is the Bible and is the Christ to be accepted as the Word of God? Was the Man God incarnate? Was the Book divinely inspired? That, in plain terms, is the issue.

To this question on the Bible, three answers have been given; First, there are those who value the Bible as a supreme literature, inspired by genius as other great literature is inspired; and that is so far, so good. Secondly, there are those who find the

Bible to be more than other literature, however noble it be, and declare that the Bible contains the Word of God. And that goes further and is better. Thirdly, and my own belief is, that the Bible, consisting of sixty-six books written during fifteen centuries or more, and moulded and selected by the inspired piety of fifty generations of worshipful people, is now to be trusted, for life here and hereafter, as wholly and in all its parts, the revelation of God to man, of man to himself, and of the universe to us who dwell within it. It was in that belief that they to whom I owe my being lived and died, leaving an example of faith and duty which I find to be indeed rare; and I have proved that belief myself by seeking in vain for any passage in the Bible which fails to yield an abundant harvest in mental stimulus, moral encouragement or spiritual satisfaction, for whatever time and thought I may have devoted to it.

The difficulties in the Bible, as they are called, fall under three heads: First: the miracles; secondly: the mistakes; thirdly: the lapses in ethics. For the man who regards the Bible merely as literature, none of these offer any perplexity, because he takes the Bible no more seriously than he takes his Homer or his Shakespeare. For the man who says that the Bible contains the Word of God, the difficulties are, again, simplified, because whenever he encounters one, he can say that the passage in question is not part of God's Word to him. If, then, you wish to skim the surface of life instead of soaring to its heights and peering into its depths, you can adopt a theory of the

Bible which will ennoble much of the Scripture without troubling about the rest. Indeed, it is an abundant banquet that this Book provides; and no one, living or dead, has yet exhausted that illimitable and varied "bread of life." Even for him who wishes to run as he reads, there is offered a choice of food. The fact that somebody announces a mistake in ethics in Exodus does not affect the Twenty-third Psalm. And the fate of the Gadarene swine need not cancel the Sermon on the Mount. The Bible is like a tree which grew with the centuries, reaching forth its branches to greet God's sun. Pick the fruit, then, which is nearest to hand. And, for the moment, do not worry about that which seems to be beyond your reach. When you have made that part of the Bible which you can understand and enjoy your own, then it will be time enough to consider the rest.

If, however, I am not myself content with selected passages from the Bible, the reason is, first and foremost, that in this matter I must give due weight to the example of Jesus, who accepted his Bible as a whole. Our Lord lived in an era when the best in Greek and Roman literature was available. And yet his perfect character was nourished entirely on the Old Testament, which was his only library. In the prophecies of Isaiah, he heard the call to his public career. In the law of Moses, he found his defense against the Tempter. In the Book of Jonah, and indeed in Jonah's whale itself, he discovered the sign of his resurrection. And in the Sermon on the Mount, there is not an idea which you may not trace to those ancient

Hebrew Scriptures. When our Lord talked with his friends, he did not enter into bitter argument over the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible. What He said was "Search the Scriptures." "Have ye never read," He would ask, "what David did?" Did they not remember that in the beginning God created them male and female? If only they had known what was read to them on the Sabbath day, they would have understood the Christ. It was not their opinions of the Bible that He condemned, but their ignorance of its pages. And this is the ignorance that confronts us today.

At the University of Cambridge, when I was an undergraduate, a number of us met every week to read the Bible itself. All forms of faith and of doubt and of denial, then current, were to be found in this little company; but whether we accepted or criticized or rejected the Gospel of St. John, we did at least know what it contained. We concealed neither our dogmas nor our heresies. And an open Bible, openly discussed, was thus a part of what has been called a liberal education. At Toynbee Hall, in East London, I have spent many an evening around the fireside, talking over the problems of life with men drawn from Eastern Europe and elsewhere, whose knowledge of English was imperfect and, in every such discussion, it made all the difference that I was able to quote the Bible. For twenty years in England, my Sundays were devoted to teaching or addressing audiences of working men—for the most part, actual trade-unionists—and, again, what I gave them was simply the

Bible. Anyone who masters any part of the Bible for himself has something of value to share with others.

ST. AUGUSTINE, THE ANCIENT CITY.

By Antonia J. Stemple

The early history of our great and wonderful country has many interesting phases and many different peoples had a hand in its making. The adventurous Ponce de Leon was a romantic figure of whom we know somewhat, but who seems, at times, more like a legendary character than a real personage. But the doughty de Leon, who wanted to remain forever young, assumes a real individuality, and his fellow Spaniards and those who followed him, seem like real flesh and blood personages after one has once walked the streets of ancient, lovely, historic St. Augustine, Florida, which Ponce de Leon discovered 400 years ago.

St. Augustine is the oldest town or city in the United States, and the oldest European settlement on the mainland of North America. It is altogether different from any other place in the country, and the trail of the Spaniard is over it all. Ponce de Leon, while searching for the fabled Fountain of Youth, discovered Florida in 1513, and landed on the site of what is now St. Augustine. He discovered, too, what he supposed was the miraculous fountain, and it is still shown to this day. The new settlement did not flourish at first, and it was not till August 28, 1565, that St. Augustine was permanently settled by Pedro Menendez, who landed on St. Augustine's day, hence the name of the place.

St. Augustine retains numerous traces of the Spaniards, who kept possession of Florida until 1763, when it was ceded to the English by Spain. Later it was given back to Spain, and not till July 12, 1821, did it pass into the possession of the United States. So Florida and St. Augustine have the distinction of having been under three flags: that of Spain, the flag of the discoverer and conquerors; of England, and then came the Stars and Stripes, which have been waving there since 1821, and will so continue to wave.

The streets of St. Augustine bear Spanish names, such as Valencia, Cordova, San Sebastian, Hipolyta, and the like. The city was enclosed by a strong wall, as a defense against invasion, and parts of this wall and of the old city gates are still standing, and are a distinctive feature of the ancient city. These walls, and the older houses in the place, are built of coquina, and have great interest.

Conquina is a kind of natural cement formed of sand and innumerable tiny sea shells, and occasionally a few larger ones, which in the process of time has become a sort of stone and is dug out of the ground, at some points in Florida. When first unearthed, it is quite soft and may be readily cut and carved. But it hardens by exposure to the air, and is very durable. It looks something

like a rough cement. The little shells of which it is composed, are readily discernible.

The streets of the old town are exceedingly narrow and lined with quaint old houses, many of them built of coquina, and with overhanging balconies. St. George's street is especially narrow, and is the oldest business thoroughfare in America, dating back to early in the seventeenth, extending in a straight line from the Plaza to the old city wall. In going through it, one seems to be carried back through the years, despite the many modern shops which neighbor with the ancient buildings. Charlotte Street is also of much interest and fascination. Here are numerous old houses, including what are supposed to be some of the oldest wooden houses in the United States. The oldest house in the country is preserved as a historical museum. This is a very interesting old structure, and has a beautiful garden with statuary, a large variety of shrubs and trees, and the remains of an old Spanish oven and chimney. It's a garden to dream and linger in. Nearby are the remains of an old Spanish convent, now used as a barracks for soldiers. There is no end to the interesting and historical sites in St. Augustine, and the old town, with walls about many of the picturesque houses, and tantalizing glimpses of the gardens, filled with every variety of semi-tropical flowers and trees, add to the charm.

But the old Plaza, the heart and soul of St. Augustine, is probably the most interesting place in the city. The Plaza, or Place of the Constitution, was in the days of the Spanish occupancy, the scene of all the public

gatherings held and where the governor's proclamations were promulgated. In the days of the British it was used as a drill and parade ground. Now it is a very beautiful garden-like little park. In its stands an old, severely plain monument, with an elaborate and flowery inscription in Spanish, giving a history of the Plaza. There is also a Confederate monument, as well as several others, and the so called public or slave market, a covered, many-pillared building once used as a market, but popularly supposed to have been the place where slaves were sold. Near here is the oldest post office in the country, an imposing stone building, once the mansion of the Spanish governor. It is a queer post office, none too well adapted for the extensive postal business of the present day, but it is a historic, architecturally noble and interesting structure, fitting to be located in the oldest section of the oldest city in the United States.

On one side of the Plaza is the old cathedral, of Moorish style of architecture, with several old bells in the tower, and a large sundial over one entrance. King Streets flanks the other side of the Plaza, and here are located the finest shops in the city, and some of the many fine and palatial hotels. The Plaza and the adjacent streets have a charm of which one never tires, and the more one sees of them the more is one captivated.

Old Fort Marion is a splendidly preserved survival of the Spanish regime. It is a very good example of a mediæval fortress, and every foot enclosed within its massive grey walls is full of interest. Built of coquina by the Spaniards, away back in the

early days, it was many years in building, and has many underground dungeons, winding passages, and various historic chambers, also a wide moat. One dungeon with a tiny barred window about 16 feet from the stone floor, is pointed out as the one from which a certain famous prisoner managed to make his escape in a dramatic manner. The massive iron-barred cell doors, the courtyard, the portcullis with the Spanish coat of arms and inscription over the main entrance, and the hot shot oven,—all these things are of vast interest to every visitor. An entrancing view over the water and into the town may be obtained from the port holes of each of the four watch towers, and nobody has seen St. Augustine who has not made at least one visit to wonderful and historic and ancient Fort Marion.

The ancient city in its modern section is exceedingly beautiful. It has lovely residences, and homes, and wide avenues and streets bordered with immense trees draped with Spanish moss. The grounds of all the public and private buildings are

lovely in the extreme, and flowers, palms, and other tropical trees and shrubs are everywhere. The hotels are in themselves worth going south to see. They are beautiful architectural, and of a type to harmonize with the traditions, the origin, and the ancient atmosphere and buildings of the city.

St. Augustine has a individuality. It has all the charm and attractions of the finest city of the southland plus its unique history, and relics of a romantic age and of another race, no longer dominant in this hemisphere. If one could only see one city in Florida, St. Augustine should be that one.

St. Augustine has many beautiful churches. The old cathedral has the greatest interest, and the Flagler Memorial Church, built by Henry M. Flagler, the railroad magnate, who built up the east coast of Florida, is a gem. It was rarely beautiful, and built of many colored marbles. Thus do the old and the new make for its rare individuality, alluring atmosphere and charm.

EDUCATED CRIMINALS.

(The Lutheran)

In the prison of Sacramento, California, there are criminals who are graduates of more than a dozen universities, from Notre Dame and Stanford of that State eastward (including Nevada, Nebraska, Northwestern, Wisconsin and Harvard) across the seas (including London, Glasgow, Melbourne (Australia,) Amsterdam, Moscow, Canton (China,) Waseda

Japan.) Evidently the value of an education depends very much upon the character of the man who gets it. The newly elected warden of the prison is nothing if not progressive. He is contemplating the organization of a prison high school with some of these highly educated criminals as teachers! No doubt such a scheme, if carried out, might make

prison life less monotonous and more bearable. It would undoubtedly tend to get minds that are idle, and thoughts and acts that are evil, to be more healthfully employed. Others are advocating giving the convicts cells that have windows to let the sunlight stream in, and motion pictures to entertain them, and thus make prison life more congenial.

The new method of dealing with criminals is in striking contrast with the old. The old was often brutal in the extreme and proceeded on the principle that a criminal must be made to reap what he sows. It had more respect for the law of retribution than the more modern merciful and reformatory method of administering justice. Parole, the indeterminate sentence, and efforts to rescue from a life of crime those guilty of a first offense (committed perhaps under extenuating circumstances, or under varying degrees of irresponsibility,) are beginning to figure quite largely in the treatment of criminals. Crime is of the nature of a disease and there is need in many cases of therapeutical treatment such as the new method contemplates. No sentence after a court trial ever gets at the real root of the disease, and it needs to be followed up with a kind of study and treatment that may lead to the reformation of many a criminal. A more rational method of treating criminals is needed.

But care must be taken not to do violence to the law of retribution, and thus rob justice of the respect and honor that are her due. No criminal is a fit subject for reformation (not to speak of redemption which is still more vital) who does

not recognize the justice of his punishment and stand repentant before the law. Prison life must not be made so congenial that persons who commit crimes because they despise honest toil and mean to escape it, may, like two convicts who recently escaped from an eastern prison, prefer to return rather than work for a living. And this suggests one defect in the treatment of criminals. Many, if not most of them, are in prison because they hate honest toil or have proved themselves incompetent and untrustworthy. They want a living without paying the price for it, and so they prefer being parasites and do not hesitate to commit crimes in order to escape earning a living. Thievery and robbery have become a finished art, as the existence of well-organized bands of criminals attest. What such criminals need is to be put to real hard work and made to earn what it costs to apprehend and maintain them and their families, if they have dependents. Whatever may be faulty in the system of convict labor for the benefit of the State, it is a move in the right direction. When one sees gangs of workmen digging and repairing sewers, excavating for subways, building railways and tunnels, etc., thus doing the drudgery which Americans as a rule despise and shun, one cannot escape the query, "Why should criminals in our prisons have an easier life than this army of toilers who do our dirty and yet necessary work that we may live in comfort?" Let us not forget that the best way to reform the criminals is to teach him to work.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

J. J. Jones, Jr.

A number of boys have been picked out for the afternoon band.

The band gave a concert last Sunday afternoon. It was enjoyed by everyone who heard it.

Five hogs were killed last Wednesday, and the boys got sausage last Sunday morning.

Clint Wright has returned to the institution after spending a short time with his people in Statesville.

Harry Stephens, J. J. Jones, Jr., and Samuel McPherson, members of the first, seventh and eighth cottages, were paroled last Tuesday morning. These boys have made very good records.

It was warm last Saturday afternoon so the base ball team practiced and it looks like the school is going to have a real base ball team this year.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson and family, of Charlotte, and Miss Martha Davis, of Harrisburg, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Johnson.

Two incubators which were set three weeks previous, have turned out their hatches of 196 out of 200 eggs. This is considered very good compared with last year's hatching.

The Boger Literary Society held its weekly meeting last Monday evening. The debate for the evening was: "Resolved that the printing office is of more use to the school than the farm force." The debators were: J. J. Jones, James Davis and Charles Crossman on the affirmative side. Donald Pate, Lexie Newnam and Lambert Cavanaugh on the negative side.

Rev. Lawrence Little, of Concord, conducted the services at the school last Sunday. He based his talk upon people that count. He told a few stories about his subject. He told one special story the boys liked very much, he said that one time a great base ball player had a father who was blind. His father would go to the games and hear people talk about his son and how he knocked the ball over the fence. After a while his father died. Two days after his father's death there was to be a game and his manager did not expect him to play. But when the day came for the game the boy came out on the grounds in his base ball togs ready to play. He played harder that day than he ever had. He knocked a few balls over the fence. After the game the manager come up to him and said: "We all thought you were not going to play, on account of loosing your father so recently." Then he asked him why he played so hard, he answered him saying: "It was the first time my father was able to see me play."

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VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1925

No. 13

**“THE FATHER OF HIS
COUNTRY.”**

He lives, ever lives in the hearts of the free,
The wings of his fame spread across the broad
seas;

He lives where the banner of freedom's unfurl-
ed,

The pride of his country, the wealth of the
world.—Alfred Tennyson.

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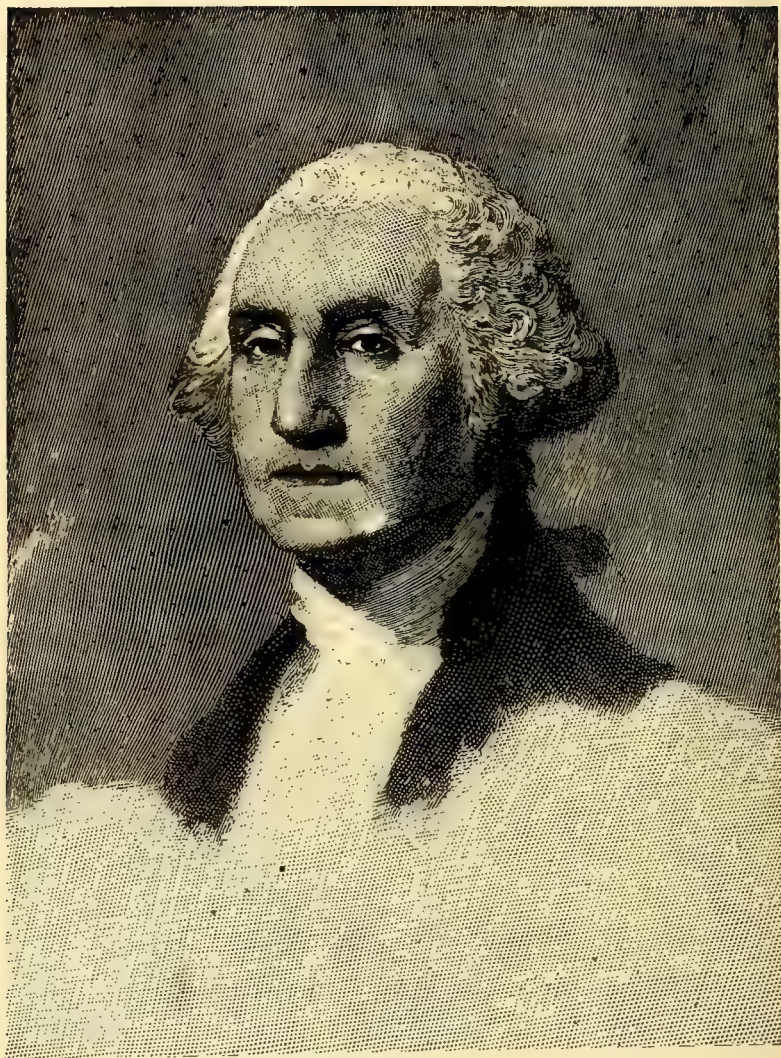
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CHARACTERISTICS OF WASHINGTON.

Punctuality was one of Washington's strong points. When company was invited to dinner he made an allowance of only five minutes for variation in watches. If the guests came late he would say: "We are too punctual for you. I have a cook who does not ask if the company has come, but if the hour has come."

In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I begin my diurnal course with the sun; if my hirelings are not in their places by that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition."

Stuart, the portrait painter, once said to General Lee that Washington had a tremendous temper, but that he had it under wonderful control. While dining with the Washingtons, General Lee repeated the first part of Stuart's remark. Mrs. Washington flushed, and said that Mr. Stuart took a great deal upon himself. Then General Lee said that Mr. Stuart had added that the President had his temper under wonderful control. Washington seemed to be thinking for a moment, then he smiled and said, "Mr. Stuart is right."



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Feb. 22, 1782

Dec. 14, 1799

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

By A. M. Barnes.

In the year of his inaugural as first President of the new American Republic, a great sorrow came to Washington in the death of his mother.

No finer tribute has ever been paid to motherhood than the one credited to a Jewish rabbi: "God could not be everywhere, and so he made mothers." A mother in its highest, truest sense was Mary Ball Washington, the mother of the man who achieved the greatness of being "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Washington was only one of the numerous company of the great men of the world who owed much of what they became to a mother's force of character, her steadfast devotion to life's highest ideals.

Like the Washington of Sulgrave Manor, Mary Ball could trace her ancestry back to "high-born Englishmen." Her forefathers came to America about the same time as did John and Lawrence Washington, the former destined to become the great-grandfather of the future President. Like the Washingtons, too, the Balls soon become people of prominence in the colony. Her father, Joseph Ball, was a prosperous planter of Lancaster County, Virginia.

Historians describe Mary Ball as "a beauty and a belle," not only of the neighborhood, but of the colony. Although extremely popular, however, she was not a belle in the sense that she was a slave to the mandates of fashion nor a devotee at the shrine of frivolity. Even in

these days of early womanhood, when the cup of pleasure could have been drained to its depths, she showed plainly that to her life was "real and earnest," that no portion of it was to be wasted in selfish living. No young woman ever had a higher sense of life's obligations than Mary Ball, nor sought more faithfully to live up to them.

It was while visiting relatives in England that she met Augustine Washington, grandson of John Washington, who, in 1657, had come to America in company with his brother, Lawrence.

At the time Augustine Washington and Mary Ball met in England he was there attending to some matters of business. He was a widower, and the father of Lawrence Washington, through whom in the course of time beautiful Mount Vernon came into the possession of his half-brother, George.

Mary Ball and Augustine Washington were married in England and returned to America to live in the Washington home at Bridges Creek, in Westmoreland County, Virginia. This home, as one who knew it describes it, was "no palatial residence, but a simple home, with sloping roof and dormer windows, such as was the familiar style of architecture of that period." The plantation, however, was of considerable size, consisting of a thousand acres, which "sloped gently toward the Potomac." It was in this home that the future President, the first child of this marriage,

was born February 22 (new style,) 1732.

Unfortunately, this birthplace of our First President was burned. Mrs. Washington herself was the innocent cause of it. In her zeal for neatness and order in her surroundings, she cleaned the yard herself, lacking a servant at the time. Raking the

belonging to the parish church, the sexton of the church acting as teacher. Many things George could not learn at school his mother taught him. It is stated that the "One Hundred Rules for Behavior in Company," that he copied with pains, and "in such a neat hand," in one of his blank books, were those his



JUMEL MANSION

leaves into a pile, she set them on fire. A high wind came up, and before the danger was realized, the burning leaves had been carried to the shingled roof of the house.

After the burning of this home, and when George was just a little more than three years old, his parents removed to an estate on the Rappahannock River, in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. It was here that Washington's first schooldays were spent. It was a plain, old-fashioned school, taught in a small building

mother had written out for him.

When George was nearing his twelfth year his father died, leaving his wife with five small children for whom to care. Accounts agree in stating that, while Mary Ball Washington was a strict disciplinarian in the bringing up of her children, she was also a loving, devoted mother, with a heart of tenderness and sympathy. While seeking to rear them "in the fear and admonition of the Lord," she at the same time never denied them any harmless pleasure

it was in her power to give them.

In the days of Washington's boyhood very much the same customs prevailed in America as in England. Among these customs was that of leaving the landed estate to the eldest son. As George's half-brother, Lawrence, some years older than himself, was to be the head of the family at his father's death, he was sent to England to be educated and to learn all the fine manners appropriate for the landed gentleman he was to become. Thus he grew deeply attached to England. On his return to America he received the appointment of captain in the English army, and his company was one sent with a regiment to wage war against the Spaniards in the West Indies. The young George, inspired by his brother's soldierly spirit, also longed to enter the service of England, though his preference was for the sea. He was just a little past his fourteenth year when his brother Lawrence secured for him a commission in the British navy. Overjoyed, George hastened to tell his mother; but his heart sank when he noticed her expression.

"For one thing, my son," she said to him, "you are too young to leave home. For another, I do not wish you to enter the navy. It is a rough life. Your companions will be godless men."

George was too obedient a son not to yield to his mother's wishes; and one cannot help but wonder what different trend would have been given to certain chapters of American history had Mary Washington yielded her consent to her son's entrance as a midshipman in the British navy.

While the mother of Washington must have had all of a mother's pride and joy in the splendid achievements of her great son, yet it is related of her that she never once openly exulted over his rise to renown, or ever allowed words of congratulation to him personally to pass her lips. Once, when some other distinguished man—some writers state that it was Lafayette—was speaking to her in the highest praise of her son's glorious record in the cause of American independence, she replied, "He has only done his duty."

Even when he had been exalted to the highest position within the gift of his countrymen, and all America was ringing with his name, she still refused to join in the general laudation. This story is related by more than one historian:

Shortly after he had become President, Washington visited his mother at Fredericksburg. As befitted his high position, he traveled in considerable state. A messenger was sent ahead to announce to his mother his coming.

Greeting Mrs. Washington, the messenger said to her, "Madam, I am sent to state to you that His Excellency will shortly be here."

With a little indignant toss of the head, and with a slight frown, the mother of the first President of the United States replied,

"His Excellency, is it? Well, you can tell my son George that his mother is waiting to see him."

He might be everybody else's President, "His Excellency," but to her he was still "my son George."

It is truly unaccountable that, considering the patriotic spirit of Ameri-



WASHINGTON DANCING A MINUET

cans, their reverence for the name of Washington, the grave of the mother of the first President of the United States should have remained so long neglected. For some years there was but a plain stone marking the grave, and this stone had been shamefully defaced by the vandalism of sight-seers, from time to time, who had chipped away pieces of it to be carried away as souvenirs.

Finally, the people of Virginia, feeling that a suitable monument ought to be erected, made effort to secure one. The attention of Congress was called to the matter. At two or three different time bills were introduced seeking to secure an appropriation, but each time failed of passage. For a long period the grave remained un-

marked; then suddenly something very startling happened that brought matters to a head. Not only the people of Fredericksburg, but of the whole State of Virginia, received a shock when they read in their newspapers the statement that the plot of ground containing the grave of Mary Washington was about to be sold at public auction.

This was a clarion call to the people of Virginia, especially to the women of the State. They rose to the occasion by forming the Mary Washington Memorial Association, and set to work at once to secure the money not only for the purchase of the land containing the grave, but also for the erection of a monument.

The monument was completed dur-

ing the presidency of Grover Cleveland, and he went to Fredericksburg to have prominent part in its dedication. It was an occasion on which were gathered not only many of the most distinguished men of Virginia, but of the nation.

Senator Daniels' oration contained this glowing tribute "At her knee she trained to the love and fear of God the lion of that tribe that gave

to America her independence."

It will no doubt be a source of wonder to the reader as to why Washington himself did not erect an appropriate monument to his mother. He expressed his intention of doing so, on more than one occasion, but was importuned to leave that honor for the people of Virginia. He died at the height of the movement for the erection of the monument.



WASHINGTON AT HOME

HAUNTS OF WASHINGTON IN NEW YORK CITY.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

To every American, and the majority of foreigners, for that matter, the name of Washington sounds a note of such deep interest, that the wayfarer in New York might, with pleasure and profit, give himself a Washington day in observing whatever is associated with the first president in the metropolitan city. To carry out this object, one cannot do better, in theory at any rate, than land at the Battery as did Washington when summoned to receive the greatest honor bestowed upon him by his country. To be sure the Battery of today in most of its features little resembles the spot in the latter half of the eighteenth century; but still it is definite Washington territory, and it is likely the wide, far-reaching view of the bay impressed Washington much as it does the twentieth century visitor. But its setting is now vastly different, for in place of the gigantic office buildings facing harborward, stood the residences of New York's fashionable society. Much as one would like to suggest a particular house as entertaining Washington, it is certain that, in this quarter, not a brick of his era remains in place. Neither can better fortune in this respect be hoped until Fraunces' Tavern is reached.

Considering the ravages of fire and real estate speculators it would seem that almost by a miracle has this old hostelry been preserved to us, as the ever memorable scene of

Washington's farewell to his offices on Evacuation Day, 1783, when the last British soldier had departed from New York territory. At that period Fraunces' Tavern was in the New York territory. At that period Fraunces' Tavern was in the heart of the city, which seemed to cling more to the East River than the Hudson. Passing on to Wall Street, a century ago pleasantly lined with shade trees, on the site now occupied by the sub-treasury stood Federal Hall. In front a statue of Washington, in the role of statesman, marks the spot where he took the oath of office as the first president of the United States, and on the pedestal is the stone on which he stood, then forming part of the floor of a balcony. Doubtless with significant intention, we are told, on that occasion he wore a suit of brown cloth with white silk stockings, all of American manufacture. Those not overweighted with the present financial atmosphere of the place, may with the aid of old prints, form a mental picture of the scene and with Washington, attended by both houses of Congress, proceed to St. Paul's, on Broadway. There a solemn Te Deum of gratitude was sung for the happy consummation of the long struggle for freedom.

Like Fraunces' Tavern St. Paul's has remained to our day much as it stood in pre-revolutionary times, being the second of the three

buildings so left in New York City. As thereafter Washington was a regular attendant at St. Paul's his pew may be seen in the north aisle in the side wall, since closed. But previously, it would appear Washington frequently worshiped at St. George's, near Trinity, on a site now occupied by a business block. This calls to mind some pre-revolutionary relics of curious interest which New York has let slip from her grasp. Briefly, while King George yet held sway over the colonies a ship trading out of New York was dismantled in the Gulf of Mexico and compeled to put into a port of Central America to refit with mahogany the spars were found too heavy for the size of the vessel, so they were presented to St. George's and fashioned into a pulpit, reading desk and altar rails. Doubtless, therefore, Washington heard more than one sermon delivered from this pulpit. But when St. George's was dismantled these relics found their way to Christ Church, Manhasset, Long Island, where, it is to be hoped, they still remain.

From St. Paul's a visit may be made to City Hall, where Washington's desk, table, and other personal relics are preserved; and thence to Franklin Square, on one corner of which stood the first executive mansion. A tablet on one of the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge gives this as 1 Cherry Street, so where today the elevated and bridge traffic crash overhead, President and Lady Washington held their reception in courtly fashion. But not even the present surroundings, perhaps, mark

so great a change between our day and his as the termination of such official gatherings punctually at nine o'clock. On this spot one longingly asks if no wall stands to echo the sound of Washington's voice. The best answer to be given is, that while no pre-revolutionary building remains, it may be that parts of such structures of uncertain date, as 26 Cherry Street, existed at Washington's death.

Leaving the region of Franklin Square and passing uptown, one loses, as it were, a direct touch with Washington to note the manner in which the greater city has honored his memory. As part of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's inauguration, a temporary arch was erected spanning Fifth Avenue on the north side of Waverly Place. This attracted so much attention that the decision was reached to perpetuate it in white marble, by public subscription on the present site in Washington Square directly facing Fifth Avenue. The arch rises seventy-seven feet, and the group of figures designed on it, is a noble witness of the worth of America's first president. On the north panel is the following inscription from Washington's address:

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The Event is in the Hands of God."

Proceeding to Union Square you will find a equestrian statue of Washington erected by the city, which admirably represents him as one of the greatest military commanders of all time. Another statue of Washington, subscribed for by the children of the public schools, stands in

Riverside Drive near Eighty-eighth Street, and is a reduced replica of the Hudson statue at Richmond, Va. A fourth statue of Washington greeting Lafayette, is to be seen at the junction of Manhattan and Morning-side Avenues bearing the signature of Bartholdi as sculptor. In the position of this statue there is much appropriateness, for near by Washington won the victory of Harlem Heights over the royal troops on September 16, 1776. This event is further commemorated by a bronze

tablet and bas-relief set in the halls of Columbia University by the Sons of the Revolution. To complete the Washington tour there remains the Jumel Mansion, the third and last pre-revolutionary building standing in the city, and concerning which many pages of "historical fiction" have been written. This house for a brief period was Washington's headquarters. It is now a museum, and is the property of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

AN OUTRAGE.

When Washington was young and slim,
 And went to school and worked with vim,
 It must have been extraordinary
 To study straight through February.
 I feel quite sorry, now, for him.

Perhaps there was a birthday cake
 With lighted candles, for his sake,
 But still, according to the rule,
 He and the rest were sent to school.
 I think it was a big mistake.

Oh, well! you see, they couldn't know,
 (And maybe it was better so)
 That such a little fellow'd be
 The father of his country free,
 Or what a great man he would grow.

So, when the twenty-second came
 The children studied just the same,
 With pen and book, the very way
 They studied any common day—
 You know this was a perfect shame!

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

RAMBLING AROUND.

(Old Hurrygraph.)

I do not know how it is in other places but in Durham automobile society is fast forming itself into caste, from the talk I hear now and then. Pretty soon the "big bug" cars will be turning up their noses at the cheaper cars, and passing them on the street without speaking, or I might say, honking. "I don't think I will ever be able to ride in a Ford again, after I have ridden in a Buick or Cadillac," I heard a lady remark the other day. The caste is forming as the common class; the middle class; the upper class, or the "four hundred," just like some folks classify humanity. Is it coming to this? I have no compunctions of conscience on riding in any kind of a car. I am willing to associate with them from the least to the greatest, and count all makes my friends, just so they do not run over me—while I am not looking.

There is one thing about men's underwear I never could understand, and it has never been satisfactorily explained to me. For instance: Take the ordinary, or commonly used, men's undershirt. After a fellow has worn one for a little while one sleeve will begin to stretch, or crawl, and every time you put it on that sleeve has grown longer, the wrist end seeming like it was going out into the neighborhood to look for somebody, and your arm looks and feels like it was encased in one leg of a union suit that was walking away; while the other sleeve will draw up, and climb up your arm like mercury

going down a weather indicator, and trying its best to keep you from having elbow room: in fact, trying to part company with you by going over your shoulder and head. You can roll them up and pull them out, but they continue their several journeys in opposite directions, and make a fellow feel one-sided, and no sided. Why don't the makers cut sleeves from the same cloth, with the stretching going the same way, or vice versa, as lawyers say?

In primitive days the Indians used bonfires, and with blankets, covering the smoke, communicated with each other by signals. Then came the telegraph. This was followed by the telephone and the long distance. Now it is the radio. It is stated that it takes about one-tenth of a second for a wave to get from a radio station in Chicago round to the Antipodes; therefore the most distant individual in the whole world from us is one-tenth of a second away. That is certainly bringing the world close together. Air full of voices, songs and speech. This more and more impresses me that with that scripture, from Heb. 12-1: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and sin, which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Verily the air is filled with witnesses.

Speaking of radio, which is our newest infant protege of modern

science, it is worth noting that already in this country three million homes are equipped with radio sets; and that about four hundred million dollars is now being spent annually for radio sets and accessories. Durham has a good supply. I know a Durham man so fascinated with radio that he spends his evenings at home working with it. He says it is the only thing he has discovered by which you can stop a man or woman from talking in a polite way without offending them. That's why he likes it. He gets way off places some nights that you'd never dream you could hear in North Carolina. He gets so tired some nights that his wife works the dial for him. I think she must have gotten Chile one night, for she had a terrible cold the last time I saw her.

I don't know why mention of a wife should remind me that yesterday was Valentine's Day, but it did. I think I heard of a husband sending better half a Valentine once, and that must have made a lasting impression in my sub-conscious mind--as the unusual often does. A more common experience, I am sorry to say, is that of a certain married man in this town who received a Valentine last year from a lady who was not his better half, and nearly a year later his wife found it carefully preserved in his breast pocket. I never did hear just what she said, but I wouldn't wonder if her husband could tell you.

Have any of you noticed a man with an outgrowing beard around here lately? I have, and some one told me he

was a victim of old fashion chivalry. He always gives up his seat to a lady and every time he sits down in the barber chair, he sees a lady waiting for the same seat, and promptly hops up and gives it to her. He's thinking of kidnapping the barber and his implements and taking him off to the hills somewhere for a private session. I'm not sure that that would save him though, for even the hills are full of ladies nowadays-- although so disguised sometimes it's hard to be sure. I heard there was a string of them climbing a hillock near here the other day, some in masculine garments and some in feminine, and some in hybrid affairs that were neither exactly one or the other.

Jerry Markham, 76 years old, the colored retired "man of all work," who lives in a row of sheds, having three cows, a horse, and chickens, and who says he is drinking milk now in large quantities since the Volstead act acts like it does with other liquids, was in a heated discussion with one of his white friends of the city, a few days ago, and the white friend told him there was no mention of colored folks in the bible. Jerry scratched his head, studied a few moments, and then came back at his white friend with, "Well, boss, how 'bout that nigger Demus?"

I was in the hospital a few days ago--not sent there for any ailment or dissection--just visiting to give to give a little cheer to a patient, and see how the sick were getting on. One of the patients, who seemed to be getting on fine, said he had been

censored. "Censored?" I asked in surprise, thinking how mean it was to scold a poor sick man. "Yes," he went on with a grin. "I had several important parts cut out." But I was ready for him. "That's nothing," "said I. I had two columns cut out once. And its nothing to have a paragraph or two cut every day.

Another patient told me that a doctor (before he came to the hospital) had offered to examine his for \$15. and he told him to go ahead, and if he found it, to split fifty-fifty. This one had just had the barber to cut his hair, it was growing so fast while he was in bed. He told the barber to be careful not to cut it too short or people would mistake him for his wife.

I was talking the other day with some of the high school pupils on their progress and one little fellow, who seemed to have the germs of an editor in him said they had a wonderful art teacher in that school. He said that Miss Mary Pegram, the teacher, drew a picture of a piece of beef steak the other day that was so natural a stray dog that had wandered in grabbed it up and ate it. "Aw come off," said another little fellow, from another school. "That's nothing. Our art teacher at the Fuller School, once drew a hen and threw it into the wastebasket, and their it laid."

A grouch sooner or later meets his match. I hear of a husband who was always criticising his wife's pudding found fault with her cake; didn't make flapjacks or mend his socks like his mother used to do. The wife with patience was doing her best. She bore his nagging about what mother used to do, until one day the backbone of patience snapped. When her hubby started up his same old song in a fit of unbearable desperation she up and boxed his ears as his mother used to do. That settled it. He did as good husbands usually do; turned his fault finding to praise, and they were happy ever after that.

I met Miss Marggaret Herr, of the high school faculty, bright as a new silver dollar and asked her if she could give me any news, or tell me a story. Right of the reel she says, "Did you ever hear of the Johnstown man who died and went to heaven?" I told her I had not. "Well, it was this way. The fellow from Johnstown died and went to heaven and after he had gotten in the gate, St. Peter told him he must tell some of the tribulations he had gone through. He told the story of the Johnstown flood. While he was telling it he saw an old gray headed fellow get up and walk away in disgust. After he had finished he asked St. Peter who that old fellow was. "Oh that was Noah," replied the Saint."

"Into the jaws of death rode the Six Hundred." Shucks, pedestrains do that every day and think nothing of it.—Roanoke Times.

FOREVER OUR FIRST.

ROBERT LEE MADISON.

FIRST IN WAR—

*He breaks the tyrant's chain,
Bears undaunted peril, want, and pain,
Trusts in God till freedom's cause is won,
Noble Christian warrior, Washington.*

FIRST IN PEACE—

*He guides the Ship of State,
Safe where sirens sing and whirlpools wait;
Cautious, calm, discreet—oh, there was none
Fitted for his task as Washington!*

FIRST IN FREEMEN'S HEARTS—

*Till end of time;
Hero, sage, and patriot sublime;
Idol and ideal of our land,
Truthful, honest, loyal, modest, grand.*

*"First in War," a knight with stainless steel;
"First in Peace," a chief who sought our weal;
Freedom, Fame, and Love enthroned him then
"First in the hearts of his countrymen."*

RUTS.

By James Hay, Jr.

All the successful workers have discovered that there is one thing no man may do and retain his financial life. It is a self-indulgence which Edison was never brave enough to practise, nor Rockefeller rich enough to risk.

It destroys credit and repels the public. It devitalizes energy and vitiates intelligence. It robs even genius of its glory. Without it, any man may accomplish better things and rise to greater heights. Under its terrific handicap no man can grasp an alluring opportunity or create a brilliant future. Inevitably as the hours come and pass, it breaks the arm of ambition and blinds the eyes of enterprise.

Its frequency and its depraving power are responsible for the popular and absurd delusion that men past fifty can never go into a new line of work and succeed.

All of which means this: getting into a rut is the supreme sin in modern business. It is suicide. It rushes its victims to loss of money and destruction of reputation, and the rushing is always at top speed. That is to say procrastination is the thief of trade; and those who dwell in ruts are punctual once only: their appointments with ruin are always kept.

When you are in a rut, you are convinced that the business methods of yesterday will meet and beat the competition of today. When you

are in a rut, you forget that business has its fashions no less than woman, that the business man who fails to learn and use "the latest thing out" accompanies last year's hats and shoes to the rubbish pile.

"Watchful waiting" has no charms for success. The new thing is the open sesame of the people's purse.

The man who is "in a rut" has slipped a mental cog. He has persuaded himself that there is no new path to profits. Act the Christopher Columbus to the world of new methods, new advertising, new selling talk? Not he! Not in a thousand years!

He made good, he reflects, when he was twenty-five, when he was thirty-five, when he was forty. Why change at forty-two? Why look for "new stuff" in the conduct of his business? Useless!—and that settles it—he has found his rut and lain down in it. Being in it, he not only works less efficiently, but he soon reaches the point where the light of imagination is lost. He thinks of nothing new, striking or original.

The tragedy of the thing is that, while a man can plainly see others sinking into ruts, he can seldom detect the beginnings of his own descent.

Does the constant ringing of the cash register across the street drive you to hatred of that competitor instead of spurring you on to new ideas to attract trade? Instead of reading advertisements offering to

teach you better methods, do you impatiently toss them into the trash basket? Are you a professional man, losing your old clients and not attracting new ones? Is your income as large as it once was?

These and similar queries, if answered fairly in your own mind, will show you soon enough which way you are headed.

And yet, no matter how deeply a man has sunk into the unproductive groove, he can get out. Not the getting out is easy! If it were, there would be fewer ruts and fewer people in the ruts. But getting out is the thing that is being done every day. It is the one attractive thing connected with ruts.

There was the case of the traveling man who, up to his thirty-fifth year, was a whirling wonder. He was a world-beater as a salesman. He could sell anything. His friends said of him: "He could sell ivory toothpicks to an elephant for tusks!" Merchants, when they saw him coming, sighed resignedly and reached for their checkbooks.

Suddenly he lost his grip. His commissions shrank and dwindled to nothing. Buyers stopped reaching for checkbooks. He became a rank failure. What was worse, he confessed the fact.

After three years of this, he met a woman who took the trouble to tell him what she thought of him and

what ailed him. "She made me admit to her and to myself what I hadn't admitted before," he said afterwards. "She made me see that my failure had come from loss of interest in my work, from a conceited idea that I could sell without exerting myself and from contempt for the abilities and enterprises of my competitors.

"As soon as I realized this, I knew I'd been in a rut. But I also knew that the stuff of success was still in me if I choose to draw on it. I did choose to draw on it. I hit the road with my old enthusiasm, energy and courage. And I got back to where I had been. Another way of saying that I got out of the rut that was killing me."

Life's business can not be operated like a railroad. It must be devoid of sidetracks and terminal facilities. To win is to keep going. The high-jump medals don't go to those who stand flat-footed on the grass all their lives. Success comes only to those who rush forth to meet it.

But for the man who has been overcome for the moment by the fierceness of the conflict, there is this consoling knowledge: he who refuses to drink the poison of yesterday's defeats finds the everlasting fires of hope in the crimson glory of today's rising sun. And with that torch he can burn away all the barricades of idleness, all the bonds of sloth. He can achieve!

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a true luster and more benignant glory.—Washington Irving.

The Uplift

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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It is said that a child in broken health asked, "Father, how much would my education cost?" Why do you ask that, my daughter?" inquired the father, greatly interested. "Because, father, I want you to spend that much money in educating some other child when I am gone." "I will do it for your sake," replied the father. And he did. The result was that Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia invested and reinvested that money in ninety young lives and only one of them proved unworthy. That little girl must somewhere in God's universe be crowned with many crowns.—Greensboro Advocate.

LET US NOT FORGET THEM.

We have in the neighborhood of 420 boys at the Jackson Training School, who have their eyes set on Christmas and Christmas spirit. With boys this means, besides the celebration of the great anniversary, those things that normal children in normal homes enjoy.

You business man, you fine spirited man, you kindly woman, there must appear to you at once that to hand to all these boys a proper Christmas treat means a considerable outlay. Do you wish to help? Of course, you do—you did this thing last Christmas and you did it before; and you remember what pleasure it gave you. It is true that it is more pleasant to give than to receive.

Voluntarily and unsolicited, there came to The Uplift from Mr. A. W. Klemme, of High Point, a starter of this annual Christmas Fund, a check

Trustee of the Kiwanis, upon invitation, made a rousing exhibit of the usefulness of the Kiwanis, analyzed what it stood for and applauded what the several clubs in the state had thus far accomplished and bade them to press forward.

He was followed in a pleasing address by Supt. Joe Johnston, of the Barium Springs Orphanage, who discussed from his storehouse of experiences and observations as the head of an orphanage "The Underprivileged Child." Then Mr. C. A. Owens, of Lexington, entertained the Kiwanians with a scholarly and timely address, which bore directly and forcibly upon the spirit of true Kiwaninism.

The music was extraordinary; the spirit was folksy; happiness and joy reigned; and that pleasant evening shall be duplicated on home ground when our half million dollar hotel is transferred from the blue prints to the selected site—it won't be long, until representative bodies may be entertained in our midst. Glorious prophecy, backed by the hand-writing on the wall.

* * * * *

AN HOUR WITH A CHURCH PAPER.

In the reading that engages The Uplift none gives more pleasure and profit than the reading of the several church papers that come to our desk. It is our pleasure to have access to the church publications of all the leading and outstanding denominations represented in the South, except that of the Catholic church.

An Hour With the Presbyterian Standard

Engages us at this moment. This is a great church paper and edited by a scholarly gentleman, who though physically small has a courage to speak most plainly his thoughts about all matters that affect religious matters and especially those that directly affect his denomination, that of the Presbyterian church. Dr. Bridges is a representative of the fine scholarship that has obtained in this denomination; he has had wide experiences in nearly every field of church activity. He hits hard when he faces a proposition—not a physical or pugilistic hit, but one of fine reasoning and strongly backed up by a knowledge that has been tested out in actual life.

In the Issue of November 26th

The Standard reviews the reasons why the ministers disapproved of the lady in charge of a course of Bible readings, recently given in Charlotte under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association. It so happens that the lady in question was one of the collaborators of the "Shorter Bible."

The average man has never seen this Shorter Bible and knows less about it, to his own good—it is a mutilated production of The Bible; and is the work of two Divinity Professors of Yale University, “the hot-bed of Modernism,” and the secretaries of the Young Men’s Christian Association and the Secretary of the Young Women’s Christian Association, the latter being Miss Ethel Cutler and who was the one in charge of the Charlotte Bible readings that did not meet the approval of the ministers.

These Presumptuous Dignitaries

Have given out a mongrel Bible, having eliminated several whole books in the Old Testament, and mutilated every book in the New Testament except one. It seems, as Dr. Bridges points out, a hidden motive that shows that the “Shorter Bible” is one of the many methods of propagating the teachings of Modernism.

This mongrel Bible has been condemned by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and the doctor would have proven an unworthy steward had he ignored the request of “one of the elect ladies, “who inquired why the ministers held aloof from Miss Cutler’s readings. In passing, it might avail something to note that it is not entirely safe to leave all the religious training and the methods employed to the Y. M. C. A’s. and the Y. W. C. A’s. —enthusiasm, excitement, novelty and the spectacular may lead, sometimes, somewhere and somehow, to regrettable pitfalls.

“Another Disturber.”

Editorially Dr. Bridges notes that “another Baptist Disturber” has gotten into the Presbytery of New York. In introducing what he says, Dr. Bridges is pleased to say: “That Northern Baptists are not as sound in the faith as those of the South, who, as far as we know, are sound to the man.” Just why a preacher of one denomination will seek or accept a pastoral position in another denomination without renouncing his former views and then accept the pastorate of the denomination in whose field he desires to work, is hard to explain except that he is a seeker after notoriety, or lacks Christian piety or is dishonest with himself.

Dr. Bridges deplores the admission of this preacher that has taken work in the New York Presbytery, and reviewing the answers that the applicant gave to the leading questions propounded to him on vital matters that concern all Protestant churches, there is a surprise that he was admitted by a vote of 69 to 23. The replies given to vital questions were such that he

would not be received into a single church connection in the South—he is too unsound to be trusted as a Christian teacher. He would fit better in the councils of modernism or an enemy of real Christian effort.

How They Have Organized

In one hour's reading of *The Standard* we ran across a communication by Mr. J. Archie Cannon, who wrote entertainingly of the organization that has charge of the affairs of the Men's Bible Class, of the First Presbyterian church of Concord. *The Uplift* reproduces Mr. Cannon's article, for no other purpose than to show that the employment of business methods and the creation of a working organization appears necessary in the work of the Lord, if the work of the church is to prosper. Mr. Cannon wrote *The Standard* as follows:

We have a very fine organization in the way of a Men's Bible Class with officers consisting of a president, vice-president, treasurer, and four teachers. We also have a missionary committee both for Home and Foreign Missions and we are supporting two missionaries—one in the home and one in the foreign field. Our membership committee consists of a chairman and eight associates. The class is divided into teams and the captains of the teams have the duty of seeing that the members come to Sunday School. As an inducement to these teams and to the team captain we have a loving cup and the team making the highest percentage of attendance during the year will have their names inscribed on the cup. Our devotional committee, made up of 20 men, agrees to lead in prayer at any time or anywhere. We also have teams of four men whose duty it is to conduct the mid-week prayer service whenever they are called upon, each member of these teams taking a part in the service. We have about 83 enrollments in what we call our shut-ins, under the head of our home department. These are people that either cannot be persuaded to come to Sunday School or they are physically unable. We have a committee to look after these 83 members by carrying them literature and taking up their contributions. We have a teachers' committee of young men who have agreed to substitute in Sunday School in the absence of a regular teacher. In this way we keep our Sunday School well supplied with teachers.

Prayer

Is the theme of a lecture by a member of the South Carolina Supreme Court. It is so novel to find a lawyer, who has reached such high position in life, "to find the time" to contribute to the work of the church, and the lecture is so fine and deals with a matter that deserves more attention in these peculiar times, that *The Uplift* is reproducing it in our issue of next week. It is

long, but we dare say not a one of our readers will fail to read the entire article when once he begins it. We all need to know more of the efficacy of prayer—by theory at least, if we are not humble enough and dependent enough to daily practice prayer.

Judge Fraser is an alumnus of Davidson College, graduating in 1881; is a leading citizen of South Carolina; a Supreme Court Justice of that state; and finds time to teach a Bible Class in Sumter, his home town.

* * * * *

HE DID HIS PART.

Another outstanding citizen of the state has passed away in the person of Hon. J. Frank Ray, of Macon county, N. C. Mr. Ray served in a number of the General Assemblies and there he did his part as he saw it for the public weal, especially for the county which he represented.

He had the foresight and the courage to father a measure, twenty-five years ago, looking to the compulsory attendance upon the public schools—for his county. And he later passed a dog-law that had teeth in it. These two measures are calculated to make a heavy drain on the popularity of any statesman, but J. Frank Ray survived it and among his people he was regarded with affection.

This reminds us that we have a compulsory school law for the entire state, but it lacks a whole lot of being observed as faithfully as even the Volstead act. We have reached this view of the matter from "School Facts" coming out from the office of the state superintendent of education. The enrollment, according to a recent publication by the state department, in some counties reaches only 60 per cent; while in our own county it reaches just 75 per cent.

If the school officials and the welfare officers had the courage to stand up, as did Frank Ray, the report for the present enrollment in the public schools would make a different record.

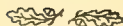
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"REUBIN RINK."

Mr. J. Gilmer Korner, who enjoyed a deserved reputation as a real artist, is no more in the flesh. He died last Thursday at his home in Kernersville. Mr. Korner's reputation as an artist and a painter is not confined to the state. He it was, at the suggestion and as the agent of the late General J. S. Carr, covered much of the earth, and at prominent places painted the

Durham Bull sign that made smoking tobacco a household word throughout the world.

Retiring from that work, he entered the field of a Decorator; and of this he was regarded a master. Some of the most elegant homes of the state bear the imprint of his taste, his genius and his ability. All in all, while somewhat eccentric, like all geniuses, he was a pleasing companion, and was all but daffy about things beautiful. Reubin Rink did his part to make North Carolina homes beautiful, as he knew the beautiful; and hundreds of admiring friends of his, both personal and for his artistic genius, mourn his passing.



THE OUTSTANDING INSTITUTION IN THE GALAXY OF NORTH CAROLINA'S AID TO HUMANITY.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The Caswell Training School a Revelation of the Care Given by the State to Her Mental Defectives—Impressive Examples of Bodies without Minds.

Jesus said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matt. 25:40.) Ministering. Service to others. Even to so small a thing as "a cup of cold water."

North Carolina, with all of her patriotic generosity and spirit of brotherly love, and christian precepts, has one institution, if more than another, that stands out as a leading character in her humane effort to aid suffering and unfortunate humanity, and that is the Caswell Training School for the State's mental defectives, situated in Lenoir county, some three miles this side of Kinston. The location is ideal, with buildings practically new and all kept in the neatest and most sanitary condition. Several new buildings without equipment, which if provided, could accommodate possibly one hundred more. The plant is up-to-date in its fixtures for "carrying on." There are 360 inmates there at the present time, with applications for scores of more admissions from all parts of the State. The farm of 1,000 acres is well cultivated; with a herd of 77 Holstein cows, 40 of which are milked, and from which they get 130 gallons of milk daily. The best stock of hogs are kept, and the several litters of pigs are the finest and pret-

tiest to be found in the State. The institution is well set and surrounded with all the comforts of a fine, productive farm.

Durham Officials Visit the Institution

Durham county commissioners and county welfare officials, in keeping with an idea they have to visit the institutions in the State in which this county has patients, and personally inspect their management and learn more of their work, for their own satisfaction, on Tuesday, in a body, with interested friends, visited the Caswell (named in honor of the first governor of North Carolina) Training School, near Kinston. Three automobiles, containing nineteen persons, on one of Carolina's fine hard-surfaced roads, except from Smithfield to Goldsboro, which was sand clay, passed through Nelson, Moorisonville, Cary, Method, Raleigh, Garner, Clayton, Smithfield, Princeton, Goldsboro, LaGrange, and arrived at the School about 11 o'clock, making the distance of 96 miles in about three and a half hours. The visiting party was composed of H. L. Carver, chairman of the board, and commissioners W. G. Frasier, C. A. Crabtree, T. O. Sorrell, C. M. Crutchfield, D. W. Newsom; W. E. Stanley, Superintendent of welfare work; W. H. Young, clerk of the superior court; P. C. Graham, judge of the recorder's court; M. G.

Markham, register of deeds; Dr. A. S. Campbell, of the health department; W. M. Upchurch, of the city schools; Capt. L. H. Barbour, superintendent of the county schools; J. R. Patton, Jr., representative in the legislature; T. L. Pendergrass, superintendent of the county roads; Rev. Trela D. Collins, of Temple Baptist church; T. H. Lawson, George Clark, and James A. Robinson.

The day was one of gleaming valuable information on the mental defective, and a revelation on humanity in its defective state. The party was most graciously received and entertained by Dr. C. Banks McNairy, the superintendent, and his capable corps of assistants. Every department of the institution was shown the visitors, Dr. McNairy was particularly gracious in explaining the condition of the inmates; temperments, characteristics, and how they were treated. A sumptuous, old-fashioned dinner, fit for a king, will be one of the lasting memories of the visit; the waiters being three of the more intelligent girls in the institution, who were presented with a purse of money by the visitors, at the conclusion of the meal. They served beautifully.

Some of the Scenes Witnessed.

A body without a mind is a fearfully horrible thing to witness. It overwhelms one with unscrutable ways of God in dealing with humanity. It calls from the very depths of the soul prayers of thankfulness from those who have health and their mental faculties, and nothing else is more convincing of how "wonderfully and fearfully we are made." Durham has five inmates in this insti-

tution. There is no respecter of persons among the 360 unfortunates in this school—they are from all walks and conditions of life throughout the State. A class of the better girls, under the supervision of their teachers, regaled the visitors with a admirable concert, of singing and recitations, in which some of the boys took part. They would have done credit to many of our high schools. The entire body of children sing with a gusto and volume of voices that was inspiring. They sing the old familiar hymns.

In going through the wards there were witnessed scenes that are almost unbelievable unless you see them with your own eyes. Every one is handled with the gentlest care and there appeared to be a spirit of love on the part of the children towards the superintendent and the assistants, which was mutual, and beautiful to behold.

There are tiny tots there from eighteen months old to gray-haired women with the mentality of young children. One instance was a woman who was dumb, had been on a bed for forty years, and had not the mentality to eat. Her head had to be raised, and the food forced down her throat. She just laid there and looked around. One of the saddest cases, in another ward, were two little blind boys, brothers, who looked to be about five and ten years of age. They sat together, in little chairs, beside the wall; playing with their hands, and only seemed interested when they heard a noise in any portion of the room. They were from a family of five children, four of whom were blind. Dr. McNairy said it was one

of the saddest homes he had ever visited, and yet, he said, the mother was bearing her burden with the most wonderful cheerfulness; and the children were always neatly dressed and the house was one of the neatest he had ever seen. He wanted to know how she did it. She said "by the grace of God." But the children know little or nothing.

Another scene that was horrifying to the sensibilities of those who have never given the mental defectives much thought, was a young girl, apparently seventeen or eighteen, who had to be confined in a cage. Her mentality was gone and Dr McNairy said she was as wild as the wildest animal that ever came out of the wildest jungles. She had to be confined to prevent her from doing harm to others and protect her from herself. She was in a docile mood when the visitors beheld her. One of the new brick buildings is fire-proof; with the doors and window casing of steel. Yet Dr. McNairy showed the visitors steel doors, whose pannels had been broken out and they were mended with little bars of brass screwed on with bolts. It was done by girls in their seasons of aberrations. In the boys wards there are equally as pitiful and heart-rending scenes, and equal care and attention is given in every instance. Attendants have to care for them day and night. Wonderful patience is exhibited in this institution. Every precaution is taken to protect the inmates, and every device is arranged to instruct them in every way possible, and by every means that will teach them something. There is one class whose mentality is so low that the teacher is teaching them one word at the time, and is doing it through

their senses. A little bit of salt is dipped up on a little wooden paddle—a paddle for each child—and placed on its tongue, and it is asked to tell how it tastes. This is followed by sugar and other things. Then perfume is given them to smell and they are asked to tell the odor. This is their daily lessons, with objects pointed out for them to run to and tell what the object is. So the work goes on day after day with the precision of clock work, along all lines and endeavors to bring the young minds out of their chaotic condition.

Mental Deficiency a Vital Question.

The visit of the Durham party was the means of getting a great deal of valuable information on the subject of mental defectiveness, causes, types, and other things pertaining thereto. Dr. McNairy was very kind in explaining many things. After showing the visitors over the plant, its workings and its present equipment, he said: "The social problem to which I wish to call special attention is: what can we best do to preserve humanity and protect the unfortunates? 'Tis true we are awakened as never before, but this awakening brings to our view much more forcibly than heretofore the enormity of the situation and our inability, as individuals, States and nations to cope with the ever increasing problem. We of the South, are only as yet awakening. In our own beloved North Carolina there are thousands, and we have only been able to provide for a few hundred while they increase rapidly.

"We separate the feeble minded into three general classes: idiots, imbeciles and morons. For convenience in grading and classifying, we usually subdivide each of these into

two divisions—high and low. An idiot intelligently sees nothing, does nothing, knows nothing; he simply lives alone—the solitary one. This is the lowest class of human beings, mere organism, masses of flesh and bone and human form. An imbecile is able to see and to understand to a greater or less degree, is wanting in strength of mind—feeble, weak, expressive of a certain degree of intelligence, but unstable, incapable, irresponsible; one who cannot take care of himself at all, (may do fairly well under the direction of another,) the simpleton who thinks he is a man, who hangs on the skirts of society, the victim of some and the butt of others. The moron is one who is capable of earning a living under favorable circumstances, but incapable, from mental defects existing from birth or early age, of competing on equal terms with his fellows, or of managing himself and his affairs with ordinary prudence. The high grade moron may be one of those known as odd, peculiar and erratic. They are incompetent of functioning properly in our highly organized society. They are society's greatest problem. From this class come the truant, the ne'er-do-well, the pauper, the prostitute, the criminal, and other cases demanding the attention of the juvenile court. The neglected moron is the defective that makes trouble in later life. Therefore, he should receive the proper care and training during the formative period.

“Some of the outstanding characteristics of this group are lack of will power and foresight, inability to withstand temptation and the lack of fear of physical consequences. It is

hereditary feeble-mindedness that accounts for these conditions most often. The proposition of education and training more forcibly emphasizes itself here than in the other types. This type is the hardest to control, most dangerous to society, and propagates most rapidly, therefore they go in a way of greatest temptations and least resistance, handing down their mental defects to embarrass and burden future prosperity.

How shall It Be in North Carolina?

“I trust we have been able to create some public sentiment and interest in the study of heredity and eugenics, and that the time is not far distant when our children shall be taught scientific facts about human beings and their mating to that extent that they may not be governed by sentiment alone, but apply the same common sense and reason to raising human beings that we do to stock or fowls. There is no record that two mental defective human beings have ever produced a normal one. Education and training have no effect whatever towards changing this result.

“The truest thankfulness and the highest service of gratitude that can be shown to the Great Creator for the life given us is to reproduce and pass it on in a higher mental, moral and physical form, and see to it that our children and grandchildren shall not be hampered or handicapped by the sins of their fathers. Shall we wait for them to come back and take up the problem that we should have long since settled and pushed forward along lines that will provide means and laws looking

to the segregation and sterilization of all the Stae's feeble-minded. Take care of what we already have and prevent reproduction in the future.

"Registration of families should be required, placing a ban upon marriage and compelling them to present a clean health certificate, before marriage license is issued. That pupils in the public schools be instructed according to their several mentalities and ages, in personal

hygiene and not be permitted to get the wrong idea and look upon the subject of sex as unholy, base and polluted; that the God-given object and purpose of sex shall be taught and impressed upon children in a sane and sensible way; that it is pure and holy as the God who created it and only sinful, lascivious and lustful to the loathsome, impure and mentally weak.

Touring Up To Date.—"Tell me of your tour to the homes of famous English poets. The home of Shelley?"

"They stung us forty cents a gallon for gasoline.

"At the home of Byron?"

"There we had a bad puncture."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SAMMY.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

We spent last winter in the same house with Sammy. He was eight years old then, and the very mold and fashion of everything excellent in a gentleman.

His maners were exquisite. When a lady rose to leave the room, he was up like a shot to open the door and bow her out. When he misunderstood what was said, his "I beg your pardon" was perfection. When others entered the room, he was always first on his feet, pushing forward comfortable chairs for the newcomers. "Mr. Brown," he would say, with a fine air of concern, "don't you think you would find this chair more comfortable?" or Aunt Loula, isn't the light better at this window?"

Sammy was a prime entertainer. Standing before the fireplace, with his big brown eyes shining, his fists

stuffed into the pockets of his knickers, and his eager words tumbling over each other, he often delighted us all with stories of his experiences.

His mind worked fast as quicksilver. A lovely lady who had been visiting in the house reopened her own home, and one afternoon shortly thereafter Sammy disappeared. He showed up late for dinner, coming in like Beau Brummell in kid gloves and velvet collared overcoat and carrying his little walking stick. He had been to call on the lovely lady, he volunteered, and had prolonged his visit from three until half-past six.

His mother expressed the horrified opinion that he had stayed much too long. "Oh, I don't think so," protested Sammy. "She said she was enjoying herself, and I know I

was. And two people don't do that every day, you know!"

When desirous of conversation and not sure of his welcome in another apartment, Sammy would appear with the inquiry, "Have you ever heard about the time I rolled down the mountain and got full of stick-ers?" Reassured on that point, he would further fortify himself thus: "I'll tell you about it if you will promise to say when you are the very slightest bit bored," and several times during his exciting narrative, he would stop to inquire, "Sure you're not bored?"

But Sammy was too polite to even attempt to occupy the foreground all the time. His greatest pleasure was to introduce his father. In a pause of the talk, he would suggest: "Daddy, why don't you tell that one about the hoot owl landing on the colored man's shoulder in the graveyard?" When his father showed a disinclination to oblige, Sammy would persist: "Daddy, you know a funnier one even than that! Tell the one about the old man getting a hoop around his ankle," and then the laughter would be started, Sammy's heartiest of all.

But Sammy's life was not all laughter and sunshine. He came home from school one day with a black eye, which, it was finally learned, had been inflicted by a bigger boy with the aid of two lieutenants. Sammy's father referred a good many times to the fact that he had been "beaten up." Finally Sammy objected. "Daddy," he said, "I don't see what you want to talk about that so much for! Let's talk about something more pleasant."

That, however, was only the beginning of the episode. Sammy was suddenly subject to strange disappearances, and it was rumored about that he was taking boxing lessons, so as to be sure of conquering the big boy who had blacked his eye. Ten day after that dismal occurrence, Sammy encountered the bully on the street, and later described the incident succinctly: "You know, it would have been more comfortable to run, and I thought about it. I hadn't anywhere near finished my boxing lessons. But I talked as big as I could, and I hollered out to him: "Stand still until I get over there! I'm going to give you the beating of your life!" And I did."

Soon after Christmas Sammy was given a dog, a collie pup whom he named Dixie, and life was straight-way merry as a dream until the morning when Dixie was run over in the street by an automobile. At the dog hospital it was discovered that one of the collie's hind legs had been broken, and that many weeks would be required for his recovery. "That's tough!" Sammy lamented. "He's such a good pup!"

Soon after Dixie came back, they all went out to Busbee, and we saw Sammy only rarely. When we did, he told us great stories of his gardening and building. "You can see my stuff pop right up out of the ground!" he said.

Then last Wednesday we heard of Sammy again. He and Dixie were being driven to the country store when Dixie, for some reason known only to the dog psychology, leaped out of the car directly in the path of another automobile coming from

the opposite direction. Straight after him without a moment's hesitation, Sammy dived over the side door and out of the car. He remembered the long weeks following Dixie's stay in the hospital, and here was another car about to run him down! Obviously, Dixie must be saved.

Sammy landed in the roadway with force enough to knock Dixie to one side and safety, but the wheels which would have struck Dixie got Sammy. All of a sudden he was down in a smother of asphalt and gasoline and dust, looking up at the bottom of a big car, whose tires, apparently as

big as tree trunks, were passing over him.

When they picked him up to take him to the hospital, they found his arm broken, and bruises and cuts all over him.

"Where's Dixie?" he wanted to know.

Sammy is still in an Asheville hospital, and Dixie comes in every day to see him.

His full name?

As they say out West, where Sammy once spent a year, "Shake hands with Mr. Samuel H. Northeross, Jr., a real square shooter."

IN A SHOP WINDOW.

He was such a litte puppy in the window of a shop,
 And his wistful eyes looked at me, and they begged me please to stop
 And buy him—for a window's awful lonely, and folks pass,
 And they make strange, ugly faces and rap sharply on the glass.

He was such a cunning beggar, and his paws were soft and wide,
 And he had a way of standing, with his head held on one side,
 And his mouth just slightly open, and he almost seemed to cry:
 "Take me from this horrid window, 'cause I'm ready most to die!"

He got tangled in my heart strings, made me want to break away
 From the lease I signed so gladly—was it only yesterday?
 Said that dogs were not admitted. He was not a dog, not yet;
 Only just a tiny puppy—and his nose was black and wet.

Did you ever speak unkindly of the friend you hold most dear?
 Did you ever call out crossly, so that by-standers could hear?
 Did you ever pull a curtain to shut out the smiling day?
 That's how I felt—but more so—as I turned and walked away.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE LIFE OF HIGHWAYS.

By J. M. Broughton, Attorney, in The Wachovia.

"That truck is hitting the road a 140,000-pound lick every time it turns a wheel," said Frank Page one day when he had thrust his car past a lumbering vehicle bearing hundreds of gallons of gasoline to remote filling stations along the Central Highway.

"How long is the road going to last if he keeps pounding away like that?"

"I don't know. * * No, don't get alarmed about it right now. You'll probably be riding over this same piece of pavement when you are seventy years old, provided they are still riding on roads when you double your age. But we've got to put pneumatic tires on that truck."

"But why don't you know how long this road is going to last and why are you going to put pneumatic tires on that truck? What harm is he doing to the road with solid tires and if you don't know what, how do you know what I'll be riding on at the age of seventy?"

Ask Charlie Upham

"Ask Charlie Upham—he can tell you about it. All that I know is that I have never seen one of them worn out yet, and that we are building them to stay here as long as they will stay. They may last a thousand years. They may go to pieces in ten years, maybe twenty, maybe forty. But I don't think they will."

Upham is the technician of the road building organization in North Carolina. He has been working with cement and other ingredients of pav-

ing since he was a boy, and is regarded by the engineering highbrows as the last authority on the compounding of elements that go into roads. Frank Page sees that Upham's experience is properly built into the road. Upham is the man who knows and Page the man who does, but it is not to be inferred that either is lacking in the qualities of the other. So the question was laid before Upham.

"How long are these roads going to last?"

"I don't know," said the technician.

Nobody knows how long they are going to last. They have theories about them, and elaborate tests have been made, by the State, by the United States, by private engineering organizations and by manufacturers of materials that go into roads. Nobody has yet been found who can fix any definite time when these \$65,000,000 worth of roads will be worn out, or when they will have to be replaced by other roads.

None Worn Out Yet

They have watched their roads under all sorts of traffic conditions. They have applied all sorts of tests to them, measured them with instruments so delicate that they are astounding, and with great bludgeons of testing machinery. They have studied the effect of all sorts of traffic on them. They have measured the stresses under every type of vehicle and in every variation of traffic and weather. And they don't know when they are going to

wear them out.

The only answer yet found is that no road has yet worn out. Theoretical answers are of little value because the thing that wears out a road is traffic, and nobody can picture what the traffic on these roads is going to be ten or twenty years from now. Twenty years ago any prophecy that 2,350 vehicles would pass over a given spot on a given road in one day of normal traffic would have been hooted at. Nobody knows what it is going to be twenty years from now, and nobody knows what the conditions of the road will be when it is subjected to conditions that are not yet definite enough to speculate about.

Solid Tire Menace

"Under present traffic conditions, with the elimination of the solid truck tire and the regulation of its speed, a properly paved road will last forever said the technician. "We know the strength of concrete properly laid, and so long as it is not loaded to the breaking capacity, so long as it is not 'bent,' there is no disintegration of the road. If the impact load is increased beyond the strength of the road, they are going to pieces."

"Left to a choice between another bond issue of \$35,000,000 and a law prohibiting absolutely the use of solid tires on any vehicle on the road, I would choose the latter. It would be of greater value to the people of the State."

"A truck weighing five tons and loaded to its capacity, making a total weight of 20,000 pounds, on solid tires, hits the road a blow of 70 tons every time it turns a wheel. When

it hits a bump three quarters of an inch high, the impact is greatly increased. That is what is going to ruin the roads we are building. Concrete has not yet and probably never will be developed to the point where it can withstand that sort of usage. We have got to get solid tires off the roads if we want to use them."

Speed Doesn't Hurt

That impact is attained at a speed of fourteen miles an hour. Strangely enough speed above fourteen miles an hour does not sharply increase the impact. Laymen may be astonished also that one of these great busses plying between Raleigh and Greensboro, weighing 15,000 pounds and moving at speeds ranging from 30 to 70 miles an hour—and this latter speed is not theoretical, but actual and provable—does not endanger the road a tenth as much as a ton-and-a-half truck with solid tires moving at 15 miles an hour.

Concrete has a strength that may be placed at 7,000 pounds to the square inch. Engineers may contend otherwise, but Upham used it for illustration. Beyond that is the danger point of breaking up. Under that there is no appreciable wear or strain on the paved highway. These heavy busses, at all speeds, when equipped with pneumatic tires, fall away under that figure while the truck with solid tires doubles the strain.

Surface wear is negligible. Three years on roads that have been tested, does not indicate an abrasion of the surface, even under the heaviest traffic, that can be measured with the most delicate instruments.

Breaking under strain is the danger that lies ahead of the roads. If they are pounded to pieces under unscientific handling and regulation of traffic, the State will have to set about replacing the roads. And nobody has yet learned to build better roads than are being built.

It is reduced to a question of whether one-tenth of one per cent of the traffic is going to be allowed to pound the roads to pieces while the other 99.9 per cent use them reasonably and with no measurable damage to them. Constant use of any piece of paving by heavy vehicles on solid tires, will break up any road yet built before many years, according to Upham's study of impacts made during the past six months.

Build For Traffic

"Of course all road builders realize they are building roads to carry traffic. That is all roads are built for. The question is whether traffic owes any consideration to the road after we have built them. We are satisfied that the pneumatic tire on vehicles under seven and a half tons, in weight, or a total of 15 tons with load, on pneumatic tires, does not damage a road appreciably. Any truck with a solid tire will pound a road to pieces. That is as far as we know now. Under reasonable conditions, roads tested over a period of 15 years show no signs of wear or disintegration."

That is the whole story, insofar as paved roads go. Gravel and other types of roads are another matter. Any sort of a tire will pick up the gravel and a dry dirt road and distribute it everywhere. A heavy car does more damage than a light car, and a truck, pounding

along with a 70-ton impact will beat holes into a road in a week. That is the cause of these "washboard" effects you get on many sand-clay roads after heavy use by trucks.

Comparatively the process is not costly. A good dirt road can be built and rebuilt many times at small cost. A paved road once it begins to break up, is in ruins. California is a sad spectacle of this sort of experience. It built many hundreds of miles of road only to see them begin to break up after a few years' use. It spent its money before it knew how, and now it has to do it all over again. Its experiences have been of tremendous value to North Carolina. We have learned some things not to do.

Road building in the modern sense is less than 75 years old. The first of the paved type was built in Scotland in 1865. It is still in use. The first paved road, other than cobble-stones, was built in Bellfontaine, Ohio, in 1892, and still carries traffic. The first stretch of concrete paving was built in the United States in Wayne county, Michigan, in 1909, seven miles in length. It is still in use.

New Business of Roads

It is a new business. Five years ago men were still experimenting with concrete. The cement industry was a mere infant. Men knew next to nothing about its use, or of methods that would bring out its strength. There are as many grades of it as there are of tobacco, and the exact proportions in which it is mixed with sand and stone are of tremendous importance. It is no less important that it be mixed and exact number of seconds.

Properly mixed concrete will take on the strength of granite. A granite rock used as a part of the mix will break through when the mass is broken. Improperly mixed the concrete will shell off from around it. That is only one test of the paving to which Page subjects all roads. Roads are mixed with all the care a competent pharmacist gives to the compounding of a prescription. That is why this paving ought to last.

No considerable mileage of paved roads was built in this country until ten years ago. Mistakes were made, to be sure, and probably are still being made. North Carolina has made some, and will probably learn later on that it has made more. Out in the laboratory here they have made thousands of experiments. All of them are too technical to be discussed here, but many of them have been made the basis of radical improvements in road building, not only here but throughout the country.

Will the Central Highway be here 2,236 years from now, a monument to Frank Page and Charles M. Upham, as is the Appian Way, to Appius Claudius Caesecus? Will future generations marvel at the ingenuity of these men as do moderns at

the engineering skill of the builder of the "Regina Viarum?" Appius Claudius didn't know how long the Queen of Roads was going to last. He built as a roadway to empire and it still stands, in the dim twilight of the glories that were Rome.

Conditions Favorable

Climatic conditions here are favorable to the indefinite life of paved roads. To date North Carolina has built or is building 1,473 miles of paved roads and 1,785 miles of other types that will eventuate into paved roads when the traffic demands it. It has cost 65 million dollars. What it has been worth is incalculable. What they will be worth by the time they are worn out, nobody knows.

When they will wear out nobody knows. The men who are building them believe they will last forever, provided care is taken of them. Whether they are being built wide enough is a matter that only time and the capacity of the State to buy automobiles can tell. Thus far none of them has given way under every test that their ingenuity can suggest has not yet developed a fatal defect.

The world gets out of the way for a man who knows where he is going, so they say. At a lecture the speaker stated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him nor turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

"A truck driver!" shouted a voice from the audience.

THE BANKER OUTSIDE OF THE BANK.

By J. M. Broughton, Attorney in The Wachovia.

Banking as a profession calls for a high degree of training coupled with long and varied experience. Technical skill is considered indispensable as a qualification for the successful banker; and uppermost in the mind of the average young bank clerk is the ambition to master the details of finance, the art of banking. No business or profession is attracting more alert young men and women than banking; and in no field of endeavor rare higher prizes available to those who become masters of the profession.

Technical skill is indispensable, but also insufficient. A young man may learn all there is to know inside the bank and yet fall short of success unless he learns certain things outside the bank. It is with the banker outside the bank that we shall deal in this discussion. The real foundations of success are laid outside the bank. A banker is an individual, not a machine. With him, as with every other individual, there are certain essentials to success. Among these are the following:

The Banker As An Individual

Good health is essential to success. It sounds quite elementary to say this, but nevertheless to much emphasis cannot be placed upon this proposition. It is almost tragic to observe the numerous cases of men and women in the banking profession, as well as in other lines of business, who are handicapped and absolutely prevented from achieving anything like success on account of their health. What does it matter if a

young man or young woman has mastered all of the technical details of banking, and is mentally equipped for a career of achievement and distinction, if there is lacking that vitality and vigor that come only from buoyant good health. There is no recipe for good health, but there are certain simple requirements that need only to be stated. These are the following:

(a) Proper food and regularity in eating: The employee who cuts or delays lunch, or permits the condition of his work to involve irregularity in his meals is not only undermining his health, but is rendering a disservice to the institution by which he is employed; and the institution which encourages or even permits habits of work which involve irregularity in meals on the part of employees is short-sighted indeed.

(b) Reasonable and regular exercise: "It is a notorious fact that the average banker takes no exercise whatever. These sense of responsibility and the constant urge to keep up his pressing work results in almost a permanent postponement of any form of exercise. Furthermore, the average employee feels that because he may not be able to afford golf or polo he is unable to engage in any sort of exercise. The answer to this attitude that walking is not only the cheapest but the best form of exercise. The individual who takes reasonable daily exercise will get more work done in seven hours of a day than one who grinds nine to ten hours without exercise.

(c) Joy in work: The greatest single contributing factor to good health is pleasant work. The man who isn't happy in his work isn't healthy in his work. The man or woman who does not enjoy every minute of the day's work should begin to look for some other employment. No individual ever became a great banker who did not believe from the bottom of his heart that banking is the greatest and most enjoyable profession in all the world.

Another essential for success is good appearance. This, also, is of an elementary nature, and yet many a young man or young woman fails of success just at this point. By good appearance I do not mean gaudiness which is offensive to the eye, but rather neatness. There is very little chance for the employee who isn't neat in appearance; and it is needless for the employee to argue that his income is not sufficient to enable him to maintain a neat appearance. A great lawyer told me on one occasion that when he began practicing law, one of the rules that he fixed and followed was, as he stated it "to shave every day and charge a little more for his work." Slovenliness is one of the chief foes to success in any profession; and particularly in that of banking. This applies not only to dress, but also to speech and habits.

Punctuality and fidelity in engagements are also characteristics of the successful man. Failure to keep an engagement is rude; and being late is discourteous. In almost any sort of group meeting, it can be noted that the men of success and achievement are invariably prompt in attendance.

Mental Growth

There is no hope or future for a young banker who is not growing mentally every day. It was said of the great historian Green that the epitaph which he requested to mark his final resting place was this: "He died learning." Travelers relate that in one section of the Alps there is a monument to one of the greatest Alpine climbers, and on the monument appears this inscription. "He died climbing." These are sentiments which may well be pondered by the young man or woman who aspires to success in the field of banking, as well as in any other profession.

Among those things that are essential for mental growth there is no substitute for daily reading of the right sort. Many men of limited school education have found it possible by daily reading to obtain a very general education. Such reading should be of a character of literature that elevates the ideals and improves speech. It has been said that there has never been a master of men who was not a master of language. It is related of Abraham Lincoln that in order to learn what the word "demonstrate" meant, he bought and mastered a book on geometry. It was by such habits of study that he not only learned the meaning of words, but was enabled to write some of the classics of English literature.

In this day of public libraries there is every opportunity afforded to the young men and young women to read very best of literature. Unfortunately so much time is spent in cheap and idle reading that the best of literature passes unnoticed. There is

no compulsion upon a young man and young woman with reference to reading good literature. Let it be said, however, that few men or women who have attained worthy distinction who did not familiarize themselves with the best of literature.

Obviously, the banker's reading will include the best of publications concerning the technical side of banking and relating to general matters of financing. Also, advantage will be taken of every opportunity to attend conventions and other banker's meetings where discussions and exchange of ideas help to increase the usefulness of this individual banker.

Moral Foundation For Success

The banker asks of a borrower: "What kind of a moral risk is he?" The customer has the same right to ask the same question about the banker. The history of bankfailures in this country leads unerringly to the conclusion that the moral collapse of some individual banker nearly always precedes the failure of the institution. By moral collapse is not necessarily meant actual embezzlement, but reference is made rather to compromise of ideals, willingness to take short cuts, deviation from tired and true standards of honorable banking. There is a geometry of morality that should be in the curriculum of every student of banking, and in it are included those symbols of morality—the straight line, the square and the level.

It is demanded of the successful banker that he be a man of clean thoughts, clean speech and clean habits. While there are exceptions, it is certainly true that the outstand-

ing bankers of this country are men whose lives are marked by these characteristics. A man, who himself is a great banker, recently told me, in discussing one of the prominent figures in the banking world, that the latter's excessive use of profanity had undoubtedly hampered his growth in the leadership of his profession. It is related by one who attended the recent bankers convention in Chicago that at one of the dinners that was tendered to certain officials of the organization, at which about one hundred leading bankers of America were present, there was in evidence an abundance of intoxicants, but that less than a dozen of the men present participated in any way in the use of these intoxicants. This is a significant commentary on the high standard of conduct that is being maintained by the great bankers of America.

Right ideals are the largest contributing factors to moral conduct. It is quite impossible to build a successful career without a moral foundation; and such a foundation is not laid apart from the right ideals. It is not sufficient that the young banker have a success ideal, an inspiration toward the summit of material prosperity and success. There must be that fine and higher ideal for service. This is the elevating quality in banking as in every profession. As the great surgeon thinks in terms of humanity, as well as surgery, and the great statesman thinks in terms of national betterment as well as political preferment, so the great banker has as his ideal not simply financial success and achievement, but the development and the

betterment of the community in which he lives and serves.

The Banker As A Citizen

Bankers are essential to the public; and it is equally a truth that the public is essential to the banks. There is probably no other profession in which right relationship with the public counts for so much as in banking. It is not simply a matter of being acquainted with the public. Acquaintance is important, but not enough. In this connection, one is reminded of the humorist who said that banks are utterly inconsistent; that he went to one bank and applied for a loan, and was turned down because the banker did not know him; and he thereupon went to another banker, and was turned down because the banker did not know him.

There is in no community any movement of importance which does not in some manner and at some point relate itself to questions of finance. It is the business of the banker to be in touch with every agency and movement that concerns itself with community development, expansion and betterment. How can a banker serve a community unless he is acquainted with the processes, the agencies and the instrumentalities by which the city is being developed?

Moreover, the banker as a citizen ought to serve as an example. Especially is this true in respect to habits of thrift. A banker who is himself not thrifty speaks in vain when he urges thrift upon the community. In addition to thrift, there should come from the banker an example of prudence in investments.

The average layman is shocked if he finds on the subscription list of a doubtful enterprise the name of his banker; and it is a humiliating spectacle to find a banker involved in the manipulation of questionable business ventures.

The courts of North Carolina have, for the last several years, been engaged in large part with clearing up the wrecks of institutions and individuals that, in many instances, might have been averted by the prudent counsel and example of the bankers in the sections involved. Reference is made to the staggering amounts lost by citizens of the State in speculating in blue sky stock. So far from discouraging such unwise and foolhardy ventures the banks and bankers in many sections by discounting paper, by furnishing names of prospects and in many other ways actually, though not intentionally, gave aid and assistance to the crew of spoilers and bandits who, in 1919 and 1920, almost devastated certain areas of the State. Had all the banks and bankers maintained that fine and helpful and conservative attitude displayed by the great majority, the citizens of the State would have been saved probably the loss of ten million dollars, and there would probably have been averted the tragedy of numerous suicides and hundreds of wrecked homes and fortunes.

The banker as a citizen must also set an example in his own personal credit standing. The bank cashier, teller or other official or employee, who permits his personal credit to become involved, is undermining the foundations for his future success. A sick doctor may be able to relieve

physical distress, but a financially involved banker is a broken reed in the industrial and financial life of the community.

Community building is not a side line of banking; it is one of its chief

objectives. The banker who, with a vision of service, throws his life into community building, not only serves the community, but in the best possible way serves the institution which he represents.

WITH US ON THANKSGIVING.

Sometimes there's so much difference between what people expect to do and what really happens that you can't really tell there's any connection at all. But it wasn't like that with Thanksgiving at the Training School. We started out to have a real Thanksgiving, and with the hearty cooperation of all the folks at the school, and the enthusiasm of the boys to keep things bubbling, we had the best Thanksgiving of anybody—just as we intended to do.

The rabbit hunt started off the day. To have a small army of hilarious boys, armed with sticks, start out in groups to hunt rabbits, and to have them return in two hours with twenty-one rabbits and no casualties speaks well for the school, aside from the fact that the boys had a jolly good time.

Everybody knows that a boy gets wiggly when he is hungry, and to preach to four hundred starving boys would have been more of an ordeal than we wanted our friend, Rev. Thomas, to undergo. So, "Sandwiches and milk before church" was on the program for the day, and when the bell rang for church everybody was ready and comfortable. While this article is not intended as an advertisement for the school, we can't help but feel proud of the way the boys conducted themselves at the

religious services of the day. Coming in from two hours of fun and frolic, they entered immediately into the spirit of the services. No one could have seen and heard the boys sing "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," read in unison the One Hundredth Psalm, listen attentively to the Proclamation issued by President Lincoln, followed by the one for the current year by President Coolidge, read by Albert Hill and Everett Goodrich respectively, without being impressed. The sermon was preceded by a solo by Carlyle Hardy, and at the conclusion Lambert Cavanaugh Protheroe's "Hymn of Praise." The sermon was one fitting the day and the audience, and so incorporated the spirit of religion with that of patriotism that the listeners felt that to be a "thankful American" was a real privilege. The services were concluded with a hymn and the benediction.

The barbecue was ready at one o'clock, and with plates and other necessary equipment in hand, the boys lined up to march by a long, long table, set up on the athletic field. No machine could have worked with more precision than that table. You just walked along held out your plate, and got some slaw to start with. A few steps farther, you got some of the

nicest, juiciest, barbecued pig you ever tasted—(or smelled.) Then you got bread and hot dressing for the meat. You went off and sat down while you ate that, and then you marched 'round again—and again—and maybe again! And the last time you went by the table you got a big piece of chocolate cake along with the other things—the king of cakes that has a lot of creamy-tasting filling in it.

About three o'clock, or a little earlier, it was generally conceded by all present that dinner was over. A basket ball game between our team and Rocky River was called as soon as the boys could be seated in the grandstand. It left us badly beaten, but who cares for a licking right after a barbecue? Other athletic games were in progress on the field until it was time to go to the cottages and prepare for the evening program.

The Musicale at the auditorium began at seven o'clock. Besides the boys and all the folks connected with the school, we had the pleasure of having a large number of our friends with us from Concord, Mooresville, Rocky River, Kannapolis, and the general community. The stage in our

big auditorium had been attractively decorated, and made a fine setting for the band, and for the other performers. We want to say right now that every single person we asked to take part in the program not only came, but were so nice about it, and contributed so willingly of their time and their talent that we didn't know a single thing to do but just applaud as hard as we could and call for more. To Miss Margaret Taylor, who sang real Scotch songs for us; to the Mooresville quartette, which is a real quartette, musically speaking, and a bunch of mighty good fellows besides, and who not only sang at the appointed place on the program but "filled in" with some extra numbers; to the Melody Makers, the aggregation of jazz producers that set the boys wild and had even the preachers keeping time with their feet; to Miss Catherine Deaton, who played two piano numbers for us as only an artist can play, and to everybody else who helped to make our Thanksgiving an Event instead of just the 27th of November, we want to say, with all our hearts, "We thank you."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

Along with the joy of Thanksgiving, each boy wrote a letter to his parents.

The carpenter shop boys have been busy during the past week making music stands for the band.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald has re-

sumed her duties as seventh cottage matron, after a long absence on account of sickness.

Several new boys have been placed in the band: Doy Hagwood, and Paul Camp have been given cornets. Jeff Blizard has been transferred from alto to a cornet, Carlyle Hardy has

been placed on the bass drum. These boys will be progressing rapidly as the other boys have done.

Miss Elizabeth Young, who is attending school Mt. Amoena Seminary at Mt. Pleasant visited her mother Mrs. Pearl Young.

Mrs. J. M. Day and Miss Flossie Day were visitors of Mr. J. M. Day. Mrs. Day is now a helper of the public welfare office of Buncombe county.

The Training School basket-ball team was defeated last Thursday by the Rocky River team, by a score of 40-10.

Mrs. Joseph M. Stokes and children, of Fountain Inn, South Carolina, were visitors of Mrs. Olivia Duckett.

A new Foot-ball and a Soccer-ball have been bought, the first game of Soccer was played Thursday, and the boys like to play it.

Mr. T. L. Grier and several boys have built a soccer ball court. The boys like the game very much. Mr. Grier is going to organize a

team for the school.

Rev. C. C. Myers, pastor of the Presbyterian church, of Concord, conducted the services at the school last Sunday. He announced that he would preach no more in Concord, or at the school, because he has been transferred to Wilmington. For nearly two years Mr. Myers has been coming to the school regularly once each month, and the boys are sorry to see him go for he has preached some good sermons.

Thursday past bid fair to be the most eventful Thanksgiving ever spent at the institution. After a very successful rabbit hunt, the boys prepared for our annual Thanksgiving service, being conducted by Rev. L. A. Thomas, of the St. James Lutheran church, of Concord, immediately after the service the boys assembled on our athletic field for "the crowning event of the day." The Barbecue, with accessories, was a tempting collation, and we can safely say it was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

The event of the evening was a musical program delightfully rendered by a number of our boys with the assistance of several imported artists.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Walter Cummins, Oscar Johnson, Valton Lee, Parks Newton, Whitlock Pridgen, Herbert Apple, Jas. Davis, Doy Hagwood, Albert Hill,

George Howard, Roby Mullies, Irvin Moore, Clyde Pierce, Mack Wentz, Aubrey Weaver.

"B"

Charles Beech, Herman Goodman, Thos. Howard, Jno. Keenan, Earle

Little, Vermon Lauder, Lee McBride, Smiley Morrow, Donald Pate, Alwyn Shin, Theodore Wallace, Robert Ferguson, Everett Goodrich, Carl Henry, Watson O'Quinn, Washington Pickett, Vaughin Smith, Archie Waddell, Ves'al Yarborough.

Room No 2

"A"

Isaac Anderson, Basel Johnson, Floyd McArthur, Harry Stevens, Clyde Holingsworth, James Cumbie, Job Trexler, Irvin Cooper, Sam Carrow, Sam Deal, Plas Johnson, Garfield Mercer, Walter Page, Avery Rothrock, Jim Suther,

"B"

Clarence Anderson, Homer Barnes, Walter Creasman, David Driver, Mack Duncan, Fleming Floyd, Albert Garrison, Mark Jolly, Albert Jarman, Homer Montgomery, Richard McDaniel, Richard Pettipher, Julian Raines, Joseph Stevens, Worth Stout, Gordon Ellis, Buster Gamble, Edward Ellis, Amaziah Corbet, Roy Franklin, William Herndon, Sylvester Honeycutt, Charles Jackson, John Kemp, Hallie Matthews, Ralph Martin, William Nichols, Billie Odom, Thamer Pope, Roy Rectar, Dalmas Robertson, Frank Stone, Julius Strickland, Lee Smith Herbert Tolley, Robert Ward, Hurley Way, Graham York.

Room No. 3

"A"

Allen Byers, Alford Stanley, Jesse Hurley, Ed Moses, Jeff Latterman, Harold Thompson, Lonnie Lewis, Hunter Cline, Pearson Hunsucker, Bruce Bennett, Rudolph Watts, Hill Ellington, Ceburn McConnell, Brevard McLendon, William Hurley, Broadie Riley, Raymond Kennedy,

Calvin Forbush, Rex Weathersby, Ferman Wishon, John Kivett, David Queen, Harold King, Jeff Blizzard, Jay Lambert, Clarence Maynard, Herman Hemrie, John W. Forester, Winton Matthews, Reggie Brown, Bill Penny.

"B"

Clay Bates, Paul Oldham, Jesse Harrell, Ned Morris, Luther Mason, Clyde Lonett, Clyde Smith, Thurman Baker, Delmas Stanley, Daniel Nethercutt, James Ivey, Harold Crary, Carl Richards, Herbert Floyd, Clinton Floyd, Ermis Harper, Harvey Cook, Clyde Trollinger, Olen Williams, Samuel Smith, Cedric Bass, John Creech, Vernon Hall, Lyman Love, Clyde Brown, Robert Hartline.

Room No. 4

"A"

Garland Rice, Clifton Hedrick, William Beard, Russell Capps, Alvin Ethridge, David Fountain, Carlton Hegar, Elmer Oldham, Solomon Thompson, Fonso Wiles, Sam Poplin, Rose Lewis, Ed Crenshaw, Jas. Ford, George Holland, Connie Loman, Herbert Orr, Luke Patterson, James Philips, Sam Stevens, Walter Willious, Douglas Willious.

"B"

Adam Beck, John Faggot, Roy Lafon, Lester Morris, James Long, Lester Bowers, Roy Johnson, Earl Houser, Jessie Martin, Abe Goodman.

Room No. 5

"A"

Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Walter Culler Samiel Defon, John Tomision, Larry Griffith, Woodrow Kivitt, Bronco Owens, David Whitaker, Cecil Trull, William Waford, Limuel Lane, Earl Green, Dewy

Blackburn, Will Hodges, Andrew Bivins, Leonard Burleson, Eugene Glass, Toddie Alberty, Kenneth Lewis, Lee Right, Claude Dunn, Bertie Murry, Carl Ballard, Lawrence Scales, Lyonel McMahan, Turner Preddy, George Cox, Roy Houser, Willie Reector, Cecil Arnold, Lattie McClam, Conly Aumond, Claude Wilson, Chas. Beaver, Thomas Tedder, Earl Edwards, James Long, Lester Love, Al Pettigrew, Lester Matthews, Les-

ter Franklin, Wilbert Rackley.
"B"

Andrew Parker, Amos Ramsey Elmer Mooney, Earl Torrence, Robert Cooper, Theodore Colman, Ben Cameron, Guy Haddock, Wannie Frink, Earnest Carlton, Wilbert Rackley, Maston Britt, Ralph Glover, James Cook, Elmer Proctor, John Gray, Floyd Stanley, John Hill, John Watts, Burton Emory, Garland, Ryals, Elias Warren, Claud Stanley.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Mrs. Burnett, when I came to Washington, was the most honored literary person in the District of Columbia. She was the author of more than forty books, of which "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a classic in children's choice literature. Born of humble parents in Manchester, England, Mrs. Burnett wrote her first story at the age of thiteen. It was published a few years later, after her family had emigrated to America, ettling in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1865. She was married to Dr. Swan M. Burnett, a scion of an old Southern family, whom she first met when as a barefoot girl she called at his home to sell berries. Mrs. Burnett obtained a divorce in 1898 and in 1900 was married to Stephen Townsend, also an author, who died fourteen years later. Her books are all very interesting. She was always spoken of as Mrs. Burnett. Dr. Burnett died, an eminent physician, a number of years ago—Mrs. Monroe in The Lutheran.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

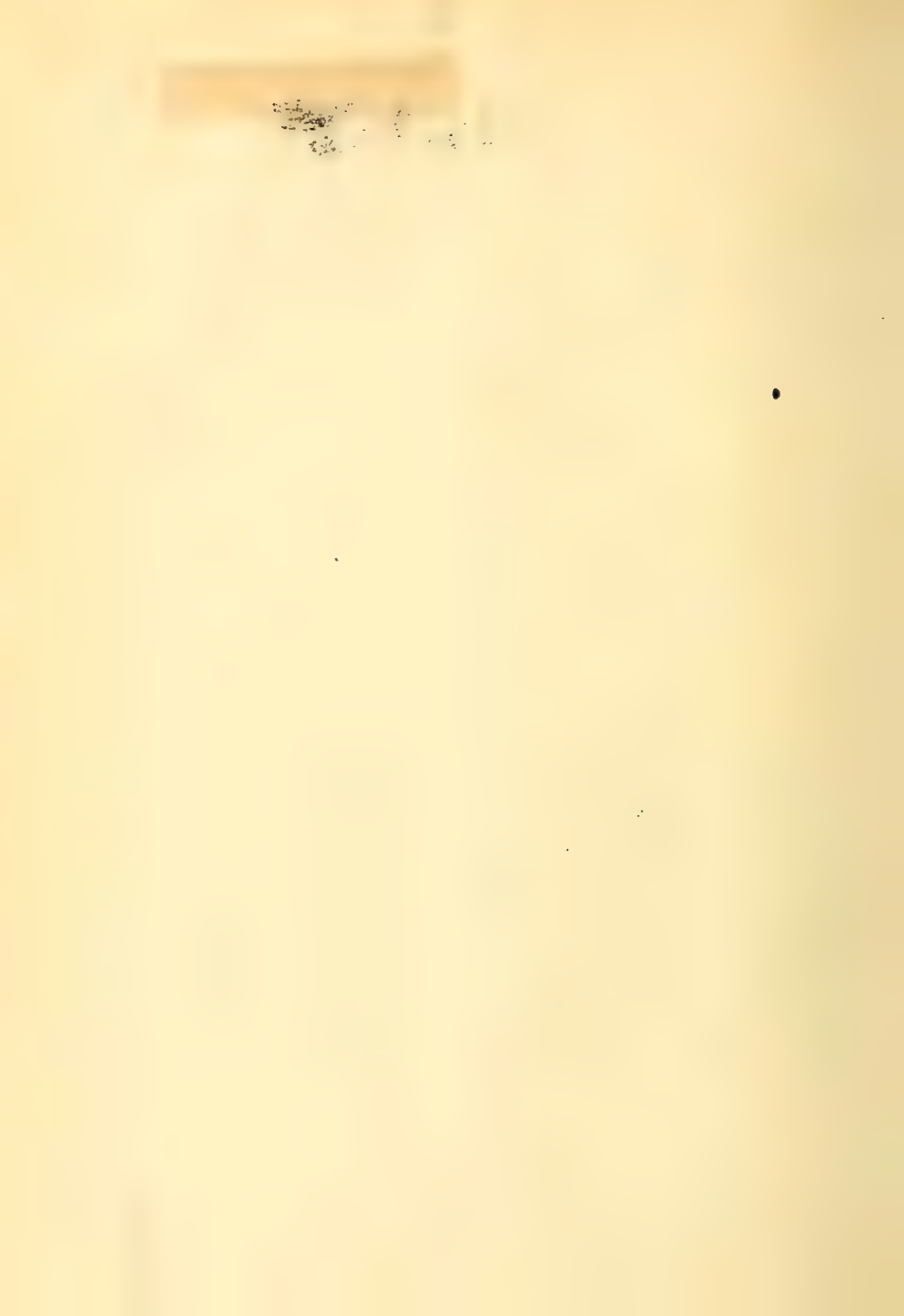
Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



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THE

Mrs. H. M. Wagstaff
4-28-23

UPLIFT

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 13, 1924

No. 4

“SHE’S MY FRIEND.”

That’s a sweet and instructive story we are carrying under the title of ‘‘She’s my friend.’’ Throughout the country where wise and heroic effort has been made, by the employment of every possible agency and the services of a capable nurse, whose heart is in her work, there are thousands of cases where the blessed can and do truthfully exclaim ‘‘she’s my friend.’’

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—Boree.

ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE SAFE?

It is unworthy of any people, having intelligence and without selfishness when it comes to meet a public duty, to deliberately shut their eyes to a condition that demands heroic efforts, and thereby fool themselves into a sense of security. We have in this county, as well as in other counties of the state, a duty that belongs to all.

Having made an effort to ascertain the number of tubercular cases in Cabarrus county, The Uplift has at last found an answer to its inquiry in a roundabout way. So far as we know the local Health Department has not issued any official statement covering this phase of the condition of the health of the county. In the December number of the N. C. State Health Bulletin, issued by the State Board of Health, the number of deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis in the state is given by counties. Cabarrus is accredited with twenty-eight (28) deaths during the year 1923—from unofficial sources, it is believed that the year 1924 will show a considerable increase.

From Mrs. G. B. Lewis, treasurer, of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of Cabarrus county, The Uplift gets these figures touching on the tubercular

situation in the county. These figures have been gotten from the N. C. Sanatorium:

“In Concord, with street address named,	90 cases;
In Kannapolis, Concord, R. F. D., Mt. Pleasant and the county	165

A total of 255 cases.”

Experts in the observation and treatment of such cases have estimated that every person dying with tuberculosis infects nine others. According to this estimate there is a possibility, if not a probability, of nine times 255, or 2,295 innocent and unsuspecting citizens becoming infected with this terrible disease. What are you, Mr. Citizen, who love your home, your family, your fellow man, and in a measure regard yourself a keeper of your brother, going to do about it?

Were not the 28 of our citizens, who died last year of this terrible disease, worth something to the community? Are not the innocent, and perhaps ignorant, who came into contact with these fatal cases of last year and exposed to the 255, who are today suffering from the disease not worth your most thoughtful and serious consideration?

Until we get a county sanatorium, or in connection with another county a joint sanatorium, the next best thing, and indeed a necessary and wise step, is the putting on in the county of an expert tubercular nurse, who may locate these homes that are infected and teach the family how to best care for the cases, so as to reduce the possible infection to the smallest number. This is vital, if we are to make a reasonable show at fighting this enemy of humanity. The Uplift understands that the local Anti-Tubercular Association is planning to maintain such a nurse in the county. We congratulate the society on its wisdom and applaud their efforts in this direction.

Now that the sale of Christmas seals are on, let every one do his utmost, in keeping with the spirit of the season, to supply himself with these pretty little stamps, and thereby get the satisfaction of rendering a substantial encouragement to these earnest people, who mean to wisely spend the money for the common good. This is a business that calls aloud for the aid of every one—it is your enemy as well as those already wasting away with the cruel disease. That enemy may be just around the corner, ready to attack your home.

If the local association is fortunate in securing a Red Cross nurse, who is well and efficiently trained in her work, such as the county was blessed with several years ago, the record of the cases and the number of infections are bound to be reduced, or there is no dependence and faith to be put into the

the records made elsewhere under faithful and watchful care of a trained nurse.

Let us sustain the local organization in this advanced and worthy move. If brotherly love is not strong enough to prompt our support; then what about a selfish motive—self-defense?

* * * * *

THE BIGGEST THING IN THE STATE.

The state on Tuesday was all agog over the announcement that Mr. J. B. Duke had established a forty million dollar trust fund, to aid Trinity College, certain hospitals, certain charitable institutions and to aid in the work of the North Carolina Methodist Conferences. The beneficiaries of this magnificent gift are in North and South Carolina.

The statement that accompanied this announcement clearly shows that Mr. Duke, while an immensely rich man and has accumulated no little of this by meeting, accepting and directing certain opportunities that were going to waste in the two Carolinas, has a heart for his fellows. He is not stingy with his wealth, and while accumulating it he has thrown opportunities around hundreds of men, who have become conspicuous in social, business and industrial activities in many states.

When this man has finished his earthly career, the product of his genius, brains, vision and masterful leadership will remain to bless mankind forever. Mr. J. B. Duke has executed the biggest thing ever done in the state.

* * * * *

LESPEDEZA GREEN.

The Uplift is honored by a goodly number of the leading farmers and agriculturists of the state that weekly read this little journal; and we regard it fitting that some attention should be paid to the greatest sensation (from the standpoint of Union county) of recent years. It is a soil-improver, which Zeb Green, late of Marshville and now editor of the Mecklenburg Times, discovered, if he did not actually develop to meet a serious condition that confronted the farmer. Green always honors this newly-discovered clover by spelling it with a capital letter, and it is said that everytime an ignorant proof reader permits the name of the plant to get by with a lower case "l," Editor Green growls like unto a lion, or words to that effect.

There must be some remarkable virtue in Lespedeza, or else a whole county would not go wild about it, lead by a serious-minded and honest fellow like Green. At a meeting of editors a year or more ago, when editor Honeycutt

had proven that there was such a thing as Morrow Mountain, Green to save his reputation as a truthful man voluntarily promised to send a sample of a bushel of Lespedeza seed to the members of the craft for the simple purpose of getting into the class with Honeycutt, who went off with flying colors in the establishment of the fact that such a thing as Morrow Mountain did reside in Stanly county. But Green has not yet made good—not a single editor in that party at Albemarle has ever heard another word from Green.

If Lespedeza will accomplish all that is claimed for it, it behooves everyone of us to get behind it and Green, and Beasley (a late convert) and spread the story of its value to the uttermost parts of the state and elsewhere.

* * * * *

ROUTING SISTER HUNTER.

Miss Susan Hunter, disregarding the wisdom of caution, and discretion and showing a lack of patriotism, by her unworthy example of fly-blowing her own state, since she has taken up her residence in New York, has been choked unmercifully by a series of facts thrust down her throat, by disinterested investigators, by the Health Department, by Miss Kelly, by Bill Richardson, the governor's private secretary, and a score of others.

We invite a reading of an article in this number, the same being the candid opinion of a real New Yorker, who was seeking after truth and was willing to go on record. An embossed copy of this pleasing exhibition of facts should be sent to sister Hunter for her information. That kind of a story, however, will **not** aid a self-constituted missionary in raising funds for 'ignorant mountain folk,' or the 'hungry and ignorant ones in the east.' After all, there may not be any Susan Hunter—maybe some jealous faker sprung the miserably false article on the New York Times.

* * * * *

PATERNAL INTEREST.

One of the choicest joys that come to him who may unselfishly appreciate the attitude of an aged father, who is living in the lives of his children, was witnessed the other day, which is described by an exchange in these words.

"I sat in a hotel a little while ago with an old friend. I had not seen him for several years. Our paths have parted, and not often do they cross. Death has invaded his home so that his family is not so large as it used to be. But he has two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter was with him on the occasion of our short visit together. I asked about the son, who, I was told, is married and lives in New York City. I saw by the expression on the father's face he was

proud of his son. It does not take long to see whether or not a son is the joy of his father and mother. My inquiry about the boy was all the father needed to start him out on a long and interesting story. That story need not be long here. The son and wife live in a small flat in our nation's metropolis. They are adding to their furniture a piece now and then as they are able. Then the father told me what interested him most of all. It was to the effect that the son writes him every week. The week previous the son, being very busy, did not get to write until late and fearing the father would not receive the letter by Saturday sent it special delivery. The father's chest swelled with pride and joy as he told me of the devotion of his son; and he was not half as much concerned that that son should live in more spacious quarters or enjoy more abundant furniture as that he should not forget him whose love is next to the love of a mother. Dutiful sons make glad fathers."

* * * * *

TOOK HIM FOR A PREACHER.

Some days ago Hon. Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, and Hon. D. F. Giles, of Marion, as representatives of the State Budget Commission, paid an official visit to the Jackson Training School. They went over the entire plant, and concluding their visit they made practical talks to the boys who had assembled in the auditorium for the pleasure of hearing these distinguished gentlemen. It was an enjoyable affair.

Leaving the auditorium, so impressed with the orthodoxy and soundness of Mr. Murphy's remarks, which forcibly dwelled upon the possibilities of overcoming obstacles, one of our youngsters approached Mr. Murphy and assured him that "we would be glad to have you as our regular preacher." That came from the boy's heart; and up to this day that youngster does not know that Mr. Murphy is not a licensed preacher.

* * * * *

THEY SEE THE PROBLEM.

The treasurer of the local Anti-Tuberculosis Society writes that during the past year it was their privilege of ministering to 19 adults and 12 children (the latter either in the house with tuberculosis or having recently been with parents who died with the disease.) They sent four patients to the State Sanatorium for treatment, others not being willing, or too ill to go.

The same authority further says: "We are convinced that tuberculosis is increasing in Cabarrus county, and feel what we are doing is very ineffective to check its spread, and that a nurse, well equipped to do educational work, will be of inestimable value."

The Society is right. Get a well trained nurse—a Red Cross Nurse, if

possible. The best is not too good to tackle this important job.

* * * * *

GOOD FOR MECKLENBURG.

The old cradle of the First Declaration of American Independence—Mecklenburg—did herself proud on the 9th. By a handsome majority at a specially-called election the people authorized the authorities to issue \$100,000 in bonds for the erection of a Tuberculosis Sanatorium in the county and the levy of a 5-cent tax for its support.

The county never did a finer or a more humane act. The people are aroused over the vital matter of making our citizens safe from this sneaking disease. No man, woman or child is safe until this enemy of humanity is conquered—it is possible, if we go about it in determination and relentlessly.

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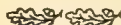
Reader: if you desire a real lucid presentation of the efficacy of prayer, don't fail to read the article, entitled "Prayer," by Judge T. M. Fraser, an associate justice of the South Carolina Supreme Court, who is not too busy to go to his home in Sumter to teach his Bible class.

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THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND.

Mr. A. W. Klemme, Hight Point	\$ 5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Stonewall Jackson Junior Circle of King's Daughters, Concord,	5.00
Standard Buick Company, Concord	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
Stonewall Jackson Circle, King's Daughters Senior, Concord	10.00

Mr. Herman Cone, of Greensboro, a fine friend of the cause that engages this institution, in enclosing his check is pleased to say: "I hope that the enclosed check will be useful in helping to provide a Merry Christmas for the boys."



'SHE'S MY FRIEND!'

By Elizabeth Cole.

Billy came running up the walk and breathlessly jumped into his mother's arms for a hug and a kiss.

"Who was that walking home with you?" asked his mother. She looked down the street at a disappearing slender figure.

"Oh," exclaimed Billy, "she's my friend!" His eyes sparkled and he grinned all over as the figure at the corner turned around and blew a kiss at him.

"Well, so she's your friend, is she?" asked Billy's mother "Who is she, ducky?"

"Why, don't you know her, mother? She comes to our school and tells us stories and all about brushing our teeth n' everything—and didn't you see her going into Mrs. Brown's last week when the baby was sick? And don't you remember last year when they gave that play in school and Polly was the health fairy and they got her some money to buy an automobile with? Why, you know her, mother." Billy was all out of breath in his eagerness to make his explanation understood.

"You're just about as clear as a muddy pool, son," said his mother, "but I gather she is the public health nurse. Is she?"

"Yes," replied Billy, a bit doubtfully, "sort of, but they have another name for her—it's a long word—it begins with 't.' You know what they have that sanatorium for at Laurel Hill."

"Oh, you mean tuberculosis?" questioned his mother, "a tuberculosis nurse?"

"Yes" replied Billy, not wholly sure whether or not he liked the word. "Tuberculosis," he said it over once or twice, deciding it was, after all, an intriguing addition to his vocabulary. "Yes, that's it—tuberculosis nurse, they call her. But anyway she's my friend."

That is a true story and it is told to introduce to the reader not only Billy's friend, but everybody's friend the tuberculosis public health nurse.

The whole public health nursing movement grew out of a desire to be friendly, and a wish to do everything possible for anyone who was sick. Neighborliness and friendly care have always been known, but organized and scientific home-nursing care, designed to prevent disease, has only been developed within the past two decades.

The "public health nurse" (that is another name for her) is now such a recognized necessity in the community that we could not well live without her. Her work is not only to care for the sick, but has come to be a health teacher as well, one who helps toward preventing sickness. Her work is also coordinated with other community health work and she sometimes serves as a connecting link for various health organizations. There are nearly 20,000 of these trained public health nurses in the field today. Many are specialized tuberculosis nurses, while most of them care for tuberculosis patients in their homes.

It is almost impossible to realize what an important factor the tuber-

culosis nurse has been in the organized educational campaign to prevent and stamp out tuberculosis. Twenty-five years ago, under the late Sir William Osler's direction, two women medical students in Baltimore went to the homes of several patients who had been coming to the John Hopkins Hospital dispensary. There they instructed them regarding diet, fresh air, disposal of sputum and generally inspected the home conditions. Tuberculosis was then regarded as a hopeless and inherited disease. The patients remained at home for the most part within close stuffy rooms and no care was taken to protect other members of the family from infection. This was the beginning of the idea of having nurses specialize in tuberculosis care and prevention.

With the advent of the tuberculosis nurse to visit the home and give education in healthy living, naturally the children in many families wherein tuberculosis had been constantly spreading could be saved. Children with infectious diseases were sent home from school, but formerly no one checked up to see whether or not proper treatment was given and precautions taken to keep the infected child from playing with others. The tuberculosis nurses

did this and, in cases of malnutrition in children so conducive to tuberculosis, they began to give the mothers instruction on diet, fresh air and other health habits. Health education in the home has become of increasing help in preventing tuberculosis for this so often can follow such seemingly simple sicknesses as measles colds, pneumonia.

The organized tuberculosis campaign carried on for the passed twenty years by the National Tuberculosis Association and affiliated state and local organizations depends more and more on the cooperation of the public health nurse. They work together in teaching health to prevent sickness. Christmas seals, the funds of which support tuberculosis work, have helped to make it possible to have these specialized nurses in various communities. There should be in every community to bring health to mothers and children and to help decrease tuberculosis in this country. They should be in isolated districts as well as in crowded cities, so that every mother may be taught health and be able to say, as little Billy did, "She's my friend!"

Buy Christmas seals in December and help make it possible to have more tuberculosis nurses, everybody's friends.

Kentucky has an anti-gossiping act, a new law, and under it a farmer's wife in Daviess county has been fined \$10. If malicious gossiping can be stopped, or even decreased, by the mere enactment of a statute, it is a wonder the method has not long since been tried. North Carolina will soon have a legislature in session, with not a great many pressing tasks on hand, and maybe the solons would do well to consider this Kentucky Law.—Greensboro News.

ASK THOSE WHO USE IT.

The Chatom Record, making note of the large amounts invested in advertising by various concerns, asks whether it pays and then advises you to ask those who use it. We are reminded that hundreds of car-loads of Cannon-made towels would go out month after month to the trade who are cognizant of the quality, but who there be that doubts that that magnificent sign—perhaps no more attractive or significant can be found in the whole wide world—at Kannapolis telling of the great towel industry does not whet up trade and interest? But says the Record, in its compilation of moneys spent:

Wrigley spends \$3,500,000 a year to tell the public theirs is the gum to chew.

Ford spends \$6,000,000 to tell the Ford story.

The Electric Light Power industry spends more than \$4,000,000 flashing the kilowatt hourly message.

Campbells are coming across with \$1,500,000 to say they sell succulent soup.

Electric railway companies ring up about \$2,200,000 for advertising trolley rides.

Colgates assert, to the tune of some \$1,185,000, that their shaving soap, etc., produces the smile that won't erase.

Procter and Gamble are still con-

vincing the ablutionsly inclined that Ivory soap floats—and are spending \$1,170,000 to make that conviction stick.

Gas companies talk more than \$2,000,000 worth through advertising channels.

One of Victor's most telling talking machine is its advertising which costs \$1,142,000.

Telephone companies have busy advertising lines with an estimated toll of \$1,500,000. Along each line sounds the voice with the smile.

Does advertising pay?

The answer is to be found in America's business, commercial and industrial trend.

ECHOES FROM A NURSERY.

"Let me tell you, Miss Daisy," said a clever little six year old boy, "one night I peeped out of the window and I saw the biggest, blackest cloud, and seven little stars twinkling right under it. Then it commenced to rain, and the stars were about to get wet and they all slipped back home."

"Let me tell you something, too, Miss Daisy," quickly followed the child's sister, "One night, standing right here I was getting ready to go to bed and the curtain was up; a little bird out there on that tree saw me, and when I laid down that little bird tried to do as I did—it lay flat down on the limb and went to sleep."

“STATE’S CHIEF NEED IS GOOD COAT PAINT.”

By Harvey H. Smith.

I have been in North Carolina almost a month. In that time I have traveled over two thousand miles by automobile and in that distance I encountered considerably less than one-half of one per cent poor roads. Starting at Raleigh I descended to the level of the sea at Beaufort and rose to the dizzying heights of Chimney Rock, continuing west to Bryson City and detouring at interesting way stations in between. I came to North Carolina, not to scoff exactly, but somewhat skeptical, and I remain to praise. My peregrinations have been a succession of pleasant surprises.

Previous to my visit my knowledge of the State was fragmentary, to say the least. Early in my scholastic career I learned that North Carolina was bounded on the north by Virginia, on the west by Tennessee, on the south (fittingly enough) by South Carolina and on the east by the Atlantic ocean. Raleigh was its capitol and its principal crops were cotton and tobacco. From time to time this meager information was augmented. Since I started smoking Winston-Salem has loomed large on my mental horizon and of late years I have had the annual urge to golf at Pinehurst and Asheville.

But of the real North Carolina, its people, its scenic beauty, its traditions, progress, pride and problems I knew as little as the average man knows of his wife before marriage.

I do not claim to know North Carolina now. I doubt if even her oldest inhabitants are thoroughly conversant with her manifold attractions. No picture of travel is ever quite finished. There are always fresh strokes to be added. The world is too full of unseen things. Had I traversed every county—had I stopped in every town there would still be a host of voices raised to shout, “You aint seen nothin’ yet.”

I don’t know just what I expected when I got off the train at Raleigh. A chorus of “you-alls” probably, from a welcoming delegation of honorary colonels in broad-brimmed black felt hats; picturesque negroes, doubtless, working in still more picturesque cotton fields; a duel or two to avenge slighted honor, perhaps with two minute intermission for Coca-Cola. At any rate, I didn’t expect to be whisked away in a yellow taxi with the meter clicking as disturbingly as ever it clicked in New York or to be set down in front of a modern ten-story hotel equipped with running ice water ter and less rapid bell boys.

There is no reason why I shouldn’t have anticipated these latter earmarks of twentieth century progress were it not for the fact that mine was the journey of an innocent abroad, my first trip below Virginia. And furthermore I am a New Yorker, than whom, I am told, there is nothing more provincial. Let it be stated

here that my preconceptions were all wrong. I haven't seen a single duel or even heard of one. Not more than a dozen "you-alls" have reared my ears, which is averaging pretty low per gallon. I haven't seen enough broad-brimmed black felt hats to start even a small town hat store. Only on cotton fields and Coca-Cola did I approximate reality. The cotton fields have been fully as picturesque as I imagined and the pickers even more so, and I have seen enough Coca-Cola consumed to make me believe that nine out of ten North Carolinians must be stockholders in the Coca-Cola company.

I came down here neither as a tourist nor on business, on the ordinary sense of the word. Together with a cameraman I came to photograph the scenic beauties of North Carolina for a one-reel educational motion picture. I have seen enough beauty and interesting things to make several dozen reels and have "shot" enough to make at least five.

Yet were anyone to ask me to name the most beautiful part of the State or the most unsightly I could not do so. I thought the little lake outside of Trenton, its old moss-hung cypresses back lighted by the late afternoon sun, quite the most beautiful thing I had ever seen until I reached the pinnacle of Linville Mountain and a panorama of unbelievable grandeur unfolded beneath my eyes.

So struck were my cameraman and myself at this scene that we decided to spend several days photographing it and other matchless views to be had from the mountain which it is

hoped will soon be a part of the Southern Appalachian Park. We started with Linville Falls and worked out the mountain. At every turn a new picture, more beautiful than the one that preceded it, confronted us, culminating like the climax of an engrossing novel in the view from the Pinnacle.

From the Pinnacle we descended some two thousand feet into Linville Gorge and climbed out again, over a thousand feet straight up the face of the mountain, clinging to roots and gaining footholds in rock crevices. It was like climbing the face of the Woolworth building. Instead of spending two days we spent seven and would have been turning the crank yet had we enough film left.

Those were delightful days in the mountains. The air was fortunately clear for our purposes and although the mercury was low there was always time for a fire and a can of steaming hot coffee. I liked the people we met. Our host had spent some time in the revenue service and regaled us with bloodcurdling tales while an old-timer who traveled with us taxed our credulity with a wealth of bear stories.

My outstanding impression of this section of the State, however, has nothing to do with scenery or with old-timers. It is one of a clean-cut young man in his twenties whom we came upon taking part in a square dance at the Crossnore School. I think he is the most remarkable man I have ever met. He refused an offer of \$1,000 a week from the largest vaudeville circuit in the country to imitate the songs and cries of birds and beasts so that he might devote

himself to his work among his own people.

I marveled at the hand of Nature in rearing Chimney Rock. A young man interested in the development of the surrounding country told us that its summit was the warmest place in North Carolina. I credited his statement to over-exuberance until I mounted the several hundred steps to get there. Then I knew he was right.

I cannot chronicle my entire trip. My mind is a kaleidoscope of impressions. A giant negro astride an undersized mule. . . . Fort Fisher with the waves washing over the silhouetted ribs of a wrecked clipper ship . . . sunrise on Lake James . . . a Sunday evening meal at Linville Falls . . . my first taste of barbecued pig . . . the graveyard at Beaufort . . . the incomparable architecture of New Bern; its perfect old church after plans by Sir Christopher Wrenn; the houses with railed lookouts on their roofs where anxious wives watched for the returning ships of their husbands . . . the serpentine concrete road winding its way over the mountains between Old Fort and Asheville . . . mountaineers driving into town with shotguns over their knees.

I am at a loss to understand how a State which can construct such an unparalleled system of roads and erect modern urban schools in rural districts can allow such a cherished possession as Fort Macon, or such part of it as vandals have not carried away, sink into soon irretrievable ruin. May I recommend to those North Carolinians who have

not visited it, a trip to this relic of the past as a most delightful Sunday excursion.

To one accustomed to motoring over flat Long Island roads, riding over mountains that are mountains has been something of a thrill, much like riding on a scenic railway for the first time with no guard rails to lend security. I found it rather trying to admire the scenery when my mind was more concerned with the probabilities of negotiating the next hairpin curve. However, henceforth when anyone recounts a tale of a horrowing automobile ride I will silence him with a dozen better, each beginning, "When I was in North Carolina—"

I have memories of my first experience putting on sand greens . . . an oyster roast with a bushel of oysters for three . . . the surprising number of buildings under construction . . . thousands of rhododendrons . . . growing wild on the mountain side . Abe Mitchell driving 370 yards over the course of the Asheville Country Club . . . cornbread and buttermilk . . . Pigeon River valley . . . A galax picker's home built under an overhanging rock on the side of Grandfather Mountain . . . ginning cotton . . . three bountiful meals a day . . . the hospitality of the members of the Marion Lake Club . . . six chopped onion and mayonnaise sandwiches consumed en route to Linville Mountain . . . a C. C. & O. freight train climbing the mountains . . . the Cherokee Indian reservation . . . the Capitol at Raleigh . . . fried apples for breakfast . . . a modest-

mannered young mountaineer threatening to shoot anyone who harmed any of his dogs . . . two tame coons . . . a 15-mile stretch of concrete road without a turn near Wilmington Crossnore School . . . the excitement caused in Morganton on Saturday afternoon by Ben Dixon MacNeill and myself in knickers . . . the Customs House at Wilmington . . . the feat of removing a hill and filling in a swamp in the heart of Asheville . . . the amazing number of native-born Americans charging five cents for newspapers . . . the interest in politics . . . Biltmore Forest Country Club . . . the tale mine near Carthage . . . a veneer mill in New Bern . . . a charming lady of 83 in Charlotte . . . a porter parading through the hall of a hotel in Bryson City clanging a dinner bell at 7 a. m. . . . an ugly shack surrounded by varied colored chrysanthemums . . . the hospitality of the members of the Marion Lake Club.

I have these and a thousand and one other impressions of North Carolina to treasure and revive from time to time. No longer will North Carolina be to me just a part of the South, bounded on the north by Virginia, on the west by Tennessee, on the south by South Carolina and on the east by the Atlantic. It is something alive to me now. I have come, seen and been conquered. During my sojourn I have met only one secretary of a chamber of commerce and not once during our conversation did he mention the fact that his city would in 1928 lead the world in the manufacture of non-refillable

fountain pens or that even now it led in the matter of mean rainfall per annum. Furthermore, he absolutely abstained from statistics which is an accomplishment for any chamber of commerce secretary.

My escutcheon thus cleared I believe that I write of North Carolina without bias. I have seen it through the lens of a camera. I came in quest of beauty and found it. Nor did I find much of squalor. I read French Strother's article on North Carolina and Susan Hunter's article in rebuttal and from my observation I think the former paints the better picture. He is not an idealist as charged but a stark realist.

It is useless to deny that there is poverty among the mountaineers or in the lowlands, but it is a healthy poverty not to be compared with that on the East Side of my own city. And although the poor mountaineer may be lacking in worldly goods he lives close to nature and has a knowledge of the beauties of this world which many an educated and wealthy man would give much to possess.

I have been most struck by the niggardly use of paint on almost all houses outside of cities and towns. Someone told me that what North Carolina needed most was a good press agent. I disagree with him. What North Carolina needs most is a coat of paint. But North Carolina is a State with a purpose. Its roads, its schools, its welfare services prove that and the paint can come latter. Any way paint is superficial and North Carolina seems to get along every well without superficiality.

TOM TELLS IT.

(Monroe Journal)

Tom Broom came along this morning with a big roll of manuscript under his arm and a question revealed the fact that it was the several reports he has to make on his year's work to the various official agencies under which he works. An examination showed that he had done as pretty a piece of typewriting as any expert stenographer would have done and done it with the same old rough hands that Sheriff Griffith used to say slung the plow and harrow so much. Hanged if this man Tom Broom ain't a wonder anyway. He can do more things and do them well, and know more about more things than any other man you will meet in many day's journey.

But this report, as might have been expected, has a lot to say about lespedeza, and so The Journal asked Mr. Broom a very "pinted" question. We have been hearing a lot about lespedeza and what it is doing for the soil in this country, as well as how glad the farmers are that they have at last found something that fills the bill. "Now," Mr. Broom was asked, "how much of this is just talk and how much is actuality? Are the farmers generally taking on to it, or are there just a few who are trying it?"

"I figure," said Mr. Broom, "that there are already 2,500 individual farmers in the country who have begun to use lespedeza."

That sounded good, and Mr. Broom was asked why this was true, and why he had not succeeded in getting great attention paid to crimson clover

and other soil improvers that he had been talking about in years gone by. And take it or leave it, this wonderful man had all that figured out. "Here is that point right here in my report," he said, and we read: .

"It (lespedeza) has inspired the farmer with hope and courage. His confidence in his ability to improve his acres has been restored. He had well nigh lost hope and courage. His confidence had been shattered by his strenuous but futile efforts to improve his acres with crimson clover and cowpeas. These so often refused to catch, or refused to grow. He now knows that in lespedeza he has legume that will give good account of itself anywhere, if he will only sow the seed. In times past he has denied himself many comforts and conveniences in order to get a supply of crimson clover seed, or the seed of some other legume, to grow, and more often than otherwise had failure for his pains. But now he goes out and in an afternoon saves enough seed for his own requirements, and in another afternoon harvests \$50 worth of seed for some one else. It has liberated him from the slavish method of pulling fodder. He is no longer hurried by the thought that his peavine or sorghum ha may be caused to rot in the stack by continuous rains. He now knows that if he can get two fair days together he can get his winter forage into the barn in fine condition, for lespedeza can be cut in one day, baled and put in the barn the next. It is a common saying among farmers, 'lespedeza improves the

soil, feeds the cows, fills the barns, and puts money in the pocket.' The above statements may read like truth stated in the abstract, yet every statement is based on concrete facts. If any one doubts it, let him come and see."

And that is the story told with as fine command of English as a professional writer could employ. The ease with which this legume may be grown and the certainty of the crop, as well as its value, then, explains why people are "catching onto" it.

GRANDMOTHER MAKING CORNBREAD.

(Laura S .Stacy, Glen Alpine)

If you find her in the kitchen
 After you have been away
 Making cornbread like she used to
 Just be careful what you say.

For the joy she finds in sifting,
 Mixing, smelling, while it browns,
 Ought to bring some smiling dimples
 To your face, instead of frowns.

She'll not feel that she is useless
 If once more her hands may do,
 Little things that gave her pleasure
 When she worked for me and you.

If you have a cook or daughter
 Let her do another turn
 While grandmother makes the cornbread
 Listening to the woodfire burn.

She'll be happy when its finished
 And the smile upon her face
 Will reward you for your patience
 When she bows her head in grace.

JOHN C. CALHOUN HENPECKED.

In the home of a granddaughter of John C. Calhoun, the great Southern statesman, who lives in Atlanta, are many relics of the statesman. "Yes," said the great granddaughter in speaking of her relics, "It is John C. Calhoun whose spirit burns strongest here. There in the right hand corner next to the window, is the great portrait of him by De Bloch, the Belgian, which has been copied again and again for all the history books. On the opposite side of the window is the companion portrait of Mrs. John C. Calhoun.

And there, on a mahogany pier table at the left, are the old silver candle-sticks, and a curious silver vase, once the ear-trumpet of John C. Calhoun's daughter, Cornelia

"Which piece do you prize most of all?" I asked of Mrs. A. P. Calhoun: "That big Gothic secretary?"

"No," she answered, "I do prize that and I think it is one of the finest I ever saw. That was presented to my great-grandfather, John C. Calhoun, by the state of South Carolina when he became vice president of the United States. It was carved of Swiss oak by an old Swiss who was called 'a sculptor in wood.' The state of South Carolina paid \$5,000 for the five pieces which were in this same gift: that secretary, this screen, a stool I have upstairs, an arm-chair which is at Clemson college, and an ottoman.

"But there is the antique I prize most—or perhaps I should call it just an heirloom, for it's only about a hundred years old," pointing to the eary-ed screen. "That petit point was

by Grandmother Clemson without a pattern. It is just a free hand picture of an alabaster vase, which belonged to the family, filled with flowers from their garden—roses, 'red-hot pokers,' Canterbury bells, and other old-fashioned things."

"But I'll tell you a curious thing," she went on. "You see thoes carved fauns' heads on the sides? Well, although no two pieces of the five were made to match, it happens that the arm cair at Clemson is decorated with similar fauns' heads. But there the custodian tells the story that the chair was presented to Grandfather Clemson by his friend Leopold of Belgium; and that Leopold, wishing Grandfather to have some personal reminder of him, had his own portrait carved on the chair. But what would Leopold think," she added with a twinkle, "of having his portrait carved with horns!"

Mania for Work

Mrs. Calhoun has a host of anecdotes to tell of her great-grandfather and his dainty, but fierce, little wife, Floride, whom he always called "Miss Flurried" (which is somewhat nearer the old French pronunciation of the name, Fleuride). "Great-grandmother had a maina for making people work," she said. "If ladies came to call, she would have various sorts of needlework handy, steer the conversation around that way, and say, 'What kind of fancy-work do you like best?' and on getting some kind of answer would add, 'Well, while we are talking, let us be working. It is a sin not to use our hands.' If a slave in the com-

munity was disobedient or obstreperous, his owner would bring him to order with the threat, "If you don't behave, I'll sell you to Mrs. John C. Calhoun!"

But one of the most interesting stories is that of the incident which led to the building of his "library" next to the old home at Clemson. One day while trying to work, and pestered by some request of his wife, he retorted mildly, in the grammar reserved for family use, "Miss Flurrid, I can't do no work with you botheru, me now. Won't you leave me alone?"

"This is my house," came the answer, "and I'll go in it where I please!"

"Well, I've got five hundred dollars,

Miss Flurrid, and if I build me a little house out in the yard, will you let me stay in it without botherin' me?"

"Yes, if you'll promise never to set foot in my house again unless I invite you."

So he built the little library at "Fort Hill," and lined it with pine shelvies of his ooks, put in a plain table with a few chairs, and upstairs in a little loft, a very narrow spool bed with a corn-shuck mattress. And there he read, and wrote, and slept, and occasionally had his meals served him, till he died, in 1850, mourned by a whole state and most of a nation as one of her clearest thinkers and greatest sons.

TRUE BEAUTY.

There is a treatise on true beauty in Prov. 31:10-31 that is better than any of the beauty-books on sale, and has a better prescription than any of the beauty doctors can give. This famous chapter is worth analyzing.

What make a beautiful woman, according to this old philosopher?

1. She is absolutely trustworthy.
2. She seeks to do good.
3. She is diligent.
4. She has her household in her heart.
5. She has courage and strength.
6. She is generous to the poor.
7. She sees that all her household are neatly and prettily clothed.
8. She makes her house beautiful.
9. She is anxious and ambitious for her husband.
10. She is honored because of her sterling character.
11. All her words are wise, helpful and kind.
12. She makes herself beloved of all her children.
13. She fears the Lord.

Notice how right at the end the writer says that all these beautiful traits are but manifestations of an inward beauty—it ss fear of the Lord—His spirit in her heart.—Exchange.

PRAYER.

By T. M. Fraser.

The subject of this lesson is "Jesus Heals the Son of a Nobleman, at the request of the Father;" or it may be stated, Jesus heals a young man in answer to the prayer of his father.

This is not an isolated incident. There are others. It is entirely clear that the Bible teaches that while Jesus was on earth He did hear and answer prayer for the healing of the sick.

I am fully convinced that the world is now ripe for a great religious revival and it will come, if the Christian people will do their part. The Christian world is at Kadesh Barnea and God is offering to them and commanding them to go up and possess the land. If the command is not obeyed and we allow the time to pass, we too may be led out into the wilderness—it may be for many years. It is not to be expected that the Devil is idle. He will use all the forces of darkness and as many of God's people as he can deceive to prevent the coming of the great revival. The Devil will strike at strategic points. If a general can break the connection between the army of his enemy and his base of supplies, he has conquered his enemy and it is only a short time before his victory is complete.

The Christian soldiers are weak and helpless in themselves, and they can win only when they keep in touch with their source of supply of power. Their source of supply is God. They keep in touch with God by prayer. Some people speak of

the power of prayer. This is misleading. There is no lighting power in the wire that connects our lighting plant with our lamps. Cut the wire and you break the connection and the lamp gives no light. The purpose of prayer is to keep us in touch with God. If the Devil can discredit prayer, then men will cease to pray. When men cease to pray the connection is broken and the battle is lost.

We are finding, in the magazines, articles attacking prayer. In an article entitled "Pray," by Kensopp Lane, in the Atlantic Monthly for August, 1924, Mr. Lane speaks of two supposed effects of prayer, to-wit: Subjective effect, and objective effect.

The subjective effect is the influence prayer has on the man who prays.

The objective effect is the influence prayer has on others, or on inanimate nature.

1. He says that the subjective effect is efficient and admitted. That is, if I pray that my pastor shall preach a good sermon, my own mind is placed in harmony with the preacher and I readily take in the truth that he speaks. This does not include the work of God's spirit upon me. He might have gone a step further and said that I might enjoy a sermon, though there might be no merit in it whatever. A mother hears her son preach and thinks there never was such a preacher. Others whose mental attitude to the preacher is not influenced by mother love

may agree with her, that there never was such a preacher, but for a very different reason. The judgment as to the merits of a discourse may depend entirely on the mental attitude of the hearer to the speaker. The effect of the prayer in fixing the attitude of the hearer who has prayed, to the speaker and the discourse, and its effect on him who has prayed, is called the subjective effect of prayer.

II. Now, if I pray for an outpouring of the Spirit on my pastor, and in answer to that prayer God does pour out His Spirit upon him, and my pastor does preach a better and more spiritual sermon than he would have preached without it, then the effect of my prayer on the preacher and his other hearers is called the objective effect of prayer. The objective effect of prayer is sought in prayer for rain and the recovery of the sick, and the conversion of other men. Mr. Lane denies the objective effect of prayer. He says that the Roman Catholic world still believes in the objective effect of prayer, but intimates that the more intelligent Protestant world is fast throwing off the delusion. Mr. Lane, who, it seems, was or is a minister of the Gospel, is strangely ignorant of the fact that, with the exception of prayers for the dead (in which Protestants do not believe,) the Protestant world is just as loyal to the old doctrine of the objective effects of prayer as the Roman Catholics are. He says: "In my boyhood, it was customary to pray for fine weather or in the rarer occasion when English climate demands it, for rain. The custom is now, I fancy, almost dead. It has not been killed by at-

rophy of religion, but by increased knowledge in meteorology. If you teach the public in the newspapers every week day that the weather is fixed through complicated laws, that if the barometer is rising, fair weather is probable, while rain may be expected if it is falling, you cannot expect them to believe on Sunday that humidity of the atmosphere will be affected by prayer." (Italics are mine.)

A great scientist has recently made a great discovery, to-wit: there is no law of gravitation. When he comes to convince the world he must produce proofs and not mere probabilities.

Mr. Lane surrenders his whole case when he admits that the sequence of a rising barometer and fair weather, and a falling barometer and rain, is only probable. He leaves the door wide open for a Supreme Ruler when he admits that there are unexplained variations from the rule. Is it entirely stupid to admit that these inexplicable departures from the rule may be caused by the providence of God? Then why not the God of our fathers?

The story is told of an old preacher who was asked to pray for rain. He was the local weather prophet. He said, "I can pray for rain, but I can tell you now that it will not rain until the wind changes." Even if we admit that it will not rain until the wind changes, still if there be a Supreme Ruler who is omnipotent and omniscient, surely He can He can make the initial change, which will result in rain and do no violence to any law. If there be such a ruler and He be also my loving Father, why may He not know today with

absolute certainty that I will come to Him tomorrow with a prayer for rain and anticipate my coming and, anticipating my coming, set in motion that forces that will produce the blessing when I come. I know of a case in which a young lady was going to an out-of-the-way place. Her mother said to her, you will need things you cannot get in this out-of-the-way place, and whenever you do need anything, write me and ask for what you want. It happened time and again that letters to the mother, asking for things, passed on the way parcel post packages containing the very things asked for in the letter.

The Bible tells us, "Your Father knoweth that you have need of these things before ye ask Him." Not only the Christian world, but even the heathen world believe that there is an unseen power that affects our lives. The heathen believe that this unseen power is a malignant power and must be appeased by sacrifice to ward off his wrath. The Christian believes that this unseen power is God, all-wise, all-powerful, all-loving, our God and Father.

We are told that we have learned so much that our very intelligent people will turn away from a God who directs the affairs of men to a god who has bound himself so helplessly in the bonds of his own immutable law that he cannot hear our cry or will not. The belief in the unseen power is stamped on the human heart, and those who do not believe it are more or less than human.

Let us say that there is a road leading down a steep hill to a river. Just before it reaches the river it turns and runs parallel to the riv-

er. Now start an automobile at the top of the hill. By one law it goes down the road at an ever increasing rate of speed, accelerating as it goes. Apply no other force and it will go into the river and to its destruction. The owner of the car applies his brakes and the machine descends the hill at a moderate rate of speed and when it reaches the bend in the road, a turn of a wheel drives the car around the bend and wherever the intelligent driver determines that it shall go. There has been no violation of natural law and yet the automobilist may stop the car on the way down and turn around and go back up the hill.

The modification of the effect of one law by involving another is common. Take, for instance, the operation of centrifugal force and centripetal force: If centrifugal force alone operated, we would be thrown into space. If centripetal force alone operated, no man would be able to stand on his feet, or lift his hand from the ground. Both are operating and we have an equilibrium that enables us to stay on the earth and move about with ease.

So in prayer for the sick. The Holy Ghost may influence the mind of the sick man. The mind may react upon the body and enable the sick man to pass the crisis. The Holy Ghost may reveal to the physician the true nature of the disease and the proper remedy. Besides this, it frequently happens that learned physicians tell us that our sick have passed the crisis and will recover, and they die in a few hours, or that our friend will die in a few hours, and he recovers. Surely such cases

will allow even educated and intelligent men to believe that there is a God, who, sometimes, at least, directs the affairs of men.

What does experience show as to the objective effect of prayer? In this test I know that the unbelievers in the objective effect of prayer are at a disadvantage. The prayer that is heard and answered is made in faith and they admit they have none.

Go to the business men's prayer meeting, held in this city, and hear the daily report of evangelistic meetings held the night before.

1. It is reported that young people come to a meeting and sit in their cars and laugh and talk so loud that they disturb the meeting. Do the workers summon the police? No! They pray to God to take away the disturbing element. They are not disturbed again. That is the objective effect of prayer, and it is effective. (I have seen it more than once.)

2. At one of these meetings a man is approached and asked to confess Christ. His reply is, I have lived what you call a life of sin all my life and intend to continue to the end. The club prays for him and the next night he voluntarily makes a confession of Christ.

3. In one community there is a man of upright life who will have nothing to do with religion. This is the hardest man to reach. He is regarded as the "key man." His influence is against religion and he has many followers. The club prays for him. The man is converted and goes to work for Jesus.

4. One of the religious papers tells of a missionary in China who was

sent to hold a meeting in a certain town in China. He did not want to go. There were some converts there but they were lukewarm Christians. There were enemies there and they were active, desperate and dangerous. When he got there he found the Christians had warmed up and were zealous and active. The enemies did not appear and there was a splendid meeting. When he got back home he read in a missionary paper that that week was devoted to prayer by the home people, for his work. These proofs might be indefinitely extended.

Unless we believe in the objective effect of prayer, we must believe that many thousands of upright Christian people are unmitigated liars or fanatics.

The only reason I can give for the scores of men and women who are being converted in the laymen's meetings and the few who are converted by other agencies is, that the laymen's clubs are composed of praying men who pray over every action taken. There is an objective effect of prayer and God is manifesting it every day. The church has every advantage. She is the bride of Christ, and the bride-room is only waiting for the petitions and prayers of His bride. When the church wakes up to prayer as she should do, the blessing will come and the blessing will be poured out until there shall not be room to receive it.

The Bible teaches the objective effect of prayer.

Matt. 7:7: "Ask and it shall be given you."

Mark 11:24: "Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye de-

sire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them."

Luke 11:9: "And I say unto you, ask and it shall be given you; seek ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened."

John 14:13: "And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

John 15:7: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

John 16:23: "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you."

Luke 10:2: "Pray ye then the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into his harvest."

James 5:17: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months."

18: "And he prayed again and the heavens gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruit."

These quotations are sufficient to show that the objective effect of prayer is taught in the Bible.

I do not construe the promises as unconditional. The only unconditional promises are the promises of the Holy Ghost, and to give good things. These isolated sentences should not be distorted. He has not promised always to give the specific thing for which we ask.

Paul prayed God to take away his thorn in the flesh. God answered

that prayer by giving him grace to bear it.

David prayed for he life of his child and it died.

Jesus prayed that if it be possible this cup might be taken away. The cup was not taken away, but He was strengthened to drink it to its last bitter dregs.

I heard a distinguished preacher say, "If I thought that God had pledged Himself to give me the specific thing for which I asked, I would be afraid to pray. I might ask for something that would do great harm."

When dangers threaten we pray to be delivered from them. God either takes them away or blesses them to our spiritual good. Then these light afflictions which are but for the moment, work out for us the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

An English prisoner who escaped from a German prison, says that on his way to the prison he had to walk for many miles. He was wounded and suffered from thirst. He had not had water for many hours. He begged for water. They came to a German village and the officer in charge of the prisoners told him that he had suffered long enough and he would get him some water. The officer went into a house and came out with a glass of water and gave it to the prisoner. The prisoner said that when he took the water into his mouth, he found it to be saturated solution of salt. The contents of the glass did not slake his thirst, but greatly increased it. So it is, we mortals, in our ignorance, seek the things that would destroy us, and a

lovingly heavenly Father withholds the specific things for which we ask, and substitutes the things we need.

I saw a fancy sketch once that will illustrate:

The scene was laid in an humble cottage. A young mother was holding in her lap her little child. The child was very ill and the mother was praying for the life of her child. An angel appeared and told her that it was God's will that the child should die. The mother told the angel that her husband left her alone with her sick child while he was drunk at a wine shop; that she wanted her child to love her, and in her loneliness and weakness she needed a strong arm on which to lean. The angel told her that if she insisted on it, her child might live, but she must first see a vision of the child's future, if it lived. The mother was then granted a vision. She saw a dark and stormy night. Still, in the darkness she saw a miserable hovel. From this hovel came screams of a woman. The door suddenly opened and a young woman covered with blood and with a little baby in her arms, ran out into the storm. A man came to the door with a knife in his hand. The light fell on his face. It was a drunken, brutal face and in that face she could see the features of her child. The mother looked at her child and it was dead. The mother then thanked an all-wise and loving Father that He had saved her and her innocent child from such a future. The mother wanted someone to love her and infinite wisdom and love filled her heart with abundant love of God. She wanted a strong arm to lean upon and He sub-

stituted His own arm of infinite power for the weak, polluted arm of a thankless child.

Mr. Lane says that petitions must and will be eliminated from prayer. If so, what is left for prayer? It is inexplicable to me that any man who claims to believe in the Bible and God, as therein revealed, shall undertake to; destroy the faith of other men in God, as the hearer and answerer of prayer. The old belief is that there is a God who is my Father, all-wise, all-powerful, all-loving. That so minute is His knowledge of me that the hairs of my head are numbered. That His providence extends to the lower animals and no sparrow falls to the ground without His consent. That in His sight I am of more value than many sparrows. That no gain or loss, pain or pleasure, comes to me unless it is sent to me by Him. That my so-called misfortunes are blessings in disguise. The infinite and inerrant love and care follow me every moment of my life and fit me for the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.

Now, look on the other picture:

The subjective effect of prayer takes no account of God. The subjective effect of prayer is the effect of prayer on myself. If God hears my prayer and in answer to that prayer pours out His Holy Spirit upon me, then I have a result that is not subjective. They say God may be recognized as my Creator, but not my Redeemer, Preserver or bountiful Benefactor. The Creator in this view has fixed His laws and retired from control. I am the abandoned orphan of blind chance; the victim of

inexorable and immutable law, In other words, I am without God and without hope in the world. We are told that God will give me no comfort in time of trouble. My only hope is auto-intoxication. That there is no balm in Gilead; that there is no physician there. Is there no God in Israel?

I cannot understand why men should want to destroy the belief of others in the presence and protection of a personal God. So many people in great affliction are sustained and soothed by what they believe to be the touch of their Father's hand, that it is cruel to destroy their faith. What have they to give in its place?

Nothing.

Mr. Lane says: "Probably few educated men believe in its efficiency." That is the objective effect of prayer I deny that this statement is true, but if it is true, then so much worse for the trend of modern education. Jesus taught His disciples to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," or as in Luke, "Give us day by day our daily bread." This teaching of the objective effect of prayer can not be doubted.

Choose ye this day with whom ye will stand. Shall we stand with the "educated" men of today, or shall we stand with Jesus?

Let poets sing their liltng song,
And gayly smits the lyre,
Give me the man who whistles while
He's putting on a tire.

Mount Union Dynamo.

UNDESERVED CREDIT.

(Asheville Citizen)

A lot of people all over the country are getting credit by false pretences and something should be done about it, but what? This is no hurry-up call for a Merchant's Association or Credit Men's Bureau, for they cannot help nor can the police. These agencies deal with material things obtained by fraudulent misrepresentation, such as goods and money, while we are referring to something not at all material.

Credit in the sense of public praise—this it is which various persons are getting from people generally by false claims of merits they do not

possess or of service to others which they have not rendered. In their ranks are included fake philanthropists, heroes, martyrs, wise men, public benefactors and public-spirited citizens.

Some of these are actuated solely by vanity—the love of praise and prominence—while others wish to use their ill-acquired credit to get something further from the public such as a good office which will give them power or profit. Thus the peanut politician intrigues for credit in order to get a larger measure of control. Vanity solely seems to move the

women who trick the public.

It is an old game, this acquiring of undeserved credit, but the public is as easily deceived now as when this bunco game first made its appearance with the early "medicine men" who claimed they could effect rain or fair weather as they chose. Since everyone in general is defrauded by the faker no one in particular seeks to expose him, or her.

There is no law adequate for the situation and the newspapers cannot be expected more than any one else to wrest credit from those not entitled to it. As a matter of fact newspapers are often the unwitting accomplices of the "criminal" and his accessories. These, either in person or through good people they have deceived, give the papers specious proofs of the merits claimed and the papers pass these on to the people.

The newspaper cannot refuse to publish the resolution of some club that Mr. Bunk is an eminent citizen and should have a place in the cabinet. It may not properly decline publicity for the eulogy which assigns all manner of good qualities to one departed even though it knows he possessed none of these. It would be denounced if it told the truth and stated that some woman was getting the credit for work done by other

women.

False pretense increase the quantity of credit and so, by lowering its quality, defraud those on whom it is worthily bestowed. Medals of honor cease to be distinctive if distributed wholesale. Meritorious people are generally modest and so they are served last. The Citizen is pleased that it recently proclaimed the philanthropy of a prominent Asheville merchant who was hiding his good works, even though he was thus much embarrassed.

We have in mind an Asheville nurse who uses her spare time in ministering to prisoners and helping poor families and who gets no word of credit because she is not a poseur. She wears no spotless gown—it would not be appropriate to washing dishes left by one immaculately dressed. Florence Nightingale received no credit for a long time and then by a curious turn of circumstance was pictured as a soft-voiced angelic female, whereas it is now claimed she spoke harshly to shriekers and was aggressive in demanding relief for the wounded. She sought to render real help—not to merely pose as an angel.

The public is quick to detect fakers among "statesmen" and can do a good work by turning its critical eye on glory-seekers in other lines.

A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to pay for them.—Beecher.

THE AMERICAN AND HIS MONEY.

Dr. J. W. Holland.

A wise man wrote down this, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Most of us have had experiences that have made us feel that this sentence was written to describe our personal actions. What one of us has not sometime exchanged gold for glitter, and come home poorer in pocket, but richer in experience?

The spending of money is an index of character. What we spend for, shows our deepest likes and dislikes.

The woman whose checkbook stub was being examined by her husband had written down the letters "G. O. K." after many of her figures. He said, "What does that mean?" She replied, "God Only Knows."

The American Educational Digest gives the following table to show how we Americans as a whole are disposing of our earnings:—

Of each \$1 which we spend, the following items are the average proportion:

	Cents
Living costs.....	24½
Luxuries.....	22
Waste.....	14
Miscellaneous.....	13½
Investments.....	11
Crime, court costs, etc.....	8¼
Government.....	4½
Schools.....	1½
Church.....	¾

That list does not describe every one of us, but the average of all of us.

Our fathers spent more of their income for living, and little for luxuries. They spent less for crime and

its punishment. They spent more for the causes of religion, that is, a higher per cent of their earnings.

Really as you look at this list of figures, one has to admit that we show too little sense in the spending of our cents. You and I are spending three times as much for luxuries as we are for government, schools, and church. How long will the moral life of America be preserved, sweet, clean, and wholesome, if that proportion of things continues?

We are spending 2½ per cent more for crime than we are for government, schools, and church.

If that is true, then we must begin to teach ourselves, and teach to our children the sacredness of obedience to good laws.

The next 25 years of American history will determine the trend of the next 500 years.

Science is bringing to our hands and homes convenience after convenience. Luxuries that were only tasted by our richer people of a generation ago now crowd the lives of the children of the poor. The laborer of America eats better food with knife and fork of silver than Queen Elizabeth, in her palace, ate with her fingers.

I plead for a sanity that will save us from folly. I plead for purposes that will reverse the proportions of America's spending list, and lift those figures now at the bottom of the list nearer to the top, where they rightfully belong.

Unless we put more money into these things that preserve and save

us, we shall soon begin to write the lurid tragedy of another people who forgot God and perished.

I believe that we shall change these figures, and personally, I am going to begin with myself.

A SURE PASSWORD.

(Selected)

Giving thanks is not natural; it is a result of culture. Saying "Thank you," comes from training, as every child and every parent knows. We regard it as a matter of manners, and deplore the rudeness that expresses no thanks. Somehow we welcome being thanked for what we do for others, and are glad to have them tarry in our presence if they manifest the thankfulness we admire and appreciate. Often our "thank you" is the word that passes us into favor with others.

In the one hundredth psalm there is announced a password that assures entrance into God's presence. If we think of God as being within the gates that we must find some testing word to assert our worthiness to come through the gates to him, then that sure password is made public in the oft used verse, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise." It is wise to cultivate the habit of thankfulness to God if we would be welcomed in

his presence. We secure the right to use that word, and find that it can be honestly and sincerely used only as we think of these countless good things God has permitted us to possess and enjoy. To think these over impels us to thank Him for them.

Our willingness to acknowledge God as the source of our blessings, particularly the material ones, has given a national Thanksgiving Day a right to claim our attention annually. We assemble to praise and thank God for His goodness to us through their ear; we lament our shortcomings and heed appeals for help for the suffering; we take sincere delight in expressing our thanksgiving to God; we use our sure password.

"Sweet is the work my God, my King
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light
And talk of all Thy truth that night."
sure password.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr.

A barn is being constructed beside the dairy barn for the housing of calves.

for the Christmas entertainment which is not far off

The boys have started practicing

Christmas carols are being printed so that the boys will be able to mem-

orize them before Christmas.

Mr. Sam B. Kennett, formally an officer at the school now working as a railway mail clerk, visited the school last Tuesday.

Six hogs were killed during last week's slaughter, that means that the boys are going to get good meat and sausage for awhile.

The boys in the print shop have been busy during the past week folding a job that was printed for the Woman's Club of Kannapolis.

The boys who were visited by relatives last Wednesday were Doy Haywood, Herbert Poteat, Brochy Flowers Edwin Baker and Buster Gamble.

Christmas seals were sold to the boys last Monday, by some ladies from Concord, so as to get a nurse to take care of people that have tuberculosis in Cabarrus County.

Rev. W. A. Jenkins, pastor of the Central Methodist Church of Concord, conducted the services at the school last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Jenkins made a very interesting talk upon the life of Jesus.

The boys saw their weekly picture show last Thursday evening, the show exhibited was a two reel story of a whale hunt and a comedy and a six reel show the name of the show was "Bing Bang Boom."

The Training School basket-ball team won its first game of the season when it defeated White Hall in a hard fought battle last Saturday afternoon. Each team scoring four points in the first quarter, at the end of the first half the score was eight to ten in White Hall's favor, the Training School came back in the last half stronger than the first half and defeated White Hall by a score of 18 to 20. The stars of the game were Patterson and Suther.

LET 'EM MOVE TO TOWN—IF THEY SO DESIRE.

One city editor is frank enough to admit that he has, along with others, assisted in adding to the tons of gratuitous and harmless advice handed to farmers, but he remarked that he has never been guilty of advising farm raised boys to stay on the farm. A resident farmer who understands the law of supply and demand, which is always operative, has reasons to rejoice every time a man moves from the farm to town or city for every time it happens there is one less producer on the farm and one more consumer in town or city, and this has a doubly favorable effect toward relieving congested market conditions, followed by more profitable prices for farm products. If they want to move to town, and can find a way to make a living, encourage them to go, if you really want to help those who remain on the farm.—Mecklenburg Times.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 20, 1924

No. 5





Christmas

Has many solemn and splendid meanings. It stands for the greatest fact in history—the birth of Jesus. It stands for the mightiest doctrine in theology—the incarnation. It stands for the strongest force in human society—sympathy and brotherhood between man and man.



—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



Christmas Once Again

By Lisette Bernheim Hood

Again the joyous Yule-tide
We welcome happily,
With gladness celebrating
The Christ-child's natal day.



To eager lad and lassie
This season is most dear,
It brings them annual pleasure,
Love's giving and good cheer.

The old folks share the gladness
That's scattered far and near,
And help to swell the reasons
Why Christmas is so dear.

Nor are the poor forgotten,
To them the kind old saint
Comes laden with rich blessings
To hearts with sorrow faint.

Widespread are all these blessings
Of Christmas love and cheer,
To crown with joy and gladness
The coming of the year.

In all our rare enjoyments
Forget ill-will and hate;
Follow the holy Christ-child
Whose birth we celebrate.



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Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Honorary Member

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THE MADONNA

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THIS ISSUE

Our readers will find this number of The Uplift manifesting a deep interest in the great anniversary, which enjoys a world-wide observance of a kind, increasing with the years. In this number will be found many entertaining and instructive articles bearing on some phase of Christmas. The story of of Christmas, though two thousand years old, has lost nothing of its interest and joy to the world.

No myth could survive all these years—the angelic host, announcing the birth of the Christ child, saying “Peace on earth, good will toward men” touched the heart of the world with the power and force of a reality. It lives; and in all the countries where it is accepted in the largest measure there you find the finest citizenship, the highest type of life and the greatest achievements.

* * * * *

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The Uplift has it in its heart to wish everybody, everywhere, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It is necessary to put our sentiments on record for the second event even before we have embraced the first. This is due to the fact that The Uplift, not in keeping with any fixed purpose or a slave to habit, will not appear on December 27th.

We are skipping an issue. None of our many fine friends, who read this little magazine every week, will begrudge the little fellows that run the

linotype machines, the job presses, and do all manner of duties in a printing office, a week's let-up in order to observe the great Christmas event just like other children. And the officers, who daily make themselves useful in this shop will welcome, also, a let-up.

The editor, whether he deserves it or not, hopes to so use this let-up, too, in an orderly way, chiefly enjoying seeing the happiness that radiates from the childish hearts in his countryside neighborhood and a peep-in on the 400 youngsters at the school. He wishes it possible that not a single child will be forced to carry a heavy heart at Christmas 1924, because of neglect or selfishness.

The Uplift will again appear on January 3, 1925—in the new year, which we hope may prove the very best of all for every one.

* * * * *

“SEND ME.”

I saw a picture the other day of five young women, who had been commissioned Missionaries to far-off countries to carry the gospel to the benighted. In their faces were the evidences of a consecrated purpose to render a service to their unknown fellows beyond the seas. No fad, no measure to drown a disappointment, not even the gratification of a curiosity, but just simply a desire to aid in the extension of the kingdom of their Lord and Master, and, in appealing to the authorities, they cried out: “Send me.”

“Send me” is everywhere the expressive representation of a spirit of service that yields returns.

* * * * *

LOWER THE SIGHT.

A letter came through the Concord postoffice simply addressed “To the Charity Association, Concord, N. C.” It fell into the hands of County Welfare Officer Brown. It's a recitation of a real condition that exists in a worthy home in our midst. Investigation has revealed the genuineness of the condition that brought forth this appeal from a little girl. Are there not others?

Sometimes we get dazzled and stampeded to do our bit in a distant way, when right at our doors may be found objects of care and mission. We need to lower our sights and reach the calls that surround us.

Are there not other little Margarets and sisters and brothers, whose lean conditions (not their fault) have not been discovered by a Santa Claus in

our midst? Here is the little girl's letter:

"Dear Friend:

I am a little girl nine years old I have a little brother seven years old. I have another little brother six years old. I have a little sister four years old. I have a little brother two years old. My mother is in the hospidle Pa Pa said he would not have no money to get us any Christmas. Will you good People remember us Christmas.

Yours Kindley,

Little Margaret—————"

Oh, what joy there would be in the old world at this Christmas time, did each person, that has been blessed, silently and unselfishly pick out for himself or herself a "little Margaret" or some deserving person to approach with assistance in a Santa Claus manner?

* * * * *

JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE.

Just like thunder out of a clear sky did a recent announcement strike not only the people of the whole South but throughout the whole country. It stunned them. But when the public mind composed itself and took in the whole situation it understood it all.

The gift of James Buchanan Duke of forty million dollars to the cause of education, charity and church purposes is a perfectly logical and natural thing for a genius and master builder like Mr. Duke to have done. Has he not felt for all these years the sting of what was denied him in youth? Has he not, hid away in what the unknowing public thought a metal heart exercised his generosity to the oppressed, the suffering and the needy—and the world was not paraded with it? Has he not seen how scores of men, devoting their lives in the service of the Great King, came up to the close of the year failing to make tongue and buckle to meet, and unostentatiously he handed out a fund to enable these men to look the world square in the face?

Has this builder of gigantic enterprises, that made possible and set in motion hundreds of industries, not manifested a most wonderful faith in his native state and his fellows when he risked millions of dollars in the development of unharnessed forces in his native South, thus increasing the productive power of the people?

Mr. Duke, from the time he began to play the part of man, daily at an early hour emerging from his log-cabin home back in the sticks, had one consuming passion—building, creating, achieving. And why should men wonder at this princely gift of forty million dollars to the trinity—education,

charity and church extension? All these things he has been doing for years; and now that he is approaching the sunset of life, it was entirely natural and most meritorious and commendable for him to desire, when he has crossed the great divide, that this constructive work should go on unhampered and without a jar.

The editor of The Uplift only knows this great benefactor by sight, but his achievements which have resulted in the advancement of so many thousands and made so many industries possible and removed the curtain that shut out the sight of so many possibilities of the future, is happy to join the thousands in rejoicing over this, the outstanding deed of the South in all the years.

This exciting Christmas deed, which Mr. Duke has furnished the people, does another thing that must not be overlooked. It establishes the fact that a purpose faithfully and intently followed eventually leads to success. To be struggling for a living, domiciled in a country cabin, just sixty years ago, and today handing out to worthy causes the princely sum of forty million dollars and still be a very rich man is an example of achievement that inspires.

The Uplift's best Christmas gift wish is—Would that we had more Buck Dukes in the land!

* * * * *

IN KEEPING WITH THE SEASON.

Dr. C. Banks McNairy, one of the state's most faithful and capable servants, out of his appreciative heart for The Uplift and its little family in throwing a good sized bouquet at us, ties it up with a poem that is in keeping with the season. Dr. McNairy invokes the poet in these words:

“For greater gifts I would not pray,
Nor ask the gods to send my way,
If I could have four friends a day.

A friend of better days than this,
Of brighter sun and golden bliss
Before the times had gone amiss.

A friend of worse days dark and drear,
Who shared the hours of storm and fear

Before the skies began to clear.

A friend new made who shall afford
 Adventure of the unexplored
 A friend with happy future stored.

An old friend who has stood the test,
 Has known the worst and known the best,
 Alike in oth forever blessed."

* * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND.

Mr. A. W. Klemme, Hight Point	\$ 5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
Stonewall Jackson Junior Circle of King's Daughters, Concord,	5.00
Standard Buick Company, Concord	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
Stonewall Jackson Circle, King's Daughters Senior, Concord	10.00
F. M. Youngblood & Co., Concord	10.00
Dr. A. F. Mahoney, Monroe	25.00
E. B. Grady, Concord	25.00
Ritchie Hardware Co., Concord	10.00
W. B. Ward & Co., Concord	25.00

Alike in both forever blessed."





BOYS' CHRISTMAS TREE OF 1924.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

By Lisette Bernheim Hood.

Of all the seasons of the year, of all anniversaries and festival days, with almost every soul in Christendom, the Christmas season brings the most unalloyed pleasure. With some few heart-stricken ones Christmas days are sources of sad reminiscences when they think of an empty chair at the glowing fireside, or of the absence of a bright, beloved face at the festive board. But with most of us—oh, how inexpressibly sweet it is to go back and search in the hidden recesses of heart-memories and bring forth each tender recollection of past joys that each Christmas brought to hearts and homes, in all the happy years that have turned their backs on us forever! To sit idly and dream of how this and that festive season was spent; what happened to us on a certain Christmas; who sat with us in the old family pew at that time, and what dear ones' hands fashioned the pretty gifts that greeted our eyes, as we awoke on some particular bright Christmas morning. Sweet indeed are the hallowed recollections of the past, be they full of joy or pain. As some clear-souled Frenchman has said: "It is to live twice when we can enjoy the recollection of our former life."

Shall any of us, if we are at all able, forget any dear one, any relative, friend or less fortunate one, when this glad season makes its triumphal entry among us, each passing year? No matter how short are the purse-strings—how many weeks and perhaps months of careful sav-

ing it may take—no matter how trifling the little gift—love will sanctify it, in the eyes of the recipient, more than a showy present, given only for display. Do not allow those to whom we give to forget that the love in our hearts prompted our hands to the giving.

How do you intend to pass your Christmas? How many hearts do you intend to gladden, and how much good do you expect to do? Think of other joyless lives, young and old pleasure-seekers, while you are lavishing upon your more fortunate dear ones and friends, the choicest and costliest gifts in the well-stocked stores! Think of the orphans and the homeless, to whom Christmas will not come unless you bring it to them. Take this one grain of truth home with you, think it over often and seriously, and may this little seed now in kindness and affection, grow, flourish and bear abundant fruit against the happy Christmas time.

What a gay holiday it will be for the most of us! How the dear fathers' and mothers' faces will glow and beam, with an added touch of time-gained happiness illuminating the often wrinkled and care-worn but always sweet and precious faces! How a ray of that same Christmas sunshine will also rest on the happy, bright faces of the sunny-hearted young sisters, or the eager, manly countenances of the typical "big brothers!" How the lips of husband and wife will meet in yet another kiss of renewed love and fidelity as their married eyes rest upon the

warmth and comfort around them, faithful lips frame the words of upon the glowing faces of their glad David's thangsgiving: "Bless the young children; and they lift their Lord, O my soul! and forget not all hearts anew to the generous Giver His benefits." of all earthly blesings, while their

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SONG.

By Mrs. Alice Phillips Prior in Silver Cross.

Singing is used figuratively in the Bible as a sign of joy. The first song spoken of is that of Moses when he and the Israelites expressed their triumph over the Egyptians at the Red Sea. The last song mentioned is the song of Moses and the Lamb which those who have conquered Satan are to sing. History was handed down from one age to another by means of songs and the bards and minstrels were not only entertainers but historians. Song has ceased to be a spontaneous expression of joy. It has been commercialized and overdone until its value to history is nearly lost. Only a few outstanding martial songs, typical racial songs or religious thoughts set to music remain from generation to generation. To most of us the choice of songs and singers has narrowed down to two classes—the songs of those we love and the songs of those that thrill us.

Every mother is a musical artist to her children whether her voice be strong or feeble, whether her tones are true or faltering. The simple hymn, "Hush, my dear lie still and slumber," brings tears to many eyes, not because the poem is great or the tune difficult, but because of the picture it brings. Not all the madonna pictures have been put on canvas,

nor all the lullabies printed for the world's inspection. The companion to this picture shows the parents who have pride in the efforts of their children. The story is told of a young woman who had unusual musical talents and who went abroad to study. The Christmas season bade fair to be a gloomy one for the parents who were left alone on the little farm. The day before the holiday at large box was delivered at the farmhouse. Opening the box, the parents found a phonograph with a special record and when they placed the record on the machine they heard their daughter's voice, singing.

"Mid pleasure and palaces though
we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no
place like home."

It would be hard to convince those parents that there could be a greater singer or a more wonderful song.

Modern invention has made it possible to preserve the great voices of the world. Wonderful artists have lived, have sung their way to triumph and have become only memories. Happily the day has come when the voice can outlive the singer and when distance is no barrier to the thrill of music. Not only does the Metropolitan Opera House ring to the voices of great artists, but the little

cabin in the mountains may be filled with the same echoes.

The world has grown so very sophisticated that it is difficult to produce a thrill. The names of artists and singers fall trippingly from our lips and we make a study of the music in which they excel. But there is a song and there are singers whose power to thrill us has never ceased. It is the solo and chorus rendered at Bethlehem in Judea one starry night centuries ago. There had been centuries of silence and then came a burst of triumphant song.

That chorus needs no amplifier as it comes down through the ages. It celebrates the world's greatest triumph of that day of every century since. They sang not to their

own glory, but to that of a little child. They asked no stipend for their song; but they inspired the shepherd listeners to go to Bethlehem's manger to worship. The singers went back into Heaven and, after a few years, the Prince of Peace returned to His home, but the song may still be heard by listening ears and "where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in."

"O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us today.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emanuel."

CHRISTMAS FACTS AND FANCIES.

Three wise men, as everyone knows, paid homage to Jesus at his birth. Their story is told in part thus in the Gospel according to St. Matthew:

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold, there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem.

Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and are to worship him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet.

And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, are not the least among the princes of Judea; for out of thee

shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed, and, lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had

opened their treasure, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.

These Three wise Men were named Melchior, Kaspar and Balthazar. They are sometimes called the "Three Kings of Cologne." Their bones are said to rest in the cathedral of Cologne. This is the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe and its building took more than 600 years—1218 to 1880. Anyway, skulls purporting to be theirs, were exhibited as late as the Eighteenth century. To touch them was to be healed. An old prayer charm reads:

Ye three holy kings,
Kasper, Melchoir and Balthazar,
Pray for us now

And in the hour of death.

Early tradition supplemented this account by adding a fourth wise man. And the story of this fourth wise man is one for us to keep in mind at Christmas time.

This fourth wise man started with the other three to make the journey to Jerusalem and pay homage to the new-born King. But he never reached the manger where lay the child. Instead he sacrificed his life to render service. Nevertheless, before he died he was granted a vision of the Christ. Henry Van Dyke's "The Story of the Other Wise Man" tells the tradition most excellently well:

Detained by his efforts to save a dying stranger, Artaban becomes separated from his companions. He, therefore, seeks the Christ alone,

traveling from place to place, feeding the hungry as he goes, clothing the naked, nursing the sick, comforting the oppressed.

One after another he spends for others the precious gifts which he had hoped to offer to the Christ. At last he surrenders his one remaining pearl in order to ransom a tormented slave girl.

Struck on the temple by a falling tile, he lies bleeding and breathless. But he hears a Voice commending him.

Unable to believe the testimony of his own ears, the Other Wise Man murmurs:

Not so, my Lord! For when saw I Thee an hungered and fed Thee?
Or thirsty, and gave Thee drink?
When saw I Thee a stranger, and took Thee in?

Or naked, and clothed Thee? When saw I Thee sick and in prison and came unto Thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked after Thee; but I have never seen Thy face, nor ministered to Thee my King."

But the Voice replies:

"Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Is it hard to imagine the Fourth Wise Man reappearing on earth at Christmas time with a message to all mankind? Certainly he has a message well worth delivering. And certainly it is a message well worth listening to, For from his experience he could say to us:

"You have served God only as you have served men."

The Christian citizen should serve God in relation to his home, to his community and his nation. There

are those who are serving God by trying to improve the conditions under which their less privileged fellows live and work, by trying to bring more of justice, beauty, peace and love into the life of the world. It is feared that most of us fall for short here. But he is a poor Christian and a poor citizen indeed who, having, can pass Christmas without doing something in keeping with the day for those who have not.

Everywhere in our modern Twentieth century life we meet the very people whom Jesus painted in living words 2,000 years ago—the elder brother, who “was angry and would not go in;” the priest and the Levite, who “passed by on the other side;” the good Samaritan, who “was moved with compassion;” the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was “not as other men are;” the publican, who cried “God be merciful unto me a sinner!”

At Christmas time, if at no other, it is well for us to be the publican and the good Samaritan.

* * * * *

Without Christmas tree, holly and mistletoe Christmas would seem strange indeed to most Americans. The balsam fir is most used for Christmas trees, but doubtless almost any kind of evergreen can be used in an emergency. And some of the municipal and community centers Christmas trees nowadays are of great size, especially when they are set up outdoors.

A photograph of a certain Christmas tree is well worth studying as something quite out of the ordinary in several respects. In the first place in the original photograph three sepa-

rate exposures of the plate were made—the first for the building and its light; the second for the Christmas tree and its lights; and the third for the moon. Each exposure varied in length to suit the different degrees of brilliance.

And where do you suppose this unusual photograph was taken? Why, at the valley, Yosemite National park, California. Most people think that all the national parks are closed in the winter time. Well, they are not. Rock Mountain National park in Colorado has a carnival of winter sports in February. Mount Rainier National park in Washington has winter sports and a ski tournament as late as July. And Yosemite is open the year 'round. And Yosemite's Christmas celebration includes a fat, jolly, fur-clad Santa Claus who drives up in the old-fashioned way in his sleigh and distributes his gifts to the village children.

But that isn't all about this unusual picture. What kind of a tree do you suppose the Christmas gift depended upon your guess. That's because it is the only one of its kind in the whole world.

This Christmas tree is nothing less than a living Sequoia tree. The Sequoia (*Sequoia gignea*) is the oldest and biggest living thing in the world. Some of the biggest and oldest of them are 35 feet in diameter and at least 5,000 years old. So you see many of these Big Trees in Sequoia and Yosemite national parks were not even middle-aged when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

This particular Sequoia Christmas

tree was planted in 1890. From a seeding it has grown to a height of more than 60 feet. A thousand years from now it will probably be nearly 300 feet tall and have a diameter of 15 or 20 feet.

One wonders if there will be a similar Christmas celebration in Yosemite valley then—a thousand years from now. Why not? Christmas will still be celebrated then—if the world endures. And our nineteen national parks have been set apart by congress as public playgrounds for the people forever. So, if the United States of America endures, why not a Christmas celebration in Yosemite A. D. 2924? All that seems to be necessary is the planting of a Sequoia seedling every thirty years or so.

* * * * *

Christmas and mince pie! Nobody ought to have to tell anybody that Christmas is the time for mince pie. Why, the two go together—just like Thanksgiving and pumpkin pie and the Fourth of July and spring lamb and green peas. The first mince pie of the winter should grace the Christmas board; any housewife who gives her family even a taste of one before Christmas day should go without new Easter hat—that's the punishment to fit the crime. And any man who eats mince pie at a restaurant or at his club before Christmas day should go without mince pie all winter.

However, if he should this punishment would likely fit the crime. For nowadays the making of mince pies is largely a lost art. The ordinary restaurant mince pie is noth-

ing but minced fruits.

There is a saying that every really good woman cook must have a temper. Maybe. Certainly she should be nice and plumb—as if she ate her own mince pies and thrived on them. And it's easy to tell by watching a woman make mince pies whether or not they're going to be a success. If she goes at it, you know, as if it were sort of a religious rite—as if the fate of the nation hung on her work—why, all is well.

"Pies like mother used to make!" Tenderloin of beef and Northern Spy apples and seal cider and everything else to correspond! Maybe mother used to bake her pies a dozen at a time and set them away in a cold store room to freeze. Maybe mother got her mince meat ready and set it aside in a big stone jar to ripen. It doesn't make any difference. They were real mince pies when they got to the Christmas dinner. The looks of them! The smell of them! The taste of them! Yum, yum! There's a memory a fellow can carry with him to his grave.

Do you remember Izaak Walton's friend Dr. Bottleler and his famous appreciation of the strawberry? Well it's quite evident the good doctor never sat down to just the right kind of a Christmas dinner or he would have ignored the strawberry as unworthy of his cleverness and would have said instead that doubtless God could have inspired some beaven-born cook to make a more appropriate dessert for December 25 than mince pie but that doubtless od never did.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLD WORLD.

By Marie Widmer in "Home Folks."

Christmas! The mere thought of this most important day on the Christian calendar suffices to conjure up visions of jolly old Santa Claus or the angelic Christkindli among thousands and the hordes of children in European lands, while grown-ups love to linger with cherished memories of Yule days gone by. The fragrant pine tree, the gently flickering candles, the decorative holly and mistletoe and in the northlands yet—the Yule log—each and every one of these poetic and now-a-days indispensable characteristics of a real old-fashioned Christmas, including even the joyous carols, and the special Christmas dishes, actually date their origin back to pagan festivities.

In Scandinavia, in northern Germany, in ancient Egypt, in Greece and Italy, glad festivals were held at the time of the winter solstice; then, gradually, with the dawn of the Christian era these celebrations on the occasion of the turning of the sun, took on a deeper meaning of ethical and religious import.

The Origin of Christmas Carols.

Our Christmas carols are on outgrowth of the carefree hymns sung by ancient Romans at the Saturnalia, a harvest feast held on the 17th of December in honor of the God Saturn. To give expression to their feelings of joy and gratitude on the birthday of Christ, the bishops in some of the first Christian churches chanted songs of praise. In the early history of the church there were consequently no Christmas carols, as are sung now, and even carols dating back to the

fifteenth century possess characteristics of folk songs and preserve curious legends. Carol singing flourished, however, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and Milton, one of the greatest of English writers, produced some beautiful specimens. In the eighteenth century Charles Wesley wrote "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." The earliest printed collection of carols was issued in 1621, and contained the famous "Boar's Head" carol, which is still sung every year at Oxford.

Candles, Holly and Mistletoe.

The custom of burning candles at Christmas tide dates back to the Roman Saturnalia, when candles were not only used for illumination purposes, but they were also exchanged as gifts in token of cheerfulness and good will. The Jews, too, were accustomed to burn candles at that time, which happened to be their Feast of Dedication, and it is thus not improbable that thousands of candles were burning throughout Palestine when Christ was born. Today yet the Greek Catholics describe Christmas as "The Feast of Lights."

Since time immemorial the northern and northwestern countries in the Old World have been accustomed to using holly and mistletoe as indoor Christmas decorations and one of the most attractive legends in Norse mythology relates how this came about—Freya, or Frigga, Queen of Heaven and wife of Odin, or Thor, the all-powerful, dreamed a dream in which she felt that shadow of some disaster that would befall her cher-

ished son Balder, the Sun God. She then wandered all over the world asking everything, animal, vegetable and mineral, not to harm him, but she overlooked to ask the little clump of mistletoe which grew on the huge oak tree that stood at the gate of Asgard. Loki, the ever watchful spirit of fire and evil, became a war of this lapse and cunningly wrought a deadly arrow for his bow out of the green plant.

Balder, who had been partly sheltered by a holly bush, became a victim of this arrow, and the sun shone no more. The world mourned with the darkness of winter. And then, ever afterwards, the holly which had sheltered the Sun God was kept sacred for festivals, and because Nana, his wife, wept over the mistletoe, her tears becoming pearl-berries, this bush was also forgiven and dedicated to lovers. Never was it allowed, however, to be taken into any sacred building.

Burning the Yule-log.

Devout Scandinavians, in paying honor to their God Thor, built great fires called "Yule" fires. The word "yule" is of ancient Gothic and Saxon origin and refers to the festival of the winter solstice. With shouting and song the huge log was dragged into the festive hall and soon the merry crackling of the burning wood was greeter with the following song:

"Welcome be Thou, Heavenly King,
Welcome born on this morning;
Welcome for Whom we shall sing,
Welcome Yule."

Traditional Christmas Dishes.

From the earliest days, when the Druids offered their sacrifices around the great oak tree, beef was always

a popular meat with the northern peoples at Christmas tide and the loin of beef was actually knighted by Charlet II at a Christmas feast, because on returning from the hunt the dish was so gratifying to his palate.

The origin of roast pork, another favorite Christmas dish of the northlands, also dates back to mythological times when the Scandinavian God of Peace and Plenty, used to ride a boar. His festival was also held at Yuletide and at that time the people sacrificed a boar to him.

The plum pudding which plays so important role in an English Christmas diner is believed to symbolize in its contents, same as the ingredients used for mince pie, the rich offerings made by the Wise Men to the Infant Jesus, and dates back to the earliest celebrations of Christmas.

The History of the Christmas Tree.

A pretty legend indicates that the origin of the Christmas tree dates back to the ninth century, when a certain Saint Winfried went to preach Christianity to the people in Scandinavia and northern Germany. One Christmas Eve these people were gathered round a huge oak to offer a human sacrifice, according to the Druid rites, but St. Winfried hewed down the great tree and as it fell there appeared in its place a tall young fir. When St. Winfried saw it he said to the people:

"Here is a new tree, unstained by blood. See how it points to the sky! Call it the tree of the Christ Child. Take it up and carry it to the castle of your chief. Henceforth you shall not go into the shadows of the forest to hold your feasts with secret rites

of shame. You shall hold them within the walls of your own home with ceremonies that speak the message of peace and good-will to all. A day is coming when there shall not be a home in the north wherein on the birthday of Christ the whole family will not gather around the fir tree in memory of this day and to the glory of God."

A thousand years have since rolled by and the Christmas tree, in the shape of a fir or pine, has become the most beloved of all symbols characteristic of the season.

Other Christmas Features.

While the majority of the before cited symbols of Christmas in the Old World, the Christmas tree with its candles, the holly and mistletoe and the singing of carols are a practically uniform feature of modern days, Scandinavian countries only burn the Yule log, which, according to a superstitious belief, chases away all evil spirits. In memory of the humbly born Christ Child the Swedish people on Christmas eve place receptacles filled with corn and seeds for the hungry birds around their homes, while they themselves celebrate the evening of Dec. 24th with a bountiful repast of fish, bacon, sausages, cakes and punch.

Same as in Britain, Christmas in Ireland is kept with every evidence of joy, but the peasantry of the Emerald Isle observes one beautiful custom, which has more or less been given up in England, and that is the lighting and exhibiting of the Christmas candle on Christmas eve. When the shadows of night descend upon land and sea, the Christmas candle is brought forth and lighted, for there

must be no darkness on the Holy Night, when the "Light of the World" came to take possession of His own.

In France, Christmas is mostly observed in the churches, and New Year's day is set aside for public rejoicing and celebrating. However, almost everybody attends midnight Mass on Christmas eve and on the night before Christmas the children place their shoes on the hearth and find them filled with little gifts in the morning.

Italy is probably the only European country where the children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, and this custom which brings so many trills to American kiddies, is said to have had its origin in that Southland. Folklore has it that St. Nicholas, an Italian bishop, used to throw long knitted purses, tied at both ends, into the open windows of the very poor people, but especially was he generous to portoinless maidens who aspired to matrimony but had not the supposedly necessary dowery. These purses were of yarn and not unlike a stocking. Finally it became the custom of the people to hang these long empty receptacles out of their windows on Christmas eve, so that St. Nicholas could put a gift into them as he passed by. By and by when coins became scarce, the generous bishop put toys instead of money into the stockings for the children, and useful gifts for the adults.

While the children in Germany look forward to the visit of an ever bountiful "Weihnachtsmann" (a personage greatly resembling the American Santa Claus,) the children in

Switzerland await the Christkindli, a lovely angel, who for several decades has been distributing the gifts in place of St. Nicholas. Christkindli rides in a beautiful sleigh, drawn by six reindeer, and on this magic vehicle are Christmas trees of every size, decorated with the many glittering objects which are so fascinating to young hearts.

Since Switzerland in winter, with

its masses of sparkling snow and great expanses of marvelously polished ice, is a fairyland in itself, where young and old, from far and near, set out to enjoy themselves with skates, skis, toboggans and bobsleighs, Christkindli often brings a variety of sport implements on her sleigh, and the happy recipients are of course all those children who were obedient throughout the year.

“ALLELUIA.”

By Florence White Barbour (written at 11 years.)

The heavens glow with flooding light
 Dazzling the eyes of the startled night;
 The star-flowers fade and the moon burns dim,
 Listening awed to the angels hymn.
 Alleluia!”

Lo! while above the angels sing
 In strains ecstatic to their King,
 From Earth returns the accordant cry,
 “All glory be to God most High!”
 Alleluia!”

The ocean lifts its throbbing voice,
 The mighty winds aloud rejoice,
 The forests raise their bare boughs high
 To swell the anthem of the sky,
 Alleluia!”

Sing thou, my soul! Not yet forbear
 The homage of all worlds to share.
 Sing thy Redeemer's wondrous birth,
 “Goodwill toward men, and peace on earth!”
 Alleluia!”

A SYMPATHETIC SANTA CLAUS.

By Alice Whitson Norton in Young Folks.

In spite of a biting wind coming down from the north, snow threatening clouds hanging low in the west, and the big town clock registering only 9:30 A. M., the spirit of Christmas was in evidence.

The streets of Winton, early as it was, were filled with eager-faced individuals crowding and pushing their way in and various shop windows in the town and crowding and pushing their way in and out of the festively decorated stores, but the most crowded quarters, and the hardest place to get what you wanted wrapped up after you bought it was at Larkin's big department store. Here as nowhere else in the city congregated the Christmas shoppers.

Here the boiler-maker rubbed shoulders with the millionaire, for Larkin's had the reputation of catering to the poor as well as the rich, and their selection of Christmas gifts was in keeping with the purse of the spender regardless of its full or meager condition. Consequently, the sales force of the big department store was doubly increased during the holiday season, and among the new force came Celia Reefers.

The ways of a big department store were not new to Celia, for filling in during big occasions among the various shops was Celia's specialty. Keeping a steady job with Celia Reefers was out of the question, for Celia happened to be the eldest in a family of five motherless children, and being the girl that she happened to be, she decided it was wiser for her to remain at home and take care

of the little folks than to earn a paltry sum outside; to this her father agreed also, for surely no children had even been more loved and petted and looked after than the little Reefer mother had loved and looked after hers. So with her passing, the task of mothering the four younger than herself fell on Celia and she met the task nobly. But once in a great while her young heart hungering for the things that only a girlish heart can hunger for, and the father's salary not being sufficient to supply this lacking element, Celia would persuade Aunt Cleo, and old and trusted servant in the Reefers family, to come in and look after the children a few days and let her go out and earn.

With the extra funds her earnings produced, the thing she coveted most was usually forgotten, and some little luxury added to the home, and in this instance the spirit of Christmas prompted the move.

"Things at our house, Dimple," Celia confided to the friend who helped her secure the place as extra saleswoman at Larkin's, as they arranged their counters for the big holiday rush ahead, "were beginning to look mighty slim for the children when I landed this little job."

"So that's why you wanted the work, was it?" asked Dimple in surprise.

"Sure," responded Celia. "What else did you think I wanted it for?"

Dimple gave Celia's rusty serge dress a significant glance, then smiled.

"You might find it an advantage,

Celia," she answered slowly, "to think of self occasionally."

"Of course," answered Celia," this old dress is a bit rusty, but honestly, Dimple, I—I—couldn't be the least bit happy in a new gown with the children's Christmas wishes unsatisfied. You know mother always—"

"Yes, I know—" interrupted Dimple, "your mother was wrapped up in her children, and while she made them happy, it has been rather hard on you to it keep up"

"For two reasons," answered Celia quickly: "First, I'm not the sweet, sunny creature she was, and then—then—father's failure in health and losing his job naturally made it hard; still we're doing all we can, and by my helping out occasionally we manage to keep the little tots at home fairly happy."

The nine o'clock gong sounded through the big building, the doors swung open and immediately the store was swamped with buyers, and Celia at the ribbon counter, was presently absorbed with the feminine task of matching ribbons to various materials.

So busy was she in the work of her hands she failed to see the manager of the toy department while in conversation with the manager of the first floor, observin her from the corner of his eye; maybe she wouldn't have known it that day at all if it hadn't been for Dimple who, at the first idle moment sauntered to Celia's counter.

"I saw the managers of the toy department and the first floor eyeing you, Celia," she whispered softly, "better watch your steps."

"Surely," murmured Celia in distressed tones, "I haven't done a wrong thing around here."

"No criticisms to make, Celia laughed Dimple, "except you're a little over-work brittle; the majority of girls in this store are more interested in their own problems than they they are in the problems of the store."

"I don't understand," murmured Celia, "just what do you mean?"

"I mean just this—" chuckled Dimple—"we who have been here for some time don't find any advantage whatever in straining ourselves to render service, so don't show too much enthusiasm—get me?"

"I guess I do," replied Celia as the meaning of Dimple's remark flashed through her brain, "but understanding, my dear, doesn't change my idea of things in the least; you see, I figure if I sell my time away from the kiddies to the manager of this store it is but right that I count the time his,—for my own peace of mind I want to give satisfaction—I might want to some back some time."

"You might," laughed Dimple, "but you won't—the efforts you make in this store are wasted—WASTED—understand—?"

With that as a parting reminder, Dimple moved back to her own counter and just as indifferently as she had crossed the space that separated the two, she began to wait upon a customer.

Celia watched her movements for a moment in astonishment, then turning back, she faced a pleasant little woman with a piece of ribbon in her hand. Dimple's way didn't fit Ce-

lia; she had grown up with the thought deeply implanted in her mind that anything worth doing at all was worth doing well, and even matching ribbon was an art if well mastered.

Like all days when business was at full tide, the hours in the store went racing by, and five o'clock was at hand before Celia had given a thought to it—but the closing gong found her with a littered counter, so instead of rushing off she lingered behind to straighten things up.

The manager, passing, saw what she was doing, and paused to speak to her.

"Aren't you a little late, Miss—Miss—"

"Reefers—" supplied Celia.

I had forgotten your name," admitted the manager, "but I must say I like your style of leaving your counter."

"Maybe it's carelessness on my part," laughed Celia, "but I—I—was really so interested in matching a bit of ribbon for that last customer I just didn't hear the first bell, that's all."

"The excuse is acceptable, Miss Reefers," answered the man smilingly as he moved off, "you'll probably be on guard tomorrow."

To this Celia made no response but all the way home she continued to remember the kind expression on the manager's face and mentioned the matter to her father.

"Work well done, daughter," replied the man, "never goes without its reward. That little act of thoughtfulness will make a mark in the mind of the manager if an emergency should arise in which he needed a competent helper."

That it would come as soon as it

did the farther had no idea, but the very next morning when Celia reached the store she found the manager at her counter. After a pleasant good morning, he went right to the point.

"We are in great trouble, Miss Reefers," he said slowly. "The man serving as our Santa Claus is sick this morning and we've advertised this as a special day in the toy department—I—I was just wondering if we couldn't depend on you to help us out a little."

"Me help in the toy department!" exclaimed Celia eagerly. "Why I'd love it! When can I begin?"

"Immediately," answered the man; calling Dimple from across the aisle to come and take her place, he bade Celia follow him.

One glimpse at the toy department sent little thrills of joy through the heart of Celia Reefers, and she entered the duties with a gladness that pleased the man who had suggested bringing her to the department—but the day was a disappointment to the girl. Children came to the department by the score but the absence of a Santa Claus to cheer their childish hearts caused them to go away without choosing lavishly.

The next day was even worse than the first, and the morning of the third day when Celia reached the store and still found he Santa Claus missing, she suddenly became despondent over the situation. Finally she screwed up her courage to the speaking point and went to the office door marked private on the balcony floor, and timidly knocked.

Once inside she faced the manager and owner of the store, and a moment later she was laying her plans before them.

"The absence of a Santa Claus," admitted Mr. Larkins, "no doubt affects the sales, but we have advertised repeatedly for a man, to no effect. I see no help for the present condition Miss Reefers; I suppose we shall have to count our toy department a total loss this year."

"We have ten days yet," answered Celia. "Much could be accomplished in that time." Then suddenly a great idea entered her head, and her eyes began to twinkle.

"If you'll furnish the costume, Mr. Larkins," said Celia softly, "I'll—I'll become a Santa Claus myself. Of course I may not be as successful as a real man Santa, but I am sympathetic with children, and I—I—I believe I could put the idea over."

For a minute the manager of the big department store sat looking at the little figure opposite him, then presently he began to smile, and asked her to sit down.

Three hours later the most adorable little figure in a red velvet dress with a toboggan of white and high white boots made her appearance in the toy department, and straightway business began to pick up.

Parents read with considerable interest the big toy advertisement from Larkins' department store, the announcement that a sympathetic Santa Claus would be on hand, caused the crowd to double itself from the previous day, and just as Celia had surmised, in playing the part of a sympathetic Santa Claus for both the little folks and the tired mothers the toy business began to soar, and in less than three days after the jolly little Santa had taken over the job, a force of three extra salespeople

was added to the toy department.

Given free reign to do what she saw fit Celia's ideas became as numerous as candleflies over in a meadow in summer time, and Christmas eve found the toy department almost bare of its treasures, but not until the gong sounded at nine P. M.; for the closing of the big store doors, did the tired little Santa stop her merry-making; once, however, the necessity for joy-making was over, Celia sank wearily down in one corner of the toy department and began to weep, and here the manager found her some thirty minutes later.

"What can be troubling you, Miss Reefers," when you have so beautifully succeeded in this undertaking of your own suggestion? There are scarcely any toys left."

"Quite true, Mr. Larkins," murmured Celia softly, "and I am very happy in that fact; but the thought has just dawned upon me that in my eagerness to make this a great success I have neglected the tots at home—there is nothing at home to make Christmas with—no tree, no candies no toys! Oh, what would my mother say?"

Then before Celia knew just how it happened she found herself telling the owner of Larkins' big department store about the little brothers and sisters left in her care at home, then suddenly she dried her eyes and springing to her feet, began removing the white toboggan—

"I'll have to work fast, Mr. Larkins," she cried eagerly, "but I'll fix it some way."

"Don't worry Celia," said the man tenderly. "This store has a reputation of rewarding its workers accord-

ing to their true worth, and when we find a worker who gives us her time unselfishly we make a point to learn something about her, so I sent one of my men out to get what information he could about our little Santa Claus, and just to show you that we appreciate good service—well—well—the man finished softly: “I believe you will find everything you need for a full Christmas awaiting you when you get home—and—and—I would suggest that you carry the suit along also,” the man called back from the door leading into the office marked Private.

Celia tried to speak, but words failed her—maybe later, she reasoned with herself, she would be able to tell him just how much she appreciated his thoughtfulness, and when she got home and examined the huge package as well as the little Christmas tree that had already been set up by her father, her cup of happiness overflowed.

“Honest effort, father,” she said soberly when at last the little tree with its generous supply of gifts stood ready for the sleeping children, “certainly does carry a just reward.”

And so believed Dimple the next morning when coming over to wish Celia a Merry Christmas, she discovered the truth of the tree with the toys with which the Reefer children were playing.

“I guess you’ll be taken on as a regular at the store, Celia,” said Dimple, “since you’ve put this Santa

Claus idea over with the boss.”

Celia shook her head. “Mr. Larkins called by this morning,” said the girl presently, “and we talked things over, but I can’t leave the children yet—so for the time being I am going to help out only on special sales occasions.”

“But anybody,” exclaimed Dimple, “can take care of the children—and you’ve got big ideas—big ideas.”

“True enough, answered Celia, “I have got ideas, but the biggest of all is to keep the home together.”

“But thing of the money you’d earn,” Dimple reasoned. “You could hire somebody to look after the home and children.”

“Money is a great necessity, Dimple, I admit,” answered Celia, “but Mr. Larkins is going to give father a place in the office so it won’t be necessary for me to earn more than spending money. This I can do,” continued the girl happily, “by filling in on big sales occasions and giving the rest of my time to the home.”

“Some people,” murmured Dimple as she wandered idly homeward, “don’t know a big chance when they see it—”

But to the girl who had played the sympathetic Santa Claus in Larkins’ department store, the big chance for her lay in the fact that her father would do the earning and she would keep the home together, which, after all according to Celia’s idea, was the greatest thing in a girl could do.

Teacher—“If the President and Vice President both die who would get the job?”

Silent Pupil—“The undertaker.”

DO YOU LIKE ORANGES?

By Antonia J. Stemple.

There are few persons who do not like oranges and grape fruit. These popular fruits are not only delicious to the taste and pleasing to the eye, but they are among the most healthful fruits in our dietary. Vast quantities of citrus fruits are shipped from Florida and California where they grow to best advantage in this country and nearly every Northerner hopes to see oranges growing, some day, if he has not already had that pleasure.

And indeed the orange and grape groves of the Southland are beautiful to behold, and individuals who have never seen the fruit except as it is displayed in the fruit stores, invariably go into raptures at their first sight of an orange grove.

The trees are very low and rather squatly, so that it is easy to pick the fruit without extension ladders. The leaves of the orange and grape fruit trees are dark green and very glossy, and in a properly cared for orchard, the trees are literally loaded with fruit. It is nothing unusual to see six or nine large oranges or huge grape fruit growing in a single cluster, and one wonders how the small low trees manage to stand up under their luscious burdens. The branches usually have to be well propped while the fruit is in the later stages of growth.

Oranges and grape fruit grow in very light sandy soil in Florida. It is a constant wonder to the uninitiated that any thing can grow in what looks like good for nothing, very powdery, ordinary bright colored sand. Yet this sand is what oranges grow in best.

Some orange and grape fruit groves contain thousands of trees, all planted a few feet apart in endless rows which stretch for miles. But beside these mammoth groves, orange and grape fruit trees are planted in back yards and front lawns of private homes so that nearly every family in the orange growing section raises enough for their own use.

Oranges and grape fruit picked from the trees when they are ripe are infinitely more sweet, juicy and delicious than they are when we get them in the north, good as they are then. The best oranges and grape fruit grow in the Indian River region of Florida, though all the first class fruit does not come from there by any means.

The orange and grape fruit trees look very much alike, there being a slight difference in the size of the leaves and the size of the blossoms. The orange blossoms especially, are exceedingly beautiful and their perfume is enchanting. In orange blossom time the air is laden with the exquisite scent of the multitudes of blossoms in bloom, and every breeze wafts it to the nostrils. Although the perfume is so sweet, it is never cloying, and most people never get enough of it. Fortunate are those mortals, who, when the north is shivering amid snow and ice, may revel amid the orange groves of the sunny south.

The orange blossoms are pearly white, star shaped, with bright yellow centers, and they grow in clusters and very profusely. Large quantities are shipped north by tourists. Strange as it may seem, in the spring, ripe

fruit and blossoms may be seen on the same trees.

An orange packing plant is an interesting place to linger in, and it is always pleasantly redolent of the luscious fruit which is being handled. The operation of preparing oranges for shipment is very simple. The fruit is brought from the groves in great trucks. A large quantity is dumped at one time into the orange grading machine, a very simple, but lengthly contrivance, where it is first put through a bath, where the fruit is washed and leaves and stems are eliminated. The oranges come out on an endless belt and go through a dry-process. As the oranges emerge from the dryer, with their faces all nicely washed and dried, the sorter sorts out the bright and dark skinned fruit, each passing into a different channel. The oranges are then automatically graded by machine, for size, by means of a series of springs set along the top of the grader above the belt along which the fruit travels.

As the oranges of all sizes comes tumbling along the endless belt, just as though they were in a hurry to get somewhere, they pass under the set springs. There are about a half dozen of these springs adjusted for different sizes. The biggest oranges hit the first spring, and as they do so, they are shot into a bin and their journey is ended. Those oranges too small to hit the first spring, travel along till they get nipped by the right spring, and they come to rest in another bin, so that all fruit of one size falls into the proper bin. The smallest fruit travels the farthest, but that too, meets its Waterloo in the last bin. All the while the oranges are going through the grader and being

automatically sorted, as described, the man in charge of the machine keeps out a sharp watch for damaged or defective fruit, and throws it out as it goes by him. That's absolutely all there is to the process.

The packers take the fruit from the bins, one at a time, wrapping each orange or grape fruit in a square of tissue paper, with a dextrous twist of the hand and arm. The packers work fast as they are paid "by the piece," so much for every box packed. When the box is filled tightly the cover is adjusted, the steel bands are nailed over the ends, the label is affixed, and the box is all ready to start on its long journey to the north and way stations.

The terms 96's, 136's, 212's, and the like, simply means the number of oranges required to fill a full box of standard siz. The smaller the fruit the more oranges to the box. There are also standard half and quarter size boxes.

Grape fruit is handled like the oranges and so are lemons.

There are almost as many varieties of grape fruit and oranges as there are of apples. The fruit is very cheap where it is grown, and nobody ever thinks of picking up the large quantities which strew the ground. Besides oranges, grape fruit and lemons, which are grown in the south and in California, there are kumquats, or "Chinese oranges," tangerines, and pamelos, a new fruit which is a cross of other citrus fruits.

Grape fruit is now being canned in some southern factories, and chrystallized grape fruit and orange peel as well as marmalade is largely utilized for the surplus product.

The citrus fruits are a great money-

making crop, and the amount of fruit shipped out of the states where it is grown is almost unbelievable. Indeed, orange eating is a great nation-

al pastime in season, and a stay in the land where the fruit grows gives added zest to the eating.

PRACTICAL PROBLEMS OF THE BANKER.

By V. R. Patterson, in *The Wachovia*.

In days gone by the public thought of the banker as one who worked from nine until two. Some, this day and time, accuse us of keeping these hours. Of course, this is a mistaken idea for the banker works more hours on an average per day than almost any person engaged in business. This would tend to prove that bankers have problems to solve and work to do just the same as others in business, and it requires more hours than contained in the space of time from nine until two.

Some Of Our Functions

The receiving of deposits and making loans. Deposits are three in kind—checking, savings and time. Some customers seem to confuse the three, because they want to have their checking account draw interest, and their savings account subject to check, even without leaving their book at the bank. Too, we very often have to refuse payment on a check, the party not having an account subject to check, only to find a record of a time certificate issued, and, no doubt, filed away in an old trunk for safe-keeping. Are these conditions in our business problems to solve? Bankers think so.

In the usual course of business, checking deposits are made up of cash, checks on our bank, checks on

other banks in the city, and checks on foreign points, which for the purpose of a correct understanding we will say the smaller towns in our immediate section, and checks on the larger cities. The problem of collecting checks handled for our customers has grown to be one of large proportions on account of the exchange involved and time necessary to make collection. Practically all of the smaller banks charge on an average of \$1.50 per thousand for making remittances covering checks drawn on them which the collecting bank has to absorb, expecting the customer's account in the way of a blame to be such that this expense can be incurred.

Accounts Are Analyzed

In order that we may know the total checks handled that cost exchange, as well as time involved, our active accounts are analyzed and every check payable outside our city is noted as to exchange and number of days necessary before the proceeds are actually in our hands. For example, John Doe deposits (the figures are arrived at by adding total for each day) during the month a total of \$3,000.00 on points that do not cost any exchange to collect, but require an average of three days time before we receive returns. He

also deposits \$5,000.00 on miscellaneous towns which cost \$1.50 per thousand or total cost of \$7.50 and require three days to collect. This makes a total of \$8,000.00 out of town items handled requiring three days time to collect, giving a total volume of \$24,000.000 which, divided by 30 days in the month, makes an average of \$800.00 daily outstanding in uncollected funds which has to be taken into consideration and deducted from the customer's average book balance which we find was \$1,400.00. From this is deducted the \$800.00 leaving net balance of \$600.00 which is the balance that is worth something to the bank in the way of an income at the legal rate of 6 per cent or \$3.00 for the 30 day period.

From this analysis you will see the bank has sustained a loss of \$4.50, as the exchange charge of \$7.50 had to be absorbed and the only revenue received was the \$3.00 interest. This does not take into consideration any charge for clerk hire, stationery and other expense necessary for the proper handling of the account.

Overdrafts

The question of overdrafts is, without a doubt, one of the hardest problems we have to solve in the entire operation of our bank. Some customers would like to carry a good balance in the savings department at 4 per cent interest, and carry a small checking account expecting the bank to pay overdrafts on account of the value of the account in the savings department.

Section 60 of the Banking Law of our State says:

"Any officers (other than a director) or employee of a bank who shall

permit any customer or other person to overdraw his account, or who shall pay any check or draft, the paying of which shall overdraw any account, unless the same shall be authorized by the board of directors or by a committee of such board authorized to act, shall be personally liable to such bank for the amount of such overdraft."

I have known numbers of customers to feel that the banker had some grudge against them personally, when payment on a check was refused, in endeavoring to carry out the intent of the section I have just quoted.

Bankers are called upon to contribute liberally to every cause. We have to maintain suitable and expensive quarters; we have to pay taxes of every description. If we do not have a sufficient number of profit-paying accounts—which means balances rather than overdrafts—we simply are not in a position to handle satisfactory the business of the public. Our customers should maintain satisfactory balances in order that we may successfully perform the duties incumbent upon us. We believe that it is not altogether a selfish service rendered by the banker of today.

The Making Of Loans

Concerning this all-important feature of banking, let me say that quite a few customers think that banks are always—at least should be—anxious to lend money. There are probably certain seasons in the year when banks as a rule do seek loans. The reverse is just as true, because there are other seasons of the year when banks refrain from making new

loans and, on the contrary, endeavor to reduce the loans they are then carrying.

The banker's ability to make loans is regulated by two conditions: amount of his deposits and his ability to rediscount the notes of his bank. Suppose, for instance, at certain seasons in the year when the bank has borrowed as much money as it is entitled to borrow from its corresponding banks in the larger cities (the bank is limited as to this the same as individuals in borrowing from their bank,) and deposits begin to decrease at an alarming rate, due to seasonal demands, the banker is not in a position to take care of all the loans that are offered him and some have to be declined. The customer who is owing the bank as much as he should does not receive additional accommodations, but, in fact, is asked to reduce his indebtedness. The customer who is entitled to borrow and does not owe the bank is the one who gets the loan even though the bank's credit has to be strained in order to meet the demand.

It is at this time when the customer who has already borrowed more than he is entitled to is asked to reduce his loans in order that the money received from him can be lent to other customers who need accommodation. Therefore if you hear of a banker asking certain of his customers to reduce their indebtedness, or if you experience such, do not necessarily become alarmed over the bank's condition and think it must have money to keep from closing its doors; it is simply trying successfully to function as a clearing house for financial matters and is endeavoring

properly to place all its loans in order that a greater number of borrowers may be taken care of adequately.

Bankers should never lose sight of the fact that they are trustees of other people's funds and that when they make a loan they should be reasonably satisfied, in the first place, that it is absolutely good and, also, that it is being used for legitimate purposes and can be returned to the bank at a specified time.

Other Problems

You will be surprised probably to know that we are called upon to find out for a customer whether or not some one else has a balance in our bank. This may not seem a problem but it is, because in numerous cases, if we do not tell the customer, he becomes angry and feels that, because he carries a good balance, his request should be granted. It is absolutely against our rules to divulge any information concerning the business of our customers. We adhere to this rule religiously regardless of who makes the request.

From my experience and observation it seems that almost every kind of business manned by human beings is supposed to make mistakes, except the bank. We make mistakes the same as any one else, and yet we have a number of customers who seem to feel that this should not be the case with banks, and that our errors are absolutely inexcusable.

We could not conduct our business unless we had a sufficient number of customers who were willing for us to make a profit in handling their account. I am glad to state that when the question is proper-

ly placed before a majority of our customers, they see the matter in the right way and realize that successful banks are necessary for the proper and orderly running of the wheels of commerce.

In solving the problems that arise

in the conduct of our business we endeavor at all times to see the customer's view-point. As bankers we are willing to go just as far as humanly possible in an effort to meet the wishes and demands of those who carry accounts with us.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By J. J. Jones, Jr

Master Plas Johnson is visiting his relatives in Granite Falls.

intendent Boger.

The boys were surprised last Thursday in not seeing a moving picture show.

The boys who were made happy by their relatives last Wednesday were: Thamer Pope, Edwin Baker, and Fleming Clinton, and Herbert Floyd.

During the past week the Program and Menu for Christmas have been printed.

The golden text of the last Sunday's lesson was, "I am the resurrection and the life." The subject "The Raising of Lazarus," it touched the boys very deeply when they read about Jesus weeping over the Death of Lazarus. This is the only place recorded in the Bible where Jesus wept.

The new Susaphone Bass which was ordered a number of days ago has arrived at the institution.

The boys that were placed in the band a few weeks ago are progressing rapidly.

Trees are being planted on the upper and lower end of the campus, by a number of the boys and various officers.

Miss Helen Misenheimer and Miss Mabel Rudisill of the music faculty of Mont Amoena Seminary, Miss Mary Margaret Barrier of Mt. Pleasant, and Mr. Kay Patterson of Concord rendered a delightful musical program on Sunday afternoon. Three special numbers rendered at the church service were greatly enjoyed by the boys. These consisted of a solo by Miss Rudisill, a flute solo by Mr. Patterson with piano accompaniment by Miss Misenheimer, and two trios by Miss Misenheimer, Barrier and Rudisill.

A new addition to the platform in the Auditorium is being erected for the purpose of the boys that have recitations for Christmas.

Master Earnest Whitehurst, a member of the seventh cottage, was paroled last Wednesday by Super-

THE KIND OF WILL NOT TO MAKE.

The Will of a Cynic.

The following is an excerpt from the will of a Wall Street man, which is said to have been recently probated in the New York courts:

“To my wife, I leave her lover and the knowledge that I wasn’t the fool she thought I was.

“To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For thirty-five years he has thought that the pleasure was all mine. He was mistaken.

“To my daughter, I leave \$100,000. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her.

“To my valet, I leave the clothes that he has been stealing from me regularly for the past ten years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach.

“To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job.

“To my partner, I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business.”—The Wachovia.

THAT SAFE VOICE.

The mariner’s compass in a small but very important instrument. It has revolutionized the life of the sailor and made travel by water safe. But it stands to reason that very few of us would care to entrust our lives to a vessel for any great distance that did not list among its appliances a compass. The old method of depending on the relative position of the stars was shot through with great peril. For stars have a way of hiding behind clouds and fog, and sometimes when their light is most sought after. But the reliability of the compass is not dependent on the climate. Its needle points to the north through day and night, cloud and sunshine, calm and storm. It is worth its weight in gold and much more.

It is little wonder that men have fallen into the habit of seeing a similarity between the compass and the conscience. The conscience becomes our guide across the sea of life. It points toward right and duty and God. A man may throw away his compass, and he may kill his conscience, but he thereby cuts off every hope of reaching the harbor safely. He is utterly foolish who refuses to keep his conscience in good repair and to live up to it. It is the voice of God in the soul, the guarantee of safety to the land beyond.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound.

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound.

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



Christmas Carol

Philips Brooks

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes that cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvels to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed:
That mankind are the children of God





Here's Our Old Friend

A MEDAL FOR BRAVERY.

By Ruth Sifferd in "Bays and Girls."

Long, long ago during the War Between the States the Northern forces had a supply station and headquarters on the south side of the Ohio River, directly across from the little town of Willowville. Willowville was built at the foot of a hill which overlooked the river. On this hill stood a large, white, stone house which belonged to the Talbots.

One dark night during the most exciting part of the war when the Southern forces were nearing the Ohio River, a horseman rode up the hill and stumbled onto the Talbot's porch. His horse was exhausted and he himself was nearly dead for lack of food and water. He had come all the way from Philadelphia, without stopping, for he carried a message which must be put into the hands of the general before morning.

The horseman could go no farther and he begged Mr. Talbot to send some one across with the message. David Talbot, who was fourteen and in search of adventure, offered to go.

In a few moments, with the warning of his parents and of the horseman ringing in his ears, David slipped away from the shore on his sturdy, home-made raft. After what seemed hours of quiet rowing in the darkness a voice called, "Who goes there?"

Something warned David that this was one of the Confederate spies whose business it was to guard the shore against messengers from Philadelphia. The boy remained quiet for a long time and then began carefully to approach the shore. He

knew that the spy could not use a lantern any more than he himself could, for they were both in danger of being seen by a sentinel. So David hoped to be able to reach the shore without touching the spy's raft. He did reach shore safely and then, making his raft as secure as possible, he began his lonely walk through the dense woods.

Owls hooted, crickets sang, and the far away call of the whip-poor-will could be heard frequently, but David was not afraid. He must get to the general and get back home before morning began to dawn. Presently he saw lights ahead of him. As he came nearer he saw that they were the many campfires of the Northern soldiers. He spoke the password to three guards and finally was shown the way to the general's hut. When he had told his story he sank down on the ground in exhaustion. A soldier brought him water, while the general took his name and village and praised him for his bravery. As soon as he was rested, he started back. Strangely enough, the journey back did not seem as long as before and he pushed off in his raft without interruption. A very tired boy, but very proud, climbed the hill that morning just as streaks of gray were beginning to show through the darkness that dawn was coming.

* * * * *

When the war was over, the general visited Willowville, the little town on the Ohio River. He had with him a medal for bravery for David Talbot.

David's twin sister, Dorothea, was chosen to pin the medal on David after the speech by the general.

On the eventful day, the square was crowded with people. The general made a long speech, while David and Dorothea stood behind the platform and waited impatiently. After what seemed at least four hours to the waiting twins, but was really only two, the general called them and they came up on the platform.

They made a beautiful picture—the girl in the pink ruffled gown, and quaint buckled slippers, holding the bright silver medal; the boy, stand-tall and straight, with his eyes fixed on the American flag above him; and the general, smiling down at them both, his white head bared and shining in the sunlight. Then the people stood and sang "The Star Spangled Banner" to show their happiness because they had a real hero in their own little village.

At sunset, David and Dorothea walked up the winding path which led to their home on the hill. David looked down at the medal shining on his coat and said, "Don't ever forget this day, Dorothea."

And Dorothea answered, "I won't David."

* * * * *

It was two weeks before Decoration Day, fifty years later, when Kenneth and May Allison called on their beloved school teacher in the same little town of Willowville.

Kenneth, the oldest, began to explain why they had come, "Miss Williams, in that pageant we're going to have on Decoration Day, who's going to be the old soldier that gets the bouquet of roses? We want to

know?"

"Why, I don't know. Do you have anyone to suggest, Kenneth?" asked Miss Williams pleasantly, passing a plate of sugar cookies to the children.

"Well, I think our Great-uncle David would be the best one, don't you?" asked Kenneth looking a little bit worried. What if Miss Williams don't agree with him?

"He's so nice and soldierly looking," chimed in May between bites of sugar cookies.

Miss Williams laughed at that and then asked, "But why are you children so interested in that part of the pageant?"

"I'll tell you all about it, Miss Williams," said Kenneth, beginning again. "You see, Granny and Great-uncle David are twins, but they had a quarrel when they were twenty-two years old and they've never spoken to each other since. And we thought that if you could get them to speak to each other in the pageant, they might make up and—and—"

"'Cause Granny's always crying lately," continued May, "and she's all alone with just us." The children were orphans and lived with their grandmother.

"Granny worries an awful lot, because Great-uncle David has all the money and the estate and Granny hasn't anything," explained Kenneth. "It isn't fair because uncle David hasn't anybody, he just lives in the big house on the hill and saves his money."

Miss Williams nodded her head. "I begin to understand, children, and I think it is fine of you to think of fixing it that way. I'll help you all I

can."

"Oh, I'm so glad," cried May. "I know you can do it and then Granny will be happy and we will, too."

Miss Williams promised to think it over and to keep the plan secret, and the children walked home to Granny's cottage on Main Street very much happier.

"Whenever Miss Williams says she'll help, it's always all right," declared Kenneth.

"Yes," responded May. "There's Granny on the porch making lace for the store. Won't it be nice when she can sit on Great-uncle David's front porch and make lace for herself?" May skipped ahead a little for joy.

"She won't even have to make lace at all," said Kenneth catching up with his sister. "She can do whatever she wants to do."

The next day Kenneth, with his arms full of groceries, met Miss Williams and May a few blocks from the cottage. "O, Ken," exclaimed May, "Granny will do it."

Kenneth and Miss Williams laughed. "Do what?" asked Kenneth.

Then Miss Williams explained, "I'm having the oldest soldier receive the bouquet of roses at the end of the pageant, and your Grandmother is going to present it. But there is no soldier of the War Between the States living anymore, so I am asking your, Great-uncle David, Mr. Talbot, to receive the bouquet because he has a medal for bravery, won during that War. They will neither one know the other one is until the time of the presentation, and then they cannot refuse. See! How do you like my plan?"

"It is fine," cried Kenneth. "Thanks so much for helping us and Granny will thank you, too, when its all over."

"I shall have thanks enough," responded Miss Williams, "when I see your Granny and Great-uncle David happy together."

"I can hardly wait," said May, jumping up and down for joy. "Good-bye, Miss Williams."

"Decoration Day dawned clear and warm. Everywhere flowers bloomed and flags waved. The platform at the square was in readiness for the pageant which was to take place at ten o'clock. The parade and memorial service were to be held in the afternoon.

"Got your speech ready, Granny?" queried May as they sat down to breakfast.

Granny did not answer, but fumbled for her handkerchief and then the children noticed the tears in her dear, gray eyes. Kenneth was frightened. He wondered if Granny had found out about the oldest soldier.

"It's nothing," said granny, smiling through her tears at the wide-eyed children. "I wish—but there; children, eat your breakfast. You must be at the square at nine o'clock."

"Do you think she knows?" asked May as they waited for Miss Williams at her gate.

Kenneth shook his head gravely. "Anyway if she does know, she's going to do it, anyway. Granny's a good sport."

When Miss Williams came out, the children told her all about it. She smiled cheerily, "Don't you worry," she said stroking May's silky curls.

"Now here we are at the square. Forget about it."

The pageant was beautiful. Everyone clapped heartily when it was over. May and Kenneth, behind the platform, waited with fast beating hearts for the first sound of Granny's voice. And Granny was a "good sport" as Kenneth had said. She caught her breath when she saw David, her twin brother, come forward and salute the flag. But she said her presentation speech and held out the roses to David. Then suddenly a mist came before her eyes. She saw only a boy, tall and straight, his eyes on the American flag above him. She herself was only a bit of a girl in a pink ruffled gown, and quaint buckled slippers, and she held in her hand a bright silver medal. The people were singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

"And the rocks and red glare,
The bombs bursting in air."

David Talbot looked down at the medal shining on his coat. "Did you forget that day, Dorothea?" he asked in a low voice.

"I couldn't, David," answered Dorothea who had forgotten that she was a grandmother.

"Gave proof through the night
That our flag was still there."

"Can you forgive me?" asked David, again looking up at the flag.

"There is nothing to forgive," said Dorothea and smiled.

"Oh say does that star-spangled
banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave!"

Miss Williams walked home between May and Kenneth. "It will be all right, my dears; just you wait and see," she promised. "They will remember about you in a very few minutes. They are trying to make up many years of happiness which they lost through a foolish quarrel."

"Here they come now," cried Kenneth, looking back down Main Street.

"In Great-uncle David's car," breathed May in delight.

She automobile, decorated with red, white, and blue bunting stopped at the curbing. "Well, well," Great-uncle David exclaimed, "I'll bet you didn't even know you had a great-uncle, did you?"

"Oh, yes, we did," responded May. "We knew all the time, didn't we Granny?"

Granny smiled happily and, leaning back against the cushions, said, "We're going up the hill to home, now. Get in, children."

Kenneth got in with Great-uncle David and May cuddled up beside Granny in the back seat. Miss Williams had disappeared.

"Look, May and Kenneth," said Granny, pointing up to the great, white, stone house on the hill, "that is home."

"And isn't it funny, Ken," laughed May, "that we have never been home before and we're almost grown up."

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.—Longfellow.

ALL ABOUT PAPER.

By Edwin Tarrissee.

Although a greater quantity of news print paper is made than of any other kind, in value it is exceeded by the production of book paper, according to the testimony of those qualified to speak on the subject. The author of the much-quoted phrase that "Of the making of books there is no end," would have found material for a stronger statement had he been able to contemplate a yearly output worth millions and millions of dollars.

"Fine papers, include writing papers ranging from the best bank-note and stock certificate to such inferior grades that a pen scarcely will travel over them without blotting; ledger papers, for bookkeeping, and other fine writing purposes; and linen papers, usually with rough surface and laid water-mark. To these must be added wrapping paper, comprising rope manila, manila, imitation manila, etc.; tissue such as blotting paper, cover papers, etc., and boards of all sorts straw-board, box-board, news-board, bristle-board, etc.

Like a good many other modern industries that of paper-making had its origin with the Chinese. The papyrus of the Greeks and Romans, not to speak of that of the Egyptians, was not paper at all but simply the piths of the stem of a plant cut into strips, placed side by side and across each other and pressed into a sheet, to which the natural gum of the plant gave a homogeneous character. But the Chinese in every early time made a genuine paper, in its general characteristics, as that produced by the

perfected methods and machinery of today.

A sheet of paper is an artificially felted web of vegetable fiber, purified by means of certain processes, of perishable materials; that is, fibers of more or less pure cellulose, cellulose being the enduring portion of vegetable growth and forming the structural base of all plants. In its broad outline the process of paper-making may be described as collecting the raw material (pulp, whether made from wood, rags or other substances) diluting with water, forming a sheet on a porous surface, so that the water may drain off, and drying the sheet of paper thus formed. Different materials are used for the pulp to make different grades of paper, wood pulp now being used in the manufacture of nearly all the news paper, rags for writing and other fine papers, straw and manila in making wrapping papers, etc. But a large amount of paper is given its distinctive character after it leaves the paper mill by surface coatings with various substances.

The processes of making pulp may be passed over, as they have been much written about, and only the methods of making the paper from the pulp be taken up here. No more striking comparison can be made of the old and the new in the paper industry than to note that whereas half a century ago most of the paper mills of the United States employed little labor outside of the individual proprietor and his family, some of the largest of their present-day suc-

cessors, with their houses for employees, machine shops, and other dependent features, from veritable cities in themselves. At a single paper-making plant in Maine a thousand tons of finished paper are turned out every twenty-four hours, and at another mill in the same State a single machine is producing some eighty tons of wrapping manila in the same time.

From the primitive hand processes of early paper-making to the huge machines of the present-day mills is a remarkable progress in methods of production, yet the principles are the same whether the pulp be taken from the vat in small hand-sieves and turned out a single sheet at a time, as was once the method, or whether, as is now done, it is made to flow on to an endless wire cloth, from which it is conveyed on blankets, or felts, in a continuous web through heavy press rolls and over steam-heated drying cylinders. But machinery had made possible a more uniform quality of product as well as multiplied many times the rapidity of manufacture and diminished the labor cost.

To a limited extent paper is still made by hand in the United States, but since the invention of what is known as the Foudrinier machine, in 1708, machinery has gradually supplanted the manual process. Until about 1860 paper was made chiefly from rag fiber, but the comparative cheapness of wood fiber has since that time revolutionized the pulp industry.

Rags are prepared for making into paper by the successive operations of cleaning, boiling, washing, bleaching

and beating or reduced to pulp. All this is accomplished by machinery. In the washing engine the rags, after having been cleaned and boiled, are slowly macerated, losing their characteristics of textiles and being finally resolved into single fibers of varying lengths. In the beating engines the knives are arranged to macerate the pulp still more rapidly, and if various fibers are used, such as rag, wood fiber or esparto grass, the mixing is done here while the stuff is being reduced to the very fine condition required for making into paper.

The bleached pulp has a yellowish cast, and to obtain a pure white a little blue is added, and papers that are colored in the pulp are prepared at this point.

Although the pulp may be beaten fine enough in the beating engine the practice in this country is to pump it afterwards through a so-called "Jordan" or refining engine, which consists of a stationary hollow cone mounted with knives on the inside which fits over a solid, rapidly revolving cone mounted with similar knives on the outside. As the pulp passes between these cones the knives can be brought close together or separated, so that the degrees of fineness of the pulp can be accurately gauged.

After passing through the Jordan engine the fluid pulp—whether made from rags, wood, or other material—is pumped into the Foudrinier machine, where its transformation to finished paper becomes an automatic operation. The pulp is first screened from the vat over an apron to a moving endless wire cloth supported by a series of small metal rolls set close together but not touching each other.

By these rolls an even surface of the wire cloth is maintained, and by keeping up a steady flow of the pulp and a constant forward motion of the wire screen a uniform thickness of the layer of pulp deposited is obtained. At the same time a violent lateral motion of the supporting rolls causes all the fibers to interlace, giving greater transverse strength to the texture.

While this is going on much of the water in the pulp drains through leaving the fiber on the meshes.

When sufficient water has drained from the pulp the moist web is carried between "couch" rolls, which are covered with woolen felt, and which press the water out still more and consolidate the fiber, giving it strength to cross alone the gap between the wire cloth and the felt of the first press roll. This felt is an endless woolen blanket which supports the tender web of paper through a pair of highly polished brass rolls under considerable pressure, giving the upper side of the sheet a smooth surface and leaving the impress of the felt on the under side. From the first press the sheet runs under the second pair of rolls and back through them in the reverse direction, thus smoothing the other side of the sheet.

The paper is now formed and the remaining operation is to dry it. This is accomplished by passing it through driers, which consist of large metal cylinders heated by steam, placed one after another or in tiers, the number varying in different machines. The paper while being carried about by the cylinders is held to the hot surfaces by an endless blanket usually of cotton. Thin pa-

per can be run through the driers with great rapidity; thick paper slowly.

The drying process being completed, the paper is given a smooth surface by machine called calenders, which are smooth-faced heavy metal rollers arranged vertically in a stack, giving great pressure by their cumulative weight and by the application of screws. The paper thus treated is called "machine finished" paper as contrasted with "supercalendered" paper, the latter being paper that has been passed between alternate iron and compressed paper rolls under great pressure. The finished paper is finally reeled off in rolls or cut into sheets of the desired size.

By the Foudrinier machine as now perfected on endless web of paper is made from 60 to 160 inches wide at a speed of from 10 to 400 feet a minute.

Another type of paper machine, in use in a number of mills, is known as the cylinder machine, and differs from the Foudrinier chiefly in that the pulp, instead of being made to flow on to an endless wire cloth, is taken up by a cylinder under the face of which is formed from close-meshed wire cloth revolving partly submerged in a vat of pulp-stock. From the cylinder the net is removed by a couch roll carrying a felt and then dried and finished essentially as in the Foudrinier machine. There is less waste of pulp in this machine, but the paper made by it lies mostly in the line of travel of the web, there being no shake to give them lateral motion. A large class of heavy papers, cardboard, strawboard, newsboard, binders' board, and the like,

as well as most tissue papers, is made on the cylinder machine.

The method of coating paper in order to give it a certain smoothness of finish is, in outline, as follows: The paper to be coated is fed in a continuous roll, by means of machinery, to a rotary brush, which applies the coating to one side at a time. The coating material is spread evenly over the paper by other brushes, and the paper is then hung in festoons from sticks resting on moving racks, in a room heated by steam. When the paper is dry it is re-wound and calendered (that is, smoothed by being placed through smooth chilled iron rolls), glazed or embossed. The heavy coated book paper used where illustrations of the better sort are to be reproduced, is coated with clays and glue or casein, and the necessary smoothness is obtained by supercalendering. This consists in passing it between alternate iron and compressed cotton rolls under great pressure.

Glazed papers, which are used principally for covering paper boxes, are coated on one side only and given a very high glossy surface by a machine called the friction calender. This consists of a top roll of polished iron, heated by steam, and a lower

roll of compressed cotton, the top roll revolving at a much higher speed than the lower one. As the paper passed between these rolls, it is smoothed in the same way as if a hot iron had been passed over it. Colors may be added to the coating mixture, and a high polish given by us-

Mills where writing paper is the chief product are located with regard to available water power rather than, as in the case of the wood-pulp mills, source of supply. Mills using rags as their principal material, therefore, are found chiefly in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin; Massachusetts alone producing more than 60 per cent of the writing paper of the country.

Several other States have other peculiarities. Connecticut produces a very large proportion of the cover and heavy wrapping papers, binders, trunk boards, news boards, and similar grades. Indiana produces a large part of the wood-pulp boards and other boards; New Jersey about half of the news boards, Pennsylvania nearly one-half of all the binding and roofing paper. The farming States of the Middle West are the chief producers of the straw wrapping and strawboard.

Miss Alexander of Mecklenburg led the fight against the bill to make divorces easier in North Carolina and her masculine associates agreed with her in the conviction that it is now easy enough. If parents would devote more time to the fostering of common sense and high ideals about matrimony, there would be fewer unwise marriages and fewer divorces.—Asheville Citizen.

THE TAMING OF THE JUNGLES.

By Merritt L. Allen.

Ray Bruce sat on the edge of the long pier which ran well out into the deep water of the Gulf of Mexico. He gave the fish line in his hands an impatient jerk, pulled it out of the water, and then wound it upon a flat wooden spool. As soon as school was out at two o'clock his brother, Jim, had started out in his flat bottom boat, which was propelled by a portable engine, to gather Spanish moss in the jungles of a bayou which crept into the mainland bordering the Gulf. This moss he sold to the fruit packers for a fair price, but much as he wanted a share in the proceeds, Ray could never be induced to enter that forbidding tangle commonly known as The Jungles. It was loathsome enough looking from the outside and very few people ever penetrated into its depths.

On this particular afternoon, hardly a blemish had marred the sky when Jim started out, and Ray had dropped his line in the water to fish for sheephead until his brother would return with a boat laden with moss and he could help him carry it to the village of Safety Harbor two or three miles from the pier. But an hour after Jim had started out dark clouds threatened the bright sunlight and a coolness crept into the air. Many times Ray looked toward the jungles with a little pucker between his eyes. Fishing was out of the question, for a strong breeze was whipping the Gulf into white caps.

Big Tom owned the pier and the boats which were tied along the sides. These he rented to the tourists who

wanted to go out into the Gulf and fish. He was a retired seafaring man, and he had shaken his head dubiously when Jim had started out, for his experienced eye had seen the white hazy clouds on the horizon, and they told him that there was a storm brewing. Now he sauntered down to where Ray was leaning against a piling, while his eyes searched the shore line of the jungles.

"Hey, Sonny, see anything of your brother?"

"Not a sign of him. I'm scared of those jungles."

Big Tom looked across the expanse of disturbed water with squinted eyes.

"Guess he ain't got his load yet."

"I wish he wouldn't go in there. You couldn't get me in those jungles if there was a Captain Kidd's treasure hidden there. No sir, it makes me shiver."

"Ho!" Big Tom said with a laugh, but his anxious eyes again searched the shore line. "I wish that boy would hurry up and get back."

"So do I. It's dark in there. He can't tell that there's a storm coming up."

While the two had been talking the wind had been increasing. Two boat loads of fishermen came up to the pier and Big Tom tied up the boats securely and pocketed his fire. When he had finished he looked at the sky and its signs for several minutes.

"Look here, Sonny, guess you'd better take that old launch and go after your brother. We're due for a big blow and that flat bottom boat

your brother has will capsize sure as anything."

Ray looked startled.

"Me go in there! No, no! You go."

"I've got to tie up my boats and put things to rights or they'll be smashed to smithierins. We might get a regular hurricane this time of the year."

"But I can't go in there!" with a dismayed look.

"Why not? Your brother is in real danger. Jump in! I'll put in this long pole so you can shut off the engine when you leave the open water."

"But I'm afraid!" Ray replied, shuddering from the thought. "I've never been in The Jungles."

Nevertheless he clambered down into the boat indicated by Big Tom, who threw in a long pole and started the engine. As the boat drew away from the pier Ray's blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

"Good luck, Sonny," Big Tom called to him cheerfully.

The boat chug-chugged into the channel of the bayou. A dignified old pelican sat on a piling and watched him with his feet bent over the edge, ready for instant flight. A dozen sea gulls followed him for a time uttering their weird cries. Ray never looked back, but as he neared the edge of the jungles, his heart began to pound and his mouth became dry. When the end of the bayou was reached, he shut off the engine. For perhaps five minutes he hesitated and then with clinched teeth he picked up the pole and forced the boat into the tangled mass of dead growth. As he zig-zagged farther and farther into the depths, his breath came in short gasps, and only the

thought of his brother gave him courage to continue his course. The border of sea grass and stunted palmettos were soon left behind, and he entered the dimness of the jungles caused by curtains of vines and Spanish moss.

A half mile inland there was a small fresh water lake which was infested with alligators.

Ray had heard many tales about them; that when they grew to a great size they left the lake and lived in the jungles near the gulf. A partially submerged log startled him until he had jabbed it viciously with the pole and discovered that it was not alive. The farther he poled the boat the more regular became his brathing. Every water soaked stick which looked like a reptile of the jungles, he jabbed with his pole and once or twice he chuckled at his daring.

It was always gloomy in the jungles for the sun had little chance to peek into its secrets. As Ray's eyes became accustomed to the obscure forms about him, his fear gave way to curiosity. His brother had often told him of the interesting things to be seen here, and now he began to wonder if there was really anything to fear as long as he was in a sound boat. It was very quiet. He knew that the wind was howling outside, but in this almost sound proof mass only a low moan could be heard or the ripple of the brackish water against the sides of the launch. Ray knew that if they did not get back to the pier in time and the blow continued that his brother and himself would have to remain in the jungles all night and perhaps for a long time, for their boats would be cap-

sized by the high waves. The jungles were anything but safe, for as the wind continued it would force the water in there.

He began to call to his brother and after a time he received a faint hello in reply. Jim was surprised when he saw him, but when he heard what was going on outside, he was ready for quick action.

"What in the world ever induced you to come in here, Ray?"

"Big Tom sent me. There's a big blow coming. Hurry up!!"

Jim did hurry, but he wondered about his younger brother.

"I thought you were too much afraid of the jungles to ever venture in them?"

"Sure, but I had to get you out. You couldn't tell about the storm in here; the sun was shining bright when you came in."

Jim smiled from pleasure as he detached his portable machine and put it into the launch.

"I'll tie the old boat to this tree and we'll both go back in the launch."

And so began the journey back. Jim took the pole and Ray squatted at the bow to clear the way and watch for submerged logs. This made it easier and the distance to

the opening was soon accomplished. The storm had increased in fury, but Jim was an expert in handling a boat in rough weather. Ray used an old tin can to bail out the water they shipped.

Old Tom appeared glad when they ran up beside the pier after much difficulty. When they had tied the launch securely like the other boats along the pier, he hurried them into his secure old shack.

"Well, Sonny, was you scared?" Big Tom asked of Ray after they had listened to the howling of the wind for a time.

"Nop—er—yes I was at first, but when I found out that nothing hurt me, it was kinda like having fun."

"Hugh! We're feared of lots of things until we jump into the middle of them, and then we get along fine and we're not scared at all."

Ray nodded his head emphatically.

"That's right, Big Tom. And after this Jim's got to split with me on what's made from the sale of the moss because I'm going in the jungles with him, as soon as this blow clears up, and pull moss myself."

Big Tom chuckled again, and Ray knew from Jim's smile that he would welcome him as a partner.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Davis.

The work sections have been cutting wood for the past three weeks.

The radio fans have been enjoying concerts over the five-tube Freshman outfit. Mr. Smith, local dealer, left it at second cottage for several nights

and Mr. Spagh has purchased one and had it installed in twelfth cottage.

About two weeks previous "Practical writing books" arrived at the school. Through practice with these

books the boys have improved in writing very much. New song books also arrived and were put into use last Sunday.

G. Lee Simpson, one of our teachers, has purchased a new Ford coupe.

The platform in the chapel is being enlarged for the use of the band.

George Lafferty a member of the eleventh cottage, was paroled last week.

Mr. Carriker has taken charge of the wood shop, succeeding Mr. J. M. Day.

Walter Cummins was paroled last week. He made a very good record while at the school.

Rev. W. A. Jenkins, of the Central M. E. Church, of Concord, conducted

the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon.

Owing to the warm weather the boys have started playing base-ball again. A practice game was played last Saturday afternoon.

Master J. J. Jones, Jr., who has been our reporter for about six months, has been paroled and has gone to live with his parents at Columbia, S. C.

J. M. Day, who has been carpenter shop instructor for some time, has resigned. He left the institution last Saturday, to take a position in Asheville.

Through the courtesy of the Concord Post of the American Legion, we were enabled to enjoy "Powder River," the great world war picture, last Thursday morning.



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CRITICS.

The jealous eye and the caustic tongue are abroad in the land. There is in each community a self-constituted board of censors who gratuitously evaluate your labors. They think that everything that is not expended on self or does not yield a material return is wasted. There is no place in their make-up for the generous overflow of love.

When Carey went out as a missionary, people said, "What a waste!" To many of like mind the time spent in the church is wasted, the energy put into Bible study is wasted, the money given to charity and missions is wasted.

But we know it is such waste that is making the world a paradise. It is the hospitable spirit and the gifts love prompts that are part and parcel of the abundant life.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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“We rise by the things that are under our feet,
But what we have mastered of good and gain.
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.”

NEVER TOO OLD.

The evening papers of the state carry a service, in which outstanding and conspicuous characters, men and women, are daily presented. It is quite educative and is enjoyed.

The Concord Tribune of the 24th carried the picture of the “prettiest woman” of the whole season. If you don’t believe it, send to John Sherrill for a copy of that issue and see the face of a real pretty woman, a heroine, who just draws one to her. It is Miss Emily Morgan, who rendered a service in Alaska which makes of her a wonderful heroine. Now, what Miss Morgan did was enough to make even a homely person look fine; but coupled with real, genuine goodness and sacrifice, the natural beauty of face and make-up of the hair in this picture entitles, according to the taste of this lover of the good and true, Miss Morgan to first place in American Beauties.

How old must one become before he ceases to admire a beautiful woman,

with attractive graces and a heart overflowing with service to fellow beings?

* * * * *

FLU.

This cowardly; assassin of foreign origin—the dirty sneak which the medical profession have designated as influenza—invaded the editorial sanctum of The Uplift last week and came near putting the little journal out of commission for that week.

But the arrival of the cur seemed to have some compassion in timing his visit. Having come at the season when the public mind reverts to the life and career of the "Father of his country" enabled The Uplift, though badly crippled, to present a rather attractive Washington edition by falling back on an accumulation of most readable selections touching upon the great American.

But, pray, when does Flu find out when it has taken a sufficient toll of energy, fine spirit and health to turn loose and to take to his heels?

* * * * *

"STANDARDS OF HONOR."

Dr. Clarence Poe in his Progressive Farmer, taking two conspicuous American characters, who are resting under a shadow of wrong-doing, reads a moral that should receive the serious thought of the country. He goes far off to pick his subject—and may we hope and believe that he could not find suitable characters nearer home on which to base his observations—by which he argues for the emphasizing of the proper ideals and the erection in our hearts and minds proper standards of honor.

Dr. Poe fears that we are obsessed with a worship of the "almighty dollar" and he urges a home training, which, while he did not just say so, involves the use and teachings of the Ten Commandments, which some of the sociologists have no patience with. Hear Dr. Poe:

In the last Democratic National Convention, Governor Jonathan Davis of Kansas was frequently voted on as a candidate for President of the United States. Now he is seriously charged with having accepted bribes from persons seeking pardons for convicts, and considerable evidence has been brought out tending to prove his guilt.

The shame of Governor Davis was reported just about the time the United States Senate was publicly censuring ex-Secretary Fall for accepting bribes from Doheny; and the two incidents coming together raise a serious question as to what are the prevailing ideals of Americans today.

Here are two men who were given great honors by their fellow-men, and who seemingly should have desired nothing else so much as to hand down to their children and children's children an untarnished reputation. One wonders whether in the homes of America today enough is being done to enthrone the highest standards of honor, or whether the worship of the "almighty dollar" is really undermining public morals. The need for right training in the home is more imperative in America because here the state does not look after the moral or spiritual training of the young, as is the case in nations where there is an established church. In America, if children do not get moral training in the home, they do not get it at all.

* * * * *

TODAY.

By Nixon Waterman.

We shall do so much in years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak with words of love and cheer,
But what have we done today?
We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But whom have we fed today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

An automobile came rushing along the street. Just ahead was a puddle of muddy water, near the curbing. Right through that puddle went the auto, splitting the water, and splashing about half of it on a pedestrian. I looked to see the atmosphere in that neighborhood turn to a bluish yellow, fiery red. Not so. The man whose clothes had been splashed, remarked: "Bless you my man; may you miss the next fellow." I do not know what you would call that, but I would term it the quintessence of Christianity. The spirit of doing good to those "who despitefully use you," in its fullest sense.

Speaking of this Christian spirit, I heard a man say recently, that he "would join the church, but there were too many hypocrites in the churches." Well, I know it. The church is not for perfect people. The church is for people who want to be better. There are hypocrites on the street, but you don't leave the street. There are hypocrites in your business, but you don't get out of the business. There are hypocrites in your lodges, but that is no argument against your lodges. Neither is it any argument against the churches, for just as long as Uncle Sam makes a silver dollar worth a hundred cents somebody will try to imitate it; and just so long as there is an opportunity for a man to be healthy, and strong, and manly, made so by the power of Jesus Christ, just so long there will be imitators who are willing to pay the full price.

Who knows but what the time may come, and possibly sooner than most of us expect, when the basement will be rendezvous of society, when guests will be invited into the cellar to hear the new radio play bridge; the heating plant will be costumed in dress shirt, with stiff collar and white spats, and upon its immaculate bosom will be the coat of arms of its owner; and the artistic boiler will be painted to match the library furniture; or having nursery rhyme to please the kiddies; and finally boilers in cross-word patterns, so that the entire family, in coal-shoveling intermissions, may flock about it with dictionaries and boxes of chalk to work out the hefty problems that are now rendering the minds of our times bow-legged.

She was a dainty, delicate, dreamy-eyed little thing, chewing gum at intervals as if her life depended upon getting in so many workings of the jaws to the minute, intently reading in the public library, and when she closed the book, remarked, looking around at the other readers: "Merrey! What a terrible creature that Minotaur was! It says that he used to devour a young maiden at a meal, and then fall into a deep sleep." A newspaper reporter heard her and remarked, loud enough for her benefit, "Overcome by the lass-he-chewed, possibly."

As a nation we may be slow starters, but when we do go in for anything, whether it be war, radio or

some new ism, we go the limit. I see it stated that in Los Angeles alone during the past month a single radio manufacturing concern sold a million and a half dollars of its sets. The next step will be sending pictures by radio so that farmers and persons located far distant from the great cities can enjoy not alone the music and words of the best operas, etc., but also actually see them played in their own homes. Radio sets as small as a cigarette are being made, to be carried in the vest pocket. With an equipment for also seeing what is going on at a distance, we will as a people have about as much privacy as gold fish. Setting up an alibi when coming home at two o'clock in the morning will in days to come be a difficult proposition, unless hubby can carry a special interference set tuned in privately to static the one at home. The man who perfects a small radio set that will enable wifey to tune it in and see what hubby is doing all the time will be about as welcome as a wet dog in a boat.

Some one has said that "today is the tomorrow you worried over yesterday." There is no such thing as tomorrow today. It is always coming. Some day it will never come to each one of us. Today's are realities. Tomorrow's are imaginations. Today is an asset; tomorrow a liability. Assets must over-balance liabilities if we would be solvent. Solvency is the foundation of all success, in life and in business. Making good today reduces the liability of tomorrow and may wipe it out. Thomas Edison once said: "The more and better work I do today; still more and bet-

ter will be the work I do tomorrow." This observation should aid each one of us in our estimate of the relative values now today and tomorrow.

I have seen many intelligent dogs, in life and in the movies. They have acted with the intelligence of the most rational beings. I have not yet seen Balto pictured and his deeds recorded on the silver screen. Balto is a dog. Nome, Alaska, is a city in the grip of a diphtheria epidemic. The physicians there were calling for antitoxin. By radio the call reached Seattle. The toxin was dispatched by Leonard Sappala who dared the waters of Norton Sound, barely escaping death. The toxin was given by him to Gunnar Kasson, who started on the 650-mile trip to Nome, with his train of dogs. Sappala had no story to tell the newspapers; neither had Kasson. All Kasson did was to point to Balto. Balto is only a dog, but he did it. He led the dog train. When Kasson was blinded by the icy blasts and hurricane-driven snows, Balto scented the trail and kept the dogs in it. When the dogs, from fatigue, threatened to lie down, Balto's barking stirred them to further endeavor, until the serum was at last delivered to the waiting physicians in Nome. Sappala a hero? Yes. Kasson a hero? Yes. Both are as modest as Balto, only a dog, whose story, too, may never be told.

Life is getting mighty cheap now in the days of speeding automobiles. In contrast with the reckless drivers of cars is the case of two citizens I heard of who came to town the other night; stayed pretty late, and

got into their car and started home. At least they started to start, but their self-starter was peevish at being kept up so late, and refused to work. They couldn't start the car any other way, so the gentlemen got out and began pushing the machine along the road, hoping the engine would suddenly take a notion to get busy. But it didn't, and they were just thinking sadly of the two long miles they'd have to walk home, when up came a car driven by a prominent citizen of Durham and stopped right behind them. When the driver discovered their trouble he had the gentlemen get back into their automobile and he pushed that balky car along the road and landed them safely right in their own garage, and then turned around and drove back over the same road to his home in the city. That's the Durham spirit, and in all our development work here, let's keep right on developing that, whatever else we may fall down on.

A man said to me the other day, anent the discussion in the state assembly on the bill to prevent teaching evolution in the public schools of North Carolina: "I don't know whether man sprang from the monkey or not; but it looks to me like a monkey would spring from that legislature. The bill was introduced by a man named Poole. It ought to be called the Fool bill." There are so many other things the legislature is trying to do, and some things they are not doing that it reminds me of a little verse I came across somewhere about statesmen. It runs thus: "The statesman throws his shoulders back and straightens out his tie,

And says: 'My friend, unless it rains the weather will be dry.'
And when this thought into our brains has percolated through
We common people nod our heads and loudly cry: 'How true.'"

Some fool congressman, with more time to work his imagination than he has to give to the practical serving of the people's interest, has introduced a bill in Congress to the effect that the government assume control of organized baseball. That's by a joker who should be back at the cross roads telling them from the top of a box or barrel instead of being in a national law-making body. Speaking of the matter a baseball fan told me that should such a bill become a law, "it will be easy for a manager, when he needs a good left-handed pitcher, to have his congressman, in his district, ask for an appropriation for a southpaw twirler instead of a new postoffice building, but just think of the delay possible when a thrilling contest gets mixed up with governmental red tape. When a game is about to be won, by one run, what is simpler than to have the manager of the prospective losing team petition the court for an injunction compelling the runner to halt at the second base while congress investigates. By the time the supreme court had decided the issue, and congress had completed its ponderous probe, the runner would have whiskers touching the ground, and his grandchildren would be skating up and down the sidewalks on roller skates. If those busybodies in congress must have something to do, let them try regulating the universe,

but let baseball alone." And half a dozen more fans hearing the conversation said, "That's the stuff."

POEMS OF COUNTRY LIFE: "LUCINDA MATLOCK"

One of the most talked of poets of recent years is Edgar Lee Masters, author of "The Spoon River Anthology." In this book the dead in the old Spoon River burying-ground are supposed to tell their life stories frankly, bluntly, candidly—each in a few short lines. In the following characteristic "Spoon River" poem, Lucinda Matlock, a typical pioneer woman, gives the world her vibrant message of strength and courage:—

I went to dances at Chandlerville,
And played snap-out at Winchester.
One time we changed partners,
Driving home in the moonlight of middle June,
And then I found Davis.
We were married and lived together for seventy years,
Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children,
Eight of whom we lost
Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed the sick,
I made the garden, and for holiday
Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,
And by Spoon River gathered many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed—
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love Life.

—Edgar Lee Masters.

“AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF OPERATIC ART.”

This is a story of the institution being established up on the Hudson, which was compiled and read by a member of the Music Department of the Concord Woman's Club, on the 24th, held at the home of Mrs. C. F. Ritchie.

The Uplift has no other purpose in reproducing this story of an interesting and novel effort to make a worthwhile contribution to musical accomplishments in America, other than give emphasis to the fact that there is much music talent in America going to waste because of a lack of proper direction and encouragement. Men bent on business achievements are not mindful of the power of music and the importance of its encouragement....Several years ago when the women of Concord, moving to have music introduced into the public schools, secured the presence of the music leader of the Winston-Salem schools, a revelation took place; a prominent gentleman, of business and character, not heretofore caring for or even tolerating music, was completely overcome and is now one of the music enthusiasts of the community. Like all fine things of life, one needs to get acquainted with the power and joy of music.

This institute of Operatic Art will prove a clearing house for the products of the music schools of the land, and save many a misguided one from becoming wrecked on the sea of life.

The average citizen of the U. S. lacks an appreciation of home talent, for our idolization of all that is foreign is marked, therefore, America has failed to provide opportunities for our talented class, musically—both in the creative and interpretative sense.

There is an announcement though of a concrete, detailed and workable plan that looks to remedying these much discussed conditions. Talking and writing about the wrongness and injustice of conditions is about all that has been done previously.

Listen to the pronouncement and see if it does not hold promise of the coming of the dawn so long awaited. The open door to a musical career is the hope of all artists through the establishment of the “American Institute of Operatic Art.” It is to be a

national institution. It belongs to no one community; it belongs to the U. S. It is not a school; it is a laboratory and where the conservatory, the music school and private studio leaves off, it begins.

This “American Institute of Operatic Art” is situated at Stony Point-on-the Hudson, about thirty miles north of N. Y. City, in the lovely west shore highland of the Hudson, far enough away among the trees and hills to afford an ideal setting for the shaping and perfecting of artistic work.

The buildings are now in course of erection on a forty-five acre tract, and there will be every kind of structure needed for the complete production of opera, opera house, a library, scenic and decorative art studio, rehearsal halls, costume and property

shops, dormitories and cottages, central dining-room and kitchen, also administrative offices.

Where the conservatory, the studio and private school stop, this American Institute of Operatic Arts opens the door to the aspirant who seeks a career and helps in placing the artist in the chosen profession for life.

It has been estimated that the expenditures for higher education in music in this country amounts to \$100,000,000 a year. The ablest teachers of the whole tonal world are now largely residents in the U. S. Our ablest musicians are peers as pedagogues compared to those of any land, and on account of the chaotic conditions in Europe there have been added countless eminent teachers from abroad.

You can readily understand that we do not need more teachers and more schools,—but a salvaging of the finished products of the schools we already have, and a conservation of our artistic material is hoped for through the power and influence of the "American Institute of Operatic Art."

Thousands of graduated and finished music students are sent hopefully forth every June and told to "make a career." It is something like building a mammoth ship and equipping it without a trained crew to steer it to the right waters, hoping that there will be no lost motion in finding the port desired and returning with the cherished objects.

Vast numbers of the artists dismally fail when told to go and make a "career," and their failure is not due to them not having the combined qualities essential for success, but the

way to the "successful career" is not clear, in fact it seems blocked and barred.

Possibly the question is in your mind now as to what is this "American Institute of Operatic Art?" It is not a school. It is a laboratory,—where all of the aspiring products of the private schools, studios and conservatories are tested out and placed. There are no teachers at this Institute, but directors who will mould and shape the trained material that is accepted and the material that is deficient will have to go elsewhere to secure further training.

The opera house now in process of construction will contain the largest and most completely equipped stage in the country and will possess the unique feature of being built with two prosceniums, one opening into the rehearsal auditorium seating five hundred, and the other upon a natural amphitheater holding about fifteen hundred people.

The scenic and decorative art studio and costume department have been in operation for over a year. There are now complete and stored in the building entire productions for four operas which the Institute will use.

The recent scenic productions for the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y. are the works of the Institute.

It is expected that all buildings with the exception of the library will be ready for use by May 1925.

By that time directing experts and assistants will be assembled. The staff will be made up of Americans and foreign men and women, who are recognized as authorities in their lines of work in opera, and its allied arts.

As far as possible, Americans, when experience and qualifications fit them, will be given preference when choosing leadership.

At the American Institute of Operatic Art material for opera, such as singers of experience, or young singers, instrumentalists and dancers from schools of all classes will assemble and be subjected to a thorough testing and trying out by experts in charge of the various departments, so as to avoid amateurishness.

May the first is the time set for the schools to send in all aspirants who are seeking a career. Arriving at Stony Point these applicants will be kept under strict surveillance by the experts of the Institute.

Every factor that counts for a qualification, such as personality, appearance, bearing and temperament, as well as ability to play, sing or dance is taken into consideration without the least partiality, therefore, in every instance talent and talent alone will be considered.

The charges for the time spent at Stony Point under the care of an expert is \$50 per month to be paid gradually out of their earnings. If there is no hope for the applicant no charges are made for the month's experience.

You can readily understand that this Institute is a laboratory in which dead matters are not dealt with, but the testing out of the highest form of God's creation—the talent and power of mankind.

There will be daily rehearsals of opera, from June till October with complete setting of scenery, costumes, ballet, principles, chorus, orchestra

and lighting. In October the company will tour the U. S. visiting the principal cities and give grand opera at prices within reach of all.

The American Institute of Operatic Art is not to stop with the idea of merely forming, training and presenting of grand opera, but to encourage the creative talent as well. All opera composed by American talent harks back largely to foreign models.

The authorities are making research for folk-lore, folk songs, material from the Indian traditions, negro song and dialect, and other American products such as cow-boy and steamboat songs, also Americanized Creole songs in order to equip the library to aid all creative minds so as to serve student and composer of opera music. Composers and librettist will thus be able to go to Stony Point and find at once disposal material covering any period.

The doors of American Institute are also open to those who have talent in designing costumes, decorative art or lighting, they also have the help of experts along their line of work. Preference will be given to Americans in every instance and only will foreigners be secured when we have not sufficient native talent in any line of work.

Americanization of the whole staff is the aim, just so the repertory itself is gradually to be brought into the vernacular. The first year the operas will be sung in the languages in which they were written, but annually at least one standard opera will be supplied with English translation carefully and intelligently made.

By this means grand opera will

gradually be brought to the American people in the vernacular, and thereby the full value of the great art will become clear and many will not only listen to grand opera for the sake of saying "I've heard grand opera," but know what it is about. Such is the hope of the American Institute of Operatic Art which is to be opened at Stony Point on the Hudson next

May. It means the salvaging of much talent that has heretofore gone to waste, also giving a chance to creative minds for composition, and at the same time taking grand opera to all parts of the U. S. at a nominal price and helping to dispell the illusion that opera is for artists and stars and those who are inclined socially to splurge.

MOST BLESSED SOUL.

Your dear old Mother may have never attended a "Finishing School," but she has often sat up nights, studied and worked to keep you there.

Your old-fashioned Mother may not have been taught the society rules for sipping soup in artificial silence, but she can buy a soup bone for a little money and prepare the best plate of broth, thickened with a great variety of vegetables—the best soup you ever tasted. Am I right?

This wonderful woman, your Mother, may not use the most perfect English, but long before you could speak a word, her love and affection made you understand.

It was your Mother that first taught you the sweetest souvenirs of life—the greatness of gentleness and the wisdom of right.

Your Mother's loving arms pillowed your head to rest, her eager ears heard you complain when in pain, and though you have always felt that you first fed on your Mother's bosom, you were actually living from her heart.

No matter how homely, in her beautiful age, your Mother may be, irrespective of her little mistakes or mannerisms that shock polite society, your Mother is the highest and holiest woman in all the world.

Your Mother has always loved you, more than she has loved her own life, and no sacrifice that you can make will ever partly pay for this bravest will and this most blessed soul this side of the stars.—Silent Partner.

BIBLE AND SCIENCE FRIENDS.

Whether a legislature is competent or not to pass on religious questions it remains that it does have the power to say whether the taxes of the people shall be spent to upset those principles of life which have made the people of North Carolina entertain high ideals and to manifest an abiding respect for the God of the Universe and the authenticity of his Word, which all normal people, who have amounted to anything worthwhile in all history believe with a child-like faith.

A storm has raged round about the head of Dr. Chase, the president of the University of North Carolina, occasioned by his appearance before a legislative committee considering the Poole resolution. It would have been much solace to a people if the educator at the head of a great institution, in his advocacy of the liberty guaranteed to the people under the constitutions of the nation and state, could have gotten the consent of his mind and "conscience" to declare his personal belief in the Bible as the word of God.

Probably inspired by all this storm, Dr. McCauley, of a Raleigh church, preached Sunday evening on "The Bible and Science." The News & Observer thus reports Dr. McCauley:

"Evolution and Christianity," the subject of Rev. Dr. Ernest R. McCauley Sunday evening at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church filled the church not alone with people, but the congregation with admiration for the unique way in which he discussed a subject that is filled with delicacy, not to say dynamite.

The pastor of the church isn't an "importation," but a Virginian whose evangelical work in his denomination has stamped him as one of the soundest men in doctrine that his great church has.

Had the minister decided a few days earlier on his course he would have had the radio at his command and his sermon would have gone to many places where evolution and Christianity are regarded hostile elements. The preacher does not find them so. He is on good terms with science, pays his homage, his respect and his love to investigation

and invention, to learning and letters, to the biologist and his microscope, the chemist and his test tube, the astronomer and his telescope, and then asks that the theologian and his faith be accepted as workers headed in the direction of truth.

Defines Evolution

Defining first evolution, Dr. McCauley told what it is not. It is not a principle, he said, but the result of principle; not power, but the manifestation of power; it is not "energy but the expression of a manifestation of energy." "It is no life but the story of the successive manifestations of life." Of course he was advertent to that science which has ruled out God as supernumerary, and he declared that no science had been able to demonstrate that life ever existed without life preceding "Evolution is powerless to create," he said. Notwithstanding a few scientists spell nature with a capital

“N” and rule God out, they are not telling anything about creation, for Nature is as powerless to create as is evolution. To the preacher evolution teaches that nature works on the installment plan.

Moses And Science

The preacher passed to Moses and Science, the great law giver and the great law principle. He contended that Genesis and science are not in conflict, they give the order of creation alike, they make man the sum and crown of things. Fish, reptiles, birds, mammals, and man are the order of Moses and of science.

So is Christianity an evolution “culminating in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Son of Man. Its law is love working through the hearts of men. Its ultimate aim is the redemption and purification of humanity, when it shall come into perfect Christlikeness. Its symbol and textbook is the Bible.”

The minister held that “The Book of Books sustains the idea of theistic evolution.” Perhaps he had heard there is no such thing, but he was strong for it. “It is in itself a progression of ideas, doctrines, and revelations,” he continued, “and from this point alone, can Christ and the Book best be understood.” He was careful to make a distinction “between God’s thought and purpose and their expression to man in terms which could be understood. The eternal thought and purpose of God have never changed—they are perfect and immutable from all time—but the accommodation of God to man in expressing that thought and purpose has certainly been expressed in accordance with the laws

of progression.”

Of the Bible

“We cannot hold to the idea that the Bible was written on earth and proof-read in Heaven,” he said, holding the “more likely the reverse,” he continued, “and that some proof reader tried to improve upon the manuscript and made a failure. This may explain the doubt as to the verbal inerrancy of its every statement.” However that was, he saw in the Bible the most wonderful book of truth, one far in advance of all science, all philosophy, literature, history, and of course religion. But the Bible, he contended, is an evolution. He had no difficulty harmonizing the fall and the theory of evolution. The Bible “seems to teach that man was way up and fell; while science teaches that he was way down and tried to get up.” If in the first view he was high and went low through sordidness of life and weakness of will, and if in the second he was low, but failed to use his will and rise, sin was at his door. The moral conclusions are the same. The truth is that man is consciously down, spiritually, “whether he was way up and fell or never got up very high.”

The preacher then took the Bible and its idea of God, how it grew. It was a long way from “I Am That I am, Jehovah, Almighty, Lord of Hosts, to immanuel of Isaiah and Our Father of Jesus.” Such was the evolution of God. Likewise of immortality. He drew a fine picture of the shadow sheol of the Israelite, the hint at future life in the gatherings of men unto their fathers, then the triumphant description of Jesus:

“He hath brought life and immortality to light.”

Evolution of Grace

“The last process in this evolution of grace,” he said, “is to be realized when the free spirit of man shall stand in the presence of Him, whom

not having seen, he was loved, and seeing Him as He is, in unclouded glory shall then be like Him. This is the last stage in the perfection of soul pilgrims. Heaven is earth’s complete evolution.”

As long as the streams run down,
As long as the robins thrill,
Let us taunt old care with a merry air,
And sing in the face of ill.

—Paul Dunbar.

STATE S. S. CONVENTION.

Five Sunday School specialists of continent-wide reputation have been secured to speak at the annual State Sunday School Convention which is to be held in Greensboro on April 28, 29 and 30, according to information received from D. W. Sims, General Superintendent of the North Carolina Sunday School Association.

Dr. Chas. W. Brewbaker, Dayton, Ohio, General Secretary of Sunday School work for the United Brethren Church, who is said to be an authority on Sunday School administration, will deliver several addresses in the convention, and conduct two special conferences for Sunday School Superintendents and other executive officers. Dr. Brewbaker is author of several books on Sunday School administration, which are considered among the best that have been written.

The Adult Division Superintendent for the Christian Disciples Church, Mr. Charles Darsie, St. Louis, Mo., has been secured to do special work

in the convention along the line of the Organized Adult Bible Class. Mr. Darsie is widely known as a specialist in the work with adults in the Sunday School. He will conduct two conferences for Adult Bible Class workers.

In charge of the special conference for workers with young people from 12 to 23 years of age, will be Dr. Percy R. Hayward, Chicago, Ill., Young People’s Division Superintendent for the International Council of Religious Education. Dr. Hayward comes to the State highly recommended for the work he is to do, having had years of training and experience in the work with and for young people in the Sunday School.

Miss Meme Brockway, Philadelphia, Pa., Director of Children’s work for the Northern Baptist Church, will be the specialist in charge of several special conferences for workers in the Cradle Roll, Beginners, Primary and Junior Departments of the Sunday School. Miss Brockway is wide-

ly and favorably known by Sunday School workers of all denominations throughout the country.

To give special emphasis to the work of the Daily Vacation Bible School, Mr. Thos. S. Evans, New York, N. Y., Secretary of the International Daily Vacation Bible School Association, has been secured. Mr. Evans has traveled extensively in interest of Daily Vacation Bible School work, and is considered one of the best informed men in America on this subject.

Besides the out of State speakers, the Program Committee for the Convention has announced that a large

number of the best informed and most experienced Sunday School workers in the State will also take part on the program. The Committee hopes to announce a full roster of in-State speakers at an early date.

The local Committee on Arrangements in Greensboro are already busy with plans for entertaining the convention. Delegates will be entertained on the Harvard Plan. The Convention is for Sunday School workers of all denominations, and it is expected that it will be the most largely attended Sunday School meeting ever held in the State.

“Within the past several years,” said a young man Saturday night, “I have made in salary several thousand dollars. I have owned and operated a good grade automobile and jazzed around with the crowd, and today I have nothing to show for the money I have earned, but have a very vivid recollection of some really good times. I am going to take out as many shares of building and loan as I can carry, and am going to build a house on my lot. You see, if a man can pay from \$50 to \$60 per month on an automobile bought on the easy payment plan he can build a house with just a little more added, and that’s the course I’ve decided on. Put me down for 30 shares tonight, I can carry that much I know, and perhaps I will increase by holdings within a very short time.” Spoken like a man, and we congratulate this young man. His decision along this line may lead others to be frugal and build for the future. This young man is not married and the prospects do not indicate that he will be anytime soon, but the girl who gets a man who strikes level at the age of 25 and starts an upward course in saving, she will be a mighty lucky one. The building and loan has done more for the young man than any other savings institution, and it is always ready to assist any who decide to start on the weekly savings to plan for the future.—**Mooresville Enterprise.**

THINGS TO REMEMBER AND THINGS TO FORGET.

Dr. Holland in *Progressive Farmer*.

Said Socrates to another Greek, "Let me teach you how to remember."

"Teach me rather to forget, if you would make me happy," replied his friend.

Some mental teachers say that nothing is ever forgotten. I know better. At least, I know that time takes the sting out of painful experiences. I went to bed a few times as a child crying because of some spanking, which I doubtless deserved. I can smile over those spankings now. Cultivate a good forgette you will master one of the secrets of a happy life.

There was that dirty insult aimed at you. Forget it. The only way you can fight a skunk is to get down on his level, and when the battle is over you will not be fit to go home to your family.

You and I had just as well forget the dishonesties of life. The liar is deficient in mental as well as in moral fiber.

If some merchant "does" you in a trade, don't rail about it for a month. Keep your eyes open a little wider, and go somewhere else to trade.

Forget the sins that weak people commit. There are a few of them in every vicinity. They may really try harder to be decent than we think. If it is at all possible for you, try to believe the better of them.

Scandal-mongering is the mental occupation next below nothing. For

every four people who kick up their heels in immoral ways, there are 96 who do not. Talk about the good deeds of the good people, and forget the didos of the degenerate and foolish.

Forget about the hardships of the past.

The bitterness will soon be forgotten and the power to meet a difficult situation will remain in our souls.

Those times when we acted worse than we knew we ought—forget them! Remorse is a great old grave opener, but things can be buried so deep that even her slimy claws cannot dig them up.

If you and I were back at the particular spot again, we might repeat the conduct that we now regret, but having learned better, let's forget our weakness, and trust in our better selves for the future.

An ounce of "get" is worth a ton of regret.

A forward look is better than casting the glance backward.

To remember the thousand and one kindnesses is better than to hug to our hearts the memory of one bitter thing.

The Bible tells us: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue an if there be any praise, think on these things."

These are the sort of things we are

told to "think on"—in other words, memory. The opposite sort of things to remember and treasure in our are the kind we ought to forget.

THE LEE HALF-DOLLAR.

Asheville Citizen.

Among all the suprising people, the hardest to understand are those who are raising such an outcry against the Government's announced proposal to mint half-dollars bearing the portrait of General Robert E. Lee. A statue of General Lee now stands beside one of General Grant in America's Hall of Fame. There never has been an American to surpass Lee in all the gifts of a soldier, attributes of a gentleman and traits of a Christian. This is generally admitted. No man or woman has ever successfully slandered Lee. No one in his right senses would today even attempt it. Among Europeans he is as much admired for his martial genius as he is by soldiers in the North and South of this country.

It is amazing that some of those people who criticise the Government's half-dollar plan are loudest in preaching that we should forgive Germany for what she did in the late war. To love Germany in spite of what she did only ten years ago, and to

hate Robert E. Lee when 63 years have passed since he took up the sword for his ideals—that is a puzzling contradiction in human nature. The explanation, in a way, is that Northerners became far more identified with, and absorbed in, the Civil War than they did in the war with Germany. Their feelings were the more deeply engaged by the older conflict. And it is their feelings which motivate them in this extraordinary outcry against Lee. No right-thinking person could object to reminding America and the world every day in whatever way of the character of Robert E. Lee. He will not have his rightful place in the history of this country until, with people's minds and hearts swept clear of every residue of sectionalism, he becomes an inspiration to every young American, North and South. The wonder is, not that the Government is now putting his portrait on this country's money, but that so long a time elapsed before this decision was reached.

"So you don't like working for highbrows?"

"I don't. I worked for one pair of them—and never again. Him and her, when they was a-talkin', kept me busy running back and forth between the keyhole and the dictionary."—Tit-Bits

VENEZUELA, THE PICTURESQUE.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

In looking about for a picturesque country visit, where the scenery is attractive, the people and their history fascinating, and the coast region easy accessible, the tourist should select Venezuela. It is to the far country most of us imagine it to be, for a line of substantial steamers connects its chief ports with New York and less than a six day's sailing takes one to the north coast of South America, the "mysterious continent."

Even if its interior may be forbidden to the traveler with scant time, there is enough along the coast—that historic "Spanish Main" of buccaneering days to fill one's journal to overflowing, and furnish pictures that will last a life time.

As to those who have preceded us, in times long past: there are Columbus, and Vespuceius, Ojeda, Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh—an historic host in fact—while in times recent are included Humboldt and all great traveling scientists, not to mention the fictional characters in the romances of the "Main." There is no doubt that Venezuela is a country worth visiting; and if one cannot penetrate to the famed "El Dorado" region of the Orinoco, or to the recesses of the great Andean cordilleras, he may at least skim the coast.

Imagine La Guayra before you, after less than a week's steaming across the Gulf Stream, around Porto Rico, and through the placid waters of the Caribbean Sea. The coast-range mountains rise sheer before you to an extreme altitude of 8,000 feet, and out of sight behind them lies the historic

capital Caracas, 3,000 feet above the sea. La Guayra is extremely attractive from a distance, say as seen from the steamer's deck, for it nestles at the base of the mountain, between it and the sea, a snug little city of mud and masonry houses, their red-tiled roofs peeping out from groves of cocoa palms, and splashing the dun hillsides with color. The city has vastly improved within the past twenty years, having had a break-water constructed for shelter from the waves of its open bay, and new structures along the quays. Still, there is much to be done in La Guayra, in order to make it a desirable residential city. But in the suburbs, and in the watering places of Maiquitea, one may find attractive retreats with good hotels at the latter place, and facilities for salt and fresh water bathing 'neath the palms that line the beaches in long rows and ranks.

La Guayra is chiefly important as the port of Caracas, connection with which is afforded by the wonderful railway that climbs the mountains, zigzagging hither and thither, around blank precipices, and above deep and gloomy gorges until, after covering 24 miles, the capital city is reached, only six miles from the coast. This railroad is a fine piece of engineering, bold of conception and grand in execution. Starting from the port, a widesweeping curve takes us by a gentle gradient among and above the tile-covered houses and huts, across a ravine running through a palm grove, higher and higher, to a half-way station of "Zigzag." To this

point and nearly all the way beyond, the scenery is grand and almost awe-inspiring. There is something to attract and fix the attention from start to finish; at first, the thousands of palms lining the shore, then the ever-expanding seascape, the wooded ravines, the impending cliffs, the fleeting glimpses of tropical vegetation, and the gorges around which we wind on narrow shelves of rock and can peer into from the car window to a depth of nearly 2,000 feet. The railroad follows the old mule trail from the coast to Caracas, and Humboldt, who went over it more than a hundred and twenty years ago, declared the views incomparably finer than any on the railroad from Gueyaquil to Quito. They surpass those on the railroad from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, owing to the more immediate uplift from the sea to the mountain valley in which nestles Caracas, the capital of Venezuela.

Caracas has been too often described to need further attention, it would seem, having been the focal point of so many "revolutions," but one may not ignore its numerous attractions, chief among them is its superb situation, in a tropical region, yet, from its altitude, possessing a perfect climate. Here was born Bolivar, the "Washington of Venezuela," here lives the president, his official residence being the "Casa Amarilla," or "Yellow House," here we find numerous, delightful plazas, statue-crowned and palm-adorned, a grand cathedral, many fine churches, a great bull ring, electric lights, and all the requisites of modern civilization.

One might spend a week to good advantage in Caracas, but if one has but limited time at his disposal, he may "do" it in a day or two, then hie himself to La Guayra, and continue his voyage along the coast to Puerto Cabello. A night's run brings the steamer off the harbor entrance, and abreast the remains of that fortress of buccaneer days, "El Castillo del Libertador," about 20 years ago destroyed by the gun fire of German warships. The old fort was practically the only defense of Puerto Cabello, which now lies open to the sea, Puerto Cabello lies at the verge of a plain running back to distant mountains, and being penetrated by many inlets from the sea, that are bridged, and connect with lagoons, around which are recreation grounds, it more nearly approaches Venice (after which the country was named) than any other town or city in Venezuela. It has quaint old houses of Hispano-Moriscan architecture, even more distinctively ornamental than those of Caracas or La Guayra, and among them is one that is pointed out as having been built by an original "conquistador" in the sixteenth century, and utilized by Kingsley in his "Westward Ho," as the temporary residence of one of his heroes.

To many visitors, Puerto Cabello is more attractive on account of its palm-filled suburbs than its architecture; for its island nuts are overshadowed by the beautiful cocoa palm, which more than half supports the population. A hundred objects for the camera may be found here and in other cities mentioned, not only in the architecture and natural features, but among the people, who

are distinctive in costume and customs. If, however, the traveler would add to his collection pictures certainly unique, he should stop over a trip at the Dutch island of Curacao, and take a subsidiary steamer for Maracaibo, where he will find, on the shores of the tropical lake of this name, a populous city, composed mostly of Indians, 12 miles distant from which resides the last of the strange and interesting Lake Dwellers, in their palm huts, over the water, as their ancestors were found

400 hundred years ago. These people were discovered by Americus Vespuccius in 1499, and it was the aspect of their habitations, built over the water and connected by draw bridges that suggested to him the name by which the whole country is known: Venezuela, or Little Venice. To the adventurous explorer, Venezuela offers no end of possibilities; but even the tourist, with a month, or less to spare, may employ his time most profitably along the Spanish Main.

“Oh, yes,” said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly, “we can trace our ancestors back to—to—Well, I don’t know exactly who, but we’ve been descending for centuries.—Boston Manuscript.”

GREAT BRIDGES OF THE WORLD.

By Ella B. Bucher.

When asked how many natural bridges there are in the United States most people answer without hesitation: “One! The great Natural Bridge under this in Virginia.” This is such a remarkable work of nature that many people, among them William Cullen Bryant, have considered it and Niagara Falls the two greatest wonders on the American continent. But there are other natural bridges.

In Trinity County, California, over a small river there rises a natural bridge which is twenty feet high and which has a span of eighty feet. In Berkshire County, Massachusetts, there is a natural arch bridge of white marble under which the Hudson brook flows for a distance of thirty rods. Alabama also owns one of these structures erected by the great

engineer, Nature. In the village of Natural Bridge, New York, there is a series of natural arches over the Indian River. Perhaps our Pilgrim fathers gazed at the Adams Natural Bridge which is found in the Housatonic valley of New England.

But the Natural Bridge in Rockbridge County, Virginia, has long been esteemed at the queen of all natural bridges in the world. Silently standing there in the state named by Sir Water Raleigh in honor of the Virgin Queen Elizabeth, in the state often termed, “The Old Dominion,” or “The Mother of Presidents,” it has received homage from all parts of the world. In 1817 the Marquis de Chastellux, major general in the French army, was much impressed by his visit to this bridge and wrote a description of it. He said:

“Approaching the precipice I saw, at first, two great masses or chains of rocks which formed the bottom of the ravine, or rather, of an immense abyss. These enormous masses of rocks, so much the more astonishing as they appear to possess a wild symmetry and rudely to concur, as it were, in forming a certain design--all this apparatus of rude and shapeless nature, which art attempts in vain, attacks at once the senses and thoughts, and excites a gloomy and melancholy admiration.

“But it is at the foot of these rocks, on the edge of a little stream which flows under immense arch that we must judge of its astonishing structure. There we discover its immense spurs, its backbendings, and those profiles which architecture might have given it. It is very extraordinary that at the bottom of the stream there appear no considerable ruins, no trace of any violent laceration which could have destroyed the kernel of the rock and have left the upper part alone subsisting; for that is the only hypothesis that can account for such a prodigy. We can have no possible recourse either to a volcano or to a deluge, no trace of a sudden conflagration or a slow and tedious undermining by the action of the water.”

Baron de Turpin said of the place: “If we consider this bridge simply as a picturesque object, we are struck with the majesty with which it towers in the valley. The white-oaks which grow upon it seem to rear their lofty summits to the clouds, while the same trees which border on the rivulet appear like shrubs.”

Another distinguished person who

was so impressed with this “miracle of nature” that he had to write about it was Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States. He recorded his impression by saying: “Though the sides of the bridge are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them and to look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and look over it; looking down from this height about a minutes gave me a violent headache; the view in painful and intolerable.”

All who have seen this structure agree that the most striking view is from below. The arch rises 215 feet above the level of the water. Imagine that! Realize that this rock bridge is at least 35 feet higher than Niagara Falls. The rock formation is of hard siliceous limestone, and is probably the remaining shell of an immense cave which once covered the gorge. From a distance one sees nothing but a great arch over the top of which there is a roadway. One can readily imagine that human people are traveling across the top curve of a cyclopean horseshoe placed by magic in the midst of this wild scenery of the Blue Mountains. The crown of the arch is forty feet thick and averages over sixty feet in width. To add to the beauty of the scene, graceful foliage almost envelops the rock and breaks all harsh outlines.

While watching the birds which fly about the trees near the bridge one realizes keenly that Nature has many moods. The same Nature which made this bridge, which works on the earth by violence of storm lapping of waves, and earthquakes that produce tremen-

dous results in a second, also works years and years by the slow process of erosion. That same Nature is angry in storm, patient in erosion, violent in earthquake, and yet infinitely tender in the instance of graceful vines, cozy birds' nests, and little birds. Ever people seem small when near this bridge—and birds are diminutive. Why should the Power which created mountains, which made this great rock bridge, care for such frail things as birds?

There are natural bridges in various parts of Europe, but none have had the fame of this one in Virginia. A well-known natural arch in France is the Point d' Arc which is found near the mouth of the river Ardeche. It has a pointed arch which may have suggested the use of that form of architecture to French bridge builders.

In the British Isles there are caves which have been corroded by the washing of waves until they now form arch entrances to the sea, or arch bridges over chasms. One of these archways to the sea is on the coast of Pembroke, "in the little England beyond Wales." It is known as The Devil's Punch Bowl. On the coast of Lulworth is a similar structure known as The Durdle Door. Many examples of these smaller natural bridges can be found in various parts of the world.

The Guadiana ("river of joy" which has its source in Spain, at one place runs for thirty miles underground—thus forming a wide bridge over which thousands of sheep can graze.

If it is true that the Channel Islands of England are, as Victor Hu-

go said, "bits of France dropped into the sea," then in one of these bits of France there is another natural bridge. In the Channel Island of Sark is a natural archway which extends across a sandy roadbed. It looks like a door cut in a mass of rock.

There is also a beautiful natural bridge in Bermuda. All persons familiar with Alaska know about the Katmai Volcano and The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. At Katmai Pass there is a natural bridge of snow. Hot springs, the remaining signs of volcanic activity, have cut the ice and snow thus leaving the great bridge of snow above them. In the vast sections of prehistoric ice which man has not yet penetrated there are undoubtedly many other beautiful white bridges of snow and ice.

All natural bridges show how wonderful Nature can really be; how she outwits man once in a while just to show that she can; just to make man realize how pygmean he is after all.

One builder who is an enthusiastic lover of Nature has eulogized the work of natural bridge building by saying:

"How could men of genius fail to be architects when Nature set before their eyes great vaults, not only varied in shape, but at times of stupendous height? In different ways she produced pointed arches and semi-circular arches, all more or less rugged in their outlines, but each a model for progressive mimicry and adaptation. Archways made by Nature not only suggested the arched bridge of handicraft, but heralded all the lovely styles of building which have used vaults, domes, tur-

rets, towers, spires, steeples, and arched openings such as gateways, porches and windows. Nature's custom is to build in curves and circles, as in trunks of trees, shapes of flowers, and the form of birds' nests. She hates angles; these she makes in her times of violence, when she flashes into zigzag lightening, or splinters trees and rocks with an earthquake."

Nature's greatest achievement in the art of bridge building can be found in the great western mountain region of the United States. Recently some colossal natural bridges have been discovered in Utah and the surrounding mountain area.

It is an axiomatic saying that streams do not run up hill. In Utah there is a red clay and sandstone section known as "the red beds" While running downhill, streams in this section dug out many cliffs of fantastic shapes, many archways, and other curious formations. In this way three large bridges were formed by the whims of Nature. They are called (1) The Augusta sandstone Bridge, (2) The Edwin, and (3) The Carolyn. Of these the Augusta is the largest. Its height is 265 feet, its width is 320 feet. To compare these dimensions with those of the Virginia Natural Bridge is to discover that the Augusta is 50 feet higher and 230 feet wider than the world famous edifice in Virginia. One tourist has said that it is impossible to look at the Augusta without wondering how many eons it has taken to mold such a piece of work. "You climb to the cliff above and watch the play of sunshine and shades upon the rich reds and light browns of

the sandstone that form its arches and buttresses, and comprehend the gracefulness of its outlines. You seem unable to tear yourself away from the spell of its might and beauty. You feel you would like to take up your abode in one of the ancient cliff dwellings nearby and become a child of nature again."

The Edwin is also very beautiful. In a cave on the sunny side of an adjacent cliff, there is another deserted cliff-dwellers' village. From a distance the Edwin looks like a huge doughnut with bulging sides, and with the lower curve merged into a large pan of earth.

The Carolyn stretches across a little stream now nearly dry. It is a massive arch carved, by wind and storm and sandstorm, from the surrounding red sandstone formation.

Other natural bridges can be found in this vast wonderland of nature—western North America. In Utah alone there are at least six which are larger than the one in Virginia. Man is only now beginning to discover them. The greatest discovery of all has been that of the Rainbow, or Nonnezoshi Natural Bridge in the Colorado Canyon. It is 308 feet high and has a span of 275 feet. Its discoverers consider it one of the greatest natural phenomena in the world. It is a mammoth arch of rock set like a rainbow between overhanging cliffs. Unless some steps are taken to preserve it, it will probably disappear as rainbows always do. The rock is softening and erosion is working on it rapidly. The name Nonnezoshi is an Indian term which means "stone arch." This Non-

nezoshi, or Rainbow arch, projects itself across the canyon which the Indians call "Nonnezoshi—boko," a ravine which extends to the northwest of the Navajo Mountains and merges with the Colorado River a few miles below the mouth of the San Juan. It is this region which has been made a reservation for the Pahute Indians. Formerly it belonged to the Navajo Indians. The entire section is so full of high peaks that it can hardly be traversed. Even few of the Indians know it well.

The National Geographic of February, 1910, contains a detailed description of this great bridge. It says, in part:

"Members of the Archeological Expedition and of the surveying party of the United States General Land Office, who visited this bridge together August 14, 1909, are evidently the first white men to have seen this greatest of stone bridges."

"This remarkable break in the earth's crust is hardly a bridge in the true sense of the term, but is more properly an enormous flying buttress that has been chiseled out by the edges and left as a specimen of the handiwork of The Master Builder. It is only about twenty feet thick in the narrowest part—a great and

graceful arch looked at from any position.

"This slender arm of the cliff stretches out across the canyon like a rainbow. In its shadow on the bench at one side are the remains of what was probably an ancient fire shrine. One can easily imagine a group of cliff-dwellers around the sacred fire with offerings to the Sun Father and the Earth Mother. The Pahutes look upon it with awe, and Mr. C. A. Coleville who took a party there tells us that their Pahute guide would not pass beneath the arch because he had forgotten the prayer that must be said before doing so."

The Grand Canyon is awe inspiring to white men as well as to Indians. There Nature shows us many marvels, but greatest of all is the Nonnezoshi Natural Arch.

When man feels he has done something very great, has built something very wonderful—a skyscraper, an august cathedral, or a great suspension bridge—then let him go out under the open skies; let him see majestic mountains; let him gaze long at the things built by God, at one of these great natural bridges. And in so doing he will learn a profound lesson in humility.

We grow like what we think of; so let us think of the good, the true, the beautiful.—Phillips Brooks.

GROVER, PIGEON AND CO., GROCERS

By William H. Leach.

Old Hermann Grover sat on a box at the back door of his little store. He was breaking peanuts, eating them and throwing one occasionally into the box of carrier pigeons a few feet away. They were not his birds and he did not care a great deal for them, but this practice helped to pass the time away. Business was not very brisk for the Grover grocery.

He had seen this idleness growing for years. At one time he had a right smart trade. But as the families moved away and the new ones came in he found himself gradually losing. The old families would have been glad to continue their trade, but he had no way of delivering orders and the new families did not seem to know that the little store with its choice groceries existed.

Hermann Grover finally invested went around and took orders from his old customers and then equipping his bicycle with a basket he delivered the orders after the afternoon school. This had helped to hold some trade but it had been hard to find the right boy.

This had been the situation when his nephew George Grover came to him. The old man had not been so sure that it was a wise plan to have George with him, but when his only brother died leaving the boy homeless there wasn't much else left to do. George was a good active boy of thirteen years who seemed ready to help. But business wasn't very good and it would cost to feed one more boy.

After the funeral uncle and nephew

got together.

"You had better get your things together and go back with me. I will find some place for you," said the kindly intentioned uncle.

It didn't take the boy long to get things together to start. He soon reappeared on the scene with a small valise in one hand and a crate with six pigeons in the other. The uncle was dumbfounded. Was it not enough to feed the boy without feeding the birds? But the boy explained that really they ate but very little and that he knew that there would be crumbs from his plate to keep the birds fat and healthy.

So the old uncle had let him bring them along. Of course, things had to be changed; in the first place, he had to let his boy go and George was assigned that task. His uncle bought him a second-hand bicycle and he made the rounds every morning. He would come back with his pockets full of orders which with his uncle they would put up and then he would deliver them. Fortunately it was the vacation season and he had ample opportunity to be initiated into the mysteries of the business.

But until the orders came in old Hermann Grover had little to do. He cleaned the store, read his newspaper or went and sat at the back door and fed the birds. They formed a sort of a pastime for him anyway. And yet he had to grant that they were a useless addition to his altogether too large obligations.

George soon found that he would be able to get more orders if he could

have a motorcycle. The other stores were delivering by automobile. If he could have a motorcycle with a side-car he could not alone get the orders but have most of them delivered by noon. This he knew, would be a good thing. Only yesterday he had lost an old customer because his order did not reach the home until so late in the day.

His uncle also saw the reasonableness of the idea, but to buy a motorcycle was entirely beyond his small purse. But it was hard to meet competition.

"Mrs. Standart's order is not here," said the old man one day.

"No," answered the nephew, "She gave her order today to Harris' man. She said that she must have the things for luncheon."

"And she has traded here for twenty years. What will we come to, George?"

"Why not put in a telephone and then after I take the orders I can telephone them to you from some pay station. You can have them put up when I get back."

"No, we mustn't do that again. I had a telephone here once and I got everything mixed. I sent the groceries to the wrong families. I can't use a telephone."

"Couldn't we buy a motorcycle on time? You know that you have to pay but a few dollars a week."

"But the few dollars a week! Where will they come from? We haven't got them George. Now if those birds of your were worth anything you might sell them and be able to make the first payment."

"Maybe they are worth something. Maybe I can sell them. I

will see today," answered the boy who was intent on securing trade.

After he had made his deliveries that day George went to a bird store in another section of the city. He went to find a buyer for his birds. But he saw something on display in the window which made him change his mind. He went in and spent fifty cents for some small articles and went back to the store. His uncle was sitting in the back door eating peanuts.

"I have an idea," said George, "which may save the trade."

"You are a good boy, George," said the uncle. "Let us hear our idea."

Before George began his story he took the package from his pocket and handed it to his uncle.

"I just bought these," he said.

Hermann Grover could not understand it.

"What have these aluminum strips to do with business?" he asked.

And then George explained.

George got an early start the next morning. He wanted to get to Mrs. Standart's and some other places before the boy from Harris' got there. And he had his delivery basket with a large box on his bicycle when he started out. His uncle got to the store at the usual time and prepared for an idle morning while waiting for the boy to bring in the orders.

Surprises are apt to come in the most humdrum life and Hermann Grover had one that day. He had a cash customer before ten o'clock. It had been months since a thing like that happened. This stranger seemed intent on seeing just what stock the store had as he placed his orders.

"Business good, I suppose," he asked.

"About as usual," replied old Hermann, who was rather suspicious as to the intentions of his customer.

"I have had my eye on this place for some time. It is a poor location for a grocery store, but on the other hand it would make a mighty fine tobacco store. I would like to have you consider and offer to sell to the corporation I represent."

Hermann Grover bowed his head. Should he give up? What else was there to do?

Just then a fluttering in the back alley took the attention of both men. The old grocer hurried out. There perched on the crate was a pigeon with the aluminum band on his legs and in the carrier was a bunch of orders. The bird allowed the old man to remove the band. He looked at the order blanks—five in all and first one from Mrs. Standart.

He went back in the store.

"You must excuse me just now. I must attend to these orders," he said.

The stranger watched him with eyes open.

"How did those orders get here?"

"By special carrier."

The old man had no more to say

but kept silently at work. The last heard a similar fluttering. Again he order was about tied up, when they went out and again he came back with orders. The stranger was becoming impatient.

"Now really Mr. Grover, when can I talk this over with you."

"That is hard to say. I will be very busy today. But I hardly think that I would sell anyway. I would have to consult the firm."

"Why, is this a firm? I thought you were the whole thing."

"Oh no, this is a corporation. The full name is 'Grover, Pigeon & Co., Grocers!'"

Again the fluttering was heard. This time the stranger looking through the door, saw the carrier bird with its messages.

"I see," he said, and left the store, even leaving the groceries he had paid for.

Uncle Hermann wiped the sweat from his brow. It was hard to put up the groceries all alone, usually George helped him. But the old man was happy.

"That George is a good boy," he said. "I knew that those birds were worthwhile. That is why I made him keep them. But I must get a motorcycle right away for that boy."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Davis.

Leon McMahan has been appointed morning pump boy.

program. In it were a number of classical pieces.

The Kannapolis concert band came out to the school last Monday evening, and rendered a very pleasing

An unusual large number of visitors were here last Wednesday. The following boys were visited by rela-

tives and friends: Clarence Sechrest, James Robinson, Alvin Shinn, Austin Surret, Earl Green, Buford Carter, James Davis, William Goss.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris have accepted a position at the institution.

Haskel Ayers and Clyde Willard, formerly boys here, visited the school last Wednesday.

Coal bins are being erected at the rear of each cottage under the direction of Mr. Carriker.

Mr. Cope and a number of the barn boys are improving the lawn at the lower end of the campus.

Peanuts were sent around to each of the cottages last Sunday. And the boys were all glad to get them.

The incubators have been filled with eggs again, and we hope to have a better hatching than the previous one.

Julian Raines, Roby Mullis, and Connie Lowman, members of the third, sixth and twelfth cottages, were paroled last week.

Grass sod is being planted on the fifth, ninth, tenth, twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth cottage lawns, under the direction of Mr. Guy

Hudson.

A new shipment of "Essentials in Geography" arrived at the school recently. These Geographies were put into use in the school rooms soon after arrival.

Superintendent Boger and Mrs. Boger have returned from New York City where Mr. Boger attended the Superintendent's meeting, which was held in the Hotel Pennsylvania. This meeting was composed of all the Superintendents of similar schools.

The new moving picture screen, which arrived last week, was put up and the first picture was shown on it last Thursday night. The pictures exhibited were: "Putting It Over," and a two reel comedy. These pictures were clearly visible on the new screen.

Mr. Shelton, the boys work secretary at the Y. M. C. A. of Charlotte, had charge of the services last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Shelton brought with him several assistants including Mr. Neale, who led the singing and Dr. Abernathy, who delivered a very interesting sermon on the following text: "And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Another subject that he used in his sermon was: "Wherever you are be all there."

"Did you have a good time at your summer cottage this season?"

"No, but dozens of our friends did."—Detroit Free Press.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library

**A SERVANT, NOT A
MASTER.**

As Lincoln planted his policy not on slavery but on union, Woodrow Wilson tied his policy to the idea that the United States, the most powerful of all States, should be a servant, not a master among the nations. Never before in the history of mankind has a statesman of the first order made the humble doctrine of service to humanity a cardinal and guiding principle of world politics.—Edwin A. Alderman.

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Chas. E. Boger, Supt.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,*

J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THEY DIFFER.

An ox is all right in its place, but all wrong in a china shop. Science is all right in its place, but all wrong as a spiritual adviser. An ox can draw a heavy load, but could not grow a daisy. Science can analyze a human body, but it is lost when it comes to dealing with the spiritual body.

* * * * *

DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.

The Uplift, from the bottom of its heart, hopes that Ben Lacy, the popular state treasurer, will never have another attack of the trouble that has heretofore on occasions threatened his life. As long as he can move, he will faithfully do a man's part. This hope is not only personal but for a principle. The suggestion of retiring him, via a pension, seems repulsive. To do that thing is establishing a precedent that is fundamentally wrong, at least indefensible. When you come to pensioning office holders for faithfulness, when old age or incapacity overtakes them, it is hard to know where to stop. The Uplift being a warm and sincere admirer of this splendid character, covering years of an intimate knowledge of his genuine integrity and manliness and devotion, would hate to have him the genesis of such an unwise practice.

But if any one in North Carolina deserves such a distinct honor and rec-

ognition it is the faithful little man that has directed the treasury department of North Carolina for two dozen years—and he has accounted for every cent, and never a doubt momentarily indulged in by anyone.

* * * * *

IT ASTONISHED THE PUBLIC.

Under a joint legislative resolution by Senator Humphrey, of Wayne county, the auditor of the state was required to furnish the legislature with the names and salaries of employes of the state department and the state institutions, together with investments in automobiles and the cost of operation of same.

The News & Observer published the report. It astounded the public. It brought forth some very practical legislation, or rather afforded a just and practical reason for said legislation. Gov. McLean, in taking note of it, observed that public business was costing much more than the conduct of private business and said that it must not continue.

Just think, North Carolina is paying two state college heads, each ten thousand dollars and homes to live in, and another over eight thousand dollars and a house to live in. They may be worth it, but there are thousands of people that don't believe it one bit—certainly not those, who have to struggle to maintain the heads and expenses of private and denominational institutions. It is great to have a business governor. It is inspiring.

* * * * *

STILL ON THE PAY-ROLL AT \$4,500 PER.

At last accounts the imported professor that has been blackguarding The Bible before some teachers' meetings, and possibly before his classes of youths, is still on the pay-roll to the tune of \$4,500.

If the institution that harbors this prodigy will not, out of respect to constitutional mandate, permit the teaching of The Bible, it should be fair and consistent enough not to tolerate one of its faculty to blackguard what all good and normal people believe is the Word of God. This is a thorn in the flesh.

* * * * *

LET'S KEEP DR. HENDERSON.

The papers have been carrying the distressing news that the University of Oklahoma has its eyes on Dr. Archibald Henderson, a native and ripe

scholar to whom the whole state may point with pride and whose scholarship is recognized in a nation-wide manner.

Dr. Henderson is worthy and well-equipped for the presidency of any University—in fact the state could easily furnish capable men, big enough, to head all the universities, including our own—but North Carolina likes him and he should be prevailed on to remain among us. If Oklahoma University, attracted by the reputation of our University, is so dead-bent on getting a man from the Chapel Hill institution to direct her destinies, she might look over a \$5,000-salaried sociologist—if he would suit them, the state would not feel such a keen loss.

* * * * *

BEGINNING TO REVEAL ITSELF.

The wise planning behind the Duke Foundation is being revealed in such a way that the public is coming to realize the greatness of the J. B. Duke contribution to the public welfare. Among the objects that came into his fostering care was the matter of hospitals.

It comes to light that he had picked for the direction of this feature of his great benefaction Dr. W. S. Rankin, secretary of the State Board of Health. This shows along with many other evidences the Duke wisdom. Dr. Rankin will resign his state position, but, glory be, neither the state nor this section is to be deprived of the valuable services and presence of this choice spirit. The Uplift is mighty proud of the great constructive record this strong man, Rankin, has wrought, for he is a Cabarrus product—we have more like him, just let the call be sounded.

* * * * *

DIVORCES.

The present General Assembly will go down in history as a wise body, in a class with the business spirit of Gov. McLean. Its attitude, however, on the question of divorce is just a little disappointing. It is to be commended for not letting down the bars, making divorce easier as was contemplated by a certain bill which was introduced and promptly killed; but it would result in the better establishment of home ties if divorce could be made ten times harder to secure.

The truth of the matter is there should not be permitted any divorce whatever, except for biblical reasons. The more we can fortify the home, the more serious we can make marriage appear, as it is a serious step, the

fewer will be the heartaches and the tragedies of the future.

* * * * *

IT IS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

We have a new president—one that occupies the high position in his own rights by the election of the people, and not a substitution occasioned by the death of the late president Harding.

Mr. Coolidge took the oath of office on Wednesday, the oath being given by Chief Justice Taft. It is noted that this is the first time in the history of the United States that one who once took the oath of office ever administered it to another. Though he has never said enough or done enough for the public to have taken his measure, it is hoped that Mr. Coolidge, for his own sake and that of our country, may prove a wise and acceptable chief ruler.

* * * * *

GOVERNOR McLEAN.

Just why most of the newspapers, in speaking of the state's present governor, always writes it A. W., or Angus Wilton, is, at least peculiar. There is only one McLean in all the country that occupies the high office of governor.

But the state is feeling already the effects of having a business man, for governor, who seeks to serve the state and is in no wise concerned about rewarding friends or punishing political enemies. The sensation of this feeling is fine.

* * * * *

Col. Fairbrother in this number pays a high poetical tribute to Balto. You want to know who Balto is. There is something wrong about the person, whom the intelligence and faithfulness of a dog do not interest.



REAL STATESMAN FOR GOVERNOR.

There is much rejoicing and there must be lots of silent rejoicing in the state over the fact that North Carolina has a real governor. Intimations of extravagance and acts even without the sanction or coloring of law had been whispered about and had even gotten into the public prints, calling names and making specifications, had aroused the people.

In keeping with his campaign assurances and keeping with his well-known business sense and honor, Gov. McLean had ere these intimations and accusations resolved to put the state's affairs on a business basis. Accordingly on the 27th, by invitation of the general assembly, he delivered a special message. It is, as the readers will see below, the words of a conscientious, faithful servant, reflecting a sound and sane business knowledge, of the people and not of individuals. This strong man, of superb principle, is as far from the littleness of using his high office to reward friends or punishing any enemies—he means to serve his state, and the state has awakened to this fact.

Already Gov. McLean's suggestions have been accepted by the Senate, and doubtless ere this paper reaches its readers his wise suggestions, courageously made, will have been accepted by the general assembly and written into law.

Gov. McLean's Message:

Mr. President, Mr. Speaker and Members of the general assembly:

I present to you, what appears to me to be necessary from a legislative standpoint, in order to effect the consolidation into one department, the tax collecting now done by the revenue department, the department of state, and the insurance department.

I have given these questions consideration, with all the information that I could gather. I am thoroughly impressed that opportunity now presents itself for us to make visible, progress towards a modern business basis for the state's financial activities.

I advocated before my campaign and during both of my campaigns last year, and I now advocate this consolidation.

All tax collecting can be done

more economically, with more simplicity, with a better distribution of expense in the employment of help, and with more even distribution of the employee problems which come from the peak loads in different classes of tax collections at different times of the year, as well as with more satisfaction to the taxpayers who deal with the departments, by consolidating the collecting of automobile license taxes, motor vehicle fuel taxes, insurance license and fee taxes, and auto theft funds, into one department.

Too Many Workers

It frequently happens that representatives of two tax-collecting departments, under our present scheme, are in the same vicinity, at the same time, and with only enough business to occupy a few hours. The combined work of the representatives could be done by one employee, there-

by saving salary expenses of one representative. Of course, in many instances, it would take one employee longer to finish than two, but when we consider the traveling expense, including railroad fare and hotel bills, as well as the salary outlay, one representative can save, as against two, a considerable item in each instance. It would not interfere with an inheritance and income tax-collector to take care of the automobile license inspections, and to see that this law is enforced. Well managed business organizations consolidate all forms of collecting into one department, thereby saving time and expense and time of others, in dealing with reports, expense accounts and other such items.

Work Duplicated

At present a citizen pays his income, inheritance and corporation franchise taxes to one department; his automobile license and gasoline taxes to the department of state; he registers his automobile with the department of state; his insurance company, which protects him in case of fire, deals with another department in paying its taxes; and his automobile, when purchased and sold, yields a registration fee to the department of state. All of these departments have their collecting agencies and records of collections and clerical help to man these. This duplication and over-lapping of duties would not be tolerated in a business organization, and there is no reason why the state should follow this scattered, expensive and confusing policy.

I, therefore, recommend that you enact suitable legislation consolidat-

ing the automobile license and fuel taxes, the registration and auto theft funds, the collection of licenses and fees, and all revenues of the insurance department with the revenue department, which is now general state taxes.

I am recommending this method because of a conviction I have long entertained. There is no personal equation whatever involved. I would as heartily advocate this policy if the present secretary of state were commissioner of revenue and the present commissioner of revenue secretary of state. The same attitude applies to the head of the insurance department. I have the highest regard and admiration for the character, ability and patriotism of each of these officers, but the principle of economy and consolidation, to which I am unequivocally committed, impels me to make this recommendation. The system is to blame—not those who administer it.

State Banking

After much consideration, I find that this same principle of business economy impels me to recommend to you that all banking activities of the state be conducted under one department, to-wit: The department of the treasury. The present scheme sanctions, if it does not require, the practice of every revenue collecting department to make deposits of its collections in banks of its own selection. From these depositories transfers are made, for the most part, on or about the 10th of each month. This permits money to remain out of the treasury in sufficient amounts, if combined in the treasury, to relieve the state of a good deal of short-time borrowing to meet current ex-

penses. This borrowing for the benefit of the general fund of the state is made on practically a 4 1-2 per cent basis. Deposits by the treasurer, in banks designated by him, yield practically three per cent interest in average daily balances. The law requires interest to be paid on balances deposited in the name of the treasurer. If all state revenues were deposited with, and in the name of the treasurer, each day, then the minimum amount of short-time borrowing for the benefit of the general fund would be necessary, and the state would be saving 4 1-2 per cent interest, or the then current rate, to the extent of the decreasing borrowing, and on the average daily deposit balances of three per cent interest, less whatever amounts are now received upon average daily balances in banks on deposits for revenue collecting departments. This daily depositing of all revenue gives the state treasurer complete information each day of the treasury status. In times past, according to the budget commission report, considerable items of interest have been paid out on borrowings, when state funds were actually on hand but not available on account of not being deposited promptly in the treasury.

Wants Daily Deposit

The federal government, and all state governments, that have recently adopted modern business organizations, practice and require the daily deposit of all funds in the name of the treasurer.

I have therefore decided to recommend, with all the earnestness that I have, that you enact into law, the bill which I had prepared and al-

ready introduced in the senate, known as the "Daily Deposit Bill." This bill requires daily deposits with and daily reports to the treasurer. These reports can be easily made by sending or delivering a duplicate deposit slip and a duplicate distribution sheet. This enables the department books and the treasury accounts to show the same information at all times. The collections which are made away from the city of Raleigh will be sent in by mail. These reports will reach Raleigh next day or the treasurer can require that the substance of these reports be sent in, also, by wire, if it appears economical to do so. This latter requirement is now the present federal rule. This bill will insure an even and fair distribution of the state funds available for deposit in banks in the various sections of the state. With one department having in charge all the revenue collecting activities of the state, and the other departments receiving and disbursing all the state funds, we will eliminate overlapping expenses and promote efficiency to the maximum.

Salary Schedules

Recently published information has given the public a perspective of the present cost of assistance and help in the various departments, institutions and activities of the state. The public has, at all times been more or less acquainted with the salaries of the heads of the departments fixed by the legislature, but the public has not known definitely the salaries of those subordinates appointed or employed by the department heads. We have had no time and little inclination to examine the figures in the usual reports published,

according to law, by the several departments.

We know that the cost of conducting public business exceeds the cost of conducting private business. This must not continue.

Factory Cost Problem

Living costs, competitive demands, and restricted supply of competent help, together with new ideas as to the amount of work an individual ought to do in a given time, are factors which enter into this cost problem. Business organization employing a large amount of help, classify wage and salary schedules, not only upon the basis of the amount of work, but, also, upon the basis of the quality of the work and the degree of skill required in its performance.

Until recent years, the employees of the state have been so few, and the conduct of the business of the several departments so far from complexity, that this question never attracted our attention—it is otherwise now. It is unfair to the people of the state to expend more of their money for services than is necessary to properly do their public work. It is unfair to employ revolutionary methods that may break down the morale of the employes of the state and, thereby, confuse its affairs. Prompt action, however, is of the essence of any effective plan to solve the problem.

I, therefore, recommend that you enact into law a bill, which I have had prepared, and will ask some member of your body to introduce, authorizing the appointment of a commission of competent and fair-minded men to serve without pay, to meet at my call, in the city of Raleigh, and to canvass this situation, and to study the same, so that a salary and wage schedule for all the executive and administrative departments of the state may be fixed. When these schedules are filed and approved by the governor, they should become the standard salary and wage schedules. Each department should at the end of the current month in which the schedules are filed and approved, put the same into practice.

I feel that this plan will bring about fair consideration of every element that makes up the salary and wage situation; that it will produce such a result that no money beyond the amount actually necessary will be expended, and at the same time insure that every competent employee will be paid a fair and adequate consideration for services rendered the state.

We must move quickly, yet, fairly and justly. The state's activities must be so consolidated and co-ordinated that each dollar paid into the treasury will yield a dollar's worth of services to the taxpayers.

A man's heart may be in the right place but that doesn't help if his head is a wooden block.

RAMBLING AROUND.

(Old Hurrygraph.)

This is the season of the year when Spring is likely to spring on us at any old, or new time, as to that matter. I am fully persuaded that it is on the way; in fact just around the corner one block. Nature is already writing the forerunners with jonquils; the dandelions are sprinkling the lea with spots like yellow buttons; violets are pushing themselves out of their winter beds in a hurry to say "Howdy-Do!" to the folks; crocuses are lovely little "cusses" on the lawn; the cowslips in the meadows but doesn't fall; the buttercups are set to catch the wine of gladness, the softness and odor of the time caresses us and thrills us after the rigorous weeks of winter, with sunshine and beauty smiling in every flower. Kites are sailing in the air and strings are beginning to adorn trees and telephone wires; the show windows of the millinery stores are mirrors of spring fashions. Yes; Spring is knocking at the door.

Some people are very much like the month of March; a good deal of blow and bluster about them. When you come right down to the Kernel in the nut; the boss does not care a screech owl's hoot whether your ancestors were superhuman beings or sprang from apes. What interests him most is what you can do and how well you do it. Present achievements are worth more than professions of the past.

I have just heard a new conundrum

that goes this way: "What can be done with the by-products of gasoline?" The answer is that they are usually taken to the nearest hospital. Sad, but oh, how true! A lady who was in an auto accident the other day told me that she was confident the fellow who ran into her car had alcohol mixed with the gasoline in his car, because either the driver or the car was intoxicated, judging by the way it came rambling over the road. About the most dangerous mixture in the world today is that same one of gasoline and alcohol. Gasoline and girl comes next—if the driver is of the masculine persuasion. The lady who was hurt says she is confident the driver of the car that ran into her's was suffering from both complications. I wonder if it wouldn't make traffic safer if the driver's seat was shut off by a high partition from the other part of the car. It would have to come clear out to the windshield and down to the floor, though, or the charmer beside him might kick his foot just as it was descending on the brakes, and make it go down on the gas instead. All of which reminds me of a battered up old machine that was driven into one of the city garages the other day, and the repair man said: "My, that car looks pretty well worn out." "It ought to," retorted the driver, "It's the sole survivor of four love affairs."

Some people are enigmatic and some are epigrammatic; then there are

some phlematic and some dogonematic. If "brevity is the soul of wit," as has been said for ages, epigrams in this age are finding favor with the masses. An epigram is the last line of a good story. Every good epigram is a good story, with lots of common sense in it, boiled down to an absolute minimum of words. That's why they are remembered. They have the humor of a good story and the brevity of wisdom. We do not remember the long speeches of famous orators. But we do remember the short, wise and witty sentences in those speeches. The moral of this is, don't talk in enigmas, but converse in epigrams.

The sensational preacher flourishes for a while, like Jonah's gourd vine. When he has satisfied the curiosity of the people he passes out. That Brooklyn minister who announced he would give a pair of head phones to every married couple who attended his church on a certain Sunday morning preached to standing room only. His text was "Ears have they but they hear not." It was a good sermon. The chances are that this preacher will continue to have big crowds—then there are always a lot of optimists who will be praying for a radio set for attendance. I have my doubts about the sincerity of a man's religion, when he has to be given a prize to attend church, or accept the terms of salvation other than the "one name under heaven whereby men can be saved."

I have just run across the information, which sounds like a kind of legerdemain trick, to the effect that

if you contemplate making an offer on a used car look in a certain book, which is offered the automobile trade, and it will tell you the age of the car; what it is worth in the market. It cuts out guessing; saves arguments with customers; speeds up new car sales; helps you to buy the old car \$50 to \$100 and \$200 cheaper; in fact tells you all you want to know about a used car, and what price to pay for it. A sort of "Who's What" in the automobile social circles. Isn't it wonderful? This age in which we live.

After rambling around a good deal and meeting all types of characters, and dispositions, and noting the bearing and temperment of men, in the conduct of themselves and their treatment of others, the wonder is, as human beings, how this old ball managed to swing before they arrived, and what the dickens will become of it after they leave.

If this electrical business and appliances keeps on some of these days we will be able to have our faces and hands washed, hair combed, nails manicured, and corns trimmed by electricity. Every button on our clothing will be utilized to convey the current for some of these purposes, and it will be only necessary to press a coat or vest button to have these things accomplished. Now if they will carry it far enough to dress and undress us; change the collar and cuff buttons to the clean shirt; find the collar button that drops on the floor; take off and put on shoes without getting the strings in a hard knot; wind up watch and clock; put the cat out

and lock the door at nights; turn down the cover and put out the lights, all will be well, and some of us can spend the balance of our days in pressing buttons and living with some degree of pleasure and comfort.

Next to the bible the best circulated book in America is the telephone directory. It is never mentioned as "a best seller." Yet 25,000,000 copies of the American telephone directory are published and circulated each year. A telephone dollar is expended about like this: Rents, 3 cents; taxes, 10 cents; miscellaneous, 11 cents; material, 15 cents. The net plant additions to a large telephone corporation in 1923 required \$240,000,000, it has been stated. And yet they say talk is cheap.

I was reading an article the other day to the effect that scientific tests with colors have revealed the fact that various colors effect the senses in different ways. The results of these tests should be of great value to those who plan commercial art work, advertising literature, illustrated posters and color printing in general. Following is a list of twelve much-used colors and their emotional or psychological effects:

Ruby Red—passionate and energetic.

Scarlet—forceful and triumphant.

Vermilion—bitter and cruel.

Yellow-Orange—forward and positive.

Lemon Yellow—cheerful and active.

Yellow-Green—hopeful and bountiful.

Baize Green—calm and flaccid.

Blue-Green—rich and sonorous.

Peacock Blue—peaceful and innocent.

Blue-Violet—distant and melancholy.

Dark Violet—sad and penitent.

Red-Violet—regal and majestic.

The importance of color to the average person can be realized by the fact that one's temperament may be effected by the colors of the clothing he or she wears.

In wearing apparel, the most soothing colors are green, blue and black, while the most irritating colors are red, orange, vermilion and white.

The after-effects of certain colors upon the senses are curious and sometime startling, as proven by the two best-known tests, as follows: Gaze for a considerable time upon a blue object and this will be followed by a sensation of yellow. Gaze for a long time at a red object and this will be followed by a sensation of green.

I myself have gazed into bank cages upon stacks and stacks of greenbacks, and this was followed by a sensation of blueness, and the sense of emptiness in the pockets.

If you are not doing your best on your present job, you will do still worse on a better job.

WHEN MEN STOOD UNCOVERED.

By Al Fairbrother.

"I have seen many intelligent dogs, in life and in the movies. They have acted with the intelligence of the most rational beings. I have not yet seen Balto pictured and his deeds recorded on the silver screen. Balto is a dog. Nome, Alaska, is a city in the grip of a diphtheria epidemic. The physicians there were calling for antitoxin. By radio the call reached Seattle. The toxin was dispatched by Leonard Sappala who dared the waters of Norton sound barely escaping death. The toxin was given by him to Gunnar Kasson, who started on the 650 mile trip to Nome, with his train of dogs. Sappala had no story to tell the newspapers; neither had Kasson. All Kasson did was to point to Balto. Balto is only a dog, but he did it. He led the dog train. When Kasson was blinded by the icy blasts and hurricane driven snows, Balto scented the trail and kept the dogs in it. When the dogs, from fatigue, threatened to lie down, Balto's barking stirred them to further endeavor, until the serum was at last delivered to the waiting physicians in Nome. Sappala a hero? Yes. Kasson? Yes. Both are as modest as Balto, only a dog, whose story, too, may never be told."—Old Hurrygraph in Uplift, February 28.

They said he was dumb, but he wasn't dumb

For he spoke with ease his native tongue,
And he talked with God and he understood—
(The same as Man with his jargon would!)

For God knows speech, and God knows bark,

And whether a dog or whether a man,
If each is doing the best he can,
It all comes out when the wash is done
And whether old or whether young,
Or whether your talents were ten or one,

If you did your best, at God's behest,

The language you spoke, be it brute or folk,
Reaches the Throne in its natural tone
No matter whether it's dog or man!

And there in the wilds and woeful waste,

Where the huskies alone could do their do—
With Nome in the distance and only haste
(And only a dog to cover the waste)
And God in charge of the canine crew!

"It's hell tonight," the lead dog said—

And Balto's he's called by name—

As he cast his eyes on the brumal waste
 With it's white hoar frost and its drift and rime,
 "But whether it's hell, it must be haste
 And we must be there on time!"

How did he know there was end—
 An ultimate end of the race?
 And how did he know it was up to him—
 When Kasson hid his face?
 How did he know when he kept the lead
 O'er the trackless wastes of snow
 That somehow or other
 To Man he was Brother
 And his only thought "let's go!"

Did he stop to figure from Cause to Effect
 And wonder (as you and I)
 That why couldn't God handle things at Nome
 And Why should he reason Why?

All that he heard was the voice of God,
 And 'twas all he wanted to know—
 Nor counted the cost nor counted the pain
 Nor the wearisome miles of snow.
 He knew that the germs which God had made
 Had run amuck in Nome
 And he didn't ask how and he didn't ask why
 (To look for answer he didn't try)
 —But he brought the bacon home!

* * * * *

Balto is only a dog they say—
 Yet... You are only a Man!
 If the dust of the earth
 Gave Man his birth
 If only a clod with the breath of God
 And the essence of love breathed in—
 Created the mind in the different kind
 Let loose in this world of sin—
 Should Man in his pants
 And his wild war dance
 And his dizzy chase for gold,
 Declare that he is the great King Bee
 And all of the story that's told?

Dominion we have over beast and fowl—

We are the It supreme—
 We are the stuph and that is enuff
 To make the eagle scream!

But how did it chance in that zero land,
 On the ice-bound coast and the clay-cold strand
 With its nipping chill and it's ice-berg floe
 And the marrow pinched and the heart beats low
 That men with reason and men with pride
 Somehow instinctively stood aside
 And made salute to a shaggy brute
 The species of which some men deride!

SENSE OF DIRECTION.

Youth's Companion.

On any expedition, whether on foot or by automobile, there are nearly always some persons who depend on others to find the way. Sometimes they are the persons who should be responsible for finding it, but they are uncertain; they vacillate at cross-roads and ask advice of others in the party; and usually there will be some one who, though he has never been over the road before, will say definitely which is the route to take, and his decision will prove to be right. He has what the others lack, a sense of direction, an ability to map out in his mind the course already taken and that required to bring him to his destination. And that ability implies acuteness of observation, accuracy of memory and trustworthy power of reasoning.

What is the aim of education if not to strengthen and improve the sense of direction? Not merely the sense of direction that is a fairly sure guide through unfamiliar scenes of town or country, but a sense that shall keep us from taking the wrong

turn at any of the numerous cross-roads of life and going permanently astray or having to retrace our steps, perhaps at great cost and sorrow.

Most persons, however well educated, make a rather haphazard progress through life. They seize opportunities and make compromises and undergo changes of heart and of points of view, according to the influences of the moment. They might not abandon the standards of uprightness that every well-educated person holds, but they are often likely to mistaken the road that leads to a life of the highest significance and the truest happiness and to get back to the main thoroughfare only after many wanderings from it. Sometimes they come upon it when it is too late to arrive at what to their youthful eyes had been not merely a possible, but even a certain destination. The familiar line in the comic song, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way," has many a tragic illustration in the lives of people who have no sense of direction.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

By W. A. Newell, Presiding Elder of Winston District.

The country church is, at this time, receiving some measure of attention. It is an institution that deserves the very closest study for in it is hope of Protestant Christianity. Our great cities are becoming Roman Catholic in religion or pagan without religion. Protestantism is still a force to be reckoned with in our smaller cities, but these lesser urban communities are rapidly growing into cities of metropolitan character. We make no prediction as to the future of our Methodism in these larger centers but if the history of cities like New York and Boston is to be repeated in other similar cities then Methodism will disappear from urban life by becoming a force too weak for consideration. Urban character will never be more forceful than the character and morals permeating the rural life surrounding the cities.

We hear much of the failure of the country church. We dare to assert that no institution in America has shown such vitality, under more adverse conditions, than has the rural church. For a century the movement of our people has been away from the country sections of the eastern half of the nation. For more than fifty years this movement was toward the great open spaces of the west. For the last half century it has been toward the cities and towns. In North Carolina this latter movement has had two phases. The first was the movement of the unprivileged whites to the mill towns which have sprung up all over the state. The landless

came to the mills seeking employment. Practically all the toilers in the factories of North Carolina were recruited from this source. Much as we deplore the trend of population toward the city this movement had ample justification. As growers of the South's staple crops these landless peoples were in direct competition with another people who had just emerged from chattel slavery. Economic conditions were expressed in five cent cotton and six cent tobacco. Under this system North Carolina reached the very bottom of the scale in illiteracy and average earnings. The ease with which this vast movement of population was accomplished was due to the fact that those who first moved to the mills became active agents in inducing their neighbors and friends to follow the quest of higher wages, lighter work, and larger social life of the mill village.

Later in date was the movement of the landed class from the farms and plantations into the towns and cities. They came that their children might enjoy better educational advantages and engage in more active social life. It is probable that this desire for town life was more insistent among the women than it was among the men. The middle aged countryman does not care for city life. But his wife has a great yearning to get away from the loneliness of the country and in her is that eternal desire for the promotion and prosperity of her children.

In the last few years we have seen

still another migration—that of the negroes to Northern cities. Many sections of North Carolina that only a few short years ago were considered as in the “black belt” are now almost without colored inhabitants.

All of these movements have affected the country church. The movement of the white landless went on without notice. For a long time the places of these tenant farmers were taken by negro tenants. The churches were largely supported by the land owners and the migration to the mills did not greatly affect the financial work of the rural church. The real problem at this point was to gather those who removed to the villages into churches of their own. In this effort the church made many tragic mistakes the most potent of which was the effort to absorb the mill workers into the “uptown” church. Only recently has our church learned the most simple facts of group psychology as applied to this important element in our population.

The movement of landlords to the towns attracted immediate attention because of its striking economic effect upon all phases of country life, the country church included. As a rule these landlords did not dispose of their farm holdings but attempted to secure tenants who would cultivate the land. The amazing fecundity of our native stock made this possible. In most rural communities there has been a slight decline in population, but the products of our farms have increased in volume and value.

The great trouble lay in the fact that tenants in North Carolina have had no certain tenure and were con-

stantly on the move. It takes at least a generation to create a real country church. The most progressive country churches are those composed of well rooted families who have dwelt in the community since the settlement of the state. As a rule a country church is prosperous in proportion to the number of local land owners included in its membership. No church can make permanent progress through a homeless membership.

When the landed countryman moves to town his wife and children often unite with the town church, but in many instances the retired farmer remains without active church connection. He contributes little to the support of the town church and practically nothing to the rural church from whence he came. All of our larger towns and cities in North Carolina have great numbers of these “countrymen in town” who have never become allied with the town. Depending, as they do, upon support drawn from the farm they deplete the rural life without enriching the town life. A country income will not support town life. When economic stress enforces retrenchment the church is the first institution to feel the effect of reduced income. With the tenant only loosely attached to the local church and the landlord residing at a distance from the church the rural church under such conditions finds itself in a state of decay. It shares this reverse of fortune with schools, roads, and all other public enterprises.

Another phase of this distress is only just now becoming apparent. Wealthy residents of the city, who are without knowledge of rural life,

are purchasing large tracts of land and building up great country estates. The work is done through hired labor directed by superintendents. This hired labor is an even less permanent element in the country church than is the tenant. His tenure is not even for the year. The city man does not hold this land as a source of revenue but as a place for retirement. His home is still in the city, but he takes his ease in the country. His "week end parties" takes him away from the city church on the Sabbath day, nor does he attend the country church whose very life blood is being drained out through the extension of his belongings. His presence at the "farm" requires the services of his "hired help" and detains them from the hour of worship. Some of these "city farmers" have recognized their obligations to the country church serving their neighborhood in which their farms are located and contribute liberally and regularly to the support of the local church. This is to be commended. Nor should they be content with sending a check for this purpose. No man should habitually absent himself from the house of the Lord. The city man spending the week-end in the country would find his spiritual life greatly enriched by the services of the rural sanctuary. He should attend for the good of his own soul and that his example may inspire those who struggle to keep his neighborhood under the sovereignty of Jesus Christ.

The last migration—that of the negroes—has affected the rural church only in that many landlords who have remained on the farm have been unable to secure tenants and helpers for

the cultivation of their holdings. This has reduced their incomes to the point where they are unable to contribute as liberally as they otherwise would to the work of the kingdom. This untoward condition is only temporary. In the end this migration will be of untold benefit to the country church and school. When the demand for farm products becomes strong enough to make farming as remunerative as other occupations all our now idle land will be brought under cultivation. This will make for a denser population, permanent and homogeneous in character. If the church enters into this heritage with vigor and purpose these will develop into a great, free, prosperous rural folk. If the church fails them they will become a hopeless peasantry.

These are some of the economic factors which have in a large way depressed the work of the country church. Perhaps, if the church could have foreseen them she would have given up in despair. But our God is the God of the wilderness journey just as truly as he is Lord of fruitful Canaan. While the pessimistic sigh "Change and decay in all around I see," the real worker looks upon the bosom of the passing cloud and sees a radiant rainbow lifted high with rising hopes.

Through all the years of this rural readjustment faithful souls have been toiling on and we stand at the opening of a new day for the rural church. Those who prate of the failure of the rural church have had in mind only these financial aspects of the problem. Yet through it all the country church has lived and grown great in the real things of the kingdom.

SOME TEASING RIDDLES.

Here are eighty-seven tantalizing riddles to puzzle your wits. You boys and the readers of The Uplift see how many of them you can solve. We shall be pleased to send The Uplift a year to your address or that of a suggested friend to the one that sends in the greatest number of correct answers.

You will find it just as interesting as the cross-word puzzles, and more catching than the flu, but a lot less contemptible. The Uplift has the answers, which will be published in a later edition.

1. What is that which never asks any questions but requires so many answers?
2. Why does a conductor cut a hole in your ticket?
3. When is a newspaper like a delicate child?
4. Why is a false friend like the letter "P"?
5. What is that which occurs twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years?
6. Why is a mirror like a very ungrateful friend?
7. What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding another syllable to them?
8. What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's son?
9. Why is an unbound book like a person in bed?
10. Why is a pulled tooth like a thing that is forgotten?
12. Why is a good cabbage the most amiable of vegetables?
13. Why is a clergyman's horse like the king of England?
14. What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of soda?
15. Why is a miser like a man with a short memory?
16. What lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward?
17. What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, which read the same, backward or forward?
18. At what time of day was Adam born?
19. What has neither flesh nor bone, but four fingers and a thumb?
20. What miss is that whose company no one ever wants?
21. Barnum drove ten horses through New York City, and his horses had only twenty-four feet among them: how was that?
22. Why is an umbrella a strange object?
23. What happens when a lighted match falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?
24. What profession is a postman?
25. When is a boat like a heap of snow?
26. What tree is of particularly great importance in history?
28. What is the difference between a cat and a comma?
29. Why are the makers of Winchester rifles great thieves?
30. Why are hogs like trees?
31. Why do girls kiss each other and men do not?
32. What did the muffin say to the toasting fork?
33. What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man?

34. Why does a man's hair usually turn grey sooner than his mustache?
35. When did George Washington first ride in a carriage?
36. Why is a solar eclipse like a mother spanking her boy?
37. How can a man make his money go a long way?
38. Why is a man reading these conundrums like a man condemned to undergo military execution?
39. Where is the surest place to look for pleasure and happiness?
40. When does a man impose upon himself?
41. What killed Julius Caesar?
42. Why is an alligator the most deceitful of animals?
43. How do we know that Noah had a pig in the ark?
44. Why is sympathy like blind man's bluff?
45. Why are fish well educated?
46. What is remarkable about a yardstick?
47. If a man shot at two frogs and killed one, what would the other one do?
48. Why is a window like a gardener?
49. Why are cowardly soldiers like tallow candles?
50. How much earth is in a hole 4 feet by 2 feet by 1 foot?
51. What relation is a door mat to a door step?
52. What are the most unsociable things in the world?
53. Why do carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone?
54. What will make pies inquisitive?
55. Why should roosters be the smoothest birds known?
56. What insect does the blacksmith manufacture?
57. When is coffee like the soil?
58. Why are needles so successful?
59. When is a man not a man?
60. What tricks are most common among New York policemen?
61. Why was the dumb waiter returned?
62. What was born at the same time as the world, destined to live as long as the world, yet never five weeks old?
63. Why is the letter "G" like the sun?
64. Why is a woman's beauty like a dollar bill?
65. What is the difference between a hollow tube and a foolish Dutchman?
66. What fruit is the most visionary?
67. What goes from Boston to Montreal without moving?
68. Why are ladies' eyes like a persons far apart?
69. When is a gun like a man who lost his job?
70. What is everything doing at the same time?
71. What is the difference between a clock and a business?
72. Why are some women like facts?
73. If a dog should lose his tail where would he get another?
74. What is the most affectionate thing in a drug store?
75. Why is the world like a slate?
76. What is the center of gravity?
77. What belongs to you and is used more by your friends than by you?
78. Is a Baptist in the army of the Lord?

79. What is so remarkable about a bee?

80. What is the easiest way to keep water from running in your house?

81. Why doesn't a black horse ever pay toll?

82. In what place did the rooster crow so loudly that living man heard him?

83. Why did Joseph's brethren

put him in the pit?

84. If you were to throw a white stone into the Red Sea what would become of it?

85. Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with a stone?

86. Why would it be impossible to starve in the Sahara desert?

87. Who was the father of Obediah's children?

AN OPEN LETTER.

Presbyterian Standard.

The following "Open Letter" was sent to the President and Trustees of the University of North Carolina by the Presbyterian Ministers of Charlotte and vicinity:

Presbyterian ministers of Charlotte have opened fire on "The Journal of Social Forces," one of the leading publications of the University of North Carolina.

At their meeting Monday, the ministers of this faith, after having submitted to them the January issue of this publication, appointed a committee to write the authorities at the University in protest against the inclusion in it of such articles as appeared in that issue, claiming them to be unsound, irreligious and hurtful to the cause of Christianity.

The committee completed the letter Wednesday morning and mailed it to President Chase, of the University, embodying the entire protest of the local ministers. The letter follows:

The President and Trustees of the University of North Carolina.
Gentlemen:

At a regular meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Charlotte and vicinity February 16th, extracts were read in extenso from the two leading articles of the "Journal of Social Forces," issued with the imprimature of the University of North Carolina, January, 1925. After discussion, the undersigned committee was appointed to address to you a letter of regret and protest that propaganda of the sort embodied in those two articles should have emanated from your press, one of them avowedly written by one of your editorial corps.

We quote from these articles, in a summary and necessarily abbreviated way, some startling statements made in the name of science:

"The gods were created by the folk mind as they created their mythical history; not all at once, but all of them; they growing up with their folk tradition as the projection of their longings and desires.

"All devils, including the monotheistic devil, are personifications of the concept of evil handed down by

tradition of the present day.

"God has never given an explicit revelation to man, prophecy was not inspired, conscience is but the expression of group opinion the 'still small voice' but the voice of 'the herd.'"

"The Christian's hope of heaven and its method is merely the fiction of reinstatement. The incarnation is alleged to be a myth, part of the heathen tradition that the gods once lived with men. Jesus' prayer to 'our Father' was but the expression of a like superstition which came to the front in times of great emotionalism.

"Two thousand years of 'religion have left us no reliable body of rules for conduct either personal or social. There is no dependable moral code. The Christian sex complex, especially through Paul's writings, has degraded woman. There is need for a commission of expert scientists, biologists, psychologists, sociologists, psychiatrists, etc., to formulate a scientific moral code of conduct. All clergymen and metaphysical moralists should be excluded from this commission.

"There must be some moral concession to the 'genius' of such men as Byron and Burns. Should the ideal of Jesus be accepted it will be because His views seem to accord with modern thought and science and not as the product of special divine revelation. The monogamous family existed long before Christianity or Judaism and could probably exist on a far more rational basis in a realm of complete so-called 'free love.'"

The above propaganda is being carried on in a magazine which deals

with "social forces," of which of course religion is one.

We do not expect or ask the University to teach the Christian religion. But we protest that we also do not expect the University to teach irreligion or promote infidelity. We regretfully feel that the above statements do the latter, whether we consider the Jewish, Catholic or Protestant faiths. It injures all religion to deny the objective existence of all the gods, all explicit revelations, all inspired prophecies, all divine incarnations, all divine carnations, all miracles of grace or otherwise. The above statements relegate the religious beliefs of the whole human race in all history to the realm of myths, traditions, superstitions, the human imagination, until they all become the mere vague expressed of human longing and desire.

With the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount blazing in our social sky, we protest against being told rather flippantly and even with a touch of scorn that we have no real dependable rule of conduct either for the individual or for society.

Should not this summary fill with apprehensive alarm and some degree of indignation every heart which vibrates with loving zeal for the best interests of our people and our University?

It so effects us and we trust it will so effect you.

Very respectfully yours,

Jno. L. Caldwell.

Albert S. Johnson.

A. A. McGeachy.

J. M. Walker.

THEY GIVE TO EDUCATION.

What is the explanation?

Not one of the men who have given away the greatest number of millions in this country had a college education.

More. Most of America's biggest money makers have been men who had not even a high school education, and in many cases not even a full course at the common school.

Let us start at the top of the nation's list of givers and look at the facts.

John D. Rockefeller, whose philanthropies have exceeded half a billion dollars, had only an ordinary education. After he started working, at an early age, he attended classes at a business school and equipped himself to become a bookkeeper. But Mr. Rockefeller never saw the inside of a college.

Our next greatest philanthropist, measured by the amount given away, didn't have the advantage of even a regular grammar school education. Andrew Carnegie, who started work as a bobbin boy in a cotton mill when only twelve, is accredited with having donated \$350,000,000 all told. This may interest you, however: Although Carnegie worked daily from the first day he started, he applied himself with the greatest diligence to educating himself, going so far as to have a tutor even after he became a multi-millionaire with a palace on Fifth avenue. The result was that Andrew Carnegie became a man of genuine education.

Next comes Henry Clay Frick, whose recorded benefactions approach the \$100,000,000 mark, and who, I

happen to know, disbursed large sums on the quiet for benevolent purposes. The Frick family were very poor. Little Henry knew what it was to go without an overcoat in winter. He was allowed to wear shoes only when the weather was too cold to go barefoot. At a very early age he was compelled to devote far more time to helping on the farm than to attending school. And he was only fourteen when he went to work in a store in Mount Pleasant.

George Eastman of Kodak fame, and Milton S. Hershey of Hershey chocolate are listed as having each provided about \$60,000,000 for worthy purposes. When George Eastman was only seven years old his father died, and not long afterwards it became necessary for the mother to open a boarding house. "I contracted such dread of poverty," Mr. Eastman once told me "that I couldn't shake it off for years after I became wealthy." The result was that Eastman left school when he was only fourteen.

As for Mr. Hershey—whose hobby is orphan children—he never attended anything higher than a public school.

James B. Duke is ranked next, with philanthropies exceeding \$40,000,000. The Civil War played terrible havoc with the fortunes of the Duke family, then farmer folk in North Carolina. James B. was deprived of a decent schooling. In fact, he had probably less than any of those already mentioned. And so pressing was the need for fighting poverty that he found little opportunity for study afterward.

Russell Sage, the Wall Street eccentric, who left a fortune of \$70,000,000, did not in his life time give away a nickle, but bequeathed every dollar to his wife on the plea that she was better fitted than he was to use the money for worthy purposes. The Russell Sage benefactions are put at \$40,000,000. Russell had as little schooling as Duke. It is recorded that he was earning \$4 a week at the age of thirteen, but that he went to work some time before then, at \$4 a month.

Henry Phipps, one of Andrew Carnegie's boyhood chums in Pittsburgh, is figured to have given away upward of \$30,000,000. The Phipps family was about as poor as the Carnegie family, and Henry, like Andrew, never knew anything of even a high school education.

Benjamin Altman, who built up the wonderful department store in New York, made gifts exceeding \$30,000,000. He, too started in life without a college diploma.

George F. Baker, who has figured so prominently during recent years as a donor of large sums for educational and other purposes, had less rather than more than an average amount of schooling.

August Heckscher, the noted New York philanthropist, did attend high school, but not college.

James A. Patten, who recently gave the Chicago Community Trust \$1,500,000 worth of land, had nothing better than a country school education.

The late J. P. Morgan, who gave away far more than ever became known to the public, had a good education, but was no college graduate.

Incidentally, Henry Ford, the most rapid money-maker in the world today, had only a country schooling.

These are the facts. I leave you to do your own reasoning and draw whatever deduction you choose.—B. C. Forbes, in *The New York American*.

Homer could have squatted at the gates of Grecian cities in the pose of a blind beggar and have received the coins tossed into the cup of penury. But instead he wrote the *Iliad* and had seven cities clamoring for the honor of his birthplace. Milton was Homer's brother in blindness, and likewise a brother of his in writing another immortal epic, *Paradise Lost*. Pope was a hunchback. Carlyle had chronic indigestion. Robert Louis Steavenson was a consumptive. And the names of those who, in spite of some serious handicap, stand in the very forefront of human achievement would form a list of incredible length if gathered together on the honor scroll of the world's illustrious. "Seeing then that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and run with patience the race that is set before us."—Greensboro Advocate.

GOOD TIMES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

By Mabel Crews Ringland

Ireland has become so associated with fun and good humor, that a St. Patrick's Day Party is bound to be a lively, jolly affair, with plenty of simple, merry entertainment of the sort that everyone can enter into heartily. The invitations may be written on shamrocks cut from stiff green paper, and read something like this:

"Our class is giving a party,
An' if ye're a true, loyal 'Harp,'
Ye'll say 'prisint' in answere to roll
call,

On Tuesday at eight o'clock sharp."

As soon as the members arrive, present each girl with a green crepe paper apron, and each man with a vivid green necktie, telling them that everyone must talk in Irish brogue, which will at once put all the guests at their ease.

A Shamrock Hunt is a good mixer at the start. Hundreds of little green-paper shamrocks are hidden in out-of-the-way places about the rooms, and the players told to find them, the one claiming the greatest number of shamrocks being given a pot of real shamrocks as a reward. These paper leaves will serve as money for an Irishman's Auction, which is a great laugh-provoker, provided a clever auctioneer can be found with ready wit and keen humor. He should be provided with a ridiculous assortment of cheap toys, tiny wheelbarrows, picks, spades, automatic snakes, clay pipes, papier mache potatoes, donkeys, pigs, and other so-called symbols of the

Irishman on his native heath, which he auctions off.

For a quieter diversion, a Green Guessing Game is interesting, partners being secured by numbers on the aprons and ties worn by the guests. The questions, written on slips of paper, are pinned around the walls, while the answers, each one containing the word "green," are to be written opposite their corresponding numbers on a sheet of paper. This game is played by couples.

Green Guessing Game

1. A celebrated poet.
2. A cold country.
3. An ignorant person.
4. A domestic fruit.
5. A children's artist.
6. A city in Scotland.
7. What we all like to have in our pockets.
8. A New England Mountain Range.
9. A famous historian.
10. A variety of apple.
11. A city in England.
12. A place for growing plants.
13. A harmless stimulant.
14. A flourishing tree of the Bible.
15. Another name for jealousy.
16. Title of an Irish song.
17. Another name for verdure.
18. A small plant.
19. What bad boys eat.
20. A tree used at Christmas time.

Answers: 1. Johi Greenleaf Whit-tier. 2. Greenland. 3. Greenhorn. 4. Green Gage. 5. Kate Green-away. 6. Greenock. 7. Greenback. 8. Green Mountains. 9. John Rich-

ard Green. 10. Greening. 11. Greenwich. 12. Greenhouse. 13. Green Tea. 14. Green Bay Tree. 15. Green-eyed Monster. 16. Wearing of the Green. 17. Greenery. 18. Wintergreen. 19. Green Apples. 20. Evergreen.

Much merriment will result from a Bubble-Blowing Contest, which requires a number of clay pipes and bowls of strong soap suds, to which a little gum arabic may be added to give toughness to the bubbles, and a few drops of green vegetable coloring to lend them the right hue. The idea is for the players to stand three or four feet away from a large green cardboard shamrock which hangs from the ceiling about a foot above their heads, and see how many times each blower can hit the card with a bubble. The most successful player should be given a patent bubble-pipe.

A contest of skill may follow, the player trying to draw while blindfolded, a shamrock, a pig or a map of Ireland with the principal cities, on a piece of paper or on the blackboard if there is one in the room. Or

the guests may be given sheets of paper about seven by nine inches (newspaper does very well) and told to tear out the picture of a pig within five minutes. Anyone failing to do this must write a rime telling why he failed.

A Potato Race is played with a couple of dozen potatoes in a row down the middle of the room. Each player in turn, is given one minute in which to pick up the potatoes, one at a time, in a tablespoon and drop them in a basket, only one trial being allowed for each potato. A tiny basket filled with candy potatoes would answer nicely for a prize though this is not necessary.

The refreshments should be as much in keeping as possible—dainty lettuce and green pepper sandwiches, watercress rolls, which are easily made if the bread is quite fresh and cut thin enough, mint jelly, and cakes with green frosting, or white with green shamrocks, the green vegetable coloring bought at the drug stores being perfectly harmless

“BECAME ACQUAINTED WITH A YOUNG JEW.”

I was much impressed by a story told by my great uncle while here last week. You see he is 72 years of age with hair of coal black, and is as active as a man of 50. For that reason several men who were in my office asked him to explain his good health and especially his lack of grey hair. “Well, said Uncle Pickens, when I was about twenty years of age I became acquainted with a young Jew and he laid down some rules for me to follow and I have tried to carry them out to the best of my ability and I contribute my good health to his instructions.” Naturally everyone was interested in finding out the name of this Jew and the rules given, so we all asked the question in chorus. “I am just a bit surprised said my uncle, that you didn’t recognize it was Jesus Christ, and the rule was none other than the Golden Rule.”—Editor Sturkey in Thomasville News.

MAY HER TRIBE INCREASE.

H. V. R., (Welfare Officer) in *Smithfield Herald*.

Her old and wrinkled face was as black as tar and her kinky hair looked like tufts of wood moss, but her soul was as white as the lily. She would not tell a lie for ten thousand dollars.

She had a son, who, when the bugles began to sound and the boys began to march by in khaki back in 1917, enlisted in the cause of his country. He went overseas and took part in some of those desperate engagements which cost men their lives. He was not slain in action but he came out of the fray a victim of trench-born tuberculosis. He came back to his old mother to die, and in 1922 the "Sweet Chariot" swung low and he made the supreme surrender.

His mother was only an old and ignorant negro whom nobody had told about the work of the American

Red Cross, the Clean-up Squads, the American Legion, or the Welfare Officer, so she did not know how to appeal to the government for treatment and disability compensation for her son who had contracted his death in Flanders in defense of his country. Finally she heard some talk of the soldiers' bonus.

And that is how we got acquainted. It was explained to her that if she would make affidavit to the effect that she was dependent upon this son that perhaps the War Department would award her ten thousand dollars as war risk insurance. She had some land which was heavily mortgaged. Her old man was living and "right pert;" besides, she had another son. It did not take ten seconds for her to decide.

She said. "I can't take the oath."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Davis.

Clint Wright is spending a few days in Statesville, owing to sickness in his family.

William Gregory, formerly a linotype operator at the institution, paid us a visit Sunday.

The new cow barn, which was started several months ago is nearing its completion.

A new garage is being erected by the carpenter shop boys, for the

Lower place.

During the month of February the school's hens produced 9500 eggs. An average of about 325 per day.

Two hogs were killed last week weighing 725 pounds, and the boys got sausage for dinner Sunday.

The roofs of several of the cottages at the upper end of the campus are being repainted, and a portion of the industrial building roof is also

being painted.

A new steel top imposing table and some new type have arrived at the institution for use in the printing office.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reform Church of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday.

Peanuts were distributed among the boys at the ball ground Saturday. After this the basket ball and base ball teams had a long practice.

Last Thursday the boys enjoyed seeing an unusual good picture. The picture exhibited was: "Jackie Coogan in Oliver Twist."

Mr. Joyner, a friend of the school, came out last week and with the

help of a few boys pruned and sprayed the fruit trees in the orchard.

Mr. Tom Grier and a number of the boys are making two tennis courts on the athletic field. A small fence has also been erected at the entrance to the field.

Readers of the Uplift will notice a large number of boys on the honor roll for the past month. The boys are continuing to keep up the good work in school.

Mr. Sam B. Kennett formerly an officer of the Training school, who now works for the U. S. Government as a R. R. mail clerk, paid the school a visit last week. Mr. Kennett told his friends that he had bought a Sleeper radio set, which he enjoyed very much. While he was here he was a great radio fan. Everybody was glad to see Mr. Kennett.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Percy Briley, Walter Cumings, Olive Davis, Mark Jolly, John Keenan, Valton Lee, Smiley Morrow, Louie Pate, Howard Cloaninger, Herbert Apple, Charles Crossman, Will Case, Jas. Davis, Sam Deal, Everett Goodrich, George Howard, Carl Henry, Albert Hill, Roby Mullis, Lexie Newnam, Washington Pickett, Delmas Robertson, Frank Stone, Vaughan Smith, Mack Wentz, Clint Wright, Jesse Wall, Vesta Yarborough.

"B"

Sam Carrow, Joe Carroll, Irvin Cooper, Fleming Floyd, Oler Griffin,

Hiram Greer, Herman Goodman, Thomas Howard, Albert Johnson, Howard Keller, Vernon Lauder, Lee McBride, Craven Pate, Donald Pate, Argo Page, Whitlock Pridgen, Avery Rothrock, Irvin Turner, Hurley Way, James Watts, Theodore Wallace, Charles Jackson, David Brown, Doy Hagwood, Claude Evens, Willie Herndon, J. J. Jones, George Lafferty, Freed Mahoney, Ervin Moore, Irvin Moore, William Miller, Walter Page, Archie Waddell.

Room No. 2

"A"

David Driver, James Ford, Garnie Hawks, Earl Hauser, Herbert Orr,

Julian Raines, Joe Stevens, Ed Crenshaw, Ray Franklin, Sylvester Honeycutt, Clyde Hollingsworth, Roy Johnson, Hallie Matthews, Robert McDaniel, William Nickols, Billie Odom, Robert Ward.

"B"

Carl Teague, Zeb Trexler, Julius Strickland, Dick Pettipher, Ralph Martin, Floyd McArthur, Garfield Mercer, James Gamble, Jesse Foster, Brochie Flowers, Gordon Ellis, Ed Ellis, Clarence Secrest, Jack Stewart, Albert Garrison, Abraham Goodman, William Creasman, James Cumbie, Isaac Anderson.

Room No. 3

"A"

Adam Beck, Harvey Cook, Reggie Brown, Clarence Maynard, Vernon Hall, John Forrester, Clinton Floyd, Bloyce Johnson, Nomie Lee, Sammie Stevens, Earl Wade, David Fountain.

"B"

Bruce Bennett, James Long, Vance Cook, Lester Morris, David Queen, Brevard McClendon, Carlton Hegar, Pete Ransom.

Room No. 4

"A"

Charles Sherrill, Lawrence Scales, Russell Caudill, Glenn Walter, Jesse Harrell, Emis Harper, Charles Carter, John Kivitt, Robert Hartline, Ed. Moses, Luther Mason, Claude Broion, Jeff Blizzard, Hunter Cline, Raymond Richards, Dena Broion, McCoy Smith, James Ivey, Simon Wade, James Peeler, Ben Stubbs, Lindsay Lambeth, Leonard Burleson, Frank Butcher, Clyde Lovett, Lum McGee, Lon. McGee, Tom Groce, Pearson Hun-

sucker, Herbert Floyd.

"B"

Andrew Bivins, Fred Gray, Jeff Latterman, Olen Williams, James Fisher, Jay Lambert, Jethro Mills, Clyde Smith, Roseoe Grogan, Troy Morris, Thurman Baker, Garland Ryles, Lemuel Lane, James McCoy, William Wafford, Lonnie Lewis, Eugene Glass, Dan Nethereutt, John Gray, Delmas Stanley.

Room No. 5

"A"

Al Pettigrew, Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Samuel DeVon, Ottis Floyd, Woodrow Kivitt, James Cook, David Whitaker, Elmer Proctor, Earl Green, Floyd Stanley, Geo. Lewis, Lee Wright, John Hill, Claude Dunn, John Watts, Ellis Warren, Lymel McMahan, Preddy Turner, Roy Hauser, George Cox, Claude Stanley, Clarence Weathers, James Robinson, Earl Torrence, Frank Ledford, Guy Haddock, Bowling Byrd, James Long, Ralph Glover, Jesse Haney, Lynn Taylor, Ralph Clinard, Lester Franklin, Theodore Coleman, Arnold Cecil, Lattie McClamb, Andrew Parker, Tom Tedder, Charlie Beaver, Kellie Tedder, Robert Cooper, David J. Sprinkle, Howard Riddle, Marshal Weaver.

"B"

Claude Wilson, Elmer Mooney, Earl Edwards, Sam Ellis, Wendall Ramsey, Lee King, Wannie Frank, Tessie Massy, DeHeart, Myron Tomision, Walter Chuller, John Tomision, Larry Griffith, Broncho Owens, Burton Emory, Lester Love, Walter Massy, Wilbert Rockley, Carl Ballard.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE

UPLIFT

Carolina Collection,

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 14, 1925

No. 16

AN IMMUTABLE LAW.

“You cannot think straight and live crooked,” said Dr. Burton, president of the University of Michigan; “it cannot be done. For remember, that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” It is ever more true that no man in public office can enforce the law whose private life is not clean. You cannot gather figs from thistles.—News & Observer.

—————PUBLISHED BY—————
**THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL**

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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“Thou dainty firstling of the spring,
Homage due to thee I bring,
The faintest blushes of the sun
Do tint thy petals, and adorn.
And thy fine perfumè, sweetly faint,
Is like the breathings of a saint,
Thou poem of perfumed grace,
Dear hope and truth beam from thy face.”

—Albert Pearson.

“ATTITUDES AND IDEALS.”

In his interesting article, elsewhere printed in this number, Mr. Bagley discusses a question that is uppermost in the minds of the thinking public. He proves that crime is on the increase. He contends that the influence of education has created wealth and made men rich. This feature of his discussion is open to question. The record shows that the great majority of the millionaires of this country are not college-bred men—many of them have never heard of Dr. Odum’s pet hobby, sociology; but they have heard of the Ten Commandments, and the great majority of them pay court to their teachings and urge along the agencies that emphasize them as the true code of morals by which we must live, though Dr. Odum’s Journal of Sociology

quotes a contributor, who thinks that after these thousands of years there is no trust-worthy code of morals. Bosh!

Mr. Bagley now calls upon the school to furnish to the pupils "attitudes and ideals." There are quite a number of old-fashioned people, that fear God, who yet believe that no better source of finding a correct attitude and helpful and sustaining ideal exists than those contained in the Book of Books. Those who think lightly of it, side-stepping its use or an emphasis of the great truths it teaches—rear back on their assumed respect for a constitutional mandate and, camouflaging under a so-called liberty, sow seeds of doubt and pay court to wild and dangerous theories mothered by their little knowledge of so-called science.

The dominant note in public education, primary and collegiate is material—the dollar and its power. This is emphasized to the neglect of ideals.

Some months ago a scholarly gentleman in this state, recognizing that the public school course was purely material and that the teachers as a general thing were licensed on material units, many of them fictitious, artificial and by no means a safe test of the true teacher, which is born, prepared a supplementary reader through which ideals of morals, strict integrity and chivalry were inculcated, with the high purpose of catching the interest of the youth in the public schools. A conspicuous publisher of public school text books declined the manuscript on the ground that there was no call in the public school for any book with this purpose. Being a business proposition alone the manager of this publishing house was not interested in sounding a note that the times require but was content to follow the dominant note in the public school course, that of the material and the worldly.

Some of these days some of these so-called scientists and sociologists will awake to their personal folly and sin against youth. The great truths of The Bible will furnish the remedy for the disease which Mr. Bagley has diagnosed and they are the "attitudes and the ideals" for which he calls.

* * * * *

TOOK THE BIT IN ITS OWN MOUTH.

Brought face to face to the propaganda that is insidiously creeping into our life, through the efforts of such men as that professor of the North Carolina College for Women, who boo-booed The Bible as fiction and that the Ten Commandments had no divine origin, the County Board of Education of Mecklenburg county has issued positive orders that no teacher shall be permitted to teach directly or indirectly the theory of evolution, and that such

books in their public libraries that recognize evolution shall be removed.

This has caused some criticism, some even treating it with levity and attempting to ridicule the Mecklenburg authorities. Whatever may be the wisdom of the action of the Mecklenburg School Board, they at least deserve the respect of the public in making known just where they stand and not jumping behind the skirts of "liberty of thought and speech" and other kindred rot. This act of the Mecklenburgers—and no cowards can breathe easily in that old county—disturbs those who subscribe to the theory that their ancestors, years ago, monkeyed about from limb to limb in the primeval forests.

* * * * *

RUNNING TRUE TO FORM.

The Albemarle News-Herald, interviewing one of its citizens, finds out his greatest regret, occasioned by development, advancement and invention. Hear the News-Herald:

"With the exception of my discovery of the Santa Claus delusion, the greatest disappointment of my life was when they took away the old-time horsepower and bugle from the threshing machine and substituted in their stead the steam engine and the steam whistle," said Mr. S. J. Horton, manager of the Bell Shoe Store to the News-Herald the other day.

It is fact that Sam Horton is a native of No. 10 township, Cabarrus county. Way back in 1885 when he was a school youngster at the neighborhood school, during threshing time, two larger pupils were delegated to watch him. Lawyer Jake Newell and his brother, the present presiding elder of the Winston district, were specially delegated to hold Sam Horton to books whenever the sound of a bugle was heard. That youngster could not resist its call, and he was sure to break away at its very sound and follow it.

It was real music, those thresher bugles and it marked a great time in the child's life.

* * * * *

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION.

That's a great and valuable show that Dr. S. E. Buchanan, Cabarrus County Health Officer, is favoring his constituency with.

He has a moving picture outfit, and the films he has loaded it with are such that carry to his audiences much truths that should be more widely disseminated. Among the films are the wonderful results in treating crippled

children; the dirty habits and business of the common fly; and the necessity of frequent physical examinations.

Last Friday Dr. Buchanan gave his interesting exhibit to the local Kiwanians, who not only enjoyed it but were greatly benefitted by it. It is Dr. Buchanan's purpose to carry the lessons of these films to every quarter of the county to the end that the people may know many simple truths that will lead to correction of deformity, to an avoidance of sickness occasioned by flies, and the wisdom of keeping fit by frequent personal examinations. This is practical knowledge and carried to the people in a practical way.

* * * * *

RECEIVED CONGRATULATIONS.

In the last number of *The Uplift* we published a contribution in verse from Col. Al Fairbrother, who sensed the faithfulness and devotion to a duty of Balto, the dog that has made a history.

Mrs. Fairbrother, who has had large experience in newspaper making and is herself one of the best newspaper fellows the state ever knew, takes occasion to write *The Uplift* some kind words. In passing we make an honest confession. The glory of this achievement belongs entirely to master Stanley Armstrong, a 16-year old Linotype operator, who makes the machine talk in correct and fine manner.

This is what Mrs. Fairbrother writes: "Congratulations on your success in printing Mr. Fairbrother's verses in *The Uplift* without a typographical error!—something which has never happened to me in the best newspapers, including those printed in our own office. Your accomplishment is so remarkable that I feel that I must tell you about it. Please convey our thanks to the boy who set it."

We have carried out Mrs. Fairbrother's instruction; and master Armstrong modestly replied, "I'm real glad that I succeeded—I'd like to know this fine lady."

* * * * *

SEEMS ON A BUSINESS BASIS.

If the state reaps the remedial results from the administration measures that passed the recent General Assembly, North Carolina will certainly have a more business-like government. It is alleged that overlapping of service will be avoided; that fixed charges will be decreased for services; that everybody will be expected to put in a day's honest toil; that lots of the gay, joyful riding about over the state will be cut out and many other fine

things are predicted.

The state now sees that Gov. McLean has gone about this business as he has in his successful administration of private business, and it was a fine attitude that the legislature assumed in aiding him in bringing about these valuable changes.

* * * * *

LEGISLATURE OF 1925.

Of course there has never been a session of the North Carolina General Assembly that pleased everybody. Things that ought to have been adjusted were overlooked; and matters that ought not to have been acted upon received attention—this is generally what the public will say.

Upon the whole it was a fine body of men, who had nothing but the very best interest of the state at heart. There was in the membership some of the state's picked men, and, as is the case with most bodies, there were some otherwise

The final adjournment of the 1925 session took place Tuesday night at 11:30.

* * * * *

IN HARNESS FOR FORTY YEARS.

J. B. Sherrill, of the Concord Times and Tribune, has completed forty years in the harness at the same place. This is all but a marvelous record. While Sherrill is a grand-pa several times or more, he is the youngest-looking editor in the state. In fact the boys in his office tell it that oftentimes when a stranger comes in looking for the main editor often asks Sherrill himself "where is your pa," thinking that his son William, the associate editor, is the "old man."

* * * * *

Miss Daniels by her engaging description of Bermuda all but persuades us that the trip is worth taking. But how many of those delightful people that took that delightful trip have seen the wonders of our own country—for instance the caves in Kentucky?



AN OPEN LETTER.

By Miss F. L. H. (Teacher)

To Trustees of the University and other State Colleges:

On another page of this paper you will find an article from the North Carolina Teacher by W. C. Bagley entitled *The Rising Tide of Crime*, which I am sure will interest you. The last two sentences are significant: "The school has done much to enthrone freedom and reason and to dethrone authority and superstition. Can the school now provide controls of conduct that will accomplish in some measure what authority and superstition once accomplished?" You and I know that the authority of Jehovah and the Christian Religion are not superstition, but the fundamental principles which have guided this old Ship of State for one hundred and fifty years. The constitution guarantees to every citizen "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; the Bible is the only Book which teaches us how to live with the greatest liberty and happiness. The Constitution also says (Bill of rights, Art. 1 s. 27) "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." The Bible is not only the best, but the only moral code we have. Destroy its authority or prestige and the "Rising Tide of Crime" is the Result. To teach "that it is unbelievable that God wrote the ten commandments on tablets of stone" is to destroy the power and authority of the ten commandments, an insult to every Chris-

tian in the land, and a direct attack on our homes, our church our government and our civilization. Destroy the moral stamina of a people and they become "easy pickens" for any invading or hostile army. Germany and Japan both have their "eye on us," and these fools ("The fool hath said in his heart there is no God,") are either consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, tools or agents of the German and Japanese governments. Is it not time we had a moral and spiritual house cleaning in our State schools? Shall we let any fool, or set of fools blow out the light that has guided our footsteps for so many years? It is said that in America every man is King, but who wants to be ruled by a "fool" and government without the consent of the governed is Monarchy of the worst sort.

Is there nothing the Legislature or the Trustees of the University and other State Colleges can do? Are there no educated Christians in the state fitted and unafraid to deal with these infidel instructors? Has the leaven of unbelief permeated every trained and efficient brain in the State? Surely you who are a Trustee of the University or both will devise some means by which we may get rid of these Atheistic, infidel instructors and install in their places Godly, Christian men and women from every denomination who will not teach sectarianism, but the wideness and freedom of God's love, the beauty of the Christian ideal and the truth and authority of the Bible.

Men whose lives and teaches will be an inspiration to the entire student body. Do this and future generations will rise up and call thee blessed.

Gratitude, of all elements, seems to be in greatest demand, yet there is the smallest supply.

RAMBLING AROUND.

Old Hurrygraph.

If there is one person on earth that ought to be happy, and one to be envied, it is he or she who can eat any kind of a diet, and is not worrying about whether it is making them lean or fat. If the lean folks would use the same energy and methods to get fat that the fat folks use to get lean, there is a possibility of striking an average that would give satisfaction in growing as the Lord intended for them to grow.

The best way to find out the bad qualities of a man, talk with the man he has just trimmed in a trade; made a misrepresentation of facts in a case; sold him worthless stock; or gotten in his way in making a deal. You sure can learn a sight along these lines. On the other hand, if you want to know how perfect he is, talk with his mother any time you please.

Some people say they do not believe in dreams. Why don't you? Dreams have built cities and mansions. Dreams have built railroads, hard-surface highways, and automobiles, and radioed the air. Dreams have put some men in the White House and some in the poor house. Dreams are building the Washington Duke hotel, putting in railroad underpasses, and erecting a new novelty

fabrie mill in Durham. It all depends on the dreamer; what he is dreaming about, and how he is backing up his dream. Life is generally what the individual makes it, and the luck of success is work. The future is before you holding forth a golden goblet filled to overflowing with prosperity and opportunity. It is for you, and you alone, to say whether you will drink or not.

Speaking of noticing things, have you observed the general absence from the feet of ladies, and the shoe store windows, of high shoes? Not meaning those that cost from ten to eighteen dollars, but those that reach high up the limb! Notwithstanding the algidity of the winter months' air, and the rapid return to short skirts, women have worn low-quartered shoes all this winter just as they do in July and August. A few seasons ago they could not get the shoes high enough. It took a woman half the morning to lace up her shoes, and the stout ones had to get some one else to do it; and it is presumed that her ankles were then not only comfortably braced but kept warm. Then she put on low-quarters and that's she's wearing now. They tell me that it is a difficult matter to find the old-fashioned high-up shoe in a shoe

store these days. Wearing these low shoes the year round, and cob-web stockings, and sleeveless garments, and nothing but a string of beads on the neck, looks as though, if it keeps on, undertakers will be reaping a harvest after a while. I am just mentioning; not kicking. So far as I am concerned, the ladies can use their own judgment in selecting what they shall wear. I like to look at them and admire their tastes. And the man is blind that doesn't.

Did you ever stop to think that opportunity today is rapping on just as many doors as in the years when some of the great men of the present day were struggling to get a foothold. Electric lights cost but little more than the midnight oil our ancestors had to purchase. Ambition's lamp burns as brightly as ever for those who are in earnest. Plenty of useful inventions have not as yet been thought of. Radio, an agent of electricity, is in its infancy. Safe aerial transportation is still unsolved. Economical distribution from a centralized heating system still awaits a master mind to work out the problem. So I could go on enumerating almost without end. What possibilities for the human mind.

Do you know that I have been for some time trying to figure out what kind of an editor I am. Everything these days of any concern to anybody has a press agent, and many agents are hard pressed, with all sorts of propaganda. The mails are loaded down with it. They come to my desk, "To the Argicultural editor." I'm without a farm. "To automobile editor,"

without automobile. "The financial editor," without finances." The anti-prohibition editor," without a boot-legger. "The stock editor," with some stock that is not stocking much. "The religious editor," without a church. And so on. It is a little hard to tell just where I am "at." But I guess I'll tackle what comes along, and knowing little or nothing about the subjects I'll do as well as many others who write along these lines, who know nothing of what they write, and it may be just as edifying to the average reader.

Of all things. A fellow came out of one of the automobile hospitals in Durham the other day, with a car that looked as if it had a crazy quilt spread over it. It was an old model of some kind, fixed up with parts from various other machines and it was a patch-work affair for a fact. But it jumped along and he was as much delighted over it as if it had been one of the state's Packards. He remarked to me, beaming with smiles: "This garage man has jazzed up my chassis till its bark sounds like the purr of the old tom cat before the fire; the ballon tires, the greased springs, the mended window panes, the cleaned spark plugs, and the gas with a stick in it, has converted the old buzz-wagon to a regular helicopter on four wheels. There's nothing out of sorts with the whole hulk but the speedometer. That thing runs so fast that when I get on the road the speed cops are so anxious to see it that they all take after me to see if I have standard time, and by the time they catch up I am out of gas. Wonderful car, isn't it?" I told him it was, and

am still wondering over its general make-up.

I started out with a grip full of as fine a set of New Year resolutions as a man would care to look at. Some were new and some brushed up in fine shape. "No smoking." I just prided on this. First week I was restless and uneasy. First month cross and fretful. Then Mrs. Hurrygraph very gently remarked a short time thereafter, "For goodness sake, light your pipe, or a cigar, and stop kicking the cat." She is always sensible. I knew I was slipping. I did not want to be a grouch and a nuisance around the house. I would rather smoke and smile than deny myself and growl. Another was to keep my temper sweet; at least as sweet as I could. Then I slipped down on a banana peel, as it were, when a fellow, speeding around a corner, without even whimpering his horn, laughed at me as he saw me scampering about to get out of his way, and keep from being injured, as he swept by. So it goes. I am human, just like the rest of you fellows. My grip is empty.

The Scriptures tell us to "rejoice with those who do rejoice; and weep with those who mourn." I do. I certainly rejoiced with my Methodist brethren, and Trinity college, when

J. B. Duke announced his wonderful gift and the name went to Duke University. I remembered when Trinity was first moved to Durham; the fight make to keep it in Randolph County; when Durham's "moral, social and healthful environments" were assailed and ridiculed, and I was in the fight, up to my neck, plugging away, day by day, in every way, to help the Methodists to land Trinity here and defend its new location. Most of those who sneered at the change, at that time, have passed away and are almost forgotten. Duke University is going on to higher and greater things. Time takes away a whole lot of folks who stand in the way of others and the progress of great ideas. I rejoice with Trinity church in going into their new Sunday School house, a part of their splendid plant which is to be such a credit, not only to Durham, but the State and the South. I rejoice with Durham in the magnificence and magnitude of her coming hotel; also over the prospects of a new novelty fabric mill. I am touched with sympathy for all who have "loved and lost." I feel for the youngsters who have lost all their marbles in a crap game, and look sad. For the little girl who has broken her doll and weeps over it. A fellow feeling in the finest thing in the world to make one wondrous kind.

MODERN RECIPE.

Take one reckless, natural-born fool; two or three drinks of bad liquor; a high-powered, fast motor car. Soak fool in liquor, place in car and let go. After due time, remove from wreckage, place in black, satin-lined box and garnish with flowers.

THE RISING TIDE OF CRIME.

By W. C. Bagley, in N. C. Teacher.

Mr. Bagley has written a very informative article. It is worth while at this period. He uses much space in detecting a disease that is perfectly apparent to all observing people.

Instead of simply asking a question, "can the school now develop attitudes and ideals to counteract the moral hazards that increased wealth inevitably involves," Mr. Bagley ought to have pointed out some of those attitudes and ideals that the school could and should invoke.

It has long been held that the education of the individual should justify itself in an improvement in individual conduct—that one who has had the advantages of schooling should far surpass the unschooled individual, not only in the amount of knowledge that he possesses, but also in his ability to do and in the quality or character of the acts that he wills to do.

It is of very great advantage to employ a similar standard in estimating the influence of mass-education. The progress of school systems is commonly measured by the increasing per cent of those enrolled who are in daily attendance, the number of days during the year that the schools are in session, and similar factors. As a rule, the only standard hitherto employed in mass-education that suggests at all the measurement of results in the per cent of persons in the adult population who are literate—or more commonly and reciprocally the percentile decrease in illiteracy.

There are, however, other objective standards that may be used in attempting to evaluate the service that schools render to a state or nation. Clearly, if the training of intelligence means an increase in efficiency, the

work done by good schools should be reflected in an increased earning power upon the part of the masses of the people, and this can be at least roughly measured by the per capita income of the people. If it is the policy of the schools to inculcate habits and ideals of healthful living, the influence of the schools should be seen in a decreasing susceptibility to disease and in a declining death-rate. If any part of the school's purpose is to promote thrift, then the test of the schools' efforts in this direction will be found in the statistics of savings banks and similar institutions.

It is true that agencies other than education may operate to increase the average or per capita earning-power of the people. Other agencies, too, may powerfully affect the death rate. Still other agencies may make either for greater thrift or for greater extravagance among the masses of the people. It is only on the basis of the most careful comparisons that effects of this type may be traced to their true causes. Notwithstanding this difficulty, however, the facts revealed by social statistics constitute fairly dependable measures of what the schools as a whole are doing and more especially of what they may

not be doing so well as they should.

There is one group of social statistics that are of the very greatest import to education, and yet American educators are giving them scant attention. These are the statistics of vice and crime. Their importance to education lies partly in their basic significance to the nation's welfare and progress, and partly in the fact that both vice and crime unfortunately find their most pronounced expressions at a relatively early age, so that neither the benefits or the shortcomings of education can be determined much more quickly than in connection with some of the other social measures.

Probably the most dependable single index of a people's respect for fundamental law is the homicide rate. This is the most dependable, because murder is recognized as the most serious of all crimes, and consequently a very large proportion of all murders in civilized countries become matters of record.

By proportioning the number of deaths from homicide to the total population for any given year, the "homicide rate" for that year is obtained. For the thirty-four states known as the "registration states" (that is, the states in which deaths are recorded in a relatively uniform way and reported to the Bureau of the Census,) the homicide rates can be compared over a series of years, and an approximate homicide rate for the country as a whole can be determined.

It is well known, of course, that our murder rate is a national disgrace. In 1921 (the latest year for which the data are available in the Census

reports) 85 people among every million in the United States met death at the hands of assassins; in 1920 the rate was 71 in the million; in 1919 it was 75 in the million; in 1918 it was 68, and in 1912 it was 66. Thus the number of murders in proportion to the population increased 13.5 per cent in two years, and nearly 28 per cent in ten years. Unofficial but authoritative computations indicate that it has been mounting steadily since 1921.

A long-continued and absolutely unchecked increase in serious crime constitutes a social problem of the first magnitude. But this is not all. Not only is the murder rate increasing, but this country has had for decades a far heavier murder rate than any other civilized nation. The comparisons are most depressing. Against our 85 murders to the million of population, even Italy has only 36; Australia has 19; South Africa, 18; and Sweden, 13; while the rate for England is only 7.6; for Quebec and Ontario, between 5 and 6; for Scotland, 4; for Holland, 3; and for Switzerland, less than 2. In proportion to our population, then, we have more than twice as many murders as Italy; eleven times as many as England; nearly seventeen times as many as each of two adjoining Canadian provinces; twenty times as many as Scotland, and more than forty times as many as Switzerland.

There are certain false impressions about our national murder rate that need to be corrected. In the first place, while it is affected by the relatively large number of murders among the Negroes of the South, the rate is far too high, even when the

Negroes are left out of account. Among the whites alone the rate in 1921 was 66 in the million of population. Furthermore, the rate among the Negroes has declined during the past ten years, while the rate for the Whites has steadily risen. Nor can either the high murder rate or its increase be charged against the immigrant population. The states having the heaviest proportions of immigrants are among the states that have the fewest murders in proportion to their population. Massachusetts, for example, with nearly one-third of her present population foreign born, had only 28 murders to the million of population in 1921, as against 85 for the country as a whole. New York and New Jersey are also far below the national average. In so far as the record goes, then, the conclusion is inescapable that the native-born white population cannot shift the burden of this national scandal to the immigrant population, nor in very large measure to the Negroes.

While the murder rate for the Southern states is on the whole higher both for the white and for the Negroes than that of the North and Middle West, no one part of the country has much to brag of. The best of the Southern states is North Carolina, which had in 1921 a white murder rate of 55 in the million and a combined white and Negro rate of 86, or almost the national average. Even counting the Negroes, North Carolina makes a far better record than California and Colorado, and, counting only the whites, it stands well ahead of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Kansas. Its white rate, however in-

creased significantly from 1918 to 1921.

The seriousness of the situation in the country as a whole can be impressed from still another point of view. While the death rate from homicides has increased steadily during the past decade, the death rate from almost all "natural causes" has shown a very marked decline. If our census reports are to be trusted as revealing the risks of death that we all incur from various causes (and the insurance companies use these data in computing their risk tables,) certain rather striking comparisons may be made. For example, one runs a far heavier risk to day of meeting death at the hands of an assassin than one runs of death from any one of a half-dozen diseases that were once regarded with terror—among them, smallpox, scarlet fever, and measles. The risk of being murdered is far greater than the risk of meeting death by accidental drownig or from a railroad accident. The mounting death rate from automobile accidents is causing the gravest concern; yet in 1921 the death rate from murder was 75 per cent as high.

It has been suggested above that the homicide rate is the best index of the national situation as regards the prevalence and increase of serious crime. Some people may object to this assumption, and maintain that, while we may have a disgraceful murder rate, we are not otherwise an unusually lawless people. This would be consoling if true; but unhappily the fact speak otherwise. While there has been a marked decrease in minor crimes and misdemeanors during the past four years (due undoubtedly to

prohibition,) practically all of the major crimes have increased out of all proportion to the increase in population. The casualty insurance companies keep a careful eye on robberies and burglaries, just as the life insurance companies watch the homicide rates. The reports of these casualty companies have resulted in an estimate that burglaries have increased 500 per cent in the past five years, or an average of 100 per cent a year. It is true, too, that while the jail population has shown a decrease during the same period, the prison population has shown a marked increase. It is indubitably true that other serious crimes as well as murder are increasing at an alarming rate, and that the murder record may be taken as a trustworthy index of the general respect for fundamental law.

Nor can we get much comfort from the reflection that this is a post-war period, and that moral and social restraints are always likely to be loosened during an era. England, which suffered from the war far more than we, shows quite the opposite trend in all of her crime curves. Lawlessness increased a little in England for a year or two following the Armistice, but the increase was slight and scarcely made an impression on the general and steady decrease in serious crime during the decade.

Three possible explanations of the present situation in our country seem, then, to be pretty completely ruled out: (1) the immigrant, (2) the Negro, and (3) the war. Other factors suggest themselves, some of which may be referred to briefly.

One is the rapidly increasing mobility of our population. More and

more we are becoming a migrant—almost a nomadic—people. We move from place to place and from state to state in search of work, or health, or pleasure. This mobility not only tends to break up home life; it also loosens the restraints that grow with a settled abode. It makes, too, the detection and identification of law-breakers more difficult. Coupled with this factor, of course, is the development of motor travel and the tremendous multiplication of automobiles, which often make it easy for the criminal to put long distances between himself and the scene of his crime before the latter has been detected.

In the second place, we are an immensely rich people. In spite of the reaction against taxation, and the eternal cry of "hard times," the surplus wealth of the country has been increasing by annual jumps that are staggering to contemplate. Not only has wealth increased, but its distribution has become more general. There are **many more wealthy people** than there were ten or twenty years ago. Wealth breeds luxury and ostentation, and these in turn breed envy. Envy breeds hate, and hate breeds crime.

In the third place, along with wealth and its accompanying comforts and luxuries, there has developed, very naturally, a softening philosophy of life—a philosophy that condones gratification and distinctly does not encourage sacrifice and renunciation. Expressions of this philosophy crowd the pages of our popular literature and glitter from the screen of the pictured drama. The empty and insincere moralizing that so often accompanies these novels and

dramas, far from counteracting their demoralizing influence, rather serves to enhance it. Their whole teaching confirms and justifies the pursuit of pleasure.

Far more brazen and open in their seductions, but clearly expressive of the same recadent philosophy, are the magazines that flaunt from every news-stand with their alluring titles and their suggestive cover pictures. Nearly all of these magazines have sprung up within the past few years. Some of them boast of enormous circulations—one running far into the millions. I am told that the publishers of one of these journals employ a large staff of lawyers, who carefully scrutinize every manuscript, picture and proof to be sure that the contents will be just barely within the letter of the postal regulations.

But there is still another expression of this same philosophy that is even more ominous, because it is both rational and respectable, and carries all of the major and minor premises to their logical conclusion. It is through this process of logical extension that the philosophy of gratification becomes a philosophy of fatalism. Just now it is finding a convenient formulation in the identification of crime with disease. In essence and in effect it is a complete denial and negation of moral responsibility. The argument is simple and lucid: We are what we are by nature, by the accidents of fate. What we do is determined by what we are. We all have impulses, the nature of which we cannot understand, but we all know how compelling they are. Sometimes these impulses run counter to social conventions. Well, this

philosophy suggests, what right have social conventions to stand in the way of self-realization? Our minds are what they are; if you do not like what we do, you may call our minds diseased but we are in a sense morally responsible; and so two highly educated and undeniably gifted young men deliberately murder a boy to see what kind of a "kick" they get from the experience. It is deplorable; but is it not a logical conclusion of the philosophy of gratification?

If this analysis of the situation is in any significant way a valid analysis, it follows that corrective measures of a superficial kind can do little to remedy matters. We may criticize our courts for their failure to mete out justice with celerity and dispatch; but this in effect is merely a criticism of their leniency, and leniency is quite in harmony with our deep-lying philosophy of gratification. We may cry out for more drastic legislation, forgetting that our statute books are crowded with laws that as a people we are too lenient and easy-going to enforce, and which are consequently honored chiefly in the breach and with a most disastrous effect upon the attitude of the public toward all laws. The passing of such laws, indeed, is only another expression of our philosophy; it is our collective gesture of righteousness; a well-meaning but quite futile attempt of the body-politic, when it finds itself in a hole, to lift itself out by its bootstraps. We may deplore the declining influence of religious sanctions, and strive to restimulate into active function the tonic fear of eternal punishment; but again this pre-

supposes at the outset a philosophy which would be favorable to such a reaction; and this philosophy is precisely what we have not.

The solution of the problem lies in getting at the fundamental causes. According to our analysis, these are two in number: first, the abounding wealth of our people, and, secondly, the philosophy of gratification which this wealth encourages. To ask the American people voluntarily to surrender their wealth would get us nowhere, except possibly to an insane asylum on a charge of lunacy, or to jail on a charge of high treason.

One must be fairly circumspect in dealing with the idols of a people; and wealth and material prosperity are two of our most cherished idols.

To work any fundamental changes in our dominant philosophy of gratification may be equally impossible, but it seems to be the only hope. And it is here that education should offer the most direct avenue of approach. The school has been a powerful factor in increasing our national wealth. Can the school now develop attitudes and ideals to counteract the moral hazards that increased wealth inevitably involves? The school has done much to enthrone freedom and reason and to dethrone authority and superstition. Can the school now provide controls of conduct that will accomplish in some measure what authority and superstition once accomplished?

MARCH.

I hear the low wind rock the swaying pines,
 I see the white cloud flit across the sky,
 And feel the balmy breath of southern air
 That whispers to the violet "Spring is nigh."

Down by the stream the pussy-willows haste
 To don their robes of velvet, Quaker-gray,
 That they may be the first to welcome in
 The sweet Spring days, in suitable array.

Far o'er the marshes comes a boding cry;
 With flap of wings the wild geese make their way
 To northern shores, there in the solitudes
 To pass the long, delightful days away.

I hear the soft wind breathe upon the snow,
 That, melting, hastens down the swollen stream,
 I feel, I know that now in quick response
 The violet is waking from her dream.

—Norma A. Carmichael.

BERMUDA, LAND OF HONEYMOONS.

By Elizabeth Bridgers Daniels.

Bermuda—the Isle of importations, of which the greatest is tourists! Bermuda parsley, potatoes and onions may be bought almost anywhere in the world but Bermuda. The Bermudians export what they raise and import what they use. No native manufactories mark Bermuda as unique in souvenirs. Its strings of coral come not from its own shores but from the West Indies; its other trinkets from all over the world. Bermudian gift shops are strangely like gift shops the world around with their attractive brasses, their pretty basketry and their colored pottery. O'Sullivan's heels of new live rubber, exquisite linens from Ireland and embroideries from China may be bought in Bermuda just as they are in the Old North State.

The island itself, however, is vastly different from anything that meets the eye of the North Carolinian on his own home ground. There can be seen the narcissus and the nasturtium in full bloom side by side in February, the match-me-if-you-cans with its variously patterned red and green leaves, the occasional full blown lily which speaks of the beautiful lily fields of April and May, the pink oleander, the hibiscus with its large red blossoms, the soft green juniper trees, the royal palms, the saga palms, the papaw trees, all making a little green befloored island in the middle Atlantic. There are quite a few who go from America to Bermuda only to view the isle in spite of prohibition.

A beautiful setting for almost anything, it seems especially created as

a back drop for honeymoons with its eternal mantle of green, its milk white houses, its grey green stone walls and blue, blue waters. Only one thing is found lacking to the sentimentally inclined—there is no twilight. Night jumps down on the little island out of a clear sky the minute the sun has submerged itself into the Atlantic.

At 6 o'clock sharp the cabbies light their side lanterns and continue their left-turning way with only two small glimmers to light their road. The whiteness of the crushed limestone roadbed helps make the way clearer and the absence of automobiles with their powerful headlights allows the eye to accustom itself to the darkness and detect a scraggly banana tree or an old white schoolhouse or an entrance to a garden along the way. Overhead juniper trees lean against a sky which is full of stars that seem close enough to earth to be gathered by hand and carried home as souvenirs.

The Bermuda night serves as no customary cloak for crime. Opinion differs as to whether the reason for this is the loveliness of the evening or the drastic penalties of the criminal code. Suffice it to say that no capital offense has been committed on the island in the last forty years. Only one inhabitant has gotten a divorce in the memory of present inhabitants. There are no divorce laws. If a divorce is contemplated it must be obtained somewhere outside of the island. The one famous divorcee went to America for the pro-

ceedings and returned home after the decree had been granted. Remaining for a time on the island, he at length set sail for America to marry a second time. All the natives were agog over the great event and were assembled on the shores as the boat came in to see what the new bride looked like. When the groom walked down the gang-plank it was seen that he had married his first wife over again.

Bermuda started as a marvelous playground built by God, but now the English have taken over the work and wait for no natural process of beauty, but plant, transplant and cut down to enhance the loveliness of their traveler-lure. The traveler gets the same eager attention on all sides that a patient receives in a quack doctor's office. Bermuda leaves its wash tubs and tea cups to wave a welcome to an incoming steamer. Solicitous attention to strangers seems the chief occupation of the island. In the shops buying is a leisurely process assisted by an indulging clerk. American money is as acceptable as English. (Even the little barefoot beggar boys who run along at the carriage wheels cry, "Gimme a nickle.") Real bargains can be got in gloves, shoes and woollens especially. Chances on bargains in anything else run about even with those in the United States.

The colored people of Bermuda, who sing "God Save the King" constantly amaze with their beautiful English and their apparent education. The cabbies who drive tourists about point out the flora, styling it in botanical terms. The colored and the white live side by side amiably

and seem to mix easily. Although there is no segregation, there is practically no intermarriage.

Two years ago Bermuda had a few automobiles (which were later outlawed) and now not a motor vehicle is to be seen. The island is traversed in a victoria, a rockaway, a "wiggly Jones," or on a bicycle. Bermudians own bicycles as our farmers own Fords. The traffic, however, to the American is more fearful than that on Fifth avenue. The care-free traveler who thinks he knows his Bermuda from reading about it, walks carelessly only once on the Bermuda thoroughfares. Instead of finding himself being borne down upon by a neat and tidy row of automobiles, he finds himself almost under the hooves of one horse, directly in line with the tongue of a swiftly approaching wagon, blocked by a standing carriage from any flight and being completely ignored but terrorized by a covey of bicycles. And being born to a right-hand turn is no aid when in trouble in a country which turns habitually to the left. To those who aren't seasick on the way to Bermuda the most tortuous moments are the ones in which an approaching carriage turns to the left and a head-on collision seems imminent. All seems lost—when perfectly naturally your own cabbie turns to the left, and another British custom is noted if not remembered in the next encounter.

All the world pays Bermuda's taxes. The Encyclopedia Britannica has it that "expenditure is normally rather less than revenues" on the island. She may pay a bit extra for the many, many things she imports

but her property taxes are something like thirty cents on a thousand dollars. Houses rent for fourteen dollars a month. But don't plan to move over there until you have heard that eggs are one dollar and twenty cents a dozen—and raising your own chickens gets you nowhere as chicken-feed is among the all too many importations.

The banana trees add a lot to the tropical effect of the island, but the fruit is smaller than the West Indian yellow banana, and is not raised in sufficient numbers to supply the needs of the islanders. Oranges were raised once but a fly came along and spoiled all the fruit growers' fun and the industry has passed away. Nevertheless colored women with large baskets of West Indian bananas and Florida oranges for sale lend a pretty note to the local color of the island.

The white houses so distinctive of the place are made of native limestone, sawed into blocks which harden as they weather. The roofs are of thin slabs of the same stone, overlapping like shingles, with a slanting groove constructed around the edges to catch rain water. There are no streams to furnish water and drinking water has thus to be got by catching rain on these white roofs which must, by law, be whitewashed twice a year, so that the lime from the wash will purify the water. This water is kept in cisterns. Well water is used for other purposes.

The coral reefs may be viewed after riding eighteen miles or so around the island in a passenger boat and transferring into a glassbottomed boat, which glass, by the way, confines itself to a large trough in the

center of the boat, around which people sit and into which they peer. Like so many little pigs they look with their heads all stuck into the trough and only an expanse of back left to be viewed. Trough the trough may be seen in the clear waters the coral reefs with their differing formations of coral, the purple sea fan, the peculiar brain-stone, the sea rods, like elongated cat-tails now almost touching the bottom of the boat, now suddenly being far below in fascinating grattoes which shelter schools of tiny blackish fish and occasional larger fish of brilliant hue. The blue angel fish looks like a lovely lady in a trailing negligee with the sunlight about her. The yellow canary fish is an importation from Norfolk, Virginia, a yellow fish with a large black spot on his back. The striped sargeant-major is really the most delightful of all the varieties, looking like an enlarged bumble bee who has strayed out of his proper surroundings and is buzzing around the sea flowers, with his black and gold jacket flashing in the light.

The caves of Bermuda are interesting spectacles with their pendulous stalactites and soldierly stalagmites deepening in tone from pure white to a rich rust color. One cave is heralded as that of Prospero in Shakespeare's "The Tempest." The most famous is Crystal Cave. The bottom of the cave is sea water which rises and falls with the tide, necessitating a pontoon bridge as part of the pathway leading among the stalactites. The formation of these stalactites resembles that of an icicle as a general thing, queer formations appearing here and there

among the iciclic array—minature forests, elephant ears, donkey ears, doves and at the end of the pontoon bridge a little city of spires, and at one side a madonna holding her child, watching over the city. The cave is lighted as carefully as a setting for a play. No point of beauty or wonder is allowed to rest in obscurity. The lighting arrangements cast into relief or at least into sight, the most attractive of the cave's formations. Monstrous stalactites are broken away so that the wonder-seer may pass along the pontoon bridge without bumping his head. The cross-section thus shown reveals the diamond-like formation in the center of the

stalactite with a crystallized but salty looking outer portion.

And woe betide the man who doesn't "low bridge" at high tide. He learns most forcibly that these creamy looking stalactites are as hard as North Carolina granite.

One real mystery the cave holds. the farthest point that the tourist sees is the miniature city which the guide lights that it may be seen the better. After lighting up the collection of tiny spires, the guide turns off all the lights in that end of the cave and a small star is seen to shine over the scene, not an electric light, but a sparkle like that of a tiny diamond.

AN EDUCATED MAN.

The educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affair of his life.—Ramsey MacDonald.

Such a man must have been humble in the presence of great minds and great souls, must have been simple in contacts with his fellows, must have been indefatigable in his desire to cultivate and to maintain the power of his mind and to accumulate that knowledge which makes up the data of accurate reasoning.—Ernest M. Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College.

An educated man is expert in one field and conversant with many field, strives to base his intellectual conclusions on facts alone and fears no conclusions to which facts may lead him; is willing to have no opinion on matters concerning which he has no basis for judgment; is invariably tolerant of the convictions and emotions of others; loves truth; is alive to beauty; seeks, and in some measure succeeds in his effort to build for himself a coherent interpretation of the universe.—Kansas Industrialist.

IF I HAD KNOWN.

The Industrial Enterprise.

Recently a well-known man spoke at a men's meeting in Cleveland on the subject, "Things I Wish I Had Known Before I Was Twenty-one." He gave answers to a questionnaire sent in by twenty-two men. Here they are. Every word is worth reading:

1. What I was going to do for a living, what my life-work would be.
2. That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put into my stomach before I was twenty-one.
3. How to take care of money.
4. The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.
5. That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after he is twenty-one.
6. That a harvest depends upon the seeds sown; wheat produces wheat, thistles bring forth thistles, ragweeds spoil good pasture, and wild oats sown will surely produce all kinds of misery and unhappiness.
7. That things worth while require time, patience and work.
8. That you can't get something for nothing.
9. That the world would give me just about what I deserved.
10. That by the sweat of my brow would I earn my bread.
11. That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but it brings the best of everything else—namely, more enjoyable work, better food, more of the wholesome luxuries and pleasures of life, better folks to live and deal with, and, best of all, the genuine satisfaction that you are somebody worthy of respect, confidence and the priceless gift of friendship.
12. That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with myself and God.
13. The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.
14. The folly of not taking older people's advice.
15. That everything my mother wanted me to do was right.
16. That "dad" wasn't an old foggy, after all. If I had done as he wished me to do, I would be much better off, mentally and morally.
17. What is really meant to father and mother to raise their son.
18. What hardships and disappointments would be entailed by my leaving home against my parents' wishes.
19. More of the helpful and inspiring parts of the Bible, particularly the four books dealing with the life of Christ.
20. The greatness of the opportunity and joy of serving a fellow-man.
21. That Jesus Christ was with me as an Elder Brother and Friend in every activity and relationship of my personal life.
22. That God's relationship to me was just as helpful and delightful as that of a good shepherd toward his sheep, or of a father toward his son.

MARIAL'S RACE WITH TIME.

By Wilodyne Dickinson Hack.

Marial Fielding, one foot on the brake and one on the low pedal, guided her little car carefully down the steep, slippery mountain road. Her mother sat beside her tightly grasping the side of the seat and restraining herself with difficulty from her exclamations of fear as the machine skidded in the mud around the many sharp curves.

"I'm glad you're a good driver, Marial," she gasped, nervously. "I believe you're almost as level-headed as your father was."

"Dad taught me," answered Marial, loyally. "You know we came in here last year even earlier than this and he insisted that I learn to drive while the roads were still wet. Then I carried the guests to and from the branch railroad all summer."

"Yes, it seems almost as if he knew we would be shifting for ourselves by this year and was looking out for us in advance," went on Mrs. Fielding, thoughtfully. "He insisted upon turning Bear Trap into a summer resort in spite of my violent opposition, worked up a fair patronage and established our postoffice. I wonder where we'd be if he hadn't!"

Marial took one hand off the wheel long enough to give her mother a loving pat. "He was wonderful," she agreed, earnestly. "I do hope we can make good!"

"Our place is small and we cannot accommodate many at a time," answered her mother, seriously, "but trust that with the postoffice to draw

the many campers who come into the valley each summer and our store, we'll be able to make a little. Oh, Marial, you must have your last year in high school!"

At this moment, the road made its vast sharp curve and emerged from the thick screen of trees and underbrush, revealing a small, green valley, bordered on each side by precipitous mountains thickly covered with tall, majestic pines and cedars. At the upper end of the valley, a rushing torrent tumbled its way down the mountain and flowed bubbling and foaming over its rocky bed through the center of the valley, forming a lake farther down. The main river was bridged, but at this time of year there were numerous rivulets running down from the mountains, through which Marial had to pilot her car. Finally she slushed through the last one and reached a part of the road on higher ground which was comparatively dry. Steering carefully to avoid the many bowlders which had been driven into the road by the winter storms, she finally approached a low, rambling, cabin-like structure built entirely of logs. It looked deserted and forlorn with its windows boarded up like sleeping eyes and planks laid up the steps to prevent the winter snows from breaking them down, but Marial jumped out eagerly.

"Oh, I just can't wait to get in," she cried, enthusiastically. "It is home!"

Marial had spent her summers here since she was a little girl. Years before, her father, exploring the moun-

tains in this locality in search of good fishing, had chanced on this little known valley, had purchased several acres on the edge of the lake, and had built the original log cabin. Finally, however, with the advent of good roads automobilists and campers had become so numerous that the privacy of the place was spoiled, so he had decided to turn it into a small summer resort. The year before, in spite of the opposition of the Martins, a family who owned a small farm in the valley and resented the intrusion of summer tourists, he had put every cent of his capital into enlarging the cabin, furnishing it and adding modern conveniences, so that, when he had passed away suddenly two months before, his wife and daughter found this their only asset. Since neither of them was trained to make a living in any other way, they had decided to keep the place, hoping to make enough this summer to give Marial a chance to finish her last year in high school, but they were running on a very slim margin.

Marial and her mother pulled and hauled on one of the heavy planks on the steps and finally got it far enough out of the way so that they could get up. Then with hammer and hatchet, they removed the boards which barricaded the door and entered the large living room. As Marial started across the floor, a mouse ran to cover in the immense stone fireplace which took up the entire end of the room.

"I'll hunt the ladder and take the boards off the windows," she called, as she disappeared in the store-room.

It was almost dark when she finished her task, and ran down to the little boathouse to see if her pretty row boat was all right. Hurrying back to the house between the tall pines, she passed one on which, years before, her father had nailed a rustic mail box for the letters which the miners farther down the valley often left on their trips from town, and, in the twilight, she could see a narrow ribbon of white. Opening the box quickly, she discovered a long, white envelope. Rain had nearly obliterated the address, but at the upper left-hand corner she could see printed "Washington, D. C." A moment later, her mother was tearing the envelope. "Oh, Marial," she cried in consternation, "they've taken the postoffice away from us and there's no use staying without that! One of the miners must have left this nearly a month ago."

Marial took the letter out of her mother's trembling hands. It was dated April 30th and stated that on account of her father's death, which had been reported, and the probability that they would give up the to withdraw the postoffice, to take effect the first of June.

"It must have been the Martins who notified the government," cried Marial, indignantly. "They've been so afraid we'd succeed and don't realize that if we really build up the business it will give them a market for all their fruit and vegetables." She studied the letter again carefully. "Oh, mother," she cried, a moment later. "Don't you see we still have time? The postoffice isn't to be discontinued till the first of June and this only the twenty-ninth

of May!"

"That's the same thing as being too late," answered her mother, pessimistically. "We're miles from a telegraph and even if we weren't, Congressman Renfrew is the only person I know who has influence enough to do anything for us in so short a time. He's clear down at Sacramento and I don't know him well enough to ask a favor unless I could see him personally and lay the facts before him. So of course that's out of the question."

"There's a way," answered Marial, decisively. "I can drive you to Cedar Junction to the main line and you can catch the train that passes through there about five tomorrow morning. You would get to Sacramento before night and there would still be a good chance that Congressman Renfrew could wire Washington and get an answer on the thirty-first."

"Drive twenty-six miles through the mountains over that dreadful road?" shuddered Mrs. Fielding. "Why, it took you nearly all day to make it in daylight. We certainly can't attempt it at night!"

"Mother, if we don't keep the post-office we might as well give up Bear Trap Lodge," declared Marial, solemnly.

"If you're game I guess I ought to be," decided her mother.

"You're a dear. I knew you'd do it," answered Marial with a fond smile.

As the fire died down while they were preparing to leave and the chill of the spring night crept in, they realized what they would have to endure before morning. "They

bundled up the best they could in the summer clothes which they had with them and at nine o'clock, after Marial had inspected her tires, gas and oil line and found everything in good shape, they started out.

After picking her way carefully across the valley through the many rivulets, they started up the steep, was so long and hard that they had skidded that afternoon. The climb was so long and hard that they had to stop frequently and the night so dark that the automobile lights were hardly sufficient to guide her. The trees and dense underbrush formed a thick screen on each side of the road, appearing as they toiled upward, as if they were driving between two solid fences. Suddenly there was a crash in the underbrush at their side and Marial felt her heart beat suffocatingly. A second later, a deer leaped into the middle of the road in front of them, gazed a moment at the approaching headlights, then bounded into the underbrush on the other side.

"Poor thing, it was more frightened than we," breathed Marial, with a sigh of relief.

When they finally reached the top of the stiff ascent, the road led across a mountainous plateau which had been logged many years before so that only stumps, a few charred trees and young growth broke the barrenness. In the pale rays of a late moon, they could see the farther mountains gleaming white with snow, while nearer, the snow lay in patches. The road was muddy and Marial was picking her way carefully, when suddenly the machine stopped and the wheels began to churn round and

round in the mud.

"Oh, we're bogged!" she exclaimed in dismay. She jumped out and worked an hour by the light of the moon and her flashlight putting sacks and small logs which she found along the roadside under the wheels before she could get out of the hole. Just as she finished and was about to climb into the machine, they heard the angry, rattling roar of a mountain lion.

"Get in quickly, Marial, he's probably hungry at this time of year," gasped her mother, shuddringly.

Marial had difficulty in keeping her own voice steady. "He won't dare touch us with the engine going," she stammered shakily.

Slowly the car pulled out of the muddy hole and started on its way. Mrs. Fielding turned the flashlight on the speedometer and then stretched her arm out of its covering and look at her wrist watch. "We've only gone ten miles and it's one o'clock," she exclaimed, anxiously. "We'll never make the other sixteen by five!"

"I'm sure we can make it," answered Marial, with as much confidence as she could muster. "There aren't any more real bad grades between here and Cedar Mountain and from there on its all down hill." She was trying hard not to let her mother hear her teeth chatter. She had been cold before the car stuck, but her hour of hard work had overheated her. Now the cold night air struck a chill to her bones and it was all she could do to keep her hands on the wheel. She was past speaking normally so she kept very still while they ran on several miles.

Suddenly the quietness was pierced by a dreadful explosion and Marial nearly jumped out of her seat. Her mother screamed and fainted. Marial jumped out of the car and ran hastily to a drift near by, and, grasping a hand full of snow, rushed back to her mother and smeared her face with it till she regained consciousness. "Don't worry, mother, it was only a blow out," she explained, calmly. "What will we do now?" groaned Mrs. Fielding.

"I'll have to put on the spare," answered Marial, courageously.

Half an hour later, when she had almost finished her task, she was covered with mud from the tip of her nose to her feet. "It's almost ready mother," she called, cheerily. Just then, there came to their ears the faint chug of an automobile, and their hearts stopped beating as Marial climbed into the seat and crouched close to her mother. Their fear of any mountain sounds could not equal their terror at meeting another traveler at that terror at meeting another traveler at that hour on such a lonely road miles from civilization.

"What can it mean?" whispered Marial, hoarsely. "Someone on the road at this time of year!"

The tire was not quite finished and Marial was powerless to move as they watched the approaching lights. A moment later, a strong masculine voice called, "Whose there? Trouble?"

"No, we're all right," answered Marial, trying to make her voice sound casual.

The man jumped out of his machine and came close. "Women, as I live!" he exclaimed, incredulously.

"We're trying to make Gedar Junction for the five o'clock train. I've had a blow out, but the tire is changed," explained Marial.

"My name's Davis," explained the man in his turn. "Started out for some spring fishing and got lost. Do you know any place around here where I can stay? I have a camp outfit, but I'm out for a month and it's so cold I'd rather board."

"There are no resorts except Bear Trap in Kingston Valley, which, if everything goes right, will be opened in a few days," answered Marial, in a business-like tone.

"Good, I'll camp till it's ready. Do I keep right on this road to get into the valley?" he asked. Marial answered affirmatively. Then the man noticed that the car was still jacked up. "Sit still and I'll let your car down," he said. As he put the tools into the machine, he went on.

"You've still got two hours to make Cedar Junction. The road's better from here on. I'm sure you'll make it."

Marial did. And on the night of May 31st, after a strenuous day in which Mrs. Fielding and Congressman Renfrew had kept the wires to Washington busy laying the former's case before the postmaster general and finally receiving a favorable answer, Mrs. Fielding took a night train from Sacramento, joining Marial at Cedar Junction the next morning.

"You saved the postoffice, Marial, but oh, what a ride!" exclaimed her mother. "Your father always shielded me so!"

"It was worth it!" answered Marial, enthusiastically. "And oh, mother, I just can't wait to get back and open Bear Trap. You know our first boarder is waiting for us!"

A COMPARISON.

That state salary list is a revelation. Men are getting more without a moment's worry as to the source of their income and without the risk of a dollar of capital than they could make, to save their lives, in any business of their own and with the risk of failure, loss of capital and with constant vigilance and worry to meet competition. There is no question that the man who is not required to manifest initiative, to plan and scheme to make a go of his enterprise, but may calmly go through his day's regime assured that nothing can prevent his drawing his wage, should be satisfied to work for less than a man of the same ability who risks capital and the chances of failure in his own business. The responsibilities are not comparable. That whole bunch of University and State College professors are having a virtual picnic. They may work hard, but the worry element is lacking. No floods or droughts threaten their living. Governor McLean's commission should find plenty to do in standardizing salaries. Let the tax eaters fare more equally with the great majority of tax-payers.—Chatham Record.

1,036 PATIENTS LIVING AND WORKING.

Sanatorium, February 28.— One thousand, thirty-six former patients now living and working is the record of the North Carolina Sanatorium for its patients discharged from the Sanatorium during the past ten years. There are also 303 living and not working. Eighty-nine per cent of all the early stage cases treated in the past ten years are living and eighty per cent are living and working.

“We claim,” Dr. P. P. McGain, superintendent of the North Carolina Sanatorium, said, “to have the most complete records of our discharged cases of any sanatorium in the United States. We have not completed our survey for 1924, but previous to December 31, 1923, we had lost track of only fifty-six out of all the patients discharged from the Sanatorium.

“If we estimate the value of life at the low figure of \$5,000, these cases who have been restored to health and to useful citizenship are worth more than five million dollars to North Carolina. Outside of their money value, the patients who have gone out from the institution have been a great health educational factor in the State, missionaries carrying the gospel of early diagnosis and prevention of tuberculosis to cities, villages and farms throughout the whole State. Our ex-patients are instrumental in

discovering a large percentage of the patients sent to us in the curable stage. They have learned the symptoms of tuberculosis; they know the necessity of an early diagnosis if a cure is to be effected, and their own experience has made them want to help the other fellow.

“As a means of prevention the value of the institution in these discharged cases cannot be estimated. Not only has the life of the person infected with the disease been saved, but many persons have been kept from the risk of infection and probable death by removing the tuberculous persons from among the healthy citizens of the community. Treatment by segregation removes the risk of infection, and knowledge of how to prevent infection by precautionary measures, lessens the risk of infection to others when they leave the institution.

“The extent to which the institution has been successful in the prevention of this great white plague is shown by the steadily declining death rate. Ten years ago there were more than 5,000 yearly deaths from tuberculosis. In 1923 there were only 2,540. Tuberculosis exacts its toll from those in the prime of life. Is it not worth while to save 2,500 of our most useful citizens every year.”

He lost the game; no matter for that—
 He kept his temper, and swung his hat
 To cheer the winners. A better way
 Than to lose his temper and win the day.

—The Youth's Companion.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Davis.

Several new drinking fountains have been placed in the school building.

Several acres of Irish potatoes have been planted under the direction of Mr. Morris.

The new tennis courts have been completed and the first games were played on them last Saturday.

Mr. Jay Cope has resigned his duties at the institution. He has taken charge of his brother's farm.

The Societies have disbanded their meetings for this season. These meetings will be taken up next winter.

Some of the larger boys have been cutting wood for the past two weeks for Mr. T. V. Talbert and Mr. W. Mr. Crooks.

The incubators have turned out their hatches again. Nearly two thirds of the eggs were hatched this time.

Mr. Leon Godown, instructor of the printing department, spent a few days in Greenville, South Carolina, last week.

Two large trees have been recently planted on the lawn at the upper end of the campus under the direction of Mr. Guy Alexander.

Mr. Paul Owensby, the band master, was hurriedly called to his home in Kannapolis Monday owing to the death of his grandmother.

Last Thursday night the boys enjoyed seeing a fine picture, which was: "Lights Out." There was also a one reel health exhibit.

Mr. Walker and a number of the boys have completed the job of spraying the fruit trees. This job will be very helpful to the trees.

We have been practising for the Easter program. Easter songs were sung last Saturday. A number of the boys have been given speeches.

Spring is here, and the boys are all glad of it, because they get to go out on the lawn after supper and play ball, and various other games.

The Sunday school lesson for last Sunday was studied by the boys with much interest. All the boys were touched very deeply by the story of Jesus' crucifixion.

Screen doors, for the cottages, are being made by the carpenter shop boys under the direction of Mr. Carriker. These screen doors will be of much use this summer.

Educational posters are being placed in the auditorium weekly, and each Thursday night between reels, of the

picture brief talks are made on them by Mr. Boger or some gentleman from Concord.

Rev. L. A. Thomas, of Concord Lutheran Church, conducted last Sun-

day's services. He read the resurrection of Jesus Christ for the lesson text. He told us we ought to think on the real reason why Christmas and Easter are remembered.

"MAY NOT BE TOO MUCH."

This year we, the tax payers of this state, will pay the State University nearly a million dollars. That may not be too much, but it is too much if any of that fund shall be used to pay instructors to help teach our young men who matriculate there that their ancestors hung from the limbs of trees by their tails, or that God did not write the ten commandments on tablets of stone as the Bible says.—Albemarle News-Herald.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library

TESTING HIS STAYING
QUALITIES.

“The story is told of a boy who hired out in a hardware store. The first day he was sent into the attic to sort out and arrange a large box of old nails, nuts and screws. The attic was hot and gloomy. The lad was tempted to fall asleep, thinking no one would see him; but instead of yielding he faced the work determinedly, made compartments in the box and carefully sorted the articles.

“At the end of three days he reported to the head clerk, who inspected his work and said: ‘All right. You will be given a place at my counter. The box is a test job which we give to every newcomer to see if he is worthy of a good place.’”

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TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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Chas. E. Boger, Supt.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the straight line, thou shalt see
The curved line ever follow thee.

—William Maccall.

RE-MAKING THE JUDICIARY.

It was often commented upon to what extent Gov. Morrison, during his four years in the executive office, had changed the personnel of the courts of the state, occasioned by deaths and resignations.

It begins to look as if Gov. McLean is beginning early in his administration to be confronted by the same experience. Judge Horton resigned to return to private practice; and on Monday Chief Justice William A. Hoke, on account of ill health, resigned from the Supreme Court. There immediately followed by Governor McLean the elevation of Associate Justice W. P. Stacy to the Chief Justiceship and to fill the place vacated by the promotion of Judge Stacy the Governor named Hon. L. R. Varser, of his home town, Lumberton, and a former law-partner. And the death of Judge Long brings to the Governor the duty of naming his successor.

North Carolina will regret to learn of Judge Hoke's retirement, especially on account of the reasons for his resignation, that of the condition of his

health. A mighty fine man, in every respect, is the estimate the public places on the retiring Chief Justice. And we have no trouble in believing that the elevation of the brilliant and hard-working Judge Stacy to the high position of Chief Justice will be welcomed by those who have most business in that high court. Judge Varser, a new man in state-wide activities of North Carolina, will measure up, we are certain, to the full satisfaction of the people. Judge Varser is a pleasing gentleman; of engaging personality; courageous in his advocacy of what he believes right and just; of high ideals; cautiously safe; and those, who know him intimately, regard him a finely-equipped lawyer.

Gov. McLean put in a full and fine day's work on March 16th.

* * * * *

JUDGE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LONG.

After a brief illness, starting from a stroke of paralysis last Saturday morning, Judge B. F. Long, of Statesville, died in the afternoon—a shock to his neighbors and to the state.

Judge Long was an outstanding citizen and officer. Practically during his entire life after reaching manhood he has been holding public office. The popularity to which he attained was due to his efficiency and faithfulness in the discharge of the duties that fell to his lot in his different engagements. He had been our solicitor; then our Superior Court Judge of this district very nearly twenty-two years. He made a record for competency, efficiency and judgment, which is attested by the records of the Supreme Court, which found it necessary to reverse him in but few cases.

Judge Long lacked just a few days of having reached the age of 72. The state, along with his numerous friends in every county of the state, will sadly miss the distinguished jurist.

* * * * *

PREACHERS' SONS.

Judge Walter Parker Stacy may be lucky, but he is a scholar, brilliant and tireless. He is not yet 41 years of age, and yet in that short time he has been a legislator, a Superior Court Judge, an Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court, declined the deanship of the University Law School, and has just this week been elevated by Gov. McLean, upon the resignation of the lovable William A. Hoke, to the high position of Chief Justice.

Chief Justice Stacy is the youngest man ever to hold this high position in

North Carolina, and perhaps no other state ever had a younger man in a like position. Already Tom Bost has him headed towards the Supreme Court of the United States—that's the way we have; when we get the measure of a great man, somebody begins to place him elsewhere.

But the thing that we love to think of is that Judge Stacy is a son of a preacher. They say awful things sometimes about preachers' sons, but this case along with hundreds of others explodes the idea that not much may be expected from a preachers' sons.

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TWO THINGS ELECTRICITY CAN'T DO.

John Paul Lucas, the publicity agent of the Southern Utilities Company, an experienced newspaper man and a charming fellow, made a speech before the Concord Kiwanis Club recently. He used figures in describing the immensity of the stunts that electricity plays in private, commercial and industrial activities in such a glib manner that even Caleb Swink batted his eyes and his expression indicated a wonder if Electricity could do everything.

Mr. Lucas pleased the Kiwanians and all saw the possibilities in electricity in a manner never before occurring to them. Lucas is full of electricity—to touch him almost amounts to a shock. But, in concluding his entertaining address, he publicly and rather shamefully admitted that there are only two things that electricity can't do to wit: Become a satisfactory means of heating and it will never take the place of a good wife.

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BEGINNING TO TASTE OF THE CAN.

There are two sides to every question—even a plank has two sides. It is to be regretted that the differences between the sculptor and the Confederate Memorial Association having in charge the Stone Mountain proposition came to the necessary point, as they saw it, to part ways.

Mr. Borglum finds lots of comfort in North Carolina. The disposition seems to make a heroic monument of him. He may be right, and he may not be entirely blameless for the present unhappy situation—only a real airing by both sides will establish the fact. But why he should go from place to place in North Carolina, showing his sore toe and stirring people, some to the hysterical point, over the proposition is not just clear. Undoubtedly Mr. Borglum is a wonderful artist, but some artists are inclined to be cranky.

This controversy should be settled by the principals, come together or quit—

newspaper agitation will not do it, besides it is beginning to taste of the can.

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NEW BOARD.

The new board of directors of the State Prison met on Monday and adjourned without making a selection of the executive officers. The matter was deferred until April 7th. It looked at one time that one official position would go begging, that of official executioner. At the last moment, however, the board found itself with at least fifty applicants, who are perfectly willing, at \$25.00 per, to put to death those who find themselves under a sentence of death and unable to secure a stay of the death penalty.

A considerable fight has been made on the administration of Supt. George Ross Pou, and certain papers have published alleged damaging records, which seem to have an explanation entirely satisfactory with the board under whom he served. The prevailing opinion among those who watch the course of events is that Mr. Pou will succeed himself.

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JUDICIAL TIMBER.

Gov. McLean when he comes to naming a successor to the late Judge Long, the resident judge of the fifteenth judicial district, will not have any trouble in finding available and suitable judicial timber—in fact every county in the district has one or more attorneys who would make fine records as Superior Court Judges—but the governor's real trouble will be in the matter of elimination.

Speaking of the several counties of the district being rich in judicial timber, Cabarrus has quite a number who would gracefully, satisfactorily and efficiently hold down the job: but it appears that all the local attorneys have united on Hon. Frank Armfield and have urged his fitness and qualifications upon the governor as the logical one for the judicial vacancy. Judge Frank Armfield, Concord, N. C., will sound good and will be good.

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WHERE DID THE MONKEY START FROM.

Master Stanley Armstrong, one of our linotype operators, has been trying in his youthful mind to size up the so-called scientists in their clamor for 'liberty of thought' in thrusting upon the innocent their ideas of evolution, which, as it occurs to him, 'leaves God out of the problem of creation entire-

ly," would like to know of these wonderful scholars:

Who Made The Monkey?

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THE NEW U. S. ATTORNEY GENERAL.

The senate having rejected for the second time the nomination of Mr. Warren for Attorney General, the president sent in the name of John G. Sargent, of Vermont. Wishing to conclude their arduous work the Senate accepted the nomination in a speedy confirmation. The only thing of special importance that the Senators were advised of was that Mr. Sargent had the unanimous endorsement of the bar of his little town, which consisted of one member other than himself, and that he had never been indicted for any offense, so far as the records revealed.

A very happy solution; but President Coolidge stands before the world of having been ignored by his own party in the matter of judgment of the fitness for high office.

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The United States Senate has twice rejected the nomination of Chas. B. Warren to be Attorney General by President Coolidge. The president threatens to give him a recess appointment. There seems to have been too much sugar in this affair.



OUTLAWING EVOLUTION.

Rev. Dr. Walter L. Lingle writes his views on a much discussed matter, the said article appearing in The Presbyterian of the South. It is:

They have been having a red-hot discussion in North Carolina over the question of prohibiting the teaching of evolution in public schools and in state-owned institutions. A bill was introduced into the legislature forbidding any teacher in the public schools or state institutions to "teach Darwinism or any theory of evolution linking man in blood relationship to any of the lower forms of life."

The discussion has not been confined to the legislature, but has raged from one end of the state to the other. The president of the State university was called upon for his opinion and put himself and the university squarely against the bill. The bill was defeated by a rather close vote, but I venture to predict that this is not the end of the matter.

There is more to be said for and against a bill of this kind than we might at first suppose. It is a question which we ought to face with all seriousness. Whichever way the matter goes there is grave danger of doing hurt to our children and to the cause of Christianity.

Those who oppose such a law argue that scientists ought to have absolute freedom in their search for truth. Perhaps we will all agree with that, but there is a vast difference between a scientist searching for truth in his laboratory and some high school teacher who knows little of science trying to teach our children some crude theory of evo-

lution which he or she knows nothing about. Certainly the church has no objection to giving the largest freedom of real scientists in a reverent search for truth.

The opponents of the law also argue that the constitution of the United States guarantees absolute freedom of speech. So it does, but it does not guarantee any teacher absolute freedom to teach our children anything he pleases. Parents still retain some rights when it comes to the teaching of their children, even if they are in state institutions. It is an uprising of parents that they are having in North Carolina.

Those opposing the bill argue that the church cannot afford to support a bill which would intimate to the world that the church is afraid of the facts of science. The church is not afraid of the facts of science. We do not believe that the facts of science and the facts of the Christian religion are in conflict. We are not afraid of any truth. But we do object to some of the theories that men have evolved from these facts, and we object to these theories being taught to our children as facts. At the same time we do well to face the fact that we may leave the wrong impression upon the world and upon our children by undertaking to pass a state law on this subject.

Those who favor the passage of this bill have some strong arguments on their side which deserve

the most serious consideration. To begin with there are very few teachers in our public schools who really know much about science. They are not prepared to teach scientific subjects and about the best they can do is to be an echo of some one else. Neither are the children in our public schools prepared to go deep into scientific studies. They are too immature and the schools are lacking in scientific equipment.

Not only so, but the best that can be said for evolution is that it is a theory. Yet, it is often taught to our children as a fact by teachers who know very little about it one way or other.

Worst of all, it is often taught in a crude and irreverent way, which is calculated to shock and undermine the faith of our children. Sometimes it is taught with seers and flings at the Bible. Often it is taught in a way that leaves God out of His world and His universe.

A few days ago while I was a guest in one of the most devout Christian homes I have ever known, I saw a boy of 12 with a booklet which had in it a series of grotesque looking pictures of what somebody imagined prehistoric man looked like. One page gave a landscape purporting to show how the earth looked one hundred million years ago. After that there was a paragraph telling how life began in the world. Here are a few lines of it: "Close your eyes and think of some muddy gutter or frog pond full of stagnant water with a scorching sun glittering down on the green slime which floats among the bulrushes and swamp weeds. Those cesspools geologists tell us, were the cradle

of life on earth. This life, called algae, was a very low form of plant composed of a jelly-like mass which floated on the stale, slimy, black water of the primitive swamps. Step by step scientists follow the evolution of this low simple plant into a soft, boneless creature resembling a piece of liver, composed of a single cell." The story continued to tell how through countless ages man was evolved from this mass.

That is a sample of the stuff that some of our children are getting. No wonder that Christian people are rising up all over the land and saying that this sort of thing has gone far enough. Perhaps real scientists would repudiate the crude form in which the above paragraph tells the story, but nevertheless that is the form in which our children are getting it.

We tax ourselves to build our public schools and universities. Then in order that we may be fair to all religious sects and denominations we write into our constitution that there must be complete separation of church and state. This means that religion cannot be imposed upon any one in our public institutions. But when we did that we did not mean for a moment that teachers in these public institutions were to be allowed to teach irreligion and even anti-Christianity. If our views of the separation of church and state make it impossible for any teacher to sneer at Christianity and to teach views that are anti-Christian. Our teachers ought to have the sense and the decency to see this, and we believe that the great majority of them do see it. If they fail to see it, then it may become

necessary to forbid them to teach both ways. anti-Christian views and theories. It is a poor rule that does not work

WALTER L. LINGLE.

“Why do they always call ships ‘she’? I suppose it’s because they glide along so gracefully?”

“Oh, no; it’s because their rigging costs so much, and they go in for sails.”—Tit-Bits.

JUDGE LONG.

Mr. R. R. Clark, a neighbor of the subject of this sketch, knowing him intimately and observing his public career, writes to the Greensboro News the following estimate of the life and services of Judge B. F. Long, who died on the 14th:

Whether he ever thought of a scriptural injunction as his motto, Judge Ben F. Long, of Statesville, who has fallen upon sleep, followed strictly the exhortation of the Preacher of Ecclesiastes, “Whatsoever thy hand fineth to do, do it with thy might.” The distinguished characteristics of this eminent lawyer and judge were untiring industry and outstanding ability. He was not a brilliant man as that word is commonly understood. He was a worker, a student, a thinker. He kept everlastingly at it. He took nothing for granted, he delved and found it for himself. He was thoroughness complete. With him work seemed to be a religion. He never loafed on the job; he never shirked. In the practice of his profession, in his public service, conspicuous as state’s prosecuting attorney and judge, he could have said with the apostle, “This one thing I do.” He had naturally ability, and none of his talents rusted for lack of use. He reinforced by

honest, painstaking work until he stood among the first of his profession in the state.

Much of the half century of his life spent in Statesville Judge Long gave to the public service—as solicitor of the country court, mayor of Statesville, district solicitor and judge of the Superior court. He was on the bench a little more than 22 years. His public service was outstanding. He left his mark as mayor. He was a noted prosecuting officer. He lived up to what he conceived to be his duty and his oath of office as judge. He was not a popular man in the sense that he was hail fellow well met; and seemingly he didn’t court popularity. Probably he didn’t know how to do so if he tried. But the strong support he always received when he was a candidate was an expression of popular belief in his integrity and his outstanding ability; in his sincerity and his determination to do his duty. His ability, his industry, his devotion to his duty

as he saw it, was Judge Long's strength with the people, not a winning personality. It is probably the greatest tribute that could be paid the dead jurist—and it is a tribute to merit—that he won popular respect,

confidence and support, made a large place for himself, by his devotion to his work and because he gave that work the best that was in him, without consideration of personal popularity.

“What we speak of as success is nothing but the outcome of steady, patient, persistent effort.”

LOCATING THE SNOBBERY.

(Oxford Friend.)

A prophet is without honor in his own country. As much as we pretend to appreciate our own institutions it is the fashion—and has always been so—to believe that native American singers and artists cannot compare with foreign singers and artists, and that American art and culture are crude by comparison with that of the continent. This idea has such a strong popular hold that unless a singer comes from across the water with some such a name as Antonia or Wilhelm or de-Something, or (if an American) unless he or she has made a reputation in Europe, it is useless to expect the proper recognition. In other words there is an assumption that the European brand is superior to the home brand. Sometimes an American from some small United States town goes abroad with a good voice, registers success and grafts a little French or Italian on the patronymic.

How we smile in derision. How affected it seems. When Alexander

goes abroad and back in the same clothes comes Alessandro; when Lucy trains in a few foreign opera houses, sheds the old name and blossoms out as Lucia, we feel that it is foolish vanity; and we make it a good opportunity to talk mighty sharp about Alexander and Lucy.

But in all probability Alexander and Lucy do not care a rap about the name. It is a matter of business with them. They know that for all we say a foreign name has a fascination for us. We may laugh at them when we catch them changing names but they know that we will pay more at the box-office to hear Hippie-Hootie sing than we will to hear Bill Jones. That's largely the why of engraftations and changes in American names. The joke is on us and not on Alexander and Lucy. We laugh at them when we catch up with them molting their names. They have a sight more reason for laughing at us for our ridiculous fondness for foreign culture and art in preference to our own.

“Remember that opportunities are very sensitive; if slighted on their first visit, they may never come again.”

A SOJOURN IN FLORIDA.

Rev. Dr. George W. Sandt, the scholarly editor of a Northern religious paper, spending his first visit in Florida, writes in an interesting manner his impressions of the "Land of Flowers" as follows:

We had heard much of the Sunny South, but had never ventured nearer to the heart of it than Charleston and Columbia. Hence when the rigors of the winter brought its blizzards and zero weather, and left Philadelphia snow-bound, the senior editor determined to remove his headquarters for a brief season beyond the reach of ice and snow. He had heard a great deal about Miami and Palm Beach, and seen pictures in the newspapers of northern mermaids displaying themselves rather than bathing at the beach. That and the doings of the idle rich were about all that seemed worthy of advertisement by these newspapers, and your runaway editor who feels more comfortable in places where the saints are numerous and the churches filled to overflowing, decided to sojourn in St. Petersburg at the head of the beautiful Bay of Tampa. The trail reached Charleston on schedule time and halted there. Something had gone wrong. The disquieting news soon reached the passengers that the enemy, the floods that made such havoc in Georgia, had cut us off from Savannah and that a thirty-six-hour detour back to Atlanta was in store for us. Not very cheerful news.

We were surprised to find St. Petersburg so thoroughly alive and active. The main thoroughfares were lined on both sides with automobiles and were astir with bustle such as you are familiar with in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. The

benches at one side of the pavement were lined with tourists basking in the sun, while the crowds were moving to and fro as they do in any wide-awake city. Probably more than 100,000 tourists have sought shelter in its hotels and other hostleries. New ones are springing up to accommodate the ever-growing multitudes. The city is destined for a marvelous expansion. Any visitors five years ago would hardly recognize it. Lots which, in or near the heart of the city, could then have been bought for five or ten thousand dollars now sell for over one hundred thousand. Pasadena, five miles out along what is known as the White Way, is its residential suburb. The development along the Boca Ciega Bay, which lies between Pasadena and the reef which protects it against the storms of the gulf, is wonderfully rapid. Fine residences are springing up along the shore, and homes of moderate cost farther inland are being built as speedily as the supply of labor permits. There is every prospect that within the next ten years St. Petersburg will have passed the hundred thousand population mark.

A Land of Great Promise

Florida, beyond a doubt, has a great future. Every real estate agent—and their number is legion—will tell you that. In fact, there is only one great industry down here. It is the industry of developing large tracts of land and planning and building attractive resorts along the shores of

Tampa Bay and other waterways. Rich men from the North are pouring their millions into this section, and supporting an army of real estate agents to captivate and capture buyers. "Buy and get rich in the twinkling of an eye," is the fascinating promise they hold out to the visitor. About every other office on the main street of St. Petersburg is a real estate office. Huge and costly bulletin boards picture vistas and panoramas beautiful to behold. The promoters of the numerous developments and their agents are almost exclusively from the North. The native Southerner has not caught the speculative fever. These agents know how to play on weak human nature, and many a tourist buys before he knows what he is doing. How is he to escape when he is given instance upon instance where buyers have more than doubled their money in a year's time? How many buyers must wait and wait until their turn comes the agent does not see fit to tell. The speculative atmosphere down here is anything but normal and healthy, and the Northerner is to blame for it.

But that Florida has a great future no one can doubt. Nor can it be doubted that the developments going on in this region of the West Coast, in spite of much wild-cat speculating, are bound to prove successful. Only there are too many of them as yet to make their progress normal and substantial, and many tourist speculators will return to the North wiser than when they went south. Such charming places as Belmar, Temple Terrace (both in the suburbs of the chief seaport city of Tampa) and Oldsmar at the head of the bay just

fourteen miles from Tampa, are bound to develop rapidly. Tampa gives promise of being the leading city of Florida. In five years' time it grew from a population of 25,000, to 125,000, and it is confidently predicted that in 1930 it will have doubled its present population. It is remarkable how many thousands from the North and the Middle West are making their homes especially during the fall and winter and spring, in this section every year. Draw a line just below Tampa across to the East Coast, and you have for fifty or one hundred miles above it nine months of the finest sunshine climate in the United States. There is no more even and salubrious climate in this belt of Florida than along the entire East Coast.

They make a mistake who imagine that about all that Florida produces is oranges, grapefruit, bananas and other citrus fruits. In this State, particularly in the belt we have just mentioned, the soil and rain and sunshine combine to produce all the vegetables and delicacies, at almost any time of the year you please, that the most luxurious table in the North could desire. Fresh peas and beans and tomatoes, celery and strawberries and blue berries, and what not to be had, and at reasonable prices, any time you have a craving for them. There is more sunshine, more rain and more rich soil in Florida than anywhere on the continent except perhaps in California. The Floridian will not admit of even this exception. Certain it is that for variability of agricultural products at almost any time of the year, it is in the very forefront of the States of the Union.

Why is this so? In the first place, it holds 90 per cent of all the phosphate, so necessary as a fertilizer, in the United States. It supplies Germany and other European countries where specialized farming has become a necessity, with many thousands of tons of fertilizer every year, and its resources in this particular are just beginning to be tapped. We at first put down these tales of its resources as Yankee exaggerations, for as we passed through Florida we saw almost nothing but vast stretches of marshy, sandy tracts of land very sparsely inhabited and seemingly useless for any other purpose than to make a Pennsylvanian long for his beautiful hills and valleys and streams of fresh and living water. Florida, to the superficial observer, strikes on as anything but a beautiful country to live in. Most of its vast expanse has not yet felt the touch of civilization, and there are so few hills and dales clothed in velvet green to please the eye and make one feel at home. But the North was once a wilderness, and a far more formidable one to conquer and put the stamp of civilization upon than is Florida. Here all that is needed is bone and sinew and muscle to drain the marshes, plow the sand, fertilize it with nearby phosphate wherever it may be needed, and then raise what you please.

Fruit down here is so abundant that nobody seems to care for it. Pass through an orange or grapefruit grove, and almost as much of this luscious product rots away on the ground as hangs upon the trees. It is remarkable how a tiny branch will hold a few stems fully a half dozen bouncing specimens of grapefruit weighing from twenty-five to thirty

pounds. To the newcomer it is a sight wonderful to behold, and he revels in the thought that now he will enjoy to the full what the Northerner craves in vain without paying fancy prices. But two facts generally militate against his fond anticipations. One is that the best fruit of the best orchards has no market at cheap prices in Florida. It is drafted for service in the North. It is "cornered" for the market just as butter and eggs and cereals have been cornered. The northern monopolist says to the Florida fruit grower, "I want all your best fruit at such and such a wholesale price," and, of course, he gets it. The second fact is that very common weakness in human nature which surfeits of things that are common and plentiful. Fill a child's play room with an overabundance of toys, and his chief delight is in breaking rather than enjoying them. Place before him all the fruits and dainties you can think of, and they will sour before his eyes as he clamors for something still beyond his reach. We are all children, it seems, and so accustomed to the luxuries of life here in America as to lose our appetite even for them. We are even slow to send our superabundance across the seas to fill cupboards that are empty and remove the sting of want and poverty from our brethren in the faith.

What of St. Petersburg?

Much can be said of St. Petersburg that is hopeful and praiseworthy. It is ideally located in the first place. The lower end juts into the gulf. The upper portion lies between two bays—Tampa Bay on the east side, and Boca Ceiga Bay on the west side. It is a city where sane recreation and

amusement are possible without the shams and shows and frivolities of most seaside resorts. There is evidently a marked difference in mode of life between it and Miami on the east coast. When asked what that difference was, some one replied: "In Miami millionaires know they are such and act like millionaires. In St. Petersburg you can hardly tell the difference between a millionaire and the man of ordinary income" "You have hit it exactly," said the man who has had a taste of life in both places. I dare not venture to O. K. this opinion, for I have never been in Miami in the first place, and I would not for the world offend readers of THE LUTHERAN who just as stoutly affirm that there is no spot in the world more delightful than Miami.

The Longest Bridge in the World

But Tampa, the destined metropolis of the gulf, is just across the bay from St. Petersburg. A two-million-dollar cement bridge, six miles in length, now connects the two cities and makes them in a real sense one. The great business and industrial center is Tampa. The real seat of culture and the habitat of tourists from the North is St. Petersburg. It is the city where men and women from the North elect to spend the evening of their lives to escape the burdens and toils which they can no longer endure and to find refuge from the rigors of the winter. It is a city of hotels and hostleries, and new ones are being built every year. To the north the city are charming villas such as Belleair, Clearwater and Tar-

pon Springs—all on the highway that leads to Oldsmar at the head of Tampa Bay, through Safety Harbor where De Soto landed and where are healing springs of water, down to Tampa. The distance to Oldsmar is about ten or twelve miles and to Tampa about twenty-five miles. But St. Petersburg will always be the hub of these outlying centers because it occupies the base of the peninsula.

At the west end of the Gandy Bridge where St. Petersburg begins, they are literally pumping residential lots of sand out of the bay. While they are deepening the channel along the west end of the bridge, they are adding to the mainland. I passed an amusement park at that point which has a sort of amphibious existence like the alligator. It is half way in and half way out of the water just at present; but within a brief year it will have dispensed with its amphibious mode of life and be a full-fledged land animal. That is a kind of evolution that will cause scientists to pause when they reckon millions of years to complete the process of change from an amphibious to an air and land existence. In a year or two, it is likely that the western extension from the bridge will have residences on both sides of that once watery thoroughfare. Many further inland are paying from three to fifteen thousand dollars per lot on either side of this thoroughfare where the land is still a continuous marsh. It looks like a suburb rising out of the water. A few years hence it will be an attractive residential section.

FOUR ROYAL VERBS.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

There are four Royal Verbs in the English language. They are all active verbs, and if you will learn them and practice them, I will guarantee that you shall reach every state desired by mortals.

I

The first verb is "I may."

It denotes chance, ability, permission to be.

I "may" be well, strong, successful, happy, useful, cultured, good, pure, wise, and holy.

It takes in the whole horizon of what you and I may become.

Face life, with all of its hardships, its little limitations, its nameless griefs, its personal stings, and then say, "I may" be able to change things and make them better. If not, I "may" be made strong enough to bear them.

II

The second royal verb is, "I can."

We do not have to be distinguished to be great. There is a greatness of heart that is as natural in a cottage as in a palace. Greatness is ability to face any crisis in life, or any opportunity, and say, "I can."

"I can" laid the Atlantic cable, flew the first plane, made Edison patent one thousand devices, sent boys and girls to school, carried Scott to the South Pole, helped thousands of people pay for little farms, in whose houses love and courtesy make into palaces.

"I can" admire, follow, and revere the character of Christ.

If we will keep the letter t from

the end of can we may arrive.

III

Follow "I can" with "I ought."

I fear that we Americans are in danger of losing some of the moral and spiritual power given to us by our fathers, by letting the "oughtness" out of duty.

We ought to be loyal to our homes, our country, our neighbors, our church, and our God. Whenever conscience whispers "ought," that is final to all who would be great and good.

The ruler who sits on the throne of Self is old King "I ought."

IV

Fourth in the list is the ruler of them all. "I will" is the guardian of the very citadel of the soul. Put "I wish" in his place and the man in you becomes a jelly fish.

Our desires must be brought under the leadership of the will, or they will run away with us.

The key to every door of opportunity is in the hands of "I will."

Here is a sure test that each of us can give to himself to find out whether he is a free man or a slave.

If you can WILL to do the thing you OUGHT to do, then you are free.

V

It is well to reflect that Christ also came under the spell of these four regal words. "I may" redeem the world. "I can" save the world. "I ought" to suffer for men. "I will" do it.

Because He answered each of these four challenges in a perfect way, He

has become the Great Example of human conduct.

Was it not Tennyson who summed up life's duties thus:—

“Our wills are ours, we know not why.

Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.”

“Now, tell me, what is the opposite of misery?”

“Happiness!” said the class in unison.

“And sadness?” she said.

“Gladness.”

“And the opposite of woe?”

“Giddap!” shouted the enthusiastic class.—Good Hardware.

NEW TEXTILE DIRECTORY.

The 1925 Textile Directory of the Southern Railway System, just issued, shows that, notwithstanding the fact that 1924 was a year of general depression in the textile industry throughout the world, the remarkable growth in the South again emphasizes the advantages of this territory for textile manufacturing.

This directory lists 1,015 plants operating 13,006,246 spindles, 257,445 looms and 43,475 knitting machines located at points served by Southern Railway lines at the end of 1924.

In all of the Southern States there are now 17,359,420 spindles, or 45.82 per cent of the total machinery engaged in the spinning of cotton in the United States. There was a net increase of 612,374 spindles in the South in 1924 and a net decrease of 362,545 spindles in the states outside of the South.

The remarkable growth of the textile industry in the South is shown in a graphic way by diagrams one of which shows that while the South had only a very small proportion (3.27

per cent) of the total spindles in the United States in 1880, there has been a steady increase from that year until, on January 1, 1925, the South had 45.82 per cent of the total. In states outside of the South the number of spindles increased slowly until the maximum of 20,981,175 was reached in 1922. Since that year there has been a decrease of 433,053 in those states, as compared with an increase in the South in the same period of 1,395,039. Another diagram shows that consumption on cotton has increased much more rapidly in southern mills than in those or other states and that in 1911, and in every year since that date, southern mills have consumed more cotton than those of all other states. In 1924 southern mills took 3,858,317 bales, which was 2,036,080 more than all other states and 67.92 per cent of the total consumption of cotton in the United States.

Seventy-five per cent of all the cotton spindles in all of the cotton growing states are in localities served directly by Southern Railway

System lines, and one of the most impressive features of the directory is an outline map of the railway with a dot representing each 10,000 spindles. Referring to the service rendered by Southern Railway System to the textile industry of the South, the following is printed on the back cover page of the directory under the heading, "Hauling Cotton to the Mill and Cotton Goods to the Market":

"Taking into account its tonnage of raw cotton and of cotton mill products the Southern Railway System is undoubtedly the largest carrier of cotton in the world.

"Accompanying the rapid growth of the textile industry, and especially the present-day development of dyeing, bleaching and finishing, there has been developed a wider distribution of cotton goods directly from the mills.

"The management of the Southern Railway System has recognized the opportunity and the obligation thus created for an efficient system on assembling and distributing textile mill products to the various markets of the East, North and West by special cotton goods trains. Textile mill products are assembled daily at Spencer Transfer (Salisbury, N. C.),

at Hayne Transfer (Spartanburg, S. C.), and at Inman Transfer (Atlanta, Ga), where they are loaded into package cars and forwarded on special trains scheduled for continuous movement to Southern Railway terminals. Daily through trains operate from Spencer and Hayne, uniting at Asheville, N. C., and carry through cars of cotton goods to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City, and other points in the North and Northwest by way of Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis gateways. This schedule is connected at Knoxville with through train service via Chattanooga to Memphis, carrying package cars to and beyond that point. Mill products loaded daily at Inman Transfer are handled on solid through trains to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans and beyond. From each of these transfer points through train schedules carry cotton to the East via Potomac Yard (all-rail) and via Pinner's Point-Norfolk (rail-and-water). From the South Carolina section there is a daily package car service to Charleston, by which route, in connection with the Clyde Steamship Line, expeditious rail-and-water service is provided to New York and the East."

"Well, Nancy," said Uncle John, who had just come on a visit, "come and take a walk with me and show me your town."

"Alright," agreed Nancy. "We has two ice-cream parlors—I 'specks you wants to see them first, don't you?"—Liberty.

A SUCCESS TALK TO FARM BOYS.

Dr. Clarence Poe in his Progressive Farmer gives a wholesome talk to the farm boys—in fact much of this admirable advice is suitable for all boys. Hear him:

My Dear Boy:—

This is the first letter I have written you this year, and I intend in it only to present and emphasize five things you will find it profitable to do in 1925:—

1. Learn something.
2. Earn something.
3. Save something.
4. Excel in something.
5. Give something.

I. Let's Learn Something

Probably you are in school now and do not yet realize how important it is to make the greatest possible use of every school day. Most people do not realize this while it is fully early enough—many not until it is entirely too late. My littlest boy stated the other day that he did not like to go to school, and when asked the reason answered, "It waste-tes too much time!" To him it "waste-tes" time that he had rather give to playing. But later on he will see that his parents are doing right in sending him to school, and that since he goes, he is doing right to try to make the best possible pupil out of himself.

But it is not in school only that boys can learn. In fact, the rural school term is so short that if a country boy does not resolutely make up his mind to make himself study even when he is not under the discipline of a teacher, he can hardly become a really educated person. You can educate yourself by reading—pro-

vided you read really useful and worth while books and not merely trashy literature. Possibly you feel you can never go to college and this fact may have discouraged you. It should not do so, however. I would remind you of Carlyle's saying, "The true university of these days is a collection of books." If you will make it a rule to read the best books of biography, history, science, essays, travel, and the writings of our greatest poets and novelists, you may educate yourself in spite of the shortcomings of the South's rural public school system. Very likely your state library commission at your state capital has a special collection of good books for boys it would lend you free of charge. You might simply address a note to the "State Library Commisison," at your state capital and ask about this.

There is also a great deal to be learned from club work. I confess I cannot understand how any ambitious Southern farm boy between ten and eighteen years of age can get the consent of his mind not to be a club member in 1925. I only wish such an opportunity had come my way when I was a farm boy thirty years ago. There are so many different kinds of clubs you can join—corn club, pig clubs, calf clubs, cotton clubs, etc.,—and the comradeship of your club leaders and your fellow club members would itself make joining worth while, even if you did not get a hundred other advantages, as

every wide-awake club member does.

II. Earn Something

Not only should I like for each Southern farm boy to learn something each day, each week, and each month of 1925, but I should like for him to earn something.

By this I mean that I believe every boy should not only help about the general work of the farm and home, but should also have some definite chance to earn something—and then with his earnings purchase something of real value and usefulness to himself. Such an endeavor gives a new zest to work and makes a boy more self-reliant and businesslike. Nearly every thoughtful father will be willing to help a boy in an effort of this kind by giving him a patch or field for his own, or a pig or calf, or a few hens. Or the boy may buy the pig, calf, or hens, or rent the land from his father. Anyhow, having acquired his start, the boy may then decide what it is he wishes to earn. If his father is hard-pressed, the boy may simply decide to earn enough to buy his own clothing next winter, or accumulate enough to carry him through school, or to help his father in some other way in the father's often hard struggle to support and educate a family. Hardly anything can be finer than for a boy to enter eagerly and whole-heartedly into the task of helping his parents under such circumstances.

On the other hand, conditions may be such that the boy can simply set out to earn something of special value to himself. My eleven-year-old boy last year earned a bicycle by special work running through a period of months; and now he and his nine-

year-old brother are paying part of the cost of a radio that they are enjoying every night.

There is nothing more important for any boy than the habit of steady industry, and it is a great deal easier to develop this habit when it leads to a definite and desired goal—leads to the purchase of something that the boy has set his heart on.

III. Save Something

In all cases where it is possible, however, I believe that a boy should not only earn something for buying some desired object, but that he should also get the habit of saving for later needs.

I sometimes feel that it would be a good thing if all persons at all times were required to save 10 per cent of what they make. There are few of us who could not, if we had to do so, get along practically as well on nine-tenths of what we make as on tenths, and the saving of the extra 10 per cent would come mighty near making everybody independent. Practically the whole country and every family in it would become prosperous.

When old James J. Hill was asked the secret of success for a young man, he answered: "Can he save money? If he cannot, the seed of success is not in him." Now this is true not simply because of what money we accumulate by saving, but because saving is one of the best means of discipline and character-formation that a boy can possibly bring to his help. It is said of most people that whenever they have money "it burns a hole in their pocket until it is spent." In other words, everything they want makes an urgent, imperative demand

for the spending of the money so long as they have it—and they lack the will to say “No.” Later on they will need the money more sorely for some other purpose, but they lack the will to deny the present for the sake of the future. It is this strong will and self-control which the habit of saving breeds in a boy. And this very habit of self-mastery formed by the discipline of saving will be of incalculable value to the boy when other tests of character come in later life.

IV. Excel At Something

There is one thing The Progressive Farmer has often said that every farmer ought to do, and I should now like to urge you and every other farm boy to do also, and that is this:—

Make it a rule to have something which is the very best of its kind in your neighborhood. Excel at something!

Just what you choose to excel in does not matter so much, provided it is something worthy. You may decide to have the best acre of corn in your neighborhood, or the prettiest calf, or the finest pig, or the most profitable flock of hens, or the best-kept orchard, or the best farm shop. The important thing is to have a hobby or specialty along with an effort to do all your daily work well. Somebody has said that the truly cultured man is “one who knows something about everything and everything about something.” It is a mighty good rule for every farm boy to specialize on some subject or task in this way. And certainly no boy should ever think that because his tasks are small or common, there is no opportunity to distinguish himself by

special effort, study, and application. It was a wise man who held up to you this ideal:—

“If I were a cobbler, I’d make it my pride

The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.”

V. Give Something

Last but not least, my dear boy, I should like to urge you to give something.

This does not necessarily mean money, although, of course, you should give some money to Sunday school and church and school objects and enterprises. But a very good and great man once said: “Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I to thee.” And so even though a boy may not have money to buy the things he would like to give to his parents or his brothers and sisters or to the sick and needy in the community, there are always opportunities for giving things just as important as money—and no boy is a real success if he thinks only of getting for himself and never of giving to others.

Never a day passes that there are not opportunities for giving things of priceless value—cheerfulness to all those with whom we are brought in contact; courtesy to one’s own family and playmates, as well as to strangers and distinguished folks; an opportunity to help a tired mother or a tired father in some unexpected way; or to surprise a brother or sister by some act of kindly thoughtfulness. Maybe something also needs to be done for your school, and instead of waiting for others to do it, you ought to

give your own efforts of support and leadership to the cause. Certainly I need not go further in this matter, for to anyone who has the will to give, opportunities are never lacking.

And so ends my first letter for 1925. My ideal plan is to send you such a letter each month, but right frequently something prevents me from doing

so. Anyhow, throughout 1925 may I not ask that you keep in mind just these five things:—

Learn something.

Earn something.

Save something.

Excel at something.

Give something.

We must speculate no more on our duty, but simply do it. When we have done it, however blindly, perhaps heaven will show us why.—Dinah Mulock Craik.

FEATHERED PLAYMATES.

By Dorothy Hanford Woodward.

Down in the big State of Texas where the sun does his duty one hundred per cent and more each day, a family from the East settled at a small ranch last year. The members of the family consisted of the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones, and their twin daughters, Hope and Doris.

For several weeks, the excitement of this change to new fields from their old home in the East filled the twins' days with pleasure and many adventures. First, they learned to ride horseback until they were able to ride hours at a time without tiring. They made the acquaintance of birds and flowers, many of which differed so much from those near their old home.

The time came one day, when these girls, brought up in a far distant city, became lonesome for their old friends and old life. The newness had worn off, and these new surroundings were not as alluring as

before. This worried Mr. and Mrs. Jones, as it was necessary for the family to remain here for some time until Mr. Jones could regain lost health and strength.

One day, when it seemed that the girls could no longer stand things as they were, a letter arrived which was to change things for them again. The letter was from an uncle who was in the business of buying animals for circuses and zoos. On a trip abroad, he had found a pair of ostriches which had been finely trained by a former animal trainer from a circus. These ostriches could be both ridden and driven, and were unusually tame. He wrote that the birds were then on their way to Texas, and that he hoped the twins would enjoy having these new pets.

Hope and Doris were very interested in watching the wire pen and yard which their father had built for the new pets. And they could scarcely wait for the big birds to arrive.

Great was the excitement that day when the ostriches were brought to the ranch. They were fastened in big crates and were very happy to be released. The birds ran about their enclosure and seemed to enjoy their new home. Hope and Doris were consumed with curiosity mixed with some fear, and for the first few days made their acquaintance of the the new pets from a safe distance beyond the wire fence.

Soon after the arrival of the ostriches, the twins decided, after much thought, to call the birds Peter and Emily. They fed Peter and Emily as much as they could themselves so that they could become friends with these new pets. It was several days though before they dared to go into the enclosure with Peter and Emily.

One of the things that amused the twins the most about their new pets was the variety of food Peter and Emily would eat. They found that the ostriches were not at all particular what they were fed as long as it was something to eat. They never reached the point where they could eat no more.

One day, about a month after their arrival, Peter and Emily were hitched to the cart which had been ordered for that purpose. The twins took turns riding with one of the men who was teaching them the management of this queer team. Peter and Emily made a fine team except at times when they became very stubborn and then had to be unharnessed and put back in their yard.

Peter and Emily furnished much entertainment for the grown people as well as the twins. Many things

which they had not known about ostriches the Jones family soon found out. They discovered for one thing that the boss of the ostrich family was Emily, and she certainly bossed Peter within an inch of his life. If there was a choice bit of food that Peter started to eat, and Emily thought that she wanted it, she drove him away and took it herself.

One day, a couple of months later, Hope went out after breakfast to see the ostriches. She saw Emily scratching sand up into a mound in the center of the enclosure. She called to Doris who came running up beside her. After Emily had fixed the mound to her satisfaction she came loping across the yard to the fence to see if the girls had anything for her to eat. The twins then rushed into the house to tell their parents about the mound. Later in the day, while Hope and Doris had their bird team out driving, Mr. Jones went into the pen and found that the mound contained two large eggs. He was very careful not to touch them in any way.

When the girls returned from their drive, Mr. Jones told them of what he had found. Hope and Doris were very excited and from then on for the next few weeks, they watched their ostrich family to find out how the eggs were cared for. They were very much surprised to learn that neither Peter nor Emily paid any attention to the eggs during the day, leaving them to the care of the sun, but as soon as night came, Peter settled down to keep the eggs warm until morning. This amused the twins very much, as they had always though that mother birds were the

paid one bit of attention to the eggs after that day when the twins saw her heaping up hot sand upon them.

About six weeks after the eggs had been buried by Emily, Peter having covered them carefully during every night, the young ostriches hatched out, and again the twins had another surprise. The morning of the day the ostriches were to make their appearance, Emily suddenly remembered them and went to the mound, where she dug up the eggs and proceeded to break the hard shells to help her children out. After she had done this, she left the young chicks to the care of father Peter and from then on, until these awkward youngsters were able to care for themselves, they were fed and cared for by their father. When the babies went out for a walk, Peter was nursemaid. When, at night, they were cold, Peter settled down to the task of keeping them comfortable until the sun could take

over the work the next morning. If any danger appeared, Emily never paid any more attention to her children than if they had been at the other end of the world from her. During all this time she went on bossing Peter, taking the choicest bits of food, gathering in the brightest pieces of glass she could find, for ostriches eat pieces of glass, china and is small enough for them to or anything else that glitters brightly swallow. All this time poor Peter became thin and worn with his duties as nursemaid and when the ostrich children finally reached the stage where they could hunt their own food, he seemed quite glad to be rid of them.

So the twins enjoyed the following months watching the two ostrich children growing up. They made great pets for the girls and no longer did the twins grieve for their old home in the East.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Charlotte Observer.

Butterflies are to be found in all parts of the world; they are to be seen during the Summer sunshine extracting nectar from the flowers. They are known chiefly as objects of admiration and pleasing contemplation, enhancing the charms of garden and wood, and sometimes flitting across the screen in moving picture scenes staged in tropical countries. They are listed as the diurnal lepidopterous insects, corresponding with the genus *pupilio*, as originally defined

by Linnaeus, but it is not of that species we have to deal this morning. It is with the artificiality known as the Broadway Butterfly. This new creation has figured much in the newspapers in recent times, conspicuously for the brilliancy of her adornment and for spectacular despoilment of the same. Incidentally, much detail of modern society life in the Metropolis has been revealed. The butterfly of the genus *pupilio* has its enemies, chiefly birds of prey; the Broadway

Butterfly has developed her enemies, chiefly in the shape of society burglars masquerading in dress suits. The Broadway Butterfly starts forth in the early evening to do "the usual rounds," which consists in a dinner and a theatre, after that more dinner and a dance, a cabaret and another dinner, a bowery whirl and a last dinner and then, as day is breaking, a break for "home." The home, in the case under consideration, is an apartment bearing the accouterments of luxury. Here the butterfly sleeps away the day and rouges up at evening for another "round." Always it has developed in recent times that the burglar masquerader is on her trail. He picks out the butterfly with the most imposing array of jewels—the butterfly with the most brilliant colorings—and follows her and her escort to the place fitted up as a home. When the butterfly and her escort are retired in supposed security and privacy, the gentleman burglar breaks in, ties them up, strips them of money and jewelry—and leave the rest to the reporters. In some cases the butterfly is mashed to death. This has happened in two instances; in the third the butterfly was only maimed and left to face the world in her embarrassment.

But are these Broadway Butterflies embarrassed? Not to hurt, it would seem. In the latest case of robbery and exposure, the butterfly victim phoned for her husband, but could not "get him;" meantime, her friend of the night bolted first for the agency that had insured the butterfly's diamonds. Then swarmed the reporters greedy for the story that "takes." The mother is interviewed,

as a matter of course, and the mother details how daughter would insist upon sleeping arrayed in all her gems and jewels. She would look so pretty in bed with her sparkling adornments. The mother was very proud of daughter and of her diamonds. It had never entered her mind that daughter could do anything wrong. Everything that daughter did was smart and chic. Daughter was her idol before God and all gods. She may have had no beauty of character, but she "looked so beautiful" in paint and diamonds. Why should not mother be proud of her? And when the gentlemanly burglar drops in and relieves her of the gaudy toys, perhaps in his hurry overlooking the small detail of killing her, she gets her picture in the paper and has herself talked about as a "Broadway Butterfly." Isn't that sufficient recompense for the paltry loss of diamonds? She can get a new supply from the same source, and perhaps may figure once more in the papers.

And that is "the life"—the life of the White Light district, with its butterflies flitting from cabaret to cabaret, dining and dancing in dazzling carnival of frivolity, and going home at daylight to "sleep it off," and perhaps to be robbed of the baubles that, analyzed from the standard of moral and social worth, are, in some cases, as much as mere tinsel as the life they clothe. It is the life some of the unsophisticated youth in urban and rural communities profess at times to crave—and it is the life from which they should pray God to give them deliverance.

ones to care for the eggs before the baby birds hatched. Emily never

WHEN HELPING WAS WRONG.

By Mrs. William D. Trantham.

Lulu's dark head bent over her tablet, while her chubby fingers wrote very carefully the questions that were on the blackboard, and, as she came to a decision, the answer to each one.

Suddenly she felt a nudge on her elbow. Winnie Dix, who sat right behind her, was looking at her anxiously. "Shh!" she said, with a glance at Miss Edwards' back. "Please, Lulu, just this once, tell me the answers—I [don't know a single one!"

Lulu looked at her rather distastefully. It was against the rules to tell, just as it was dishonest to get the work from someone else. Lulu's strict sense of right had a battle with her kindness—and the kindness, as she felt it, won.

She sheltered her paper—and turned so that Winnie could copy it, feeling a dislike of Winnie and the whole thing, while she did it. Besides, she had a guilty feeling, as she tried to look unconcerned, as though nothing were happening.

Finally those papers were taken up, another lesson was heard, then another. In each one, if Winnie could ask Lulu, she did so. Lulu wondered why Winnie never knew her lesson, for she was a bright enough child on the playground.

Suddenly a bell rang. "Dong! Dong!" And my! the scramble to get desks cleared, paper thrown away, and books and pencil boxes into their respective bags.

Suddenly there was a lull. Miss Edwards, whom they all loved, was

speaking in her quiet voice. "I think you all have your lessons marked for tomorrow, haven't you? I think that is about all. You may go—all except Winnie Dix and Lulu Prentiss—I must ask them to stay."

Lulu Prentiss! Lulu felt her round cheeks get very hot as the class turned surprised eyes upon her. Winnie was often kept in—because she very seldom knew her lessons—but Lulu! It was unbelievable! However, Miss Edwards was telling a teacher who had just come in that she expected to be a little late—so there was nothing to do but sit still, while the rest of her class turned, rose, and marched out.

As soon as the room was clear, Lulu waved a frantic hand, her eyes very bright on Miss Edwards' face. Miss Edwards spoke. "In a little while, Lulu, I am busy now," and she turned to marking some papers.

The clock slowly ticked away a half hour. Then another. Then another. Lulu remembered the trip she was going to take with her mother to try on shoes for very best. Her cheeks seemed about to burst, and her eyes felt heavy with tears she wanted to shed. Her mouth drooped. Never in all her four years of school had she ever been late—or even been kept in.

Suddenly, Miss Edwards put her papers aside, gave a sharp sigh, and spoke to the two girls.

"This morning," she said, "I came to school wondering if Winnie would know her lessons." She paused.

"Everyday, it has been the same, Winnie has not learned hers, and Lulu has learned hers. Winnie and Lulu both know it is dishonest for Winnie to copy from Lulu—but do you two girls know that Lulu is dishonest in letting Winnie do it?"

"Why, Miss Edwards—I—how could I say 'no'?" asked Lulu.

"That is just what you must say. I will tell you why. Winnie has found it very easy so far, to get through school by depending on someone else's work. Whenever anyone helps her, it encourages her to do the same next day. Winnie, you are a slacker. You have plenty of brains, and as much time as the other children to use them."

"Lulu, you are helping Winnie be a slacker, because you make it easy for her. I know you do it for kindness, dear, but after all, wouldn't it be kinder to let Winnie take care of herself—to learn to be self-reliant and not have you for a prop?"

"Some day you two may have your way to make in the world—and Lulu will know what Winnie does not—how to depend on yourself and on no one else."

Suddenly Lulu burst into tears. "I didn't know—I didn't know!" she sobbed. "I did it—and now I've

broken my record—and got k-k-kept in!"

Winnie looked very uncomfortable. And then she said, "Miss Edwrds, it wasn't Lulu's fault—ever. I always asked her—and she did it out of kindness, honest. It's my fault—and I wish you would count two kept-ins against me—and none against her—'cause Lulu couldn't help it."

Miss Edwards said nothing for a little while, then she told them: "I am not going to count this 'kept-in' as you call it—against either of you. It was not an ordinary 'kept-in,' because I have told you some things I want you to remember always. After this, Lulu will be punished for helping—when helping is in such a way that it is against the rules. And Winnie, you will be doubly guilty if you ask Lulu to help—for you are making two nice little girls do wrong."

Winnie spoke again: "Oh, Miss Edwards, I never thought of it that way, and truly I will study, and never, never do wrong again."

Winnie kept her promise, too, and she and Lulu are good friends, much better than they ever would have been if Miss Edwards hadn't changed the old way of things.—The Girls' Weekly.

VETERANS AS VICTIMS.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Congress adjourned after enacting legislation providing that no veteran of the World War may be given rehabilitation training after June 30 next. In the halls of the nation's legislators valiant scars have no per-

suasion, and open wounds do not cry aloud. Members of the last Congress, in denying rehabilitation to the men who were so badly broken on the wheel of war that they have been in hospital ever since they left

the battlefields, expressed to a nicety the rank ingratitude which republics are supposed to display to their real fighters.

Consider the enormity of the thing! Some of the veterans who took advantage of rehabilitation opportunities had their disabilities disappear while they were undergoing training. They came out of their training in fine condition to fight life's battles of peace. And now Congress takes action which denies a similar rehabilitation to men who, because of the pain and stubbornness of their hurts, have had to lie in bed for seven years!

Nor is that the whole story of Congressional ingratitude. During the past year 400 physicians quit the Veteran's Bureau. Some of the best doctors on the staff refused to sacrifice their careers to such conditions as now prevail in the Bureau's medical service. Foreseeing even greater defections on the part of these doctors, the Disabled American Veterans besought Congress, by petition and through personal appearance before

committees, to establish under the Veterans' Bureau a medical corps similar to the medical corps of the Army and that of the Navy. This, they said, would put the medical service of the veterans on a basis that would hold and attract good physicians to the care of these men who are entitled to the best the country can give. Congress refused the request.

Congress will have to be taught that the nation expects and demands fair treatment of the veterans. If iteration and reiteration are required to drive the idea into the average congressman's head, the country will station men in every committee room in the Capitol if necessary. It is a disgrace that lobbyists have to supplement the eloquent pleas that come from the wounds and agonies of the men who won the war. But the means by which fair play is secured is a minor consideration. The essential thing is that Congress be forced to give the veterans all the relief they ask.

SPITTING IN DARK CORNERS.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Walking up the stairway of a large mail order house today, I was surprised to find the corners in the stairway painted snow white.

Asking the reason, I was told this: "We keep them white so people will not spit on them."

That is good psychology, and good manners as well.

Man is a spitting animal, especially if he "chews."

Ever since Indian tobacco was found pleasant to chew, the dark corners and stairways have been "yellow ochred" up by men whose salivary glands were under the stimulation of a fresh chew.

Now and then a man will forget and "let fly," but as a rule, only the color blind will expectorate.

Some wag said, "If you expect to rate high, you must not expectorate

low.”

I am thinking about the corners of our thoughts. They should always be kept white.

One is not so likely to be unclean in his life if he keeps the corners of his imagination white.

Profanity and obscenity will be shamed out of the speech of one if there are no dark places for them to lurk.

A clean, white idea is valuable in all ways, but chiefly in the fact that dirtiness looks so dirty beside it.

I have an old uncle, who has spent most of his 85 years on a farm, who told me that the idealization of his mother's white life once restrained him from committing an unclean act.

When temptation came to him his inward thought was, “That would be a disgrace to my mother.”

A young man or woman cannot

do better than to keep the clean life of father or mother ever before them.

The day will come when all men will follow Christ. The great practical fact about being a Christian is that, with Christ as a living ideal in the heart, the low and unclean things that lurk so close to the best that is in us, will look hideous beside Him.

A youth in a strange city was being urged by some new-found friends to enter with them a place of ill repute. He said:—

“I can't take my Companion in there.”

The young man was right. The ideal he had of Christ was so white that he did not care to be indecent. The corners of his soul were white.

The Old Book says: “Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.”

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Davis.

Mr. Guy Alexander, one of the third cottage officers, has resigned his position at the institution.

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The carpenter shop boys have completed the job of making screen doors for the dairy barn.

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Herbert Apple has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Greensboro.

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Elmer Jordan, Clifton Rogers and Robert Ray Poole, formerly boys at the institution, were here on a visit

recently.

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Several of the larger boys have been digging ditches for Mr. Joyner, a neighbor of the school.

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Last Tuesday the band gave a concert in the pavilion. They played several very good selections.

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Vaughn Smith received his parole Thursday. He made a very good record while at the school.

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Some of the farm boys are pre-

paring ground for watermelons under the supervision of Mr. Morris. We hope to have some fine ones this year.

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Miss Vernie Goodman, Mrs. Guy Hudson and Miss Loraine Brown, of Kannapolis spent a few days in Newberry, S. C. last week.

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Peanuts were again distributed among the boys on the athletic field Saturday. After this base ball and tennis were played.

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On Thursday the boys enjoyed seeing two more fine pictures. They were: "To have and To Hold" and "Penrod and Sam."

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Two new boys have been placed in the morning band and have been given clarinets. The boys are Willie Smith and Whitlock Pridgen.

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Last Thursday afternoon, Mr. W. W. Johnson called out all the new boys, that had not had their blood tested, and Dr. Buchanan, the county health officer, had charge of the work.

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A scaffold was erected by the car-

penter shop boys to aid in the drawing up of one of the pumps. After being repaired it was put into place again. This work was done under the direction of Mr. A. C. Groover.

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Last Wednesday the following boys were made happy by seeing their relatives and friends: Paul Camp, Paul Leneir, Jack Stewart, Mack Wentz, Pete Ransom, James Cumbie, Huett Collier, Hemrie Edwards, and Samuel Proctor.

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Major C. E. McClintock, superintendent of the Virginia Industrial School, and Mr. Joseph Butcher, an officer of the same institution, visited us last week. After visiting similar institutions in several states, both visitors declared that J. T. S. was the best they had seen.

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Mr. Boger made a very interesting talk last Thursday night between reels of the picture. His subject was based on the poster in the Auditorium, which read: "Keep On-- Keeping On." He said, "Once we have set out for a goal "Keep On-- Keeping On" would be the only way to reach it."

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

UNSCRAMBLING SCRAMBLES.

Anybody with stick, fork or spoon can scramble an egg. But to unscramble—"aye, there's the rub!" To untangle the skein is a painstaking and sometimes a nerve-racking task. Yet some people do little else than get things in a jumble. People of real value to society are compelled to spend a good portion of their time in an attempt to straighten out what other folks have muddled. The efficiency of some are constantly being put to the test to undo what the inefficiency of others have brought about. A man in church who got his prayer so muddled that he could not proceed, asked a neighbor to "finish the prayer." The neighbor with a refreshing candor replied, "I would rather make a new one." Who has not felt that way when called upon to undo what others have done?—Greensboro Advocate.

—————PUBLISHED BY—————

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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“CABARRUS BLACK BOYS.”

We wish our friend, Hon. Frank M. Williams, retired editor of a once prominent newspaper—The Enterprise—and a scholarly gentleman of Newton, N. C., had not disturbed our complete satisfaction with the patriotic purposes of the “Cabarrus Black Bays,” of gun-powder explosion fame.

Mr. William’s position jars our abiding pride in the belief that these boys started something that resulted in changing the map of the world. We have believed it so strongly that our good women who are eligible to membership in the organization, named its local D. A. R. Chapter after the “Black Boys.”

When this article appeared in the Charlotte Observer, denying the reasonableness of the “Cabarrus Black Boys” appearing in the coming 20th of May celebration, and assigned his reasons for his position, we were sent forth with hurriedly to Wheeler’s History, which carries an account, written by Hon. D. M. Barringer, once U. S. Minister to Egypt, that gives ample and satisfying reasons for a complete faith in the boys whose deed gives a pridelful color to local history.

Brother Williams “had not ought to have” written his piece that may throw doubt on the valor and patriotism of the “Cabarrus Black Boys,” who, if they didn’t start the American Revolution, at least manifested an heroic sympathy for it.

Judge Morrison Caldwell in an article in Sunday’s Charlotte Observer, cites

Mr. William to certain historical references that seem to puncture Mr. Williams position. The Uplift carries in this issue Mr. Caldwell's article.

* * * * *

GRUMBLING.

Grumbling is most horrible. To be encouraged by a note of commendation is fine, but it is horribly severe on the feelings to have it followed by a qualification that always begins with a "but."

A right smart of a philosopher has asked the simple question, "is your name Dick Grumble?" And he proceeds to observe:

Is your name Dick Grumble? If so, why?

The world is full of chronic grumblers. They whine when they are sick, they whine when they are well, they whine all day and half the night, and doubtless they whine in their sleep. In fact, they whine at everything and everybody; nothing pleases them. I often wonder whether heaven will meet with their approval or not. Will the singing suit their taste? Probably not. Will they want to improve the golden streets? Doubtless they will.

Why do you grumble? If some person should ask you this question, you would have no sensible answer to give. Don't grumble. The lunatic asylums and penitentiaries are filled with many people who started life grumbling and landed where they are.

If your name is Dick Grumble change it. Stop grumbling and "pucker up and smile for the worst is yet to come."

Is your name Miss Grumble? Are you like the proudly strutting peacock who moves about the barnyard with its lovely feathers held up so high in the air and his head stuck up so haughtey that he cannot even see the other folks around? Of course, he is very much gratified because he is prettier than the little ugly duckling, but the little ugly duckling will be something more than show some day.

It has been said that if the peacock could get his proud head low enough to see his rusty feet his lovely tail feathers would fall to the ground never to be raised again. "Oh! for power to see ourselves as others see us."

Do you, like the peacock, think that you are better than your companions? If so, then why? "All me are created equal."

* * * * *

THERE IS A CAUSE.

Outside of automobiles and Fords there are but few accidents or the appearance of luck. There is a cause for everything. In the final analysis nothing ever "just happens." If a man is promoted to a better job, there is a cause. If a man loses his job, the public prints may announce that he

has "resigned," but there is a cause.

There are many causes that lead to the announcement that So and So has accepted a job with So and So; and on the contrary there are many causes that lead to a failure, though the public prints may announce that So and So has resigned, and here are some of them:

1. Finding fault with the other fellow, but never seeing your own.
2. Doing as little as possible and trying to get as much as possible for it.
3. Spending too much time showing up the other fellow's weak points, and too little time correcting your own.
4. Slandering those we do not like.
5. Procrastination—putting off until tomorrow something that we should have done day before yesterday.
6. Deceit—talking friendly to the other fellow's face and stabbing him in the back as soon as he turns around.
7. False belief that we are smart enough to reap a harvest of pay before sowing a crop of honest service.
8. Disloyalty to those who have trusted us.
9. Egotism—the belief that we know all, and no one can teach us anything.
10. Last, but not least, lack of the necessary training and education to enable us to stand at the head in our line of work.

* * * * *

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A very scholarly observer, who has had much experience out in the world, and has seen men rise and men fall, men advance and men slip, has summed it up as follows:

I used to be very much interested in hearing teachers and others tell how a wire through which an electric current was passing would by what they called induction charge another wire that was placed near it. Of course nowadays we scarcely marvel at anything we hear it is possible to do with electricity. It ranks with one of the very greatest of all discoveries. That it should have been here all these millenniums and not have been known by our ancestors except to fear it seems a mystery.

But the power of an electrified wire over another that is stretched near it is suggestive. We are told that the pendulums of two clocks somewhat alike and standing close together tend to swing in unison. It is a law that God has caused to run through the universe. Our influence over one another is very similar. If two persons are placed side by side at work or play the tendency is for them to become more and more alike. The stronger will

win the other to his way of thinking and acting. Neither of them may be conscious of what is taking place. They are not like two parallel lines, always remaining the same distance apart no matter how far extended. What is happening in the world of people is nothing more or less than the impact of good on evil and of evil on good. Here good is stronger, and it gradually wears down the evil; there evil is stronger, and it gradually eats away the good.

* * * * *

RECORD FOR SAFE TRAVEL.

Of 17,602,921 pasengers who rode on Southern Railway System trains during 1924 not one was killed in a train accident or as the result of any failure or negligence on the part of the railway or of its employees, says a statement just issued by the Safety Department of the Southern. Of all this large number, the only one to lose his life was a college student who jumped from a moving train, thus ignoring the rules established for the safety of passengers.

The average distance traveled by each passenger was 66.18 miles, the total number and the average haul both showing decreases under 1923 in which year 18,310,013 pessengers were transported an average distance of 68.5 miles.

“These figures show that the Southern has gone through another year without the death of a passenger as the result of a human or mechanical failure, chargable to its employees or equipment,” the statement continues, “but there seems to be no effective safeguard against th aect of passengers who risk their lives by disregarding the common laws of safety and the rules which have been established for their own protection.”

* * * * *

VERY INFORMATIVE.

In another column of this issue will be found a very informative article under the title of “The Pistol.” It is taken from the Presbyterian Standard, and, being an editorial, we take it to be the opinion of Rev. Dr. Bridges, the talented editor.

Some of these times, when we get the good doctor off to himself and find him in a communicative frame of mind we shall make minute inquiry as to how he come to know so much about the pistol and John Barleycorn and their influences on folks. The good doctor is far removed from any personal knowledge of these two outlawed afflictions of mankind. Being not so far removed as the editor of the Presbyterian, we are inclined to accept the con-

clusions reached in the interesting article.

* * * * *

GREENESS.

A trip through Union county and the eastern edge of Mecklenburg reveals a pleasing condition. Never in all our history have we seen so many well-cared-for fields and so many where the land is covered with a carpet of greeness. Somehow or other we thought of Zeb Green, the evangel of Lespedeza.

Whether all this beautiful sight was due to the presence of Lespedeza, we are unable to say—but certainly it looks as if some powerful leadership has been operating among the farmers throughout Union county.

But there is laso in Union county, actively at work another agency—his name is Broome, the county demonstrator.

* * * * *

DEATHS.

It appears that never before have there been so many deaths occuring in the state. The daily papers never appear without announcing the death of some outstanding person in the state. News agencies have reached such an advance toward perfection which perhaps makes the number of deaths appear larger than in former periods.

* * * * *

All those congressmen, who have any patrotic or religious objections to accepting the extra twenty-five hundred dollars voted as an increase to their salaries, need not worry long over the matter. If it bothers any of them, this institution will aid them in getting around the problem. We can use all this extra money in caring for many boys, who are knocking for admittance into the institution.

We hope there will be no rush, for we would deplore overworking our office force in the business of making polite and grateful acknowledgement for these extra twenty-five hundred dollars that bother, according to reports, some of the congressional representatives.

* * * * *

Frank Page and his commission are still on the job. This week contracts were let for the construction of fifty-four miles of concrete and thirty-seven miles of soil roads. Nothing was done about the contest in Catawba county, where the folks are contending for the spirit as well as the letter of the law being observed in the location of the road from Statesville to Newton.

There is considerable rejoicing over the fact that the old Atlantic & Yadkin railroad, having failed to pay expenses under the operation of the Southern for years, shows a profit under the direction of the receivers, who have been in charge for a year.

* * * * *

He has the capacity and the ability to fill the plea most admirably, but we dare say that Gov. McLean will never allow himself to become excited over the suggestion of making him the presidential nominee in 1928—the suggestion would have to come from a source other than Atlanta.

* * * * *

Gov. McLean is getting his budgetary system in operation. It is forecasted, also, that in a few days he will announce the commission to revise the salary and wage schedules applicable to clerkships etc.

* * * * *

And Salisbury has entertained Gutzen Borglum. There are many granite rocks in the good old county of Rowan. Probably the sculptor was planning some models suitable for the preservation of some historical events.

* * * * *

Tennessee has legally declared itself on the side of The Bible. A bill passed and signed by the governor forbids the teaching of Darwinism in the schools supported by public taxation.

* * * * *

Don't take 'em off until after Easter.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is blossom time again, and everybody is beginning to feel springy, if they haven't got that joy tingling sensation before this. Sap is mounting, and every one you meet seems to have that sapient understanding that all those tender plants Mother Nature has cared for during the long winter months are awakening to gladden the world with their beauty—the violets, the crocuses and hyacinths vie in beauty with the pink of the peach, and the white of the pear trees, and the yellow shrubbery that waves its golden branches in the balmy breeze. The poet terms it "Spring's Awakening." I know it is blossom time, the happiest, most glorious season of the year, for the Spring poets are writing about it, and their effusions are illuminating all of the newspaper offices, and waste baskets, like the dandelions that are popping up in the meadows and on lawns. Yes, we have evidence that it is blossom time, and another spring time, for a recent advertisement carried this announcement: "Lawn Mowers Sharp-ened at Reduced Prices."

Speaking of losing things, I heard of a Durham man who lost his knife, and another Durham gent found it, and inquired of the loser, "Did you lose a knife?" "Yes; where did you find it?" "Right where you lost it." People are so prone to say, when a person says he or she has lost something, "Where did you lose it?" I have heard of one person, who, when asked this question, replied, "If I knew where I lost it, I'd go there and

get it." All of this reminds me that the chap who lost the bass drum, and the absent-minded gent who mislaid the piano stool, will have to resign their laurels to a foreigner. A conductor of a passenger train in France recently reported to headquarters that he couldn't complete his trip because he had lost his locomotive.

Of course you know the old, old story. It is worth repeating. A machine broke down. The operator, the foreman and the plant engineer couldn't start it. The expert took one quick look at the machine. Tapped it several times with a hammer, and told the operator to start it. His bill was \$250. When the superintendent asked for an itemized statement he got this:

Tapping with hammer,.....\$ 1.00
Knowing where to tap,..... 249.00

Experience in all lines of business, whether it be with machinery, arguing a case, attending a patient, selling goods, writing an article, preaching a sermon, making a biscuit, or what not, success comes in knowing just where to tap. It is this knowledge that makes experts; and experts are needed all along the line.

Did you know that humor is a great solvent? The person who possesses a sense of humor and knows how to use it can have an easy time traveling through, and up and down this old world. Thomas Lawrence, a young archaeologist, won international fame during the world war by work he did in Arabia, returned to England and

built a bungalow in Epping Forest, near London, a national preserve. When the authorities told him he had broken the law by erecting a stationary house when the law provides that all buildings in the park must be moveable, Lawrence did no arguing. He bought some red paint and with a brush put four wheels on the foundations. Although the English are not supposed to have a sense of humor by those who don't know them, the authorities looked at those painted wheels, laughed, and left Lawrence alone. Men with a true sense of humor waste little time arguing or explaining.

There is a great awakening in Durham in the raising of chickens. The biddie population is increasing at a rapid rate. I am persuaded that it will not be long before we have poultry to the right of us, poultry to the left of us, poultry all around us, cackling and crowing. One store in Durham has a chicken counter and sells the biddies for 15 cents each. Bob Hackney, with his incubator hatchery, in the basement of his store, has 700 young chicks and hatches out about 200 daily, for himself and other people, who furnish the eggs. It is all commendable, and encourages better strains of poultry, and more eggs. If it keeps on going like it is just now, I will be hearing incidents to tell my readers like the one about the lady who wrote to a poultry journal that raising chickens was much to her liking, but she wanted to know just how long a hen should remain on the eggs. The editor wrote her: "Three weeks for chickens and four weeks for ducks." Later she wrote

to that journal as follows: "Many thanks for your advice about the setting hen. She remained on the nest three weeks, and at the end of that time there were no chickens hatched. As I did not care for ducks, I took her off the nest and sold the eggs."

A group of persons were talking about the Community Chest, and were very solicitous about the part the Red Cross would play in it. Those who think they cannot afford to help this cause, and the other worthy objects embraced in the chest, might follow the example of the little girl I heard of who went to her mother and told her she did wish she had some money to give the Red Cross. Her mother being the right kind of a one, who grabs every chance to plant seeds of virtue in her darling's mind improved the opportunity to teach her offspring self-sacrifice, said: "Very well, dear; if you would like to go without sugar for a week, I will give you the money you want." The little girl meditated a few moments and then asked earnestly: "Must it be sugar, Mamma?" "Why, no, darling not necessarily. What should you rather do without?" "Soap, mamma," was the little girl's reply. This story would have sounded lots more natural to me if it had been a little boy. I think boys must be naturally more self-sacrificing than girls, for I could point out quite a number of boys right here in Durham that would be quite willing, I am sure, to go without soap for a week or even longer, but I can hardly think of any girl that would. Speaking of going without soap reminds me of an awfully dirty tramp that accosted

a lady the other day and asked her to subscribe half a dollar to his fund to beautify the town. She looked surprised and asked him how he was planning to do that. "By moving on to the next place," said he.

Speaking of cross-word puzzles, and I see that most every paper and magazine you pick up is carrying them, I saw in some one of the papers that the fad had its origin in ancient Egypt, which explains why the Israelites were so anxious to flee into the wilderness. We may have to come to that ourselves, although in this country even that would hardly save us, for some tourist would be sure to trail into camp in a tin Lizzie, eagerly demanding whether we had heard of any animals of five letters that emit a peculiar fragrance. And the "tin Lizzie" reminds me of a story a man told me the other day about a woman who called on a doctor for a serious ailment which he diagnosed as ptomain poisoning. "Have you eaten anything in a tin can lately?" he inquired, smoothing his puzzled brow. "Why no-o," replied the woman thoughtfully, "Oh yes, I have too," she added upon second thought. "I ate my lunch in our car this noon."

The greatest maker of proverbs the world has even known, Col. King Solomon, has told the sluggard to go to the ant, to learn lessons of industry. Some may do this; and some may go to their rich aunt for the rewards of industry, but I saw two Durham boys the other day, sitting on the concrete steps, before a residence, intently watching, as I thought, a crack in the

cement. But I was mistaken. Across the concrete was passing a string of large red ants. Those boys were feeding them crumbs of chocolate, and seeing how big a piece they could carry away. The ants were tackling every piece in their way some of them were carrying off pieces three and four times larger than they were. That was an object lesson of industry, and whether the boys will profit by their curiosity or not, I am not prepared to say. They had followed out old man Sol's injunction.

And this reminds me that the world stands insistent and looks us through. The world is looking for people who know where they are going, and why they are going. These are the people who do things. Like the Argonauts of the Oregon Trail, make milestones of obstacles and bring things to pass. These are they whom the world is eagerly seeking as it trenchantly puts the inevitable challenge. It is not where from, but where to—always where to. Small consequence who you are and where you've been. Where to, is the persistent and eternal query. It is a query that searches us as individuals. Are we being aimlessly shunted along the corridors of the years, or are we pursuing our way purposefully? Do we plan with forethought? The road that leads somewhere is on ahead.

I heard a man say, the other day, that a certain store in this town had the neatest back yard of any place in this community. Well, this store is to be congratulated upon the looks of the front. It is so bright and attractive that it lifts up your spirit just to

go inside and look around; especially when the clerks all smile at you, as they generally do. It makes you feel so happy that you think you can afford anything, and you're apt to start right in on a career of buying that you hadn't intended at all. As a matter of fact, I've noticed that feature about all of our Durham stores anyway. After I've been away and visited out of town stores, where the clerks hustle past you without a look or smile, trying to show how busy they are, I suppose, and act as if it was a favor for them to wait on you at all, I always realize what awfully nice people keep stores in Durham. They are themselves their own best

advertisement, and realize the value of advertising, as Mark Twain did when, as editor of a small-town paper he received a letter from a superstitious subscriber saying he had found a spider in his paper, and asked whether that was a sign of good luck or bad. The humorist promptly printed the following answer: "Finding a spider in your paper is neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over the paper to see which merchant is not advertising so he can go to that store, spin his web across the door, and live a life of undisturbed peace ever afterwards."

YOU CAN'T FOOL THE KIDS.

Everywhere there is a hue and cry about the depravity of children, their lack of good manners, their lack of reverence, their lack of gratitude, and their lack of morals. Having been a kid myself at one time in my life, and being now the father of four, I think I have a right to take at least one shot at the answer.

There's nothing fundamentally wrong with the kids today, but there's a lot wrong with us parents. There isn't a kid alive today who isn't eager to know how and what to do to be clean and straight and strong and lovable. The trouble is not with the children; it's with ourselves. We have made the mistake of expecting too much of the kids without making a serious effort to measure up to our own responsibilities.

The kids are having a hard time of it and they need our help—but they can't get much help from us if we are not ourselves sincere, friendly, charitable and spontaneously intelligent about it. And we're not fooling the kids; they have our measure and, while we're saying things about them, it would be interesting to know what they think of us.—A Saunders editorial from Collier's the National Weekly.

GLORY OF THE BLACK BOYS.

By Morrison H. Caldwell.

Hon. F. M. Williams, a scholarly lawyer, at Newton, has fired a broadside into the Regulators and the "Black Boys, the bright stars of the Regulator War." He suggests that the program committee "make a careful study of the Regulator episode before giving recognition to the Black Boys." To this I interpose not the slightest objection, but I shall ask the committee to study Volume 8 of North Carolina Colonial Records, and especially the unbiased judgment of that distinguished North Carolinian, the late Colonel William L. Saunders, who edited this volume. In his prefatory notes, Colonel Saunders makes a magnificent and unanswerable argument against the unjust and unwarranted aspersions upon the patriotism of the Regulators.

Referring to the petitions presented to the judges and to Governor Tryon by the Regulators, Colonel Saunders says: "These petitions contain the complaints of the Regulators couched in their own language. They give no indication of a want of education, patriotism or regard for law. Verily, the Regulators might well be content to rest their case upon these petitions."

Further, Colonel Saunders says: "Of the 47 Sections of the State Constitution adopted in 1776, 13 more than one-fourth, are the embodiment of reforms sought by the Regulators, and yet though many men have maligned the unhappy, Regulators, no man has dared reflect upon the 'patriots of '76,' who

thus brought to such a glorious end the struggle the Regulators began and in which they fought, bled and died. The War of Regulation ended not with the Battle of Alamance, but with the adoption of State Constitution in 1776."

I should like for Colonel Williams and the program committee to also read an extra from Boston Gazette of July 22, 1771, as printed in North Carolina Colonial Records, volume eight, page 639, as follows: "The accounts we have heard from North Carolina give us abundant reason to think that the people in that Province have been intolerably oppressed; that the Government, instead of duly attending to their repeated complaints and redressing their grievances, etc."

On March 7, 1771, about 500 Regulators encamped on the banks of the Yadkin, near Salisbury, assembled for a redress at grievances, one of which was the extortion of the officers at Salisbury in charging fees higher than the fees allowed by law. These officers signed an agreement with a committee of Regulators agreeing that if the Regulators would disperse and go home they would repay to all persons whatever had been charged illegally, said amount to be decided by certain men as arbitrators. The day for settlement was set for the third Tuesday in May, 1771. Governor Tryon was advised by these officers of this agreement and the communication closes thus: "We flatter ourselves the measures we have taken will be approved of and acceptable to Your Excellency." Colo-

nial Records, volume eight, page 533. Imagine the amazement and mortification of these Salisbury officials, when on April 5, 1771 Governor Tryon replied: "Your agreement with the Insurgents is unconstitutional, dishonorable to Government and introduction of a practice most dangerous to the peace and happiness of society," Colonial Records, volume eight, page 545. In pursuance of his plans to "promote the peace and happiness of society," Governor Tryon ordered all the militia captains to march into the counties of the Regulators. Without permitting the Salisbury officials to carry out their agreement effective on third Tuesday in May, we find General Waddell in Salisbury on May 2, 1771, waiting for the powder and ammunition which the Black Boys destroyed when it was within 20 miles of the place of delivery.

As proof of the cruelty and tyranny of Governor Tryon, note the following facts: Captain Benjamin Merrill at Rowan County, who was one of the men who had presented the petition for redress of grievances, received the following sentence from Tryon's Chief Justice: "I must now close my afflicting duty by pronouncing upon you the awful sentence of the law, which his that you, Benjamin Merrill, be carried to the place from where you came; that you be drawn from there to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck; that you be cut down while yet alive, that your bowels be taken out and burnt before your face;

that your head be cut off; your body divided into four quarters and this to be at His Majesty's disposal, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul." This martyr of liberty died singing Psalms to praise of God.

Old John Knox said: "If Princes exceed their bounds they may be resisted by force." The Scotch-Irish pioneers who wrote that Declaration at Charlotte on May 20, 1775, had been taught the same doctrine by Craighead, "Resistance to tyrants" was obedience to God."

Mr. Williams evasts a slur upon the patriotism of the Regulators, because many of them took no active part in the war and some actually fought for the King. It is well to be fair. If Mr. Williams will examine these Colonial Records he will discover that Governor Tryon, after the defeat of the Regulators, had compelled them all to take oaths ever after to support the King. They were liberty-loving, but God-fearing men, who regarded the sanctity of an oath. Fortunately for the future of this Commonwealth, Rev. David Caldwell and other ministers advised that when the Sovereign ceases to protect and begins to oppress, the oaths of the subject to submit, ceases.

In conclusion, Mr. Williams is concerned to know what the "Black Boys" did in the war of Independence. Only two of them ever took that oath because only two ever surrendered. They were soldiers—all of them—and right nobly did they finish the work they began in May, 1771.

There is a noble forgetfulness—that which does not remember injuries.—C. Simmons.

THE PISTOL.

Presbyterian Standard.

There is a cartoon in a recent issue of the *Literary Digest* that is rather more than usually significant and suggestive. The object is to mark a contrast. The medical world is busy tracking down the microscopic germ, and devising serums of various kinds to head him off and put a stop to his health-destroying business. At the same time, factories are turning out pistols by the carload, these are being distributed through the channels of trade; and are placed in the hands of those who have no other serious use for them than to destroy the lives of their fellow-men. Great is the concern over the depredations of the invisible germ! Great is the unconcern over the openly displayed and far more deadly pistol.

We might note another contrast. Since the early days of my ministry I have been a pronounced prohibitionist. It has been so abundantly demonstrated that strong drink is a breeder of crime and misery, that legal prevention of its sale for beverage purposes has seemed to me the clearest dictate of reason. But now that prohibition has been enacted into law, it taxes the resources of government to make the law even partially effective. The whole country is kept in a somewhat agitated condition by the efforts to stop bootlegging. At the same time the pistol, more sure in its deadly aim than John Barleycorn, is almost ignored.

True there are laws against carrying concealed weapons. But little effort is made to enforce these laws. There are no government spies, no

special duputies, to make search for the concealed weapon, to arrest suspicious characters, and to bring offenders to merited punishment.

There is less excuse for the pistol than for strong drink. When a man loads up on booze, it is with the idea of having a good time. Booze in moderate measure exhilarates, and imparts to life an optimistic hue. It gives self-confidence to the bashful, sharpens the wit of the dullard, and greatly enlivens social intercourse. There is a temptation to drink growing out of man's social disposition. He can have a much merrier time and impart more merriment to others if he can "wet his whistle." As a rule men drink merely for the exhilarating effect of the liquor. It is with no thought of doing harm to others. We may say further that in the majority of cases, drinking harms no one but the drinker. Of course, when the habit is formed then a principal motive for drinking is to gratify the craving created by the habit.

How about the pistol. When a man loads up with that, he feels no exhilarating effect. It imparts no optimistic delusion to life. When a man slips a pistol in his pocket, he is not thinking about making social intercourse more pleasant. He is not planning to give his friends a treat. If he thinks of any particular individual, that individual is an enemy, and he is preparing to make it dangerous for that enemy to meddle with him. If he thinks of no one in particular, then his act means that those with whom he meets and mingles

must treat him with such consideration as his own estimate of his rights, his honor, and his self-respect demand. He constitutes himself sole judge of the proprieties and is prepared to enforce his judgment. Violating the law in carrying a pistol, he is proposing to disregard the law in the use of it. His act is distinctly unfriendly, and is a menace to his fellows.

I am not talking about the professional criminal. Of course he carries a pistol to use in his business. All law-abiding citizens would be glad to see him disarmed, and deprived of the privilege of securing a deadly weapon. I am talking about respectable persons, those who are classed as decent and law-abiding. Many of these have pistols in their homes, and frequently carry them in their pockets. Such persons have no proper business with a pistol. It is not needed for protection. If a man behaves himself, and is reasonably considerate of his fellow-man, he will not need to defend himself, certainly not to the extent of killing his assailant. It is far better that he should suffer a measure of wrong and even of humiliation than that he should kill an adversary. Any wrongs that the laws

cannot rectify, it is our duty patiently to suffer. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." A man should beware of usurping the prerogative of God.

A pistol is poor protection against a highwayman. An attempt to use it is almost certain to cost one his life. The best protection against a highwayman is to obey him promptly, and with as good grace as possible. Better to lose a watch and pocket-change than to lose all need of a watch and pocket-change.

A bill has been passed by the lower house of Congress forbidding the use of the mails in advertising or shipping of fire-arms. Some mail-order houses have announced their purpose not to fill orders for pistols. These are hopeful signs. We should welcome every measure that will result in making it more difficult for people to get possession of weapons that are not used for pleasure, nor for killing game; but are usually carried for the distinct purpose of being used, if used at all, to kill a human being. We should strive to create a public sentiment which will brand it as a greater disgrace for a man to be discovered with a pistol than with a flask in his pocket.

"Have you seen a strayed fox terrier about, my boy?"

"Little black-white one?"

"Yes."

"With a stump tail and sharp nose?"

"Yes."

"Ears stuck up?"

"You describe him exactly."

"I ain't seen him, mister, but I know the sort you mean."—Tit-Bits.

IMPORTANT ARRIVAL.

(Charlotte Observer.)

Neither the press nor the public generally gave much apparent attention to the advent a few days ago of the most distinguished arrival of the year thus far. This visitor, who will be with us three months, arrived in Charlotte last Friday night at 10:13, but not by train or motor bus or automobile.

According to the scientists, Spring arrived in the northern hemisphere on Friday, March 20, at 10:13 P. M., Eastern standard time, when the sun crossed the equator coming north. The sun then was almost exactly in the zenith at a point in the East Indies where it was noon at that instant. The dividing line between day and night then passed through the north and south poles of the earth, and day and night became equal in length all over the globe. As a result of refraction, however, the sun is elevated above the horizon by about a half a degree before it has actually risen and lingers in view for an equal period after it has actually set, and the day is lengthened at the expense of the night. So, strictly speaking, day and night are not exactly equal in length when the sun is at the vernal equinox, at the beginning of Spring, or six months later, when it is at the Autumn equinox going south in September, so the scientists tell us.

This effect of refraction upon the times of sunrise and sunset is most noticeable within the Arctic Circle where the sun is below the horizon for months at a time and where, when it does put in its appearance, it remains above the horizon for equally

long periods. At the north pole, for instance, where the sun should make its first appearance on March 20, at the beginning of Spring, it actually appears three days earlier as a result of refraction. For the same reason it remains above the horizon for three days after it has passed through the Autumnal equinox in the Fall when, theoretically, it should disappear from view for six months. This adds in all, then, six days of much desired sunlight to the long polar day at the expense of the polar night. At other points within the Arctic Circle the sun makes its first appearance before it reaches the vernal equinox, how much before depending upon how distant the place is from the pole. The greater the distance from the pole the sooner the sun appears.

The equinoxes, vernal and autumnal, are the two points of intersection of the ecliptic, the apparent yearly path of the sun through the heavens, with the celestial equator, which lies directly above the earth's equator. The name equinoxes, meaning equal nights, comes from the fact that when the sun is at either of these points the line of division between day and night passes through the poles and the two periods are equal in length.

The equinoxes, as it is quite generally known, are not fixed points in the heavens but are gradually shifting westward along the ecliptic. This westward motion of the equinoxes is called the Precession of the Equinoxes and it amounts to about 30 degrees in 2,000 years, a complete circuit of the heavens along the ecliptic in 25,800

years, according to the scientists. An attendant effect of the precession is the revolution of the north pole of the heavens around the north pole of the ecliptic in the same period at a distance from it of $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. It follows from this that the pole-star is not always the same during this period. Two thousand years ago our present pole-star, Polaris, was 12 degrees from the north pole of the heavens. It is now a little over a degree away. Its distance from the pole will decrease for the next 200 years until it is within half a degree of the pole; then the distance will increase once more. About 12,000 years from

now the magnificent Vega will be the pole-star.

The vernal equinox, where the sun is at the beginning of Spring, is now in the constellation of Pisces. Two thousand years ago it was in the constellation of Aries next to Pisces on the east. It then acquired its name of "First Point of Aries" which it still retains.

But what has all that to do with the price of cotton or the Charlotte rent market? Nothing, so far as we know, and yet it may have a great deal to do with the price of all commodities.

DO IT.

Do it because it is right;
 Not for the sake of the pay,
 Or because you are asked and don't like to refuse,
 Or because it's the easiest way.

Do it that you may grow strong;
 Learn to use all of your power,
 To do the unpleasant and find in it joy,
 To make the best of each hour.

Do it without being asked;
 Because you see somebody's need;
 A hundred strong hands will take up the task,
 If you will take courage and lead.

—Exchange.

THE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND HOOKED RUGS.

By Ella Shannon Bowles.

Have you ever pictured a remote New England farmhouse in winter? Before the days of automobiles and radios, if you please; yes, even before party line telephones, popular priced magazines, and the first crude ancestors of the victrola! Here in these isolated districts, seventy-five years ago, people were thrown upon their own resources for recreation and amusement. Even industries were local, for the housewife not only managed her housework and clothed her family, but literally made the linen, wove her counterpanes, and "pieced-up" quilts and manufactured fleecy blankets for winter comfort in her high canopied beds.

And here it was, in the midst of weaving, spinning, dyeing, sewing, pickling, preserving, and drying apples and pumpkins, that hooked rugs were born. I like to think that it was not the proverbial thrift of the New England farm women, but their desire to express in some way their love for the beautiful, that made them design and work out these rugs. I have often seen my grandmother, when the morning's work was out of the way, sitting in her neat kitchen with its yellow-painted floor and peacefully working upon her "drawn-in" rugs, as she called them. She had learned to make them in her childhood in her mother's kitchen with its yawning fireplace and pewter dishes shining upon the brown dressers. She had rugs that her mother had made in her "fore-room" and

was constantly adding to them just for the sheer love of working upon them.

Some of these old-time hooked rugs have been carefully preserved for fortunate heirs; but many have been sold at country auctions, worn out, or given away. I once found one used as a covering for a barrel of apples and have unearthed them in ancient garrets where they had been carried when "boughten" carpets made their appearance.

Many of these old-time rugs are rarely beautiful both in design and workmanship. Some are pulled in which such skill that they have the texture of velvet and the appearance of tapestries. I think that the "floral" patterns were the prettiest of all and I know that the workers must have chosen their designs from their own gardens, bright and fragrant with "laylocks," "heartsease," roses lilies, bachelor's buttons, "marigolds," peonies, columbines, grass-pinks, and "Sweet Williams." These old-time favorites live again in these rugs, mellowed and softened by the passing of time. Animals also appeared upon these rugs and strange looking horses, gentle cows, playful puppies and kittens, chickens, ducks, parrots and peacocks decorate many of the heirlooms. Conventional designs were popular and bricks and plates often furnished patterns. Then there were rugs "marked off" in diamonds, squares and shells, as well as the "hit-or-miss" and "rainbow"

rugs. Occassionally a collector finds a landscape rug, picturing a bit of woodland or a house, and along the New England coast one finds the influence of the sea in the ships, waves, and sea-weeds furnishing motives for the designs.

I am so glad that the interest in hooked rugs is being revived, for, it seems to me that our old New England handicrafts should not be forgotten. Weaving has become an occupation as well as a pass-time for women interested in creative work; everyone has learned to knit; crocheting, netting and "candle-wick" embroidery are commonly seen in the hands of our modern girls and women, and how many are anxious to learn to make the old-time rugs.

The vogue for early American colonial furniture has brought these rugs to the front, for they give just the needed touch to floors of the rooms furnished in this style. Fortunate, indeed, are the people who have inherited well made, artistic hooked rugs from their grandmothers! The rugs are almost priceless. But there is no reason why any woman who is at all dexterous with her hands cannot learn to make them.

The apparatus and materials needed are of the simplest kinds. First, and most important, are the rug-frames and they can be made at home or by a cabinet maker. Made of soft wood, they consist of four pieces, each two inches wide and about an inch thick.

The side pieces are about four feet long, and the cross pieces are eighteen inches in length. By inserting pegs in auger holes bored along the frames, the apparatus can be adjusted to fit rugs almost any size. The rug makes one think of a crochet hook. A ten-penny nail set in a wooden handle and the end bent to form a hook makes a good substitute.

Burlap is the most satisfactory material to use for the foundation of the rug. The raw edges of the material is hemmed to prevent fraying, and the burlap is sewed carefully into the frames with a darning needle and twine. Designs are drawn on the background with a dark crayolas or a small brush dipped in ink. For the "pulling-in" woolen goods of the texture of flannel and knitting worsteds are desirable. If cloth is used it is cut in strips fine enough to be easily drawn through the meshes of the burlap. The strips are held underneath the foundation with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand and drawn in loops through the meshes of the burlap by means of the hook held in the right hand. After the hooking-in is completed the loops are clipped with scissors if desired, although the oldest hooked rugs were left unclipped. The rug is then removed from the frames and, if the worker desires an unusually durable article, she completes it by adding a braid of woolen cloth to the edges.

I am not careful for what may be a hundred years hence. He who governed the world before I was born will take care of it when I am dead. My part is to improve the present moment.—John Wesley.

GREAT BRIDGES OF THE WORLD.

By Ella B. Bucher.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN ANGELO

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then outspoke brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?"

Here is an example of bridges used as a means of fortification.

This story of Horatius defending the bridge against an Etruscan invasion is probably mythical. But whether the story is actually true or not, the heroic ideal for which it stands is so loved by mankind everywhere that it has become immortal. Whether Horatius is fictitious or not, the ideal he personifies is real and forms the keynote of the power which ultimately built up the great city of Rome—the "Eternal City." Greece is known for her art and learning. Rome is known for her virility and power. Rome is the one supreme example of power—coupled with thoroughly efficient administrative organization—of the world. For many years, to be a Roman was to be a conqueror,

Just as this story of Horatius is

of uncertain origin, so the entire history of Rome is hazy with tradition. The name itself is probably eponymous. For a long time the Romans believed they were descended from Romulus (meaning strength), the son of Mars (god of war). Romulus and his twin brother decided to found a city; they went out under the open sky to seek an omen which should determine who would be chief ruler. When six vultures flew Remus' way, it seemed the honor had fallen to him. But a moment later twelve flew Romulus' way, and so he became the founder. Some historians say the name comes from *rumon* an old word for river, and meant The River City.

But no matter how shrouded in myths, the early history of Rome may be, we have very trustworthy accounts of the latter Rome; the powerful Rome which swayed the world. The gigantic buildings remaining there today are alone a proof of the glory of this Eternal City.

Of these reminders of Roman power, the tomb of Hadrian, known as Castle San Angelo and the San Angelo Bridge leading up to it, are numbered among those of greatest interest. This bridge was many times used as a defense for the city. It is very appropriate that so magnificent a tomb of one of the most influential Roman emperors should have a bridge in connection with it. Bridge building played an important part in the organization of the Roman Empire. At one time "All roads lead to Rome" was literally

true. Bridge building was of such consequence that the title Pontifex (bridge builder) came to be linked only with men of high rank.

It is fitting too, that the Tiber should be considered in Hadrian's great memorial scheme. The Romans fairly worshiped their river. Since the days of Horatius many have cried out with him:

“O Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”

The history of the conquering of the Tiber again exemplifies the pre-eminent characteristics of later Rome. It is not an exceptionally large river, but at times it rises to dangerous and violent floods. Did the little band of early settlers say, “We must move from this terrible river?” No. They fought it, and conquered it, just as they later fought and conquered the world.

The Bridge of San Angelo was built in A. D. 135 by Hadrian, as an approach to the great mausoleum he built for himself and succeeding emperors. Before it was changed, in 1892, there were six arches. There are now eight, but of these only three are necessary in the dry season.

In 403 a fort was made of Castle San Angelo, and the bridge was closed with gates at either end, one facing the Vatican, another facing the Campus Martius. The roadway of the bridge is lined with ten large statues of angels which represent the symbols of Passion. At one time (1450) while crowds of people were returning across this bridge from a service at St. Peter's, a mule one of

the cardinals was riding became unruly and caused great excitement. Some of the parapets crumbled because of this extra pressure and 172 people fell into the river. When this ruined section was rebuilt modern Piazza di Ponte was opened. And at the same time expiatory chapels were built at the entrance to the bridge. Some time later statues of St. Peter and St. Paul were raised here.

The tomb itself is the greatest of all Roman tombs. For several generations Roman emperors were buried there. In spite of the ravages of time and of hostile men, this building survives as one of the impressive buildings of Rome. Under Hadrian and his predecessor, Trajan, Roman architecture reached its climax of splendor and beauty. Much of the original magnificence of Castle San Angelo is lost, but it is still awe-inspiring. It is a circular tower 160 feet high and 1,000 feet in diameter, and is lined with Parian marble. It is odd and picturesque as well as imposing. Upon its summit there used to be a colossal figure of Hadrian. Only its head has been preserved, and an entirely new statue has replaced that of the emperor. This head was found in the moat surrounding the tomb, and is now in the Vatican. Many other statues were later found in this moat. They had been lying there for over a thousand years!

The figure now on the top of the dome is of unusual interest. It is a bronze figure of the Archangel Michael sheathing his sword. This is the story: A great plague distressed Rome. One day while Pope Gregory was leading a procession of people across

this bridge to pray for relief, he thought he saw the Archangel appear above Hadrian's tomb replacing his sword in its scabbard, thus signifying that the devastation of the plague was over. And so today the statue stands there in honor of that event. It has even given the town the new name of "Castle of the Holy Angel."

How many varied scenes this bridge and castle have witnessed! Although originally built as a peaceful memorial, it has seen many a terrific fight, and has served often as a citadel. Once San Angelo was a defense against the Goths. Once it was in the hands of the popes, who connected it with the Vatican by an underground passage. Some of its tombstones were used in the construction of the Gregorian chapel in the Vatican (under Pope Gregory XIII); it also supplied the materials with which the Sistine was built.

Hadrian has indeed left a substantial record of his reign and life in this architectural achievement. He was a great lover of art in all its forms and similarly stamped his personality in other places. He traveled much, building Hadrian's wall in Britain and a temple in Athens. He also laid the foundations of Hadrianopolis (Adrianople). He was a great lover of art and poetry, and a great statesman. His reign falls in the period of best Roman emperors, in the time when Rome was happiest. Trajan and he beautified Rome with fountains, arches, temples and other costly edifices. Historians sometimes characterize his reign as a golden reign. They classify him as one of the mild emperors. And yet he gave way to violent fits of temper.

Appollodorus of Damascus was exiled and put to death because he openly criticized Hadrian's plans. Castle San Angelo stands as a material witness of his power.

Such is Rome. Gorgeous, massive, stupendous. The Bridge and Castle of San Angelo, typify its mighty spirit. It is said that often the city contained as many colossal statues as human inhabitants. There are in the city paintings which cover the work of twenty whole years. Rome is a city of great spaces—an august city. It has charmed many. Keats died in Rome. Shelly is buried there. Rome was a tremendous force in the world and paved the way for civilization, and thus for Christianity. No other city in the world can exhibit such gigantic columns, such massive buildings. Rome is wonderful.

But to some people who marvel at the splendor and utter vastness of the buildings, at the utter vastness of everything Roman, there comes this thought: "These beautiful buildings were raised by the blood of slaves! Christians were butchered here! Human bodies were torn in pieces to amuse these powerful Romans! As for me, I would rather have saved one slave from the whip, one body from the jaws of the lion, than have built the greatest building in the world."

The tomb of Hadrian stands firm as a witness of material achievements. It is a splendid memorial of great strength. But his own statue has been replaced by that of an angel. He was kind to Christians and even considered giving Christ a little niche amongst the other gods. But what would Hadrian have thought if anyone had told him that his own statue would be superseded by that of an

archangel? That in spite of his temporal power, the poor, insignificant Christians would ultimately overcome Rome? That St. Paul, who was put to death in Rome, who had no mausoleum, should ultimately be revered above himself and his stupendous works?

Roman civilization was marvelous and mighty. The buildings remain as a proof of that. But Roman civilization fell because it had no soul. The virile strength was there—the

material achievement. But to a Roman his neighbor was not a brother, but a slave.

Rome was great. Rome is the one supreme example of temporal power in the world. But who is not glad to know that there is in the world something even greater, even more powerful; that there is a subtle, unostentatious power which ultimately overcomes all things, which cannot die—the power of love.

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver, more than the gift itself.—Lavater.

COMMUNITY RESPONSIBILITY.

1. Children are not responsible for their parents.

2. Children are not responsible for the home in which they find themselves.

3. Children are not responsible for the school to which they are sent.

4. Children are not responsible for the religious influence or lack of such influence which surrounds them.

5. Children are not responsible for the community life, in which they live.

We hear considerable about the influence of heredity and environment upon juvenile character. One crowd contends that delinquency is due to heredity. Another declares that all depends upon environment. My position is that it is due usually to the combined force of both. But I also hold that the destiny of our youth is determined by influences and conditions under which they grow up.

We cannot change heredity of those already unborn. We can do much to make a right environment. In-so-far as the community fails to do that which it should, we are responsible for juvenile delinquency resulting therefrom.

1. The child is not responsible for its parents. That is a community or society responsibility. Society sanctions the customs by which these young people courted and mated. Society placed its seal and sanction upon it by performing the marriage ceremony. The child resulting from this union is a helpless victim of these conditions and circumstances over which it has had no possible power. I know of a family in which there are four or five children. The husband earns sufficient to provide a decent living, yet they live worse than pigs. They waste and destroy more than enough to supply their need. The

children run the streets because the home is so filthy and cheerless. The older children are delinquent already naturally so. The community claims the right to tell you to cut the weeds on the public streets or highways. Would it not be with greater reason to tell this father and mother to clean up their home and keep it so as to be fit for children to inhabit. Failure in this, it fails to give these children the protection to which they are entitled.

2. I have had close contact with the prison population of several states for nearly twenty years. Of late I have discovered that more of those having had educational advantages are committing crime than formerly. In a county jail recently, I found a college student, a university man, a high school graduate and one ready for high school. Of seventeen interviewed in the Men's Reformatory recently, ranging in age from 16 to 27 years, only one was as low as the sixth grade in school when sentenced. Four had the equivalent of a high school course and all the rest were in the eighth or ninth grades. With this condition facing us I would ask whether we are putting as much character making ingredients into our educational work as we should. If we are not, the community is res-

ponsible to that extent for the moral breakdown of those of school age.

3. The child is not responsible for the community like in which it finds itself but its life and destiny is greatly influenced by it. The boy who is reared in a community where most of the men swear, is likely to acquire the habit of profanity. The boy who is accustomed to see the men he regards as leaders of the community, drinking and smoking tobacco is likely to acquire those habits as soon as he has an opportunity. The boy who knows that his elders practice trickery and deception in their business is very apt to become unreliable. The community where gambling passes as respectable is likely to raise a crop of young gamblers. In a community where the older sisters adorn their faces in somewhat the same fashion as Sioux Indians, we can expect young girls to tog themselves like vaudeville actors and become flappers.

Youthful delinquency is but a reflection of the influences surrounding childhood in the home, the school and the community. We must deal with the delinquent child but to stop delinquency we must deal with the matter at the fountain head by correcting the weakness of community life.—Exchange.

Tom—"Got good news that we work only a half day next Friday morning."

Tim—"Oh! Is that so?"

Tom—"Yes, we work the other half in the afternoon."—O. G. W.

THE DRAG-WEIGHT ON THE COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Greensboro News.

That drag-weight which the state of North Carolina clamps around the shoulders of its boys and girls who live in the country was described in plain figures the other day by State Superintendent of Public Instruction Allen to the teachers at North Carolina college.

"There is too wide a gap between urban and rural school districts," Mr. Allen said. He is not worrying about the city schools. They have for to go before they reach the position where they can perform the work which they ought to perform and want to perform. But in the main they are headed right and they have the strength behind them. Each year marks improvement.

But when the state superintendent turns to the country schools he finds there fearful disadvantages all along the line. The city school children go to school eight and nine months; the country children in spots have an eight-month term but the great majority of them are bound by a meager six months. Of the 600,000 in the rural districts 72 per cent, some 432,000, have less than eight months. That is white and negro boys and girls. Of the white alone, some 400,000 in the rural schools, about 38 per cent have eight months and some 62 per cent, or about 248,000, have less.

So long as the status quo remains, the gap widens; the city children are enabled to go to school longer and consequently to progress faster

each year. The country children drop farther and farther behind their city cousins each year.

Nor is that all. The city school children have better buildings, better facilities, better libraries, better teachers. They lose annually in quantity; they lose annually in quality. Mr. Allen said that 24 cities in the state are spending \$201 in buildings for each child; the country districts are spending \$63 in buildings for each child. And 25 counties are spending only some \$40 in buildings for each child. It is easier to show by figures the quantitative advantage of the city children but in the long run it is probable that the qualitative factor ranges as high. City school teachers, taken as a group, rate higher by every test than country school teachers, and the ones who suffer are the country school children.

The Allen argument leads inevitably to the eight-month school term for all North Carolina. That is sure to come. It has been blocked and checked and hindered and sneered at by political leaders over the state. They lack the courage. But the ground swell of public opinion grows over North Carolina; it cannot be held much longer in check. There is no justification in moral right or in common sense in maintaining and adding to the drag-weight which the state has clamped on the shoulders of its boys and girls who live in the country districts.

Guilford will answer that question

for itself this spring. While the state hesitates and shoves off the inevitable, this county is asked to take the step. Guilford has blazed the

trail for North Carolina before. The count has a splendid opportunity to do it again.

A thoroughly honest and upright man is one who tells the whole truth about a second-hand car which he is trying to sell to a fellow he doesn't care for.—Everybody's Magazine.

DEVELOPING CONSCIENCE.

(Chatham Record.)

We remember reading years ago a story of a young man who discovered and used a drug that destroyed the soul, leaving him a most perfect specimen of physical and intellectual manhood, as handsome and lithe as a panther and as ruthlessly cruel. He became the perfect animal. The story impressed us and is now recalled when so many young men seem to have lost their souls and become intellectual animals. Education has failed to develop the conscience. North Carolina furnishes every week stories that would have shamed Jesse James, and the most important question before the people, particularly the school authorities, is that of developing the conscience of youth. Lying, stealing, and murder have become common place. It is that the ethical has been neglected in the schools? Fun has been poked by lit-

erateurs at the old-time Sunday school library story and the goody-goody literature of all kinds, and probably with justification. Yet there is a literature that inspires, and forms high ideals. The grade readers are lacking in stories that used to do much to form character ideals. No child of the old times who read the story of "Good Dog Tray" with its moral to avoid bad company has ever forgotten it. Mythology has taken the place of the good old stories of homely incident. The appeal to imagination has supplanted, to too great degree, that to conscience and the nobler attributes of the mind. the period from five to ten is the chief formative period for character and less arithmetic and more presentation of high ideals would serve the state better.

"CHIC."

(Asheville Citizen.)

Writers, artists and leaders of fashion in Paris have been discussing the real meaning of "chic." Accord-

ing to the reports, everybody disagrees with everybody else as to what the definition should be. And this

diversity of opinion exists in the home of "chic," among those women who are so "chic" that their charm is famous the world over.

But "chic" need not be the exclusive possession of any woman or any city or country. The woman who has it not, neglects to make the most of her opportunities. The woman who exercises it, is supremely attractive.

"Chic" is something that can be expressed in a woman's eye as well as in her clothing, in her conversation as well as in her gestures. It is the champagne of social intercourse, the jeweled mosaic of human relationship. It is charm added to beauty, and sparkle added to culture. It is the indefinable but compelling something which draws the male eye a second time to even the plainest featured woman as she goes down the street. It is the magic which makes men forget that a woman is not beautiful. It is, in fact, a stronger and more lasting enchantment than

loveliness itself.

The woman who is "chic" carries in her very appearance the promise of wit, laughter, all that delightful froth of life that is heady and alluring. She takes an interest in everything that is said and holds the interest of all those to whom she talks. "Chic" is trimness, elegance, style. It is the smile at the right time, the gesture of amazement at the appropriate moment. It is the capacity to surprise, to keep the vari-colored bubble of bandinage dancing in the air. It is the supreme "come again," an invitation which is never refused save with regret.

Best of all, "chic" knows no age. It is as dependable and forceful a weapon in the hands and heart of the woman of sixty as it is when wielded by the maid of twenty. Men always fall captive to it, and they never forget it. The woman who is "chic" has conquered Time.

I WONDER.

Do ships have eyes when they go out to sea;
 Are there springs in the ocean's bed;
 Does Jolly Tar flow from a bee;
 Can a river lose its head?
 What kind of a vegetable is a policeman's beat;
 Is a newspaper white when read;
 Is a baker broke when making dough
 Is an undertaker's business dead?
 Would a wall-paper store make a good hotel?
 Because of the boarders there;
 Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's head?
 Just to give him a little hare?

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Davis

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher have been spending several days with the latter's parents at Whiteville.

Mr. T. L. Grier has been working on the ball ground to get it in readiness for the coming baseball season.

Mr. C. B. Barber, one of the second cottage officers, spent the week end in Kings Mountain.

Mr. J. H. Hobby, one of the officers of the school, has purchased a new Cheverolet coupe.

The band boys played several good pieces in the Latham pavilion last Sunday afternoon.

Four drag harrows were made for the barn force last week by the carpenter shop boys.

Miss Arline and Miss Zelda Fitzgerald visited their mother, Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, the seventh cottage matron, last Sunday.

Since the two tennis courts have been completed, a number of the boys and officers have learned to play this game, and they like it very much.

Mr. Roy Long and Mr. Homer Ritchie, of Concord, have accepted positions as officers at the school. Mr. Ritchie has been given charge of the tractor force.

Eugene Laughlin, Samuel Carrow, James Suther, Raymond Keenan, Paul Groves, all formerly boys here, visited the school last week.

Mr. T. V. Talbert, former officer of the fourth cottage, has been transferred to the third to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Guy Alexander.

Clint Wright, who was called to his home in Statesville, on account of the death of his father, has returned to the school.

Some new baseball goods have arrived at the institution and they were put into use last Monday, the goods arrived were: twelve gloves, two bats and several balls.

Mr. Shelton, the boys work secretary of Charlotte, had charge of the services Sunday. He brought with him several assistants including D. E. Henderson, who made a very interesting talk; Mr. Bernard, who led the singing; and Mr. Hutchinson, who led in prayer.

About four hundred new tooth brushes were distributed among the boys last week and they were all glad to get them.

We are all glad to see Old Glory and the North Carolina State flag floating over the campus again, after an absence of several months. The

old ones have been replaced by beautiful new flags.

Wednesday, March 18th, was a fine day for visitors and the following boys received visits from home folks: James Ford, James Peeler, Joe Wilkes, Lester Morris, Andrew Parker, Charlie Almond, James Davis, Ernest Allen and Robert Hartline.

Since all the last year's baseball players have been paroled, Mr. John Russel has the job of re-building the school team. He has the infield positions filled. But the hardest job is filling the outfield, a large number

of boys are trying for these positions.

Thursday night, at seven o'clock, we assembled at the auditorium for the weekly show. The school's orchestra made their first appearance and then the selections played by them were enjoyed very much. The following are the members of the orchestra: Mr. Paul Owensby, trumpet; Miss Vernie Goodman, piano; Mr. Leon Godown, drums; Aubrey Weaver, 2nd. cornet; Watson O'Quinn, alto saxophone; Richard Meekins, sousaphone bass; Julian Strickland, 1st. trombone; Howard Riggs, 2nd. trombone.

A FRIENDLY HAND.

When you find a fellowman who's down and out
Give him a friendly hand—
Don't be afraid 'twill your character blot
To help him across the troublesome spot—
Tell him you like him you like him a lot,
And tell him you understand.

Tell him of others who've fallen to rise
To heights both noble and grand;
Convince him, though dark and dreary the way.
Dame hope ever pours her glorious ray,
Make him see that, make him see it today—
You can—by a friendly hand.

—The Way.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 4, 1925

No. 19

MAY DECEIVE OURSELVES.

If we are liars and hypocrites God knows it. Nine-tenths of the deception practised among men would stop short if we knew our friends and associates would find it out. Just because we can go on with it and not be discovered makes us bold. In other words, the sin of the whole business is not in the wrongdoing itself, but in being caught. And that fact, which none will deny, reveals the utter depravity of the human race. But there is One who knows. Nothing can be hid from Him. If we are loose in our thinking and loose in our morals He is not ignorant of it. If we rightfully belong to the congregation of saints He knows that too. There is nothing hid from Him with whom we have to do.—Selected.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*,

J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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A CONFESSION.

We happened to take breakfast, recently, at the same table with two bobbed-haired, thinly clad, short-skirted teachers. Their breakfast suited them admirably and their appetites seemed to be 100%.

They discussed the behaviour, the conduct, the progress and the application, it seemed, of every pupil in their respective rooms. Not a one was making a creditable record in any of the foregoing items. Then, not having given full vent to their disgust, one of them literally tore to pieces the parents of her pupils—among them, it developed, were ministers, doctors and even the sheriff of the county.

We discovered that these teachers had reached the high position of leading the young via the "certification" mill that operates in this state. They practically confessed that they were not "cut out for teachers," one of them confessing to the other that "I am only teaching, because of the attractive salary—I don't like children, and if I did not enjoy the ability to buy some nice clothing and thus dress myself well I wouldn't teach another day."

We fear there are too many so-called, manufactured, hand-made teachers like these rather attractive ladies, who are perfect missfits. The trouble with them is that the necessary quality for the making of successful teachers was not born in them, cannot be acquired, and certainly no certification plan can supply it.

But who suffers? Money is wasted, and the children are not receiving what

they are entitled to. By and by, we will come to our senses, and substitute a more sane and safe method of authorizing teachers for our public schools.

Dignity and seriousness have a wonderful effect on the attitude of school children.

* * * * *

A CHOICE SPIRIT.

Broken health and melancholia having taken hold of him, Prof. Hugh Morson, for forty-eight years the ablest teacher Raleigh ever had, and withal one of the gentlest gentleman this writer ever knew and who numbered his friends by all who came into his acquaintance, died in Raleigh, last Sunday, by his own hand. Shockingly sad was this act to his acquaintances.

Prof. Morson was under treatment at the Raleigh Insane Hospital. Though numbering his friends by the hundreds he had come to feel that no one cared for him. The strangeness of this hallucination is one of the puzzles of life. The City of Raleigh had just named a modern and expensive school building in his honor—there was no one to say ought against him, yet the dear old fellow came to believe that because boys and girls did not take to the study of Latin (Prof. Morson's chief love) as in the past was because of him.

Mr. Morson was among the few of the old teachers now left, whose passion was to give to the business of teaching the very best in them, their life, without thought of their personal comforts or returns.

There was an outpouring of sympathy and sadness at his funeral, for innumerable Raleigh people had in the past, and up to his passing, been under his tutelage and they loved him.

A record for fifty-two years in successfully teaching the young, because of their love and interest for them, is inspiring.

* * * * *

ANNOUNCES HER BONNET IN THE RING.

Miss Julia Alexander, one of the Mecklenburg representatives in the 1925 General Assembly, has announced her purpose to enter the next campaign as a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor of North Carolina.

Miss Julia, as her admiring friends and political associates have come to speak of her, is a practicing attorney at Charlotte and takes a very deep interest in public matters, and is not afraid or backward in contending for what she believes right and needful.

Whatever may be the outcome of her candidacy, she today might have been

the daughter of an ex-governor of North Carolina. Her distinguished father, the late Capt. Sid. B. Alexander, the father of the good roads movement in North Carolina, a legislator of influence and later a congressman, was offered the nomination of Lieutenant Governor, at the time the late Gov. Holt was named. Capt. Alexander's very extreme friends (and it has been said that they lodged the declination without his knowledge or consent) passed up the honor. It will be recalled that Gov. Fowle did not live long after his inauguration, and Lieut-Gov. Thomas Holt succeeded him.

* * * * *

HOW THEY HAVE CHANGED.

We are tearing down the St. Cloud hotel, once perhaps the neatest and most attractive little hotel in the state—but that was a long time ago. Why, this hotel had a bathroom, something that astonished the public.

For years it ran with a patronage made up entirely of males. It was the rarest thing that a woman made bold to enter the hotel, and when she did it was with fear and trembling. She sat back until everybody got out of the way before she transacted any business with the clerk.

The management finally concluded that to appeal to the patronage of the women, who found it necessary to stop at a hotel, it must provide for a ladies' entrance, so the St. Cloud constructed a dark hallway, through which lady guests landed either in the dining-room or at the stairway for upstairs. But in latter years, at this self-same hotel, this ladies' entrance was discarded and the women marched in where the baser sex did and stood right up at the clerk's desk, demanding their rights and, if you were not careful, my lady would push you aside.

How things have changed in the ability and disposition of women in doing today what they would not think of doing just a few years ago is illustrated by the following from the Shelby Star:

Mature men and women were disgusted Wednesday and Thursday to see 20 or more girls of the high school or teen age sitting near the front in the court room, drinking in the testimony in the Philbeck-Frances elopement case, one of the nastiest cases of debauchery and immorality that has been tried in a Cleveland county court for many yeds. The court room was crowded all during the trial, the like of which in size, has not been seen since the famous Dixon-Ross murder case and yet nearly half of the audience was of the female sex. A well known citizen commenting on the subject yesterday said, "It only shows the tendency of the times among young people. It shows that parents of the teen age folks do not know or

seem to care where they go or what they hear. It shows the joy and pleasure with which young folks feed their minds and souls on the lesson of immorality and feast on the low and degrading things of life."

* * * * *

WANTING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Human nature, at best is curious; and when below normalcy, it prompts some people to do unaccountable and selfish things, even through blackmailing. Though he has made his millions and thus established evidence of great wisdom and activity, Mr. J. B. Duke, who recently astounded the world with his glorious act in giving forty million dollars for the promotion of education, religion and health, has his troubles and annoyances.

Years ago it became necessary for his securing a divorce, settling upon the divorced, it is stated, five hundred thousand dollars. Having lost practically all she had by bad business, the divorced woman comes back with a suit to set aside or declare void the divorce—all, no doubt, to blackmail out of Mr. Duke some more money.

It is comforting to know that Mr. Duke will fight the suit, giving a jar to those who seek to get something for nothing, even through the impulse to blackmail and annoy. There is lots of rotten business that the courts have to contend with; and no little annoyance, oftentimes, to honorable and innocent gentlemen.

* * * * *

SOMETHING UNIQUE.

Our readers will enjoy the interesting story, elsewhere printed in this number, about the success of the unique school and its management at the Cone Mill community in Greensboro. That principal is a born teacher. Added to her abundance of common sense is a heart-full of love for her work and interest in the welfare of the children in her care.

But after all, this lady's wonderful record is made possible by the vision, helpfulness and co-operation of the Cones, who have a record of aiding in making their community happy and contented. Long before there was a creditable school building in urban sections the Cones had built a modern and attractive school building—it was like a light set on the hill.

* * * * *

SPLENDID GIFT.

Queens College at Charlotte is in the midst of a drive for the raising of an additional endowment fund of three hundred thousand dollars. This

institution has had a struggle during its existence, because of the wide scattering of the educational efforts of the denomination that mothers it, but the leaders (Dr. Frazer and Dr. McGeachy, in particular) have determined to make Queen's and A 1 College in every sense of the term.

Unsolicited and noting the commendable efforts in behalf of this most worthy institution, Mrs. Cameron Morrison sent in her check to the authorities for twenty-five thousand dollars toward making the drive a success. This is simply fine. It shows that Mrs. Morrison took but little time to become a regular Charlotte citizen, but that she is deeply interested in the great things of life. Wonderful how much good the rich may do with their wealth, that will live after them.

* * * * *

Wonder how many times the peach crop in Georgia has been killed this season? When Georgia was alone outstanding in the production of peaches, about this time of year the press carried almost daily reports about the condition of this fine fruit. Since North Carolina and South Carolina have developed the peach industry, Georgia has to go back on the rear seat.

* * * * *

It takes a bank account to purchase a supply of tomatoes for a small family's meal. The thought will not down in wondering just how much the grower has coming to him after all the middle men's rake-offs have been completed.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

People can learn a great deal from their mistakes. I do not know of a better school of discipline. We are all prone to make them. They seem to come as a kind of human heritage. It is a notorious and self-evident fact that if you do not learn from your mistakes some one else will, and there will come a halting time. Mistakes are cheap the first time, and very expensive after that. There is no such thing as a mistake bargain counter. The wise of this world never make the same mistake twice. Another thing, next to having wisdom yourself it is well to profit by the wisdom of others, as well as by their mistakes. There is only one mistake in the world that amounts to a great success, if wisely considered, and that is when a man takes a Miss for "better or worse," and nine times out of ten, if it is for not better it is the man's fault.

I often hear people say, "If I had the opportunity, I'd do so and so." Well, the opportunities are here. They are everywhere. They are not rare. What is rare is the quick brain and strong will to make use of them. And this reminds me, from a little observation, in this busy, moving whirling world, there are workers and workers. All working like the proverbial Trojan, the mythical founder of Troy; one class making a specialty of working the other class.

I attended a social function not long ago, and the big dining room

did look so pretty in the soft light of golden shaded lights, with the table decorated with flowers of yellow and pink and white, with pretty china, cut glass and silver, and surrounded with pretty girls, and just as pretty mothers. I heard a lady tell one mother that she looked just as young as her daughter, and the mother was awfully pleased—but you should have seen the expression on the daughter's face. As a matter of fact many of the mothers chatted and smiled and sipped over their coffee that by their behavior they would have passed for the youngest among the party. Their appearance wasn't so elderly. There isn't any hard and fast lines drawn between young girls and the old ones any more. You used to be able to tell ages by the length of the skirts and the way dresses were made, and the manner of hair dressing, etc., but not so nowadays. Women have only to take care of their health and complexions to be mistaken for their grand daughters when they are eighty.

Safety slogans, as a rule, are solemn, depressing and terrifying, but occasionally a lighter vein is introduced by advocates of caution. Around Durham you may notice one, saying, "This road is not fool proof." A sarcastic railroad man in the East suggests to careless motorists, "Better stop a minute than for ever." Not to be outdone, a locomotive engineer offers this one: "Try running into one of our locomotives." The manager of a hotel on

the Pacific coast is credited with this one:

“Stop! and let the train go by,
 Hardly takes a minute;
 Your car starts out again intact
 And better still—you're in it.”

I have a great veneration for old age, in people as well as in inanimate things, for being one of the former, if I live long enough, I will be traveling along the sunset path with a good many others who are still this side of the gloaming. I was over in Person county Sunday, in person, and it was my good fortune and pleasure to visit the colonial home of W. F. Reade, at Mt. Tirzah. Beautifully located, on a high elevation, with a vision of the surrounding country on all sides. It is a home with a history. The house was built by General Moore, of Revolutionary fame, in the year 1779. The date is in the cellar, carved on the rocks of the foundation. This cellar is a spooky-looking place to people of this generation. It was built at a time when cellars were fortified for self-protection. The bark is still on the pine sills of the foundation of the wood-work. The frame work is still intact in the original building, Mr. Reade, who has owned it for more than forty years, kept it up to its original plans, but has put on new weatherboarding, and made other repairs to preserve it intact. General Moore got this plantation as a grant from the king, and he helped himself to a good slice of mother earth, in that highly favored spot, and his soldiers did the clearing of the original forests and paved the way for this beautiful country site. Many of his

descendants still live in the neighborhood. You can here read about it, and let me remark, in passing, that it is in a remarkable Reade Community.

I do not own an automobile, and it is quite likely that I never will—unless I win one in some contest, or some generous friend makes me a birth-day present of one; then I would sell it and put the proceeds into my chimes fund to make up the difference on the dividends not received on common “B” hosiery mill's stock. But kind friends, who have fine cars, take Mrs. Hurrygraph and myself out riding occasionally. A few afternoons ago this occurred, and the next morning I began to receive automobile literature in abundance. The Durham automobile dealers are on their job. They must have seen us riding with an automobile man. They know every person in Durham who owns a car; and those who don't. When they don't ride out much, they seize the opportunity and give them plenty of “Auto” suggestions. Its the way of the business.

There came to my desk the past week a letter directed: “What kind of an editor is ‘Old Hurrygraph’ of Durham, N. C.?” It was from C. C. Moore, of Charlotte, N. C., known to his intimate friends as Charlie “Cotton” Moore. Charlie Moore belongs to that class of persons who are styled “the salt of the earth.” The contents of the letter, answering the question quoted, read as follow: “An entertaining, cheer-giving, ringing for good with every stroke of the pen—inspired from a heart, so far as I have ob-

served for the past 38 years, overflowing with love for North Carolina and everybody therein. That's a puny endorsement of one who always reads with interest and profit every production of your pen, or typewriter, whenever I see one. I hope the great good God will spare you in health and happiness for many years; that you may keep doing good."

These are words of stimulation and inspiration. Some people may be satisfied to have nice things written and said about them after they are dead, but most of us are hungry to have words of appreciation spoken to us during our lives. They encourage and cheer. It is while we are living that words of affection thrill us. Each of us, when he speaks the truth that is in his heart, voices the thought expressed in these lines by Halleck:

But when the grass grows green
 above me,
 And those who know me now and
 love me
 Are sleeping by my side,
 Will it avail me aught that men
 Tell to the world with lip and pen
 That I have lived and died?
 No; if a garland for my brow
 Is growing, let me have it now,
 While I'm alive to wear it;
 And if in whispering my name
 There's music in the voice of
 fame,
 Like Garcia, let me hear it!

It has always puzzled me why a rabbit has such a stubby, nobby tail. I don't know whether it is to give him a better chance for locomotion; or to enable him to sit down, upright,

in a more comfortable position; or a little cushion to sit on; or a sight for marksmen; or as a signal to show that the rear coach is keeping up with the front part, like those little lights they have on trains to see that the train is intact. But now it seems that "Mollie Cottontail's" beauty puff has broken into society. Some fur dealer has conceived the fur conceit, and made a "rare bit" of feminine adornment by placing the rabbit tail over a flat spring with fur and clever trimmings, and they can be worn around the neck, below the elbow, or below the knee, or around the waist, and it is claimed elderly women will wear them to cover up the wrinkles. They call it the "Lucky Lady"—claiming it is lucky for the wearer, and lucky for the salesman, and from what they say about it, it is equal to the proverbial "left hind foot of a grave-yard rabbit." There may not be anything new under the sun, but wonders will never cease, as long as the American inventive genius is abroad in the land.

Here is a story, recently published, that has behind it a moral well worth keeping constantly before us. It is about a French artist who was about to order a second bottle of wine, when his eye fell upon a newspaper headline, "Hard Times are Coming."

He didn't order the second bottle. "Is there anything wrong?" asked the landlord.

"No, nothing except that hard times are coming and we must economize," replied the artist.

"Hard times," mused the landlord. "Then my wife must not order that silk dress we planned."

"Hard times," said the dressmaker when the order was cancelled "This is no time to make those improvements in my shop."

"Hard times!" said the builder when the dressmaker cancelled her building plans. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted." So he wrote the artist and cancelled the order.

Much dejected with the truth of the newspaper's prophecy, the artist went back to the cafe and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe his spirits. On a nearby chair was the paper in which he had read of the hard times two days previous.

He picked it up for more details,

and discovered that it was two years old!

The moral is obvious. The whole story preaches: Get Your Facts Straight. That means: Are they reasonable facts? Is the source reliable, informed and honest? Are the deductions logical?

And then, between the lines, it says: Don't be an alarmist. If your facts are correct, don't distribute them in a panic. When you put the brakes on a speeding car, the road, the tires, the brakes and every nut and bolt in the car suffer in the attending strain.

But, above all, get the facts straight.

JIM SUBSTITUTED.

The teacher of a school down in the island of Jamaica had trouble with the children telling lies. He could not break them of the habit, so one day he made the rule that any child that told a lie should receive seven strokes on the palm of the hand. One day a little black girl named Lottie told a lie, and was called before the school for punishment. She was a child who was easily frightened and the teacher was very sorry to strike her but he had made the rule and now it must be carried out.

Her cry of pain when she received the first stroke hurt him so badly he could not go on with her punishment. Yet he could not overlook her sin. What do you think he did? He stood looking over to the boys' side of the room then said, "Is there any boy here who will take the rest of Lottie's punishment?"

At once a little lad named Jim sprang up and said, "Please sir, I will!" And Jim went forward and received without a cry the six remaining strokes. This was too much for the teacher. Tears filled his eyes. He could not go on with his work but called the school around his desk and told them of Jesus, the kind gentle One, who long ago bore the punishment for all of us.

A MODEL SCHOOL CONDUCT.

By way of the Greensboro News we get information of the unique system of education that prevails at White Oak School at one of the large mills of the Cone family. Years ago we had the pleasure of visiting this splendid school in company with the late Caesar Cone, who took just as much pride and interest in the welfare of his mill community as he did in the mammoth mills he was directing. The same spirit that animated him prevails now with his brothers and son, who succeeded him in the conduct of the immense manufacturing community.

"I have never seen a child in whom I thought there was no good." That is a statement coming from a person who ought to know children if anybody ever did, Miss Mary Stanley, principal of the White Oak graded school for six years, and a teacher in that institution for three years before she became principal.

But then Miss Stanley has a system quite unique in bringing out all the good that is in the little folks who pass under her from year to year. Although she has over 800 pupils in her school, she takes time to give every one enough personal attention to know where they belong in the institution and by the time the year ends there are very few she cannot call by name. There are 20 teachers in this school but the system works so smoothly that it is not noticeable. These teachers deserve a chapter to themselves. They are not picked up here and there to serve out odd years while they are waiting on something better to turn up but they are chosen because they have shown an aptitude for the work and because they know how to get boys and girls to do things. When the reporter visited the school he found that one teacher was helping some of her girls clean up the

room, wash the blackboard and polish desk tops.

"Oh yes, we have janitors, but sometimes we like to do things ourselves." And the girls who were laboring with mop and dust cloth were doing so with smiling faces and there was the look of the proud housekeeper on the face of each. This teacher was not working by hours, she was working with humanity. What cared she if the setting sun caught her at her task?

Possibly the most remarkable thing in the whole school is the playground work. This playground is not just a place to loaf and while away recesses. It, too, is a school, but the most peculiar thing about it is that the children do not realize that it is a school and if they did, it wouldn't make any difference, for they run it themselves. Of course there is never a time when teachers are not right there but they are assisting and advising not controlling. There is no more convincing proof of Miss Stanley's statement that all children have good in them than on the playground at this school. Boys and girls have athletic associations. Each one has its own officers and code of rules. The rules are made by themselves and they stick by

them.

"We find," said Miss Stanley, "that the children, if anything, are too severe on their playmates who have broken a rule. And the only time that we teachers have to step in is to modify punishment.

Below are requirements or rules made by the boys for their athletic association and, though broken sometimes, they stand and infractors are subject to the scorn of their fellows: Clean speech and clean habits, fairness, attention to whistle, must play best under all circumstances, must obey rules of game, always a good loser, must take care of equipment, obey umpire.

"It is our idea," continued Miss Stanley, "not to have a winning team so much as to give as near as possible exercise and social contact to every child in school."

"Does your playground work produce results?"

In answer to this question Miss Stanley related the story of a boy. She could have told about the lives of many more boys but this one she remembered in particular.

"He came to us from the worst sort of environment. It seemed to me that he hung his head in shame every time he passed a respectable person. His father had spent and was spending most of his time in the various jails. The boy wasn't so much interested in his school work, but when he got to the playground, he just let himself go. He played with an idea of sportsmanship and he took pride in the way he carried himself there. Gradually, he lost his sense of shame and held his face to the world. Today

he is one of the most respected and loved boys in the school and holds a position of high trust which was conferred upon him by the other students. The playground got him and I think he will carry the things he learned there through life."

And right here Miss Stanley stopped to explain the end of the education which these children are obtaining in that school.

"We are not trying to educate these children to leave the mills. We are trying to lift the standard of the mill community. Over and over I have told them that it is just as honorable to clothe the world as it is to feed the world. We want them to live here with the highest ideals that are possible in any vocation."

Others bear testimony to the fact that the leavening has commended to work in this community. Officials of the mill organization testify that in the last six years the morale of the community has been greatly uplifted and they place a large part of the credit to Miss Mary Stanley and the White Oak school.

This institution is somewhat different from the stereotyped article which exists in most other places. "Discipline is our least worry here," said Miss Stanley. "The children discipline themselves with the proper guidance." This school is possibly the only one in the state where student government is practiced below the eighth grade. Naturally there is a lot of teacher government mixed in with it, but as on the playground, it is control of too strict a punishment which is needed in most instances. The government is so organized that either the teacher or the students

can call a meeting of the student government council.

Miss Stanley told of the following instances which happened a few days ago.

"Some of the pupil representatives called a meeting and expressed a desire to abolish certain bad words which were alleged to be frequently used on the way home from school. I asked them what would be the best thing to do. Finally we came to the conclusion that we must appeal to a sense of pride. So the members of the student council visited the rooms themselves and asked pupils not to do those things. The result was that it was stopped as far as I know and it was certainly stopped more than if the teachers themselves had made the appeal. If a school child gets the idea that his fellows are looking scornfully at his actions then he will cease them at once.

"Do you ever use corporal punishment?"

"Rarely ever," replied Miss Stanley. "It is not absolutely against my suggestions that the teachers inflict bodily pain as punishment, but they understand that it is to be used only in rare instances. When a child does not study his lessons in school, then he must realize that it must be studied and he has to do it after school."

Music plays a big part in the White Oak school. In the plant there are three victrolas and two pianos. "The phonographs are the most useful things we have, I sometimes think," continued the principal. "We use them for taking exercise, for writing drills and for giving the children lessons in music

appreciation. Of course our pupils listen to jazz music and probably enjoy some of it, but they know that it is not the best and they like to hear good music, thanks to Mrs. J. Foster Barnes, who has succeeded in cultivating thousands of little ears for good music out here."

Miss Stanley goes personally over every one of the monthly reports and if she finds that a child is weak or backward in one subject, she places a red mark on the report and the teacher gives that child some extra attention in that subject. One of the most remarkable statements that Miss Stanley made was that the playground work since it has started in its present form had done away with fully nine-tenths of the red marks. If the red mark is on deportment, I usually attend to that," she remarked with a smile.

The teachers of the school are a part of the community. One of the requirements is that they shall visit the homes of their pupils at frequent intervals. But that is not a burden, according to one teacher. "It is one of the greatest pleasures that I have."

There is no denominational religion taught in the school but there is certainly a spirit of religion in every room and some time is devoted in every grade to moral instruction. Different teachers follow out their own methods of accomplishing this. In one room, gold stars were put on an honor roll for Bible verses learned by students.

"In your six years as a principal, what is the greatest thrill that you ever had?"

"I think it came just a short while

ago," slowly answered the principal, "One of the boys who went to school to me came home on a vacation from the University of North Carolina. He held out his hand to me, a strong virile man, and asked me if he was not still my boy as in the days when he was in the grades. That kind of thing is what gives a school teacher a real thrill."

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by
 Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."
 Note closely as in other men you note
 The bag-kneed trousers and seedy coat
 Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man is you
 And try to make your estimate ring true.
 Confront yourself and look you in the eye
 Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
 You looked on one whose aims you did not know
 Let undisguised contempt surge thru you when
 You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
 Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
 You note of falseness in you anywhere,
 Defend not one defect that shames your eye
 Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then with eyes unveiled to what you loath—
 To sin that with sweet charity you'd clothe
 Back to your self-walled tenement you'd go
 With tolerance for all who dwell below.
 The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink;
 Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
 When you with "he" substituted for "I,"
 Have stood aside and watch'd yourself go by

—Strickland Gilland.

"THE GUNPOWDER PLOT."

In this issue is an appreciation of Col. John H. Wheeler, who issued in 1851 a history of North Carolina. In this valuable old book, for which a new issue is planning to be printed, Col. Wheeler gives praise unstintingly to the bravery and patriotism of the movers of the "Mecklenburg Independence Declaration," saying also that "no part of the country was more fixed and forward in the cause of liberty than this immediate section," which at that time included the territory now embraced by Cabarrus county.

Introducing the statement of a prominent North Carolinian of that period, Wheeler's History says: "But there is a circumstance connected with the early history of Cabarrus that deserves record. I allude to the destruction of the powder and other munitions of war, 1771, by the citizens of Cabarrus, for which I am indebted to Hon. D. M. Barringer, our present envoy to Spain," as follows:

In the year 1771, some difficulties arose between Gov. Tryon of North Carolina and the Regulators, and in order to coerce them into his measures, the governor procured from Charleston, S. C., three or four wagon loads of the munitions of war, consisting of gunpowder, flints, blankets &c. They were brought to Charlotte, N. C., and from some suspicious amongst the friends of liberty, wagons could not be procured to transport them on; at length Col. Moses Alexander procured wagons to convey it to Hillsboro, the then seat of government. The vigilance of the jealous Whigs was ever on the alert, and in a settlement lying now in the county of Cabarrus, known by the name of the Rocky River settlement, sixteen miles northeast of Charlotte and seven or eight south of Concord, there existed as much of the true spirit of patriotism as ever was found in the same bounds, and where not a Tory was ever born or ever breathed.

The following individuals, viz., Major James White, William White and John White (all brothers, born

and raised on the bank of Rocky River, one mile from Rocky River church), Robert Caruthers, Robert Davis, Benjamin Cochran, James Ashmore and Joshua Hadley, bound themselves by a most solemn oath, not to divulge the secret on each other, and in order to keep them other, and in order to keep themselves, and set out to destroy, if possible, the powder &c that had been procured to shed the blood of their countrymen. They set out in the evening, while the father of the Whites was absent to mill with two-horse loads of grain; fortunately they met him (the boys were on foot); they demanded of their father the horses, and ordered him to dismount. He pleaded lustily for the privilege of the horses until he could carry home his bags, but all remonstrance was vain: they lifted the bags off the horses and left them on the side of the road. They came up with the wagons that hauled the powder &c., encamped on what was then called Phifer's Hill, three miles west of Concord, on the road leading from

Charlotte to Salisbury, near midway between these places, at or near what is now Long's tavern. They immediately unloaded the wagons, stove in the kegs, threw the powder, flint-&c., into a pile, tore the blankets into strips, placed them on the pile, made a train of powder a considerable distance from the pile, and Major White fired a pistol into the train, which produced a tremendous explosion. A stave from the pile struck White on the forehead, and cut him considerably. As soon as it came to the ears of Col. Moses Alexander, he put his whole ingenuity in requisition to find out the perpetrators of so foul a deed against his Majesty. The transaction remained a mystery for some time. Great threats were made, and in order to induce some one to turn traitor, a pardon was offered to any one who would turn king's evidence against the rest. Ashmore and Hadley, being half-brothers and composed of the same materials, set out unknown to each other, to avail themselves of the pardon offered, and accidentally met each other on the threshold of Moses Alexander's house. When they made known their business, Alexander observed, "That by the Governor's proclamation they were pardoned, but they were the first that ought to be hanged." The rest of the "Black Boys" had to fly the country. They fled to the state of Georgia, where they remained for some time. The Governor, finding he could not get them into his grasp, held out insinuations that if they would return and confess their fault, they should be pardoned. They returned, and as soon as it was known, Moses Alexander raised a guard, consisting of himself, two

brothers, John and Jake, and others, and surrounded the house of old White, the father of the boys. Caruthers, the son-in-law of White, was also at White's. They placed a guard at each door. One of the guards wishing to favor the escape of Caruthers, struck a quarrel with Moses Alexander at one door, while his brother Daniel Alexander whispered to Mrs. White, if there was any of them within they might pass out and he would not see him; in the meantime out goes Caruthers, and in a few jumps was in the river. The alarm was immediately given, but pursuit was fruitless.

At another time, the royalists heard of some of the boys being in a harvest field, and set out to take them; but always having some one in company that favored their escape, as they rode up in sight of the field one of the company waved his hand, which the boys took as a signal. They pursued Robert Davis so close, that he jumped his horse thirty feet down a bank into the river, and then dared them to follow him.

They fled from covert to covert to save their necks from the blood-thirsty loyalists, who were daily hunting them like wild beasts. They would lie concealed weeks at a time, and the neighbors would carry them food, until they fairly wearied out their pursuers. The oath by which they bound themselves was an imprecation of the strongest kind; the greater part of the imprecation was literally fulfilled in Hadley and Ashmore. Ashmore fled his country, but he lived a miserable life, and died as wretched as he had lived. Hadley still remained in the country, and was known for many years to the writer.

He was very intemperate, and in his fits of intoxication was very harsh to his family in driving them from his house in the dead hours of the night. His neighbors, in order to chastise him for his abuse to his family (among whom were some of the "Black Boys") dressed themselves in female attire, went to his house by night, pulled him from his bed, drew his shirt over his head and gave him a very severe whipping. He continued through life the same miserable wretch, and died without any friendly hand to sustain him, or eye to pity him.

Thus we see Mecklenburg and Cabarrus (at that time but one county) were the first that set the ball in motion that ended in the independence of the American people.

Frequently, when the royalists ranged the county in pursuit of the "Black Boys," the Whigs would collect in bodies consisting of twenty-five or thirty, ready to pounce upon them if they had taken any of them. From the allurments held out to them to give themselves up, the boys, at one time, went to within a short distance of Hillsboro, to beg their pardon of the Governor (Tryon), but finding his intention, if he could get them into his hands, to have hanged every one of them, they returned and kept themselves concealed.

Thus we find in a region of country very little known in the history of the revolutionary struggle, that the

spirit of liberty was cherished and matured the first to manifest itself in the Declaration of Independence in the county of Mecklenburg, of which they were then a part. From that very neighborhood, delegates were sent to Charlotte on the 20th of May 1775. In the transaction of burning the powder, those who were engaged (with the exception of Hadley and Ashmore, who were always cowards) gave their country a sure pledge of their attachment to the cause of liberty, which they faithfully reedemed, whenever their services were needed. Major James White, at the time the British lay in Charlotte, was continually annoying them. It was White who led the party on that memorable day when Col. Locke was overtaken and cut to pieces; and when Gen. Joseph Graham was also severely wounded. White rode a very fleet horse; he would ride near to the British forces, fire them, and whenever they would sally out after him, he would put his horse, which he called Stono, to his speed and outrun them.

And the foregoing has been accepted as the literal truth long before put into print, and since its publication in permanent form in Wheelers History (in 1951) the story of the brave deeds of the "Cabarrus Black Boys" has never been called into question, and their patriotism questioned until recently.

Be loving, and you will never want for love, be humble, and you will never want for guiding.—Miss Mullock.

COL. JOHN H. WHEELER.

This entertaining article concerning the life and labors of the author of Wheeler's History of North Carolina is furnished to the press by Samuel Wheeler Worthington, of Wilson, a great nephew of the distinguished North Carolinian. In this very same history, when history recording was at a low ebb in this country, may be found most valuable records, among them is the preservation of the story by the late D. M. Barringer of the heroic and daring deeds of "The Cabarrus Black Boys," which at this time is being discussed.

John Hill Wheeler was born August 2, 1806, at Murfreesboro, N. C., married first Mary Elizabeth Brown, daughter of Rev. Obadiah Bruen Brown and Elizabeth (Riley) Brown of Washington, D. C. April 19, 1830, at Washington. He married second, Ellen Oldmixon Sulley, daughter of Thomas Sulley (the famous American artist) and Sarah (Annis) Sully of Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8, 1838, at Philadelphia. The second Mrs. Wheeler had posed as substitute for Queen Victoria when her celebrated father was painting the Queen's picture.

John H. Wheeler resided in North Carolina and Washington, D. C. He was sent to school on Potecasi Creek, Northampton county, N. C., when he was but six years old. In 1813 he went to Hertford Academy, N. C., at that time under the charge of Jonathan Otis Freeman, D. D., an eminent divine. In January, 1822, he entered the preparatory school of the Columbian college (now George Washington university) near Washington City, at its opening; one of the first pupils of that institution. He was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the class of 1826. One year later he was reading law under the direction of Henry W. Long, Esq., and Judge John Louis Taylor, Chief

Justice of the Supreme court of North Carolina. In August of the same year (1827) he was elected a member of the House of Commons of North Carolina and took his seat in November—the youngest member in the house. In 1828 he was examined and licensed to practice law and also received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of North Carolina. In 1829 and 1830 he was re-elected to the legislature. Then state legislatures were honored bodies and secured some of the best talent in the states.

This legislature contained many eminent and able men, among them were Judges Gaston, Nash and Bailey, Geo. E. Sprignell, John M. Morehead, James Iredell and many more. To win a position in such a body was the promise of a fruitful manhood in a youth just 21 years of age. For and earnest and aspiring mind it proved a valuable school. Success was not to be hoped for without severe study and thorough preparation. Conscientiousness in the execution of the great trust committed to him by a generous and proud constituency marked his every effort for he could not bear to see their dignity overshadowed. He summoned all his powers to the work, and won for him-

self a conspicuous and honorable position. So well did he perform the task assigned to him that his approving constituents in the 25th year of his age nominated him for Congress, but after a severely contested and gallant canvass, he was defeated by the more experienced candidate Hon. Wm. B. Shepard.

President Jackson in 1837, appointed Mr. Wheeler secretary to the board of commissioners under the treaty with France to adjudicate the claims of American citizens for spoils under the Berlin and Milan decrees.

On January 18, 1837, he was nominated by President Jackson as superintendent of the United States branch mint at Charlotte, but in 1841 shared the political fortune of his friends and party; and in 1842 removed to "Ellangowan"—his beautiful country home at Beattie's Ford on the Catawba river. In November, 1842, he was elected by the legislature of North Carolina treasurer of the state. After his term of office had expired he again retired to his rural home on the banks of the Catawba, and aided by the suggestion of his friend, Gov. Swain, began the patriotic labor of writing "Wheeler's History of North Carolina," on which he was engaged about 10 years. Col. Wheeler gave his work to the public in 1851. It was a complete success and is highly esteemed as a faithful record of a most interesting and remarkable people. In 1852 he was again elected to the legislature. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce as the latter's assistant private secretary, and in the same year took up his

residence in Washington.

On his 48th birthday Col. Wheeler was appointed by the President, by and with the advice of the senate, minister resident of the United States near the Republic of Nicaragua, Central America. This was considered more important than the mission to London or Paris. Col. Wheeler resigned his mission in 1857 and returned to his home in the national capital very much broken down in health.

The last years of his life were spent in statistical labor and gathering material for an enlarged history of North Carolina. In 1863 he made a journey to Europe for the latter purpose, and far from the desolating and sanguinary events of war, in which he was too old to be an actor, he sought the treasures of the British archives and buried himself in that wonderful collection. But death came just as he was about to give his work to the press. However, his son Woodbury, assisted by Senator Fowler of Tennessee, carefully edited his manuscript and printed it in 1884 under the title of "Reminiscences and Memories of North Carolina and Eminent North Carolinians."

The social qualities of Col. Wheeler were of the highest order. His warm heart, his classic wit, and mirth-creating humor, made him the favorite of all circles in which intelligence, refinement and graceful addresses were desired.

Not less fortunate in his political associations, he knew personally all the Presidents and cabinet officers from the administration of Jefferson to that of Arthur. He had been the confidential friend of Jackson, Pierce

and Johnson, and was by them called to counsel and advice.

Col. Wheeler died December 7, 1882, in Washington and was buried in Oak Hill cemetery, Georgetown, D. C.

So long as he lived he claimed his legal residence to be in North Carolina. On his door plate was that

name coupled with his own, and over the breast of his encoffined form was engraved the name so dear to him. In all his thoughts, and in all his journeyings, his heart yearned toward North Carolina, and within the borders of that state he would have preferred interment.

HARKING BACK FORTY YEARS.

The cut showing the first members of the first newspaper organization of North Carolina, carried in Sunday's Greensboro News, is of much interest. The picture was preserved and furnished by Mrs. Al Fairbrother, who was an honored member of that organization. Newspapers in those days boasted very largely with whiskered editors and only a few ladies, who dared to play the game in the face of what seemed an essential. Now, in this period, newspaper offices are full of the ladies, besides much of the Sunday editions are made up with copy furnished by the ladies, telling of the stunts and movements of society.

Along in the 80's the newspaper folk of North Carolina got to talking about organization and closer affiliation and a little later the North Carolina Press association was formed. That was sometime before 1886 for in that year, according to the best recollections of those now living who were members of the initial organization, the first convention of the association was held. The association went to the national capital for its meeting at the time when the late President Grover Cleveland was serving his first term as President—the first Democratic President since the civil war.

Two Greensboro citizens were members of the press association and attended the first meeting. They are Mrs. Al Fairbrother and John S. Michaux. Both Mrs. Fairbrother and Mr. Michaux were active members of the fourth estate at that time. The

association induced a Washington photographer to take a picture of the group of Tar Heel newspaper men and women and Mrs. Fairbrother kindly loaned the Daily News one of the pictures taken at that time from which the cut on this page was made. John H. Small, one of those in the picture, is from Washington, N. C., and graduated from the newspaper profession into politics and for a number of years represented the first North Carolina district in the lower house of Congress. Mr. Bradshaw, also shown in the picture, went from the fourth estate to the pulpit and is now one of the leading Methodist ministers of North Carolina.

The first session of the North Carolina Press association was held about the time the late Joe P. Caldwell was running the old Statesville Landmark and getting ready to go to Charlotte, where as editor of the

Charlotte Observer he shone as one of the state's greatest editorial writers. It was just before the day when the late Col. Frank E. Robinson, another brilliant North Carolina editorial writer, took over the fortunes of the Asheville Citizen and became associated with W. F. Randolph and the late J. P. Kerr in the conduct of that paper. It was at a time when Mr. Bernard's Wilmington Star was in the zenith of its glory and when the late Dr. Kingsbury was one of the literary critics and a contributing editor on the old Wilmington Messenger. R. R. Clark, now editorial writer on the Greensboro Daily News, was then setting type from the case of the Statesville Landmark and about that time Joe Reece and Col. Albright were running the Greensboro Record. It was before many of the present-day afternoon and some of the morning dailies in North Carolina had been born before the day of Associated Press leased wire service and before the typewriter in a newspaper office was known. But they tell us today that those publishers of newspapers in North Carolina 40 years ago had a great time—especially on Saturdays when it came to making the payroll and paying off. Sometimes

the "ghost walked" and again it didn't. A dollar in that day and time went a long ways and not infrequently compositors and others connected with the newspaper got their pay in due bills. But they managed to get along some how and were responsible for laying the foundation upon which the newspaper structure in the state today was builded. They didn't have any eight-hour laws then and the editor wrote editorials, local items, set type and on occasions "subbed" for the office devil. He helped to make the payroll when it was made—and not infrequently played a little poker to help pay-off.

Those were the "good old days," John Michaux and Mrs. Fairbrother will tell you, when the struggling daily would suspend a week for the Christmas holidays and try not to suspend for other causes more than twice during a 12 months. They were the days of mustaches, whiskers and side-burns. A day when about the only speed the editor ever showed was on the draw. They are days never to return. They live now only in memory of those of that time and in bound volumes on musty shelves in our libraries.

TALK!

By James Hay, Jr. in Asheville Citizen.

All of the profound, table-thumping and inspiring stuff nowadays has to do with the power of thought. Gentlemen with flaming eyes and lofty domes assure their rapt audiences that, if a man trains his thought processes properly, he is another

David with the unerring sling against Goliath of discouragement, difficulties and mediocrity.

There was the intense gentleman who, with a frayed collar and a boundless contempt for barbering, took the platform not long ago to

declare that thought, if directed with sufficient intensity, ardor and skill, could kill any man against whom it might be employed.

Another bore witness that thoughts could be bridled and driven like the silver-veined, milk-white steeds of Apollo, that they could be put over life's hurdles on the gallop, and that their owner and trainer, seated in the gilded chariot of high endeavor, could rush them tandem, four-in-hand or single harness to the far, dim goal of Great Success.

"Think right," say the press agents of efficient thought, "and the world is yours!"

All of which is commendable, not to say excellent propaganda. But the trouble with it is that its preachers, exponents and leaders are not to forget, in their enthusiasm for their stuff, that words are among the most efficient weapons of life's arsenals.

The average man makes the same mistake. He runs up and down the world emitting words in extraordinary numbers; he lets these words play upon himself and upon his associates day in and day out; and not once does he pause to consider what they may be doing to himself or to others. He is utterly forgetful of the fact that words are vibrant, mighty and lasting forces.

Here an individual, feeling that things have conspired to rob him of the career which he once desired, gets into the habit of sneering at bright expectations: he discounts optimism; he sees the imperfections of everything. And under the flood of his own destructive conversation he is thrust into deeper gloom while his

discouraging viewpoint takes the fine edge off the brave plans made by those who listen to him.

There is a different kind of citizen, one of the "up and at 'em!" kind, satisfied with what he has accomplished and full of great schemes for bigger achievement in the future, goes about informing the world in general that this is just about the finest day that ever dawned, that the man on the corner is doing a better business than ever, that the fellow he lunches with looks to be in tiptop health, and that altogether things couldn't be grander.

On the bright rush of his speech he and his acquaintances are lifted up. He moves in a fresh and sunny atmosphere. People who hear his words are reminded of the happiness and success he has won, and they are encouraged.

Human beings are tremendously suggestible. If five of your friends tell you that you look ill this morning, you begin to feel ill. If five others comment on how well you seem, your chest goes out and your shoulders back!

We are forever taking on color from the outside. The average man's thoughts are creatures which can be ridden by words of others, if those words are emphatic and frequent enough.

Nor is it only a matter of what a man's daily speech does to others. Your own talk does much to you. **Your words are always boomerangs that come back to you to hurt or to help.**

Get a whine in your voice, say you don't believe this job suits you, and the first thing you know you

have a big audience, yourself adorning the front row, giving you gusty and gloomy agreement. But step into the shop, ask a fellow-worker to watch you "eat it up today!" Tell him how well suited you are to this sort of stuff, and in a moment you find yourself warming to the work, swept along by the conviction that this is a mere stepping stone to bigger things.

Take the man who enters a room laughing and talking, full of "pep," radiating energy and good will, saying the pleasing things to this woman, thanking that man for having inspired him to something—in three seconds he is the center of the room's activities, everybody is listening to him and giving him smile for smile. And this is true because they realize that they get a lot out of his words. He talks them into thinking well of themselves.

On the other hand, the fellow who

ambles in like a broken-backed liama of lamentation, extends a fish-like and refrigerated paw, lifts his lip to the sad semblance of a greeting smile, sits hump-shouldered on the edge of his chair and says how sorry he is to see that everything is going straight to the devil—the others in the room fall away from him as from a pestilence.

They realize that his words are a barrage against their cheerfulness. They know from experience that gloomy talk begets gloomy spirits. They look upon him as an enemy.

Words are frequently the coin with which you sell yourself to others. Words are the grooves along which social intercourse moves and in which civilization has marched.

Talk! Say something! Never forget that words are swift bullets in life's battles. It is well to remember; however, that without thought their range is short and their aim low.

A NORTHERN PREACHER SEES CHARLESTON.

By Rev. N. R. Melhorn, D. D., Editor of a religious journal.

This week's first page is the picture of a very little bit of the famous Magnolia Gardens, located on the Ashley River near Charleston, South Carolina. The entire area comprises sixteen acres, wherein grow great trees from whose branches hang long streamers of "southern moss." Vivid patches of color intersperse the trees when azaleas, japoncias, roses, elematis, and other flowers literally hide the green of leaves and vines with the profusion of their blooms.

Those of us who know most of these flowers only in hot-house or potted forms, are astonished by bushes a dozen or more feet high. Magnolia Gardens were the treasure of a plantation occupied prior to the year 1700. They are said to be without an equal in the cultivation of azaleas.

A Visit to the Palmetto State

We had the opportunity to spend a week in Charleston. Opportunity was given to see something of this old city and to me a few of its people.

It happened that the monthly meeting of the South Carolina Society occurred during our visit, and we were permitted by a courtesy extended through Pastor George Gongaware, to attend. It is an organization which was formed about 1736 and it has had a continuous existence ever since, though the regularity of its meetings was interrupted by the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. It had its origin in the desire to afford help to a man in the little community of that early day who "was reduced to low circumstances." From this single instance arose an organization at which each member contributed monthly "two bits, or about fifteen pence of the then currency." A recent pamphlet concerning the society informs one this sum would equal three cents and seven mills of today's money. Later it was incorporated, and so carefully administered its dues and gifts as to have, in 1770, funds to the amount of over 50,000 pounds sterling. It was able to assist needy members or their families and to afford schooling and "clothing" to "from ten to twenty poor children." Thirty years later it could boast of a school with a capacity for seventy-two children.

Its present membership is limited to 125 men. It convenes each month at seven P. M., transacts whatever business needs attention and then sits down to supper. It enjoys the curious distinction of never listening to speeches. The wives of such as are married, we were told by the presiding officer, expect their husbands home shortly after nine o'clock.

The list of members from 1737 to 1923 is in print. On August 14th of

the latter year the 1949th member was admitted. With this figure as a basis of computation, we meditated on the total membership that a congregation enrolls during an existence of almost two centuries. Lutheranism in Charleston, for example, began almost when this society was formed. St. John's, the original church, has at present between four and five hundred members on its roll. Sixteen times this would probably be less than the total number of names its succession of record books contains.

We Preach to a Negro Congregation

The Reformed Episcopal Church (a rather small group who separated from the Protestant Episcopal denomination several decades ago in protest against high church tendencies) has a Special Missionary Jurisdiction of which Charleston is the center. A conference of the superintendent, the Rev. Joseph Kearney, with the colored pastors of his district began March 13th. They number fifteen active and two inactive on account of physical disability. Pastor Kearney very cordially invited us to attend an evening service. We thus had opportunity to meet a half dozen of the pastors and to observe the worship of about 200 colored folk who had gathered.

When we reached the church, many of the congregation were already in their pews and under the leadership of one of the vestry were singing "spirituals." Very soon the pastor, clad in robe and bands not very different from the clerical garb to which we are accustomed, entered the chancel, and the full "evening service" was participated in by different clergymen and the people. They joined heartily and promptly in the res-

ponses of their liturgy, but had considerable difficulty in reading the psalm responsively. The pastor whispered to us that a good many of them are unable to read. It was evident that others had to have considerable time to spell out the psalm.

The clergyman who read the evening Gospel lesson recited it with evident understanding. We have heard white brethren, with much more opportunity to learn, do much worse in giving oral expression to God's Word.

We had expected to make an address, but when it was hinted that a sermon would be more fitting, we hastily went over the list of discourses a preacher has "in his head," and decided on one based on the text "Now ye are the body of Christ." We have used it several times, but never when it must be given application to the sort of congregation that then confronted us.

Christianity a Universal Faith

One asks for the guidance of the Holy Ghost at such times, and is very humble about it. We have often wondered how our missionaries can get the intricacies that are familiar to mist of our catechetically trained folk out of their presentation of the divine message. Perhaps some such task as the one we had thrust upon us would be a fine preaching experience for all of us. The writer of these lines feels certain that the Holy Spirit gives the grace of witnessing to preachers when they are sincerely anxious to possess it, and thereby enables the Gospel of our Saviour to be cast as seed into the hearts of simple minded men and women. If we can judge from appearances, this colored congregation grasped the signi-

fiance of Paul's teaching concerning their privilege and responsibility to act as a group in administering the persuading and nurturing gifts of God.

We ourselves learned likewise that these colored Christians are united by a fellowship in Christ whereby they can accomplish in their way for the Kingdom of God what we "white folk" do through our congregations. Their faith is probably much less intellectual than that current among more learned sections of the Christian Church, but they are adequately and similarly blessed by the Saviour. Our theory about giving the negro the Gospel is much more "practical" than before.

We were eager to hear more of their characteristic singing and Superintendent Kearney kindly asked them to sing "some of their own songs" for us. They did so, and we were greatly impressed. It was curious from a musical point of view. One singer carries the narrative. While they "covered the table with an offering" (a very literal way of taking up the collection by each one bringing his money and laying it on the table) they sang what we recall as "You have to reap what you sow," "Everybody that talks about heaven ain't going to be there," "The old-time religion," "Down by the riverside," and others whose titles we cannot remember. The obligatist was sometimes a man and at other times a young woman, whose facial expression was one of rapt earnestness while she sang. The refrains were in harmony. It was not saxophone ragtime, such as jazz orchestras often inflict upon us, nor were the chords "min-

or." The rhythm was prominent in the melodies and accented by tapping of feet on the floor. In this church the tapping was not boisterous or unseemly.

Story-Telling

We were too strange to obtain a "free flow" of characteristic incidents. We received a couple we can pass on:

A quite bow-legged man came in out of a cold, drizzling rain and "draped himself" about the round stove that heated the store room. A small boy observed him and said: "Mister, you better move away from from that stove; you is gittin warped."

A train was wrecked on a high embankment and a car rolled down the grade. A colored fieldhand nearby stood stock still in his astonishment until he saw a man climb out of a car window. Then he approached and said:

"Mister, did you roll down the bank in that car?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Are you hurt?" was the next query.

"Only bruised, I think," was the reply.

"Well, say, man, you has used up all the luck you'll ever have," was the final comment.

On the train coming north, we met a couple of very delightful citizens of Charleston who were cordial in talking about their ancestors who had taken part in the Revolutionary War. Thence they came to the Civil War in which their grandparents had par-

ticipated. One of them related this incident of an exchange of courtesies between Northern and Southern officers:

A young Carolinian had become a first lieutenant and as a result of a skirmish in which a Northern officer lost his life, come into possession of a very fine sword. His own was of the cheapest sort and youthful vanity led him to prefer the one thus gotten. Later in the conflict about Richmond, he was in charge of a "detail" which, under a flag of truce, met a group from Grant's army to bury the dead who lay between the lines. He noticed the officer of the Northern squad eyeing his sword and was finally asked: "Would you sell that sword?" He replied, "There is not enough money in the whole North to purchase it." The Northerner explained: "Do not take offense; your sword is one worn by a friend of mine who was killed in action, and I took it to send to his widow. Before I had a chance to forward it, I loaned it to another officer who had none with which to go into action. Evidently he fell in that fight." "In that case," said the young Southerner, "you can have it to send to your friend's widow," and he handed it over. After the two squads had returned to their respective lines, a Northern soldier approached a Southern sentry, handed him a beautiful sword, and directed him to give it to the officer who had just been in command of the Confederate burial squad. Neither officer knew or ever learned the name of the other.

WHY HE IS A MEMBER.

(News & Observer.)

Some weeks ago W. O. Saunders, then editor of the Elizabeth City Independent, wrote an article for Collier's on "Why I am not a Church Member," which created deep interest throughout the country. Mr. Saunders fell into the common error of blaming inconsistent Christians and justifying his failure to join the best of them in making church members true disciples of Christ. His indictment of members of the church who do not walk in the light was true as to many, more's the pity. But the man who stands on the side and blames the pitcher rarely improves the game. If he is an athlete he should get in the game, and the challenge of the Bible to mankind is to put on "the breastplate of righteousness."

Prizes were offered for the best reply to Mr. Saunders' challenge on "Why I Am Not" and "Why I Am a Church Member." One thousand one hundred and thirteen were in favor of church membership and 401 approving the position taken by Mr.

Saunders in his article. The prize given for the best answer on "Why I Am a Church Member" closed in this brief summary:

I, too, have been dragged through irreligious revival meetings as a boy. I, too, once left the church. I, too, reread the words of Jesus. I, too, see the church's weakness. I am a man, however, and a part of the world as it is, a recipient of its benefits as well as its problems. It is because of this I say, "Give me a job—in the best institution for good in the world, the church. Give me a job," I say, "let me help lift." That's why I am a member of the church.

The writer sees that, with its slow advance because of the imperfections and narrow vision of its members, the church is "the best institution for good in the world," and, instead of standing on the side-lines, he wishes to take his part and help to secure strength and power by association with those who are seeking the Way, the Truth and the Life.

Mr. Roy Haynes, National Prohibition Commissioner, in an address before the State enforcement people at Louisville, said disclosed facts show that Nationally, "enforcement of prohibition has made great progress." However some people may differ with that, all will be agreed on the proposition that if prohibition is to be enforced, "State, city and county officials must keep their own back yards clean."—Charlotte Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

The boys saw their weekly show Thursday night. The poster was discussed by Senator Foil of Concord.

Rev. W. A. Jenkins, of the central M. E. church, conducted the services in the auditorium Sunday afternoon.

Everett Goodrich is spending a few days with his parents in Morehead city.

The baseball teams had a practice game Saturday. The first and second nines playing.

The incubators turned out their hatches again last week. Nearly three fourths of the eggs hatched this time.

Mr. Carriker and a number of the carpenter shop boys have been repairing the screen doors and windows of the cottages.

Mr. Edmund Poole, of Troy, has accepted a position at the institution. He has been appointed one of the third cottage officers.

Mrs. Olivia K. Duckett is teaching school again after a week's absence. During her absence Mr. Paul Owensby had charge of her room.

Mr. George H. Lawrence, formerly band master at the school, visited

us Tuesday and the boys were glad to see him.

Misses English, Bell, Holliways and Goodheart of Samareand Manor were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Crooks last Sunday.

Two hogs were killed last Monday morning that weighed about 250 pounds each. This will be about the last killing this season.

Letter writing day came around again last week and all of the boys sent a letter to their respective homes.

The ball diamond is in a fine condition for the coming season. After the splendid work done on it by Capt. T. L. Grier.

New quarterlies were distributed among the boys last Monday night, as Sunday marked the end of the first quarter. The boys are eager to get new ones as they take much pride in studying them.

A very fine collection of books was sent to the school recently by the young people of Christ's church, Raleigh, of which Rev. M. A. Barber is pastor. The books were sent to the 12th cottage, and are affording the boys a great deal of pleasure.

Coach Bob Fetzer of the Universi-

ty of North Carolina does not forget that the boys are base ball fans. He has already sent one box of balls, which will come in mighty good when the season opens up.

fessor Ash and a group of high school students from Jackson county visited us last week. They made a thorough inspection of the various departments and were much pleased with the school.

Rev. John Wesley Bennett, Pro-

THE PITY THAT HELPS.

There is a pity that exhausts itself in tears, but does little besides. It sees things are not right, but makes no effort to make them right. It talks about them and laments over them, but goes no further. There is another kind of pity. It is the kind t'at has eyes and heart to sympathize, and it also has hands to help. It quickly sees that weeping, even to the point of exhaustion, if it ends there, is not adequate in a world like ours. If all the energies bound up in tears and shed over calamities of one sort or another could be coined into bread and clothing and medicine and bibles, both these who give and those who receive would be better off. All of which reminds us of a story of two little girls who were sorry for a sparrow that spent the cold winter nights on an iron rod outside their window. The one was so afraid that the little bird would freeze its feet on the frosty iron rest and that it would starve to death that she wept bitterly over it. Her sister was sorry too, but instead of expressing it in the same way she took a piece of worsted and wrapped it around the cold iron bar, and she also scattered crumbs on the window sill. Which of these two do you think showed her sorrow in the better way? What the world needs today is not fewer tears of sympathy, but the more general application of a real helpful ministry, such as each of us can render. We have not done our best until we have gone forth with the resolute purpose of taking some of the chill and the sting and the fever out of the lives of the people who are walking in a hard way.—Selected.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 11, 1925

No. 20

TRYING TO DESCRIBE
LOVE.

Helen Keller, whose affliction touched the heart of the country, when being cited to a beautiful act, asked of her teacher this simple though vital question, "Is this not true love."

Replying her teacher made this effort at a definition: "Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out. You cannot touch the clouds, you know; but you feel the rain and know how glad the flowers and the thirsty earth are to have it after a hot day. You cannot touch love either; but you feel the sweetness that it pours into everything."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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JUDGE JOHN MONTGOMERY OGLESBY.

A great compliment has come to Concord in the selection by Gov. McLean of Mr. John M. Oglesby for the judgeship of the Fifth District to succeed the late Judge Ben F. Long. Gov. McLean had a number of very eligible gentlemen from whom to select this successor, and the fact that he placed this honor and high duty on Mr. Oglesby is both a compliment to the splendid young gentleman and to the community in which he has grown up and wrought.

There are few men whose record in life, with all its hardships and struggles, reads more like a romance. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, for he was the son of a Methodist preacher and all preachers will attest to the absence of silver spoons and such things. But he was born with a spirit that has aided him in developing into fine manhood, adopting high ideals and cherishing an aspiration to leave the world better by having lived in it.

Mr. Oglesby became a lawyer through hard and devoted study while he was engaged in the business of making a living. He has always moved about with his eyes open. The record he made at the Chantanooga Law School attests his legal turn of mind; his success for the few years he has been at the bar clearly shows his preparation for the great profession; and his attitude

towards all questions that concern the good of the public tells what manner of man he is.

The Uplift, while not a lawyer, has abiding faith that Judge Oglesby, by dint of his high character, his splendid intellect, his studious nature and his love for the profession of law, will make an efficient and able jurist. It's in him by inheritance, environment and will.

Though busy with his profession, never idle and responsive to many calls, he found time to teach, Sunday after Sunday, a large Bible Class in Epworth Church, and they say his class deplores the honor that has overtaken him that will take him from it.

Preachers' sons are coming into their own, almost daily, despite the Doubting Thomases and the critics; and The Uplift takes particular pride in the fact that it will not be hard to become accustomed to calling this bright and capable young man Judge Oglesby.

* * * * *

IN THE BLOOD.

James Franklin Crowell, the manager of King Tut filling station just out of the incorporate limits on the road to Charlotte, is a lover of nature and nature's contribution to the beautiful.

We are prone to regard men as the result of three forces—heredity, environment and will. Young J. Frank Crowell is a product of all three on about equal terms. His Daddy, Col. G. T. Crowell, like Col. Baldy Boyden and Col. Al Fairbrother, always sports a rose in his coat lapel if a flower is at all available. Young Crowell's place of business pays court to the joy and aid of flowers—he has them in his windows. Not satisfied with sporting the biggest name for his station, he has worked up a flower garden just on the outside, and some of these days folks will be driving by to see the fruits of Frank's natural like for the beautiful.

It's in the blood. The whole Crowell family is fond of flowers and given a half chance they'll have flowers, even though potatoes have to be cut out. A cousin of young Frank Crowell—by the way, we saw Frank not long ago pick up a dirty, half-clad urchin on the streets, carry him into a barber shop, treat him to a bath and a clean shirt and under clothes, and bid him well—is Boone Crowell (not named for Daniel Boone), who carries daily a rural route and comes home and devotes the balance of the day to a small nursery. His home yard tells in what direction this Crowell's mind runs.

Any body that can take a rough, undeveloped place and throw it into order

and embellish it with flowers, has a heart—and that counts in life. You couldn't get one of these Crowells to go prowling about in the woods, breaking the dog-wood when in bloom, or ruthlessly destroying the beauty of a tree or a shrub along the highway. But there are many vandals, who will rob these cheering natural gifts of their beauty by breaking limbs and otherwise mutilating them—this spirit, too, is in their blood.

* * * * *

HE'S BEEN TO THE COUNTRY.

Editor J. F. Hurley, of the Salisbury Evening Post, has been out in the open world and observed a few thing. He has been impressed with the beauty of returning life and urges a preservation of this beauty. His views fit so well the notions entertained by The Uplift that we here reproduce them:

More than once the past few weeks we have been impressed with the beauty of the woods along the highways. And more than once displeased with the tendency of so many who drive along to stop and tear the flowers from the trees, mutilating the trees that bear beautiful flowers and destroy the beauty of the blossoms, too.

The Judas tree and the dogwood are only beautiful as they adorn the forest, twisted from the tree they lose their effective beauty and those who would raid the woods should remember this, also, that to trespass on the lands along the highway, while it may seem like a small thing, it unbecoming, and a trespass just the same. Owners of the woods may not say things and deny the small privilege, but they all know how unbecoming it is in those who drive by to stop and raid the trees on their land. Those who tear off great limbs to carry away get little pleasure out of these boughs and they do irreparable harm to the tree. If all who pass by would stop to strip off the flowers real serious harm would be the result.

Nature put these beauty bearing trees in the forest where they lend enchantment to those who pass by and those who do pass get real pleasure out of them, and those who own the woods, too, but stripped by trespassers the whole plan is destroyed. Enjoy the beauty of the woods without destroying it and without trespassing on the rights of others.

* * * * *

DESCRIPTION OF A BEAUTY SPOT.

The very large number of local people who have made a visitation to Magnolia Gardens, near Charleston, S. C., and, returning, give such glowing accounts of what they saw, gives to this beauty spot more than a passing interest.

We are very grateful that a good friend, Mr. C. W. Hunt, who knows how

to appreciate real beauty, natural and artificial, and possesses no mean powers in telling in words what he saw and felt, has favored us with a story of this wonderful place, which has come to be an asset to the sleepy old city by the sea in South Carolina.

We speak of Charleston as sleepy in no disrespect. The people of that city rather pride themselves on the spirit and the ability to hold fast to the old things and many of the old customs. In this it is unique.

One of the sights in Charleston is what the natives, even including the negroes, call the "baw-te-ry." Recently two graded school teachers of Charlotte, on a sight-seeing visit, asked a policeman the best way to go to the battery. He informed the puzzled young ladies that Charleston had nothing of that description—that all well-informed people properly called it the "baw-te-ry."

Mr. Hunt promises to follow this article by another in which he will tell us more about dear old Charleston, which is in a class by itself.

* * * * *

Dr. H. C. Herring, one of the brightest minds in the state, during the past cool spell dolled himself up in the warmest clothes. He has observed that in all the corrective measures that are taking place in governmental affairs, which conditions warrant, that the re-arrangement of the Almanac has been overlooked. "Just think of this kind of weather, when the flowers are in bloom and the dog-wood is in its glory. Something ought to be done to the Almanac to make it fit the seasons."

* * * * *

Wonder what the blockade scientists think of the beautiful garb all nature is putting on? Can they see any evolution in all this beauty? It does look like a Great I Am, in long years back, had something to do with the ordaining of this annual return of the evidences of life. If all this be worth while with trees and flowers and shrubs, how much more may be expected in the hereafter of those, who move, act, think, and design?

* * * * *

Senator Lee Slater Overman, who enjoys a statewide popularity and has great influence in the U. S. Senate clears up a situation that some have expressed to believe was in doubt. Senator Overman has announced that he will be a candidate to succeed himself in the democratic primary of 1926.

THE MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

(Charleston)

By C. W. Hunt.

To those who never saw them or it, the name "Magnolia Gardens" is a misnomer. To say: "Magnolia Gardens" brings visions of a grove of evergreen magnolia trees in full bloom, which is not what one sees when he or she visits what is known as Magnolia Gardens, ten miles out of Charleston; for the magnolias are the smallest part of it. Magnolia is the name of a country estate, and the flowers one sees are in the gardens at the place known as Magnolia. If it had been called the Azalea groves or gardens, it would give a better idea to the stranger, of what he or she would see on this wonderful spot. Age and grandeur are exemplified at every turn. The place appears to have never been a farm, but rather a country place, where in the days gone by dwelt the rich, who knew nature and natural beauty and cultivated them, and the owner who planted shrubbery to make a beautiful spot more beautiful, had not the slightest idea it would ever be commercialized, but it has become a commercial asset of no mean magnitude, for the few fleeting weeks the colorful flowers last, and the average visitor comes from hence with a thrill that is forthwith transmitted to others. One dollar to see the place seemed a good price, but that has been doubled with no apparent diminution of the crowd that journeys hundreds of miles to see it the last weeks in March and first week of April each year, and its

fame is fast becoming nation wide.

The Ashley river, a tide water stream, that runs through the salt marshes that jet inland from the sea, which are hemmed in by high banks and bluffs, making ideal locations for a country estate. On these high and well drained banks the live oaks and magnolia and such have grown to unusual proportions in size and spread of limbs. Some grew in naturally beautiful locations, more were planted while young along wide avenues of approach; and the limbs have long since met and lapped into each others embrace, while Spanish moss hangs in waving festoons from almost every bough. It is down such an avenue of these stately live oaks that one approaches "Magnolia Gardens," in the midst of which, all hidden with a wealth of bright and beautiful azaleas and wisteria is the crypt or mausoleum containing the bones of its founder, and on which hardly decipherable on account of the age of the stone, is the following inscription:

HACITOR

A. D.

ASTRO

DRAYTON A. D. 1691

At the end of the avenue of live oaks you stop at a stone entrance with massive iron gates where tickets are purchased, and you pass the portals into a wide spreading lawn on which graze sheep and turkeys, and in pools of water swim ducks and geese and swan, the great

spreading live oaks everywhere, all festooned with hanging Spanish moss, under which you park the car and enter through a wicker gate into the gardens proper, and your party is given a guide in the person of an old fashioned negro woman: not dressed in uniform with small white cap on her head, but a natural old time negro, in such habiliments as she can afford, with a full knowledge of how to talk as little as possible, except to answer all questions, and perfect knowledge of the flowers and shrubs you see. You follow her, she in silence, but not so with the party; for the English language affords no word or words sufficient to describe the grandeur and beauty of the flaming azaleas, japonicas wisteria and roses. These shrubs have grown to the height of ten to fifteen feet; at times overlapping, then you come into a straight path from which rises on either side a rounding bank of the most gorgeous colors of azaleas the eye of humans ever beheld. Down this path you follow, turning ever to the right or left into more winding paths under dense foliage and blooming flowers on all sides of wide open azaleas in every shade of pink, salmon, white and purple, as well as crosses between these distinct colors. Such colorings as must be seen to be appreciated, for no pen can describe it. These you pass and cross till there seems to be no end to the paths or the riot of colors. Then out from under these low-growing bowers into the tall cypresses, a wonderful bunch of trees surrounding a fresh water lake, the waters of which bathe the roots of the trees and the lake is border-

ed with cypress knees. Then out into the tall timbers of cypress, pine, water oaks, live oaks, cedars and magnolias and you reach another fresh water lake bordered with this riot of azalean colors, whose shadows reflecting from the clear waters give the colors of the rainbow, and soon the black-mammw brings you again to the wicker gate at which you enter, and you are again on the outside, enchanted and obsessed with a desire to remain for awhile longer in a place of indescribable beauty.

What has gone before would seem enough for one day, but for some cause Charleston folks with whom you speak, insist on visitors going four miles further to the "Middleton Place Garden," an estate on the Ashley river also. Here is the remnants of a once great brick home, the south wing of which only remains, which faces the salt marshes of the Ashley river, which seems to have been of a later vintage, though not late enough to prevent the destruction of most of the grand old mansion around which the Middleton Place Gardens still grow in all their beauty. Here the azaleas, japonicas, wisteria and such were given more room and planted from the standpoint of the landscape architect, and all the flowers seemed ten days later in blooming than those at Magnolia. Aside from the beauty of the blooming shrubs and the wide spreading live oaks, the setting of the old mansion, as it was, facing the salt marshes of the Ashley river from the high bluffs, there is a grandeur and a sublimity that belongs to a past generation. The remaining south wing is rusty with age, but the upper and lower windows, all

set the same distance apart, still carry the outside blinds, while on the inside and next to the panes of glass are snow-white ruffled curtains held back with white bands of the same goods, while against the casements hang curtains of cretonnes of beautiful colors. Many lady visitors crave to see the inside, but are told no one is at home. No one tells you what became of the center and the north wing, and only the circular front steps facing the river are left to remind you of the once grand old place, the ruins covered with climbing white Cherokee roses, while off to the north

hidden from the general view is the granite mosoleum, with no mark to tell whose remains rest there, but its massive granite blocks are supposed to hide the bones of Middleton the once owners of and maker of "Middleton Place Gardens."

Of old Charleston itself, another chapter will tell, and another will enlarge upon the wonderful truck farms that spread out on all sides from the paved highways and gravel roads all lined with trees now in leaf, with the ever present Spanish moss as a decoration.

WHEN APRIL SMILES.

When April smiles when Winter's reign is o'er,
 And Spring has opened wide her magic door
 Through which we see, far on into the haze,
 The vista of the coming Summer days;
 Then yellow daffodils wave in the grass;
 And sweet narcissi welcome all who pass;
 While many a wild bird's song the heart beguiles,
 When April smiles

When April smiles, fair blossoms crown the bough,
 And, lo! upon the lofty mountain's brow
 The grass revives; the trees again grow green;
 The streamlet murmurs 'neath a sky serene;
 The lake gleams golden in the sunlight's glance,
 The soft wind whispers tales of old romance,
 And Nature woos us with a thousand wiles,
 When April smiles.

—The Quiver.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

This is Miss April, standing under the lintel of the doorway of Spring. Whimsical Miss! Scampering, giggling, mocking sprite. The coquette of the calendar. She peeps at us gleefully; flashes a calcium of golden sunshine across our pathway; beckons to the will-o'-the-wisp in our hearts; lures us to the big out-of-doors; and our fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love for the great wide, open world, and we begin to feel the calls of Spring; you shove a cloud out of your mountain studio of weather-making conditions hitch a sprinkling cart to it; open all the faucets, and give the earth frequent shower baths. Capricious April! You fool people the first day you step out; and some remain fools all the rest of the month. And some never get over it. Some may grow impatient with your changing moods, but you are the mother of summer. Life is rampant within you—you know not the meaning of restraint. We hail you, whimsical Miss; but don't you hail on us, or give us the cold shoulder too often.

There are few mollycoddles among America's young womanhood, if the results of a pool recently taken from a group of typical working girls in a large business organization are to be considered seriously. Little did grandma dream when, as a flapper of her day, she took her tating in hand and set out to spend a riotous afternoon on the porch rocker, that her descendants only one generation removed would look upon such amusemet with

disdain and go in for the recreation that belonged only to the hardiest young men of her day. One hundred and forty-two young women employees of the institution were asked to designate their favorite recreation. From their answers it would seem that Miss America can not be referred to as "the weaker sex" with any justification. Swimming lead, tennis came next in the largest number. There were others who preferred skating, football, hiking, baseball, basket ball, horseback riding, golf, dancing, bicycle racing, automobiling, canoeing, skiing. The American girl is an active part of American life. They keep the men going at a lively pace.

Some time ago I wrote a beautiful piece, as I thought, about the persistent fern that forced its way up through a concrete sidewalk. It was quite a nice little sermon, and I thought when it was printed it would make people better. I have received a letter from a reader, who needs to be made better more than any one else I know, but who, up to the present time, has remained unaffected by my moral preachment. His note reads: "This belongs to your fern-pushing-upward-to-the-light-through-the-sidewalk story." And this was the story he enclosed:

Little girl (to grandfather)—
"Grandpa, why don't you grow hair on your head?"

Grandpa—"Well, why doesn't grass grow on a busy street?"

Little girl—"Oh, I see; it can't get

up through the concrete.”

And that reminds me of how people will talk, too. Two women were on a street car discussing their sojourn in Florida during the past winter. One said she had been to Miami, and when asked if she enjoyed it, said that she would have if it hadn't been that the place was so full of Irish, who just spoiled things for her. The other said that that was exactly her own experience. She had been to St. Petersburg, but the place was so filled with Irish, and they were so profane she couldn't enjoy her stay there at all. The car stopped just then to let off an Irish woman who had been sitting behind them. As she arose from her seat, she addressed the ladies thusly: "Well, leddies, sure I hope ye spend yer next winter in h——, where I'm sure ye'll be happy, for ye'll find no Irish there."

It seems to me that the art goods this year, and the Easter tokens of friendship and love, and kindred subjects, are the prettiest I have ever seen. There are those beautiful framed art mottoes, for one thing, that make you just ache to own them. The big blue one, with "The Easterner's Prayer" in illuminated lettering under the lovely painting, just makes you catch your breath. If you could see the "Boy Scout's Creed," in a golden setting of lively-looking scout boys, you'd just have one for your own scout's Easter present. And if the scout could see the one called "Father," he'd surely want to get that for his dad. It bears these appropriate words:

"I am grateful to Heaven for Bless-

ings it's sent,

For peace and good friends, for success and content;

I am grateful for health, and for skies bright and blue,

But most grateful of all for a father like you."

Then there's a funny picture of a lazy old fellow, dozing in a boat, drifting along on a golden stream, inscribed with those familiar words of Hathaway, "Most any old fish can float and drift along and dream, but it takes a regular live one to swim against the stream." I have seen hand-painted mottoes, and embroidered mottoes, and wonderful pen and ink productions, but I have never seen as many pretty ones as there are this year.

Durham is proud of her high school basket ball team that went to Chicago and although they did not bring away any champion honors, they made a good show, and put Durham's athletic activities on the sporting map. Of course we are all proud of our boys. The interest in them did not lag while they were away. Wednesday night four telephones were going in the Herald office all the time for quite three hours, answering the calls to give information on the game. It was not so strenuous Thursday night, but the climax came with that night. After answering many calls, and imparting the disappointing information that Durham had been defeated by Wyoming by a score of 26 to 20, finally a woman's voice, sounding like a young voice, full of snap and pep, as it was, after being informed as to her question, "How'd the game

go?" remarked with a brevity of two words, only five letters, in one, something that sounded like you would block a stream for the purpose of forming a body of water to run a mill. The word was quick; she said it quick; and said it like she meant every letter of it. But it was not as bad as that. But she must have burnt out a fuse on the line, as we haven't heard anything like it since.

That was not stuff. It reminds me that when I was a boy, near the school house was a number of bee hives, and our old-field school teacher used to tell we boys that we must not molest the bees. All of us usually went barefooted, and were not anxious to stir up trouble with the bees. One day a little girl ran up to the owner of the bees, in the yard next to the school house, and exclaimed: "Please, Mister, my little brother Willie stepped on one of your bees; but it was an accident, and he got right off."

A person in a progressive town that is on the hustle, will notice many changes in a short time. One going away for a short time will, on his return, notice stores vacated, and buildings being made over. You see them frequently in and around Durham. Signs displayed showing that firms have temporarily moved out. A minister who had been away returning to the city and saw this condition, remarked, "What a striking picture of death for the believer! If I should be called home to be with the Lord before you, and you wished to put a slab of some kind where my body lies, you might have

it read something like this: 'Saved by the grace of God; moved out until renovated and repaired.' That would tell the whole story." Some time after this minister saw the stores made over, so that one could scarcely imagine they had ever looked as once they did. Yet the foundations were the same and also the walls. He again alluded to his former expression on the buildings and the parallel with the death of the believer and especially with his resurrection. For in that blessed state we shall have bodies identical with those we now have, just as the stores have the same foundations and walls, yet our bodies shall be transformed more wonderously than any buildings of earth have ever been.

He was a good-natured Swede, who had not been in this country very long, and was not over familiar with the use of the telephone, which he had had installed in his home. He was in town and wanted to communicate with his friend. Taking down a receiver, in one of the stores, he began thus: "Aye vant to talk to my wife." Central's voice came back sweetly: "Number please?" "Oh," he replied, being perfectly willing to help Central to call her up, "She bane my second vun."

I notice the "Confessions of a Wife," have disappeared from the newspapers. I guess she confessed all she knew and that ended it. But I notice a new phase of the marital question has broken out. It is the "Truth about my husband." It is a serial article to be taken seriously. But I was just thinking; does every

wife know the truth about her husband. If she does, I pity that husband whose wife tells the public what she knows about him. It were better that a mill-stone were hanged

about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea. The happy home is broken up when this is the case.

COMPARING TWO STATES.

Danville News.

Interesting comparisons between Virginia and North Carolina are contained in the University of Virginia News Letter. The two states run close together in most classifications. The interesting feature is the comparison with the average for the United States, and the growth during the last ten years.

Some Virginians have become sensitive at the extravagant praise of North Carolina's progress in roads and schools. It is always well to face the facts calmly and in this instance it is fortunate that the figures were gathered from an unprejudiced source, the information being taken from the University of Tennessee's Digest of Southern States.

Virginia leads in total and per capita wealth, resources, many items of agriculture, mining, total annual production of electricity, in telephones, exports, wholesaling, home ownership, automobiles, personal incomes, public debt, health and sanitation expenditures, in reading public, in literacy, in number and value of all colleges and universities, in number of students and in the average expenditure per pupil in the public schools.

North Carolina leads in manufacturing, lumbering, water-power development, corporation income, high-

way expenditures, value of plant and equipment and appropriations to state-supported colleges and universities, and increase in total wealth during the last census decade,

In Virginia 46.1 per cent of the population lives on farms; in North Carolina 58.7 per cent; in the nation at large 29.9 per cent. The percentage of farmers owning their own farms in Virginia is 73.2; in North Carolina 56.1; in the United States 60.1.

There is room in both states for further manufacturing development. Virginia has 2,570, North Carolina 2,602 plants, while the average for all the states is 4,038. Virginia has 100,117 people employed in factories; North Carolina 147,753. Virginia made up \$454,261,467 of manufactured products; North Carolina \$665,117,738.

In mining Virginia far excels, producing \$38,551,000 to \$7,168,000 in North Carolina. In lumbering North Carolina excels, cutting 936,248,000 feet to Virginia's 617,493,000 feet. Virginia has 44 department stores of over \$50,000 capital; North Carolina 45; Virginia has 516 banks to 617 in North Carolina, but the aggregate resources of Virginia banks are \$606,219,000 to \$442,810,000 in North Carolina.

Virginia has 450,229 separate homes to 495,269 in North Carolina but Virginians own 51.1 per cent of their homes, while North Carolinians own but 47.4 per cent. The number of motor cars per 1,000 of population is for Virginia 91.; for North Carolina 90.

The assessed valuation of all property in Virginia is \$1,826,263,000; in North Carolina \$2,521,115,000, property in Virginia being assessed on an average of 40.7 per cent of its true value, and in North Carolina at 75.7 per cent of its true value. The total debt of states, counties, and cities in Virginia is \$119,115,000; in North Carolina \$182,711,000, while the average debt, state, city, and county for the 48 states of the Union is \$642,767,187. The per capita debt in Virginia is \$50.33; in North Carolina \$69.03, in the United States \$283.77.

Both states are far behind the average in the number of newspaper readers. In Virginia there is one paper to each 8.1 persons; in North Carolina one to each 13.5; in the nation at large one to each 3.6 people.

Virginia appropriated for state-supported universities and colleges per white person 42 cents; North Carolina 55 cents; the average for the United States being 70 cents. Virginia's percentage of illiteracy of all classes over ten years of age was 11.2; that of North Carolina 13.1; that of the whole nation 6. Public schools expenditures per capita in Virginia were \$8.94; for North Carolina \$8.33; the average for other states \$15.10. The percentage of population from five to eighteen years old attending school, for Virginia is 68; for North Carolina 70.5; for all other states 74.7; the average salary of teachers in Virginia is \$818; in North Carolina \$720; in other states \$1,013.

The comparisons in no sense contribute to a jealousy between the states, for one excels in some things, one in others. They serve to point out to each state those things in which it has dropped behind, and should prove most stimulating to both in their effort to catch up with the procession of states of the American Union.

White rural schools last year in North Carolina had a total enrollment of 410,834. The city schools of the state enrolled 133,308, making a total of 544,142 for the entire commonwealth. According to these figures, which are official, education in North Carolina is most largely with children in the country districts. These figures at the same time present most clearly to church leaders that the country church in North Carolina offers the one big, inviting field that will continue to yield a bountiful harvest. Approximately four-fifths of the school children are in the country. Yet in the face of such a fact the church's best energies have been centered upon towns and cities. Presiding elders, boards of missions and Sunday school boards ought to arouse themselves to the great silent demands of these three-fourths of the children of North Carolina who dwell in the country.

STRANGE EASTER OBSERVANCES.

By Enid S. Smith.

Many and varied are the customs, sports and superstitions connected with the Easter observance. Among the peasantry of Spain it is customary to choose an Easter king, and a good story is told of Charles V, that during one of his journeys he encountered one of these royal personages with a tin crown upon his head and a spit in his hand for a scepter. Wholly ignorant of the real king's rank, the peasant ordered him rather roughly to take off his hat to the King of Easter. "Your majesty," said the Prince, uncovering with a profound obeisance, "If you find royalty as troublesome as I do, you will soon be glad to abdicate."

In Warwickshire, Lancashire, and some other counties of England there is an old custom called "lifting" or "heaving." The men lift or heave the women on Easter Monday, and the women do likewise to the men on the following day. This lifting or heaving is performed by two men or two women clasping each other's wrists in such a way as to form, with the backs of their hands, a seat upon which the person to be heaved sits down. He or she is then raised and lowered several times and often carried a considerable distance. This was intended to be symbolical of the Saviour's rising from the grave. In connection with this custom a capital anecdote is told of the late Dean Stanley. While stopping at an inn in Lancashire one Easter Tuesday three or four buxom women entered his apartment and announced that they had come to lift him. "To lift me!

Why, what do you mean?" asked the good man. "Why, your Grace, we've come to lift you because it's Easter Tuesday. The men lifted all us women yesterday, and today us lifts the men." It was some time before the great churchman could be made fully to understand the nature of the custom, and then he gladly bought the right "to lift him" from his fair visitors. To do this he willingly paid them a half-crown apiece.

A century or more ago the English clergy and laity used to play ball in the churches for tansy cakes at Eastertide, and although this custom has now been abandoned, tansy cakes and puddings are still favorite delicacies in many parts of England, tansy having been selected from the bitter herbs eaten by the Jews at this season. Parish clerks in the counties of Devon and Dorset leave as an Easter offering, at the house of every parishioner immediately after the church service on Good Friday, a large and a small white cake having a mingled sweet and bitter taste. This is evidently a survival of the "bitter herbs" of the Passion Supper.

At Coles Hill in Warwickshire if the young men of the town can catch a hare and bring it to the clergymen of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter Monday the good man is bound to give them a calf's head and a hundred eggs for their breakfast, together with a groat in money. Americans who have visited Greenwich Hill near London, at Easter, are familiar with the sight of young men

and women rolling down the hill together, locked in each other's arms.

In the middle districts of Ireland there is a superstition that the sun dances in the heavens on Easter morning. About nine o'clock of the previous evening, called "Holy Saturday," the wives of prosperous farmers place many a fat hen and choice piece of juicy bacon in the family pot, and woe betide the luckless wight who ventures to taste before cock crow. At midnight among universal expressions of joy there are heard loud cries of "Out with the Lent!" Then after a short period of merriment the household retires to rest, rising again by four o'clock in the morning "to see the sun dance." This superstition is not alone confined to the middle classes, but the rich and cultured will declare also that they have repeatedly seen the sun dance on Easter morning.

Easter in Holland is a time of much rejoicing. Everyone seems to take great delight in giving gifts. The dairyman sends offerings of little lambs stamped out in butter, with a tail of a green palm leaf; the baker sends his contribution in the form of a currant cake, while eggs on Easter Sunday are ordinarily served in unlimited quantities.

Rome, the cradle of more than one civilization, celebrates Easter with indescribable splendor. The houses of "the faithful" are blessed annually on Easter Eve. The priest walks through the streets entering shops and houses for the purpose of sprinkling the with holy water. He is rewarded by some slight monetary consideration from the parishioners who consent to have the ceremony per-

formed. In the Italian vocabulary there is no greater curse than "la mala Pasque"—a bad Easter. Such shows the joy of the Italians at the news of their risen Saviour.

Millions stop eating bread at the time of the Jewish Easter. "Matzos"—unleavened bread—is eaten in order to commemorate the Jewish Passover. All the household sits around a table in the best reception room, and the best furniture and plate is used as a contrast to the abject state of the Jews in Egypt. The office, which is conducted by the master of the house, keeps alive the memory of the bondage in Egypt thousands of years ago. The bitter herbs—horseradish, parsley, and so on—which are eaten by all, are memorials of the bitterness of the Jewish bondage. They partake also of Hareseth—a compound of almonds, apples and other fruit—to remind them of the lime and mortar with which their ancestors were forced to labor by the Pharos of olden time. The Jews also use an egg as a sacrificial Easter passover symbol, at their annual passover meal.

Easter Eve in Jerusalem witnesses the most noteworthy ceremony now observed at the holy sepulchre. It is known as the distribution of the Holy Fire and the scene is singularly impressive. Once upon a time people really considered that the fire came down from above, but time has deprived this tradition of the greater part of its weight. Poor Russian pilgrims, however, still believe the story, and it is the ambition of their lives to light a taper from the holy flame. The pilgrims all assemble in the great church and long before the

wonder is worked they are wrought up by anticipation of God's sign, as well as by their struggles for room and breathing space, to a most frightful state of excitement. At length the chief priest of the Greeks accompanied by the Turkish governor enters the tomb. Every candle and lamp has been extinguished. A bell rings, and the voices of singers are heard, and all present wonder if the "Holy Fire" will descend as it has done without fail for centuries, convincing the multitude that the Holy Spirit is within the tomb. The openings through which the fire is to come are crowded with eager devout men who have the special honor of being the first to receive the holy flame. A moment, and suddenly from either side of the sepulchre issue long, shining flames. The pilgrims rush forward madly struggling to light their tapers. This is the dangerous moment and many lives are often lost. Those who succeed in lighting their tapers pass their hands through the flame and then rub their cheeks, hair and clothes, then they blow out the flame and pour the melted wax into the palm of one hand, rub it on cheeks and hands. Tallow and wax drip over the clothing and the bared heads of the excited pilgrims who have no thought of the consequences.

Nowhere, however, is there a more strange and barbaric custom connected with Easter than the ordeals undergone by the Mexican Penitentes, a faithful religious sect whose members whip themselves with knotted ropes and crucify one of their number Good Friday night. On "Holy Saturday" they devote the day to the

flogging, hanging and maltreating of images of Judas which they buy in various booths and hang across the streets on ropes. The Judases are filled with straw and gunpowder, and at a signal from the cathedral the images are cut down by yelling men who cast them into the fire. Every luckless Judas explodes individually and collectively with dreadful noise and much vile-smelling smoke. The Easter celebration ends with their Cascarone dance Monday night. The cascarones are bright-colored Easter eggs filled with confetti, which the men break over the girls heads during the dance.

The Indians also dance at Eastertide, not because they rejoice in the Christian festival, but because they plant their crops just at this time. The dance at this season is a special prayer to the god of rain that the crops the Indians have just planted in March, the Moon of the Willow Buds, so-called in the Indian language, may have water and sunshine and bring forth a plentiful harvest. Early Easter morn the Indians assemble to begin the Eagle Dance. The Eagle is called the Thunder Bird and is believed to soar into the clouds to intercede with the god of rain. The ceremony lasts an hour, after which the dancers partake of the feast the squaws have prepared, confident now that there will be an abundance of rain.

Perhaps the most picturesque celebration of the Easter season is that which takes place every April in Japan as the festival which heralds the resurrection of nature from the white-shrouded tomb of winter, and

never have I seen that land look fairer than at this Easter season, when the cherry blossom is at its perfection. The little children, as they roll about amid the flowers, themselves veritable "treasure flowers," shout with delight, and the whole landscape resembles a pageant from fairyland. The paths are literally covered with cherry blossoms, the girls sing, and the boys beat drums, and young and old, rich and poor, lay aside all work, write verses in praise of the trees from the branches of which they

hang them, as they give their whole heart up to the admiration of nature.

Somewhat in the same manner to the Russian Easter suggests, in a very eloquent manner, the resurrection of the whole earth and the release of all the agencies of nature from the enthrallment of winter, but more than this to the Russians the season celebrates the miraculous Resurrection of the Son of God, as well as their own spiritual awakening from the bonds of sin.

RIDDLES THAT PUZZLE.

1. What is that which never asks any questions but requires so many answers?

2. Why does a conductor cut a hole in your ticket?

3. When is a newspaper like a delicate child?

4. Why is a false friend like the letter "P"?

5. What is that which occurs twice in a moment and not once in a thousand years?

6. Why is a mirror like a very ungrateful friend?

7. What words may be pronounced quicker and shorter by adding another syllable to them?

8. What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's son?

9. Why is an unbound book like a person in bed?

10. Why is a pulled tooth like a thing that is forgotten?

12. Why is a good cabbage the most amiable of vegetables?

13. Why is a clergyman's horse

like the king of England?

14. What is the difference between a glass of water and a glass of soda?

15. Why is a miser like a man with a short memory?

16. What lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward?

17. What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, which read the same, backward or forward?

18. At what time of day was Adam born?

19. What has neither flesh nor bone, but four fingers and a thumb?

20. What miss is that whose company no one ever wants?

21. Barnum drove ten horses through New York City, and his horses had only twenty-four feet among them: how was that?

22. Why is an umbrella a strange object?

23. What happens when a lighted match falls into the water at an angle of forty-five degrees?

24. What profession is a postman?
 25. When is a boat like a heap of snow?
 26. What tree is of particularly great importance in history?
 28. What is the difference between a cat and a comma?
 29. Why are the makers of Winchester rifles great thieves?
 30. Why are hogs like trees?
 31. Why do girls kiss each other and men do not?
 32. What did the muffin say to the toasting fork?
 33. What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man?
 34. Why does a man's hair usually turn grey sooner than his mustache?
 35. When did George Washington first ride in a carriage?
 36. Why is a solar eclipse like a mother spanking her boy?
 37. How can a man make his money go a long way?
 38. Why is a man reading these conundrums like a man condemned to undergo military execution?
 39. Where is the surest place to look for pleasure and happiness?
 40. When does a man impose upon himself?
 41. What killed Julius Caesar?
 42. Why is an alligator the most deceitful of animals?
 43. How do we know that Noah had a pig in the ark?
 44. Why is sympathy like blind man's bluff.
 45. Why are fish well educated?
 46. What is remarkable about a yardstick?
 47. If a man shot at two frogs and killed one, what would the other one do?
 48. Why is a widow like a garden-ener?
49. Why are cowardly soldiers like tallow candles?
 50. How much earth is in a hole 4 feet by 2 feet by 1 foot?
 51. What relation is a door mat to a door step?
 52. What are the most unsociable things in the world?
 53. Why do carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone?
 54. What will make pies inquisitive?
 55. Why should roosters be the smoothest birds known?
 56. What insect does the blacksmith manufacture?
 57. When is coffee like the soil?
 58. Why are needles so successful?
 59. When is a man not a man?
 60. What tricks are most common among New York policemen?
 61. Why was the dumb waiter returned?
 62. What was born at the same time as the world, destined to live as long as the world, yet never five weeks old?
 63. Why is the letter "G" like the sun?
 64. Why is a woman's beauty like a dollar bill?
 65. What is the difference between a hollow tube and a foolish Dutchman?
 66. What fruit is the most visionary?
 67. What goes from Boston to Montreal without moving?
 68. Why are ladies' eyes like persons far apart?
 69. When is a gun like a man who lost his job?
 70. What is everything doing at

the same time?

71. What is the difference between a clock and a business?

72. Why are some women like facts?

73. If a dog should lose his tail where would he get another?

74. What is the most affectionate thing in a drug store?

75. Why is the world like a slate?

76. What is the center of gravity?

77. What belongs to you and is used more by your friends than by you?

78. Is a Baptist in the army of the Lord?

79. What is so remarkable about a bee?

80. What is the easiest way to

keep water from running in your house?

81. Why doesn't a black horse ever pay toll?

82. In what place did the rooster crow so loudly that every living man heard him?

83. Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit?

84. If you were to throw a white stone into the Red Sea what would become of it?

85. Why was the giant Goliath very much astonished when David hit him with a stone?

86. Why would it be impossible to starve in the Sahara desert?

87. Who was the father of Obediah's children?

ANSWERS TO FOREGOING RIDDLES.

1. The door bell. 2. To let you pass. 3. When it appears weekly. 4. Because he is first in pity and last in help. 5. The letter "M." 6. Because even though you load his back with silver, he will always reflect on you. 7. The words quick and short. 8. A daughter. 9. Because it is in sheets. 10. Both are out of the head. 12. Because it is nearly all heart. 13. Because both are guided by a minister. 14. Ten or fifteen cents. 15. Because he is always forgetting. 16. An icicle. 17. "Madam, I'm Adam." 18. A little before Eve. 19. A glove. 20. Misfortune. 21. Twenty fore feet. 22. Because it works best and is most useful when used up. 23. It goes out. 24. He is a man of letters. 25. When it is adrift. 26. The date. 28. A cat has claws at

the end of its paws; a comma has a pause at the end of its clause. 29. Because they rifle guns, forge the material, and steel the barrels. 30. Because they root for a living. 31. Because girls have nothing else to kiss and men have. 32. "You're too pointed." 33. One keeps a'waggin'; the other keeps an automobile. 34. Because it is twenty-one years older. 35. When he took a hack at the cherry tree. 36. Because it is a hiding of the son. 37. By contributing to foreign missions. 38. He is pretty sure to be riddled to death. 39. In the dictionary. 40. When he taxes his memory. 41. Roman punches. 42. He takes you in with an open countenance. 43. Because he had Ham. 44. Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow mortal. 45. Because they are so often found

in school. 46. Though it has no head or tail, it has a foot at each end and one in the middle. 47. Croak. 48. Because she tries to get rid of her weeds. 49. Because when exposed to fire they both run. 50. None. 51. A step farther. 52. Milestones, because you never see two of them together. 53. Because they never saw it. 54. "S" will make your pies spies. 55. Because they always have a comb on them. 56. He makes the fire fly. 57. When it is ground. 58. They always have an eye open for business and they invariably carry their points. 59. When he's a shaving. 60. Patrick's, of course. 61. Because it didn't answer. 62. The moon. 63. It is the center of light. 64. Because, once changed, it's soon gone. 65. One is a hollow cylinder and the other is a silly Hollander. 66. The apple of the eye. 67. The railroad tracks. 68. Because, al-

though they may correspond with each other, they never meet. 69. When it is discharged and goes off. 70. Growing older. 71. When a clock is wound up it goes; when a firm is wound up it stops. 72. Because they are stubborn things. 73. At any store where they do retail business. 74. Adhesive tape; it becomes so attached to us. 75. Because the children of men do multiply thereon. 76. The letter "V." 77. Your name. 78. No, in the Navy. 79. Why, as a rule, it has but little to say, yet generally carries its point. 80. Don't pay the water tax. 81. Because his master pays it for him. 82. In Noah's ark. 83. They thought it was a good opening for a young man. 84. It would get wet. 85. Because such a thing had never entered his head before. 86. Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there. 87. Obedah.

THE DISCOVERIES.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen

John Hays Hammond, the man who re-discovered King Solomon's mines for Cecil Rhodes, once remarked: "Successful living is nothing but exploration. The new and unmapped continent is Opportunity. Your compass is imagination. Your equipment is perseverance and what you have learned so far. Your supply train is courage. Keep going and the new continent is yours."

Every man who has amounted to anything has been the Christopher Columbus of his own career.

You are a quitter when you decide that no more territory can be taken

in by your job. You beat the game when you look with seeing eye upon the machine, the profession or the conditions out of which your living and your career must come.

The thing about Columbus that fires the imagination is that in new seas, in unprecedented circumstances, with his associates chattering of failure and death, he went ahead because he knew that ultimately he would find something worth while. It is this spirit which every day discovers new continents.

Do your surroundings seem small and petty? Has your work been done

the same way for a thousand years?

Then make your surroundings big through the power of your thoughts! Look for a new way of doing your work!

It is said that the art of coloring marble was discovered "by accident." It was discovered because the man in the case took knowledge of what he saw. Looking for a process that would make barrel staves impervious to petroleum, he picked up a piece of marble and used it as a wedge inside of a barrel. On taking out the wedge, he saw that it had been beautifully stained by the solution the barrel had held.

He tossed the piece of marble aside, but later, thinking about the beauty of its coloring, he recovered it, broke it to pieces with a hammer and saw that the coloring had penetrated the whole stone. From that discovery came the art by which white marble today can be given any one of six hundred different colors.

The galvanic battery was invented because Professor Galvani's wife noticed, and called her husband's attention to the fact, that skinned frog-legs were strongly convulsed when placed near an electric conductor.

The plate glass industry was made possible because a workman one day broke a crucible filled with melted glass, and observed what happened to the fluid when it ran under a heavy flat rock. The magnifying glass came from an optician's apprentice holding a pair of spectacle glasses between thumb and fore-finger and squinting through the lenses at different angles.

The use of the pendulum, of coal

gas for illuminating purposes, of steam for motive power, and a long list of other discoveries were due to somebody's seeing what was under his eyes and making use of it.

Many a man, when something in his line is invented, laments; "I wish I had thought of that!" Saying this, he at once makes up his mind that the new invention has put a stop to his opportunities. The thing for him to realize is that every time an important invention is made the field for other inventions is magnified incalculably.

Ford, inventing his automobile, was in fact the inspiration of thousands of other men to invent different things that made the motor car more comfortable and efficient. Radio, the new miracle, is being improved and adorned every day by new inventions in the field. It is so with every new job, machine and system that is given to the world.

Don't quit! Persist! Search! Discover! Keep up your courage, and you are inevitably another Columbus.

Fear nothing. Disappointments, failures, the jeers of others—they are nothing. "He who never made a mistake," says Samuel Smiles, "never made a discovery."

Columbus lived in the annals of heroism because he had courage, because he wouldn't quit. "Heroism," Amiel observes, "is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage."

Concentrate your courage. Concentrate your vision. Nothing ever ends. There is always something new to be seen. There is no such thing as the jumping-off place in human experience. The densest darkness is

merely the hiding place of countless achievements waiting to be made real by the searchlight of men's imagination.

Remain the Christopher Columbus of your own career until the day of your death, and you will never stand

still. There is no job that can't be done differently, no machine that can't be improved or adorned, no disease that can't be fought more intelligently, no dream that can't be imprisoned in fairer marble or mightier words.

HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

By Albert A. Rand in Young People.

The busy city editor of the Times-Bulletin looked up from his desk and gave an impatient grunt.

"What, are you here again?" he snapped.

Nipper Moses grinned and nodded.

"That's what I am, Mr. Blaine," he admitted. "Still after that job. I thought there might be a chance for me to get in with the paper, you know. I'd like to be a reporter."

Mr. Blaine sat back in his chair and carefully sized up the young fellow who had been besieging him regularly now about three times a week for the last month.

"I've told you before, and I tell you now for the last time," he said slowly and deliberately, "we have no opening on the paper. We are not planning any change whatever, and you will oblige me by keeping away and letting us alone. That's all. Good day."

Nipper's customary good spirits were visibly dampened as he turned away. Nipper had set his mind on being a reporter and a reporter for the Times-Bulletin, the best of the papers in town. But it seemed that the Times-Bulletin would have none of him. He started slowly from the room, wondering what chance he had

to change the editor's mind, when he heard a voice.

"Say, there, kid!"

At first he did not recognize that the speaker meant him, so he kept on going.

"I say, you, there by the door!"

This time Nipper turned. A tall, lanky chap leaning on a table was beckoning to him. Nipper approached wonderingly, and looked at the fellow inquiringly. The other coolly looked him over.

"So you want to be a reporter, do you?" he asked. "I wonder how badly you want to be a reporter."

"How badly?" repeated Nipper, puzzled.

"Because if you are really in earnest about it, I think I can help you to a chance. How'd you like an assignment?"

The city editor and the others who happened to be in the office were motionless now, watching. Nipper's eyes shone with excitement and happiness.

"Sure, that would be great," he said. "What is it?"

The young chap drew a card from his pocket. At the same time he managed a wink at the city editor, who was looking puzzled. The other's face

cleared, and he nodded slightly. The tall fellow held out the card.

"The Times-Bulletin is anxious to get an interview with the Hon. Silas Morehouse on the labor question," he explained. "I'm busy just now, and all the other reporters are, but I'll turn the assignment over to you. If you bring back a story, I think perhaps the editor can be persuaded to give you a trial. How about it, Mr. Blaine?"

The other nodded.

"Sure thing," he said. "Bring me the Morehouse story and the job's your's."

For a moment Nipper hesitated and scanned the faces of the two men, as if he were suspicious of a trick. But everything seemed all right, and they all looked perfectly serious. He took the card gratefully.

"All right; I'll be back when I get the story, Mr. Blaine," he said crisply.

Five minutes later Nipper was speeding away down the street toward the big lumber-mill of Mr. Silas Morehouse. Back in the newspaper office the city editor was shaking his star reporter by the hand.

"Good scheme, Larry," he congratulated. "I never thought of that. He won't bother us again. How'd you happen to think of it?"

Larry smiled ruefully.

"The last time I interviewed the Honorable Silas he called two of his men to throw me out. Just beat them to the door by a few inches. But don't mistake me. I didn't think of that scheme with the idea of getting rid of the lad altogether. I like his grit, Mr. Blaine. He seems to have something in him that will make him

a winner and I want to test him out. I have an idea that he may hold you to your promise."

"I'm not worrying," Mr. Blaine remarked, "Any chap who can get a story out of Silas will be a profitable investment for the Times-Bulletin."

It was well for Nipper that he was ignorant of the reputation that the Honorable Silas held among the newspaper-men of the city, else he might have been discouraged. As it was he walked bravely into the outer office. On the way he had been framing the questions that he would ask the man, and now he was ready. Without hesitation he knocked at the door.

"Come in," bellowed a voice. Nipper opened the door and entered. A big red-faced, bull-necked, and perspiring individual sat at a desk. A pair of small, snapping eyes surveyed Nipper hostilely as he stood there. Silas Morehouse regarded every man as his enemy until he was proved otherwise.

"Well, what is it?" he bellowed suspiciously.

Nipper held out the card that bore the name of the newspaper. One look at it and the honorable Silas was up like a jack-in-the-box, fire in his eye. His finger pressed a button.

"Again?" he roared. "Haven't you fellows had enough yet? Very well, I'll teach you a lesson this time."

Nipper saw that his visit had better be concluded at once and acted quickly. Turning nimbly he darted through the door, just avoiding the running figure that came in answer to the bell. Outside he stopped and shook

his head ruefully.

"Down, but not out," he ejaculated. "Something tells me that the Honorable Silas doesn't like to be interviewed very well." Then his jaw set. "I see through it now," he gritted. "It's that fresh reporter's idea of a joke. Well, I'll call their bluff. I'll interview the Honorable Silas if it's the last thing I ever do."

Thinking it over later, he was nearly tempted to believe that he had been a bit too hasty. The chances for accomplishing his purpose were not at all promising. As Nipper walked homeward he gave much thought to his problem. A night of thinking gave him an idea. The next morning when the mill opened he applied to the superintendent for a job. He had learned that the hiring of the help was in charge of that individual. It so happened that a new hand was needed just then, and Nipper was taken on.

"You can go to work over here," he said as he assigned him to a task in the yard outside.

All the rest of that week Nipper worked faithfully at his job, chumming with the other workers and making himself one of them. Yet all the time in his mind he was trying to find a way to tackle Mr. Morehouse again. He learned that Mr. Morehouse usually came to his office between eight and nine in the morning. He also learned that his employer was not very popular with his help. But he did not learn anything that gave him an idea how he could accomplish the purpose for which he was there.

Nipper had been working at the mill a week when one morning he noticed that there was something wrong with

the men. They appeared sullen and surly and in no hurry to do their work. Nipper wondered what was up, but there seemed to be no way of finding out.

Then suddenly and unexpectedly he learned. His work that morning was to clean up a section of the yard and remove some odds and ends of broken boards that were lying around. As he passed one of the piles of lumber he heard low voices from what seemed to be the middle of the pile. At first he paid no attention and was going on when a word or two halted him.

"Cripple the engine," came a voice. "Noon hour."

Cautiously he pressed nearer and tried to listen, but the speakers had evidently gone, for he heard no more. Nipper walked carelessly around the lumber-pile, but there was no one in sight. Where could they have gone to so quickly? He dared not search more for fear of arousing suspicion. But as he walked along he kept turning the words over and over in his mind.

"Cripple the engine at noon hour." What did they mean?

For several trips back and forth he thought about what he had overheard, and then all at once it flashed on him. An order had been posted the day before that some of the men had resented, as it seemed to curtail their liberties. It was passed in the interests of efficiency, as Nipper knew, but one or two of the men had talked about it the night before, as he recalled.

He saw now what they were planning to do. During the noon hour the mill was practically deserted and there was no guard then. They would

plan to cripple the engine and tie up the mill for the afternoon.

Instantly the thought came into Nipper's mind to warn his employer. He dismissed it almost instantly. There was no way that he could warn him without getting himself open to suspicion, and the men would make it hard for him. They were probably already watching. But the more he thought about it the more he wondered if it would be possible to warn him.

It was now eight o'clock. Mr. Morehouse would be expected to come at almost any time. Nipper looked anxiously up the road in the direction from which the man came and saw that he was not yet in sight. Was there any way that he could get word to him when he did come?

All at once an idea flashed into his mind. He worked swiftly, for Mr. Morehouse might be expected soon. At last Nipper looked up and saw him coming. Now was the time. He gathered up a big armful of the broken boards and bits of wood that he was to carry to the other side of the yard, working slowly and dallying along until Mr. Morehouse appeared at the gate.

Then Nipper started away with his armful, so that he would cross the path right in front of his employer. He was about six feet ahead of Mr. Morehouse when he suddenly stumbled, tried to recover himself, and failed. His arms automatically released the bundle and the wood tumbled in a heap on the ground. Mr. Morehouse stopped, fuming.

"You clumsy lout," he cried "why don't you lift your feet?"

Nipper, red in the face, got to his

feet hastily. At the same time he took off his hat and made a bow of apology.

"Parden me, sir, did you drop this?" he asked courteously, holding out something. The man took the paper with a scowl and looked at it. As he did so he gave a sharp glance at the lad standing humbly before him.

"You come into the office," he snarled in a voice that was loud enough to be heard across the yard. "I'll teach you to be more careful."

Nipper followed quickly. There was nothing said until Mr. Morehouse was in the office with the door closed. Then he held out the paper.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

Briefly Nipper told him. Seizing the telephone the man snapped out a message into the mouthpiece. Then he turned back to Nipper.

"Haven't I seen you before somewhere?"

"Yes, sir; I was in this office over a week ago to get an interview with you."

"I remember now; but how do you happen to be working here?"

"Why," Nipper hesitated, "I got a job here hoping that there would be a chance to see you again."

The man's lips parted in a grin. "Stick to it, eh?" he grunted. "A newspaper misquoted me once and make me ridiculous. I swore I'd never give them another chance to do it. But I guess I can tell you what you want to know. And in case you want a job at any time you come to me."

Nipper did not come back. The city editor was as good as his word, and now Nipper is a star reporter on the Times-Bulletin.

THE TREE SURGEON AND DOCTOR.

By Merritt L. Allen.

Trees require surgical and medical attention the same as you and I. The next time you take a stroll, see how many trees have decayed parts, dead limbs, and a variety of diseases; you will be surprised how many there are within a radius of a half mile from where you live. A great many causes tend to destroy the life of a tree, or at least to cripple it. A crevice, due to frost or some other injury, will allow the water to seep in and this will cause rot. Through our ignorance concerning the care of

our trees we often do them great wrong by cutting off a limb in an improper manner. Many trees are planted in unsuitable kinds of soil, or the climate may be against them. And most trees are unable to protect themselves against the intrusion of insects which play havoc with their growth and productiveness.

Trees are our social and business friends. The shade trees in our front yard are a delight to us, and the ornamental shrubs and trees are things of beauty. Their value cannot be determined. Fruit, timber and pulp wood trees mean money, homes, paper and sustenance to us. The boy who gives his life to the proper care of these friends is doing a noble work.

It is not wise to experiment on a valuable tree, but it is through study and practice that we reach perfection.

Let us take a surgical case first of all. We discover a decayed portion of the trunk of a tree right near the

base. First, we must clean out the "wound" by extracting all of the rotten part and see that all bugs are chased out. The next step is to chisel out every bit of dead wood and foreign substance so that the cavity will be perfectly clean. It might even be necessary to work down into the tap root of the tree. After this painstaking labor, the wound is painted thoroughly with an antiseptic. Now comes the most delicate part of the operation, for the cavity must be so filled with concrete that there will be no crevice through which water or insects may creep. First, we need a basework as a partial filler, and this may be composed of brick, bits of rock, or a system of wiring. The concrete should be made of cement with just enough water added so that it will "set" properly. If too much water is added, it will shrink upon drying and crevices will appear. The cement should be worked into the wound so that all holes and fissures are filled. If the opening is quite large, it is necessary to build a temporary form about the cavity in order to hold the cement in, but before it hardens too much this form should be taken away and the rough exterior smoothed down to the general contour of the trunk of the tree. A common brick will serve the purpose, and this work should be followed by a "wash" of cement. Nature will take kindly to this operation, for a growth will eventually work around the foreign substance and in many cases completely cover it. The sick

to the tree is negligible, and if the work has been properly done, there will be no shedding of leaves, dying of branches, and no diminution of the crop.

Those who do this kind of work are called Tree Surgeons or Tree Experts. I have given briefly the part a surgeon plays in tree preservation, but a "physician" may prevent these operations if called in time.

Many owners of valuable trees and orchards take the precaution of having an expert examine their trees at stipulated periods. Sometimes he finds an infected spot in which event he cuts off the bark down to the wood and paints it with a coal-tar-product. A diseased tissue may have to be cut out in order to prevent a spread of the menace, or there may be a dead limb to cut off and the "amputated" part properly treated. If the lightning has gouged a course down the tree, or the plow has accidentally knocked off the bark, these open wounds should be healed by painting them with a good wood covering.

Trees are constantly being menaced by parasites, which sap the vitality from them. These are commonly known as fungi such as toadstools, puffballs, molds, mushroom, rust, mildews and smut. These parasites grow most rapidly in a moist climate and the trees must be treated and scraped to eliminate them. Many states keep certain kinds of diseases

from their trees by a rigid quarantine. It is unlawful to send by express or parcel post certain shrubs and slips into some states. We have all heard the saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and this is just what the authorities are trying to do for their trees by these rigid laws. One twig might be infected by some disease or covered with a parasitic growth which would molest an entire orchard or grove. Again, a few insects brought into a locality on a shrub would multiply and perhaps destroy the work and care of a lifetime.

If you are a lover of trees and have a leaning toward this kind of work, it behooves you to encourage the desire until you have attained the position of an expert tree surgeon. As long as a tree contains the vital spark of life, it may be saved for mankind to enjoy.

Think how many years it takes for a tree to attain its growth, and then consider how soon a dread disease or a wound would kill it. Tree experts are constantly being called upon to preserve the life of some historical tree. A beautiful shade tree will enhance the value of a property, and it is a duty to care for it. If your faithful and useful horse is ill, you would do everything in your power to bring it back to health. Your trees are just as valuable to you as the horse.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

Signs from the orchard indicate a large supply of fruit this year.

Mr. H. D. Spaulgh, who has charge of the bakery, has purchased a new

Oldsmobile roadster.

Thomas Howard was given his parole last week. He had been in the printing office a short while.

Mack Wentz left the institution last Friday to spend a few days with his parents in Charlotte. He returned to the school Tuesday morning.

Harry Simms, Raymond Keenan and James Gillespie former boys here, visited the school last week.

Garland Ryles, Sam Deal and Travis Jackson members of the third and fourth cottages were paroled last week.

The carpenter shop boys erected a garage last week for the lower place.

Mr. Long and a number of the boys have been building a fence around the pig pen.

One hundred new bread pans have arrived at the institution for use in the bakery.

The band is practising every day for its part on the program for Easter Monday.

ter Monday.

Hair cutting time came around again last week and the boys were all glad to get a hair cut.

A large part of the work line for the past few weeks has been grubbing stumps in the new ground.

A large number of eggs are being saved for the boys Easter. The boys will enjoy these very much.

Rain threatened to halt the practice game Saturday, but after a slight shower the boys were able to resume playing.

Everett Goodrich has returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Morehead City.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, conducted the services last Sunday. He took his text from John 7.

We received six new baseballs last week through the courtesy of the Hardaway-Hecht Company, of Charlotte. These will come in mighty handy when the season opens up which is not far off.

Salisbury Post: "The Uplift warns, 'Don't take 'em off until after Easter.' We guess Editor Cook is wise to the fact that mighty few have put 'em on in the first place.'" Either of you young fellows recollect when such cracks were considered indelicate and of doubtful propriety, and some of the brethren up and deplored 'em as such?—Greensboro News.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

James Davis, Sam Deal, Everett Goodrich, George Howard, Lexie Newnam, Frank Stone, Clint Wright, John Keenan, Valton Lee.

"B"

Ernest Brown, Charles Crossman, Elwin Greene, Doy Hagwood, Carl Henry, Earnest Moore, Watson O'Quinn, Clyde Pierce, Delmas Robertson, Jesse Walls, Vestal Yarborough, Sam Carrow, Irvin Cooper, Fleming Floyd, Hiram Greer, Vernon Lauderdale, Lee McBride, Theodore Wallace.

Room No. 2

"A"

Amaziah Corbett, Sylvester Honeycutt, Roy Johnson, William Nichols, Billie Odom, Herbert Poteat, Richard Pettipher, Isaac Anderson, Walter Evers, Garnie Hawks, Albert Jarman, Lake Patterson, Russell Capps.

"B"

Walter Hildreth, James Ford, Elvis Carlton, James Cumbie, Ed Crenshaw, Ed Ellis, Broachie Flowers, John Kenap, Hallie Matthews, Robert McDaniel, Julius Strickland, Graham Yord, Albert Garrison.

Room No. 3

"A"

Adam Beck, Willie Hurley Clarence Maynard, Silvon Gragg, John B. Hargrove, Clifton Floyd, Vernon Hall, Rex Weathersby, Harvey Cook, Leonard Atkins, Clifton Hedrick, Earl Wade, Alton Ethridge.

"B"

Lester Morris, Bill Rising, Winton Matthews, Junious Matthews,

Bloyce Johnson, Frank Hill, Normie Lee, Samie Stevens, Sam Poplin.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Andrew Bivens, Charles Sherrill, Laurens Scales, Russell Caudill, Jesse Harrell, Ed Moses, Clyde Brown, Olen Williams, Jeff Blizzard, Dena Brown, McCoy Smith, Harold Thompson, Byron Ford, Ben Stubbs, James Peeler, Linsay Lambeth, Frank Butcher, James McCoy, Clyde Lovett, Herbert Floyd, Pearson Hunsucher.

"B"

Ennis Harper, John Kivitt, Robert Hartline, Luther Mason, James Fisher, Hunter Cline, Jay Lambert, Raymond Richards, Troy Norris, James Ivey, Norman Watkins, Tom Groce, John Gray, James Davis.

Room No. 5

"A"

Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Walter Culler, Larry Griffeth, Woodrow Kivitt, Broncho Owens, David Whitaker, Elmer Proctor, Earl Green, Floyd Stanley, George Lewis, Lee Wright, Claude Dunn, John Watts, George Cox, Claude Stanley, Roy Hauser, Earl Torrence, Lester Love, Ralph Glover, Linn Taylor, Ralph Clinard, Lester Franklin, Lattie McClamb, Robert Munday, Kellie Tedder, Willie Shaw, Wannie Frink, Albert Stansbury, Doffus Williams.

"B"

Robert Sisk, John Tomisian, Burton Emory, Elias Warren, Lyonel McMahan, Turner Preddy, Clarence Weathers, James Robinson, Frank Ledford, Guy Haddock, James Long, Tom Tedder, John D. Sprinkle, Howard Riddle.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 18, 1925

No. 21

"THOSE WHO FOLLOW."

Author Unknown

An old man traveling a long highway
Came, in the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide;
But the old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he paused when safe on the other side
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow traveler near,
"You're wasting your time a-building here;
Your journey will end with the closing day,
You will never again pass this way;
You've crossed this chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge in the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the way I have come," he said,
"There followed after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way:
This stream which has been naught to me,
To that fair youth might a pitfall be;
He too must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

There is not a discordant note in the land as to enjoying a perfect Easter—nature contributed a full share in making it one of the gladdest seasons in many years.

* * * * *

YOUNG MARYS.

The Uplift carries three most attractive pictures in this number—attractive because of the preciousness of the subjects that make up the pictures. These are some of the Junior Circles of the King's Daughters in the state. Mrs. R. M. King, who is specially charged with the encouragement of Junior circles, secured these photographs for a national journal and a moving picture production that will be shown throughout the country, and we are indebted to her for their use.

The Uplift is considerably partial to the King's Daughters organization. There are two chief reasons for this attitude; first, when the struggle was on for the establishment of this institution, when it was in its swaddling clothes, when it had not where to lay its head, the King's Daughters responded most nobly and liberally to the cause. And The Uplift may be accused of a lot of sins of commission and omission, but ingratitude is not one of them. It literally despises ingratitude, the meanest of all sins. Second, The Uplift is partial to the King's Daughters because they do so many noble and kindly

acts to the sick and the unfortunate and parade it not.

These charming young people, while in training to take the places of the older ones some of these days, are at the same time doing deeds of mercy, helpfulness and kindness. These little Mary Magdalenes scattered over the state as well as in our midst go about visiting the sick, carrying food, clothing, books and other necessities to the unfortunate. Theirs is a noble purpose, and they enjoy it—it becomes a habit—and they soon learn the eternal verity of “it is more blessed to give than to receive.”

The Uplift is promised pictures of other Junior Circles, and it shall be our delight to pass them along to our readers.

* * * * *

JUDGE STACK

The two young Catawba men, who got under the influence of blockade rum and proceeded to occupy the public road without regard to the rights of others and in doing so killed a young lady of Newton, have just been tried, Judge Stack presiding over the court. They were convicted, as they should have been.

Judge Stack calls attention to the fact that this is the first time in the history of the courts of North Carolina—these young men were convicted of second degree murder—a jury in such a homicide case has found a verdict above manslaughter. It may be that this Catawba county jury has set a precedent that will be followed throughout the state in dealing with drunken drivers who cause death.

It seems that every flower must have a thorn, that every blessing must have somewhere a worry, and thousands of people go out in their machines wondering if the approaching car is driven by a drunkard or a fool or both. Good roads have intoxicated the foolish and the dare devils.

These young men, sober, did not have murder or injury in their hearts, but intoxicated they had no regard for the rights of others. Their many friends, we have no doubt, regret the misery and the disgrace that have overtaken them, but a service of ten years, which Judge Stack pronounced upon them, at hard labor in the state prison is small punishment for their deed, the crushing of life out of a young lady.

Though he has not been on the bench for a great while Judge Stack has made a reputation for literally interpreting the thing that justice is accused of—blindness.

Following the mixture of alcohol and gasoline is ruin and when the courts

meet out a proper punishment for those who insist on making this mixture and trying it out on the public highways there will be fewer wrecks, injuries, deaths and murders.

* * * * *

WE WILL NOT DO IT.

Scores and scores of women during the years past have found themselves under the sentence of death, and probably from a strict construction of the law in their cases they deserved death, but somehow, some way is always found to avoid the horrible thing of putting a woman to death, either by hanging or electrocution.

Mrs. Ida Hughes sentenced to death in Georgia for the murder of her mother-in-law was nearing the day of execution. Her case had been discussed far and wide, but every thoughtful Southern man knew months ago that she would not be executed, and what they believed has become an actuality—the governor of Georgia has commuted her death sentence to life imprisonment and the governor did exactly right. Southern men in gubernatorial positions will not let women hang.

* * * * *

IS IT REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION?

Now comes Dr. Charles Gray Shaw, of the New York University, to the bat. He is one of the great sociologists that is afflicting this country with its analyses of conditions. He observes that the he-man is disappearing, becoming effeminate faster than the women are becoming more masculine in their manners.

The doctor is quoted as follows:

“It is the man in his new effeminaey who is inclined to be domestic,”
 “Modern men marry for the sake of a home with its dog and radio set, while women approach the wedded state with the idea of getting a companion or a lover.”

“When men began to wear soft hats, silk socks, pearl colored spats, lilac pajamas and embroidered bath robes, the process of feminization gained a good start. Even the safety razor contributed.”

* * * * *

“LAKE CRAIG.”

Asheville is making a playground for itself out on the B'ack Mountain road. One of the features is a lake that will cover sixty acres of ground. The committee in charge of its construction offered a prize of twenty-five

dollars for the most suitable and attractive name for the lake.

There were in response to this call 278 suggestions. There is no wonder among those, that knew the lovable gentleman and whose memory is ever fresh for his unselfishness in service to the people can never be forgotten, that the name selected by the distinguished committee that was charged with a decision that it very readily selected "Lake Craig."

* * * * *

STILL REMEMBERS US.

Our front page contribution this week was sent us by a young man, in the employ of a Shipping Company in the city of New York. He writes: "You may be able to use these poems that I found in an old English magazine of 1921. I've just re copied them. How is The Uplift getting along?"

This thoughtful service is by Thomas Hart, once a pupil at the Jackson Training School, whom we remember with great pleasure and satisfaction, and The Uplift is proud to hear from him, that he is doing well and that good literature appeals to him. We thank him for this remembrance.

* * * * *

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School occurs on the second Tuesday of May. The chairman is preparing notices to each member, hoping that the reminder will bring forth a full attendance of the women and men, whose business it is to direct this important institution.

* * * * *

Armstrong, the bright little fellow that leads among our linotype operators and goes about in an observing mood, is at last stumped. He has been trying to figure out how many Easter eggs our boys managed to consume. He has figured this far: one hundred and fifty-five eggs to the cottage and twelve cottages full of healthy boys accounts for 1860 eggs, but he has no way of finding out the egg-eating and egg-loving capacity of the teachers, officers and that fine crowd that occupies the Cannon Memorial Building. He has made a horse-back calculation that probably 2,400 eggs was the draft on our poultry yards during the past Easter season.

* * * * *

The over four hundred boys, who passed through the recent Easter season at this institution and had their perfect fill of eggs will voluntarily testify to the laying qualities of the fine lot of White Leghorns that grace our pens.

It took the easter eggs counted in keg-fulls and not by the dozens to meet the demands of the population of the campus, and every one of them came from our poultry yards.

* * * * *

France is having some more trouble—in fact normalcy has not yet appeared in European countries, and it will not do so until the United States plays the mans' part in the settlement.



QUAINT OLD CHARLESTON.

By C. W. Hunt.

Some travelers, who have visited foreign countries, say that if they were dropped down into Charleston, "all unbeknowst," they would think that they were in some other country than South Carolina. There are a few houses in York, S. C. and in Lincolnton and old Salem, this state, that remind one of some of the old places in Charleston, but in this quaint old city they are different in most every particular. Old Salem once had many houses that jettied to the street line, and the side walk passed under the front porch, and you entered the basement from the street level. Charleston has a number of these, but setting back from the street some. Charleston has age, has history and many things you find nowhere else. Its old houses, old churches, old grave yards, hard by each church, have caused so many less thoughtful writers to put all the city in the grave-yard class. Are its inhabitants proud of these things of before the Revolutionary war, and since that time? Certainly they are; and if you will think back on the list of Charleston people you happen to know, you will recall that about all of them you can remember were above the average in gentle breeding, gentility of character, and strong on friendships and the proprieties.

There is something indescribable in the makeup of the homes of this old city, many of which are mixed in with business houses. To ride through Charleston in a fast moving automobile or on a street car and undertake to tell some one what you saw

or what is there would show mighty poor judgment; and would border close on sacrilege. Her old homes are built as this writer, in his limited travels, has never seen anywhere else. As noted above there are some in Salem like some in Charleston, but the standard architecture of Charleston for colonial days and since, is in a class to itself; and if this seems tedious just remember I have found some very old that is new. There are literally thousands of homes in Charleston that are built flush with the street, with the end touching there and the back side of the house jetting close to the property line, the front of the house facing a court and to the back side of the next house. This court may be covered with green grass, it may be a flower conservatory or planted in flowering or evergreen shrubs, according to the taste of the owner. The porch faces this court, with the end next to the street closed up and finished like the end of the house, often with some grill work, and a door in the street end, which is often the main entrance to the house. Joining this end is a strong fence or brick or stone wall, the width of the lot and as high as your head, with a strong wood or iron gate in which is an electric bell; and in some places this is where you announce your presence, while still on the sidewalk.

Some one has said that a polished door bell, knocker, door knob or electric push button was an indication of gentility, and that the appearance of one's front door indi-

cated what class of people abide there. When I had walked the length of Meeting Street from the old Citadel to the Battery, and had seen and admired the hundreds and hundreds of polished brass door bells, old brass knockers, door knobs and push buttons, shining like gold in the sun, even if the house was little above the class of a shack; then I thought I knew why all the folks I had ever known from that old city were so gentle in breeding and the proprieties. I know that environment is used as an excuse for the shortcomings of many of the wicked, and that some hasty people have little patience with the work; and while it may be no excuse for the devilment so many of us do; yet this writer has no hesitancy in saying that people who grow up in homes like thses described here have an advantage of those who have come up in modern communities, with all that follows modernity. There is as much difference in the people who grow up in such homes as these old Charleston residences, cut off, as they are from the street and the gazing passers, as compared with the dwelling facing the street and the front porch open to anything that looks that way, as there would be in growing up in two different countries. There is a grace and a gentleness here in speech and demeanor, a softness in speech and manner, a rhythm in accent, a softness that is unknown to modern communities, with all the jazz and vulgarity and roughness one sees most everywhere. This writer is free to confess he does not know where it had its origin but if pressed for an explanation he would say it is English, but blended with a

Spanish accent; and it is so pronounced that the young speak it as cleverly as do the older ones. Strangers have been known to ask questions, just to hear a speech they never heard before.

The churches of Charleston are many and varied. Some one said today that Charleston did not want prohibition, and the law was not enforced, but that does not show in its venerated old churches, some of which date back in-to early 1700. To tell of these would take another chapter like this. Old St. Michaels that the earthquake of 1886 damaged so badly, St. Phillips, the French Huguenot and the Parish of St. Andrew, six miles in the country toward the gardens, with the date of 1705 on its gable. All of these still have the boxed in pews, either numbered or having the name of the owner on them. These are rented, and are occupied by the same families all the time. At St. Michaels the pew that was occupied by George Washington, while President, by LaFayette, the Marquis of Lorne, and Gen. Robert E. Lee, is still intact and is pointed out as a historic spot. All around these old city churches the graves come right up to the foundation walls, and many of the epitaphs and insriptions are as interesting as the churches themselves. Just across the street from old St. Micheals is the city hall and council room, filled with splendid oil paintings full life size, about which an old negro janitor can tell you anything you ask and much you do not ask, even to who painted the pictures. Among them several of the presidents, and most of the noted generals of the Confederacy and

other celebrities.

The most modern things one sees about Charleston are its two wonderful hotels, the Francis Marion, named for that, wonderful revolutionary character, and known as the "Swamp-fox," and the Fort Sumter, on the water front. Both these are the last word in modern Southern hotels, roomy and beautiful. Both are now enjoying a wonderful run of guests, and when the coastal highway is completed, running by Charleston and

Savannah and Jacksonville, more and more people will see a city the like of which does not exist in a thousand miles.

Staid and quaint and restful old Charleston is like an oasis in a desert of jazz and hustle and bustle of knockdown and drag out of modern cities. To the lover of the old, the gentle, the beautiful and refined, a trip to Charleston at the time of the blooming of azaleas and japonicas, is really worth while.

PHILOSOPHY.

There was once a man who had lots of brains,
 And he used 'em.
 Another one who had just as much,
 He abused 'em.
 Each night in folly he whiled away,
 Did as little work as he could each day,
 And the brains he had, I'm ashamed to say,
 He excused 'em.

The man who employed his powers of mind
 Became successful;
 His air was keen, his eye was bright,
 His life was zestful.
 And the one who never had used his head,
 "Why, I could have done that, too," he said.
 "But I'd rather loaf through life instead;
 It's lots more restful."

—Selected.

YOUNG MARYS.

Here follow pictures of representatives of three Junior Circles of The King's Daughters—one in Southport and two in Concord. These young sisters are happy in their unselfish service to the wants and needs of less fortunate people. They rejoice in doing good in a quiet, orderly manner, all without the hope of reward, but the nature of the goodness which they dispense is such that it rebounds and each of them are blessed in return.



STONEWALL JUNIOR CIRCLE, CONCORD.

Mrs. R. P. Gibson, director; members are: Jenny Brown, Frances Boger, Mary Cannon, Mariam Coltrane, Annie Guffy Dayvault, Ruth Dayvault, Betsy Davis, Adelaide Foil, Askins Ivey, Elizabeth McFayden, Mary Grady Parks, Virginia Reed, Julia Rowan, Millicent Ward, Bessie Webb, Louise Webb, Willie White, Laura May Smart, Rebecca Smart, Penelope Cannon, Nancy Leutz, Elizabeth Odell, Ida Patterson, Nancy Pike, Billy Pike, Elizabeth Parks, Caroline Rowan, Gertrude Ross, Ellen White, Elizabeth Ross.

In Italy they have found the fossil of a tooth ten feet long. Must have made some dentist very happy.—Greensboro News.



SUNBEAM CIRCLE, SOUTHPORT.

Mrs. Inga G. Tobiassen, director; members are: Virginia Broadway, Annie Rose Burris, Ursula Burris, Eleanor Carr, Jane Davis, Catherine Davis, Dorothy Doshier, Catherine Fullwood, Elsie Harker, Lela Hubbard, Eleanor Howey, Olive Holden, Martha Howard, Virginia Howard, Odell Hewett, Elizabeth Laughlin, Virginia Morse, May Belle McKeithan, Mabel Nunnely, Elizabeth Perry, Dorothy Swain, Elsie Styron, Geneva Swan, Marie Swan, Elizabeth Taylor, Gwendolyn St. George, Genevive Watson, Mercedes Watts, Vera Westcott, Irene Willis, Vesta Willis, Irene Woodside, Robbie Woodside.

You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure, and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.—Ruskin.



SILVER CROSS CIRCLE, CONCORD.

Miss Addie White, director; members are: Alice Armfield, Douglass Archibald, Sarah Boger, Lorraine Blanks, Esther Brown, Miriam Cannon, Betty Gay Coltrane, Nancy Dayvault, Sara Gus Davis, Sarah Frances Fisher, Margaret Elizabeth Newman, Helen Grady, Gertrude Gibson, Hudlow Hill, Margaret King, Mary Elizabeth Davis, Martha Means, Archard Lafferty, Caroline Ivey, Pauline McFayden, Cora Lee Means, Susie K. Mund.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Easter! What a world of joy that word holds for every Christian. Easter! The festival of life; and how precious is its message in a world of sorrow and death. What a sorrowful world this would be, where everything that is beautiful dies, and where everything we love passes away, were it not for that great fact of our Lord's Resurrection, That

resurrection made a new world for the followers of the Blessed Saviour. The old Sabbath was a rest day; this is more, it is a Victory Day. Every new coming of it spells out Jesus' victory over sin and death, and our victory in Him. Just as the spirit of Spring quickens the earth calls the seeds to life, clothes the trees with blossoms and the meadows

with flowers, and seems to lift the very sod in joy and beauty towards the sky; so the Easter fact energizes humanity, gives it new life, new interests, and new joy. Today the Easter sun rises on thankful and worshipping hearts all over the earth. A living Christ! That is the old, the ever new, the ever blessed Easter truth. Oh, that everything dead, and formal, and selfish, and mean, and sinful, might go out of our creed and out of our life today. Lift up our heads and live with Him; live new lives; lives of hope, and love, and holiness. Such lives death can never hurt, but only bring them to their glorious completion. May God give you such a blessing for your Easter, readers of "Rambling Around."

Through the invitation and courtesy of a friend, with a fine Pullman-riding Cadillac which I lack—I rambled over to Pinehurst last Sunday. When you once see Pinehurst on the beautiful long-leaf pines, you pine to see it again. Pinehurst is not a town like the ordinary towns. It is a chateau. At least it looks like one, with its sinuous roadways that will make your head swim if you drive fast through their meanderings, they are so bent on bringing you to hotels par excellence, and cosy, attractive cottages, nestling in a riot of evergreens, and gracefully festooned vines; with pines and shrubbery adorned with the snowy dogwood like bridal veils through the emerald scenery; gorgeous flowers, in flaming variegated beauty, dotting the landscape like brilliant jewels on the bosom of nature. When I walked into the Carolina Inn, as rich as

some of the wealthy folks I saw, I was sure "in" some hotel, let me tell you. If you dream of hotels. That's it. Your dream will sure come true. As a sporty place Pinehurst is the star in the firmament of the sport's delight. They talk golf, tennis, polo, swimming; they sleep golf, tennis, polo, swimming; they eat golf, tennis, polo, swimming; they dream golf, tennis, polo, swimming; and they play golf, tennis, polo swimming, and it agrees with them finely from the way they enter into all the sports and sported in all of the activities so pronounced throughout the Pinehurst pleasure confines. No wonder the place has such a national reputation. It is a Southern magnet.

The humors of the telephone are many and ludicrous. I called up a party the other night for some information, and after getting it and thanking the informant, he replied: "You are perfectly welcome, Mr. Montgomery." Now I am wondering if I am who I am, or somebody else. A lady a few evenings ago called up central, and was informed that the "Line's busy," while the 'phone still rang, and the caller insisted on knowing how that was. The operator said she'd investigate, and remarked, "Hold the 'phone." "I am holding it as tight as I can," replied the caller. That remind's me that when telephones first came into use in Durham some thirty-five or more years ago, the late 'Squire M. A. Angier was keeping a store on Main street. Not long after he had one put in his place of business, a lady customer left her umbrella there and 'phoned to the 'Squire to that effect. The 'Squire

answered, and picking up an umbrella near the 'phone, and hold it before the mouth piece of the instrument, asked: "Is this the one?"

In my rambles around I observe many things that surpass my understanding, and I read of things equally as surpassing and surprising. California is producing much these days that glitter in the limelight. But all is not gold that glitters. They have out there in the "Golden West" a woman, Mrs. Anna Rhodes by name and she is not listed under the head of "good roads," who calls herself "the roaring lion of the tribe of Judah," and nearly every night is her night to roar. Not long ago her brother died from burns inflicted, she said, when she was burning the Holy Ghost into him with a red hot poker. The sect she heads styles itself "The Assembly of God," and Mrs. Anna does most of her roaring in a throne room which she calls "The Ark of the Covenant." Recently she and her followers put on a dance in their "Garden of Eden," a sort of dance of the Seven Veils without the veils. Or anything else. She says she and her followers are filled with the "New Inspiration," whatever that is. The innocent bystanders who have watched their antics say they are full of prunes instead of inspiration and demand that they be locked up as a flock of plain, unfluted ijits. Anna claims, however, that her sect isn't any nuttier than some of the others that are permitted to function and threatens to pop the law to whoever interferes with her right to worship as she pleases. All of which goes to confirm the finding of the investiga-

tion which declared that Mr. Barnum had the dope.

The Durham merchant who put a rather large oblong looking glass by the side of his show window knew what he was doing. He judged human nature correctly. He knew women would stop there to take a peep at themselves. And they do. I notice that some men do the same thing, but the latter look all around, up and down the street to see if any one was observing, and then walk up and take a square look at themselves, and occasionally adjust their tie. But the other day three girls walked boldly up and proceeded to arrange their bobs, powder their little noses, and put an extra touch on their carmine lips. They monopolized the sidewalk and the looking glass, and didn't even give me a chance to take a peek at myself. The vanity of human nature is in all of us in a more or less degree, regardless of sex.

Better than poring and worrying over a modern cross-word puzzle, to be stumped every now and then by a word you never dreamed was coined, and probably was never used by the ancients, is to get hold of a copy of a newspaper printed fifty, seventy-five or a hundred years ago, and read it through, advertisements and all. Many of us read advertisements of the present day because of their phraseology. The force of an advertisement lies in its wording, and its peculiar wording is the secret of its power of attraction. The wording of an advertisement is an art. This applies only to the present. In the old days, when there were but few

magazines and newspapers, everything in a daily or weekly home paper was read, advertisements and all. A person loses a good deal of information by not reading advertisements.

The cross-word puzzle bobs up again, and it is calculated to make people cross as well as puzzling to them. A few nights ago a party called up this office, along about 2 o'clock in the morning, and visions of a good piece of local news illuminated this

gilded sanctum sanctorium of thought, when lo, and behold, the message came: "Do you know a word of fifteen letter, the first being B and the last letter D." I knew some words but they did not fit his case, and I thought the word he ought to have should have been, "Be in Bed." I am thinking of putting up a motto in a conspicuous place, something like this: "Yes, we don't know any word of any number of letters meaning anything."

THIS RARITY.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

This land of democracy and simplicities is overpopulated with people who take themselves too seriously.

Where the tolerant smile should appear, there is an appalling vacuum.

Every street, home, state and howling wilderness is disfigured by some earnest person who is so full of his own virtues that he is overwhelmed by the failures of others. Millions are calling meetings, taking up collections and delivering orations to reform the neighbors.

The popular game is to accuse everybody while what we need is to understand somebody.

The result is that, whether you want to or not, you are obliged to come into contact with a lot of people who, if you lack a sense of humor, strike you as unnecessary, not to say atrocious.

But as a matter of fact they are merely mistaken. They prefer to blind themselves to their own limitations by filling their eyes with the deficiencies of others. They get rid of the stern business of improving

themselves by working overtime to perfect the man around the corner.

Condemnations rattle through the townships. Moral clean-up campaigns are managed by experts. Legislators pass laws to straighten uncounted religious spines. Publicists proclaim a nation going straight to the devil.

If you are doing it too, you are making fearful inroads upon your efficiency. This thing of making a living and at the same time maintaining perpetual suspicion of the neighbors, is a double-barreled job. It divides the mind. It overturns the individual's energies.

The truly efficient man has learned how to value others. He has arrived at some understanding of human beings. He perceives the wisdom of a kindly laugh. And so he draws people to him.

You have the seeds of greatness in you when you recognize that certain temptations have a terrific appeal to certain people, that others are forced by adverse circumstances to play out

their hands without the chance to draw new cards, that others are paying unavoidable tribute to their environment, and that in the long run pretty much everybody wants to do the right thing.

You are still nearer greatness when you act on the theory that every man has to stand on his own feet, that the best thing you can do for the world is first to see to it that your own footing is secure, and that the man who has the right to make himself the custodian of another's conduct is like the century plant, hard to raise and rare of bloom.

You have arrived at something very like greatness when everybody says of you, as was once said of an Asheville preacher: "If I were guilty of the most terrible behaviour, so that I felt the need of confession and advice, I would go to him above all other men and women I know, because I should be certain in advance that he would understand."

It is easy enough to judge people. It is another matter to help them. The professional reformer is so often unpopular because people instinctively realize that his talk of changing things is the determination to destroy things. He is frequently out, not to help human beings whom he loves, but to wipe out some vice which has such an attraction for him that he is afraid to live where it may reach out and pull him down.

A woman may become a thief, not because she wants or needs what she steals, but because the act of theft gives her, in her emotionally unbalanced state, a great and thrilling pleasure. A man may be driven to drunk-

ness by his longing for peace, although to the average reformer this statement would seem arrant nonsense.

Nobody knows what is in another's mind. Life, in many of its aspects, is a long loneliness. There is no such thing as perfect understanding of one individual by another. It is doubtful that any man thoroughly understands himself. Just judgment of one by another is therefore impossible in most of the relations and conditions of life.

There remains, then, only the one sane course: to be ready with the smile of tolerance, the understanding that almost invariably no storm is as devastating as it seems.

Tolerance and the attempt to understand are good business. The man who gets red in the face and quickens his heart-beats and raises his voice and thumps his desk because his idea of Bill Smith's behaviour today or last year upsets him, uses up in his outbreak much of the energy that should go into his business. Moreover, the habit grows on him. The sport of condemning others has a fearful fascination. It takes hate into the office, the home and the Sunday school. It becomes a real job.

The kindly smile, the gentle irony, the tolerant laugh—all three were in the reminder, now two thousand years old, that only the man who is without evil has right to the luxury of casting a stone. The universal cry is for understanding, and there is so little of it because we are so many judges! But, when you understand why this is so, your laughter becomes a smile of kindly tolerance.

TENNESSEE AND THE CREATION OF MAN

Presbyterian Standard.

The action of the Legislature of Tennessee in forbidding the teaching in a state school of any theory of man's creation contrary to the Divine plan as set forth in the Bible, has occasioned much discussion in the press, and much ridicule has been heaped upon that body.

With the peculiar merits of the evolution theory we have no concern just now, except to remind the critics that it is, as yet only a theory. We are more concerned about the inspiration of the Bible, realizing that if it be denied with regard to one truth, it may also be denied with regard to others, with the result that every page of the old Book will be colored with doubt, and none of us will know just what to believe.

The Tennessee action, as reported, does not mention evolution by name, but only forbids the teaching in a public school of the State of "any theory of creation contrary to the Divine plan as set forth in the Bible."

These men, in thus acting, had in mind, no doubt, the great danger of a generation of young people growing up with the belief that the Bible is full of error, and consequently that no reliance could be placed in its teachings of morality.

The Bible is the foundation of society. If you take from it the reverence it has always inspired, you leave nothing upon which to stand, and the result will be the demoralization of civic and family life.

To our mind one of the most disheartening aspects of the case is the

fact that there was presented a petition against passing this bill, which was signed, as the secular press states, "by most of the outstanding ministers of Nashville."

No names of ministers were given, so we are left in blissful ignorance of the ministers who put themselves on record in this matter.

While these brethren were thus exhibiting themselves, ex-Governor Patterson, of Tennessee, a man of many intellectual gifts and of no small degree of learning, thus expresses himself in a Memphis paper:

"I quarrel with no man for his belief or lack of belief, but I regard it as an unpardonable crime to indoctrinate the minds of the young in the class room or out of it with theories which one may have the right to entertain for himself, but which he has neither the natural nor moral right to inculcate in the minds of children to send them adrift on uncertain and uncharted seas."

"The Tennessee Legislature was right in giving expression by law to the Christian sentiment of the State, that it is both unwise and unfair to children to teach evolution in the schools."

"In these days we need faith, and no individual and no nation can go far astray who has that faith."

The ministers who signed this petition are free to think as they please, as far as man's judgment is concerned, and no man can question their sincerity.

If we were in their congregation, their pulpit message would be weak-

ened in our mind by the thought that their message came from a book that they had discredited.

If we were dying and longing for the words of comfort, such as our fathers received, we would prefer to have them from one who honored the Bible as God's infallible Word.

While this thought may give them some concern, it must, at least be some compensation to know that by their action in this controversy, they have enrolled themselves among the "Intellectuals," and they are abreast of the scholarship of the day.

"I SERVE."

A novelist tells a story of two commonplace people, a man and his wife, living in poverty in one room in Fifty-fourth Street, New York City. To all appearances they were neither coarse nor vulgar at the start. Then the "miracle" happened, and there came sudden wealth. The wife had an inheritance restored to her. She fell heir to millions. From that moment began their decline and fall. Gradually, through selfish expenditures, they became gross, mean, vulgar, although their first reaction to sudden wealth had been noble. They had moved from the room in Fifty-fourth Street to an apartment in Fifty-seventh Street. The wife was furnishing the flat when the husband said:

"Are we the kind of people who think only of this—and nothing else—with the ideas and principles we hold?"

His wife later asked:

"And as you always say, George, what's money for if you can't do good for people? Are we the kind that just think of no one but ourselves?"

No, they were not that kind, for they considered how they could do good with their money. She befriended some impoverished artists.

He helped a struggling nephew. They both used their wealth in service to their fellow men. But when that motive ceased to control them, wealth began its destructive work.

People everywhere have an itching for a vast sum of money. But those who lack wealth little realize the responsibility that comes with large resources. They plan to spend all their fortune on themselves, and they are unconscious of the leanness of soul which will come if they do not put their gold to serving mankind. If they withhold their service, the springs of mercy will dry up within them, and their hearts will become hard.

But we are condemned, not only on the grounds of holding back material things from the service of humanity, but also because we refuse to do what we can with the resources at our disposal.

The story of how one girl escaped condemnation and found satisfaction in service is told by one who closely observed her career. She had prepared herself for teaching, but she could not resist the impulse to give her work a distinctly religious bent. While she was studying in Chicago, a rugged mountain preacher came along telling of the needs of

people in the Tennessee mountains. This was a definite call and she made up her mind to take a little school among the mountaineers.

For six years she found plenty to do. She taught the children, visited the homes, and tried in every way to help. Sewing classes were formed and classes in domestic science were organized. Her home, which was provided for her, became the community center where she gathered the children and grown-ups for recreation and play. It was interesting to note how readily both children and parents overcame their characteristic diffidence, and learned to play. Better clothes and better cooking were early evidences of the effect of her work.

She practically determined the styles of her community, a feat which almost any young woman would consider a distinct triumph.

"After seven or eight years of hard work, with home so near by, why not now desist and leave the work to others to finish?" she was asked. There flashed what seemed at first resentment at the subtle suggestion, as if temptation had suddenly befallen her. Then came the eager answer, "Not on your life!"

"Ich dien," "I serve," is the motto of the Prince of Wales. It was also the motto of the mountaineer teacher. May we not all adopt it for our own?—Forward.

THIS IS THE WAY.

Oh, this is the way to make a friend;
 You must never be afraid to lend
 A helping hand when things go wrong
 And cheer his way with a smile and song.

Oh, this is the way to keep a friend,
 You must ever be willing to freely spend
 The best of your love and faith and trust,
 For friendship means love, and give love must.

Oh, this is the way to make a friend,
 To make and keep him to the end;
 You must ever let him find in you
 A friend that is brave and staunch and true!

—Florence Jones Hadley.

FIRST AID TO WINNIE.

By Marguerite Geibel.

Winnie Hildreth looked about at the nine girlish faces in the office where she had just been engaged, and tried to feel brave. It was her first position as stenographer, and she was anxious to make good. In school it had not seemed hard to read the funny little notes, but for the past two months she had been addressing circulars in a wholesale stove house, and had no practice at taking dictation. Now she must face a real test, transcribing whatever notes a capricious assistant sales manager might feel like dictating.

"You'll sit at this table, Miss Hildreth, until we get another desk. There's one ordered. We've been so busy we're crowded for both space and equipment," the head stenographer explained pleasantly.

"Thank you, Miss Adams," Winnie replied shyly as she took the place indicated, wishing she could talk more freely to strangers. She seated herself at the table which served as a makeshift typewriter desk and waited for the copying which Miss Adams promised to bring to keep her busy until the assistant sales manager should call.

Her first nervousness wore off at noontime, when the girls had lunch in the company's dining room. It seemed polly to be among the crowd of joking girls, laughing over trifles, glad to be alive and especially glad to be together. Winnie felt herself longing for the day when she would feel at home among them—one of the happy crowd.

When three o'clock came with no call, the girl began to hope that she would escape the ordeal of taking dictation on that first day, but the thought had hardly occurred to her when Miss Adams, answering the phone, came towards Winnie with a new note pencil, and offered to guide her to the assistant sales manager's office on the next floor.

"This is my first position, and I'm out of practice," she explained to Mr. Barnes.

"I'll go slow," he replied laconically, and the girl could not tell from his expression whether he was annoyed or not. She decided that he was indifferent and bent her head over the notebook to take the letter he was starting.

She was immensely relieved to find that it was simple, acknowledging an order from a firm, for one hundred cans of grade 36 lubricant, fifty for grade 54, and so on. When he finished, Winnie saw that he was fumbling about his desk for a misplaced paper, and took advantage of the time to read over the letter and fix the more difficult parts in her mind.

The next letter was not so easy, explaining as it did, the reasons for using different grades of lubricant on different parts of a machine.

There were two more letters, and Winnie tried to keep in her mind the strange phrases which began to creep in.

With mixed feelings she hurried back to her typewriter, sure at one moment that she could transcribe the notes correctly, wondering the next,

whether there were as many technical words as she imagined.

When she had completed the first letter, she felt more confidence, but on the second was obliged to stop part way through, remove it from the machine, and start on the third, which proved easier for it was written slowly and clearly, Mr. Barnes having chosen his words carefully. When five o'clock came, she turned in the two finished letters, regretting that she had not time to do the others while her memory could help her.

On reaching home, Winnie related the day's happenings and added to her sister, "But Ellen, I didn't have sense enough to bring home my note book and work on those two letters I didn't get transcribed. It would be easier to read them tonight than it will be in the morning."

"You'll get them all right. The first lot would naturally be the worst. In a week you won't mind the work at all," comforted Ellen, who knew absolutely nothing about it.

When Winnie returned to the office next morning, it was to meet Mr. Barnes in the hall.

"Good morning, Miss Meredith. Those two letters I got were all right; the other two coming through soon?"

"Yes. I'll start them right away, Mr. Barnes," she replied, glowing at the words of commendation.

She attacked the remaining letters with interest if not with assurance, dallied over four or five words and phrases that, Winnie decided, sounded right any number of ways, and finally turned them in.

Another batch of letters fell to her lot that morning, and she resolved to be more careful in putting them

down, to try to memorize the difficult parts; but when, in the afternoon she turned them in, there was several mistakes, and Mr. Barnes brought them back, frowning terribly, a sit seemed to Winnie, and pointed out that one would have to be rewritten. "You'll have to do better than that," he informed her in parting.

The next noon, trying to puzzle out the technical terms in her letters, she could not keep back the tears, and was feeling grateful for the fact that she was alone, when Tommy Clinton from the accounting department, stepped in, in quest of a can of oil.

"Anything I can do?" he inquired awkwardly, not sure whether he should offer assistance or ignore the situation.

"I can't get the technical words in this letter. Pipe and pump look alike in my notes, and he—Mr. Barnes is always using both words. Gearing and bearing aren't alike except when I make a g upside down," Winnie explained.

Tommy looked over her shoulder at the letter as far as she had written it. "It must be 'pipe leading to.' A pump wouldn't lead," he decided sagely. "And I think 'bearing' is the word you want down here."

"I'll never learn it; it doesn't mean anything to me. I guess I'll have to give up the place. Mr. Barnes isn't very well pleased with me," Winnie confessed.

"Oh! it isn't as bad as all that," Tommy declared. "I'll tell you. Here is some of the literature that we send out. Go over it until you know the phrases. The men all use pretty much the same line, and when you come to a hard place in the let-

ter, see if you can find the expression in some of the form letter or booklets. There are plenty of them around, and all the expressions you're likely to get will be in them." Tommy busied himself about the great cabinet with its sliding glass doors, where the pamphlets were kept.

"Why, that will help a lot!" Winnie smiled acknowledgment, greatly relieved.

Rather pleased with himself, Tommy continued: "Come on down to the display room and see the chart. It tells just what grade to use and where to use it, and shows all the different kinds of machines and the parts, with the proper lubricant for each."

"Oh! that will make it easier I know," Winnie cried, and hurried after Tommy, who was leading the way to the display room.

"There are some small copies of those charts, too, around somewhere; we send them to manufacturers," he remembered. "I'll dig them up for you."

"I hate to ask Miss Adams for help, for fear she'll think I don't know anything, and she's so busy besides."

"Well, it's better to ask than to get it wrong," Tommy opined with the wisdom of seventeen years.

Tommy guided the girl through the mazes of machine parts and the mystery of correct lubrication, until many hazy ideas took definite shape and grew clear. "I'll sort of have a picture of what Mr. Barnes is saying now—be able to visualize it—if I get these fixed in my mind," she declared.

"You plug away on the literature and get the terms down pat, and to-

morrow I'll take you through the plant. That will help too," Tommy promised, greatly pleased with his success in the role of instructor and benefactor.

When the bell rang at one o'clock, Winnie ran up the steps with a light heart. Tommy had promised to send up facsimiles of the big charts, as soon as he located them. In the meantime, she could pick out the troublesome phrases from the form letters and folders which the firm sent out.

By comparing notes, she was able to feel fairly certain of what she was writing, and bravely resolved to take the one doubtful phrase to Mr. Barnes, who gladly supplied the missing word.

"Just wait and I'll go over these," he commanded, waving her to a chair in his brief way. "It's nearly five, anyway."

Winnie waited, her heart thumping with the realization that Mr. Barnes wouldn't have much more patience; he wasn't the patient kind. These letters would decide her fate.

"You're doing better. Getting used to it, I suppose?" he inquired, glancing at her keenly. "There's not a mistake."

"I've been reading up on your technical terms," Winnie answered simply.

"Well, well! I believe that's a brand new idea among stenographers. I must tip off all the new ones, and some not so new," he added. "It's first aid to the tired business man."

"And the worried stenographer," Winnie reminded. "It wasn't my idea; it was Tommy Clinton's."

"I'll keep an eye on Tommy. He

has sense," Mr. Barnes approved, and continued, "I guess there's always a simple way out of difficulties, if we have sense enough to see it."

"First aid," Winnie decided happily, as she walked away, "is common sense—and it can do other things besides saving lives."

THE UNMOVED CROWD.

(Selected.)

There was just a bit of interest aroused in a small section of a countless crowd when a boy on a bicycle was run down by a big truck. It halted the traffic momentarily, while a hastily summoned ambulance rushed up, uniformed nurse and attendant gave first aid, strong hands lifted the hurt, bandaged helpless boy into the waiting car, and away it went and so did everybody. Scarcely noticed was the accident. A few nearest at hand asked how it happened or said, "Too Bad." But, the crowd was unmoved. It did not know. How could it take note of one of the surging thousands? The pain of one did not affect the mass, the spilling blood of a boy did not cause the crowd to stagger in increasing weakness. But, the passing comments showed that nobody cared much. One said, "Oh, what a beautiful green in that window!" Another remarked, "Isn't it just lovely today?" Both these were heard within a few feet of where the suffering boy was being cared for, and by persons seeing clearly that he was probably hurt severely. But, none of

use can expect that many of the passing crowd will stay to offer more than a hurried glance, or a casual word. No, the crowd is not so moved. But, it is a fine tribute to the far-sighted plannings of Christian government that speedy assistance can be had for the hurt, assistance that is skilled and qualified to give every victim of accident immediate care. Maybe the heart of the crowd has lost some of its tenderness because of our dependance on professional helpers when trouble comes. But, apparently our concern for individuals is much limited. Only one accident in a thousand concerns us, and that one will be because it affects one we chance to know. Each of us lives in a crowd, a crowd that would not stop at our hurt. Each of us is a part of that crowd treating individuals in the same way. And, the bigger the crowd the less anybody is concerned about us and the less we are concerned about anybody. And yet no matter what happens, or how big the crowd, somebody near at hand will prove a helper. This is human; above all this is Christian.

A SINCERE BOW.

A spacious, airy auditorium, with seats for everybody in the center section; a Motiograph de Luxe pro-

jection picture machine in a fire-proof booth; a first class screen; a plaayer piano that does not merely

play tunes, but is such an instrument that under the skillful management of the "performer" produces music that soothes and pleases rather than jars nerves; six to ten reels of the best picture that can be selected, and a side-splitting comedy, with no advertisements of any kind, and—no kind reader! tickets are not on sale. We are merely introducing you to the moving picture outfit owned and operated by the Jackson Training School for the entertainment and instruction of the four hundred boys there.

Everybody knows that a good moving picture show means the investment of hundreds of dollars. And this show didn't just happen. It was assembled, so to speak, by folks who are sincerely interested in the welfare of the boys, and who were generous enough to provide for systematic entertainment for them. If ever there was a situation when one thing led to another it was in the installation of that picture show. To begin with, there had to be a machine. And right to the front stepped Mr. John G. Parks of Parks-Belk Co. There were "no ifs and ands" about Mr. Parks. The boys needed a machine, and he gave them the best that could be procured. So far, so good. But the machine could be operated only in a fire-proof booth, and a booth is a thing that has to be built. Oh well! Mr. John Query, the school contractor, is not superintendent of a Methodist Sunday School for nothing. He merely grinned, called in a few extra hands, and proceeded to raise the very deuce of a racket in a room upstairs over the auditorium. When he finished, that machine was housed

in a booth that would be Home Sweet Home while life should last in spite of fire or flood. And now maybe you won't believe it, but after all that the thing wouldn't work right. The light wasn't strong enough, and a new transformer was needed. And who under the sun was going to give anything so prosaic and expensive as a transformer. There's not even anything exciting about a transformer. You can't rise up and say "given in memory of" or feel romantic about it. But it was so necessary and do you know that Mr. George Stratton of the Amature Winding Co., at Charlotte gave that transformer just as easy-like as if it were an everyday occurrence. And for a while everything went on fine. An occasional picture was secured, the wall back of the auditorium stage afforded more or less of a screen if one's eyes were real good, but Training School folks have a foolish idea that the best is none too good for the boys, and the idea of a screen kept bobbing up. That would make it just right. And Providence provided the right fellow, Mr. Will Linker, of Bell and Harris Furniture Co., Concord, has been furnishing things so long that he furnished that screen without stopping to consider what an unusual thing he was doing at all.

Then—well, say! have you ever been in a picture show, all keyed up to a point where you were just having the best time in the world and all at once felt flat, and everything seemed lifeless with no reason at all. And in a minute or two you'd notice the music had stopped. It made you plumb mad. You wanted to call out

to the orchestra, or the pianist, or the organist, or whatever was supposed to furnish the music and tell them for goodness sake to go on—play something.—anything! It was like sitting in a vacuum. But, praise be! North Carolina has folks qualified to fill anything, and the only reason there hadn't been music to start with was because that Anson county bunch of Efirid Brothers who have been busy locating stores all over the state hadn't been advised that Training School boys would enjoy and appreciate a good player piano more than anybody. Messrs. J. B. and H. B. Efirid, of Charlotte, represented the firm in presenting the piano, and its a real instrument.

Everything ready to go, the scenery set, and all the make-up on. And right here is where the Charlotte Film Board of Trade comes on the stage. Each Thursday evening, beginning at seven o'clock, the boys enjoy one of the best programs that can be provided through the courtesy of the exchanges represented by the Charlotte

Film Board. If you doubt for a moment the quality of the pictures, just listen at this list: Educational Film Exchange; Eltabram Film Co.; Enterprise Dist. Corporation; Film Booking Offices; First National Pictures Inc., Fox Film Corporation; Metro-Goldwyn Dist. Corporation; Pathe Exchange, Inc.; Progress Pictures, Inc.; Universal Exchange, Inc.; Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Everybody who contributed toward making a good show once each week a possibility did it so quietly, and so gladly that they hardly gave the school officials a chance to say "much obliged" on behalf of the boys. But if they could have been within a hundred yards of the auditorium when those boys saw "America"; had heard them laugh and shout through "Penrod and Sam"; could know how keenly they anticipate this evening of wholesome recreation—Well, those folks would just know they'd done something mighty worth while. If you don't believe it—ask the boys!

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT WILLS.

(The Wachovia.)

There still exist in the minds of some people—people who are broad-minded in other respects—superstitions about wills which keep them from making wills. One is that making a will hastens death; another, that a will, once made, cannot be changed; still another, that wills promote family quarrels.

Wills and Death

Men often die, it is true, soon after they make their will. But why? Be-

cause they made their will? No, because they waited until they were on their death-bed before they thought it necessary to make a will. If a man makes his will when he should—that is, while he is still young and vigorous and in the full possession and enjoyment of his mental faculties—he should, if anything, live longer, having a peace of mind that promotes longevity. Whereas, the failure of a conscientious man to make his will

tends to shorten his days by keeping him depressed with the feeling that he is failing to do his full duty by his family. Many a man has felt that a great burden has been lifted off him when he signs his will.

Making a will has no more bearing upon one's death than taking out a life insurance policy. But superstition is often more potent than reason; and men still put off making their wills for fear that they will die if they do it.

Altering Wills

Men—many of them—still think that their will, as soon as made, is put on record somewhere and that it thereupon becomes unalterable. The fact is that a will is, or should be, an entirely confidential document, the contents of which are known only to the man who makes it and the lawyer who draws it. One has the privilege, of course, to show his will to whom he pleases and should show it to and discuss it with his wife, unless extraordinary conditions prevail; but the transaction of making a will is as secret as a man wishes to make it.

A will is not only alterable but actually should be altered from time to time. A few men have a mania for altering their will; but these are rare. The average man makes his

will, files it away, and forgets it until the death and settlement of the estate of some friend make him think of his will and get it out and read it. It is a very good rule for a man to read his will once every three years to see if it still fits his estate and his family.

Wills and Family Quarrels

Men still let the law make their will—that is, they die without leaving a will—because, they say, leaving a will may lead to a family quarrel. They forget or rather, do not know that there are more law suits over estates left to be divided by law than in those left under will. For every will that is contested there are, perhaps, a hundred that are not contested. For every contest that is successful, there are, perhaps, ten that are not successful. To break a will is, as a rule, a man's job. About the only kind of will that can be and should be broken—provided it is drawn by a competent attorney—is one in which the spirit of spite makes a man try to perpetrate by his will injustices to members of his family. In a will is the last place in the world for a man to try to get even with anybody he has a spite against. A spiteful will, once probated, becomes a lasting monument that discredits the man who made it.

WHEN SOMEBODY CARES.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Love is both the most precious and most perilous passion in the world.

All joys, all tasks of toil, all human bliss, get their incentive and quality from the fact that somebody

cares.

There goes the plowman singing as he drives his team, the laborer whistling at his machine, the business man humming as he opens his

desk, not because they love to toil, but their work blesses somebody who cares.

I listen to the home-maker, busied with the many, many cares of her house and the farm, pausing to pat the cheek of a cooing baby, forgetful of her own ease, pouring the unstinted wealth of her devotion and love into homely duties, and complaining not, because there is nobody who cares.

Youths and maidens stand long before the mirror, like proud birds preening themselves in intense effort to make their charms pleasing to someone who cares.

Do you know, I believe that the Good God must have known that the best way to get His children to perk up, and do their best, was to let them read their glory in another's eyes.

Men face temptations that try every fiber of their souls, and keep straight because of those who care.

Through long years of denial and hardship women will keep their thoughts pure and beautiful for the one reason that somebody wants them to do so.

Hearts that care can also suffer. All tragedies are strung to this wire. A man or woman can little harm one who does not love them, but they

can make life a hell for someone who cares.

A challenging bit of advice of my father was this, "Do nothing that would make your mother weep." That may sound to some young men like a bit of Sunday school advice, but for me it is wise as the wisdom of senators.

Just recently a bruised and beaten man came to me. Once he had loved a woman, and she had proved untrue, and had hurt him. Now he says that all women are alike. It is not true, but he thinks so.

"Though much the human heart may bear;

Some people get more than their share Of broken heart and whitened hair." And all, just because they care.

The highest thought I can get about God is that He cares for us. If He does, then He must have some interest in how we treat each other. If we wrong others, we wrong Him whose nature is to care.

That is the gospel of Jesus: God is a Father whose heart is hurt by the sins of men. I do not know of a greater thought to steady our desires and keep us straight.

It is a religion of love and beauty only is there vision enough to make us triumph.

Somebody cares!

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

About one half of an acre of lettuce was set out last week under the direction of Mr. Richard Walker.

—o—

Garland Rice has returned to the

institution after spending a few days with his parents in Hillsboro.

—o—

Mr. Boger announced that all the boys that wanted to go barefooted

could do so, of this the boys are very glad.

—o—

Mr. Paul Owensby, band director of the school, spent the week end in Greensboro. He returned in time to direct the band Monday night.

—o—

Several of the boys under the direction of Mr. Poole have been getting the flower beds in shape. We hope to have some nice flowers this year.

—o—

Carl Richards was called to his home in Charlotte last week owing to the death of his mother. He returned two days later.

—o—

The boys saw their weekly show last Thursday night. The names of the pictures were: "Star Reporter," "Everlasting Snow," "Prehistoric Animals." The boys were all glad to see them.

—o—

The Training School lost the initial game of the season to the Cannon Stars by a one sided score last Saturday. As our pitcher, Mr. Russel injured his hand and had to retire from the game.

—o—

Poultry raising is one of the chief industries of the school. We average about 380 eggs per day and the boys get plenty. Last Saturday Mr. Lisk, who has charge of the poultry raising, sold 160 dozen of eggs at 32½ cents per dozen. The incubators are still running turning out their hatches about every three weeks.

Three months ago the boys were required to write two letters, one going home and the other being kept, this was done again last month, and the boys making the greatest improvement in writing in each room were to receive \$1 each. These prizes are offered quarterly by Mr. J. J. Barnhardt, of Kanapolis. The winners of these prizes were: Richard Meekins, Van Dowd, Craven Pait, Clyde Burns and Adam Beck.

—o—

EASTER AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL

It is doubtful if the Easter Season was observed anywhere with more of the real spirit of Easter and with more enthusiasm than at the Training School. A special service was held at the auditorium at nine o'clock on Easter Sunday morning instead of the usual Sunday School. The big stage had been converted into a spring garden with masses of dogwood, bowls of drooping spirea, lilies, and tulips in all the lovely colors imaginable. The boys themselves reflected the happiness of the occasion by fine spirit and their usual good conduct, and they entered into the service with a reverence and a heartiness that would astonish the average publish. Beginning with the Gloria Patria, followed by the Scripture reading in concert; a prayer led by one of the boys concluding with the Lord's prayer; a solo and chorus; a recitation; fine singing of the Easter hymns of the church, in all of these parts of the service the rendition was excellent. We were lucky, too, to have as the preacher for the morning service the

Rev. Mr. Higgins of Forest Hill Methodist church, Concord. His sermon was based on the command of the risen Savior to "go and tell" and he brought a message of inspiration and help. At three o'clock in the afternoon Dr. Lewis delivered another good sermon, and the boys again sang Easter hymns unusually well—even for boys who sing well all of the time.

—o—

Easter Monday was a holiday, and was spent in out door sports at the athletic field. In the afternoon Mr. Denny, physical director at the Concord "Y" brought over a number of boys and put on a field meet in shot put, discus throwing, hundred yard dash, broad jump and high jump. The final score of the track meet gave the victory to Concord, but our boys are good losers and hard fighters, and they had plenty of fun. Five members of the band and the director, Mr. Owensby, kept things spiced up by a lively bit of music every now and then.

—o—

On Monday evening at seven o'clock a program was given at the auditorium. If anything was lacking in the way of music on that program, it was because there wasn't room for it. There was everything from a

player piano to an orchestra, and it included the band, and one of the best violinists we've ever heard. The piano, the band, the declaimers,—and by the way the school has some declaimers who do not merely "speak a piece"—were all home folks. The violinist was Mr. Frank Williams, and Mr. Williams is an artist when it comes to a violin. He did every stunt imaginable, imitated everything from the song of a bird to a darky camp meeting, had pigs grunting and donkeys braying, played with his violin on his head, behind his back or just any old place, played with the back of the bow or the front—and then when he'd done all the funny things and had everybody shouting with laughter he called for his accompanist, Miss Catherine Moore, and played three classical numbers—all of them familiar favorites of music lovers. Mr. Owensby keeps lined up with an orchestra that tickles the boys to death, and they followed Mr. Williams on the program Monday night. All that is needed to "bring down the house" is to announce to the boys that that orchestra is going to play. Mr. Boger said the official "good-night" to everybody, and complimented not only the visitors but the boys who had part in the program.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.—Marcus Aurelius.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

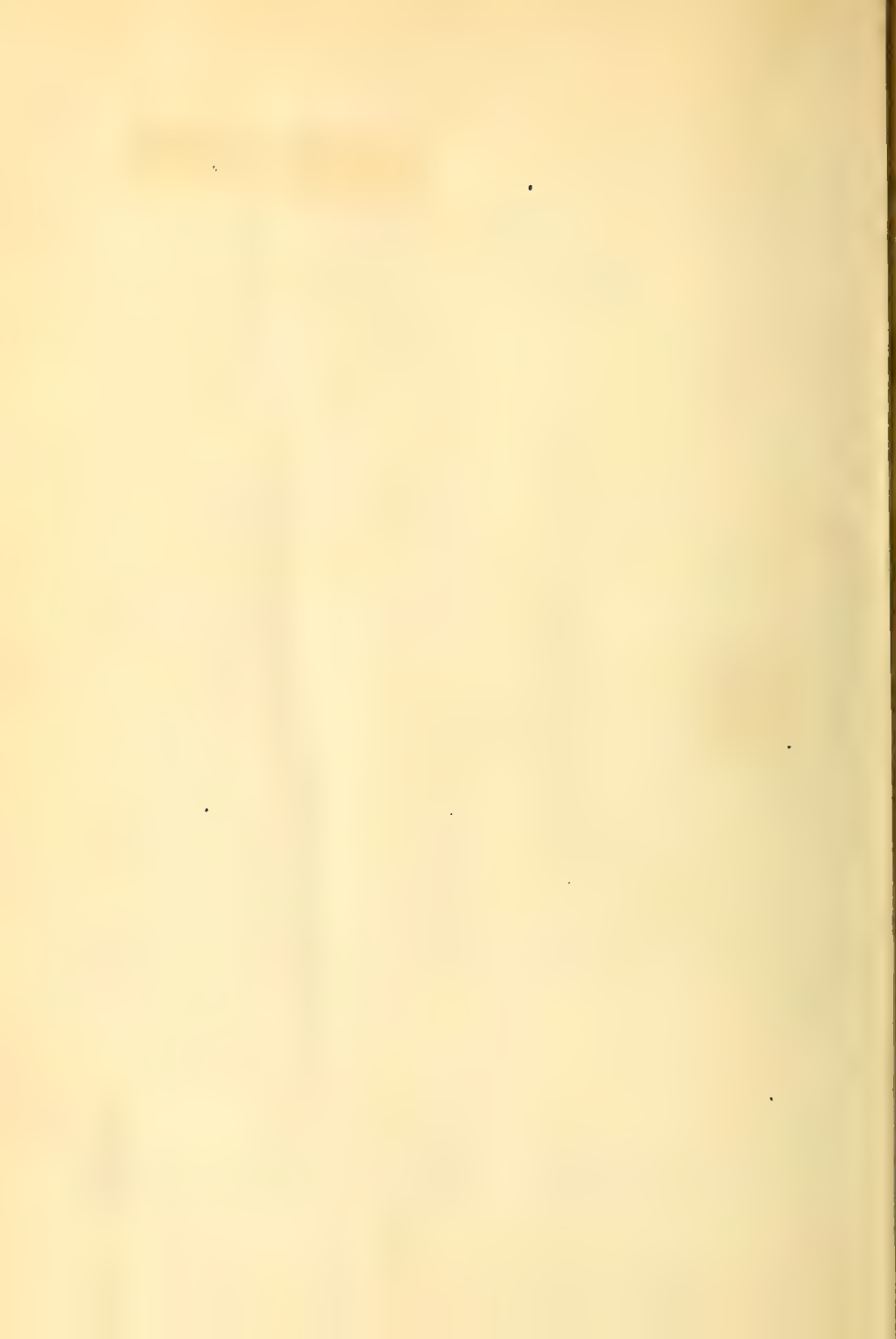
Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.
No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH



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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*,

J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

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THE CHILD.

We all enjoy vivid description of how the beautiful is thrown among us to give us pleasure and satisfaction. These things do not just happen. There is a cause and a reason. Somewhere we ran across an account of how come the child starts life under such pleasing attributes. Of course, every mother that is a mother thinks her child the "very sweetest" of all babies, but here is an account of how it came about that in itself is most beautiful:

"When God made the child he began early in the morning. He watched the golden hues of rising day chasing away the darkness, and chose the azure of the opening heavens for the color of childhood's eye, the crimson of the cloud to paint its cheeks, and the gold of the morning for its flowing tresses. He beheld the dewdrops upon the lips of flowers, and from the rose and lily and daffodils and hibiscus gathered nectar wherewith to put sparkle in its eye and merry smiles upon its lips. He listened to the songbirds as they sang and warbled and whispered, and strung childhood's harp with notes now soft and low, now sweet and strong. He saw the little lambs among the flocks romp and play and skip, and he put play into childhood's heart. He saw the silvery brook and listened to its music and ripples as it coursed its way over sandy bed and mossy stone, and he made the laughter of the child like the ripple of the brook. He saw the angels of light as

upon wings of love they hastened in holy duty, and he put innocence in the child-heart and formed its soul in purity and love. And having made the child, he sent it out to bring joy in home, laughter on the green, and gladness everywhere. He sent it to the home and said to the parents: 'Nourish and bring up this child for me.' He sent in to the church and said: 'Teach it my love and law.' He sent it to the state, saying: 'Deal tenderly with it, and it will bless and not curse thee.' He sent it to the nation and said: 'Be good to the child. It is thy greatest asset and thy hope.'

* * * * *

WHIPPING PEAR AND CHERRY TREES.

There has come down from ages unnumbered a curious belief that obtains with some people. It has been transmitted from one generation to another. Occasionally a pear tree has been found that failed to bear fruit. Some one year ago growing impatient with a fruitless tree went out and gave it a severe threshing.

Out in No. 11 township of Cabirrus county are two beautiful cherry trees that J. A. Kennet, representing the Lindley Nurseries, sold nine or ten years ago. They have never bloomed, much less bearing any fruit. As shade trees they have all along been most splendid. Mr. A. Floyd McEachern, for thirty-five years, has been listening to these signs and remedies.

This quiet man, believing that New Year's Day is the proper time for beginning a reformation, decided that he would test out the old statement that he had heard since a mere boy, so he administered the prescription on New Year's morning. He went out, before sun-up, and, with a large hickory withe gave the two obstreperous and indifferent cherry trees that Kennet had sold a farmer a whale of a threshing. This, according to the directions, had to be done before the official thresher had spoken to any one or been spoken to on the eventful morning.

In all North Carolina these two cherry trees, this year, in their glorious garb of cherry blossoms were never surpassed. Blooming for the first time and today they have a full crop of half-grown fruit. Just what effect the whipping had, if any, it remains as a fact that this is the first time these trees ever had bloom.

McEachern says that it is immaterial how you are dressed—full dress or not so full—when the remedy is administered to lazy cherry and pear trees.

In this connection, it may be just as well to repeat a story that Esquire George M. Lore, of Concord, tells on a pecan orchard, down in Johnston

county, which, geographically, is about as much of an empire as is Rhodes Island.

This is the way the genial 'squire got it from his son, Edwin, who lives in that great county: a prosperous farmer, seeing how pecans were selling for such fancy prices—and in some instances were regarded so valuable that the merchant kept them under lock and key—decided to plant a large pecan orchard. After years of patient waiting, his trees healthy-looking and making a charming picture, had not brought forth any fruit.

An agent came along, one who was familiar with the habits and character of pecan trees, and made an investigation. He found, to quote 'Squire Lore, "Every tree in the immense orchard to be a he-tree." And the 'Squire continued, "the owner purchased from the agent several female pecan trees and set them out in the same orchard, and now that man is growing rich on his sales of pecans."

* * * * *

CRIMELESS PAPER.

Much has been made over the experiment of the Fayetteville Evening Observer in eliminating all crime stories for a period, having in mind how the constituency of that paper would receive a crimeless paper. Before the adopted period had expired, the Observer returned to the old way of printing the acts of vandalism, sin and corruption. It appears that those subscribers who expressed themselves on the program voted against the paper's purpose of being crimeless in the ratio of 60 to 1.

This is not a glorious commentary on our tastes; but it probably is the same the world over. An insignificant sorry sort of fellow may step up to another of his kind and shoot the life out of him for a real or imaginary wrong. This will be featured under box-head letters and the newsboys rush out on the street crying out "evening So and So—tells you all about the horrible murder that occurred in broad day light on Main street." And the folks buy it, and eagerly read the sordid story. Let Mr. Charlie W. Johnston, of Charlotte, donate ten thousand dollars or Mr. John S. Efird, of Albemarle, or Mr. Joseph F. Cannon, of Concord, donate a similar sum to a specific purpose at the Jackson Training School, which seeks to reclaim fellow man and not to destroy or to do murder, the glorious news will get by with simply a modest notice.

There is this difference, and it is important, the impression caused by the

crime story will be momentary unless it puts notions into the minds of the evil-inclined, who seek to gain a similar notoriety in the public prints by going out gun and whisky loaded; but the story of the noble act of a benefactor will live on forever in the lives of others, who have benefitted by the unselfishness of the donors who, though dead, still live. Good deeds have a hard time before the public, but their fruits will prevail.

* * * * *

IT IS AUGUSTUS LUKEMAN.

That Stone Mountain wrangle is approaching a solution. The association in charge of the great undertaking, having gotten rid of Borglum, has employed Augustus Lukeman to complete the gigantic task. There has been some criticism of the selection, most of it coming from those who permitted themselves to become hysterical over Mr. Borglum.

Every question—every trouble—has two sides. It is hard to think that all the trouble lies with the association and that Borglum is faultless. The high character of the people that compose the executive association, having this matter in charge, is enough to satisfy one that Mr. Borglum is not without fault sufficient to warrant his discharge.

Mr. Lukeman once lived in Virginia, and he has, so far as information goes, never been guilty of calling the Confederate soldier a "yellow traitor."

* * * * *

SETTING HIMSELF RIGHT(?)

The editor of the Journal of Social Forces, a publication that occasionally comes out from the University, is trying to set himself right with the public. Not long ago that publication, with strong materialistic leanings, published some mighty sorry rot, that reflected upon the Christian religion and lamented that up to this day no code of morals had been offered to the world.

The \$5,000 dollar sociological editor was severely called down by the Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Charlotte, and here is a statement that is accredited to that wonderful Journal of Social Forces:

"The upshot of the present argument is to the effect that the economic interpretation does not rest for its validity upon amateur applications, that it cannot be upturned by specious demands for casual uniformity or by the presentation of disconcerting historical episodes, that it is not vitiated by the crossing of cultures, that it is a reasonable expression

of the evolutionary concept, that its generic point of view does not serve the purpose of actual functional analysis, and that its use of the common sense concept of casualty is not an invocation of mechanistic fatalism and cannot be challenged as disingenuous sophistry."

This very clear and scholarly pronouncement ought to satisfy the Charlotte Association that the editor is in a frame of mind that indicates that he wants to get right. Just how the monkeyites will view this abject surrender of one of their choice leaders in their propaganda is uncertain but it may result in their consternation; but his statement is so beautifully clear and couched in such everyday language that the fundamentalists and even the seventh grade children may see the misery through which the great scholar is passing. His explanation indicates great pain, even agony.

With a summer vacation just around the corner, lively hopes are entertained that this imported propagandist will entirely recover.

* * * * *

"AVOID THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL."

The unhappy occurrence at Rutherford College, wherein the president resigned under fire for questionable conduct, is to be deplored. It makes a choice subject for the gossipers, and the worldly would hold the affair as a failure of the church or its influence. To this extent it leaves an injury.

But the blame, if the blame can be established, is entirely with the indiscretion of the retiring president and is no wise chargeable to the college or to the religion he professed. Weak men, of all men, should avoid the appearance of evil. The authorities, jealous of the reputation of the institution that has done so much for Christian education for years, acted in a most commendable way by accepting the president's resignation. There was no time, or need or disposition to investigate.

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SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

It has been discovered at last—something new under the sun. The Standard Oil Company has issued a rather attractively executed booklet, using for the title of its contents "Know Your Own State." That, in this case, means North Carolina.

Where the idea of "something new under the sun" appears is in the fact that this great corporation is sending it out gratuitously. Who ever heard of this concern giving anything away. But on second thought we may be

assured that sooner or later we'll have to pay for this immense issue of a booklet—the raise of one cent on gasoline will turn the trick. However, the booklet sings so many nice songs for the state, we are compelled to hail it with delight.

* * * * *

STATE PRISON SANATORIUM OPENS.

The new State Prison Sanatorium, the first of its kind in the United States, opened April 18 with eleven tuberculous prisoners. Three of the prisoners are white, 8 colored. It is a division of the North Carolina Sanatorium, under the supervision of the Sanatorium management. The prisoner-patients will be kept under guard, but otherwise they will receive the same care and treatment that the other tuberculous persons at the State Sanatorium do. The building is a modern fire-proof construction, combining a prison's barred windows with the main features of a sanatorium.

* * * * *

George Ross, connected with the State Agricultural department and specially in charge of the market propoganda, reports that the Sandhills will gather this year the largest number of ears of peaches in her history. This, of course, is predicated on the missing of killing cold weather, which he thinks now is very improbable. His report on the dewberry outlook is most encouraging.

* * * * *

It is a source of great regret that Gov. McLean is deprived of the presence of his family thus far in his residence in Raleigh. It will be recalled that Mrs. McLean suffered an attack of pneumonia back in December, and since that time her condition has demanded the treatment of a specialist. Mrs. McLean is in Baltimore, where the Governor spent the past week-end.

* * * * *

The city primary of Charlotte promises to become lively. The mayor, who stands for re-election, has opposition in the person of Miss Julia Alexander, who has entered the race for the nomination. Miss Alexander will, by her personality and her activity, put ginger into the campaign.

* * * * *

That is distressing news that comes out from Lexington to the effect that Mr. H. B. Varner, the veteran newspaper man and quite conspicuous in his activities in state affairs for a number of years, is quite ill at a local hospital being stricken with pneumonia.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The world is full of words, words, words; and since the introduction of the cross-word puzzle, it is more so. Have you ever thought that behind every business letter is the possibility of profit and loss. The motive for writing it, and the motive for reading it, are among the oldest motives known to humankind. It doesn't need to be entertaining; it need only inform. Under these circumstances it would be unreasonable to expect pen pictures, or rhetorical flourishes, least of all "the immense pomposity of polysyllabic verbiage," in commercial correspondence. If we miss the flourishes at least we escape the pomposities.

But it is depressing to be told that "many business men write their routine letters with a vocabulary of 400 words." A certain professor of English in another state, takes up the cudgel of opposition to this statement and says he believes that "lawyers, doctors, merchants, and chiefs, are familiar with, if they do not use, from 8,000 to 10,000 words outside of their professional cant." Don't know how that is. Personally, I know that on one occasion in my life I found that I had a vocabulary of only five words, and it accomplished as much as if I had had 5,000. An 8,000-word business correspondence must be as depressing as a 400-word one. After thinking this matter over, I am inclined to the opinion that business letter does pretty well, thank you.

woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They freshen and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They make her cherish her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him; and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her; is proud of her; believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one at least, is the fairest in all the world; that heart which is to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in his innermost recesses above all other women, gives strength and courage, and energy and sweetness and vivacity, which all the wealth of the world could not bestow.

My chimes fund, for bells to be placed in St. Philip's church, in Durham, was augmented Friday by a handsome check from C. C. Spaulding, president of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance company, the largest negro insurance company in the world. The amount was \$25, and the check was certainly a beautiful looking slip of paper. Accompanying his generous thoughtfulness was a letter bearing these words: "You have been very kind to our group and I am herewith expressing our appreciation." The appreciation is not all on Spaulding's side. No town in the State has a better, a more thrifty, and a more appreciative, deserving and upbuilding class of negro citizens than Durham. Their good works

Love and appreciation are to a

are seen throughout this and other communities.

Jerusalem is to have a broadcasting station. It is said that the Holy Land will be on the air every night beginning June first. This radio news indicates the amazing growth and unbounded prosperity of the homeland of the Jews. Many people seem to think Palestine is not a place but merely a condition of mind. Sir Alfred Mond, who recently returned from the Holy Land, says the country which Moses "billed" as flowing with milk and honey is having a wonderful comeback. During the World War American dough boys, serving under General Allenby, were amazed to find that a Philadelphia company was operating a trolley line running from Jerusalem to Joppa. And now comes the broadcasting station. At least one enterprising Yankee knows about this new radio station in the Holy Land, for a British house sent him an order for fifty radio sets to be sent to Telavio. And Telavio is no mean city since its boasts of 138 factories operating with electric power. What will broadcasting do in Palestine? Can you imagine, if you please, by the pool of Siloam, a synchrophase receiver singing to a group of Moslem, Arab and Jewish kiddies songs of Broadway or bits of jazz? Or at Ben Ali Hafiz's bazaar on the street called Straight in the city of the King; elderly men getting an ear full of market reports such as the latest quotations on steel from Damascus; purple from Tyre or the price per foot of cedar from Lebanon. And all this coming from the local broadcasting station at Jerusalem.

Radio is not only making the world smaller every day but happier.

You know we are going to have an attractive hotel in the Washington Duke. I saw Raleigh Floyd standing on the corner of Parrish and Corcoran streets the other day looking at it in a very earnest and much impressed manner. From the angle of his face he was taking in every one of the sixteen stories. Now Raleigh is deprived of his sight. But he could see that hotel in his imagination, and he did. From the expression on his countenance he admired it. He is a genius. He goes where he pleases in the city without aid or guide, save his walking cane, a constant companion. He can tune a piano as well as the best of them; take it to pieces, lay the parts on the floor, all around him, and put it all together again, in fine shape without a piece being left out. He writes on a typewriter, and does a whole lot of things better than a fellow can with two good eyes. He moves about the streets by himself, and crosses them anywhere, and never butts into an automobile, and an auto never butts into him, because he's out of the way before the automobile gets to him. He has long been an honored resident of Durham, and doesn't carry around a grouch. For a diversion he will sometimes go to a moving picture show.

They now have an etiquette of bumping. World peace, safety, profanity, high blood pressure, and protection of property, we are told, depend on the etiquette with which motorists bump and get bumped. If

you must bump be courteous about it. See that your bumper will ward off, without damage, the head-on collision, the side hook, the under cut, the over-reach and the fender-crumpling body blow. The unbumped bus must take its flopping fenders, its dented gas tank, its battered radiator to the side streets, where two-fisted drivers seeking damages are unrestrained by the rules of bumper etiquette. Then you must have a deep-chested front bumper for protection from the joy-riding gas house gang in a Sunday jam. You must bump—statistics prove it. Choose your bumper carefully; and select the place where you are to be bumped, which is generally the place where nature intended you should be bumped. But if you are to bump, bump with care, in the presence of the passengaire, to paraphrase a saying by Mark Twain.

A man was talking to me the other day on the results of effectual prayer. I am a firm believer in prayer. Nothing real great or worth while is ac-

complished without earnest prayer. All prayers are not answered; and it is well that they are not. An arrow drawn up a little way, goes not far; but if it is pulled up to the head, it flies swiftly and pierces deep. Thus prayer, if it be dribbled forth from careless lips, falls at our feet. If it is the strength of ejaculation and strong desire which sends it to Heaven and makes it pierce the clouds. It is not the arithmetic of our prayers, how much they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayer, how eloquent they be; nor the geometry of our prayers, how long they be, nor the music of our prayers, how sweet our voice may be; nor the logic of our prayers, how argumentative they may be—which God cares for. He looks not for the horny knees which James is said to have had through the assiduity of prayer. We might be like Bartholomew, who is said to have had a hundred prayers for the morning and as many for the evening, and all might be of no avail. Freveney of spirit is that which availeth much.

THE ENGINE WITH THE BIBLE HEADLIGHT.

Sometime when you ride on a Southern railway train be sure to look on the front of the engine and see whether there is a Bible painted on the number plate. If there is, then you will know that your engineer is D. J. Fant, who is a Christian preacher as well as an engineer. He painted an open Bible on the number plate of the engine just below the headlight. He wants every one to know that he honors the Bible above every other book in the world and he tries to tell as many people as he can of God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotton Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

DR. MCGUFFEY'S "ECLECTIC READERS."

Most schools have discarded the old McGuffey readers and adopted in their stead supposedly better and more modern books. One rarely sees these fine old texts any more unless he has been wise enough to preserve the dog-eared volumes from which he imbibed his early knowledge of reading. But there are thousands of men and women living in all parts of the country who can see in imagination all of McGuffey's school readers which for several generations ranked high among the "best sellers" and can recall or repeat verbatim many of the fine selections which they contained. As the old school boasted no books for supplementary reading they read these books through time and again even as their parents and grand parents before them had done. And the McGuffey's "Speller"—what boy or girl whose days in elementary school date back to 15 or 20 years ago or earlier does not remember it, with its words carefully graded from simple monosyllables up to the knotty polysyllables that were the delight of the old-time spelling bee champions.

The First Reader which was published first in 1836 introduced the beginner directly to the letters of the alphabet which he was supposed to learn by sheer strength and persistent application—particularly on the part of the teacher. Then came simple words of one syllable and the pupil is led step by step up the ladder of learning until he could read such lines as "I like to see my little dog and pat him on the head."

In the second reader are such selections as "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," "Peter Pindar, the Story-Teller" and "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," indelibly written in the memories of thousands. Mention of the Third Reader recalls to many "Try, Try Again," "Casabianca," Wordsworth's "We Are Seven" and many other gems. Among the well-remembered selections in other readers may be mentioned in the lovely poem, "Rock Me to Sleep," the immortal "Old Oaken Bucket," the "Spider and the Fly," "The Town Town pump" etc.

William H. McGuffey was born September 28, 1800, in Washington Co., Pennsylvania. As the name indicates he was of Scotch decent, his father and mother being natives of Scotland. While he was yet an infant the family removed to Ohio and set to work hewing a farm out of the wilderness near what is now Coitsville in Mahoning county. There young McGuffey grew up, sharing in the pleasures and hardships of pioneer life and doing his bit toward eking out a living and improving the farmstead. He obtained the rudiments of an education in the log schoolhouse of the district and at 18 began the study of Latin under the tutorship of a local clergyman. Some two years later he sought the position of "head master" in the newly completed academy at Warren but fell down flat in the examination and was rejected. That failure seems to have been a blessing in disguise for, according to Dr. McGuffey's own

testimony years afterward, it stimulated him to study as he never studied before and thus lay the groundwork for an education that brought him real success.

With money earned by teaching he attended Washington college from which he graduated in 1826. He then became professor of ancient languages at Miami university, Oxford, Ohio. It was while in this position that he prepared the "Eclectic series" of school readers which met a crying need of the time and contributed inestimably to the cause of education. The readers were not compiled at random or based on a mere theoretical knowledge of pedagogy. They were grounded on his own practical experience as a teacher and on experimental studies made in a school specially established for the purpose in his own home with a class of village children. A careful record was

kept of the peculiar difficulties encountered by the pupils in their reading work and thereaders were specially designed to make the mastery of the subject easier for youthful minds.

Dr. McGuffey was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian church while a professor at Oxford and thereafter preached some 3000 sermons, all without notes or manuscript. He became president of Cincinnati college in 1836 and three years later was called to the presidency of Ohio university at Athen. In 1845 he became a member of the faculty of the University of Virginia, a position which he held until his death, May 4, 1873. He was an expert teacher, gifted with unusual ability to aid students in grasping truths and through his scholarly attainments and gentlemanly dignity endeared himself to all who sat in his classes.

Failure.

Failure's just a resting place
 On the road of try again.
 Just a slackening of the pace
 And a pause for for sturdy men;
 Just a temporary halt
 On the march to wealth and fame,
 Where you can correct the fault
 And go on to play the game.

Failure's not a thing to dread,
 It is just a hint to you
 Ere you dash too far ahead
 To be careful what you do.
 It's the sidetrack where you wait
 For the passing fast express:
 Get up steam! The run is straight
 Out of Failure to Success.

DO LET US THINK CLEARLY.

(Watchman Examiner.)

Some of the militant religious newspapers of the country have been hurling the epithet "infidel" at Dr. Fosdick. No doubt, some things that we believe very positively, and which we believe the Scripture enjoins upon us. Dr. Fosdick does not believe. We think that the way he handles the Bible leaves us a very much mutilated book. We think from what we can observe that the stand he takes is leading many astray, and that some who proclaim themselves his disciples are going much farther from the truth of the gospel than he does, yet it does not seem to be in any way warranted to call him an infidel. We have no doubt that he believes much more than he disbelieves. He believes in God as a compassionate Father, yearning for the return of His wondering children; he believes in Jesus Christ as the supreme revelation of God to men, he believes that Jesus Christ is the world's Saviour, and that by him ultimately the whole world will be drawn home to God. This is a very general statement of Christian faith, but it is ample to save a man from the charge of being an infidel. No doubt Dr. Fosdick preaches many a sermon to which little or no exception could be taken. He is not in the habit of preaching on the great doctrines of the Christian faith. His sermons are usually, as one has aptly said, "excellent presentations of secondary truths." He takes some simple ethical principle which Jesus Christ taught and illustrated, and applies it to the lives of the people

before him. The hearts of the people are touched, and no doubt many lives are bettered. Such people become his belligerent defenders when they hear him characterized as an "infidel." We think there is reason for the resentment. He is not an infidel, and should not be called so.

On the other hand, Dr. Fosdick is not a martyr. One would think he is, to read the editorials of the secular papers on his farewell sermon recently delivered. All the radical papers in the country lifted up their voices in protest against the wickedness of the Presbyterian Assembly in forcing Dr. Fosdick out of the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church. But it is difficult to see just why Dr. Fosdick should have a right that nobody else enjoys. All who minister in Presbyterian pulpits have submitted to Presbyterian standards of faith. A proposition was made to Dr. Fosdick that he do so. He distinctly and publicly refused. There was no alternative then. He must do as all other ministers in Presbyterian pulpits do, or leave the Presbyterian pulpit. There is no persecution about that. If any one was being persecuted, the great Presbyterian church was, as long as Dr. Fosdick stood in the pulpit of a Presbyterian church and made insinuations against his enemies who, he said, were forcing him out and checking the work he was trying to do. It was in the interests of good order that Dr. Fosdick should leave the pulpit where he had preached on Sunday mornings for five or six years.

If he had been allowed to stay the Presbyterian church would have been thrown into disorder more serious than some perceive. There are intimations that Dr. Fosdick stands in the place of Luther, and is leading a new reformation. We are obliged to say that we as yet see no symptoms on it. All the Christian reformers of the past have done their work and

gained their crown of martyrdom by exalting the Word of God as the supreme authority in our lives. Dr. Fosdick's strongest assertion is a repudiation of all authority external to a man's own mind, as the greatest curse of Christendom. Do let us think clearly! It will save us from unwarranted denunciation, and from extravagant laudation.

“A PRAYER.”

By Edmund Leamy.

With all my getting, Lord, to you
I pray, grant Understanding too,
That always I may see The Light,
Nor deviate from paths of right;
That in the hurry rush for fame
I may have pluck to play the game,
To cleanly live, nor crawl, nor shirk,
And know the joy of honest work.

Oh, may this blessing come to me
To be the man I wish to be
To help whenever help I can
Some lesser lucky fellow man;
Nor ask reward, but this alone,
That You have seen; that You have known;
That favored in the world of men
I stand not outcast in Your ken.

Lord God of Workers, hear my prayer—
To play the game and play it fair;
To conquer, win, but if to lose
Not to revile nor abuse,
But, understanding—start again,
Grant me this strength, O Lord,—Amen.

BOB BEAVER AND COMPANY.

By Dorothy Hanford Woodward.

Old Bob Beaver sat just inside the door-way of his big thatched lodge which had been built two years before upon a small island in the middle of the lake. The lake was not a natural one, having resulted when the Mill Company down below had dammed the river at the rapids to furnish power for the manufacturing of paper.

A small colony of beavers had taken possession in the middle of the lake and were saved the labor of making a dam of their own. They led a very peaceful life free from many of the dangers of their ancestors.

But this particular morning, to look at wise old Bob, even a stranger unaccustomed to the facial expression of a beaver, would know that the furry chap was not in the best of temper. Why should he be so surly looking upon such a lovely day? The reason for this was that winter was slower in legging go of its firm grip upon old mother earth than it had ever been in the memory of the oldest inhabitant who had come as a lone settler years before.

It was now well into April, still the lake was almost completely ice-bound, which made it impossible for the beaver colony to gather fresh food supplies from the shore and as a result they had had to use their food stores on the bottom of the lake until there was almost a shortage.

So Bob scowled until his beady little eyes were almost closed, while overhead, the late spring sun was trying its best to thaw the masses of

ice and snow.

A few days later, the sky clouded over and within a short time a regular torrent of rain began to descend. All that day and through the night it continued to rain with no let-up in sight. The second day, there were no indications that the rain would ever stop and the field of ice became honey-combed and gave way in places. When this happened, it filled the hearts of the younger folk in the colony with happiness, but old Bob felt differently about it. To him, there was a portent of danger in the air which he could not explain. His instincts told him that they were about to face some danger which for the present could not be seen.

The fourth day still brought more rain and Bob warned his family and fellow colony members that they were liable to have to move suddenly if a flood started. The younger members laughed at him saying in true beaver language, "we have never had a flood big enough to make us leave our cozy homes and maybe we never will have."

Old Bob shook his head, for he was still very pessimistic about it.

Then towards evening of that day, sensitive old ears heard a strange noise, a noise that he had been listening for all through the many days of rain. First, there was a low rumble as of distant thunder, which was followed by the sudden buckling of the honey-combed and weakened field of ice. Bob hastily called to his comrades to be ready to move as he was

certain that they would soon be driven from their lake homes to the shore, where they would have to remain until the flood went down. Even the youngsters who had the scoffed grew suddenly fearful at the strange noises which they had never heard before in all their lives.

Just as darkness settled down, there was a rush of water from the north as the ice gave way in huge ragged edged cakes. Calling to the beavers to follow him, Bob and his family led in the race for the safety of the shore. When the huge cakes of ice threatened them, they quickly dove underneath and swam until they could come up again in cleared water. Thus after several minutes of danger all of the beavers reached the shore.

As soon as the little fellows had breath enough after their hard swim they all sought safety between the giant tiers of pulp wood logs. There they felt they might remain for a short time until they could go back to the island homes and there would be a plentiful supply of food in the bark upon the logs.

So the sixteen members, young and old of the little beaver colony, took up their strange abode for the first time in their lives away from the water.

For two days, the waters raged so that the people at the mill had to open the gates of the dam wide in order to save their property. Then when the waters had receded, the lake was drained so low that the beavers' homes were all exposed. Not only that, but they had also been badly damaged and at the first glance even seasoned old Bob feared that they were completely ruined.

After a council, it was decided that they would wait until dark before they went out to explore the real damage done to their tiny village.

When darkness fell, Bob started the silent trip back to the water. The sixteen beavers crept slowly down to the shore, watching for any marauding animals which might prey upon them. Noiselessly, they slipped into the water and swimming rapidly were soon out to their badly wrecked homes. Bob immediately took his place as leader, the first thing he did was to go through all the lodges to find out how much damage was done.

Things were in better shape than he had hoped and he was soon giving quick commands to all the members of his tribe. In a very short time, all were busy at different tasks. A few went back to the shore and began to cut several of the pulp logs into smaller lengths which were to be pushed and towed out to the village. Some of the youngest who were scarcely full grown and much less experienced in building were set to work gathering mud and stones to be used in filling in holes and cracks in the walls of the lodges.

Old Bob set to work happily at the rebuilding and repairing. He was helped by three of the older beavers. Soon, there was a steady stream of materials being brought to the masons as they worked rapidly through the night. The coming of another day witnessed quite a change in one of the lodges. It showed the lodge practically as good a new, and some work had been done on one of the others. The beavers felt that they would be safer to stay at the village during

the day, even if they were in a crowded condition.

As they were all very tired, they slept almost the whole day. They wakened just before evening, rested and ready for another night's hard work. As they worked only during the night, it took them nearly a week to finish repairing all six of the lodges. In former years, they would have had to repair their own dam if such an accident as this had happened, but as they had made use of the one built by the Mill Company, their repair work and building was finished for this time.

So the colony was again settled back into everyday life as if a flood had not nearly deprived them of their homes. Soon the new generation

would be arriving and the mothers would have a very busy summer looking after the children. The fathers and brothers might relieve the monotony by giving up one of the small streams during the summer on an exploration trip.

Early in the fall, all members of the colony would get to work gathering fresh food stores for the winter, and half burying them on the bottom of the lake where they could be reached easily when the lake was again frozen over.

So this small colony lived in comfort, protected much more than their ancestors were and having less dangers to contend with. The flood was soon forgotten as the sunny days grew warmer and longer.

LIKE A GOOD SAMARITAN, DID YOU INTRODUCE BUYER AND SELLER?

“Do you know where I can find a load of good dry stovewood?” asked a man of us the other day. We told him we were very sorry but did not know. We stepped out at the door of the office and walked up street. We met a man who asked, “Do you know of any one who wants to buy a load of good dry stovewood?” he asked us. There we had come in touch with one who had something to sell, and wanted a buyer and a man who wanted to buy something but did not know who wanted to sell.—Albemarle News-Herald.

A DOMESTIC TANGLE.

Cases in which a young lady discovers that she is her own grandmother may be rare, but a lively Ohio poet seems to have discovered one. There are other complications, also, as he metrically relates. This will train one, at least, in tracing relationship.

The widow McCann had a daughter named Ann,
And the widower Smith had a son.
A curly-haired boy whose cognomen was Roy,
Full of pep and ambition and fun.
Roy met Ann one night and 'twas love at first sight,
For Ann was by no means a fright
And he started to woo, as a young man should do,
And he called at her home every night.

Of course 'twas not long till he sang the old song
On his knees on the porch of cement.
Fair Ann colored red and then bashfully said,
"You will have to ask my mother's consent."
And Roy, being game, went right in to the dame,
And that's where the trouble began,
For as soon as Roy saw his prospective "in-law"
He believed she was fairer than Ann.

He was dazed by her smile and he could not beguile
His lips their true errand to state,
So he talked quite a bit and he made quite a hit,
And succeeded in making a date.
Ann could never abide such a blow to her pride
And deemed it decidedly raw
That her lover had left her entirely bereft
And proceeded to flirt with her ma.

So she went to his dad with a countenance sad,
And a wistful and sorrowful air;
And she said to Roy's pop that she wished him to stop
So crude and banal an affair.
The old gent was impressed by the way she was dressed
And the lovable look in her eyes,
So he gallantly took what an offspring forsook
And felt he had landed a prize.

The two couples were wed, and by this time 'tis said,
Of the tangle they're starting to tire,

For Ann is the ma of her father-in-law,
 And Roy is the dad of his sire:
 And Roy is the pa of his mother-in-law
 By virtue of taking the vow;
 While the Widow McCann is the daughter of Ann,
 And Ann's her own grandmother now.

—Herbert Gay Sisson.

A BOY WITH A BIG CONSCIENCE.

Youth's Companion.

“A curious thing happened to me when I was a lad!” remarked old Mr. Markham. “When I was ten years old my father died, leaving my mother in straitened circumstances with a large family to support. My older sisters at once began to teach, and as soon as I was old enough I found a job in a clothing store. The work was not hard, but one thing troubled me. My father was a teetotaler and had taught me to think it wrong to drink. Well, there was an old gentleman who stopped daily at the store on his way home and took a drink of whiskey. We did not sell whiskey, but he kept his bottle and glass there because it was convenient. As I was the youngest clerk, it was my duty to bring the bottle and glass when he came in.

“Well, I worried about it a good deal and finally went to the head of the firm and told him my conscience would not allow me to encourage any man to drink. He looked at me in amazement; then his face turned red, and he cried, “See here, boy, are you trying to be impudent?”

“No, sir,” I replied, “but I just don't think it's right.”

“Well,” he said, “no one stays in

my store who can't take orders from me! You may get your pay and leave at the end of the week.”

“That was a blow? When I went home I told my mother the news. She sighed and said: ‘You were quite right, my son. I would not have you disobey your conscience for all the money in the world!’

“When the week ended and I was paid in full I was told to my great astonishment that the firm would present me with any suit of clothes in the store that I wished to have. I was much pleased and walked out with my new suit under my arm, feeling almost cheerful.

“I had not gone two steps before one of the owners of the drug store next door accosted me. ‘Want a job?’ he asked.

“I was too much astonished to answer.

“‘I hear you're leaving Brown's on account of an abnormally developed conscience!’ he went on. ‘Well, that's the kind of young fellow we are needing in our business. Can't have too much conscience in a drug store. Somebody's life might depend on it.’

“I had recovered my wits by that

time. 'I'll be glad to get the work, sir, and I'll do my best,' I said.

"When I went home and told my mother and showed her my suit she

exclaimed: 'I knew you were right, but we do not always have such quick returns for a little investment in doing right!'"

MARK TWAIN ON "MAN."

Man can't sleep out of doors without freezing to death or getting rheumatism; he can't keep his nose under water over a minute without being drowned. He's the poorest, clumsiest excuse of all the creatures that inhabit the earth.

He has to be coddled, and swathed bandaged to be able to live at all. He is a rickety sort of thing any way you take him—a regular British museum of inferiorities. He is always undergoing repairs. A machine as unreliable as he is would have no market.

The lower animals appear to us to get their teeth without pain or inconvenience: man's come through after months of cruel torture, at a time when he is least able to bear it. As soon as he gets them they must be pulled out again. The second set will last for a while, but he will never get a set that he can depend upon until the dentist makes one.

Man starts in as a child, and lives on diseases to the end, as a regular diet. He has mumps, scarlet fever, whooping cough, croup, tonsillitis and diphtheria, as a matter of course. Afterwards, as he goes along, his life continues to be threatened at every turn by colds, coughs, asthma, bronchitis, quinsy, consumption, yel-

low fever, blindness, influenza, carbuncles, pneumonia, softening of the brain and a thousand other maladies of one sort and another.

He's just a basketful of pestilent corruption, provided for the support and entertainment of microbes. Look at the workmanship of him in some particulars. What's his appendix for? It has no value. Its sole interest is to lie and wait for a stray grape seed and breed trouble.

What is his beard for? It is just a nuisance. All nations persecute it with a razor. Nature, however, always keeps him supplied with it, instead of putting it on his head. A man wants to keep his hair. It is a graceful ornament, a comfort, the best protection against weather, and he prizes it above emeralds and rubies, and half the time nature puts it on so it won't stay.

Man isn't even handsome, and as for style, look at the Bengal tiger—that ideal of grace, physical perfection and majesty. Think of the lion—the tiger and the leopard, then think of man, that poor thing! The animal of the wig, the ear trumpet, the glass eye, the porcelain teeth, the wooden leg, the silver windpipe, a creature that is mended, all from top to bottom.

HEINY AND THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

By Ina Agnes Poole.

Aline Hackett, waving the Weekly Press like a flag of victory, burst into the barn where Stanley White and her brother Richard were painting the Lady of Shalott.

"I've found a way for both of you to earn money for college!"

Stanley looked up with a grin. "I hope it isn't knitting."

"Or posing as a model in the new clothing store," Richard said glibly.

"I think that you two boys are just horrid," Aline said with a pretty pretense at anger. "It's the job for a fellow who has recently parted with his appendix," she grimaced at her brother, "and for a book worm who must give his eyes a vacation," she grinned at Stanley. "But if you boys don't want to hear about this opportunity—"

The boys dropped their teasing banter. "Aw, come on, Aline, be a good soprt."

"All right then, listen to this," Aline spread out her paper and read:
TOWNSHIP VOTES FOR HARD
ROADS

Eagle Crest Township will have seven miles of badly needed hard roads before winter sets in if her citizens rally to the support of the bond issue which will be voted upon the first Tuesday in April. Mr. Wayne Donaldson, Eagle Crest's efficient road commissioner, says that the hauling of the gravel will not commence until after spring work—

"That will be too late for Stan and me to earn much money before college opens in September," Richard interrupted.

"Wait until I am through before you utter your ultimatum," Aline said and then went on reading, "but the grading will begin as soon as the frost is out of the ground."

"Hi Lester always does the grading in this township," Richard said in objection.

"Mrs. Lester told mother over the phone this morning that they are going to move to Iowa next week and that the township didn't have any one yet to do the grading. Why don't you boys ask for the job?"

Richard threw down his brush and grabbed his friend by the arm. "You know a lot about engines, Rich. If you think that you would like a job running a tractor this summer we'll go to see Duane Waterman. He's a good friend of Dad's and I think that he'll give you and me the job of grading those seven miles of roads. I ran the grader last summer when Tad Lester, who helps his father, was sick, so I'm not an altogether green hand. We will be glad to have you stay with us this summer. Would you like to?"

Stanley White was silent for a minute. His parents were dead. He had spent a little more than half year at the state university where he had met Richard Hackett. The two boys had roomed together and were the best of friends. In February Richard was taken ill and was rushed to the hospital where he was operated upon for appendicitis.

"No more school for me this year," he said weakly when Stanley first visited him. "You'll have to look

for another room-mate."

"No more school for me either," Stanley said with pretended cheerfulness.

"Your eyes?"

He nodded his head. The oculist had told him just that morning that he must give his eyes a rest if he ever wanted to study again. His money was almost gone and he must look for outdoor work. His was not a cheerful outlook.

The next time Stanley came to the hospital Richard held out a letter. "Mother writes that I am to bring you home with me for a visit. Mother and Dad aren't rich. If they were I would not be working my way through college, but you'll like them and the old house and Sis. She's home now. She had been studying to be a nurse but Mother isn't well so she had to come home for a while. Aline is a lively kid. You won't get lonesome with her around, even if the roads are impassable as they're likely to be in the spring."

Stanley went home with Richard and stayed for four delightful weeks. It was now the middle of March. He had decided just that morning that he could no longer accept the hospitality of the Hacketts. He must go back to the city and hunt for a job.

"Will you stay, Stan? Mother and Father want you to," Aline urged.

"You bet your bottom job I will if we get that—"

"Your Pa anywheres around?"

A short fat man was standing in the doorway.

"Why, yes, Mr. Hostetter," Aline said with a twinkle in her eyes because she knew that she was opening up the way for one of Heinrich Hos-

tetter's monologues. "He's in the tool shed getting his spray outfit ready for the dormant spraying tomorrow."

Heiny was an enemy of progress and "edication." He now thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at the three young people over his spectacles. "So your Pa's a goin' to spray again, is he? I got more important thing to do than go around squirtin' water up into the air. I should think that a man of your pa's years wouldn't be led away by college idears. I ain't ever followed 'em and I got money in the bank and that's more than some people I've heard tell of. Now ain't dot so?"

Aline flushed angry. She wanted to remind Hostetter that he had had a farm given to him while her own father had had to earn his own way from the bottom up; that Louie Hostetter had been exempted from service but her own brother Edward had gone to France and had not come back. But she felt Richard's eyes upon her with their message, "Steady Sis, steady," and she choked back the angry words.

"It certainly is, Mr. Holtetter, but some day we may persuade you that spraying pays."

Heiny shook his bushy head. "No such thing, nor about limestone, nor about operations for appendicitis—"

"But the doctor said that Richard would have died if he had gone another hour."

"Dot's what the doctors and you nurses say so that you'll get a chance to cut us open and look at our insides and sew us up and charge us three hundred dollars," Heiny said belligerently, then his tone. "What's

dot?"

"Stanley's motor boat," Aline steeled herself to say calmly. She would like to shake Heiny for his insinuations against her beloved profession.

The fat man shook his head. "It's a boat, I know that much. I mean the words he's paintin', 'The Lady of Shalott.' Hm, must be namin' it after a lady friend of hisn."

Aline's eyes twinkled. "Yes, a very dear friend."

"Livin' hereabouts?"

"N—no. Didn't you ever hear about her:

'And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she
lay;

The broad stream bore her far away
The Lady of Shalott

Ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott."

"Some more college idears," Heiny snorted angrily. "I ain't so dumb but what I know dot much. No lady'd pick out a boat to die in if she had a bed."

After Heiny had gone Richard backed the Ford out of the shed. "We'll go to see Waterman right away, Stan. I think that I can make it in the Ford. I don't believe that the roads are impassable yet."

Stanley who was city born and bred was incredulous. "Do your roads really get so bad as that?"

"You just be they do. Some springs they are so bad that wagons get stuck. There is a particularly

bad spot down by the river. Old-timers say that at times it is bottomless. If it rains you will be conceived that building hard roads is a bit of missionary work. Climb in."

"Wait, I want to go along," Aline called. "I'm going to see that you two young men land that job."

The frost had been coming out of the ground and it was soft and spongy. They made the first two miles with little difficulty, but Aline feared that they might have trouble in passing through Taylor's flats near the bend in the river.

They came to the flats. Although the stretch of road ahead of them looked no worse than that over which they had passed the wheels sunk deeper and deeper. Richard backed up the car started forward again and again, but after trying it repeatedly he found that he could not gain a foot. Stanley got out and pushed but his efforts were of no use. They were stuck.

"We're a fine advertisement for good roads," Aline said merrily. "If the voters of Eagle Crest Township could only see us they would vote unanimously for the bond issue."

"They may not vote for it," Richard said gloomily. "Come on, we'll have to hike over to Waterman's. That's his house on the hill. We'll ask him for the job and then borrow a horse to pull us out."

Duane Waterman was at home. After shrewdly questioning the boys he told them that they could have the job of grading. "I'll expect you to begin as soon as the roads settle if the bond issue wins."

"Wins?" Aline echoed. "Isn't it going to win?"

Mr. Waterman smiled at Aline's dismayed tone. "We hope so but there is a faction working against it. If they win we won't have hard roads in this township for another five years."

"What are in opposition?"

"Quite a number of our tight-fisted friends. Heiny Hostetter is one."

"Pooh, he doesn't have much influence!"

"I don't know about that," Waterman said seriously. "He has quite a following on this side of the river."

It turned warmer on the Saturday before election and began to thaw in earnest. It rained as if it would never stop. Aline was delighted with the outlook. "It'll be so muddy that everybody will see the necessity of voting for hard roads."

Complete isolation settled down over the Hackett home. The telephone was out of order and for the first time in weeks the mail man left no mail in their box for two days hand running. The boys finished overhauling the Lady of Shalott and Mr. Hackett oiled the harness. Aline enlivened their labor with pop corn balls and merry banter.

Every one got up early election morning. For the first time for days the sun shone brightly. The Hacketts had been shut in for so long that they decided to spend the day in Eagle Crest, Aline and her mother visiting lame Aunty Grimm and the men hanging around the polls. They set out in the spring wagon, Aline waving a banner upon which were written the words, "Vote for hard roads."

"The roads haven't been so bad

for years," Mr. Hackett told Stanley. "We men may have to get out and walk when we come to Taylor's flats and let Aline drive. Hello, what's up down there?"

Down on Taylor's flats where the road ran very near and parallel to the river three wagons were stopping. The first wagon was mired hopelessly in the mud although two teams had been hitched to it. A wheel had been broken in trying to pull it out. At the side of the road stood a little group of men talking excitedly and in their midst was Mr. Heinrich Hostetter.

"Come on, be a good sport and let these men drive through your field," Mr. Waterman was saying.

Heiny shook his shaggy head. "Not much, dot is my field and I do not want her all cut up."

"What's the matter?" Stanley asked Aline.

"It means that we won't get our hard roads this year and that you boby won't get the job of grading," Aline exclaimed despairingly. "Hostetter owns the land on the other side of the road."

"But, what difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world. This is the situation. Nearly all of Eagle Crest township which is long and narrow is on this side of the river but the village of Eagle Crest where we vote is on the other side. To reach the bridge which crosses the river we have to pass along this road which is bounded on one side by the river and on the other side by Hostetter's land. The road is impassable here and Heiny won't let us go through his land to reach the

bridge. The nearest bridge is seven miles up the river. There won't be many voters who will go to the trouble to travel that far through these terrible roads. Listen—"

"Well, well, you don't say. Now dot is too bad to make you go so far. Heb, dere, Grebner, you say you wote against the bond issue? I open my gate for you this minate. I let my friends go through my land to town."

Heiny opened the gate and Grebner drove into the field. The champions of the bond issue gathered around Mr. Waterman.

"We won't be able to get enough voters out over these roads to win. Everything seems to be against us. Even the telephones aren't working. I—I'm afraid that we are beaten, boys," he turned to Richard and Stanley.

"Oh no, we're not," Aline cried. "Let's use the Lady of Shalott."

"The Lady of Shalott?"

"That's Richard's motor boat. Heiny made fun of it not long ago, so, let's show him a thing or two! Haul it down to our landing and I will run it back and forth to the Crest with the voters. Father, you and Mr. Waterman walk down to the Crest from here, that a dear, and stay there and encourage the voters. The rest of you men go out around the country and gather them in."

Heiny Hostetter, with a grin of satisfaction on his hard face, guarded his gate. He opened it now and then to let his allies pass down to the Crest.

Chug chug!

Heiny was puzzled. No man would be so foolhardy as to drive a car on these roads!

Chug chug chug!

There was no aeroplane in sight.

Chug chug chug chug!

A motor boat was coming down the river. In it were three men and a girl. A banner was floating in the breeze above the little boat. Heiny ran down to the landing which he. The men were his neighbors who were boosting the hard road cause, the girl at the propeller was Aline Hackett and the words on the banner were "Vote for hard roads."

"Hi, yi, Heiney, vote for hard roads," the men yelled.

"Vote for hard roads," Aline shouted joyously. "Vote for hard roads!"

Heiny Hostetter was not one who throws up his hands before he is beaten. He stopped Abe Hartzel who came down the road on horseback. They held a hurried consultation. Heiny stayed to guard the gate but Abe went back into the highways and byways of the township to gather in their cohorts. In a short time wagon load after wagon load of grim tight-shouldered farmer passed through the gate to the Crest. Heiny began to breathe more freely. Those precious coins which he had hoarded must not pass from his pocket, they must not pass.

Aline Hackett made trip after trip down the river that spring morning when it was so beautiful above and so bad underfoot. Among her passengers were men who had not voted for years and women who hitherto had not made use of their franchise. Richard and Stanley offered to take her place but Aline motioned them back. "It's your place to scour the township for voters. That little Hanson woman cried all the

way down to the Crest. She said that her baby would not have died last year if we had had hard roads then. The doctor did not get there in time. We must win, boys, we must!"

Aline's father met her at the landing at half past five. "It's going close. Do you think that you can make another trip?"

Without waiting for her passengers to return with her Aline turned the boat back up the river. She saw Heiny when she passed his gate. He was sitting in a huddled heap on the ground and he did not look up. Was he asleep?

Aline found Grandma Kline, Heiny's next-door neighbor and ancient enemy, waiting at the landing for her.

"Where are Stan and Rich?" she asked anxiously as she helped the little old lady into the boat.

"Went after Ebenezer Kane, him that hasn't voted for twenty years. What time of day is it? A quarter till six? They said they'd be back before now. Don't you reckon you could wait a little mite longer?"

Aline shook her head. "We'll have to start now if you want to get there in time to vote. Afraid to go fast?"

Grandma shook her head. "Any pace suits me so long as we beat Heiny Hostetter. Let 'er rip!"

Aline turned the boat downstream. Grandma was a sport. Faster, the election must be won for hard roads! Faster, the boys must get the grading job so that they can go to college! Faster, so that doctors can reach sick babies in time! Faster—there was Heiny guarding his gate.

"Look, look," Grandma cried

shrilly.

Heiny Hostetter was behaving very peculiarly. He was waving, beckoning to them. He was gasping for breath. When the boat came opposite his landing he fell into a heap on the ground.

Aline turned the boat in toward the landing.

"What you doin'?' We'll be late for 'lection. What you doin'?" Grandma shrilled.

"Mr. Hostetter's sick," Aline said as she sprang onto the landing and made fast the boat. Her training in the hospital made her forget election at the Crest. Heiny was ill and he needed her help. She bent over him. "What's the matter, Mr. Hostetter?"

"Mine side, mine side, Ach Himmel, mine side."

"Just where is the pain?"

Heiny showed her. "You tell me wife goot-bye for me. I think I got mine call."

"Oh no, you haven't," Aline said dryly. "You've got appendicitis."

"W-what?"

"Appendicitis. But since you don't believe in operations—"

"Take me to the Crest so the doctor can cut it out. Quick!" poor Heiny plead.

"You best go in a lumber wagon, Heiny Hostetter," Grandma spat out the words. "It'll shake your liver up good and proper and serve you right. "You ain't deserving of a nice easy boat ride. Let him wait for his friend. I want to vote."

Aline shook her head. "Mr. Hostetter needs our help, Grandma. Help me get him into the boat."

There was a big crowd gathered at

the wharf when the Lady of Shalott came down the river at full speed for the last time. That woman was Grandma Kline, but who was the man who was huddled beside her? Aline waved back the crowd who like those people of old

“Out upon the wharfs they came
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her
name

The Lady of Shalott.
Who is this and what is here—”

“Are the polls still open?” Aline cried to the friend who held out their hands to her. “I got Grandma here just in the nick of time, didn’t I? I have a sick man here. Oh, there you are, Doctor McClune I think that he has appendicitis.”

Doctor McClune helped the man out

of the boat and the waiting crowd saw that he was Heiny Hostetter.

Doctor McClune called in another doctor and a nurse and they operated upon Heinrich Hostetter that evening in the doctor’s home. The nurse had another call so Doctor McClune asked Aline to stay and nurse the sick man.

When Heiny came out from under the anaesthetic he asked weakly. “The ’lection?”

“Hard roads won by one vote,” Aline informed him.

“Opshum, hd rds gd after all,” Heiny mumbled.

“What’s that?”

Heiny groaned. “Should think educated girl could understand English. I said that operations and hard roads are some good after all.”

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER.

(Asheville Citizen.)

Society has not yet reached the stage where it can dispense with jails, but the following from The University News Letter must bring regret and unrest to all people who wish to abolish as something dangerous the custom of jailing boys and girls:

One hundred and thirty-eight children under sixteen years of age are in jail in North Carolina, according to reports published by the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare. These reports are based upon data received from 546 jails. Of the children under 16, 49 were white boys, 18 white girls, 60 negro boys and 11 negro girls. There

were also 1,765 persons between 16 and 21 years of age in jail 782 white boys, 612 negro boys, 186 white girls, and 185 negro girls.

In a number of counties this exposure of youth to the contagion of crime, in the person of hardened criminals, has been abolished. Even were boys and girls sent to the jails isolated from mature offenders against the laws, there is a growing realization of the truth that an ordinary jail is likely to make a confirmed enemy to society out of adults, to say nothing of the degradation it will burn into the souls of children.

North Carolina is going forward

wonderfully in many ways, but when we talk of our social and material progress let's be honest and confess that our social system is woefully lacking when we have in jails 138 children under sixteen and 1,765 per-

sons between sixteen and twenty-one in these places which should be reserved as places of detention for those whom there is little or no visible hope of reformation.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis.

Elxie Newnam, a member of the seventh cottage, received his parole last week.

—o—

Mr. Guy Alexander formally an officer of the school, paid us a visit last Saturday.

—o—

James Glenn and Vernon Lauder former boys here, paid the institution a visit last week.

—o—

Indications from our strawberry patch say that we will have plenty of strawberries this year.

—o—

Mr. T. V. Talbert, an officer of the school, has returned from Charlotte where he was on a Federal jury.

—o—

Thurman Saunders was called to his home in Winston-Salem owing to the death of his aunt. He returned Tuesday.

—o—

The boys enjoyed seeing another fine picture Thursday night. Mr J. J. Barnhardt made a brief talk on the poster which read: "Don't Waste My Time."

—o—

The player piano, which was do-

nated by the Ebird Brothers, of Charlotte, arrived at the school recently and was used for the first time Thursday night.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. Sam B. Kennet paid the school a visit Sunday afternoon. Mr Kennet was a former officer here, but is now employed by the U. S. Government as a mail clerk.

—o—

Mr. Carriker with the help of a few of the shop boys have been building a box for the school's alligator. The alligator was given to us last year by Mr. Zeb Teeter, who is a resident of Florida.

—o—

The Training School was defeated again last Saturday by the Myers' Scouts 7-3. Russell, the local pitcher, pitched a good game striking out eleven batters, but he received poor support.

—o—

Sunday afternoon about 5 o'clock a gentleman drove up in an automobile and left a large stack of magazines and drove away without telling his name or giving us a chance to thank him.

—o—

Rev. Thomas Higgins, pastor of

the Forest Hill M. E. church, of Concord conducted the services in the auditorium Sunday afternoon. He made a very interesting talk and was enjoyed by all the boys.

—o—

Every afternoon after school the boys all go to the ball ground. It is a pleasing sight to see the boys play on the athletic field. Some of the boys play on the out door gymnasium. We have not had our tennis

courts long, but since we have had them we sure do use them.

—o—

Wednesday was an ideal day for visiting. Quite a few parents came to see their boys. The following were visited by friends and relatives: William Goss, Lester Morris, Luther Mason, James Davis, Alton Etheridge, James Peeler, James Fisher, Brevard McLendon, Lee McBride, Buster Gambol.

Speak little and well, if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.—From the French.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Northbound

No.	136	To	Washington	5:00 A. M.
No.	36	To	Washington	10:25 A. M.
No.	46	To	Danville	3:15 P. M.
No.	12	To	Richmond	7:25 P. M.
No.	32	To	Washington	8:28 P. M.
No.	38	To	Washington	9:30 P. M.
No.	30	To	Washington	1:40 A. M.
No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.

Southbound

No.	45	To	Charlotte	4:14 P. M.
No.	35	To	Atlanta	10:06 P. M.
No.	29	To	Atlanta	2:45 A. M.
No.	31	To	Augusta	6:07 A. M.
No.	33	To	New Orleans	8:27 A. M.
No.	11	To	Charlotte	9:05 A. M.
No.	135	To	Atlanta	9:15 P. M.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE

UPLIFT

Carolina

U. N.

VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C. MAY 2, 1925

No. 23

MARK OF GREATNESS.

It is not easy to live down an unsavory past. It rises like a monster to hinder us in our present work. Do that which is wrong once and there will be somebody to call it up to try to show that we are hypocritical. But a strong man will not permit a little thing like that to keep him from seeing the better way. It is a mark of greatness to turn proudly from the wrong to the right. Why should we be cowards today because we were cowards yesterday?

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TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*,

J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

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SOME SHIFTING.

Quite a number of changes in the personnel of county superintendents of education have occurred recently by the biennial elections according to law. Some changes were wise; some were forced by resignations; and some did not occur because of indifference and lack of vision on the part of the elective boards.

Among the longest tenures of office includes Prof. C. C. Wright, of Wilkes, who has been continued in office for another term. The state never enjoyed the services of a more capable and devoted officer, who though he was confronted with terrible obstacles, has wrought most splendidly. Another one is Prof. Robert G. Kizer, of Rowan, who has served for more than thirty years. He belongs to the old school, and, as such, has accomplished a great work. Though one of the old time educators, he took to the progressive measures that engage advanced educators. Mr. Kizer resigned because of the warning of his health. Like Wright, Bob Kizer is a prince of a fellow; loves his fellow man, and in turn enjoys their esteem.

In Iredell county the Board elected Miss Celeste Henkel. She has been connected with the educational endeavor of that county for a number of

years and is a woman of marked personality and great ability. It seems that the women of the county stampeded the board and urged election of Miss Henkel. It was orated abroad as a novel procedure; but other counties have had lady County Superintendents and they were found splendid fits in the office.

Since he has worked his job and can point with a commendable pride to his great achievements in working out the greatest revolution in rural education ever undertaken in the state, it was natural and fitting that the board in Wilson county re-elected Prof. Chas. L. Coon, who is also superintendent of the city schools of the city of Wilson. This is a wise combination and more counties and the county towns should adopt this system—it works towards economy, but its greatest virtue lies in giving practically the same advantages to the rural child that the town child enjoys.

* * * * *

“RATHER THAN HURT THEM.”

These are the words of Gov. McLean. It shows that the great, big man now occupying the highest office in the gift of the people, has a heart that acts promptly and righteously. It will be recalled that a few days since a man by the name of Stewart together with his son were electrocuted. They paid the penalty of a dastardly and murderous act—there was no room for the exercise of clemency. They needed to die, as long as the law of the state is written as it is written.

There were left behind a widow, a daughter and a son—a mere strip of a boy—the latter then serving a sentence on the New Hanover chain gang for unworthy conduct. Gov. McLean was advised, in hearing the plea for a commutation of the death sentence upon the father and brother, of the awful environment under which this boy had grown. This is the record of Gov. McLean's act:

“The prisoner in this case, Willie Stewart, was convicted in New Hanover county for an assault with a deadly weapon and resisting the officers, and was sentenced to the county roads of New Hanover county for a term of 15 months,” declared the Governor in issuing the parole.

“The prisoner, his mother and family, have recently suffered severely from the loss of the lives of C. W. and Elmer Stewart. In order that the members of the family may have the benefit of his association and support, and more especially that they may feel that the State desires to help them, rather than hurt them, I hereby parole the prisoner

for the remainder of his term into the custody of C. Q. Baird, Superintendent of Public Welfare of New Hanover County, upon condition that he be of good behavior, obey the laws of his State, and engage in gainful employment.

If there be left in Willie's make-up a spark that responds to kindness and can comprehend the sense of gratitude, this act will restore him to respectable citizenship; but should he lack the sense of gratitude and go out into life hating the state and society, no harm will have been done in giving the poor fellow a chance. That's a fine spirit the governor manifests when he declares "the State desires to help the family, rather than hurt them."

* * * * *

"GIVE 'EM THUNDER."

Concord has a hardware dealer, who has developed into a wonderful entertainer, his services being sought by picnics, conventions, church entertainments and school closings. They call friend, Arch Johnson, of Thomasville, "the blockade preacher" of the state, but Mr. Chas. F. Ritchie, of Concord, can beat the Thomasville preacher in that, like a Victrola, he can talk entertainingly on any subject.

Mr. Ritchie delights in contributing to the success of a program whether it is in church, at a school "breaking," before a Presbytery, or at a Rotary meeting. The other day he was sandwiched between two preachers at a school closing. When he had finished, a youngster, knowing the other two men, inquired "who is that wonderful preacher that gave us thunder and lightening?"

It so happens that when Mr. Ritchie was leaving town to meet this particular engagement he remarked "I'm going out to give some young people thunder." A friend advised him to use a little lightening, which sometimes hits things and thunder never. And Concord's blockade preacher must have combined the two.

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QUALIFYING FOR STREET COMMISSIONER.

We wonder how many towns and cities in the state may boast of having a city officer that knows how to handle the old fashion Dutch scythe? To be able to handle dexteriously and gracefully one of these instruments of torture and at the same time of necessity is no mean accomplishment; but it is not often that an electorate has the forethought to make such a selection for one of its town officers.

Concord is in a class by herself on this achievement. In a certain ward

the gentleman that has been named for an alderman can make one envious in the grace with which he handles one of these old time scythes. We saw him in practice, and we hereby nominate him for the chairman of that committee of the alderman whose business it is to destroy the hiding places for snakes and other undesirable creatures.

When the organization is in making, we shall name our man for chairman of the street committee.

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IN THE MAGAZINE BUSINESS.

The Southern Railway, not satisfied with running the best trains in the South and jealous of her record in the line of safety, for passenger and employes alike, has demonstrated a talent for making of periodicals. Besides an attractive Bulletin issued monthly from its Atlanta office the Company issues what it terms the Southern Field.

The latest number of this most attractive booster of southern activities and opportunities is dedicated to the subject of forestry.



RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph

Somebody in West Durham has a pretty good sense of humor, which has contributed to the enjoyment of many, and created very many hearty laughs. There is to be seen in that locality a worn-out, cast-off, dilapidated old automobile, and upon it is a placard bearing these words: "Darling, I am growing old." Very clever hit. Anybody that creates a laugh helps mightily in this life, plants a cheery flower along the pathway, as it were.

A Durhamite's cook the other Saturday informed her employer that she did not think she could come to work the following Sunday, as she thought she was catching the flu. "You know what's the matter with that nigger?" the butler put in after the cook had delivered her message and withdrawn from the room. When being asked by the lady of the house, as to "What?" he replied; "Her husband done bought a second-hand automobile and dey is gwine to try it out Sunday."

I have just heard a good one. A woman's husband was sick. She called in a doctor. The doctor prescribed for him and told her she must give the medicine to him in a recumbent position. Mrs. Maloney didn't know what in the world a recumbent position was, and she didn't want to betray her ignorance by asking. So she went to a neighbor and said: "Oh, Mrs. Murphy, it's in such a awful thubble I am! Me husband is very sick, and the doctor has or-

dered him to take his medicine in a recumbent position, and do you know, we haven't one of those, at all, and I was just wonderin' if ye'd kindly give me the loan of yours." Now Mrs. Murphy was just as ignorant as Mrs. Maloney, and just as unwilling to betray her ignorance. So, she said: "Sure it's sorry I am to hear o' your thubble, Mrs. Maloney, and it's annything I'd do to help ye, but do you know, 'twas only yister-day I lent Mrs. Dulaney the only recumbent position we had in the house. Sure, it's sorry I am now." Driven desperate in her need, Mrs. Maloney went to Mrs. Dulaney's, although the latter was a stranger to her, and explained the situation, asking her to pass on the recumbent position to her in her need. Mrs. Dulaney was nonplussed for the moment, but her Irish wit came to her rescue, and she began fluently, "Oh, 'tis sorry I am for your thubble, Mrs. Maloney, and glad I would be to help ye, but oh, the bad luck that is with us. Sure I borrowed that recumbent position for my own man who was sick, and when me poor Pat took it up in his tremblin' hands, if he didn't let it down on the flure, and it smashed in a dozen pieces. Sure, it's sorry I am, Mrs. Maloney!" Defeated, Mrs. Maloney turned from the door, saying, wearily, "Well, I'll jist have to pour it down him the bist way I can."

A newspaper reporter's mind is very much like the motor in an airplane. It has to act quickly, and on

a daily paper, it has to keep moving at a high tension to produce results. The subconscious mind very frequently does some work too, and trails the reporter like his shadow on a sunshiny day. I know a reporter who recently wrote up a glowing account of an engagement, and when the wedding would likely be, and wound up with, "The funeral will take place some time this summer." On second reading he caught his mistake before the copy was turned in. And people wonder why mistakes occur in papers. They forget every one has a sub-conscious mind. A reporter is no exception to the rule.

The tendency of the times is to drop the word "hotel" from our places of public entertainment. The old fashioned way was to call them Inns. We don't do that any more. I'm sure George Washington never stopped at a hotel. We borrowed that name from the French. Let's return it along with the tipping habit that goes with it that we also borrowed from abroad. We don't want our Durham hotels to be like a certain Hotel Palms, of which one guest once said to another, "I'm sure I don't see why they call this Hotel 'Palms,' do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place." "Wait till you go," said the second guest. "You'll see them then. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests the last day of their stay."

The bigger a man is, the more ready he is to learn from others. The more one thinks he is too big to be told anything, the smaller man he

really is. Learning from others leads me into the thought that every one should know his own country. Seems to me this should be characteristic of every true American. Get busy and learn all you can about America and its people. Then learn about France and England, for only by acquaintance with other countries can we break down the barriers between them and our own land. "Crowd thy good with brotherhood," is real Americanism. A man who was over seas, during the world disturbance, told me that the greatest pride he ever felt in being an American was "not when I heard that we had more gold than any other country in the world, but when I was in the Near East looking at those starving children crawling about on limbs too weak to walk, and then saw an American Red Cross girl come in with food for them, sent over to them from America, and heard the children crying, 'Thank God for America.'"

Charles P. Steinmetz, the wizard of electricity, is dead, but his works live and his visions are coming true. He was a dreamer of dreams, but they were not iridescent. They were intensely practical. He used to love to picture the day when life in a big city would be worth living; when no city dweller would ever see smoke; when electricity would do everything—light, heat, cook-by the pressure of a button; when the wheels of locomotives and of factories would be electrically driven.

All this is not only possible, but mills are resorting to electricity. More and more locomotives are run by electrical current. It will not be

long before power is supplied, not only to large communities, but to individual farmhouses throughout the state.

Giant power is upon us. What is it? Precisely what the name implies—electricity produced by water power, on a large scale and sent over transmission wires for redistribution at centers to individuals. It is already being done. We were out of the theoretical stage long ago. But after all only a start has been made.

I am glad that Washington scientist has figured it out just what motions are effort-saving, and what postures will tire the least. This has been figured out that the amount of energy required for various motions of the body are determined on the basis of the amount of heat the body produces. It requires 10 per cent more energy to stand up than to lie down. Applying this test I find that writing on a typewriter tires me more than the minimum of sway or balancing, as an artist's model would assume, and produces the greatest amount of heat. He tells us that

changes in posture make a great difference in producing heat in the body. Movements are expressed in heat units. If when lying down one brings the hand to the forehead and back, as in a military salute, one such movement each minute actually raises the heat output about 1 per cent. That must be so, for I have seen persons who gesticulated to such an extent that they got so hot they could not contain themselves, and actually explode with anger, enthusiasm or something else. Crossing or uncrossing the legs while lying increases the heat output five times more than moving the arms. People who are always kicking about something would do well to note this fact, and not become so cross—or such a cross leg puzzle. I gathered from what this scientist says that every little movement has a calorie of its own until, when working to the limit of human endurance a man may increase his normal heat output 1,000 per cent. Now you know why you get so hot in warm weather—by working. I think I have on several extra heat units right now.

Season of fancy and of hope
 Permit not for one hour
 A blossom from thy crown to drop
 Nor add to it a flower!
 Keep lovely May as if by touch
 Of self-restraining art,
 This modest charm of not too much
 Part seen, imagined part.

—Wordsworth

S. C. ROADS, FARMS AND TRUCKING.

(THE CHARLESTON COUNTRY)

By C. W. Hunt.

To read only certain North Carolina newspapers, the stranger would conclude that South Carolina, our neighbor on the South, had no roads nor road system. This is far from the facts. After trying to ram the N. C. system, debts and all down the throats of the Palmetto state's legislature, without effect, space is now devoted to telling how travelers in south Carolina flounder in the mud. This good state has entered upon a sixteen year program of paying as they go (About this I am going to write a full description, within a short time), and have had one year at it with definite results. If the traveler entering South Carolina expects to find impassable roads he is doomed to a lively surprise. From Charlotte to Charleston by Columbia and Orangeburg and Summerville is 250 miles, and by Sumer, Manning and Greeleyville is 220 miles, and there is not a single mile of bad road, in ordinary weather on all those miles, and a reasonably fast driver can make it in eight hours and stop for lunch and other things interesting along the line. By the former route there are about 30 miles of paved highway, and by the latter route there are 50 miles. The other roads are top-soil, sandelay and gravel roads, and for the most part are wide boulevards. The building of these roads is interesting, especially in the sand country, where they tackle just the opposite of the piedmont country. Here we haul sand to mix

with clay; there they haul clay to mix with sand, which gives the roads the appearance of being red roads in a white sandy country. At places the sand is shallow enough to get sufficient clay in digging side drain ditches. At other places clay banks are found, from which is dug acres of clay, which is hauled and mixed with deep sand. This work seems to be done according to distance to haul and the kind of material easiest of access. Much of route number 41, Charleston to Kingstree, has a coarse gravel that seems handy, and which makes a wonderful safe road for all kinds of weather. This road follows the main double track line of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, and through a good country, as a whole. We traveled this right after a night's rain.

While the farms on the upper side of South Carolina are not as impressive as those further down the state, yet there are many good farms and a prosperous, country all along the way; but one enters a real farming country as you approach St. Matthews. Here the land is dark to black deep sandy loam and productive, the working of which looks like play, in comparison with stumbling over hill-sides and stones and red soils of the piedmont. For a wide area in the section surrounding St. Matthews the boll weevil and the loss of cheap labor for growing cotton have taught an enterprising population that cotton is "not the only pebble" and

that oats are a fine crop on these good lands, and through the help of enterprising farmer-merchants this grain is sold for seed at a much higher price than feed oats can possibly be sold for. Here also enterprise has shown itself in growing large acreage in cotton for the sale of cotton seed for planting for most as much as the lint sells for. In this area of St. Matthews, Orangeburg, Sumter, Bishopville and for a wider section there is spread out a wonderful farming country that is attractive, and the wide spreading fields of green oats and beautifully plowed lands ready for cotton and corn make one feel that he or she is in a center of fine agricultural country. About Orangeburg and Sumter many of these fine fields were planted to pecans years ago, and are now covering the land and becoming very valuable as a crop for those less inclined to dig it out of the land. These stately pecan trees make a lovely setting about a fine old farm home. Of course you have to pass some pine barrens, as well, like in eastern North Carolina there is some land that fits in to prevent there "being a hole in the ground," but it, under care of a worker, is soon made to "blossom." All this upper country is fine and worth money to those who farm, but these all seem small in comparison with the Charleston truck country.

To be profitable, trucking, melon growing, potato growing, strawberries and such have to be grown in compact areas, so as to get the buyers that take it in quantities, as well as for shipping facilities. The Charleston country first has a cli-

mate that seems impossible, when so near sections that freeze so as to kill everything. Added to this climate are lands cut out and made especially(?) for trucking. Nature made room for back water, tide water and storm waters to keep off the level lands that were opened in times of slavery and when help was plentiful and cheap. The drainage is generally all that could be asked. Some places have to be canalled, but great fields lie as level as floors, the soils of which are adapted to the growing of vegetables, the five principal ones being cabbage, Irish potatoes, beans, peas and lettuce. The cabbages, planted in the fall, grow all winter, and February finds them ready for summer growth. When we saw them April first, great fields of them were being cut, packed in crates or into carts and hauled to the railroads for shipment. They were so green and healthy they looked almost black and completely covered the ground. They held by degrees and by this the season for shipping is lengthened and time given for harvesting. Lettuce, peas, beans and Irish potatoes were not so far advanced, but the acreage is large, especially of potatoes. Hundreds and hundreds of acres are seen with the plants from six to twelve inches high, looking like a great sea of green in the distance.

The handling of these crops, which come off in time for another crop of hay or corn, give employment to a large colored population, many of whom live in the city outskirts, though many live in houses on the farms. Here one is impressed with the style of houses that take care

of this old time population that work these farms. The architecture that was told of in a former article holds good, as to shape, in the cabins for negro sections and on the farms. Most of the houses if only ten by twenty feet in size have a porch on the side, the end of which next to road or street is closed up, and has a door. These negroes have never caught on to the ways of the upper country population, and are still content to dig and get a living, as of old, from the white folks that offer it. But for such it would no doubt be troublesome to get the hard work on these truck farms done at all. Here you see the whole family working side by side. Those who are experts in cutting go ahead and cut out the cabbage head with as few loose leaves as possible, dropping it in the row, while others follow, loading into carts or packing them in crates or baskets ready for the carts to haul for shipping. Another thing that impresses one with their still primitive nature and habits is the number of "black marmys" you see walking along the roads smoking their pipes, many of whom have dis-

carded the clay and corn cob for briar-wood(?) At least it is a black wood pipe, with short stem. Finally, when a man who has dug and scuffled with rocks and dry red hill-sides of the hill country travels through such a country as that I have described here, he is made to wonder why more people who are going to live by the tilling of the soil, do not seek such lands to till? To this there are two answers: many do not know anything about these fine level lands, then there is the matter of climate in Summer. These balance against the extra labor of hills and rocks. Speaking of climate recalls this: when there was a dispute as to the line between North and South Carolina in Union or Mecklenburg county, there lived a good and simple old lady in the disputed territory and she was in the air, as it were, on which side of the disputed line she would fall. But in the settlement she was left in North Carolina, and was heard to say: "Thank the Lord, for I have always heard that South Carolina was 'unhealthy.'"

A vase closely sealed was found in a mummy pit in Egypt by the English traveler Wilkinson. In it were discovered a few peas, old, wrinkled, and hard as stone. The peas, were planted carefully under a glass and at the end of thirty days they sprang into life, after having lain sleeping in the dust of a tomb for almost three thousand years—a faint illustration of the mortal body which shall put on immortality. "Because he lives, we shall live also."—Moody Bible Institute Monthly.

CREED CARTER, SHERIFF—A MAN

R. R. Clark in Greensboro News

Creed Carter, sheriff of Lee county, Va., may have been placed in the Daily News hall of fame for sheriffs and other officers who see their duty and do it. If Creed Carter's portrait is in the gallery, calling attention it afresh will not hurt. If he isn't among the immortals, it is a pleasure to place him there. Last fall a young negro a trusty in a penitentiary convict road camp, murdered a young white girl. He was imprisoned at Jonesville, Va., county seat of Lee county. The first night after he was placed in jail a mob called for him, as might have been expected. Evidently the mob was expected by Creed Carter, sheriff, and he was prepared. The sheriff had developed his forces—himself and his wife—about the jail door, with guns and pistols within easy reach. When the visitors arrived Creed Carter, sheriff, advised that no prisoner could be taken forcibly from that jail while he was living. The mob believed him—and left. Mobs always recognize a man when they meet one. The mob is essentially cowardly because it hunts in pack. Men of personal courage sometimes are found in its ranks. But the mob psychology is not courage; it is not brave because it isn't doing a brave thing and it knows it.

The negro lived to be tried and convicted. He now awaits death in the state prison at Richmond. The other day the doomed man showed to a visitor a letter which Sheriff Creed Carter had written him. Here is an extract:

"I will be frank with you. If you committed that crime you ought 'o die * I guess if it hadn't been for me you would have died that night the mob came here after you. But no mob will ever get a prisoner out of this jail when I'm here unless they get me first."

As Lord Bacon says of a quotation from Seneca, "That is high speech." As we express it in this country, "Spoken like a man!" And that is a real man who speaks, and it is "high speech," he uses because he stands above the common herd. Of Creed Carter we know nothing except the report of his standing off the mob and the extract from his letter to his former prisoner. That quotation might be an idle boast if the man hadn't lived up to it, as he seems to have done when the mob called. Creed Carter, sheriff, had no sentimental notions about the negro. He could no doubt have cheerfully put him to death if he had been authorized so to do, and without compunction of conscience. But Creed Carter had the highest ideal, and the proper ideal, as to his duty as an officer; of his duty to the prisoners in his care, no matter what the color nor the hideousness of the crime with which they were charged. As he saw it, and he saw straight, it was his duty to keep the prisoners safe until they should be delivered to the court for trial. If he died in performing that service, that was a part of the fortunes of war; he would die in the line of duty. It does not seem to have occurred

to Creed Carter that he was not called on to take chances of getting hurt physically or hurt in political standing with the voters of Lee county by his defence of a blanked "nigger" who had killed a white girl—committed the murder, no doubt, in perpetrating, or attempting to perpetrate a crime worse than death; that crime of an inferior race which puts hell into the heart of the white and dethrones his season. He didn't see a negro who deserved death for an infamous crime. He saw only a prisoner committed him for safe-keeping and only death could prevent his keeping the trust. It has not been popular in this part of the country to shoot white men to protect negroes; it isn't popular now. But Creed Carter saw only a mob trying to take a prisoner out to kill him—a prisoner for whose safety he was responsible. And Creed Carter, sheriff, all unconsciously, no doubt, rose to the heights in his

challenge to the mob, in his conception of duty.

There have been few Creed Carters in sheriff's offices in the south in past years; there aren't so many now. But a righteous public sentiment, a sentiment that is a high mark of our civilization, a sentiment that cheers amid many discouragements, has stiffened the backbone of spineless officials until lynchings are becoming the exception rather than the rule. That sentiment has been helped immeasurably by a few Creed Carters. Public sentiment in all-powerful when it exerts its strength. Before it kings and princes and presidents and congresses bow. There is hope in the Creed Carters and the power behind them in an aroused public sentiment. Having so largely removed a most hideous deformity, there is basis for the hope that other black spots will be washed clean.

Edison, with all his inventions, is not to be compared with the ambitious young photographer who advertised: "Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for \$8.79."—Jack o' Lantern.

DEPARTMENT FIVE.

By Helen Waite Munro.

Philip Eaton had just finished adjusting the fresh piece of steel in his machine and turned on the power when he left a light touch on his arm. Bill Brigham, sharp-eyed foreman of Department Five was standing beside him.

"I wish you'd keep on eye on that new fellow," he said. "He drifted in a little while ago and seemed to want a job so badly I couldn't refuse him though we really don't need any more help just now. He wouldn't tell a word about himself but I rather like his looks and we'll give him a try-out. You help him any he needs till he gets used to the work."

With a friendly pat on Philip's shoulder he was gone and Phil, seeing that his machine was running smoothly, stepped over to where the newcomer was watching interestedly the motions of his drill.

"Hello," Phil said pleasantly. "Mr. Brigham said for me to help you any way I could. Ever run a machine like this before?"

The stranger shook his head.

"New to me," he returned meeting Phil's eyes a moment then shifting his quickly. "I like machinery though—any kind. It has a queer fascination for me—"

He stopped abruptly as though he had said more than he intended.

"Another new one!" came a sneering voice from behind them. "And the boss' pet is showing him how to make the wheels go 'round."

Both boys turned to face a youth a little older than either of them who

was wheeling a hand-truck and now, seeing the foreman approaching, started on again without giving them a chance to reply.

"Who was that?" the new boy asked.

"His name's Joe Blake," Philip told him. "He—well, he doesn't like me very well, I guess. He thinks I get better work than he does. You see we came up together through the four-year co-operative course—part of the time in high school and part of the time in the shop, you know. We both graduate this year. There! That's ready to take out. Shall I do it for you?"

"Just watch me this once and see if I do it right."

"Fine! You catch on to it first rate. Now I've got to go back to my machine. Call me if you have any trouble."

As the forenoon passed Phil found a genuine liking growing for the new boy. At the noon hour they shared the ample lunch that Phil had brought from home.

"Mother always puts up twice as much as I need, she's so afraid I'll starve," Phil laughed, "so there's plenty for both of us. Where are you staying?"

The new boy hesitated and flushed a little.

"I just came to town this morning," he explained, "and I haven't made any plans yet. I'll have to find some place to board."

"Mrs. Higgins' is the place for you," came from Joe Blake who had

sauntered up and seated himself on a box. "Good board and a fine set of fellows there."

"That depends on what you call a fine set," Phil told the new boy whose name he had found to be Dan Rogers. "Mrs. Willet up on the hill has just as good board and a better class—"

"Yes, and charges two dollars a week more," sneered Joe. "And everything stiff and proper—in at such a time at night or Pa Willet will ask the reason why. Now if you want me to I'll take you right over to Mrs. Higgins' and make arrangements for you."

"You'll like Mrs. Willet's much better I'm sure," Philip urged.

Dan Rogers hesitated.

"You said Mrs. Higgins' was two dollars a week cheaper?" he asked Joe finally. "Well, I guess I'd better go there then. I've got to save a lot of money as fast as I can," he added excusingly to Phil.

"It won't make any difference with our being friends, will it?" Dan asked him when he came back with arrangements all made. "I would rather have gone to the other place only—well, there are reasons why I've got to save every cent I can."

"You won't like it there," Phil protested. "It's a fast crowd—"

"That doesn't mean I'll have to be in with them," Dan told him.

"I'll tell you what," Phil said after a moment. "You can come up and spend a lot of your evenings with me and help with my new radio. We live a little outside the village but it's really just a nice walk."

"That'll be fine," the new boy agreed clasping Phil's extended hand gratefully. "I'm a regular radio

fiend. I had a set at—I mean, I know a little about making 'em."

So Dan walked the mile to Phil's home very frequently during the weeks that followed. The friendship between the two grew into a strong one and they found many tastes in common. But not one word did the new boy say about his own home or the life he had formerly lived. So carefully did he guard his words that more than a month went by and no one knew one bit more about his former history than one the first day when he came into shop. One thing only was evident. He was carefully hoarding every cent he could for some mysterious purpose.

Perhaps it was just because Dan and Phil were becoming such good friend that Joe exerted every effort to pull the new boy into his own rough crowd. On the evenings between Dan's visits at Phil's he found Joe waiting for him with some suggestion for a few hours' good time. At first he refused these invitations. But the evenings were lonely all by himself and at last the installation of a big radio at Hall's Lunch Room where Joe's friends congregated proved an attractoin too great to be resisted. Before the first evening was over he found himself manipulating the magic discs with better success than the owner who, considering it a tiresome job well off his hands, left the tuning in after that to Dan whenever he was there.

The big machine put Phil's little one-tube affair all in the shade and gradually Dan's visits to the Eaton home grew fewer and fewer. Soon nearly every evening saw Dan at the lunch room, the center of an interest-

ed circle. Late into the night he stayed, going to his work the next morning heavy-eyes and dull.

"And he was coming on so well," Bill Brigham mourned to Phil, "and catching onto the work fast! I tell you, radio's a bad thing for a working-man. Give me a good old phonograph that you'll get sick of hearing by bed-time."

"You can shut off the radio at a reasonable hour," Phil protested. "It's just a matter of making yourself—that's all."

"Sure!" Bill agreed. "It's just a matter of being a bit strong-minded. It's as bad to be dissipated on the radio as any other way—amounts to the same thing. Put it up to Dan that way, can't you, for I'm afraid we'll have to let him go if he isn't onto his job better."

Phil looked over to where Dan sat dreamily watching his machine at work. He had advanced to the milling machine on the other side of Phil only a short time after coming into the shop and had done fine work for a while. Lately his output had not been nearly as satisfactory, careless work and spoiled pieces being put through nearly every day.

As Phil watched(Dan languidly stopped his machine, took out the finished work and started to insert another piece.

"Hi!" Phil called to him above the din of the whirring machinery. "You've got that wrong end to."

"So I have," Dan exclaimed as Phil reached his side. "I—I was half asleep, I guess. I stayed up for that two o'clock concert last night. I don't know what they would have done to me if I'd spoiled that

piece."

"I'm afraid they'd have let you go," Phil told him soberly. "Mr. Grigham was just saying that he wished you would cut out the late radio."

"I don't intend to stay up so for it," Dan returned. "And I know it don't help my work any. But I get so interested I—"

"That's right!" Joe Blake was on the spot as usual now whenever he saw Phil and Dan together. "Keep in right with the preacher—he's the one that gets the favors around here."

His tone was disagreeable to the last degree. It touched the spark of manliness in Dan into sudden fiery fury.

"Philip Eaton was the first friend I had in this shop," he said staunchly. "And I'd give more for him than for the whole crowd at Mrs. Higgins' boarding house and Hall's lunch room combined."

"I notice you're ready to make use of the radio though, and fall back on our company when you can't get any better," retorted Joe, "even if you do try to keep in with some of the favored ones who are always hobnobbing with the foreman and—"

"I've listened to about enough talk like that from you, Joe Blake." Phil was controlling his naturally fiery temper with difficulty.

"And Im done with your crowd and even the radio at Halls," Dan told him.

With a derisive laugh Joe started off.

There was a moment's silence between the two boys who were left. Then Phil's face brightened with a sudden thought.

"You watch my machine a minute," he said to Dan.

When he came back his face was beaming with satisfaction.

"I called up mother," he said, "and she's willing to have you come to our house to board at the same price you paid Mrs. Higgins."

Dan's happy face showed his gratitude.

"I plan to get another tube for the radio out of this week's pay," Phil told Dan that afternoon as they watched the paymaster with his box of inviting white envelopes coming into Department Five.

"I wish I could help with it and make it a joint affair," Dan responded, "but I've sumply got to save every cent. It counts up awfully slow at that. I wish my envelope was about three times as big—"

"You mean the amount in it, don't you?" Bill Brigham, who happened to be near, asked good-naturedly.

"Three times wouldn't be any too much for me," Dan laughed back, little guessing how he would regret the words later.

The paymaster came nearer handing an envelope to each man in turn. As he appeared the corner where the boys were working he swayed suddenly, clutching helplessly at a post then fell, the remaining pay-envelopes scattering in every direction.

Wild confusion followed, all the men in that vicinity rushing to help. Then Bill Brigham took charge. He called on Phil to help carry the unconscious man into the office where a doctor was hastily summoned.

"A bad heart attack," Phil told the others when he came back. "He's better now and the doctor is

going to take him home."

"We've picked up the envelopes and put 'em back in the box," one of the workmen said.

"I'll finish giving them out," Bill Brigham offered good-naturedly. "Otherwise you probably won't get 'em until morning."

It took him some time to go the rounds and when he finished four men came rushing forward.

"Where's mine?" "And mine?" they demanded.

"Why," the foreman said in astonishment. "That's so. Your's weren't there! Probably they're where they fell."

But a search until after closing time failed to reveal them.

"You'd better go into the office and explain to them there," Bill Brigham said gravely. "Hurry before they're gone. I'll take one more look, then I'll be up."

"No use hunting any more," Joe Blake said as he put on his coat. Someone must have taken them. And if certain new fellows around here didn't always keep such good company we might think—"

"None of that!" Bill Brigham told him sharply. But after the others had gone the good-hearted foreman stood a moment before Dan's machine recalling the remarks the boy had made that afternoon.

There was not enough evidence really to lay the blame for the missing envelopes on Dan Rogers. And yet in the days that followed suspicion grew and grew among the men, helped on by Joe Blake's quiet little innuendoes. Dan could not help realizing this and feeling it deeply. The shop was small, much freedom was

allowed and the workers were like one big family. Everyone had been so friendly before! Now he met coldness on every side.

"I'm very sure the time will come when everyone'll find out you didn't take them," Phil assured Dan over and over again. "It's just because they don't know very much about you that they're suspicious. Maybe if you could tell—"

"There's nothing to tell that would interest anybody," Dan assured him earnestly. "The only reason I've kept still about my home and my folks is because I felt sort of—of sore about 'em. You see, my father has the biggest dry-goods store over in Stoneham and as I'm the only boy he wants me to work into it. But I hate chifon and pin-cushions and things like that. I can do something big in the mechanical line, though, if I have a chance."

"Couldn't you convince your father of that?" Phil asked with interest.

"Half," the other returned impatiently. "You see my sister Kate's just cut out for the dry-goods store and now-adays a girl can do just as well in business as a boy. So father agreed to try her out for a year and let me see what I could do. He suggested this place and said if I'd earn and save enough in one year for my first years' expenses in the technical school he'd pay for the rest of the course. That's why I'm saving so. I've simply got to show him, for he thinks it's just a notion that a little hard mechanical work'll cure me of."

"I'll just let a few of those facts out in the shop, if you don't mind," Phil decided after they had gone over

the situation again and again.

"I don't care," Dan returned in a discouraged tone. "It won't do any good, though. They'll just think all the more that I took it because I wanted the money."

Whether this was the case or not there was no chance to find out. Early the next morning Bill Bringham approached Dan's machine and handed him a telegram.

"I hope it's no bad news son," he said as he waited for him to open it.

"My mother!" Dan exclaimed. "She's very sick with pneumonia. They've sent for me."

By the time Dan had put away his work and taken off his overalls the news had spread all through Department Five. Suspicion seemed instantly forgotten and the atmosphere changed in the magic way that sympathy always transforms it.

"Hope you find her better," came with hearty handshakes from every side.

Dan had hardly left the town when Phil, arranging the work for a new man on Dan's machine, happened to look down. There, half out of sight, lay four small envelopes bulging thickly.

Bill Bringham came hurrying at his call and picked them up as though he thought they might explode.

"Did—could Dan have put them there?" gasped Phil.

"No!" thundered Bill Bringham, motioning Joe Blake to come over "When did you deposit those down by this machine?" he asked the disconcerted Joe. "Oh, you needn't try to slide out of it. I saw you get the envelopes from the office boy this

morning before the rest came in. I've had my eye on you for some time."

"It was only a joke," Joe explained haltingly. "But—but when I heard that his mother was sick I—I thought it had gone far enough. I—I had destroyed the old envelopes for fear someone'd find em among my things. But I never spent the money—not one cent of it. I planned right along to put it back soon as the right time came."

Bill Brigham studied the weak, unhappy face before him and slowly his indignation changed to pity for the boy who could stoop so low.

"We could come down pretty hard on you for this, Joe," he said gravely after a minute. "But this is a place where another chance to make good is always given. If you'll only try, we'll all join in and help you. Won't we, Phil?"

It took a mighty effort for Phil

to put aside the thought of the weeks of unpleasantness Joe had caused. He really deserved—but then, everybody came pretty short of where they ought to be in one way or another. And Joe, if he'd only do his best would be a fine fellow in lots of ways—

"Sure!" he said at last, extending his hand with the feeling of ill-will pretty well overcome.

So it came about when Dan Rogers arrived home he found this telegram awaiting him:

"Everything cleared up at shop. Money found. Come back soon. Phil."

And this was the answer Phil received fast as the wires could bring it:

"Good for you. Mother better. Coming back soon finish year. Then father will help through tech. Dan."

Mrs. Homebody.—Don't you find that travel broadens one? **Bena-**
broad—Maybe it does. It flattened me.—**The Philadelphia Record.**

DR. CLARA SWAIN—FIRST WOMAN MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

By Mrs. Chas. P. Wiles.

Have you read the story of Aladdin's wonderful lamp? In our lesson of this month is a story as wonderful. If you look at the picture in the rear of your lesson quarterly you will see that it is a picture of a witch woman in India.

Our lesson is not about a witch who attempts to cure diseases by magic or by the use of red-hot needles or powders made of dried scorpions, and other similar methods, but, in contrast, one who was the first woman to go to a non-Christian land to carry healing for the bodies as well as for the souls of people.

How would you like to live in a land where people believe there are five tubes leading from the mouth to the stomach—that rice goes down one, soup down another, vegetables down another, and meat down another, and that when rice goes down the wrong tube you are taken ill? Or, that when you have a headache or a sore throat or a fever, it is because there is an evil spirit in you that must be left out, hence you are shaken very hard, or else punctured with red-hot needles in order to get rid of the evil spirit.

Clara Swain Chooses Her Life Work.

In a quiet country home in the village of Castle, New York, lived a young girl who heard of the treatment sick people receive in India and decided that, if she could possibly secure a medical education, she would go to help them. She accomplished what

she set out to do, graduating from the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia in 1869.

About this time the women over the United States were organizing for missionary work, and the same year of the young woman's graduation, she was sent to Bareilly, India. Seeing the appalling need and realizing she was only one among the many needed ones, she gathered together at once a group of six native girls, most of them Eurasians who had already had the foundation of an education. Others were added.

For three years Dr. Swain gave them painstaking and thorough instruction. When they were examined by a Board of three English physicians, thirteen of the number were granted certificates to practice.

As Dr. Swain went about her chosen work, even though there were now thirteen trained helpers, oft-times the words of one of Christ's early disciples came to her mind, "What are these among so many?" Her early dream was to go about giving lessons in hygiene and sanitation. It is not hard to give an object lesson. She can say, "That pile of refuse breeds disease; that closed dirty drain has, perhaps, brought on the sickness from which your child is suffering, and you must have this refuse burned and the drain cleansed and disinfected."

In her dream she saw the army of medical women going out two by two

to teach and heal and preach, showing the women how to keep their homes and surroundings clean; telling them that cholera and kindred diseases are brought about, not by an angry god, but by their own uncleanliness; teaching them not to permit the awful treatment that maims children for life.

The Beginning of a Hospital.

Although Dr. Swain treated 1,300 patients during her first year in India, she did it under difficulty. Broken bones were not given time to set, the patient too often insisting upon using the fractured member after about three days in spite of most earnest entreaty. It was rather discouraging later to be told her work was not a success.

She was not long in the country before she realized that a place to which people might come for treatment was imperative. The homes of the poor were dark, dirty and altogether unsuitable for surgical cases. Her own room was too small. A hospital was needed, but that would cost all of ten thousand dollars. She began casting her eye about for a suitable location. And here is the true story that sounds like Arabian Nights.

Adjoining the mission grounds was a tract of forty-two acres. "Just what we need," thought Dr. Swain, "but the owner, a Mohammedan prince, bitterly opposed to Christianity, can never be prevailed upon to sell it, I fear. But we can tell God about it."

The prince lived at Rampore, forty miles away, and it was not the day of Fords on the mission field. Dr. Swain asked her friends, Dr. and

Mrs. Thomas, to accompany her, and they set forth to "beard the lion in his den," for the Nawab had made his boast that no missionary should ever set foot in his city of Rampore. It was a British commissioner who had advised them to present their request in person.

Their Reception.

The Nawab, when he heard of the approach of the missionaries, sent out twenty-four horses, a grand state coach with grooms and outriders, and an escort of cavalry. They were driven to the house reserved for guests of royalty, where everything on a magnificent scale was arranged for their entertainment.

Next Morning the visitors were admitted to the palace, royal elephants to the right hand and to the left making obeisance. After compliments had been exchanged, the guests praising his gardens and palaces, the Prime Minister told them to make their request. The spokesman, Dr. Thomas, got no farther than to explain the purpose for which they desired the land when the prince smiled and said graciously, "Take it, take it! I give it to you with much pleasure for such a purpose."

In addition to the forty-two acres, there were an immense brick house, trees, two fine wells, and a garden.

As the missionaries returned they rehearsed the wonderful tale, then, bowing, they sent up to God prayers of thanksgiving.

Overwork.

Overwork caused Dr. Swain's health to break after five years, and she was sent home. Four years passed before she was built up sufficiently. Upon her return she found every-

thing going on in a prosperous manner. And now, once more, this modest American woman was to have an unusual experience.

About a year after her return a Secretary of the Rajah of Khetri called on her asking whether she would attend the wife of the Rajah if summoned.

In a month a telegram came summoning her. She departed in great state with a picturesque procession of a camel chariot, two palanquins carried by seventeen men each, riding horses and elephants, and, for the two native servants a rath drawn by beautiful white oxen, while an escort of one hundred men-servants protected the train of the foreign doctor to Rajah's wife.

The patient being much improved under Dr. Swain's skillful treatment,, the Rajah proposed that she remain as palace physician for the women and children and that a dispensary be opened for the women of the city

and surrounding country. She took time for thought and prayer and saw the Lord's guiding hand.

Here was a field not before open to missionaries, a field containing millions of people who would never call a missionary and never listen to preaching in the bazaars, for they were proud, bigoted Hindus. She decided to remain in the place where God had led her. Preaching of missionary on the streets or in the bazaars had never been tolerated by them, but Dr. Swain was given much liberty. She distributed portions of the Bible and religious books, taught Christian hymns which were sung in the palace, took charge of the dispensary and a school for girls.

Young women in whom she had an especial interest became the heads of hospitals, declared by English surgeons to be among the best in India.

THE BIRDS OF A CITY YARD

By Alvin M. Peterson

The opportunities for bird study in a city yard are not, as one might readily enough suppose, so much poorer than those of the country. Of course ideal country places are much better for the work than many places in the city, just as the best places in the city are better than some places in the country. Every city yard offers at least a few excellent chances for becoming acquainted with some feathered friends and to learn something about their habits. The parks are the best pla-

ces for bird study, but any city yard with a few trees and bushes, or for that matter none, offer some if not many opportunities. The opportunities vary with the number of trees and bushes and the location of the yard as regards streams, parks, and shady streets.

I regularly passed for three years a telephone pole that stood near the sidewalk of a very busy street. English sparrows nested in a hole in this pole the first two springs while a pair of flickers nested in the third. I oft-

ten saw the birds going to and from this pole regardless of the fact that people by the thousands passed within a few feet of the nesting hole and automobiles were continually passing to and fro along the street.

I lived during those three years in a suburb of a city that had a population of a half-million inhabitants. There were in the neighborhood of eight medium-sized elms in our yard, three or four box elders or ash-leaved maples, two young catalpa trees, a cherry tree, and three small apple trees. There were also a few bushes of bridal wreath, a cluster of lilacs, and an ivy vine near an east window. The yard while in some ways well adapted to bird study was in other ways handicapped. The trees and bushes were of course an asset. However, the yard was isolated. There were no natural approaches for the birds such as rows of trees along the street. Furthermore, there was a creek bordered by trees and bushes four blocks to the west along which the birds traveled and passed on through the city. The houses near the creek were the ones that were in ideal places for bird study. We only had a chance to see and observe those that got off the main route, that stopped off to explore and feed farther from the creek, or that lived in or near the city and that came our way. In spite of these handicaps we had many interesting visitors. This account will show you what birds visited us, what some of them did when visiting us, a little concerning their appearances and habits, the number visiting us in a single day, the total number of birds observed from the yard, the size of

a few flocks, and a number of other things. This record was kept part of last year and is a record for but eight or ten months only.

Blue jays visited us frequently during the late fall and winter and always brightened the yard and made things more interesting for us. They are knowing and attractive birds with their black collars and prominent crests. White-breasted nuthatches, too, came once in a while and ran around the trunks and branches of the trees looking for something to eat. They are neat little topsy-turvy birds with slate-colored backs, black crowns, and white throats, breasts, and underparts. A downy woodpecker came on two or three occasions just make sure that the nuthatches had not overlooked any pests about the trunks of the trees. The downy and hairy woodpeckers are twins when it come to their colors, but in size the downy is much smaller of the two being but six inches long while the hairy is nine. Crows occasionally flew over the place high in the air. They were numerous in the country adjoining the city and were often to be seen and heard from the yard as were the large herring gulls. The gulls sailed over with scarcely a wing beat, their white coats gleaming in the sunlight. Great flocks of creaking grackles, too, were to be seen during the late fall and early spring from the yard while a stray one occasionally walked over the lawn when it looked like a miniature crow.

Flocks of cedar waxwings began visiting the city during the latter part of the winter feeding on the berries of the mountain ash. I often saw

flocks perched in these trees or a few individuals here and there in elm, ash or other trees. A flock of the birds visited the yard and perched for some time in an elm that stood in the back yard. I counted something like forty birds in the flock. These birds are easily identified by their crests and the yellowish bars running across the ends of their tails. They are about seven inches long and are a rich brownish-gray above. The breast is lighter in color than the back shading into yellow underneath while a rich black bar runs through the eye and on back to the crest.

We were visited about the same time by a flock of twenty or more purple finches that came regularly to the yard for a few days and ate the seeds from the ash trees. They are very pretty birds, especially the males, rosy-red or pinkish-red in color. The females are streaked with brown and gray. They are a little over six inches long and have thick-set bills.

I awoke one morning early in April and heard the chirp of a robin and a soft trilling or twittering which I knew to be the notes of the slate-colored junco. I looked out of the window and saw a number of them as with tails spread they flew in short jerky flights over the ground or from bush to bush. The flashes of white from their side tail feathers brightened the scene. There were in the neighborhood of forty birds in the flock and later I watched them as they hopped about on the ground and in the grass hunting for and eating the seeds to be found there. They looked like mice in the grass. One took a bath in a small pool of water just east of the house. This junco is

slate-colored above on the throat and upper breast and whitish underneath. Its bill is straw-colored and it has white feathers at the sides of the tail which always show in flight. It is about six inches long.

I also saw and heard a song sparrow that same morning that had strayed into the yard. This was quite unusual as song sparrows are seldom to be seen in cities. I was sure, too upon first getting up in the morning that I saw a pair of fox sparrows scratching in the grass and among the leaves about the lilacs. I got my glasses but by that time the birds had left and were nowhere to be seen. Later, however, they returned and resumed their breakfast among the leaves. They reminded me of the chewink and barnyard chickens by the way they scratched and made the leaves and dirt fly. This sparrow is quite large being over seven inches long. It is a bright reddish-brown above with bright brown spots on its breast and sides which are lighter in color. They look a good deal like thrushes and often are mistaken for them. Their habit of scratching among the leaves should make identification easy, however. I saw several robins that same morning as well as three golden-crowned kinglets. The kinglet is a tiny bird four inches long with an orange and yellow crown. That made five different species of birds to be seen about the yard that morning.

We had a sixth visitor early in the afternoon when a phoebe appeared on the scene. Apparently it was a very hungry phoebe. It perched near the tips of low branches and was continually on the lookout for insects

which it caught in true flycatcher fashion, flying into the air and snapping them up with its bill. Sometimes it settled on the ground for an additional bite to eat. No doubt, with such an appetite, it needed to depart from the usual fly-catcher custom to this extent in order to get enough to eat. Using the glass, I could easily notice the light-gray edges of its wing-feathers. Its light underparts shown to advantage later on when it perched on the branch of an apple tree and sat facing the light.

A brown creeper visited us on the twenty-second of April and looked most of the trunks of the trees in the yard over for a dinner. It flew to the base of a tree and then hopped up and around the trunk carefully examining the bark. Occasionally, it stopped while it ate an insect or other pest it had found. This brownish bird is five and one-half inches long and has stiff pointed tail feathers which brace it up as it hops up tree trunks. It generally if not always hops up a tree trunk and this and its color distinguishes it from its co-workers the nuthatches which generally go down the trunks of trees.

I heard the "chip-chip-chip-chip" song of the chipping sparrow late in April. I caught sight of the little songster later on perched on the branch of an old elm. I frequently heard the odd song of this bird from then on. We were then, too, seeing and hearing a good deal of a meadow-lark that visited the yard regularly. The clear whistled song could be heard during the morning hours especially. The bird when singing

nearly always perched in the top of some tree in the back yard. Sometimes it flew to the ground and walked leisurely through the grass looking for seeds and insects. The meadow-lark is easily identified by its yellow breast which is marked by a large black crescent. When it walks or flies from the observer it shows the white feathers at the side of its tail. The bird is plump and chubby and about eleven inches long. I tried to interpret its song. Here is what it seemed to say, "Spring is here, spring is here," or "Spring, spring is here," or "Spring, lovely spring."

A pair of robins began building a nest in one of the ash trees during the latter part of the month. They chose a crotch about fifteen feet from the ground for the nesting site, working on the nest four days in all. The female, shortly before the nest was completed while trying to get a piece of string from a thorn tree that stood on a vacant lot to the south of the yard, got her foot entangled in it. When we discovered that she was in distress she was hanging by one foot fluttering and screeching as she tried to free herself. We hurried to the rescue and liberated her. She was not injured and did not desert her nest because of the accident. Soon she was sitting on her eggs which in due time hatched. The young robins matured without any mishap and got safely away. We saw the youngsters about the yard until they were full grown. The adult robins meanwhile had chosen an elm in the front yard for their second nest. There, too, they were successful in raising a brood of lusty young robins.

A pair of flickers began visiting the yard early in May where they drilled in the ground for ants. They first pecked vigorously at the ground and then sat with their bills in the holes thus made licking up the ants they had disturbed with their rough sticky tongues. After a few moments of this they sat up and looked about in a contented way after which they again lowered their heads to the ground and licked up more ants. Ants were very numerous in the yard and the ground as time passed contained more and more small holes made by the flickers. After one visit on the part of the birds, I counted over twenty freshly made holes.

A house wren visited the yard during the second week in May no doubt looking for a nesting place. It examined a wren house I had placed in one of the catalpa trees but evidently did not think much of it because it made no fuss over it, merely looked it over and then flew on to a yard across the street I heard its bubbling song a few times but that was all. It seemed very shy and not very musical. The same week we were visited by two white-throated sparrows and a hermit thrush. We wondered if it was the same thrush that visited us regularly for about two weeks the previous fall feeding on berries of the ivy vine. The hermit thrush is easily identified as it is in many ways quite different from our other thrushes. It is less than seven inches long, more than an inch shorter than the wood thrush and three-fourths of an inch shorter than the veery. It is brownish above, the tail being a reddish brown and much brighter than the head and back.

The breast is quite heavily spotted with black. It occasionally moves its tail slowly up and down when sitting still which at once distinguished it from its near relatives. A few days later, a catbird also spent a few minutes of time about the lilacs.

A catbird visited us again on the twentieth of the month when we had an unusually large number of bird visitors. On that day, the flickers came for their daily meal of ants. A veery, too, spent a little time with us, while a black-throated blue warbler and a redstart spent considerable time among the leaves and branches of the trees. The warblers were then migrating and a few of them stopped off to rest and feed in out of the way places. On that day, we were also visited by a wood pewee, a goldfinch, two ovenbirds, and several Baltimore orioles, which together with our robins swelled our list of different birds for the day to ten.

The orioles proved especially interesting in that they had a special song for the occasion. I lived one spring in the valley of the Red River of the North. Orioles were abundant in the region and seemed to say in their song: "Will you really? Really? Truly?" Another that often visited our bird baths one summer seemed to say: "Here, here, right here. Here, here, here pretty." Last spring, these birds had some good advice for the former, for "Potatoes, plant right here" is what they said over and over. But the birds that visited our city yard that spring said: "Coming over to see you. Coming over to see you." And that is just what a number of them

did, very much to our delight.

The following day we were visited by a scarlet tanager, which is in fact a scarlet and black tanager, and four days later by a wood thrush, that shy but wonderful bird songster that is also sometimes called "bell bird," which completed our list. The complete list contained the names of thirty different birds that had either visited the yard or that had passed over it often enough to make their study easy. It included but two of the lat-

ter, the crow and herring gull, twenty-eight consequently actually visiting the yard. That is the number that to our knowledge actually visited the place. But we no doubt missed some of our feathered visitors, some very early morning callers, for example, or some that just stopped for a short time near the tree-tops for a rest. Then too it is quite probable that we missed a visitor or two that called when we were not at home.

GREED.

Tolstoy had a fable about a man who wanted land and more land. Unable to get what he wanted from his old landlord, he sought a new one, who promised him in a freakish mood as much as he could walk around before sunset. The peasant joyfully agreed to this, and the owner laid his cap on a knoll and bade the man walk around in a circle and return to the cap at sunset. At first the gratified peasant walked leisurely, but presently he saw a desirable bit of land, the very patch for corn, and so he widened his circle to secure it. A little further on he spied a piece that cried out for a potato crop, and he increased his pace to take that in also. Another fine piece of ground came into his greedy view, and another, and yet another. To include them all he must make haste. At first he ran slowly, then faster, and finally at a breakneck pace. At last he thought that he had enough land, but he noted with apprehension that the sun was low in the sky and the cap was not yet in sight. He tried to increase his pace, but his feet were torn and bleeding, his pace, but his feet were torn and bleeding, his back ached, his lungs were working like blacksmith's bellows, his veins tense and swollen, and his heart was thumping like an iron hammer against his ribs. Still, he made an urgent effort, and at last the cap was in sight. He was all but spent, every sinew strained to breaking point, his head swimming and a red mist, clouded his eyes. But there is the cap, just ahead. With a superhuman effort he reached it and fell over it. The sun went down and the man's heart ceased to beat. Ananias is not the only man who greed has killed him.—Edward S. Lewis, in *The Sunday School Journal*.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis

Jerome Barton and Vaughn Smith were visitors here last week. Smith was paroled in March.

Alton Piner left the institution last week to spend a few days with his parents in Charlotte.

The incubators turned out their hatches again last week. Hatching 250 out of the 400 set.

The boys saw their weekly show last Thursday night. The pictures were several one reel comedies.

Several bushels of strawberries were gathered last week and sent around to each of the cottages.

Thomas Hart, formerly a boy here, paid us a visit last week. He has been employed in New York City, but is now living in Wilmington.

We are very grateful to the Concord Post of the American Legion for the nine new baseball bats which arrived at the school recently.

The work sections have been grubbing stumps in the new ground for the past few weeks. They will probably be through with this work by next week.

Prof. W. W. Johnson and Mr. Poole are confined to their rooms with the numps. Capt. T. L. Grier

is teaching school until Mr. Johnson returns. Mr. Poole was able to leave his room Wednesday morning.

Material has been arriving at the school for the past week for the construction of a new cottage. There are now fourteen cottages at the school, two awaiting to be occupied.

The Training School won the third game of the season last Saturday by defeating the Roberta Mill team 4-1. Both pitchers, Russel and Mason, pitched a good game the former striking out eleven batters and the latter ten.

Twenty-five new linotype books arrived at the school last week. These books were given to us by the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Each linotype operator was given one and through use of them are getting a better understanding of the linotype.

Rev. W. B. McElwine, pastor of the Westminister Presbyterian church of Charlotte, conducted the services in the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. A quartet from the John C. Smith University of the same place sang several good songs, which were enjoyed by all. After the benediction Rev. T. W. Smith made a brief talk to the boys.

Last Friday afternoon the school's

orchestra, Supt. Boger and several others left for Statesville to attend the Kiwanis weekly meeting. They rendered a very interesting program. After the meeting was over Supt. Johnson of the Barium Springs Or-

phanage, invited the party to play for his students as it was show night there. The orchestra played five selections, which were enjoyed very much.

SPRINGTIME.

(Arch Honeycutt in Stanly News-Herald)

Spring time she's a comin'
 Like a bride to meet the groom,
 An' I'm dreamin' of the boatin'
 Where the water-lillies bloom;
 An' I'm dreamin' of the fishin'
 Yander in the maple shade,
 With the lazy, dreamy, swishin'
 Of the water through the glade.

Orter be preparin'
 Fer the comin' cotton crap,
 Cause the blue is in the heavens
 An' the trees are startin' sap;
 But true wealth ain't all in dollars,
 Ner true livin' all in work,
 So the resolution follers—
 Fer a day at least, I shirk.

Hain't got time fer foolin'
 With yer mystic radio,
 Druther go an' listen
 To the voices I know;
 Druther hear the babble
 What the lappin' waters make
 An, the frogs what gabble
 Down along the reedy brake.
 Birds they start a singin'
 An' they fill an' thrill the ear
 Till the Lord of all creashun
 Seems to be a walkin' near
 Followed by a choice number
 Of His finest orchestra
 May be all in how you listen
 That's the way it sounds to me.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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U. N. C. Library

NO STRADDLING HERE.

America was born a Christian nation. America was born to exemplify that devotion to the elements of righteousness which are derived from the revelations of Holy Scripture. Ladies and gentlemen, I have a very simple thing to ask for you. I ask of every man and woman in this audience that from this night on they will realize that part of the destiny of America lies in their daily perusal of this great Book of revelations—that if they would see America free and pure they will make their own spirits free and pure by this baptism of the Holy Scripture.—Woodrow Wilson.

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The Uplift

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TO MY FIRST LOVE—MOTHER.

To my first love, my Mother, on whose knee
I learnt love—love that is not troublesome.
Whose service is my special dignity,
And she my loadstar while I go and come.
And so because you love me, and because
I love you, Mother, I have woven a wreath
Wherewith to crown your honored name.
In you not fourscore years can dim the flame
Of love, whose blessed glow transcends the laws
Of time and change and mortal life and death.

—Christiana G. Rosetti.

* * * * *

THE EVOLUTIONISTS GET SUPPORT.

The vegetable and animal kingdoms are doing their best to give comfort and talking points to the North Carolina evolutionists. Evidence got pretty quiet for a time, but two patrons of the Concord Tribune have furnished documentary and real evidences of evolution, in the following which appeared in Monday's edition:

Item 1.

“Mrs. Leslie Roger, of the Brown Mill, brought a freak strawberry into the

Times-Tribune Office Saturday. It contained four berries which had on account of their proximity, grown together and made one very large berry. If you can beat that, trot out your strawberry."

Item 2.

"Albert Fink, of Number 9, brought a lizzard in the Times-Tribune Office Saturday which, by some sport of nature, had developed two perfectly good tails. Starting as one, it branched about two inches from the end and became two. Both were perfectly developed and, according to Mr. Fink, both were wiggled on occasion. Mr. Fink has also seen, he says, a two-headed lizzard, although he was unable to catch it."

Years ago ex-mayor W. S. Hartsell, of Mt. Pleasant, flushed a nest of snakes, which had each four well-developed legs and feet. Mr. Hartsell caught one of them and it was hurried off, by express, to Col. Fred Olds, of Raleigh, for a proper preservation at the hands of the state. Unfortunately the express company lost the valuable package, and there is no evidence of this footed snake except the unquestionable veracity of Mr. Hartsell and several equally responsible parties, who saw the snake.

If the editor of the Journal of Social Forces, which occasionally comes out from Chapel Hill, could visit Mt. Pleasant he doubtless would discover the balance of that nest of footed snakes moving about in a shape that evolution had left them. Just think what social science and the cause of evolution have missed by the propagandists having been born too late or come to the state at so late a day.

* * * * *

WAILING.

In certain quarters there is attempted a stir over the probable action of the commission that has to do with the adjustment of wages and salaries, provision for which has its authority in a legislative act. The personnel and character of the gentlemen, whom Gov. McLean appointed to carry out this legislative mandate, are such as to cause no fear to those who are giving the best that is in them to the service of the state and at a reasonable salary.

The necessity for the services of this commission was emphasized in the fact that a subordinate officer was receiving \$1,500.00 more in salary than was his chief. It struck the legislature, as it does the average man, that this was extravagance and waste. This is one of the many inequalities. The attempt seemed to be made that the department over which this \$6,000 man presided would go to the bad, and it was strongly intimated that the place

could not be filled; but that long-headed man, Gov. Doughton, whom honors and trust fail to turn his head, has filled the place with a high-class, capable man at a salary of \$4,500.

The work of this commission may not result in an enormous saving of money for the state, but it will cut out wall flowers and stop up holes of waste, and make wages and salaries equitable, a condition that does not now prevail.

Rest assured never again will it be possible for an employee to lie about the Yarboro hotel on salary in idleness and not report to his department more than once a week, if that often. This is an administration of sanity and business.

* * * * *

NO HARM DONE.

Considerable prognostication was indulged in over the probable utterances of Dr. Poteat, president of Wake Forest College, who has just concluded a series of lectures at the University. If any man, of less scholarship and less personal magnetism than Dr. Poteat, had delivered the lectures that the genial doctor did, the newspapers would have given, if at all, just about a stiek account of the addresses.

From utterances heretofore made, Dr. Poteat, if he be an evolutionist, certainly believes in the divinity of Jesus—and this is quite a great deal more than has been discovered in the religious belief of some other high educators in the state.

The Uplift would welcome an opportunity of hearing this gifted speaker and ripe scholar preach on the text, which engaged Rev. R. Murphy Williams in Greensboro on Sunday. Had Dr. Poteat discussed that text at Chapel Hill it might have proved an eye-opener to the editor of the Journal of Social Forces, who, from his own statements, seems befuddled. That text, according to the account of Mr. Williams sermon as given in the Greensboro News, was taken from Luke 21:33, which reads: "Heaven and earth shall pass away but my word shall not pass away."

* * * * *

THE BUSINESS OF A COUNTY WELFARE OFFICER.

In another column we are carrying an article written by a cripple in Rockingham county in reference to the duties and work of the County Welfare Officer. It is very informative.

This is a most important office and can be made of great value to a com-

munity if the man or woman selected for the place has the proper vision of his opportunities. To look wise and to dress in creased pants or bright ribbons, day by day, is not the thing. A successful officer must have in his heart the love of humanity, a tireless disposition that recognizes the fact this his work is never finished, that his job is a going job, demanding serious and faithful service all the while.

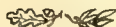
There are some people that persuade themselves that the position was created merely to give them a job with a salary; but the man or woman who fills the bill faithfully and intelligently, earns all the pay he gets, with the small honors thrown in.

* * * * *

MOTHER'S DAY.

Tomorrow is Mother's Day—at least, custom has set apart this day wherein special consideration is given the great soul that went down to the brink of the grave that we might have life and being. It is a beautiful idea, but, candidly, the average and normal being will regard every day as Mother's Day. Pa ought to have a day, too; and some of these times this custom will be properly balanced up and then we will have Parents' Day.

And tomorrow is another event that receives observance in this state—Confederate Memorial Day. It is not a far cry from the exercise of that loving memory of our dear mothers, quick or dead, to a proper remembrance of the heroes of the 60's, for the dear mothers offered up in their days the tenderest prayer for their safety. Let the graves of these men of valor and honor be covered with flowers of our love and of our gardens, tomorrow, while we wear on our coat lapels the white rose. The subjects are kindred subjects.



WHAT COUNTY SUPT. OF PUBLIC WELFARE DOES.

By Upton G. Wilson, in Reidsville Review.

What does a county superintendent of public welfare do?

Perhaps you don't know. Well, you needn't feel ashamed of your lack of information, for there are others in the same predicament. Until I asked Miss Elizabeth Simpson, welfare superintendent of Rockingham county, I did not know myself.

In answering the question Miss Simpson not only showed me her monthly reports for the year 1924, but also mentioned a number of incidents that could not be covered in her formal summaries. Possibly you will be surprised at the multiplicity of her duties. Undoubtedly, when you have learned the many things she is expected to do, you will not envy her her job.

We will assume, and I am informed that this is correct, that the duties of the welfare officers in the various counties are identical. Therefore, when I enumerate Miss Simpson's duties, I shall be speaking of the duties of the other welfare officer as well.

Briefly, then, Miss Simpson's duties as superintendent of public welfare of Rockingham county are these:

She is the chief school attendance officer of the county, and as such it is her duty to enforce the compulsory school attendance law. If the parent or guardian of any child between the ages of seven and fourteen fails or refuses to send such child to school, it is her duty to find out why.

And if a reasonable and lawful excuse is not forthcoming, she brings the offending parent or guardian to trial.

However, prosecutions are the exception rather than the rule, as a talk with the negligent parent or guardian usually brings the desired result. It is after other means fail that prosecutions are resorted to.

Miss Simpson makes no prosecutions, moreover, nor is expected to make any, until unlawful absences have been reported to her by the principal of the school where such unlawful absences occurred. If you know of instances where children should have been in school and were not, it is probable that the principal of the school failed to make a report of it.

Of the eight cases prosecuted by Miss Simpson during the past school term, convictions were obtained in each instance. Defendants were usually let off with the payment of a small fine or upon payments of costs of action.

Miss Simpson investigates all application for material relief made to the board of county commissioners and supervises the disbursements of funds to the county's poor. She also passes on all applications for admittance to the county home.

She is the co-ordinating agent in all joint county and state welfare work, and represents the state board of public welfare in any work it may undertake in the county.

Persons discharged from insane

asylums, and other county and state institutions, such as prisons, reformatories and institutions for children, come under her watchcare. To such unfortunates she stands ready to lend the county's helping hand, so that they may be prevented from again becoming public charges. A cure of dependency, as well as current relief, is the purpose of such help.

Those persons on parole from institutions, such as prisons, reformatories also automatically come under her charge. She renders whatever aid she can in helping them to go straight and thus observe the terms of their parole.

Miss Simpson also looks after and aids those children of the county who are in danger of becoming delinquent, or dependent upon the county. This part of her work is not only aimed at saving the child but also at saving the public the expense of caring for it. It is constructive welfare work of the highest type.

As county welfare officer Miss Simpson acts as the guardian of all neglected children; that is, children whose parents cannot or do not care for them properly. Children adjudged by the courts to be guilty of criminal offenses and who have been let off on suspended sentence also come under her official care.

Miss Simpson keeps an eye on the public amusement places of the county and enforces the law governing such places. She also endeavors to promote wholesome recreation throughout the county both for adults and children. The county playground is under her direction.

She exercises oversight of the dependent children who have been

placed in homes in the county. Thus her work is not done when a home has been found for a child, but she observes to see if the child is properly treated in that home.

The superintendent of public welfare in the county aids the unemployed to obtain work. She studies the cause of poverty and endeavors to relieve distress at its source. She inspects the county home, jails and convict camps and makes reports on their conditions to the state board of charities and public welfare.

Miss Simpsson acts as the secretary of the county board of public welfare. She is the chief probation officer of Rockingham county. She also aids the child welfare commission in enforcing the child labor laws. She administers the mothers' aid fund in the county.

There are now three mothers in the county benefitting from the mothers' aid fund. The fund is given half by the state and half by the county. Mothers who benefit from the fund must be of good character and reasonably free from disease. Miss Simpson has found the mothers receiving such aid very appreciative. They keep their children clean and send them to school regularly.

At Mayodan last year, Miss Simpson said, a mother whom the state and county were aiding had the only child in school who attended school every day and was not tardy a single morning.

And now that the duties of a county superintendent of public welfare have been enumerated at length, readers doubtless will be interested in knowing whether or not Rockingham county's superintendent has been

faithful in discharging these duties. A perusal of her reports would seem to prove conclusive that she has.

As figures are tiresome, however, I will not afflict the reader with them in needless amount. Suffice it to say then that Miss Simpson last year in discharging the duties of her office traveled more than 12,000 miles, mailed more than 2,000 letters, made something like 500 telephone calls, made around 400 visits to homes, received nearly 2,000 reports of children who were unlawfully absent from school, made investigations galore, advised or assisted nearly 200 persons, held numberless consultations and in innumerable other ways acted as the county's representative in visiting the sick and those in prison and in carrying comfort to the widow, the orphan and the helpless.

She did it all in the name of the people of Rockingham county and the people of the county have just cause for congratulating themselves on the work they are doing through Miss Simpson.

County officials, Miss Simpson declared, have shown a remarkable comprehension of what is needed by her in successfully discharging the duties of her office and have been generous in providing for her work. The county is very fortunate, she thinks, in its choice of a juvenile court judge. Judge Penn, Miss Simpson said, endeavors to save the delinquent boy by good advice rather than a harsh sentence, often accomplishing by kindness what could not be accomplished by sterner measures.

As a rule, Miss Simpson said, de-

linquent boys are weak mentally and physically and have bad tonsils. In most instances the delinquent boy's mother works away from home and as a consequence the boy fails to receive the proper home training.

In her work as welfare officer Miss Simpson finds it necessary to carry an average of one boy a week before the judge of the juvenile court. Some of these are merely reprimanded and advised, others are placed under suspended sentence and a few are sent to Jackson Training School. Miss Simpson thinks that the training school is doing a great work for delinquent boys.

But though it is comparatively easy to place the dependent or delinquent boys, Miss Simpson has difficulty in properly placing the delinquent girl. She has been able to place one girl at Samaritan Manor and has made arrangements to send another there.

Miss Simpson does not neglect one part of her work at the expense of another, but endeavors to give a due proportion of her time to her various duties. She has not yet learned how to be in two places at once, however, but is giving the problem diligent study.

The law does not give Miss Simpson despotic powers. In all her work she must be guided by the statute in such cases made and provided. For instance, she can't take a child away from a parent merely because some one believes the parent to be unfit to care for the child. The parent's unfitness must be proved.

A PLUCKY AND MANLY YOUNGSTER.



LEE FETZER SIKES

“Say, mama, don’t oversleep yourself and don’t let me sleep too late to reach school on time,” were the goodnight words master Lee Fetzer Sikes addressed to his mother as they had finished doing justice to a wedding supper three years ago at the home of a cousin who had taken unto himself the choice of his heart and soul.

Lee’s second name is in honor of the late Penn B. Fetzer, whom everybody admired for his sterling worth and great heart. This sprightly little fellow is a son of Martin Sikes and the grandson of Mr. J. Cul Sikes, a veteran of the War Between the States. Like his grandpa, who, when serving his country in that terrible war that absorbed in death much of the flower of the South, was al-

ways to be found at his post of duty and never flinching, has made a record himself for promptness at school.

When he warned his mother to see that he did not oversleep himself Lee Fetzer Sikes was just eleven years of age. Though the schools at his disposal were far below the average in the state, because there has been lacking in this county a progressive and efficient effort to give the rural child a square deal—a dogged hanging on to fossil measures and blind to the advanced ideas that govern the public school interests in counties where live men are in charge—this brave little fellow contributed his part in getting as much from the schools as was to be had.

For four years he never missed a day during school and a further prideful feature of his school record is that he was never tardy, always beating the teacher to the school house.

Lee is a manly little fellow, not a prodigy nor even brilliant, but he is easily an average and in pep and determination he outstrips many who may have less trouble in learning. He is now fourteen years old and has completed the seventh grade. He can and does plow—he has more real, worthwhile knowledge of farming than any public school teacher in the county, who has been simply certified in this branch of the curriculum. He’s looking ahead to the future. Lee discovered in the neighborhood a young mule for sale at an attractive price. That old Confederate Grandpa could not resist master Lee’s logic and argument in the wisdom of purchasing that young mule.

So Lee went after the mule, and, leading the animal home for quite a distance, a friend inquired "why don't you ride her?" "No sir, this mule hasn't as much sense as I have, but she's stronger—I'll play safe."

It is a glorious and delightful thing to see youngsters early in life manifesting a vision of what life means and has pep and manliness to aid them in burgeoning out the best that's in them. That's what this youngster is doing, and he has set an example for other boys. By the way, I would like to introduce master Lee Fetzer Sikes to his cousin, the Rev. T. A. Sikes, business manager of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, and say to the Greensboro newspaper man and preacher that his little fourteen year old cousin is a regular attendant at Sunday School—with him it is a duty and a pleasure.

It's not always safe to feature the success of a boy; it sometimes makes him satisfied with his accomplishments and he rests on the laurels

already won. But I know this boy; I have watched him; he is polite to his superiors; and the stuff that is in him will not permit this little notice to "turn his head."

I venture the assertion that Lee has figured out what he can do with his mule Rhody; what turns he may make; how he will make Rhody contribute to his personal and material benefit (who knows but that Rhody may make it possible for Lee to some day to climb to the proud position reached by his Greensboro cousin—men with humbler opportunities in the past have stirred the world) but his plans have not been vouchsafed to me. The Uplift knows that the manly little fellow will make a good home for his first real possession, his mule Rhody. A boy that understands his duty and obligations sufficiently not to miss a day in school for four years and never tardy can be depended upon to treat well dumb animals—the other mules in that neighborhood may well envy Rhody's good fortune.

A Concord citizen was left in charge of the home, and given special instruction by his wife off on a visit, how to look after and attend to several broods of biddies. Setting forth in a long epistle his views of the business and discovering that of all creation the average chicken has the least sense, he bemoaned his great trouble. The comforting (?) reply was that "it is troublesome to undress and to dress, yet it is necessary." That ended the conversation.

HENRY BRANSON VARNER.

Mr. Varner, who for twenty-seven years directed the course of the Lexington Dispatch, one of the leading county papers of the state, died last week after an illness of two weeks, aged 55 years. The Uplift has often wondered at the bull-dog tenacity of this man, who, though meeting with many terrible storms and difficulties, made a success of life.

Henry Varner, as will be seen from an intimate story of him by his fellow worker in the Dispatch, was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth and in truth and reality was the architect of his own fortune. Many men of less nerve and determination, meeting the difficulties that confronted Mr. Varner in his intensive active life, would have surrendered, but Mr. Varner snapped his fingers at storms and went ahead.

He rendered much service for his town, his county and the state. He will be sadly missed. The Dispatch's story is:



HENRY BRANSON VARNER

Born Poor Farm Boy

Henry Branson Varner was born on a farm in Emmoms township this county, near the Randolph line, on April 12, 1870. His opportunities

for an education were very meagre, but he attended the small public school of his community for a part of several terms, getting a rudimentary grounding in the "Three Rs," but his schooling did not extend as far as the English grammar.

When a lad in his early teens he worked at a sawmill in the neighborhood. He was too small to turn logs or bear off lumber but, through rolling sawdust with a wheelbarrow he earned ten cents a day. He bunked with the men at the milling place. The friendships of those early hard days he cherished as long as he lived and one of those most concerned over his illness was a man who bunked with him in a crude sawmill shack.

When about sixteen years old Mr. Varner took a job selling fruit trees for B. I. Harrison, of Denton, who held a district agency for a nursery. The money to equip him for his first sales trip he borrowed and set out on foot. He walked to the Yadkin River and was ferried across and then began his most remarkable business career among the farmers of Rowan

county. That dogged determination that carried him far in the business and political world stood him in stead, and he sold fruit trees. Later he went to Cleveland county and did the same work there for a period.

Mr. Varner's early association with Mr. Harrison proved invaluable. The latter gave him assistance in making out his reports, schooled him in salesmanship and taught him many things that were useful ever afterwards. In fact, Mr. Harrison was perhaps his best teacher.

Enters Newspaper Game

Although his schooling had lacked in literary training, Mr. Varner early began to be ambitious for a newspaper career. For several years he wrote items from Denton to The Dispatch, first under the ownership of T. B. Eldrige, recently mayor of Raleigh, and later during its ownership by W. M. Sherill.

In 1896 Capt. S. E. Williams, who died a few weeks ago, purchased The Dispatch from W. M. Sherill and after operating it in his own name for a few weeks announced on May 13, of that year, that Mr. Varner had an interest in the paper. The budding journalist was feeling his way along cautiously and while his name went at the masthead with Capt. Williams as one of the owners, the elder man, then a brilliant young lawyer here, was titular editor. This situation remained until on December 22, 1897, the name of Capt. Williams, who had for months only lent the service of his name to the struggling paper, disappeared from over the editorial column and H. B. Varner became the editor in name as well as in fact. Oother friends here

during this time lent Mr. Varner the benefit of their literary talent.

Builds Up Circulation

Mr. Varner had learned some valuable lessons in salesmanship while helping the farmers of several counties build up their orchards. He conceived the idea of making his weekly paper the biggest in North Carolina in point of circulation. He kept hammering at this and soon the records showed he had the accomplishment in sight. But the aim was too low. If he could do that much why not go farther, he reasoned, so he set out to build up a circulation that would eclipse that of any other weekly local newspaper in the entire United States. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that nationally accredited newspaper directories were forced to give The Dispatch that honor when it touched the 10,000 mark. His passion was to feature local news and he labored to get every item of news possible about the home folks, and to those who came later to assist him in getting out the paper he never tired of giving the admonition to get the names of folks, and the doings of folks in the paper.

Begins Political Career

As his success in this endeavor increased, Mr. Varner looked around him for other fields of endeavor where he might accomplish something. Politics was an inviting field. He loved the human touch and he came to know the people of his county and adjoining counties. In 1898 he threw his paper with all might into the fight for the constitutional amendment and added to his reputation so that by 1900 he was nominated for Stat-

Commissioner of Labor and Printing, and was elected for a four-year term. In 1904 he was re-elected and served until the end of 1908. During his service in this State office he secured assistance on the paper and ever afterwards most of the actual writing was done by others, although he kept his hand closely on the direction of the paper and frequently wrote its editorials.

In the meantime while he was serving the State as its second Commissioner of Labor and Printing another distinction had come to him. He was elected for a term as president of the National Editorial Association, which included hundreds of newspapers in practically every State in the union among its membership.

In the Simmons and Carr campaign of 1900 Mr. Varner championed the cause of the present senior United States Senator and was active in the referendum fight in which Simmons won the toga. Again in 1908 he took an active part in the memorable Craig and Kitchin battle for governor, espousing the cause of Craig, who went down in defeat that year, only to be nominated without opposition four years later. In January 1913, Governor Locke Craig took office and one of his early official acts was to appoint Mr. Varner chairman of the State Prison board. Governor Bickett re-appointed him in 1916 and praised the record the board had made of bringing the prison from a liability to an asset by changing an annual deficit into an annual surplus.

During the period of strenuous political activity Mr. Varner was several times chairman of his party in its

battles in the county and led several victorious campaigns. In 1918 he again took the chairmanship and led the fight, which his party lost by a narrow margin.

Fought For Good Roads

But it was not his political activities that brought him the widest notice in the State. In going up and down North Carolina he had become convinced that probably the worst hindrance to the State's progress was the miserable condition of its public roads. He began through The Dispatch to preach good roads. The idea almost became obsession. In 1910 he founded Southern Good Roads Magazine, which became the official organ of the North Carolina Good Roads Association and through this he preached the good roads gospel and brought to the aid of the cause many brilliant minds in this and other states. During the time this magazine was published Mr. Varner was elected president of the North Carolina Good Roads Association and seven times the honor was bestowed upon him in succession. At the end of the period the light dawned. County after county had fallen in line with local bond issues and special taxes. The Legislature had authorized a State Highway Commission and had begun to lay out and work on a State highway system. Mr. Varner as chairman of the State Prison board had given aid wherever possible by sending groups of state convicts to aid in particularly difficult pieces of road construction.

During the late world war builders of road machinery turned to furnishing war supplies, paper prices became almost exorbitant, so with the

sources of revenue cut off the Southern Good Roads Magazine was suspended. But the seed that had been sown by "Varner, The Good Roads man," as he had become known from the rolling Atlantic to the farthest tip of the State, over the hills and beyond bore its fruit after the passage of the war and the immediate reconstruction and in 1921 North Carolina engaged on the greatest road building task ever taken by an American republic. While Mr. Varner had held no official connection with the present state road building organization, no citizen took greater pride in its accomplishments than did he.

In Motion Picture Business

A little over ten years ago the motion picture was just coming into prominence as a means of entertainment and education, and Mr. Varner connected himself with this new industry, organizing the Lyric Theatre, which was opened in the new Varner Building, which in the meantime Mr. Varner had erected. In later years he had taken on the operation of theatres in Badin. More recently he secured the completion of what he regarded his greatest task, when he and local business associates completed the handsome new Lexington Theatre building, perhaps the finest theatre in a city this size anywhere in the South. In the meantime he had added the Strand Theatre, Salisbury, to the chain, this latter now being operated by the Lexington Theatre Company, of which Mr. Varner was a director at the time of his death. He had also become the chief stockholder in a handsome new theatre opened at Thomasville about a year ago. He had secured a five-year

lease for the New Concord Theatre to be opened next Monday at Concord. At the beginning of the year he had taken the lease of the Lexington Theatre and had since operated it. His activities for the motion picture interest had been varied important and he was well known in New York and Washington, as well as in Chicago, Atlanta and other cities for his work on behalf of his fellow exhibitors. He had taken part in a number of important national conferences concerning the course of the cinema industry. In recognition of his work in this connection he was last year elected president of the North Carolina Motion Picture Theatre Owners association, which he had formerly served as secretary.

Candidate for Congress

Though he fought often, and generally with success, for the things he desired, Mr. Varner was denied one honor he coveted, that of serving his district in the United States Congress. In 1916 he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Seventh District but was defeated by L. D. Robinson, of Wadesboro, who served two terms and retired. Mr. Varner, however, felt a deep sense of gratification over the fact that his life long personal friend, Hon. William Cicero Hammer, a fellow publisher, secured the office and is now serving his third term with great satisfaction to his constituents.

In 1912 Mr. Varner was appointed North Carolina manager for Senator Oscar W. Underwood's candidacy for the Democratic nomination for president. He conducted one of the most vigorous pre-convention campaigns

ever witnessed in the State and carried to Baltimore part of the State's delegation, which hung on with bulldog tenacity for the Alabaman for many ballots.

In every activity on behalf of the advancement of Lexington and Davidson County he could always be counted upon to take an active part. To the call of a friend he was always responsive.

Life was one continual battle to H. B. Varner. In the heat of the fray he did not know to give quarter. But in the quiet of the evenings after his hardest struggles nothing touched him more deeply than a kind expression from one against whom he had fought. Many who in time dis-

agreed with him can testify that he was willing always to forget and forgive when he found his adversary was in the same mood.

Mr. Varner had long long been a member of First Presbyterian church of this city, and to its causes he always felt and expressed the deepest loyalty. He was a past master of Lexington Lodge no. 473, A. F. A. M., a member of the Junior Order and other fraternal organizations.

He is survived by a wife of a few months, who was Miss Evelyn Pearce, of Jacksonville and Washington; his mother, one sister Mrs. G. B. Sexton, and one brother, J. Earl Varner, all of Denton.

"PUSH" OR "PULL."

By F. B. McAllister.

There was a sign on the swinging door of the building, but the man who ran up the steps, being near-sighted, and also, possibly, a little absent-minded, had failed to observe. He was, therefore, trying to push his way into the building when the instructions plainly told him to pull.

He was not observed as he left the building, but there is just the least chance in the world that he tried to make an exit by pulling on a door that bore the plainly written word, "Push." Unwise man, thus to pit his puny strength against the building laws!

But is he any more unwise than some of the rest of us who are always ignoring the signs hung out on boys and girls so plain that any who look with care may read? Why do I try to drive John Henry when just a little study and observation of him will show me how much faster he will go when he is led? He is of a temperament that responds quicker to pulling than to pushing. But there is placid James William on whom a little stimulating pressure may be applied with good effect. There is a boy that needs to be prodded a bit before he will do his best work.

Each lad will respond to appropriate treatment. Let me, as parent, teacher, or friend, get a hint from the near-sighted party's experience with the swinging doors, doors that open so easily—if you swing them the right way.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

One of Durham's lady magistrates has had some experience in the way of applications for justice. I asked one the other day if she had married a couple yet, or sat on a case. She laughed heartily over the suggestion, and said: "No; but I have had an application from one party to make another party keep the peace. I think I will resign." The office of the justice, or justices, or justiceette, of the peace, now since women are eligible, does not seem to carry a fascination very long for some of the dear women. I don't know; but it strikes me that when a woman starts out to make peace in another family, she is going to have trouble, and something will fall to pieces. But it ought to work nicely, for the Scriptures say, "blessed are the peace-makers."

Contentment, pleasure and happiness was witnessed the other day on one of the prominent streets of Durham. On this street part of the sidewalk has crated glass over the basement beneath. Several of these blocks of glass had been broken out. There sat beside these holes two bare-footed urchins. They had found two discarded typewriter ribbons, and placing a small piece of metal on each, these boys were flat on the pavement, playing fishing in the basement below. They would jerk and pull as if they had a tarpon on their line: and they got as much pleasure out of it as the most enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton upon the

open sea. As I looked upon their enjoyment I thought how little things in this life give so much pleasure; such insignificant things. It takes a boy's mind to hatch up novel use of time.

Some one said once that a progressive town is a good deal like a fine six-cylinder car purring along evenly as it carried its passengers over the hills that stand in the way of prosperity. But sometimes, upon reaching an unusually steep hill of community adversity, it will slow up, knock and jerk and finally come to a dead stop before reaching the top. You look for the missing cylinder, and you find it in some man or woman who shows no interest in home town business, or in the welfare of the community as a whole. It is quite different when all are working in harmony for one object in view.

A funny thing, and somewhat remarkable, happened the past week. Taking lunch at the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria my hat and some one else's got very familiar on short acquaintance, and when I came out I had on a strange hat to me. Mine must have been a stranger to some one else. Me and my hat had parted company. I did not expect to see a hat at the Y. W. C. A., a few days thereafter I saw a stranger walking along Main street having on a hat that seemed to me I had done a good deal of thinking under. I approached him and inquired: "Did you lose

a hat at the Y. M. C. A., a few days ago?" He said, "Yes." I named some characteristics of the hat I had on, and he said "yes," again. "Here's your hat," said I. "And here's yours," said he. We exchanged hats and greeting and good cheer, both glad to get his own chapeau back.

I saw a plumber's truck going along the street the other day and it had upon it a sign telling how much you could save by patronizing a plumber who carried his tools along in a truck, and the one who had to send back to the shop every time he needed something. It reminded me of a plumber who was at work and the helper stood helplessly looking on. He was learning the business. It was his first day.

"Say," he inquired, "do you charge for my time?"

"Certainly, boob," came the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The plumber to fill in the hour, had been looking at the finished job with a lighted candle. Handing the two inches of it that were still unburned to the helper, he said witheringly, "Here—if you gotta be so conscientious—blow that out."

They are telling a joke around that not a long time benedict went home the other night and his wife said to him, after their affectionate greetings, "John, I smell cider on your breath."

"Nothing of the kind, sweetheart. My collar is on so tight it squeezes my Adam's apple."

Down near the banks of a gentle river that flows by a certain town

lives an old negro, who sits in the solitude of his humble home, waiting for the call of eternity, as he watches the waters stream everlastingly by. His hair is fleecy white, and his once sparkling eyes are dim, and the sands of his hour glass have nearly run their course. You may not know him, and if you do, it is only as a laborer, a gleaner of the streets.

But he was a builder.

His was a small task—this building up of the land where a ravine marked the surface of the earth, and the making of a garden to bloom where formerly had grown thorns and thistles. But he who drives but a single nail into this World House that humanity is building is greater than he whose fame is built upon the sands of selfishness, and whose bubble is burst by the spade that digs the grave.

The dreamer dreams a dream, and across his vision comes the shadow of a magnificent temple; or a thin-spun piece of finely wrought gold. Then comes the builders, and dreams come a reality in the Dwelling, and one more spire has been erected in the Dwelling place that is to be of perfect beauty when Time gathers its last toll of the hours.

"Walls crumble and Empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from the rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and the only things the Builders make live on."

This old colored man has built no temple of glistening marble, or jeweled trinket to dazzle the eye. His was the humblest task of making a waste place of the earth a place to

live on; but who will say that he did not build for the good of man a tiny part of the Great Structure that we all are destined to erect in the long stretch of years that are to come.

There are employers of the jealous type who resent having in their organizations helpers who are smarter than they. These men prefer being small single stars to being part of a great constellation in which they would have to be associated with bigger stars.

J. F. Harman tells about a building somewhere in Scotland which contains some truly wonderful pillars, all except one of which are the work of one employing designer. The

story is that a workman suggested that he be given an opportunity to carve a pillar after his own design.

Permission was given him and his work was so much finer than that of his master that, when it was shown, the latter in a fit of jealous rage picked up a mallet and knocked the workman on the head, killing him almost instantly.

Some of our modern employers do not go quite so far in showing their jealousy of employees who are their superiors in certain lines of work, but they are foolish enough to manifest their displeasure in smaller and possibly more irritating ways.

Are you one accused by your workers of having a mallet handy?

“To smile three times a day and pay a fine of \$8.00” was the penalty imposed by a New York Judge a few days ago upon a man who was charged with the mistreatment of his wife and baby. The judge when assing sentence said: “The trouble with you is that you’re too grouchy. You don’t smile. If I were grouchy this morning, with all these people before me, I’d have the jail full. You should smile three times a day—morning, noon, and night. At the end of a week look into the mirror and you’ll see yourself five years younger in appearance. Instead of twenty-two, you look like thirty-five. If you continue you’ll look like seventy when you are forty.”—North Carolina Christian Advocate.



Stonewall Jackson, Jr., King's Daughters Circle, Greenville, N. C.

Mrs. C. A. Bowen, leader; Mamie Ruth Fleming, president; Alice Foley, secretary; Frances Porter, treasurer. Members: Elizabeth Andrews, Johnnie Grey Currin, Verna Dare Corey, Kara Corey, Louise Dickinson, Elizabeth Deal, Polly Fulford, Frances Fleming, Lillion Hardee, Willie Mae Holton, Evelyn Hart, Louise Hicks, Catherine Grass, Mary Emma Gaskins, Ada Jones, Georgia Johnston, Lucy King, Mary Shepherd Keel, Mildred Margum, Elizabeth Wooten, Helen Parish, Virginia Perkins, Mittie Smith, Annie Shields VanDyke, Florence Overton, Frances Norman, Ruby West, Mary Washington, Elsie Zanhneiser, Florence Taft, Laura Overton, Ailene Johnston, Mildred Bilbro, Blanche Clark, Louise Gaskins, Katherine Smith, Clara Mobley, Pattie Powell, Hattie Sue Scoville.

LITTLE MEN.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Good news, this, for little men and for you who have overcome defects and handicaps! You have the best chance when employers are looking for good men to do big jobs. The men who do the hiring prefer the midget to the colossus.

When Donald McMillan was assembling his crew a few weeks ago

for his dash into the regions of everlasting ice, he said: "I'll take only the little fellows. No big men for mine. The little ones will stand up longer, go farther and fight harder. The big ones give out first."

Chief Justice Taft, himself a whale of a man, once asked when he was President: "Have you ever noticed

that little men, the physically small, are the greatest stick-to-it fellows you can find? I often envy their inexhaustible energy. They never give up."

When the head of a ten-million-dollar corporation was in Asheville recently, he remarked: "Whenever I want to fill a job that calls for gruelling work and quick, original thought, I pick a little man. The little men never quit, and they are human buzz saws when they go against obstacles.

"I've been hiring men for a good many years, and it has taught me this: if a little man and a big man apply for the same job and if their records are equal, it's best to take the little one. The little chap will outlast the two-hundred-pounder every time. But how do you explain it? Why will the small fry stick so long without a whimper?"

The answer is obvious.

"The little man who is worth his salt is forever saying to the world or to himself: "I'm little but I'm loud? I'm small, but I can lick my weight in wildcats! Watch me! Little men make the world and run it."

But that same little man is the one who brushes his hair pompadour in order to seem tall, and wears high-heeled shoes, and instructs his tailor to make his coat long in the back so that it will produce the illusion of added height in the wearer.

That's why the little fellow becomes great. Just as he camouflages his body to make it appear tall, he adorns his character with the traits that will compel the world to acknowledge his superiority. He is al-

ways saying to himself: "I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em that in the last analysis I'm the biggest man in town!"

He has spent his life thus far, and will spend the rest of it, to prove that he is in reality as big as a giant.

From his earliest years he has been made to realize what a burden he carries in being small. He has had the news from all directions. His playmates has called him "runt" and "sawed off and hammered down." He has heard his parents wishing that he was as tall as his father. His college friends informed him that he was "not quite heavy enough" to make the football team.

With what result? At first he denied the justice of the criticism. Then he acknowledged with tears and mortification. Finally, he set his teeth and registered a sacred oath to prove to the universe that to be little and runt-like was no handicap.

Carrying in his heart rebellious dissatisfaction with his physique and the resultant purpose to overcome the defect, he has developed brain and courage to such a point that he is, in fact, one of the big men of his town.

Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury under Wilson and now a United States Senator, is just a fraction over five feet tall and "skinny." Charles P. Steinmetz, the wizard of electricity who died a short while ago, was not much over four feet tall. Socrates and St. Paul were small men. So was Napoleon Bonaparte. So is John Hays Hammond, the foremost mining engineer in the world.

The little fellow has had to whip

everybody and everything from the school bully to Fate itself, and has had to do it against fearful odds. The big man, on the other hand, has been able to take things more or less easily. He has been admired for his power and his appearance, and as a rule he has shared the admiration of himself. He has not felt the stinging need to fight every day. He is not, therefore, the subconscious, instinctive and trained battler that you find in his little brother.

And what goes for the little man holds true for the individual handicapped in any way. The realization of inferiority spurs the man who is

worth his salt to overcome it. And nine times out of ten he does.

Demosthenes, the stutterer, became the world's greatest orator. Handel, Milton and Delille were blind. A legless newsboy climbed Mount Hood a few years ago. A New England school has a one-legged baseball player.

The little and the handicapped never give up because they have made persistence their nature. They have proved that on the wings of will any man, however disadvantaged, may soar to the heights of achievement. They have conquered discouragement. They have remade Destiny.

“NOT A GLORIOUS COMMENTARY UPON OUR TASTES.”

Mecklenburg Times.

One of the most interesting publications in North Carolina is The Uplift, a little weekly magazine published by the printing class of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training School, near Concord, edited by James P. Cook. The word “uplift” as applied to activities by well-meaning sentimentalists and social theorists is out of place if the measure of service is to be gauged by tangible results. Among all the real uplifting agencies and institutions in the State the Jackson Training School stands out conspicuously in a class by itself. In this connection it is interesting to read in The Uplift the following editorial comment on the experience of a Fayetteville paper in eliminating crime stories from its columns for a brief period:

“Much has been made over the experiment of the Fayetteville Evening Observer in eliminating all crime stories for a period, having in mind how constituency of that paper would receive a crimeless paper. Before the adopted period had expired, the Observer returned to the old way of printing the acts of vandalism, sin and corruption. It appears that those subscribers who expressed themselves on the program voted against the paper's purpose of being crimeless in the ratio of 60 to 1.

“This is not a glorious commentary on our tastes; but it probably is the same the world over. An insignificant sorry sort

of fellow may step up to another of his kind and shoot the life out of him for a real or imaginary wrong. This will be featured under box-head letters and the newsboys rush out on the street crying out "evening So and So—tells you all about the horrible murder that occurred in broad day light on main street and folks buy it, and eagerly read the sordid story. Let Mr. Charlie W. Johnson, of Charlotte, donate ten thousand dollars or Mr. John John S. Eford, of Albemarle, or Mr. Joseph F. Cannon, of Concord, donate a similar sum to a specific purpose at the Jackson Training School, which seeks to reclaim

man and not to destroy or to do murder, the glorious news will get by with simply a modest notice.

"There is this difference, and it is important, the impression caused by the crime story will be momentary unless it puts notions into the minds of the evil-inclined, who seek to gain a similar notoriety in the public prints by going out gun and whisky loaded; but the story of the noble act of a benefactor will live on forever in the lives of others, who have benefitted by the unselfishness of the donors who, though dead, still live. Good deeds have a hard time before the public but their fruits will prevail."

AS "PINCH HITTER" STANLEY ARMSTRONG PROVES A STAR.

(Concord Tribune.)

Stanley Armstrong, youthful linotype operator from the Jackson Training School, played a new role during the past ten days when he was pressed into service as "pinch hitter" for A. W. Smith, of The Times and Tribune force, who was absent on his honeymoon, and in the most workmanlike fashion did he perform the various tasks assigned him.

Stanley has been at the Training School for a number of years and he has been the linotype operator on The Uplift for some time. In addition to this work he turns out all forms used at the school, sets up various other jobs that are turned out and in the meantime gives instruction to other students at the school who

would make "linotyping" their profession.

Young Armstrong is an excellent operator now and when he has more experience he will become even better, of course. He takes a keen interest in his work, sets a clean proof ordinarily and is able to read intelligently most any kind of manuscript. He has been well trained not only in setting straight copy but in setting forms and other intricate stuff, and as an operator has a bright future before him. As a "pinch hitter" he was a star.

The Training School is turning out well trained boys in many lines of work. Armstrong had no training of

as is the case with most of the boys there, but now he can earn a good living. The purpose of the school is to train the youths there to care for themselves and the case of Stanley Armstrong shows how successful

the school officials are in their work.

The Tribune and Times are deeply grateful to young Armstrong and the officials of the school for their courtesy and co-operation during the past ten days.

A PREVENTER OF CRIME.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Business men are turning moralists, and judges are becoming preachers.

Supreme Court Justice Lewis L. Fawcett, of Brooklyn, has spent 18 years on the bench.

More than 4,000 boys under 20 years of age have been before him charged with some crime.

Of this number, only three were members of a Sunday School at the time of their arrest.

Of the 1,092 who received suspended sentences, only 62 were brought back for breaking the conditions of probation.

Judge Fawcett said, "In each suspended sentence case, I insisted upon the return of the youth, if he were a Protestant, to a Sunday School, if a Roman Catholic, the attendance at mass, if a Jew, the attendance at a synagogue or temple."

The Judge further said, "The sustained, wholesome moral atmosphere imparted through habitual attendance upon Sunday School and Church, will expel criminal impulses."

We would expect a preacher to talk thus, but when it comes from a judge, it ought to make us stop and think. Perhaps a great deal of our crime bill could be prevented if American Christians took their religion seriously enough.

Is there a Sunday School in your community? Are you interested in putting the moral props under the sacred things of life? If you do not put up props, you will be putting skids under the moral and spiritual building of the Nation.

How we hold up our hands when some crime shocks us. Yet we allow the boy, who later becomes the criminal, to drop away from the very religious instruction that might have prevented the crime.

Do you know that the means of help are always near? They are not in distant courts and prisons, but in the people of each locality, who are often too busy or too lazy to keep Churches and Sunday Schools open.

There are enough good people in every vicinity to save most of the young life growing up there, if they will get together, and really try to do something about it.

The Book tells us that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom."

Stand by the churches and Sunday Schools in the country, and gather therein the youth of the entire land for a generation, and most of the jail and prison doors will grow rusty with disuse.

That's what Judge Fawcett says.

TO MOTHER.

You painted no Madonas
On Chapel walls in Rome;
But with a touch of diviner,
You lived one in your home.

You wrote no lofty poems
That critics counted art;
But with a noble vision,
You lived them in your heart.

You carved no shapeless marble
To some high soul-design;
But with a finer sculpture,
You shaped this soul of mine.

You built no great cathedrals
That centuries applaud;
But with a grace exquisite,
Your life cathedraled God.

Had I gifted of Raphael
Or Michel-Angelo;
Oh, what a rare Madonna
My Mother's life would show.

—Thomas W. Fessenden.

TWO CARS OF POULTRY.

By F. H. Jeter.

Wednesday was poultry day at Lumberton, the Capital City of Robeson County. A large part of the population either walked or motored down to the railroad yards to see the unusual sight of two solid carloads of poultry being loaded for shipping to the large consuming markets of the East. Some came regretfully fearful that there would be no more baked hens or tender broilers to grace the tables of Lumberton's hospitable homes; others came for mere curiosity and 244 farmers came to share the ready cash which was being distributed at the car door for such poultry as was brought by them.

It was an interesting sight. The first car was placed about seven o'clock in the morning. It was brought up from Clarkton where V. W. Lewis and his associates had loaded some 6,000 pounds of choice hens from Bladen county. At once the doors were opened, the scales run into the areaway between coops, a small truck backed up on which to place the coops and the business of buying farmer's poultry for cash got under way. Each grower was given a number by the home demonstration agent, Miss Flax Andrews, who acted as clerk. The coops were placed on the scales, roosters were first removed, then hens, and finally broilers. The weights of each were recorded and the owner was sent over to a car where sat the buyer writing checks. He figured the hens at 24 cents per pound the roosters at eleven cents and the broilers at fifty cents. When the check was

written, the seller could have it cashed up town at the First National Bank and the deal, so far as he was concerned, was over.

This began at seven in the morning and towards noon, the first car was filled. The second was opened and the same process was repeated. Some of those who came in the morning were so well pleased with the prices that they went back home for the second load and returned in time to weigh in this before sundown when the marketing day was closed. One farmer who had just received a check for \$88 said, "This is the best thing that has happened in this county in a long time."

"Better than borrowing money at the bank, isn't it?" he was asked.

"You can't borrow money at the bank down here this year," he retorted.

Archie Ward, prize poltry club boy at the State Fair two years ago, received a check for \$40.81 and folded it carefully, and placed it in his pocket and moved away, all grins. Joe Ridder, another poultry club boy, was given a check for \$31.75 as his share in the day's loading and was sorry that he didn't bring as many eull hens as Archie did.

In all the two cars distributed \$1,507.03 at Clarkton for 6,104 pounds of poultry and \$3,102.04 for 13,042 pounds at Lumberton.

A number of Negro farmers were represented in the offerings and local agent S. T. Brooks said that about 30 brought in their surplus stock. One of them received a check

for 14.75 which was about the first real money he had had in his hands since last Christmas. His wife was on hand. "Now," she exclaimed, "I reckon you won't say nothing else about them chickens eating your rye, will you?"

One leading white farmer who produces annually over 100 bales of cotton came in with a load of hens.

Prof. A. F. Corbin, teacher of Agriculture at the Normal School for Indians at Pembroke brought a class of fifteen boys to study the method; Editor J. A. Sharpe of the Robesonian thought it worth while to visit the premises and secure the facts; Prof. C. L. Newman of the Progressive Farmer was there and Mrs. Estelle T. Smith, district agent for the home demonstration division came over to see how successful the day would be. None of them was disappointed. County Agent O. O. Duke assisted by local agents S. T. Brooks did the heavy work of keeping things straight and the poultry going into the car. V. W. Lewis checked the weights and gave out the credit slips.

Several helpers pulled the squawking birds from the sacks, crates, baskets and packing boxes in which they were brought and stored them into the ventilated compartments of the poultry Pullman.

Just about sundown, the last straggling wagon had been unloaded and quiet reigned again in the yards at Lumberton. Then the birds were all watered, the buyers began to check up, the doors were closed and locked and the cars were made ready for the trip to Laurinburg where yesterday the scene was enacted again.

Such scenes have been staged in twenty-two of the eastern counties of the State during the last month and the savings alone above the local market price has meant about \$10,000 in clear cash to the farmers co-operating. It is one of the best pieces of work done by the State Division of Markets since its establishment and the county agents should receive great praise for the part they have played in the success of the venture.

"What? Afraid of a cow? Yet you eat them!".. "Yes—but this one isn't cooked!"—Tit-Bits.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis

The boys saw a good show last week, "Jack Holt in Making of a Man."

James Bedinfield, Jesse Haney and John Hill have been given positions in the bakery.

Mr. Frank Lisk, one of the seventh cottage officers, has been confined to his room with the mumps for the past week.

Readers of this issue of the Uplift will again notice the large number of boys on the honor roll for April.

Mr. Dallas Pitts, former officer of the school, spent a few days with us last week. Mr. Pitts is now employed by an insurance agency in Statesville.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed church, of Concord, conducted the services Sunday afternoon. He made a very interesting talk which was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Paul Owensby, who has been our band director for several months, has resigned his position at the school. Mr. McQuirt, director of the Kannapolis band, will have charge of the band twice a week.

Mr. Groover and the shoe shop boys have been working on one of

the pumps as they do not have many shoes to repair since the majority of the boys are going barefooted.

Wednesday, the 29th, was a cloudy day and not many visitors were present here that day. The following boys were visited: Mack Wentz, Claude Evans, James Caviness, Bill Goss, James McMahan, Lester Morris and Mark Jolly.

Several jobs were turned out last week by the shop boys. They made several plows and a cotton seed separator for the barn foree. Also putting in a number of window panes for the cottages.

The regular Sunday school was held at 9:30 o'clock Sunday morning so that some of the officers and matrons could attend the May meeting at Rocky River.

Mr. Frank Morris and a number of the boys have been planting peanuts for the past week. As the present supply of peanuts is about exhausted it is necessary for the planting of these as they will come in mighty handy next winter.

On Saturday the Training School defeated the Franklin Mill team in a hard fought game 6-5. The game see-sawed back and forth each team taking the lead several times, but the locals tallied three times in the eighth stanza, taking a lead which the

visitors could not overcome. Bost, pitching for the locals, allowed only five scattered hits and struck out seventeen batters. The locals were

able to gather only seven hits off Blackwelder but these coupled with several timely errors paved the way for a victory.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Charlie Beach, Fleming Floyd, Valton Lee, Lee McBride, Olive Davis, Lambert Cavanaugh, William Case, James Davis, Sam Deal, Elwyn Green, Everett Goodrich, George Howard, Doy Hagwood, Carl Henry, Lexie Newman, Delmas Robertson, Alwyn Shinn, Aubry Weaver, Clint Wright, Archie Waddell, Jessie Wall.

"B"

Percy Briley, Joe Carrol, Thomas Howard, Mark Jolly, John Keenon, Theodore Wallace, Charlie Loggins, Cuccell Watkins, Hubert Apple, Ernest Brown, Claude Evans, William Miller, Irvin Moore, Watson O'Quinn, Sam Osborn, Clyde Peirce, Washington Pickett, Frank Stone, Vestal Yarrowborough.

Room No. 2

"A"

Brochie Flowers, Clyde Hollingsworth, Poy Johnson, Zeb Traxlar, Walter Williams, Isaac Anderson, Walter Hildreth.

"B"

James Cumbie, James Ford, Herbert Orr, Albert Jarman, Luke Peterson, Jim Poplin, Jimmie Stevenson, Joe Stevens, Clarence Searle, Judah Brooks, Amaziah Corbet, Ed Greenshaw, Ray Franklin, Sylvester Hoagwood, Ralph Martin, Billie Colson, Richard Pettibler, Roy Keeton, Lester Staley, Bryant Talley, Robert Ward, Graham York.

Room No. 3

"A"

Paul Edwards, Vernon Hall, Leonard Atkins, Normie Lee, Earle Wade, Sammie Steavens, Clarence Maynard, Alton Ethridge, J. H. Hargrove.

"B"

Adam Beck, Bill Rising, Winton Matthews, Boyce Johnson, Paul Hager, Carlton Hegar, Harvey Cook, Solmon Thompson, Rhode Lewis.

Room No. 4

"A"

Ben Stubbs, Frank Butcher, Lonnie Lewis, Clyde Lovett, John Gray, Lonnie Meffer, Tom Groce, Andrew Bivens, Russel Cahill, John Kivett, Clyde Peterson, Ed Moses, Olen Williams, Jeff Blizzard, Hunter Cline, Jay Lambert, James Ivey, Harold Thompson, Byron Ford,

"B"

Lemuel Lane, Eugene Glass, Delmas Stanley, Rudolph Watts, Kenneth Lewis, Herbert Floyd, Pearson Hunsucker, John Presnell, Charlie Sharill, Charlie Carter, Jeff Latterman, Robert Hartline, Luther Mason, James Fisher, Raymond Richards, Deane Grogan, Norman Watkins, Troy Norris.

Room No. 5

"A"

Cecil Arnold, Lattie McClatch, Claud Wilson, Earl Edwards, J. D.

Sprinkle, Wendall Ramsey, Wannie Frink, Tessie Massey, Fuller Moore, Howard Riddle, Doffus Williams, Van Dowd, Eugene Keller, Robert Sisk, Walter Culler, Otis Floyd, John Tomisian, Larry Griffith, Woodrow Kivett, James Cook, Floyd Stanley, Lee Wright, John Hill, Claude Dunn, John Watts, Burton Emory, Lymel McMahan, Turner Preddy, George Cox, Claude Stanley, Roy Houser, Clarence Weathers, James Robertson, Earl Torrence, Frank Ledford, Ralph Clinard, Al Pettigrew, Rex Allen.

“B”

Everett Cavanaugh, Nicola Bristow, Proncho Owens, David Whitacker, Elmer Proctor, Earl Green, George Lewis, Elias Warren, Bowling Byrd, James Long, Lester Love, Ralph Glover, Lynn Taylor, Walter Massey, Lester Franklin, Wilbert Rackley, Theodore Coleman, Andrew Parker, Elmer Mooney, Tom Tedder, Robert Cooper, Albert Stansburg, Elden De

Heart, Earl Mayfield, Myron Tomisian.

SPECIAL EXCURSION
TO
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
VIA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM
MONDAY, MAY 11, 1925.
GRAND AUTO SPEEDWAY RACE
250 Miles———Prize \$25,000.00.

Plenty Seats, for everybody.

Reserve Seats for colored people.
Ample accommodations on Excursion Train for white and colored people.

Round trip fare from Concord 65 cents.

Tickets good only on excursion train leaving Concord, 10:10 a. m. May 11th, returning leave Charlotte 7:30 p. m. same date.

Call on ticket agents for tickets and information.

R. H. Graham, D. P. A.
Charlotte, N. C.

A small-minded man imagines that his stubbornness is will power.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,
Ticket Agent
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Concord, N. C.

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UPLIFTER

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VOL. XIII

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 16, 1925

No. 25

HE FOUND A WAY.

When Alexander Mackay, the man who went into the heart of Africa to show the people how to build houses with lumber, was a small boy, he was visiting on a farm. The farmer, who was taking some small stones out of the ground, asked young Mackay to get for him a small pick. The boy misunderstood the man and found a pinch lever, six feet long; that was too heavy for him to carry. But he brought it fifty yards by lifting one end at a time, going round with it, and then going back to the other end and doing the same thing. Every turn brought it six feet nearer the farmer. This showed how resourceful he was, and how determined he was to accomplish whatever he undertook, even if it was a tool the farmer had not asked for.—Exchange.

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TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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BOARD MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School was held on Tuesday in the Cannon Memorial Building. Present at this meeting were: Mesdames I. W. Faison, G. T. Roth and Camerson Morrison and Miss Easdale Shaw, together with C. A. Cannon, Paul Whitlock, D. B. Coltrane, Herman Cone, J. S. Efrid and J. P. Cook. In the absence of the secretary, Supt. Boger was called on to fill his place during the meeting.

The several officers, Chairman Cook, Treasurer Coltrane and Supt. Boger made their reports which were received and approved. Following these reports, the Board instructed the Executive Committee to begin as soon as plans may be had the erection of a Receiving Home; to perfect plans by which the water supply of the institution may be increased, and this has in view the running of a pipe-line to Coddle Creek; the chairman was authorized to secure funds for the erection of an Infirmary, which will have close connection with the Receiving Home and this may be a development at an early day; the superintendent was instructed to use one of the cottages as an infirmary, biding the day of the erection of the greatly needed

building, and he was instructed to employ an all-time nurse; endorsement of a suggestion to add to the nucleus of an endowment for the institution was most heartily made; the Executive Committee was empowered to negotiate with the Concord-Kannapolis Gas Company with the view of securing an extension of its service to the school.

The Board went fully into the instructions from the Budget Commission, and manifested a ready willingness to comply with the said commission's wishes, in so far as it was possible so to do. Some of the requirements, as understood by the board, will give considerable trouble and inconvenience, and prove more expensive, but the purpose and determination of the board is to follow in good faith the requirements.

It was a satisfactory and profitable meeting, and the Board gave a hearty welcome to two members who were in attendance for the first time, these being Mrs. Gov. Morrison and Mrs. G. T. Roth.

Following lunch hour the Board joined the school population in the auditorium, where a delightful program was rendered by the student body. This consisted of music by the band, singing by the boys, a solo by Maynard and a declamation by Vestal Yarborough. Then Supt. Boger introduced the board members to the boys, who were greeted with a hearty welcome. Several of them responded to a call for remarks, among them were Lawyer Paul Whitlock, Mrs. Faison, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Roth, and Miss Shaw. All of them gave expressions to their gratification over the progress of the institution and the evident satisfaction of the boys with their opportunities to burgeon out the best that's in them.

Candidly, we observe that no institution in the state enjoys the directing care of a more loyal and capable board—they recognize the problem that is theirs and they approach it with faith and earnestness.

* * * * *

A RECORD.

Dr. Martin, president of Davidson College, has been up in Ohio, in attendance upon a meeting. Among other things to which Dr. Martin made reference was in the remarkable statement, which is an encouraging record, that only two of the student body of that institution were non-church members, but that he understood that they—these two—had resolved, under the splendid religious influences at Davidson, to connect themselves with the church upon their return home.

This is a noteworthy record that excites the interest of the public and

gives an object lesson to what extent an institution that recognizes God and his holy Book may exert a wholesome influence in the lives and acts of her students. You don't hear anything about the "freedom of thought" at this well-established school, and yet the product of her teaching efforts is just as fine and scholarly as comes out from institutions that boast of their scientific research and freedom of thought.

But Dr. Martin gave utterances to another observation or surmise, and to this effect: "I am not one of those who arbitrarily declare that church and state schools are synonymous with Christian and non-Christian. The truth is, I fear, that some church schools have all too little of Christ in them and, I am sure, some state schools have much of His influence."

There are some schools that ride their denomination for support and sustenance, in a game of personal profit, that in their faculties and their campaign for students could not be recognized as belonging to the fostering church. But Dr. Martin never resorts to a camouflage—he is in his life and conduct an open book that can be read of all men.

* * * * *

FIGURES AN ENORMOUS SALE.

Ex-mayor Charles A. Isenhour, who is secretary and treasurer of the Southern Loan & Trust Company, of Concord, has a nose for fine money-making propositions. He can do some rapid and earnest figuring, though the admirable gentleman carries but one arm, having lost one in a gin accident.

Somewhere in his rounds, looking after his real estate interests, he saw a sign which declared that in one day six million glasses of coca cola were consumed. It staggered him, but he at once reduced the proposition to dollars, for he thinks in dollars and does a lot of business with the coin of the realm.

This sedate business man came up street all excitement, telling everybody he met that every day the receipts from the sale of coca cola amounted to three hundred thousand dollars, for said he: "you multiply six million by five cents (the price of a glass) you get three hundred thousand dollars, don't you?"

And here, if these figures be correct, we have an object lesson to what an enormous amount a large five-cent trade will approximate. Early in the history of this popular beverage the company, making it, had accumulated enough to tear down a Methodist church in Atlanta and to erect on said

site a massive marble building. Now you see what the coca cola fiends have done for an Atlanta company.

* * * * *

DR. HENDERSON.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, whom the university of Oklahoma was calling to become its president, has formerly declined the position, and will remain at the University of North Carolina.

There is great rejoicing in Dr. Henderson's decision to remain in the state, where his great scholarship and teaching ability, coupled with his personal popularity, are recognized.

* * * * *

PONIES AND TICKS.

In this number we present an article by Ben Dixon MacNeill, who tells the story in an engaging manner of the troubles they have been having down east in the eradication of the tick. Much of this story will be fascinating to the youngsters and may cause them regret that they could not become the lucky owners of one of these ponies at the fabulously low prices.

To the older person it gives an insight into the difficult job of the eradication of the cow's great enemy, the tick, and the consequent immediate loss by the owners: but leaders have come to a certain conclusion that this method of getting rid of the pest is only available way to success.

* * * * *

The Fourth Estate has been boosted powerfully in the past few days. It comes about in the election of Mr. E. B. Jeffress, manager of the Greensboro News, to the mayoralty of that proud city. Now just watch what a brilliant record for achievement this live newspaper man will make. It will be fitting to have Jeffress the master of ceremonies when they come to do honors in the completion of Greensboro's new passenger station.

* * * * *

If Charlotte has decided to make its brag Speedway a permanent institution, that proud city might bring some influence to bear on Highway Commissioner Wilkinson to widen the National Highway leading from the north into Charlotte to the end that there may be room for the thousands of car loads of enthusiasts, who cannot resist the temptation to observe the "classic."

* * * * *

It is none of our business, but we'd like to be able to name the judges of

the North Carolina Superior Courts and we find ourselves somewhat befuddled now since under the law what is known as emergency judges is provided for. If this thing keeps up we will have in the state more men wearing the honored title of judge than there are colonels in Kentucky.

* * * * *

Billy Sunday is having a big time in the state's largest city. As a draw card he is immense. Will he leave Winston-Salem as clean and religious as he did her next rival in size?

* * * * *

It must be heartening to the law-abiding citizens to see how promptly and effectively the juries in Martin and Burke counties met their duty.



OBSERVATIONS OF A MAN WHO OBSERVES.

The following recently appeared in Mrs. J. P. Caldwell's One Minute page in the Charlotte Observer. It is from the pen of M. F. Trotter, Sr., and entirely too good not to pass on down the line:

The finest thing I ever heard said was by a very young student of divinity. He grew up from babyhood to manhood next door to me. He said while filling the place of a pastor who was on his vacation, that he got more pleasure out of visiting the old, the sick, the poor and distressed than any part of his work. He is the brainiest young man, I think, who has been reared here in my day, and I was born here nearly 71 years ago.

The finest thing I ever heard said about money was by a very successful merchant. He was W. M. Davis, who ran a racket store here 35 years ago. I asked him to contribute some money to the education of the mill children here who would not attend the city school and he gave all I asked for and was willing to give more. He said he would rather spend his money educating that class of children than any other way.

The worst thing I ever heard a man say on the subject of money was by a prominent doctor. He said it didn't matter who was on the side-walk or who was in the gutter, all he cared for was his pocket book. We were discussing prohibition. Poor fellow, he has gone to his reward. He left a well-filled purse, but in his last years he had a great leanness of soul.

The happiest and most contented man I ever met was a poor, old mountaineer. He was a Christian and a philosopher.

The most despicable thing I ever heard was a young man cursing his mother. He died soon afterward.

The most beautiful thing I ever witnessed was the expression on the face of a young mother looking into the face of her infant daughter, whom she held on her lap. She did not know she was being observed. The lady was Mrs. John W. Stagg, wife of the Rev. Dr. Stagg, formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian church here.

The ugliest thing I ever saw was an old woman, who had spent her life in dissipation.

The finest woman conversationalist I ever met was a 16-year-old girl.

The best talker I ever heard in private was a reporter of The Charleston News and Courier in 1873.

The greatest bores I have ever been tortured by are pessimists.

The greatest preacher I ever listened to was Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Va. His text was: "All things work together for good to those who love God, who are called according to His purpose." I wish space permitted me to tell you some of the things he said. He was selected to preach the sermon when the emperor and empress were present at the World Conference of Religionists in Berlin, thirty or more years ago, because he had the reputation of being the finest pulpiteer

in the world.

The most generous and best all-round woman I ever knew was Mrs. Annie Lardener. She refused to accept a very large bequest, and only took a moderate sum, about one-tenth of the amount offered her, and spent most of the income from that on others.

The most honest man I ever knew was R. B. Caldwell, and he said he didn't think there was an honest man in the world.

The only bachelor I know, who is spending any money to make the earth more beautiful is my neighbor Mr. Bascom Heath. He has two beautiful flower gardens at his residence on the corner of Elizabeth and Travis avenues. He has also given the use of a lot to the Central high school children and contributed money for seeds, plants, etc., to help them grow flowers. Donations of this kind are far-reaching in results in many beneficial ways.

Solomon is my favorite author, and I believe he was the deepest student of human nature. To my mind the two most comprehensive verses in his writings were these: "The day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth, for the end of a thing is better than the beginning thereof," and the other is: "Hear the conclusion of the whole matter, fear God and keep His commandments for this is the whole duty of man." He was also the highest paid author of all time, the greatest architect and the greatest lover. He had 700 wives and 300 lady friends. When you hear anybody say they have too much sense to marry refer them to Solomon.

The greatest menace to this country are not Jap airplanes, (notwithstanding Brisbane to the contrary,) nor is bolshevism, but they are birth control and lack of parental control of the few children, who are born in our modern families.

THE LONELY MAN.

He is a lonely man on a fast train. Maybe he and his fireman do not exchange words on a run of 50 miles. On some engines he does not see the fireman when he is in his seat.

During the night, when passengers are sleeping and when only head and tail lights are burning, when lights in villages and towns are low, when the countryside is silent, no one is farther away from touch with his fellow human beings than the engineer in his cab. Constantly he is plunging into space as one goes into another world. Every mile of track ahead of him is an adventure. How much better of his own peace of mind on these nights and long days would it be if the automobilists, the carriage and wagon drivers and the pedestrains would keep away from the crossing when the fast train, in charge of the anxious engineer, approaches.

We know of no class of men who have greater responsibility day in and day out than the locomotive engineer. It is up to all of us, then, insofar as we are able, to keep his burden light and we can do this by stopping, looking and listening.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.



FIVE GENERATIONS. (See Page 11).

WOMAN'S POWER.

There are people that are not able to accord woman the power that she has, generally in a latent state, but when a crisis comes all that power is brought in action and seldom do you find a widow that does not meet her problems and work out agreeable and successful results.

The other day this writer received invitation to join a host in doing honor to a mother in Israel—Mrs. Margaret Mariah Miller, formerly of No. 8 township, Cabarrus county, but the past few years a resident of Hickory, N. C. Mrs. Miller was paying a visit to friends and relatives in the St. John's neighborhood. In this there is nothing specially remarkable; but just wait a moment.

It had been near unto thirty years since this writer had seen the lady, but when he approached unannounced she arose just as spry as one of these charming young things we see bobbing amongst us and greeted us, "Well, Jim, how are you?" And this is not remarkable, either—but wait a moment. This lady, Mrs. Miller will in December celebrate her 97th birthday. There is nowhere in the state to be found a person whose faculties are any clearer or more alert.

Soon after the War Between the States she became a widow with three children to care for and an estate that had been somewhat encumbered by the big-heartedness, generosity and trustfulness of her husband, who was one of the outstanding and leading farmers of that period. Now, here's where the power of woman is called into play. She faced the problem with a strong, brave heart, wip-

ed away the encumbrances, reared a family that did credit to an honored name, her two daughters becoming the wives of two prominent ministers of the gospel and who contributed a marked and worthy service befitting the duties of this high calling.

To show the love of the community of which she had been no small part in its activities, of state and church, more than one hundred people gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wingard and gave themselves over to the pleasant business of making this young-old woman understand that though she had been long absent from the neighborhood there remained a loving and abiding esteem for her.

This fine old woman, while she eats heartily three full meals daily and sleeps a gentle sleep as of a child, is concerned chiefly about the success and prosperity of her friends and acquaintances and is not like the old lady in eastern North Carolina, who, when asked in what she was most interested, replied "my vitals."

On the opposite page we carry in the group the picture of Mrs. Miller along with four generations. It is seldom that we find in the flesh five generations, as is the case in this group picture.

This gathering together to do honor to the aged is a beautiful thought, and the assembled host at the home of Mr. Wingard to do honor to this gentle mother in Israel, who carries her ninety-six years with grace and fine spirit, were themselves the beneficiaries of a happy occasion.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A marble works that distributes fans in church, with advertisements for manuments on the back of them, is certainly helping the mind along meditation lines. It puts the thoughts into the future when we are not: when we have passed on and out of existence, and how our latter end will be without a marble shaft to mark the place where our dust reposes, awaiting the final day of reckoning. They no doubt give solemnity to the words of the preacher. Then, too, on a hot Sunday, they might carry a suggestion of the place where they say it is really hot, and there will be no chance to get a fan or even a drop of water as Dives was told. To my mind the words of the preacher are impressive enough without having to fan the solemnities of the future into one's being. A monument fan is all right, in its place, but as to that place being in a church, I have my doubts. I seldom use a fan, anyway.

Hate is a canker that seriously effects the soul. It also mars and blotches the joys and happiness of life. In this beautiful world, with so much to enjoy, who would think of barring in, or shutting out, human lives from the full enjoyment of the love and fellowship of our neighbors. But the world has strange people. There is a house in this city in which two families dwell. It would seem that the milk of human kindness had soured, or all been spilled. From all outward appearances there is an estrangement be-

tween the families and it has gone so far that a wooden partition has been run on the front porch from the floor to the ceiling above, cutting the porch into two apartmehts. The line of separation has been so outlined that each will not even look at the other, much less placing a foot over the dead-line in entering the house from the front. It is one of the peculiarities and fruits of anger working on the mind.

You see so many things you want to shoot when you haven't a gun. The other day I saw the rustiest, shackiest, most unsightly Ford I think I ever beheld in Durham. But it was running all right. Across the back was chalked these words: "Do not laugh at this, girls: because you don't know how bad you looked without paint." The idea of such base insinuations!

A dear old lady gave me the other day the answer to our Nation's problems. I have heard these questions debated by the very wise and the very great. I have heard the answers of our prominent statesmen, our learned educators, our eminent physicians, our distinguished editors, authors, lawyers and divines. but never have I heard more sound philosophy and good sense than this little old lady gave in a single sentence.

"What our country needs is more real homes."

There you are. You may persue the subject where you will; you

may study any of the so-called evils and you will always come back to the same answer—the necessity for more real homes. Crime is not bred in the real homes.

I am told that the United States government is turning out \$1 bills at the rate of about four tons a day. It is also stated that there are already in circulation something like 430,000,000 of these 100 per cent Williams. That is about \$4 for every man, woman and child in these United States. That being the calculating case, will the person who has three of mine be kind enough to return them to this office—no questions asked.

Sunday is observed as Mother's Day. Mother is not in the flesh with many of us, and she will not always be with others. If people would remember Mother every day, while she is spared to them, she would have the place in their lives she should have, the world would be sweeter and happier, and her life would be immeasurable sweeter by due expression of appreciation. Coleridge long ago wrote: "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive." To this tribute Hart has added: "The price she pays for our being and well-being is comparable only to that paid by Christ himself for all mankind."

We hear a good deal about schools now-a-days. Our system of teaching these latter days is great. I remember well the first school I ever attended. It was right after the civil war, and there were really no schools. Women taught classes. The men had come back home from the war with

nothing, and had to take a fresh start in life. I first went to a woman teacher, who started a small class of small boys. I was about 10 years old. She taught in an upstairs room,—a sort of storage room, and it was to be a storage room for our young minds. There was no school furniture whatever. Another boy about my age, and myself set on a trunk together. It was the first day we were in school. We—he and I—were discussing what we could spell; boasting to each other. I told him I could spell r-a-t; in fact, I could spell anything—I meant the word a-n-y-t-h-i-n-g. He traightway took issue with me, and said: "aw, gwan you can't spell r-t-t-a-n." I said I could, and he maintained I couldn't until finally we got so hot over the subject that he hauled away and gave me a bimp on the nose, and knocked me over behind the trunk. I knew then over behind the trunk. I knew then that I was on a trunk line for an education of some kind. When I emerged from behind that trunk, my nose was so insensed over such indignity that it ran blood. The other children thought another war had broken out and the teacher was so agitated over the hostilities, so soon after peace had been declared, that she recessed school until the next day. That was my first day in a school of any kind, and the first lesson I learned. It was not in the books. The lesson was, if a fellow gets too hot, and his arguments presume to take the form of forceful argument, hit him first.

We here a great deal about tax reform, but the reform does not seem to be in operation. Secretary

Mellon is again urging the need of tax reform, but in Washington they appear to keep on "cutting the mellow," and taxes refuse to be reformed.

One of the most difficult things for the non-investing public to understand is the folly of excessive taxation levied to "make the rich pay."

When investors keep their money in business and meet excessive taxes they collect these taxes from the people through higher prices. When they withdraw capital from business rather than take risks—as billions have been withdrawn—they are able to escape taxation altogether by purchasing tax-free securities, thus defeating not only the purpose to tax them, but the effort to add to government revenue. So, after all, taxation is vexation, and we are destined to be vexed all the rest of our natural lives, but we might use our influence in helping the fellows to reform.

Did you know, gentle and affable ever before.

NO DECREE IS NEEDED.

News & Observer.

The people of the State will applaud the sentiment of Mrs. R. R. Cotton that it is no concern of theirs or hers what the Asheville school boys and girls do. It is primarily and wholly the concern of the parents of the boys and girls and the principal or superintendent and teachers of the school. There was no occasion for heralding the necktie strike abroad as an item of news and there is no occasion for the State Federa-

tion of Women's Clubs to get excited over it.

reader, that gas was once looked upon with as much suspicion as would attach to the presence of a delegation of bootleggers at a law-enforcement meeting?

One hundred and eleven years ago, a great crowd gathered on Westminster Bridge, in London. A new chapter was about to be written in the world's history of inventions. The famous bridge was about to be lighted by gas.

Suddenly the bridge was flooded with light. The crowd fell back bewildered. An engineer stepped forward and touched the gas pipes. He invited a member of Parliament to do likewise. This gentleman refused until he had barrowed heavy gloves. He believed the pipes contained fire and would burn him.

When electricity supplanted gas as an illuminant, people believed that gas was doomed. But today it is one of the great heating agents of the world and is used in 5,000 different ways in industry and is produced in greater quantities than

ever before.

Entirely too much notoriety has been given the reported rolled stocking episode and entirely too much importance attached to it. The youngsters either take themselves too seriously or else the parents and teachers do not take themselves seriously enough. If the parents and teachers of the Asheville high school can't control the conduct of their

children, it does not behoove outsiders to undertake the job.

Self-determination must be guarding principle in home and school no less than in government. If parents will not see that their children behave themselves, they must take the blame. It is their responsibility. It may be that the Asheville teachers have fallen down on the job and evidently they have to the extent that instead of sending the children home they have reported the latest escapade to the newspapers, but they don't

have the children but one-fourth of the day. The parents are responsible for them the remainder of the day.

The State Federation of Women's Clubs has done well to remind the parents of the State that it is in the home that children must be taught to respect the decencies of life. If they are not taught there, it is hardly probable that a decree, even though it were from the Governor of the State, would serve to keep the children straight.

LIVING WITH PEOPLE.

Sometimes we hear it said of this or that person that "he does not like to be with people; just give him a book and let him go off by himself and he is perfectly happy." It is no small group of individuals who might be put in that class. No doubt many are born with that disposition, but it is a serious mistake to cultivate it and give it free reins. In the first place to think we should be just what our natural instinct prompts is an egregious error. Our native promptings do not constitute a safe guide, as any of us will bear witness. There is a standard outside of ourselves to which we are to seek to conform.

And in the second place, much more is to be learned from people than can ever gathered from even the best books. By that we do not mean books are to be taboo. But we do mean that he who lives alone or even largely with books becomes a very narrow, unsympathetic and selfish person. We are so constituted that we must have the human touch and contacts. Characters who live only in the printed page lack the fire and the force that light the eye, shine from the face and mark the gait of a real man of flesh and blood. We shall never know men with all their faults and fineness until we live and move among them. The world of men and women is our great teacher, and books can only supplement the knowledge we gain from it.—Selected.

ORATORY NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS.

Greensboro News.

Thomas R. Marshall in one of his syndicated articles laments the passing of interest in colleges in oratory. Time was, says he when "oratory was the great desideratum of the college student. Debating societies were in all our institutions of learning. Declamations and orations were the order of the day. Oratorical contests were in high favor. Impressed that words were the only things that lived forever, students as well as instructors felt that the acquisition of a style of expression was as important as the accumulation of knowledge."

And now, alas, Mr. Marshall finds interest only in athletics. "I am not against athletics in any particular, but I believe that capacity for expression is as valuable as ability to knock some one down." Or, in other words, Mr. Marshall had rather knock his opponents down with words than with blows. When neither has any regard for the truth, there is not much difference.

As to Mr. Marshall's diagnosis that oratory does not flourish so much in colleges, the disposition here is to agree, but the Daily News parts company with the former vice-president in lamenting the fact. Oratory lost its influence in colleges because it went to seed. The young orators became more interested in orating than in presenting facts. Facts and truth in general were not the important thing; the manner of delivery, the rolling periods, the long, involved figures of speech, the glorified combinations of words, phrases

and clauses—these received so much nourishment and loving care that no sustenance was left for the plain truth. Your college student of today has too much blunt realism to stand for thundering apostrophes. Once he may have admired the screaming eagle; now he laughs at it.

We see nothing to lament in that fact. It is rather a good sign. Words as words have no significance; they don't deserve to live and they stand less chance of living than they did when Mr. Marshall was younger. Stanley Baldwin made a speech in parliament the other day on the relations between capital and labor that made more impression in England than any public utterance in a decade. It reads with the simplicity of a casual conversation. Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman is as polished a speaker as there is in the South Atlantic states but he is essentially clear and nine times out of ten he has something definite to say. He never runs wild. Bickett was an able man on the rostrum but no man dealt more in the language of the people.

Mr. Marshall thinks "the age of the orator is not passed." That is partly correct. He swings more influence in the south probably than anywhere else in this country, but even in the south he is not highly regarded, and he is nothing like so important as his ancestors. Getting away from sheer oratory is getting away from bunk and blather and blah and getting closer to truth. After all, swaying a crowd by a

more theatrical performance is a forcible presentation of a point of cheap artificial trick. The clear and view is an entirely different thing.

CHOOSE TEACHERS WITH CARE.

(Chatham Record.)

The selection of teachers for the next session is the most important task confronting the school authorities of the county. It is a sheer waste of the people's money and of the children's opportunities to employ inefficient teachers. But scholarship and teaching ability are not the only, or even the most important qualifications of teachers to bear in mind. Morals and common sense are vital requisites. However, the teacher that is lacking in these respects is almost sure to be a poor teacher in other respects.

It is bad enough for the schools to have to employ immature teachers at all, but the supply of mature ones is limited. Yet some girls at eighteen have the discretion of mature women; others at twenty-five have still to learn to behave themselves circumspectly. Any woman teacher, whatever her age, who sits up night after night with young men cannot do her full duty to the children, and if the night sessions are prolonged to unreasonable hours it is evident that the teacher is failing in both her duty of preparation for the next day's work and in her example to the young girls of the community. For a teacher should be a model of deportment.

Mastery of books is only a small feature in the preparation for life. The proper moral and social training of the children is far more import-

ant. Accordingly, any teacher who sets a bad social example has proved her unfitness for her job, even if she should really do her full duty as an instructor in the text books. But this the night owl cannot do. If this is true, the employing agencies should inquire strictly into the social habits of applicants.

We here lay it down as an absolute rule that any young woman who has not sense or sufficient discretion to refrain from going joy riding at late hours of the night is not fit to be a teacher of boys and girls. Employers should not only convince themselves that applicants have not done such menacing things, but should have it clearly understood it the contract that a teacher who joy-rides or dissipates her energies by sitting up with young men till the morning hours forfeits her position. Some women can do these things safely, just as some men can visit bar rooms without taking a drink, but some of the girls who would be tempted to follow their examples would be destroyed as sure as fate.

This is plain talk, but the communities deserve model men and women as teachers. Better have no teacher at all than the wrong one. Some of the teachers at Pittsboro this year have been worth more as examples of what fine womanhood should be than as instructors; yet almost without exception they are the

ones who have done the finest work in the school room.

ROUNDING UP WILD PONIES WHERE CATTLE TICK THRIVES.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

"They ain't nary cattle beast on this island," said Big Ike O'Neal, the Duke of Ocracoke. His Grace the Duke was almost ungracious in the dissemination of information about the cow-less state of the strip of sand dune eight miles long and three miles wide whereon the seat of his dukedom is seated. He is able to speak of the extension of the bovine race only with profound feeling.

But neither are there cattle ticks on the island. Even tick doctors agree that as effective a way as any to get rid of cattle ticks is to kill the cattle and bury them adequately. Infinitely less labor is involved than is required in the onerous dipping process instituted in the State 19 years ago and, according to the Ocracoke reasoning, the eventual results are not widely dissimilar.

When Ocracoke arrived at this conclusion, after mature deliberation upon all the circumstances, which included the herding of a score of residents of the dukedom into the alien courts of Swan Quarter, Ocracoke shouldered its shotguns and went forth to destroy all living cattle on the island. They put in a very effective day's work, and by midafternoon had slaughtered some 350 cattle beasts and buried them.

Thumb Nose At Doctor.

Returning from the slaughter they thumbed their noses at all the tick

doctors in the world and consigned them to unwordly residence. Having somebody else's nose thumbed at you is, on the whole, preferable to being hanged by your own neck or being otherwise involved in expressions of public lack of esteem. The tick doctors retired from Ocracoke and left it a desert wasteland, insofar as cattle is concerned. And it continues cattle-less unto this day.

The banks and islands that lie in and beyond the sounds of Craven, Carteret, Hyde and Dare counties are the last redoubt of the festive cattle tick and of the sacred scrub heifer. The tick, after 19 years of bitter retreat eastward from the foothills of the Blue Ridge, is about to be cast into the sea and the cattle quarantine about to be lifted as soon as the last tick has disappeared under the tide.

But it is hard on the cattle. It is hard on the tick doctors, and it is hard on the natives of the islands and banks. Now and then matters appear to be on the verge of civil war. The last year and the year to come have been but an unending cycle of clashes between the cattle owners and the cattle dippers wherein a "creeter" has succumbed almost every time a tick paid with his life in a vat. It is hardest on the cattle.

Theory Not Disputed.

Nobody has any great quarrel with

the abstract theory of tick eradication. Superior tick doctors fresh from remote colleges with their veterinary degrees, speak loftily of the ignorance of the natives, and the natives speak bitterly of the ruthless unfriendliness of the tick doctors. The theory of tick eradication gets little consideration. Everybody spends his time disliking the rest of the crowd.

Unnumbered dipping vats have been blown up, and a vast number of people have been hauled off to courts to face charges of failure to dip cattle. Even in Stumpy Point, where there has not been a man arrested in 60 years, and there was not even a constable to perform the arrest or a magistrate to release him on bond, a citizen has been taken 35 miles and cast into the Manteo bastille because he failed to dip his cow.

There are two sides to the wrangle. The tick doctors, most of whom are agents of the Federal Department of Agriculture, sent down from Washington, say quite sensibly that if one tick is left alive in the area the whole campaign is of no value—that is if there is a cow who goes undipped for two weeks she will generate ticks enough to re-infest the whole area. There is no argument about it. It is the scientific truth.

Not Against Dipping.

The Sounds people understand this fact, and they are not opposed, in theory, to the dipping of cattle. The Duke of Ocracoke is not opposed to it, nor is he so ignorant as to be insensible of the fact that ticks do ruin the profitable raising of cattle. They believe in dipping as much as do the tick doctors who send out

orders for their arrest when they do not dip their cattle. The whole quarrel is in the administration of the law.

Nine-tenths of the cattle in that country are wild. Beside the cattle there are 5,000 wild ponies on the banks and islands that must be dipped. Much of the country where these cattle and ponies roam is a desolate waste—sand dunes flanked with treacherous marsh lands, or narrow strips of arable land with whole counties of impenetrable swamps behind them. These are the “peculiar local conditions that obtain in no other section” that Representative Crisp used to talk about.

If there is anything wilder on this planet than a wild pony or a wild heifer, no man who has ever witnessed a round-up of them on dipping day could be brought to believe it. It would be easy to round up all the rabbits in Chatham county and dip them at a given hour on a given day as to herd together all the wild ponies and wild cattle that roam the remote islands with their swamps and marshes.

Ocracoke tried it for two dipping days and went out to slaughter its cattle. They were not very fancy cattle, to be sure, but they were all the cattle they had. It is doubtful that even the beneficent ministrations of the tick doctors could have lifted them from the age-old tigma of the tick. They are the scrawniest creatures that walk the earth, and killing them must have been a great relief to them. But they were the property of the owners of the islands.

In back of Stump Point, which is

on the "mainland" of Dare, there is a swamp through which few men have ever penetrated. These wild cattle were in it, and belonged to the owners of the swamp even as the bear and the wildcats belonged with the land. He was permitted to shoot one of them down for beef if he ever got in range of him, but as for milking one of them they would as soon think of going out and domesticating a family of wildcats.

The island of Ocracoke though not a swamp is as devious a hiding place as the densest jungle, studded with innumerable shifting dunes and hillocks covered over with scrubby growth of shrub and grass. Behind one of these a bull yearling can hide himself indefinitely and over them the wiry banker ponies can scud like a sharpie in a fresh gale. Herding these cattle and ponies together is no more complicated than driving all the fleas of a fice down to his nose and making them jump overboard.

Where these ponies and these cattle came from is hidden in tradition. One hears that centuries ago a shipload of fine Arabian horses were shipwrecked off Hatteras and the modern pony is a degenerate descendant of them. The origin of the cattle is even more obscure. They just happened and the most of them look worse even than something that just happened. A heard of them would not sell for enough to build a vat to dip them in.

Worthless though they are, ticks thrive on them as they thrive on no other beasts in the world. As long as they remain there (they are a menace to cattle raising throughout the entire State. Two years ago a

carload of them were shipped out inadvertently and despite the vigilance of the tick doctors. They spread devastating fevers in the county to which they were shipped, causing the death of many thousands of dollars worth of blooded cattle.

It is imperative that they be rid of ticks. Annually hundreds of the ponies are herded together and shipped into the interior of the State. People desire them for their children to ride, after they have been somewhat tamed. With the ban against them they cannot be sent out and many owners are giving them away for no other reason than the cost of dipping them is more than they are worth. At a dipping a week ago yearling ponies were offered to anybody who wanted them for a dollar a head. In Raleigh, or anywhere, he would sell for \$25 to \$75.

The difficulty of dipping is almost insuperable, but they must be cleared of ticks if ever the State is to be freed of the meance of infection. Cattle not immunized through generations of infestations die within a week of being bitten by a tick, and so long as there is a tick remaining on these eastern banks and islands, not even the finest herd at Pinehurst or Biltmore can be maintained with assurance of safety. Millions of dollars worth of cattle are menaced by a few scrawny thousand.

Administration of the eradication law must necessarily be 100 per cent effective, or it is wholly useless. Less than perfect is no better than nothing. It is the one thing that can not be done "good enough." One wild heifer can—and perhaps will—set at length the millions the coun-

ties, the State and Federal government have spent in the eradication of ticks in North Carolina since the work was instituted in 1906.

Not until 1923 was there statutory provision made for compulsory eradication of the tick in every section of the State. In 17 years the quarantine line has moved eastward from the Blue Ridge to the fringe of counties along the seacoast. There it met the iron wall of local opposition, composed partly of a lack of understanding of the full sweep of the danger, and of detachment from the common interests of the commonwealth.

Under the new law a county could be ordered to co-operate with the Department of Agriculture by furnishing dipping vats and the chemicals in which the cattle are dipped. The Federal department furnishes the veterinary expert locally called the "tick doctor," with the State furnishing the general machinery for administration. The general quarantine is effectuated by the Federal authorities.

Everywhere the dipping has been done in the face of bitter opposition. Dipping vats have been blown up in almost every county where eradication has been undertaken. Great numbers of people have been indicted in the Superior courts, charged with indifference or with active obstruction to the program of eradication. Few things in a history of the State have been able to stir such bitter resentment as has fought a rear-guard action against the forces of eradication. Pending on the dockets of four counties along the Atlantic now there are probably more than 100 indictments.

It cannot be set down to ignor-

ance or to inborn obstreperousness. There is something of both in the general attitude, but partially there is resentment born of the intolerable arrogance of the agents of the Federal government and to a lesser extent in the State forces. No denial is made by them of an intent to Germanic ruthlessness and thoroughness in their enforcement of the law. It is and has been their fixed determination to adhere to a letter-strict interpretation of the law.

Where Trouble Lies.

It must be seriously doubted whether these methods can be made effective among the people of these eastern counties. They are individualists of the first water. The population is sparse and they have for three centuries been determining things for themselves. They will co-operate with anybody who wants to proceed in that way, but they find it very difficult to take orders from anybody. It is not in them.

Confronted with the Napoleonic "I will make it a desert and call it peace," they have moved between the Ghandi policy of non-resistance and a mountaineer's classic resentment toward domination. It has been war from the start, mostly with laggard compliance that has constantly brewed trouble. The residents of Ocracoke are one example of virulent reaction to this infringement of the personal liberty of heifers to have ticks if they want them.

But it is not so typical of the whole relationship between the tick doctor and the cattle owner as an incident of a day that I witnessed. Tuesday was dipping day on a sec-

tion of the beach, a wild and sparsely settled bank along the Atlantic, with upwards of 50 cattle and ponies belonging to a dozen land owners. On Monday a storm blew out of the northeast. The tides rose to unusual heights. The cattle and the ponies were scattered over forty square miles of dune and marsh, maddened with fear and seeking shelter from the bitter wind and rain.

But Tuesday was dipping day. Vainly the cattle-owners persued their fugitive herds, and succeeding only in demoralizing them the worse. Dipping day found scores of cattle missing, with nobody who could say whether they had perished in the storm or were hiding somewhere. Some of them rode the marshes and dunes all night searching for their cattle but were unable to find trace of them. But Tuesday was dipping day and the reports of the inspectors were made the basis for indictments. The cattle were not at the vats.

Rule Inflexible.

Many of the owners suggested that if another day were given them they thought they might be able to round up the fugitive heifers, but the inspectors had engagements elsewhere on Wednesday and could not stay. They were a part of the inexorable and inflexible regulation laid down by the superior veterinarian from Washington or somewhere. None who has not chased a wild steer all night can plumb the resentment of these people. They have little money with which to go to court.

But the missing cattle had ticks on them, and if there is one mangy heifer left infected in the whole area the entire work is useless. Most of the

owners realize this. Many of them, though they may have begun with cooperative intentions, have turned altogether against the eradicators and will do nothing they don't have to do. And others have been opposed to the whole business from the beginning.

Peaceful Desert.

But eventually they will make it a desert and call it a peace. Most of the trouble is on the islands and banks where the cattle are wild. Tame cattle are giving some trouble, but it is inconsiderable compared with the strife that attends every dipping day on the banks. The scars of resentment that these contentions are leaving are deplorable, but with an inflexible—necessarily inflexible, the authorities say—enforcement of the law it apparently will not be helped.

It is a spectacular business for a spectator who does not have to run a flock of ponies. He can chase them if he wants to chase them, and when he gets winded he can sit down and rest himself. There are few creatures so agile as these ponies, or few so stubborn as one of these heifers when she sets her mind to subornness. They can find more ways of eluding pursuers than a rabbit.

Once a year the citizenry gives itself over for a period of pony-chasing, the annual round-up when the herds are driven into corrals, branded and apportioned among the land-owners. It is a festal season, falling in times when the men are not engaged in fishing, a season of revelry. But there is no revel in this assembling of them for dipping. They are just as hard to corral two weeks

from now as they are today. Harder, for the hunting of them makes them more wild, if such thing could be.

Swamp Is Worse.

Up in the swamp area there are no ponies, but the jungles are heavily populated with wild cattle. How they go in and out through the dense growth and bottomless mud is a mystery to even those who have observed them for a life time. Some facetious spectator though the heifers must be web-footed but the belief is not generally held. Evolution has little support in that country.

Many of these swamp cattle have been hunted down and killed, and at no little peril to the hunter. Here and there sportsmen who hold lands for no purpose other than duck shooting have been confronted with the necessity of importing squads of catlekillers to clear their thousands of

acres of scrub cattle that grow wild there. Some of them, I believe, have been prosecuted because they were unable to get them out in time to conform to the general dipping orders.

Tediously the work of eradicating the tick goes on, with the frictional heat born of hard boiled administration of law in contact with what begins by bewildered inability of the remote dweller to adapt himself to an order, which later turns into sulen opposition. Eventually there will be no ticks. The pest has lost in his long, bitter battle against pedigreed cattle. The eventual result will be that these sparse banks will be able to support a race of cattle that will be of some use to the people, coming even to a day when babies will not be raised on milk that comes out of a can.

MATHEMATICAL RIDDLES.

By D. D. Dougherty

Students of education are interested in the changes being made in textbooks. Some subjects have been wonderfully improved. Some have improved very little. Arithmetic has been greatly simplified. Many subjects in the old time arithmetic have been omitted in the new books. The latest arithmetics have a great deal of measurement. An eighth grade arithmetic will draw from algebra, geometry and trigonometry many simple principles of measurements. One of the recent books has a number of problems that will remind older readers of some of the

problems in the old books. These are scattered through the text under the head of "just for fun". It will be interesting to try to solve some of these.

Can you show how sixteen trees may be set in twelve straight rows with four trees in every row? If you can, perhaps you are able to show how sixteen trees may be set in fifteen straight rows with four trees in each row.

Fred and John have an 8-gallon keg of grape juice and wish to di-

vide it equally. Their only measures are a 3-gallon and a 5-gallon keg. How can they make the division?

"Football is a glorious game," an enthusiast remarked. "At the close of last season, of the football players of my acquaintance, four had broken their left arm, five had broken their right arm, two had the right arm sound, and three had sound left arms." What is the smallest number of players that the speaker could have had in mind?

Father: How fast did you drive, son?

Son: We went at the rate of 10 miles per hour and returned over the same route at the rate of 15 miles per hour.

Father: So you averaged $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

Son: No, father. It seems that you must have neglected the study of mathematics when you were a boy.

A farmer sent his three daughters to the market to sell apples. The eldest had 50, the second 30, and the youngest 10. The farmer jokingly told them all to sell at the same price, and to bring home the same amount of money and, to his surprise, they actually did so. How did they manage it?

Curious boy (at circus): How many birds and how many beasts have you in this menagerie?

Attendant: I just noticed that there are 30 heads and 100 feet. Of course you can figure out for yourself how many beasts and how many birds there are.

KEN, AUTHOR OF GREAT DOXOLOGY.

(Selected)

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;"

It may be well called our great doxology, for, as a hymnologist says: "This is the Doxology of the Christian Church in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken. . . . It is doubtful if any stanza of religious poetry ever written has been so often, so universally and so heartily sung in the worship of the Triune God as this."

Of the thousands who sing it every Sabbath perhaps only a few know

anything of its origin or authorship. For the benefit of those who would like to learn something set down a few facts gathered from various sources.

It was written by Thomas Ken, a bishop of the church of England born at Berkampstead, England, in 1637. It forms the closing stanza of each of his three famous hymns: Morning, Evening, and Midnight hymns. Bishop Ken is referred to as "one of the gentlest, truest, and grandest men of his age." He was appointed Chaplain to Charles II in 1680. In this capacity "he fearlessly did his duty as one accountable

to God alone, and not to any man. He reprov'd the 'merry monarch, for his vices in plainest and most direct manner. 'I must go and hear Ken tell my faults,' the King used to say good humoredly."

The King had sense enough to respect so manly a spirit. Of all the prelates, he liked Ken the best."

He retained the confidence of the King to the last, and was his faithful spiritual adviser on his death-bed. He also attended the Duke of Monmouth at his execution.

In 1688, with six other bishops, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London for refusing to publish the "Declaration of Indulgence" issued by James II. After three weeks of imprisonment he was brought to trial and acquitted.

Macaulay seems to have been deeply impressed with the noble Christian character of Bishop Ken, and paid him high tribute: "The moral character of Ken, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach, as near as any human infirmity permits, to the ideal of Christian perfection."

Dryden said of Ken: "David left him, when he went to rest, His lyre; and after him he sang best."

As noted above, the doxology forms the closing stanza of Bishop Ken's three great hymns. These hymns were originally "written for the use of the students in Winchester College. . . . He thus counsels the young men: 'Be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymns in your chamber, devoutly remembering that the Psalmist upon happy experience as-

ures you that it is a good thing to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord early in the morning and of His truth in the night season."

Praise and thanksgiving occupied a most prominent place in the spiritual life of the author of the great doxology. "For many years before he died he headed all his letters with the words, 'All glory be to God;' and these are said to have been the last words he ever uttered."

Note the expressions of praise in his Morning hymn:

"Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part.
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the Eternal King."

"All praise to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept."

It was his custom to sing this hymn every morning upon waking, playing the accompaniment upon his flute.

The Evening Hymn sounds a note of praise in the opening words: "Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light."

Bishop Ken died in 1711 and was buried at Frome. "This has been his expressed desire, and he had wished to be laid in his resting place 'under the east window of the chancel just at sun-rising.' There in the midst of that solemn scene, and as the daylight brightened, they sang his own anthem of praise, 'Awake, my soul, and wait on the sun.'"

The Author of "Duffield's English Hymns" says: The composer of the tune, 'Old Hundred,' which is so invariably associated with the doxology, was Wilhelm France, a German,

whose work may have been revised by no less a hand than that of Martin Luther."

As to the doxology itself, one only need be reminded that every clause of it is based upon important Scriptural truth admirably expressed; the triune God is the source of every blessing, then let all creatures here below unite with the heavenly host in praising Him.

"The Methodist Hymnal Annotated" gives this interesting note: "The author was accustomed to remark that it would enhance his joy

in heaven if when he reached that happy place he might be permitted to hear his songs sung by the faithful on earth:

'And should the well-meant song I
leave behind,
With Jesus' lovers some acceptance
find,
'Twill heighten e'en the joys of
heaven to know
That in my verse, saints sing God's
praise below.'

"If saints in heaven can hear the songs of earth, surely then the good Bishop's joy is very great."

WASHINGTON'S STRANGE PEOPLE.

Pathfinder.

There are strange people in every part of the world, in every city and in every town. But in Washington there are some who never will find their way elsewhere. They are here to stay. And stranger still, they are, for the most part, savages, or semi-savages, although some of them spring from civilized races. Washingtonians seldom see them, but to visitors they are always new and interesting. No one goes to bed in Washington fearing an uprising of these savages, for they keep their place and stay where they are supposed to be all the time.

Nevertheless, they figure largely in the capital city. To find them you have simply to enter the national museum and make your way to that section technically known as the ethnological section, which is undoubtedly America's largest curiosity shop. There you will find crowds of men, women and children standing almost entranced before the groups of American Indians of scores of tribes, sav-

ages from the South Sea isles, many kinds of people from the remote regions of the Philippines, Borneo, Australia, Africa, and nearly every corner of the earth where naked or rudely dressed barbarians live.

Oh, no! They are not living, breathing, shouting, crying, yelling, "sure 'nuff" savages. They are dummies modeled from some plastic substance in life size and colored and clothed in so lifelike a manner that the sight of them is startlingly natural. To add to the realism the figures are arranged in groups in appropriate setting and as though engaged in the occupations to which they were naturally given.

In the groups of American Indians the men are usually shown as having just come in from the hunt, with children running to meet them; or as just going. The squaws are shown cooking the foods that were common in their bill-of-fare. Various ways of turning corn and acorns into meal

are shown, from the grinding of the kernels between two stones until the product is finished by rolling it with a piece of flint resembling a rolling pin on a flate stone inclined at about the angle of a washboard. In fact, the squaw looks very much like a woman bending over a tub washing clothes.

Some Hopi Indians are making baskets from the leaves of the yucca plant, showing all stages of manufacture. A family group of Sioux are shown making a stew of buffalo meat, preparing a hide and making moccasins. A group of Apaches are dressed in the wild and barbaric elegance peculiar to their tribe. A group of four Navajoes are making silver ornaments by means of the crudest crucible, forge, and tools you ever saw.

One of the most picturesque groups is one showing a Samoan household of three women, two girls, and a man. The women wear garlands of flowers around their necks and from there down their clothing is scanty. Large areas of their brown-tinted bodies are exposed to light and air. One of the girls is making kava, an intoxicating drink prepared by mastication of kava, a species of pepper. Others are making cloth from bark and painting figures on it for decoration.

There is also a family of Dyaks from Borneo. A descriptive card says they are expert house and boat builders and that they are warlike and still, to some extent, are head-hunters. They are shown equipped with various weapons, including the blow-gun, from which they shoot poisoned darts. They do not look

very "wild," however, as you see them there, for some women are engaged in pounding rice on the porch of the community house. Another is carrying in a load of rice from the fields in a basket supported on her back with a strap around her head. A man is coming from the hunt with a monkey he has killed and some children are playing on the ground. A very peaceful scene altogether.

A group of Filipinos is shown, grinning spinning, and weaving cotton, while a man stands by with a load of fruit on his shoulders. There is a household of Igorrote people in which a woman is peeling sweet potatoes, but as you look at the group and their general living arrangements, you wonder why these people are so particular as to peel potatoes and then eat them.

Nearly lives a family of Negritos, a very small and very black people. In the group is a young baby which the mother holds, and she no doubt is just as proud of her baby as any other mother is of her particular baby. Two boys are making fire by rubbing two sticks of bamboo together, and a man bearing a bow and arrows comes in with a dead fowl. There is also a Papuan—a jet-black man from New Guinea. And not far away is a Veddah woman, small of stature and black as coal. She is one of the true aborigines of Ceylon and belongs to one of the primitive types of the human race.

There is a group representing a number of Zunis going through the ritual of "Creation"—the Ka-Ka of thees people. The Maya Indians of Guatemala are represented and so,

these people. The Maya Indians of Cocopa Indians from Mexico and a Patagonia. You will also find the large group of Kiowa Indians.

SELF-RELIANCE.

(Oxford Friend.)

What is the greatest sport in the world? What is the sport that every man, woman and child finds time between the serious things and the frivolities of life to play?

It is giving advice.

The popularity of this is exceeded only by the unpopularity of taking it. The man who resents being told when and what to do needs no introduction. He is numerous and frequently prefaces his remarks by saying "I don't mean to be giving advice—but." The "but" tells the story vice—but." The "but" tells the story. As much as he detests receiving advice and as much as he wishes to pose as an independent too much above the common run of folks to fall in the officious class, he has in his system the universal inclination for helping to run the affairs of others. Advice simply oozes from people. It is a natural by-product of life.

Some people make themselves nuisances about the matter. The least qualified are the biggest nuisances. Given a pretty hefty wish for being conspicuous—the desire to be noticed—a maximum of nerve, a minimum of information,—a lovely specimen of bore stands before you. The people who really have valuable information and ideas put them on sale at stiff prices. Those who expect to take over the case, assume responsibility for it and work out the right answer have it all over the Sphinx for silence, so far as doling out advice gratis is con-

cerned. The kind they are generous with is the kind that is not related with their business or profession; it is not of a kind that confers responsibility.

A disappointed and disgusted man once said that in future he intended to take no man's advice—that he never got any advice worth having. His conclusion is partly wise, partly foolish. No one can be so self-sufficient that he does not need at certain times the right sort and right gift of advice. In certain contingencies want of it is fatal. Sometimes a man comes to the end of his row and business advice, friendly advice, or some personal help along this line, is the only thing that will keep him on his feet. When he needs it and is in touch with the proper source it is foolish not to seek and receive suggestion, whether it be of the commercial or friendly, human brand.

In the main, however, the more a man does his own thinking and makes his own decisions, after due investigation and deliberation, the better off he is. There is scarcely a more detrimental habit than that of depending on suggestions given from the outside, for taking over thoughts made up in the minds of other people. The small regard which people have for volunteer advisers is soundly based. If not carried to the point of obstinacy or cantankerousness the unwillingness to turn one's affairs over to self-appointed mentors shows

a high degree of common sense.

Self-reliance is one of the finest of all the traits of character. With this in its pure form one is well equipped to go far, see much and accumulate many good things. There was never known a case of sturdiness in which self-reliance was not the basic quality. The child brought up on it from infancy is fortunate and has every chance to develop into the right sort of man. The other reared with little or no training along this line is given a miserable start in life, one that usually is not overcome.

In the long run the best advice is

that of the home-made quality; made by self. Many tons of ore are necessary for mining of a minute quantity of radium, though the radium itself is of almost priceless value. Of the great mass of advice given in the ordinary exchange of life the great bulk—well, it is just so much bulk—but the energizing kind is like radium of the highest value.

The man who can get and properly accept advice when he needs it and who can appraise and pass up the other kind with respectful and intelligent indifference bears away most of the blue ribbons.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis

Mr. C. B. Barber spent several days in Kings Mountain last week.

—

The boys of the fifth grade have been picking strawberries for the past week.

—

Oscar Johnson, formerly a boy at the institution, visited us last week. He was paroled last January.

—

Floyd McArthur has returned to the institution after spending several days with his parents in Durham.

—

Alton Piner, who left the institution to spend a few days with his parents in Morehead city, has returned to the school.

—

Prof. W. W. Johnson, after being

away two weeks with the mumps, is now teaching school again and the boys are all very glad to see him back.

—

Lambert Cavanaugh was paroled last week. He was a member of the band, and played the snare drum. Freed Mahoney has been given a trial with the drums.

—

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron of the seventh cottage, left the institution last week for a short vacation. Miss Arlene Fitzgerald is matron of the cottage during her absence.

—

The following boys were visited by friends and relatives last Wednesday: Huett Collier, Robert Hartline, Lonnie and Lummie McGee, Herbert Poteat, Delmas Johnson, Roy John-

son, Clarence Maynard and Willie Nichols.

—

The Training School team played the Locke Mill team last Saturday afternoon and was defeated by the score of 5-3. Rain fell during the first inning, making the ball difficult to handle and several errors allowed the visitors to score four runs. After a delay of ten minutes, play was resumed but the local boys were unable to overcome the lead obtained by the visitors in the first inning. The school boys had several opportunities to score, but were unable to deliver the necessary punch to put the runs across.

—

Rev. Mr. Jamieson, of Kannapolis, conducted the services last Sunday. He told one story, which the boys liked very much. He said, that in one of the large European cities

there was a great artist, who was painting the twelve disciples and Jesus. He had completed painting the picture except the heads of two men. He was searching for a face that resembled Jesus and one day when he was visiting the great cathedral he saw a choir boy, who looked so pleasant that he hired him for the model. After a few days the picture of Jesus was completed then he paid the boy and let him go. The artist then went in search of a man that would represent Judas Iscariot, after several years he found the man he wanted and hired him to go to the studio and pose for him. After the picture was completed the man staggered over to the drawing and remarked, "I have seen that picture before." The artist asked when he had seen the picture and the man replied: "I saw that picture when I was a choir boy."

True friendship is always richest in days of greatest need.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,
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Concord, N. C.

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library

ENTHUSIASM.

How admirable to be possessed with some fine enthusiasm! It may be for painting, or music or other of the fine arts. It may be for the attainment of some high and far off ideal. It may be for the completion of some noble task. It may be that devotion to a great cause which makes one willing to die for it. But whatever they are these enthusiasms have been the makers of artists, heroes, conquerors, and martyrs. But for these fine enthusiasms which have possessed the lives of men the whole history of the race would be drab. The stretch of the centuries would be as a desert land without a flower, a song, a shining deed, or an illustrious name. While some have never felt the thrill of a stirred spirit, God be praised for the many who have experienced those pulsations that are engendered by a burning heart, and have left over the long pathway of humanity the trailing clouds of glory and by each milestone a monument to some noble achievement.—Christian Advocate.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

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ROOM AT THE TOP.

Never was the saying, "there is plenty of room at the top" more true than it is today. Never were the rewards of ability and industry so great. The world is crying for skilled and conscientious workers in every field of human endeavor.

This does not hold true merely in the higher walks of life, but in the humblest as well. Not only is superior efficiency diligently sought in the business and professional world, but it is even more intensely desired in the wage-earning classes.

In every office, store, workshop and in all forms of outdoor employment we find a majority of careless, indifferent and incompetent workers. The capable, careful and conscientious employe is always in demand.

The worker who can see what is necessary to be done and do it without being told is most highly prized of all. One who can do what is to be done after being told only once is also a joy to the employer. But the inattentive and stupid individual who must be told over and over again and then fails to perform is the one who turns the employer's hair gray.

No wage-earner who is really competent, willing and industrious need ever be out of a good job. "There's plenty of room at the top."—Reidsville Review.

BORGLUM.

Something must have been done to Borglum in Raleigh. It was heralded, when he was dismissed from the Stone Mountain proposition, that he would

make his home in Raleigh. The hysteria seems to have abated.

The Asheville Citizen notes his presence in the mountain city, and quotes him as about to become a resident of Asheville; that after a sojourn out in the sticks, the coves and fastnesses of the mountains he will return to Asheville and select his house.

It is further intimated that the artist is producing other models for Stone Mountain, as if he has official connection thereto. While all this rot is being given to the public, the association is perfecting its plans, enlarging its membership by the addition of many governors and outstanding citizens of the common country. The real disgusting thing about this great confusion is the make-believe that Borglum is the only man in the wide world that can make a success of this undertaking, which contention puts a low estimate upon the number and ability of real artists.

No man in all the affairs of men or country is absolutely indispensable—men pass, leave an opening and some one comes along to take their place. There is no monopoly in brains and artistic ability—no monopoly in business capacity—no monopoly in scholarship. And the effort to create that belief is absurdly foolish and foolishly absurd.

* * * * *

A BREAK IN A LONG RECORD.

They are making mention of the parties who attended the 20th of May celebration in Charlotte fifty years ago. Quite a number have already been reported, but there is one distinguished citizen who has been attending and writing up the big rains and other things incident to these celebrations for some fifty years or more, who has permitted a break in his regularity.

We left Col. Wade Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, in Charlie Webb's private office in the Asheville Citizen Building on Monday afternoon. He had just arrived from the Queen City—pity the Colonel has marred his record by absenting himself from the festivities of this annual glad day. Something extraordinary happened or is yet due to happen or else this venerable editor could not have been induced to leave Charlotte this week—he may have been miffed over the declination of silent Cal, whose presence was largely banked on as a drawing card.

* * * * *

A TRAGIC DEATH.

Mr. R. G. Biice, who met a tragic death in an automobile accident near

Rock Hill, Saturday night, was one of Charlotte's high class citizens. For years he has been one of the corporation of Parker-Gardner Company, a widely known firm engaged in the distribution of choice furniture throughout North Carolina. The sad and untimely death of Mr. Brice brings a peculiar shock to this campus where he was well and favorably known. This firm has been unusually kind and considerate of the Jackson Training School, from the time of its opening, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Brice to represent his firm in the dealings with the school.

A prettier tribute, was never penned for a passing citizen than the editorial which the Charlotte News carried with reference to the sterling character of Mr. Brice. And the beauty of the editorial estimate by the News lies in the fact that it is all deserved.

* * * * *

COMMENDED BY THE GOVERNOR.

The services of Judge Sinclair and Solicitor Gillam in the noted Martin county court, which was specially called to deal with a mob case, were so eminently efficient that it called forth from Gov. McLean a public statement of commendation.

This is, it is claimed, the first time in the history of the state where a whole mob was brought to justice. It reflects great credit on Solicitor Gillman in the masterly way in which he prepared his case; and Judge Sinclair has added to his already fine record in the absolutely impartial manner, in which he conducts his courts, in the disposition of this most important and trying case.

* * * * *

ANOTHER DECLINATION.

Another University of North Carolina professor has declined "a flattering call with a greatly increased salary" to some Northern institution. The faculty of this great state institution knows what a fine place is Chapel Hill and it will require a greater pressure than yet exerted to induce it to vacate.

Up to going to press there is no announcement that any bids have been made for the Journal of Social Forces to change its location or home of publication; and the editor is saved the agony of declining any pressing offer.

* * * * *

SOME OF THE FRUITS.

The Smithfield Herald is authority that only forty-three out of ninety-six

of Johnston county pupils succeeded in passing the 7th grade examination. This is not a gratifying record, and there must be some reason for it.

Could it not be traced to the certification of teachers, whose hearts are not in the work, who are merely teaching because an entirely mechanical permit is accorded them and which is unable to ascertain whether the applicant has a natural fitness for the great work they are expected to do?

Such a thing could not have occurred years ago when teachers secured their employment through reputation and experience.

* * * * *

HOW MANY?

Every day, with a few exceptions, for several years the columns of the Raleigh News & Observer carries a list of gentlemen and ladies, who have been commissioned Notaries Public. The curious minded have wondered how many of these officers are in business in the state.

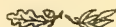
They serve the convenience of the public, but how so many can find enough business to make the office of sufficient interest to hold is yet a mystery.

* * * * *

The Uplift is pained to hear that Mr. Archibald Johnson, editor of Charity & Children, the interesting journal issued from the Thomasville Orphanage, is again forced to "let up" in his activities on account of an annoying affliction. A bitter dose it is to this energetic man to be forced to take the rest cure. But here is hoping that the pleasing and lovable character will heed his doctor and be restored to his normal self, and that right quickly.

* * * * *

It is well recognized that you cannot legislate religion into the people; but it is clear and demonstrable that you can so legislate as to make the lawless, the careless and the thoughtless have some regard for the rights of those who do strive to live Christian lives.



THINGS THAT MAKE A TOWN GREAT.

“A little more praise and a little less blame,
A little more virtue and a little less shame,
A little more thought of the other man’s rights,
A little less self in our chase for delights,
A little more loving, a little less hate
Are all that is needed to make the town great.

A little more boosting, a little less peering,
A little more trusting, a little less fearing,
A little more patience in trouble and pain,
A little more kindness worked into strife,
Are all that are needed to glorify life.

A little more kindness, a little less creed;
A little more giving, a little less greed;
A little more smile, a little less frown,
A little less kicking a man when he’s down
A little more we, a little less I,
A little more laugh, and a little less cry,
A little more flowers on the pathway of life
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

A little more honor, a little less greed,
A little more service, a little less creed—
A little more courage when the pathways are rough,
A little more action, a little less bluff;
A little more kindness by you and by me,
And oh, what a wonderful town it would be.”

—Hartwell Sur.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is an encouraging sign to see so many people in Durham painting their houses and stores and making them look bright and cheerful. It helps the feelings of people, and the buildings as well. When the citizens do this work themselves, I do not think it necessary for any one of them to do as one literal-minded individual I heard of did when preparing to paint his garage. His wife found him rummaging in the closet for his coat. "Why, you've got two coats on now," she exclaimed. "How many do you want?" "Three, of course," he replied with dignity. "Didn't you read the directions on the paint can? It says plainly, 'For best results, put on three coats.'"

This reminds me that we do not use as much paint in this country as they do in France, however. Over there, in Paris, it is said, they are painting their motor cars in brilliant jazz designs of peacocks, flowers, etc., probably with the idea that the stricken pedestrian's last impressions of earth should be cheerful ones. I heard a little poem the other day that seemed to state the case quite accurately. It was like this:

If a freight train at a crossing
Hits an auto fair and square,
There's the freight train—where's
the auto?
Echo answers, 'where'?

I met a few days ago an old friend I had not seen for quite a number of years, and he remarked,

"My, how well you look; what do you do to keep so young?" That was nice. It tickled my fancy wonderfully. It tickles any one to tell them that. Well, I told him the cause of his wonder. Why I keep young is because every Tuesday night I read proof on the Morning Herald and let the proof reader have a day off to keep young himself. On this particular night it falls to my lot to read from three to four columns of patent medicine "readers for the paper." I call it taking "my medicine." When I get through I imagine I am experiencing all the wonderful things all of the various kinds of medicines claim they will accomplish, and of course a fellow is bound to feel good when that happens to him; and feeling good keeps your spirits young and happy, and you don't pay any attention to "Old Father Time," while he is sprinkling sugar on your head to whiten your hair.

I rambled over to Chapel Hill Wednesday to "look in on" the Episcopalians in the 109th annual North Carolina diocesan convention. It was a fine-looking body of men; earnest and enthusiastic. The new Chapel of the Cross is one of the most beautiful church edifices in the South, or anywhere else as to that matter. The new parish house is a dream in construction, and a reality in all its apartments. The whole new-built plant is a gem set in the heart of the university town. It was an inspiration to the visiting Episcopalians.

While there I dropped in several places. Printing offices are always a magnet that draw me to them. I like to rejoice with my brethren in their prosperity, and get a little of their ink on my fingers; I feel at home and comfortable when I do this. W. B. THOMPSON, of the News, was pegging away, as he has been doing for the past thirty or more years for the good of Chapel Hill, and Chapel Hill ought to be good to him with a patronage that should make his office one of the biggest buildings and things in town. Louis Graves, of the Chapel Hill Weekly, which is strongly fortified, was ensconced in his new printing office building, and the machinery therein was singing glad songs of printing industry. The newspaper boys were jolly and happy, in keeping with the spirit of the "hill."

What a pity Chapel Hill did not pave the whole width of the main street when the paving was going on. The mud along on either side of the highway through town, where machines running in it had churned it up so that it is almost difficult to find a place to cross the street without wading through mud that would almost cover your shoes. Shoe shines must do a great business over there in rainy weather. Chapel Hill is a beautiful town and it is a shame its wide boulevard should be so marred by mud in wet weather. The place seems to need an awakening on modern pavements and streets in keeping with the spirit the state of North Carolina is exhibiting in university improvements.

This is a world of objects and objections. There does not seem to be

such a thing as being satisfied with the government, the telephone, the street car service, the gas pressure, or the political and religious views of one's neighbors, and most all other things and beings in this life. If a fellow is content with his job, his car, his pastor, his food, his washer-woman, I reckon he is scoring heavily for happiness in this vale of complaints and tears.

Certainly it is none of the business of a mere man, and maybe it doesn't matter one way or another, but sometimes when I am idly thinking and just about out of something to wonder about, I wonder if the girls have to use bookjacks to prize off these new spring hats. They certainly fit quick on the head.

There is an old proverb extant that "hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." That is a back number now, and will have to get up and travel in an airplane when it comes to having fury anything like that of a hot fat man who has removed a tire from the wheel of his machine and discovers that the spare tire has gone flat and his pump is broke. It were better that innocent bystanders were somewhere else for the air becomes sulphureous.

Speaking of golf, there was rather an unusual and interesting match played at White Sulphur Springs a short time ago. Two millionaires, one the manufacturer of a well-known make of automobile; the other, a famous stove manufacturer, played eighteen holes of golf. The automobile man bet his opponent an automobile against a stove on each

hole. When the match wound up the stove man had lost four stoves. The "dickey bird" lights on my shoulder and wants to know if the stove man was "stove up." I guess so; if he lost them.

It is announced in the papers that keeping house by radio is proving valuable to many women. There is an art to listening in, for an hour at the radio gives a woman rest and quietness; a surcease from household duties while listening to some one else lecture. It helps the husband, too. It gives him a rest. I like the idea. I think a moderate amount of this radio housekeeping is a good thing, provided too much static does not get into it. I suppose when the static gets very bad, in these lectures, the consequence will be hash in abundance.

There are some things in this life on which the reverse lever should be pulled, and let them run in reversed gear. Take for instance fishing. There's an object lesson in human nature for you which cannot be beaten or controverted. A man will sit on the bank of a stream the very personification of "patience on a monument." He will wait for hours for a nibble, and is the emblem of joy and happiness when he gets one. Why can't he be as good a sportsman in his home or place of business? If some men would reverse their fishing patience from the banks of streams to the streams of humanity among whom they are fishing for business they would make some fine catches in the place of their bluster and impatience, like an old setting hen with feathers all ruffled up, and no place to "sit."

PILING UP LIVING COSTS.

America is now using 40,000,000 paper cups a day, according to recent statistics. This means about 12 billion cups yearly—a total cost of \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000. An industry comparable in size with typewriters, adding machines or cash registers. Yet the paper cup business is only about ten year old.

We wonder at the rising cost of living and ignore the fact that we require more and more comforts and luxuries year by year. People laughed at the idea of paper drinking cups ten years ago. Now we use 40 million a year. We spend our money for thousands of things today that no one had to spend money for, or even thought of using ten, fifteen or twenty years ago; automobiles, player pianos, phonographs, radio outfits, movies—and bath tubs, for instance.—Elizabeth City Independent.

PLACED DAVIS IN SHACKLES.

News & Observer.

The brilliancy of the military record of the late General Nelson A. Miles was marred by one blot that sixty years have not removed. It was he who gave the order that put Jefferson Davis in shackles at Fortress Monroe on a May day three score years ago. The needless cruelty inflicted upon an old man of sixty years was so outrageous that the people of the North would not stand for it.

General Miles insisted in his later years that he acted upon orders of higher authority, and that to a degree was true. It was Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana who went to Fortress Monroe to attend to the details of the incarceration of Jefferson Davis. It was Dana who in the name of Secretary of War Stanton issued the following order:

Brevet-Major General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay, whenever he may deem it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure.

It was five days later that Secretary of War Stanton telegraphed General Miles to remove the shackles and to demand the reason why they had been placed upon Mr. Davis. This telegram was sent because a wave of indignation was sweeping over the country, and it did not fit in well with the wishes of the politicians of the North to make a martyr

of Mr. Davis.

The written history of the episode is completed with the acknowledgment by General Miles of the telegram from the Secretary of War in which it was stated that there were light wooden doors to the casement in which Mr. Davis was confined and that there had been danger of his escape. However, it was explained the wooden door had been changed and the shackles removed.

It is possible that Dana upon his trip to Fortress Monroe had issued verbal orders as well as the written one, the latter leaving it discretionary to a degree with General Miles as to placing shackles upon Davis, while the former one did not. It may be that Stanton knew about it at the time and that even President Andrew Johnson, an inveterate enemy of Davis, also knew about it.

Colonel John J. Craven, chief medical officer at Fortress Monroe at the time of the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis, wrote a book soon afterwards in which he told the story of the placing of the shackles upon Mr. Davis. Neither Colonel Craven nor Captain Titlow, of the Third Pennsylvania Artillery, to whom was assigned the unpleasant task, felt it necessary to resort to such measures, but there is no record that General Miles once sought to relieve Davis from any of the harsh rigors of military imprisonment.

It was May 23, 1864, that Captain Titlow with two blacksmiths

came into Mr. Davis' cell and told him he had orders to place irons upon his legs. Colonel Craven says that Mr. Davis rebelled at the suggestion and demanded to know if General Miles had issued such orders. Mr. Davis asked to see General Miles, but Captain Titlow replied that he had just seen him and that the General was leaving the fort.

Further questions by Mr. Davis brought the information that the orders to place him in shackles were peremptory and that the officer had no discretion in the matter, Mr. Davis had been lying upon the bed from sickness but had gotten up and when attempt was made to put him in shackles he demanded that as a soldier he be shot.

When the blacksmiths sought to seize Mr. Davis, he threw them back. Captain Titlow refused to permit the sentry to shoot Mr. Davis, but secured other blacksmiths. The anklets were placed upon Mr. Davis after he had been overpowered.

Had it not been for this infamous act, it is possible that history would have been different. It may have been the one act that kept General Miles from going to the White House. It is the one thing that mars his military record and while he acted under orders, they were not peremptory and he took the harshest means of enforcing them. To that extent he became a party of an infamous act.

VARNER SOWED SEED—OTHERS REAPED THE HARVEST.

In the death of H. B. Varner, the State lost one of its most public spirited citizens, and a man who sowed seed from which others reaped a harvest of honors as well as dollars.

For years H. B. Varner, almost singly and alone, was boosting good roads, and publishing a magazine that had one purpose—and that was to make public sentiment for good roads.

Varner did the seed sowing and did as much or more to make possible the era of road building in North Carolina, as any one man.

But when the time came to bestow honors in road building and to spend the money, the honors went to others who were never heard of in connection with working for roads when there was neither money nor honor in so doing.

But 'twas ever thus one must sow and often another reaps. The main concern that all should have is the results for better conditions.

Many men in North Carolina have rendered unselfish service for public causes, when others who were afraid to open their mouths, when the measure was unpopular, and others jump on the band wagon and claim all the credit, honor and money that goes with the movement after it succeeds.—Newton Enterprise.

PERSONALITY.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

One of the safest things in this delightful world is that most people go through life with the idea that they cannot change their personality.

But to start at the beginning—"Just what," inquires a reader of this page, "is the mysterious thing we call personality?"

It is not mysterious at all. It is a definite thing with definite effects and results. As the word is used today, it is the gift or the art of commanding the attention of others in a pleasant or striking way. You have it as a gift when you are born with it. You have it as an art when, through study and application, you have acquired it.

Those who are born with it are few. Those who can acquire it are the rest of the race.

Sometimes people, meeting a woman with a pretty face and a good figure, exclaim in disappointment: "But there's nothing to her!" What they mean is that she has not taken the trouble to develop a personality.

Again the same people, meeting a woman who is neither pretty of face nor fine of figure, say in admiration: "She is so attractive!" What they mean this time is that she was born with such equipment, or she has formed within herself such equipment, that with glance, word or gesture she makes an agreeable impression upon everybody with whom she comes in contact.

Personality is magnetism, charm, force, color.

The dictionaries define it as "the quality or state of being a person, not a thing; the quality of being personal." That's it exactly; "being personal," being yourself, being yourself so intensely and so vividly that you are a somebody.

When you do that, you convince your associates that the taste of life is good to your lips, that you have absorbed facts and influences and so distilled them by means of your own thoughts and feelings that you give them back to the world as constructive or effective stuff.

A man goes about his work and among his friends with a dash and a sparkle in what he does. People are drawn to him. They feel that he is interested in what they do and say, or that he himself is sure to be interesting. They listen to what he says. They turn to him for advice or for information. He is popular. He is an influence.

Another man is quiet, in a sense drab. People care not whether he comes or goes. He is expected to travel with the crowd, to vote as the leaders vote, to think what others think. Everybody gets the distinct impression that he fears to speak out because of his knowledge that his speaking out will affect nobody. It is said of him: "That fellow has no influence."

Such a man asks himself: "Why am I such a colorless being? Why am I made in a negligible mold?"

He is colorless because he does not exert himself to acquire color. He

is negligible because he prefers to remain negligible. He has only himself to thank for his condition.

He can develop a personality if he will throw off his old habits of thought and feeling. Bergson reminds us that every man is like a kite with his past like the tail of a kite. The kite is the thing that does the sailing in the air, but it is the tail which regulates and steadies the kite. In a word, a man day by day adds to the tail which is to decide how well the kite will sail tomorrow.

If he goes through life determined to do a certain thing every day, he will find it easier and easier to do the following day. If what he does is good, he will rise swiftly. If what he does is bad, his flight will be low and slow.

If he determines to build a personality he can do it. He does it by giving himself to life. He develops a certain abandon in plunging into the interests of life. He says to himself: "Many people like many things in life. I shall too!"

He compels himself to be interested in what his neighbors do, in recreations, in games if they appeal to him,

in beautiful music and pictures. He studies beauty. He reads his newspaper with the resolution to find in it something specially absorbing.

Then he discovers that, when a man studies almost any subject like politics, religion, war or art, he eventually becomes interested in it. Knowledge of any important thing that people do begets interest. This is true because people are fundamentally alike, and what many have taken the trouble to do must contain an appeal to many.

Once interested, he finds, himself able to feel enthusiasm. There is no real personality without enthusiasm. To feel enthusiasm is to desire to express and impart it. Doing this, he develops and exercises inevitably some sort of influence. He has become a personality!

To look with the seeing eye, to discover, to wonder, to clap your hands with joy as the hours flash past, and to make your feelings understandable and contagious, to give others the warmth of your emotions, to draw them to you with the knowledge that you have more to give—that is personality.

'Tis more to be good than be great,
 To be happy is better than wise;
 You'll find if you smile at the world
 The world will smile back in your eyes.

—Selected.

COFFEE USED TO BE KAWPHY.

(Chairtown News.)

One thing the cross word puzzle has done for the country says Mr. E. L. Webb, owner of the Thomasville Drug Company, is that it has caused the people to again become interested in our language, or at least the words of the language. A puzzle fan will study over books, dig through numberless dictionaries, and ask seven hundred questions, to find the right word to fit in their puzzle, and although he has really accomplished nothing when the puzzle is completed, he has added several new words to his vocabulary.

Mr. Webb is no cross word puzzle fan, yet he has friends who are, and naturally he wants to become posted so as to give aid when he can. In studying words the other day he read up on the history of the word "coffee" and found that it used to be spelled, "kawphy" years ago in the English provinces. The malays

called it Kawah, and in most every country it is called, and brewed in in different manner. Coffee was discovered in 1285 and its history is very interesting. In an English newspaper dated May 19th 1657, this "Wholesome and Physical drink," was recommended for these "many excellent virtues"—"It closes the orifice of the stomach, fortifies the heat within, helpeth digestion, quickeneth the Spirits, maketh the heart lightsom, is good against Eyesores, Coughs or Colds, Rhumes, Consumptions, Headaches, Dropsie, Gout, Scurvey, King's Evil, and many others—"

When asked what was the King's Evil, Mr. Webb positively stated that he did not know what the ailment was, but declared that if anyone came into his store afflicted with it he would sell them a bottle of Tan-lac, and pray that it hit the spot.

A warning is like an alarm clock: If you don't pay any heed to its ringing, some day it will will go off and you won't hear it.—Harris.

HORSES THAT LIVE IN HISTORY.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

The day of the horse is passing, but many of these noble animals will live forever in history, for they have been sung in story and song.

Hove you ever heard of "Old Whitey?" He was the favorite horse of General Zachary Taylor, and was as well-known to his army as was the general. He was snow-white, and the

general always rode him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his staff officers, who were apprehensive that his color would make him too prominent a mark in action. He is said to have resembled an English cob in figure, was a fine animal, and all who were near the general became very fond of the horse. The last survivor

of General Taylor's family wrote this: "Old Whitey was a great horse and a pet, but was never ridden after the general's return from the Mexican War. During his term as President there was so much interest and curiosity expressed to see the old charger that he had him brought to Washington, and after the general's death he was sent back to the Taylor plantation, where Whitey lived to a good old age."

One less celebrated than Old Rough and Ready's favorite charger was Colonel Charles May's "Black Tom," a magnificent steed, whose high leaps saved the life of the colonel during the Mexican War. One English authority gives thirty-four feet as the greatest distance ever covered by an English horse in a steeplechase or elsewhere, yet it is recorded that "Black Tom" jumped thirty-five feet to save his master.

When the Mexican War was over, the colonel brought his famous horse home and was a familiar figure on the streets of Baltimore for many years. Black Tom passed many a tranquil year on a Maryland farm, where he was buried.

In the Mexican War, General Winfield Scott had two favorite steeds, both over seventeen hands, for he was so large and heavy that an ordinary horse could not carry him. Rolla, a beautiful bay, and Napoleon, the other charger, became wonderful favorites with the men under Scott. Both of these horses saw service in the Civil War besides, and at the military funeral of General Scott, Napoleon, properly caprisoned, followed the remains of his master in the procession.

The most celebrated battlesteeds of the Civil War were Cincinnati, Traveller, and Winchester, the favorite charges of General Grant, Lee and Sheridan. When the hero of Vicksburg visited Cincinnati a few months after the close of that campaign, he was requested to visit a dying man, who was exceedingly desirous of seeing him. When they met, the invalid said: "General Grant, I wish to give you a noble horse, who has no superior on the continent, as a testimony of my admiration for your character and past services to the country. There is only one condition attached to the gift: that you will always treat him kindly." Grant accepted the magnificent bay, of course faithfully keeping his promise, and named him Cincinnati. He was a son of Lexington, with a single exception the fastest four-mile horse that ever ran on American turf. The general was once offered ten thousand dollars for this horse, but refused it. Cincinnati was a superb and spirited steed of great endurance. Grant rode him constantly during the Wilderness campaign, and passed from end to end of the Union lines. The noble horse was retired soon after the close of the war, was placed on a Maryland estate, where his master often visited him, and lived until 1874.

General Lee's favorite horse, Traveller, described by Sheridan, who saw him on the day of the surrender at Appomattox, as a "chunky gray horse," was purchased by the great Virginian in 1862. He was over sixteen hands high, of great courage and kindness, not possessing speed, and carrying his head high. Traveller liked the excitement of battle,

and at such times was a typical war-steed. After the war Lee became President of Washington and Lee University and for five years he daily rode or saw his favorite. At the general's funeral, Traveller, fully equipped, was placed close to the hearse. When the casket was carried from the church, the faithful horse put his nose on it and whinnied. He survived his master by two years.

General's Sheridan's "Winchester" was of Black Hawk Stock, of great intelligence. The general rode him constantly for three years in all the actions, and in all the raids, and campaigns in which he took part. The horse was presented to Sheridan by the men of his regiment, consequently he was a favorite. He will live in song as "the steed as black as the steeds of night," for Sheridan rode him on that famous ride "from Winchester town, twenty miles away." After Winchester's death, he was skilfully mounted and is to be seen among the many relics of the Civil War at the museum of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island, New York.

General Phil Kearney was the owner of several famous battlesteeds. In the Civil War his most famous horse was Moscow, a handsome white horse. When commanding on the battlefield the General always would place the bridle between his teeth that he might use his arms to urge on his soldiers. Another horse, Bayard, that Kearney rode at the Battle of Seven Pines, has been made famous in a poem by Edmund Clarence Stedman. This horse was killed in the battle, but the General escaped.

Perhaps there was no more picturesque cavalry commander engaged in the Civil War than General Custer, and certainly no more accomplished rider. In his four year's service he had seven horses killed under him—a greater number, it is believed, than was lost by any other leader of Northern troops engaged in that war. Among his favorite chargers was Jack Rucker, a beautiful bay, with a record for speed. The General rode him at the Battle of Five Forks. The charger on which Custer appeared at the head of the cavalry in his last battle at Little Big Horn was a Kentucky thoroughbred named "Vic."

Comanche, a powerful gray horse, nearly sixteen hands high, the only horse that escaped the massacre in the Little Big Horn where Custer fell, was the charger of Captain Keogh, who was killed by the side of his gallant commander in the "Last Rally." When found, Comanche, was many miles distant from the battlefield, and nearly dead from the loss of blood, having been wounded several times. Major Reno's command cared for him as if he had been human, and after his recovery he was taken to Fort Riley, Kansas, where he died of old age. Wounded and scarred though he was, his very existence spoke in terms more eloquent than words, of the desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers, of the hopeless conflict, and of the heroic manner in which all went down that fatal day. When Comanche died he, too, was mounted by the orders of the War Department.

General Benjamin had a powerful horse which he rode in the Civil

War, named Ebony, and when President Lincoln visited the army in 1864, he rode Ebony. The horse becoming excited by the music of the military bands, bolted and not even the great strength of the President could control the maddened charger, as faster and faster he dashed along the front of the army. At length an orderly,

a private soldier, who was in the rear, discovered Lincoln's danger, and risked his own life to stop the horse. The President lost his hat in the chase. It was replaced by an army cap, while the great man stopped to thank the soldier who had saved his life.

OUR HEROES.

Across the broken years they come,
 With heads held proudly high—
 The heroes we have sent to war,
 To fight, and strive and die.
 Across the trampled centuries,
 Their weary eyes a-light,
 They blaze a trail of blood and tears
 That always will be bright.
 Across the battlefields they come,
 Where star white daisies grow;
 Across the highest mountain peaks,
 Crowned with eternal snow.
 Across the prairies and the plains;
 They ford each river bed,
 The army of the fearless ones,
 Who went where honor led.
 Along the world old trails they come,
 Along the new-made ways,
 Forgetting every sacrifice,
 And all their yesterdays,
 Their hands are raised to grip a flag,
 They march to victory;
 And—in their wake—the ones who try.
 Just folk like you and me!

—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Christian Herald.

GETTING TO KNOW THOSE YOU KNOW.

By R. F. Beasley.

What an interesting thing it is to get acquainted with people you have known a long time. You may have known a man for many years in a way—a kind of “Good morning, how are you today?” way, or done some business with him, or seen him at church or in the courthouse or on the street or in the store, and still never become acquainted with him, or know nothing of his inner thoughts or emotions, nor had any insight into either his troubles or his pleasures. Take such a man—if he be one of good sense and character—and through accident of association or otherwise have occasion to become acquainted with him. My experience is that nearly every time you will find something in the man that you never thought of as being there, something that reveals him to you as entirely different from what your causal thoughts of him had been. You always find him far better than you supposed much more interesting, and possessing points of view and depths of interest that you never thought of. It is a charming experience to get acquainted with a man that you have only known before. You always find him so much better than you thought. This has been my almost invariable experience, and as I grow older I marvel that I could have so misunderstood this or that man and failed to appreciate his worth. You nearly always have this experience with the modest man, never the gogetter. That one you know from the start. It is the quiet man who advertises neither his virtues nor his

opinions. He is the one who reveals the interesting points of view, the unsuspected thought, the most charming emotional reactions.

My Hospital Friend

Some months ago I was in another town and learned that a man I had known for many years in the “good morning” sort of way, was in the hospital preparing for a serious operation. I dropped in to see him. He was then in the hands of the doctors with the operation two or three days off. It was serious, and he had been thinking seriously. The knife was his one chance of a return to health and normal expectancy of life, and he was taking it deliberately. He had counted up everything, even the cost of the treatment and its effects upon his family should he not come through. There was no quaver in his voice and no fear in the heart. His wife, the partner of his struggles, was with him. None of their large number of children were present at the moment. These two had worked hard all their lives, hard, but successful toil, the toil that warps the body and makes knots upon the hands. Now they were well enough fixed so far as worldly goods were concerned. From the little I had seen of this man I should have called him a hard man. I should never have thought him capable of any of those feelings which we call sentiment. But here they were, he upon his bed, she by his side. Somehow I have fancied that people talk freely with me at times. I may be mistaken, but it has seemed that way to me. He told

me of his youth and how he had worked and how he had come along. And I have never seen a more beautiful sentiment or one more genuine than that which he displayed towards his life as she sat quietly and said nothing. It seemed that all the intervening years dropped away and they stood again together in their youth, with the long, rough road of life stretching ahead of them. I said only so much as seemed enough to express some understanding and sympathy. But it was thrilling to hear this man reveal himself in unsuspected ways, to see the under current of beauty and tenderness that must have run through his life unknown to casual acquaintances and perhaps unknown to his own consciousness. So I said that I know the real man now. I am acquainted with him. He has a new interest for me. And I sat down upon the credit side of my ledger a large sum of new faith and new interest in men.

The Two Sides Of My Visitor

A man with whom I have had a "good morning" acquaintance for many years comes in occasionally to chat a few moments. He never stays long. Like me, he has a penchant for old times and local traditions. He has a good memory and he tells me many things. He feels as well as he did fifty or sixty years ago so far as he can tell. But he is like so many

other men of age who think they feel as well as they did—pin them down and they will invariably admit that they get tired sooner than they used to. They always put up a front against waning strength. Always my friend says gaily that he is as well as ever and strong as ever, and cultivates the philosophy of cheerfulness.

We were talking about overtaking one's strength and keeping up with the hurly burly, when said he, "I never hurry through life, I'll get through soon enough anyway."

And we had a good laugh over that and went along nicely. So far always I had seen his gay and lighter side. It was interesting but it was not deep. The ring did not always sound true. But at last the right spart struck. He was leaving.

"Come in again when you feel like it," I said.

"Oh, I'll be coming—but you know it will not be long."

There it was. My friend was thinking of the great Going. He has long been ready, and is of that temperment which will enable him, when that Call comes, in no matter what shape, to answer without a quiver. But he has been and is thinking. Thinking, too, in a way that he has not been talking. He has shown me his other side. I feel acquainted with him now.

Publisher—"But what makes you think you can write popular songs?"

Embyro Lyrist—"Oh, you don't know what silly ideas I have!"—*Le-gion Weekly*.

A SURE WAY TO DESTROY BOOTLEGGING.

(Manufacturer's Record.)

There is one way the entire bootleg business could be destroyed almost overnight. It is an entirely reasonable and proper method. The bootlegging industry lives only because it is profitable. Let it be made unprofitable and it will cease to operate.

"Why could not a law be passed fining every bootlegger as a penalty the full amount of all the money he has made out of the business, in addition to a jail sentence, and then an additional sentence until the full amount of his fine has been paid. Through the enforcement of such a law bootlegging would instantly cease. Nobody but bootleggers, or those connected with bootlegging, could question the justice and wisdom of such a law.

"Every bootlegger is a criminal at heart. He is doing his utmost to destroy our country and to spread his criminality everywhere. The love of money is the inspiring motive of his work. Make it impossible for him to keep a single dollar that he makes, and keep him in the penitentiary at hard work until he repays every dollar that he has gained by his traffic, and bootlegging would become one of the most unpopular industries of the entire country.

"The notorious bootlegger who

some months ago went to the Atlanta penitentiary in a private car, and who is said to have been given unusual advantages in the way of comfort and food supplies, cares scarcely a pin for a temporary imprisonment so long as he can hold on to his ill-gotten money. But if every dollar of his profits had been taken from him by the law and a prison sentence added, the romance, as the bootleggers think of their business, would have been completely destroyed and poverty and the penitentiary would stare him and his kind in the face.

"It might be difficult to trace the bootlegger's ill-gotten gains to the last dollar, but unquestionably most of the money could be traced; and if he swore to a false account he should then be sent to the penitentiary for a still longer time for his perjury.

"Whenever our lawmakers and judges really determine to break up the industry, and such a law could be passed and enforced, and the judge who failed to carry out the sentence, if any such could be found, could be impeached for his failure to enforce the law. Let this law be passed and the whole bootlegging industry, with all its accursed evils, would cease to exist."

Fine manners are like personal beauty—a letter of credit everywhere.—Bartol.

A WHOLE MENAGERIE IN THE BIBLE.

Thos. F. Opie, D. D., in *The Homiletic Review*.

There are lots of interesting things in the Bible, children. I wonder if you know the different kinds of birds that are mentioned. Look them up some rainy day when you have to stay in the house and haven't anything in particular to do. There is, of course, the eagle, king of mighty birds. There are also the hawk, the crane, the owl, the quail, the raven, and the familiar sparrow, of which Christ speaks. The dove, the pigeon, and the stork are also there—but who would guess that the Bible mentions the bat? You may find other birds, too, but these are the most familiar ones. Look for them and see what the Bible says about them.

And animals—there is a whole menagerie of wild animals in the Bible. You will think of the lion first. He is there—and he won't hurt you if you go right up to him and put your hand on him! You will find the leopard, but I do not believe you will run across a tiger anywhere. Be careful about the lions because they are there in great numbers—over fifty times do lions appear. They "crouch," they "lie in wait," slay, roar, eat, devour, tear in pieces, and one lion, back in the book of Judges, furnishes material for a clever riddle. Get acquainted with some of the lions in the Bible, and learn the lessons that the writers teach about them. And remember, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not lack anything that is good" (Ps. 34:10).

Then there are the bear, the fox,

the hare, the ferret, the frog, the elephant, the chameleon, the lizard, also the adder and the asp. Also there is the hart, or deer, and the goat, and the hyena, and the rabbit, the coney and the camel; not to mention the ants, the flies and the moths! And the flea, and the hornet, and the snail! But they are all harmless, though not so easy to find as one might think.

You will find also certain domestic animals, like the dog and the horse, and the ox and the ass, and the heifer and the calf, and the hen, and the peacock, and the bee!

Then, too, some of the most familiar things about the house are in the Bible, and have been known for a long, long time. Think of things we wear: dress, ear-rings, rings, shoes, sandals, coat, hat, collar, bracelet, diamond, gems, jewels, precious tones. Then look for these familiar objects: door, fan, fire, flag, forehead, barrel, scroll, helmet, brick, nails, shears, pitcher, torch lamp, cart, plow, box, chair, hammer, ax, razor, cup, cistern, chest, furnace, games, hinge, hooks, house, and bottles.

If you have any time left you might look for these things that are good to eat (or you might cut this out and look these up when you are hungry!): honey, beans, fish, nuts, grapes, figs, corn, butter, eggs, cheese, cucumbers, dates, lamb, bread, salt, olives, leeks, lentiles, porridge, manna, melons, meat, milk, spices, and mustard. By this it will be time to go to bed, and you can find a "bed" or a "couch" or a

“bed-stead” on which to retire for giveth unto his beloved sleep.”) the night. (See Ps. 127:2: “He “Think on these things” (Phil. 4:8).

Mrs. Motorist—“Why don’t you ask someone where we are?”

Mr. Motorist—“What difference would it make? Five minutes from now we won’t be anywhere near here.”

NOT DUMB.

(Morganton News-Herald.)

In the news dispatches which went from Morganton this week to daily papers about the unfortunate affair at the State School for the Deaf here we have noted that a number of the papers undertook to make what news editors evidently thought was a correction in the name of the institution, referring to it frequently as the “School for the Deaf and Dumb.” A number of years ago the Legislature of North Carolina, by special act, left off the word “Dumb” in the title of the school, and there was a special significance in that act that the average citizen, who is unfamiliar with the work of the school, has not yet comprehended. It is a common error to refer to the school as one for the deaf and dumb and a few people commit the grave blunder of calling the pupils there “dummies.” The mistake is forgivable only when it is made unintentionally and without knowledge of its meaning.

Very few people are actually dumb. Dumbness signifies lack of the power of speech—the dictionary defines it as being mute or silent. A num-

ber of years ago teachers of the deaf found that the only reason the average deaf person does not talk is that he or she has never heard sound. In possibly ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the organs of speech in the deaf child are perfect—he needs only to be trained to use them, and the training is more difficult because of the deficiency in hearing. In later years the work of teaching the deaf has been directed along this line and with amazing results. Visitors to the school here are impressed with what has been accomplished. They come away filled with wonder that the children have been taught not only to talk but even to sing and that their ability to read lips in the formation of words goes for in making up for their inability to hear.

If any of the newspaper men who put in the “correction” to the name of the school could hear a group of children repeat in concert just one of the many selections they have memorized now perfectly than many of us who can hear, they would never make the mistake again of referring them as “dumb.”

A word once escaped can never be recalled.—Horace.

RAISING STANDARDS.

(Young Folks.)

You have often heard people speak of raising horses and cattle and crops. And we sometimes hear them speak of raising children. Let us suppose they mean all right, but it is far better to speak of rearing children. However, it may be true that in many instances children are given no more attention than the beasts of the stall. To rear a child means to include, with the sustaining of the body, the presentation of those moral and religious ideas which more and more separate him from the lower animals.

And it is proper to talk of raising standards, the creation of those conceptions of truth and duty which help ourselves and others to realize to the full all that we were put here for. And it is surprising how those standards shared by a few become contagious and spread through the community. They can no more be confined to their birthplace than can the light. We used to have in our neighborhood a farmer who had the ambition to own fine horses, and he owned them. You can guess the result. In a lit-

tle while there were others nearby whose horses in size and build rivalled his. And because one man took pride in the horses that tilled his soil and stood in his stable every man in the neighborhood shared that pride.

Now the same is true with respect to ethical standards. They are contagious. Your neighbors may argue against the very thing for which you stand, but unconsciously they will adopt your ideals, and your practices will more and more prevail in the community. It may not be easy for us to go against public sentiment, but if the prevailing standards are not what they should be God is looking to you and me to elevate them, and while we are pulling ourselves up we will be lifting others also.

There is enough joy growing and enough happy experiences during the years from childhood and youth to maturity, to bring a contented spirit in the years of waiting to be grown ups.

Mrs. Bangs—"This time I've really been lucky. My new girl servant is a find. She's clean, economical, industrious and very reliable."

Mrs. Ellis—"How long have you had her?"

Mrs. Bangs—"She's coming tomorrow."

“SCRAMBLED HISTORY.”

(Asheville Citizen.)

In a recent letter to The New York Times, A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, makes telling protest against general American ignorance of American history. Southerners especially should be mover to greater efforts in keeping history straight, since as Mr. Jennings points out, this region has suffered grievously from the despoiling hands of those who are always trying to amend history. The letter follows:

I wish to congratulate you on the broad catholicism which permits you to open your columns to any sort of freak expression and cubism of mind, such as was strikingly illustrated by the article in Sunday's issue by Gertrude Stern praising a negro woman Phillis Wheatley, and making her the originator of the tribute to George Washington: "First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

Miss Stern deliciously says that this tribute of this negro woman is now a part of "the mental equipment of every school of the nation."

Surely this is joyous!

We are used to having the Pilgrims and Puritans set forth as original settlers of this country, when Jamestown was a flourishing community long before the Mayflower even set sail from England. We are used to having the "paper signed in the cabin" of that historic vessel styled the first legislative act in this hemisphere, when Virginia had a fully functioning legislative assembly before the Mayflower sailed. We are accustomed to having Lexington and Concord hailed as great and decisive conflicts of the Revolution, when King's Mountain and that Chateau Theirry of the Revolution, Guilford Court House are scarcely known and even Yorktown is barely mentioned. We are accustomed to all this sort of "history," but to have Light Horse Harry's immortal tribute to Washington attributed to a negro woman in New York renders insignificant all the efforts of your "history" writers. This truly amazing exhibition is beyond compare.

‘THE SCHOLARSHIP.’

A report from Winston-Salem: "This afternoon Billy Sunday selected his text from Proverbs, 29th chapter, 18th verse: "Where there is no vision the people perish.",

The evangelist declared that restraining influences today are due to the Christian religion. "There is many a man today," he said "who does not care about God, who does

not believe in God, yet he lives a passably decent life and the fact that he does is not due to his unbelief but it is due to the restraining influence of Christianity. Do away with religion and you sound the death knell of morality."

"Nothing is ever done in this world, Mr. Sunday said, "without vision. Every nation must have it.

Every great achievement that has moved this old world Godward or has brought beneficence or blessing to the world has been brought about by the fact that somebody had a vision, no matter what."

He said that there are three classes of critics of the Bible; first, the critic who would like to see the Bible entirely discredited, because the Bible rebukes his sins; then, there is the critic who apes scholarship. "If there is anybody this side of perdition that I despise," declared Mr. Sunday," it is a fellow like this. He seeks to curry the favor of some big man a highbrow, by quoting him and making his opinions, theories paramount to the word of God." Then, he said, there is the devout, reverent critic who studies the Bible

in order that he may clarify the meaning of the Bible and help others to see and understand its truths more clearly.

Many a minister today, Mr. Sunday declared, has lost his vision; standing in the pulpit preaching tommyrot to the people, staking a claim out on Jupiter, talking about concerns of Adam, and that "we came from protoplasm instead of being born of God Almighty."

Many a church, in the opinion of the evangelist, is denied its revelation because the minister has lost his vision of the cross of Jesus Christ, and therefore he is standing in the pulpit but the church does not catch a glimpse of Christ. "He is lost and there is the attitude."

BIRTH ANNIVERSARY OF ZEBULON VANCE.

Although the United Daughters of the Confederacy have made no formal plans for observing the birthday anniversary of the late Zebulon Baird Vance, the date will not pass without many recalling the great work of the distinguished North Carolinian who shed glory upon his native State.

The man to whom a towering shaft of granite stands on Pack Square, serving as a daily reminder to residents of Buncombe County of this pioneer son who faithfully worked as a servant of his State and nation, Zebulon Baird Vance, was born in Buncombe County on May 30, 1830.

He was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at the University of North Carolina and after

a course in law was admitted to the bar in January, 1852. His first public office was as county attorney for Buncombe in the same year.

This marked the beginning of his public career and he was a member of the State House of Commons in 1854; was a representative from North Carolina in the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth Congresses.

When the call came for the War Between the States, the late Governor Vance entered the Confederate Army as a captain in 1860 and in August of the same year was promoted to Colonel.

In August, 1862, he was elected Governor of North Carolina and was re-elected in August, 1864. In Nov-

ember, 1870, the distinguished citizen was elected to the United States Senate, and resigned in January, 1872. He was elected Governor of North Carolina for the third time in 1876 and in January, 1878, was again elected to the United States Senate and was re-elected in 1885 and again in 1891. He died at his residence in Washington, April 14, 1894.

For several years it has been the custom to have a public memorial service for the late Senator Vance,

but this has not been undertaken this year. The first was held three years ago in the Vance Theatre, two years ago at the Imperial Theatre and last year in the Vance School, West Asheville. The initial memorial was featured by an address by the late Governor Craig, who paid a beautiful tribute to Senator Vance. The latter's widow, who since has also passed away, spoke at the Imperial Theatre.

A SINGER IN THE DARK.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Do you know about the wonderful life of Fanny Crosby? She died only a few years ago at the age of 95. She became blind when six weeks old, yet she died the author of over 7,000 hymns and poems.

When she was eight years of age, she began to make verses. The following one bears the marks of a child, but the insight of some one much older:—

“O what a happy soul I am,
 Although I cannot see,
 I am resolved that in this world
 Contented I will be.
 How many blessings I enjoy
 That other people don't—
 To weep and sigh because I'm
 blind,
 I cannot and I won't.”

If the great blind singer had never written another bit of verse, this simple couplet would have been worth while. If you and I had sense enough to practice, each day, the wisdom of this line from an eight-year-old, we would do much better than we now do.

Stopping to think about it, this seems clear: great afflictions do not sour as many people as little troubles.

When terrible misfortunes attack people, they meet them with bravery and smile about it. When lions attack men they become heroes, and kill them; when mosquitoes pester us, we lie awake and swear, or complain.

Those dear people whose homes were in the path of the cyclone that devastated Southern Illinois and Indiana a few weeks ago met the disaster with rare courage. If we could all learn to meet the petty annoyances that come to us daily, what a change would come to our lives and homes.

One has to resolve to be contented. No one has all the pleasure, and ease and happiness he desires. It would not be good for him if he had. Whoever would be great, must learn to master the stinging smarts of the “daily grind” and turn them into servants of higher things.

Fanny Crosby never saw the plum-

age of a redbird, the pageantry of morning and evening, the calming beauty of the night skies, the smile on a baby's face, or the returning smile on the face of a loved one, but she was contented, and, though sightless, teaches us seeing people how better to live.

She did not spend time in complaining. Complaining words are what we say when we have ceased to think. We complain when the crops are short, when our backs ache, when we are misunderstood, when things do not go as we wish they might. Fanny Crosby never allowed a word of bitter complaint to pass her lips. I suppose that she often wanted to moan,

but she would not make other miserable with her woes.

If we could spend the time which we waste in complaints in really doing a well worth while thing, we would soon cease to find cause for complaint.

God gives us the power to live happily and contentedly if we will direct our lives by faith and hope.

I have always tried to believe that the best things would come to me, and my experience, so far, justifies my faith.

Helen Keller, another blind genius, well said, "If I cannot realize my ideals, I will try to idealize my reals."

"LIFT HIM UP."

Not long ago there was a serious fire in an old tenement house in a large Eastern city. It was well under way before the alarm was sounded, and the old building burned like tinder. There was no hope from the first of saving it; but every one of its occupants was thought to be safely down on the ground before the walls began to waver.

Then suddenly a scream sounded from the third story, and down through the clouds of smoke and fire peered a frantic woman's face.

It seemed almost hopeless to try to save her, but in an instant the firemen had a ladder up and a man was swiftly scaling it. Just as he reached the second story a veritable wall of flame rushed out of the windows to meet him. For a moment he staggered, hesitated—

"Lift him up, boys!" commanded the chief in ringing tones. "Lift

him up!"

For a second the crowd below stared. "Lift him up?" There at the second story! How could anyone reach to lift?

But the firemen knew. They, too, had been "lifted up" in such a plight; and they made the very heavens echo with a ringing cheer for Billy.

In another instant the crowd, too, had joined in, and Billy, all hesitation gone, was running as nimbly and as coolly up that narrow ladder as if it were merely a "testout." In a few moments more he and the woman were being welcomed—with more cheers—as they reached the street and safety.

Which were the cheers that counted most—those that applauded the fine action already done or those that lifted the man above himself and his weakness to the heights where the

brave deed was possible? Those who lifted his heart lifted the whole man much more surely than they could merely by touching his body. Perhaps you can "lift" some one in that way, too.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis

Robert Ferguson, a member of the first cottage, received his parole last Friday.

The school has purchased a new Ford touring car. The old car was traded in on the purchase.

Willie Herndon has returned to the school after enjoying a short visit to his home in Southern Pines.

Owing to the bad weather last week the boys stayed in the cottages and shelled peanuts to plant this year.

Rev. Mr. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist church, conducted the religious services in the auditorium Sunday afternoon.

Lester Morris and Howard Riggs left the institution last week to spend a few days with their parents in Charlotte. Hugh Moore is also visiting his parents in Polkton.

Clint Wright, Watson O'Quinn, Vestal Yarborough, Byron Ford and Miss Vernie Goodman attended the meeting of the Kiwanis club at Concord last Friday afternoon.

Albert Hill and Aubrey Weaver,

clarinet and cornet players, have been taking the beginners out daily and practising them. Because the band director, Mr. McQuirt, comes out to the school only twice a week.

Several loads of sand were hauled last week for the purpose of helping to improve the two new tennis courts. Mr. W. W. Johnson and the boys of his room have also been improving the tennis courts by packing and terracing them.

On Thursday our band and several officers journeyed over to Kannapolis to attend the reception given to the school teachers by the Parent-Teachers Association. They missed the regular weekly show but all reported a fine time.

The following boys were visited by friends and relatives last Wednesday: Bill Goss, James and Earl Torrence, Earl Hauser, Ernest Brown, Sam Poplin, Judge Brooks, Lester Morris, James Davis, Ralph Martin,, Clarence Davis, Tom Gross and Jeff Blizzard.

Another good show was shown Thursday night and was enjoyed very much. Mr. Beauford Blackwelder, former teacher at the school

and now practising law at Concord, made an interesting talk on the subject, "Taking Chances."

Owing to the warm weather hair cutting was started earlier this month, of which the boys are very glad. We have several barbers at the school now. James Torrence is rated as one of the best.

On Saturday the Training School team easily defeated the Roberta Mill team for the second time this season. The locals started things off in the first frame by scoring four

runs, and adding tallies in nearly every other inning of the game; the final score was 11-3. The locals gathered a total of sixteen hits off the three visiting hurlers, knocking the ball to all corners of the lot. Hobby led the attack getting five hits out of as many times at bat, including a triple. The school team made a triple play in the seventh inning. Scarborough allowed only seven hits and kept them well scattered through-out the contest. He also struck out thirteen batters, and helped to win his own game by getting a triple in the first inning.

A PRIZE WINNING LETTER.

With body, heart and soul, I like North Carolina better than I do any other place in America—and I know why.

I have traveled in thirty-seven states—from New York to Texas, from Illinois to Georgia, and from North Carolina to California. After seeing much, I came back to stay, because:

I like North Carolina scenery, which equals Mount Vernon, Sleepy Hollow, Great Lakes region, Pike's Peak, the Royal Gorge, and the Golden Gate.

North Carolina has well nigh ideal climate. Extremes of heat and cold are unknown here. Enough snow in winter for sleighing and enough heat in summer for an abundance of ruite and vegetables; in short, a climate one loves to touch.

North Carolina has suprior government; equal educational opportunity for all is in the making, from kindergarten to university; concrete and sand-clay roads that make travel a joy unbounded; and a system of law enforcement that makes life safe and justice obtainable.

I love the people here—kind, friendly, neighborly—because I feel at home among them. In the words of a North Carolina toast:

I'm a Tar Heel born and Tar Heel bred;

And when I die I'll be a Tar Heel dead.

—M. B. Andrews, in *Colliers*.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

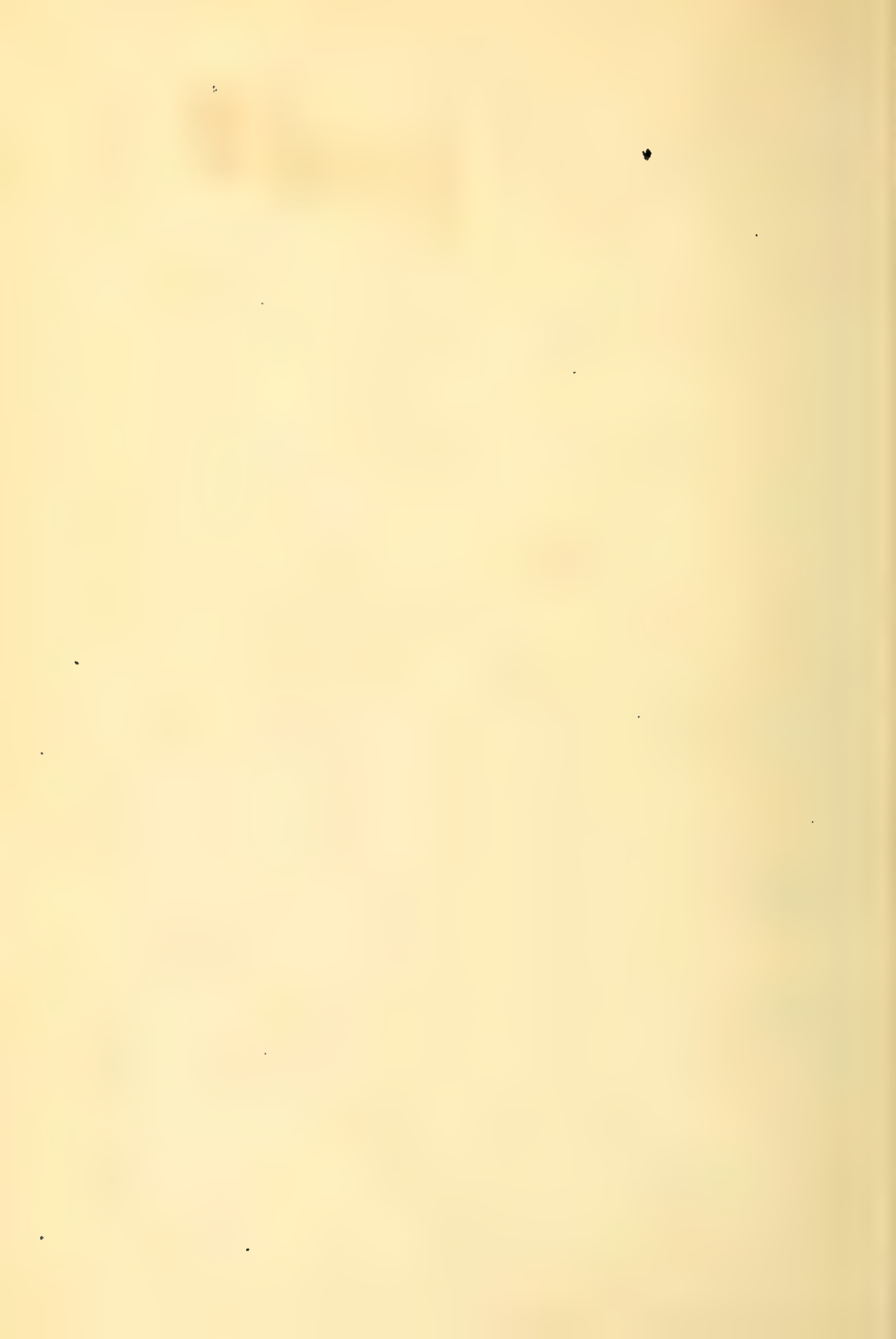
No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

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THE

UPLIFT

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VOL. XIII

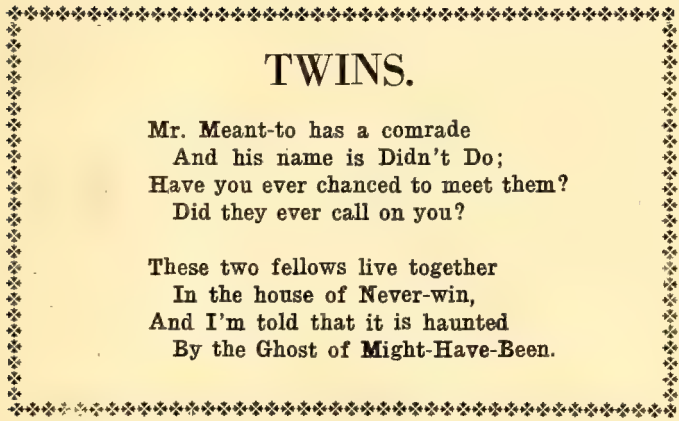
CONCORD, N. C. 30, 1925

No. 27

TWINS.

Mr. Meant-to has a comrade
And his name is Didn't Do;
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Did they ever call on you?

These two fellows live together
In the house of Never-win,
And I'm told that it is haunted
By the Ghost of Might-Have-Been.



— PUBLISHED BY —

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL
TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. Fisher, *Director Printing Department*

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STARTING THE DAY.

“Start the day with a thought that holds sweetness within
As the perfume is held in the rose,
For the day that with beautiful thoughts may begin,
Holds its beauty all through till its close.”

* * * * *

JOSEPH F. GOODMAN.

On Tuesday, in a far-off state, where he had gone in the hope of a benefit to his health, death quickly claimed Joseph F. Goodman, a prominent and successful business man of Concord. He had just reached El Paso, Texas. This news that came from his brother, who accompanied him, was a shock, but no great surprise to his many friends and business acquaintances, who had sadly watched him grow weaker as the months sped by.

Joe Goodman was a fine boy; he grew into a sterling man; he had few faults—just like the rest of us—and many virtues. His greatest fault was his inability to control his nervous energies. He had rather wear out than to rust out. Way back yonder, when a mere boy, he was in the employ of the late Dr. N. D. Fetzer, a druggist. In those days he never walked—he

ran. This writer several times heard Dr. Fetzner say, "Joe come here," and, responding, Joe inquired what it was. The genial and lovable Nev Fetzner would admonish him to sit down and rest, saying, "take your time, or you'll give out before your allotted days are numbered." But Joe did not understand that kind of language—he moved in high all the time until illness threw him into low.

His energy, augmented by a high sense of honor and strict integrity and business tact, drew to him in his early career many fine and trustful friends; and he soon became a factor in the business, commercial and social life of the community. He amassed a considerable estate during his fifty-three years, but when he had reached his zenith of usefulness and power his over-taxed strength began to collect a heavy toll, and the last collection occurred when he had just landed at a spot in the great South where he hoped for a restoration of his health and strength.

The Uplift esteemed Joe Goodman for his frankness; he was outspoken—he never straddled on any question—but he carried about with him a generous and tender heart. He did many kind deeds and generous acts, but they went unheralded. The last time this writer had the pleasure of talking with this purposeful character it was in answer to his call from the street. "Give this check," he said, "to the King's Daughters; it is one of the most useful organizations in our midst—they do so much good among the sick and the needy, and I want a part in their noble deeds." That was just simply the way Joe Goodman had in showing the metal that was in him.

We will miss him in Concord, for his enthusiasm, his earnest advocacy of causes he believed in and his sterling dependableness made of him an outstanding citizen, whom to know was to appreciate.

* * * * *

WHAT WOULD IT PROFIT?

It is little short of a sneaking act to so teach the youth that they may become confused as to the truth as the Christian world recognizes it. If all that the distinguished North Carolina biologist and educator be true, and he is, at best, just theorizing like all so-called scientists, what good has he accomplished? Has he contributed a particle to the well-being of the human race? There is but one result, if any, that can follow the wild theories and attempt to be smarty and flying in the face of all the sincere and thoughtful men of the past, and that is to leave doubt in the youthful mind, to say nothing of the older ones, about the accuracy of the great truth that has

made civilization possible, given to women their proper place in the scheme of life and a perfect code for personal conduct.

Some men adopt this mode to figure sensationally in the limelight and have themselves discussed; others do it as a scheme of personal advertising, hoping to advance their own material progress and fortune; and others engage in these foolish theories because of an indifference of a proper direction of their influence among men.

Bishop Candler, in his address to the senior class at the Greensboro College for Women, sounded a much needed alarm. Ex-Gov. Morrison, before the convention of the Presbyterians of the South in session at Lexington, Ky., delivered an address that was full of earnestness and concern over the attitude and influence of certain so-called scientists and educators. The stories of the addresses of these two distinguished Southerners are reproduced in this number.

Dr. Truitt, perhaps the greatest Baptist preacher in the South, said at the Baptist Convention, in Memphis, last week, that no outstanding and able Baptist preacher subscribed to and taught evolution as an established and proven fact.

If the leaders, who believe in God, the Bible as his Holy Word and the Divinity of Christ, do not protest against this foolishness that is breaking out in our educational institutions, woe be the character and conduct of the next generation. The danger is beginning to be sensed by the believers.

* * * * *

TRULY AN ORNAMENT TO HUMANITY.

Elsewhere in this number we publish a story that comes out from the recent meeting of the D. A. R's. in Washington, D. C. It is an engaging story of how a "society girl" discovered herself and, instead of gratifying her vanity and making copy for the society page of the Sunday papers, determined to make her life of service to her fellows. The name of this lady is Miss Margaret P. Humes.

We are slow to become enthused over the efforts of people who are prompted, as they verily believe, "to do something for the benighted and poor of the Southern mountains." But not all these efforts are made to bring a halo of glory around the actors; scores of these efforts are by real godly and sincere people, who, having learned either by stumbling or a still small voice that much of the so-called society stunts are the merest stuff, dedicate themselves to a real service. And they enjoy it, become contented and happy

—who ever heard of a full-fleged society devotee, as the world knows that individual, being genuinely happy?

There can be no real joy, certainly not a permanent one, in serving merely as a manufacturer of copy for the terrible slush that inflicts the society pages of the average Sunday paper. It's hard work to turn it out in a manner that surpasses anything that has gone before, and how many, tempted to keep in the swim, can ill afford the expenditure and not become answerable to the sinful waste of precious time that should be given to the care of the family, to doing deeds of mercy and holding up the hands of the leaders of the church and having a concern for the welfare and safety of the children and the afflicted amongst us.

And what Miss Humes has done and is doing makes good copy for the reading public and sets a worthy example for others who are afflicted as once was Miss Humes.

* * * * *

EVERYBODY IN THE STATE IS HEADED THAT WAY.

The following from the Greensboro Record of May 16th, will explain itself, and is gratifying that folks outside of the state have come to know our Governor so well:

A Greensboro man was visiting recently in one of the larger cities of the country when he met a man who is identified with a large organization of impartial views and unprejudiced opinions.

This man, who was in a position to speak with authority, took occasion to call the attention of the Tar Heel to the good fortune of North Carolina in having Angus Wilton McLean as Governor.

"We consider him," the man said in effect, "the most able man holding that office in the United States."

Very naturally the Tar Heel felt proud of his Governor and such commendation and praise coming as it did from a man who could not possibly have had any personal feeling in the matter, was a point of much gratification.

Returning to Greensboro a few days later he took occasion to pass on the remark of the man who had praised Governor McLean. Such an attitude toward the chief executive of North Carolina is a matter of interest and when it is found outside the immediate sphere of the Governor's activity it is of still more interest.

* * * * *

A FRUITLESS EFFORT.

Very few people, we take it, believe that Peary ever reached the North

Pole and everybody knows that the cheerful liar, Doc Cook, did not. But had they or anybody else, for that matter, what practical results could be gained by their accomplishments; it seems, therefore, nothing but the exercise of the daring spirit that consumes some men.

If any one should discover the North Pole, what would they do with it or where the benefit? It is a class of investigation comparable to the scientists (?) and the educators seeking notoriety by their bold, though foolish and futile, effort to connect Adam and the monkey.

Admundsen, the latest explorer, seems lost.

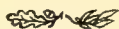
* * * * *

BADLY DEFEATED.

The County-Wide School plan, which was submitted to the vote of the people of Guilford, was badly defeated, on Tuesday.

The public school question, it is noted and to be regretted, is not as popular today as in former years. Can it be that the many useless frills that have been added to the system, the endless red-tape introduced and that the quality of the teaching has failed to impress the general public, have contributed to this balkiness on the part of the people?

The overhead costs in maintaining the county systems, together with the army of clerks in the state department have become subjects of comment. The elimination of some of these frills might make it possible to reduce the working force that consumes considerable of the school fund before it reaches the object for which the public system is established.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurraygraph.

I have heard, from time to time, some husbands rather complainingly speak of their wives talking in their sleep, and breaking up their rest, and give that as an excuse some mornings for their grouchy feeling and manner. That does not worry me in the least. When Mrs. Hurraygraph tries to put anything like that over on me, I go to sleep and talk back to her. And neither one knows the difference in the morning.

A Durham lady was about to lose her cook, not by the heavy hand of death, or the lure of Florida, Baltimore, Chicago or New York, but by the uncertain entanglements of matrimony. A lawnmower by the name of Jim had wooed and won her. Mandy outlined her scheme of happiness, the first step of which was honeymoon "jess lak de white folks," with Jim as the sharer of her joys, and of course the lady contributed to the trousseau. To the great surprise of the lady Mandy turned up the next morning after the marriage, and proceeded to prepare the breakfast as usual. Recovering from her surprise at seeing her the lady asked: "How's his, Mandy, thought you and Jim would be gone on your honeymoon and here you are getting our breakfast as usual. Didn't the wedding come off?"

"Yassum, hit come off, but hit disser way: Dat fool nigger he buyed two tickets to Baltimore dout tellin' me whar us gwine, an' longs er done seen Baltimore, an' mer sister ain't

nevy been dar, Er let her go wid Jim stidder me, ef hit all de same ter Jim, an' he sayed hit all right wid him."

And this is why Mandy went on her honeymoon by proxy, thus giving an exhibition of sisterly affection.

I do get a schock sometimes, and it is not from an electric current. William Allen White has come out in an article favoring an anti-catfish law because, he says "the catfish is not an edible dish." Did you ever! I would not have been shocked more if he had tromped on the flag, or called the grand old eagle a buzzard. This smacks of treason to boyhood memories. I have always admired Mr. White as a writer; and wondered at the sprightly manner in which he made the King's English lie down and roll over when he poked it with his trenchant pen, or thumped it on his typewriter. When he says catfish are not fit to eat, I'm through with him. It is a boy's favorite fish. He catches more of them than any other kind. From now on he goes into my index librorum prohibitorum, if I may be permitted to use language the meaning of which I am not familiar with. Only over our mangled and pulseless remains shall another of his books cross my threshold o'er. That is, unless he apologises. Before he flung his shining shickersnee into the catfish some unscrupulous and designing caitiff spiked Mr. White's tea. That's the only

explanation that will explain the thing. If the catfish is not edible I am a Hottentot, and can liek anybody, anywhere, near my size who calls me that. All I wish is that I had as much money as the catfish is good to eat.

They had been planning to buy a radio set when a new baby arrived. When Johnny came from school the nurse said she had something to show him. He thought of the expected set. Shown into the room, he looked long and earnestly at his new baby brother, but without comment. Next day at school his teacher asked him about the new baby. "Well, I expected a radio set, but still, this baby acts like one," replied Johnny. "When he isn't receiving he's broadcasting."

During the panic of 1908 bankers issued clearing-house checks to give their patrons. One day an old German went to the bank to draw some money and was given one of these checks. He refused it. The teller tried to explain that the checks were as good as money and would pass for money. But the old man shook his head. He had put good money into the bank and wanted that kind back. Failing to convince him, the teller turned him over to the president and a long discussion followed. Finally the man saw through the scheme. "It's chush like ven a baby cries for milk you don't gif him milk," said he. "You gif him a milk ticket."

Roy M. Brown, of the state board of charities, Raleigh, speaking before the social service department of

the woman's Club, got off a good one. He said a man with a wooden leg was in the penitentiary. His condition was such he did very little work. They jut him to carrying in stove wood, which was about all he could do. This man was opposed to work, and did very little. Finally he took off his wooden leg, and ordered the authorities to send it back to his home. He said his wooden leg was "private property and had no business being confined in prison." They sent it back, and finally had to carry the owner of the wooden leg about when he had the least thing to do. A very cunning way to get out of work.

When you look around at the mothers and grand-mothers, one is not so surprised at the many bright little daughters and grand-daughters. There are so many things the mothers engage in, which calls for study and speaking, both private and public, that it isn't surprising that one of these little tots, who is possessed of two grandfathers, offered to unlace the shoes of one, saying that she often did her other grandfather's. This particular grandfather jokingly said, "Oh, well, he's an old man, you know." She stood back and looked at him accusingly, with the remark, "Well, grandpa, you aren't brand new yourself, you know."

This reminds me that I am sorry for that other poor little girl that had to refuse her favorite fruit in obeying her mother's injunction. She was going to visit an aunt who was staying at a big hotel, and this little girl wasn't used to eating in such a

big dining room. So her mother told her to just watch her aunt at the table and do just as she did. So when the old lady pushed aside her lovely bananas and cream at breakfast and read the newspaper until the rest of the meal came, because she was dieting herself, this poor little girl thought she had to do the same, although she just loved bananas and cream more than anything else.

—

A gentleman from New York was in Durham a few days ago. He was shown about the city by a lady resident, who pointed out the places of interest. As they passed around, and would see a new building, he would inquire, "What church is that?" He was enlightened as to each one. They saw many. As they came by Trinity's new structure, he inquired as to that. Being told what church it was he remarked, "They are building churches in Durham to beat h—l." The lady very graciously informed him that that was what they were for.

—

A certain preacher once talked for over an hour on the four greater prophets, and then, when his exhaust-

ed congregation though he was finishing he took a long breath, turned a fresh page, and, leaning over the pulpit, said:

"We come now to the more complete question of minor prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where, brethren, shall we place them?"

An irascible man in a back pew rose, took his hat and stick, and said, as he departed: "Please him here, if you want to. I'm going."

That reminds me that on a merchant's excursion from Winston-Salem, to Richmond Va., some years ago, the party was being entertained and a Richmonder was making a great speech to the visitors and got on the subject of the national debt. A visitor, who had imbibed a great deal of the hospitality of Richmond, in those days, feeling very rich, and thought he saw about three men making a speech, came within the sound of the speaker, just as he had asked the question three times, "My friends how shall we pay that debt?" straightened himself up and putting both hands in his pants pockets, shouted to the speaker, "Zat's hall right, my friendt. I'll pay it. Go on with you speech."

BOTH ARE DONE.

We were told we could not put music in the schools, nor could we bring the Redpath Chautauqua here without facing a great deficit. But we have done both. We feel directly responsible for music in the schools and it is a source of pleasure to see the progress that has been made in music in the schools in the short period of eighteen months.—Miss Janie Klutz, president of Concord Woman's Club.

A SOCIETY GIRL BECOMES USEFUL.

Five hundred Pennsylvania women, delegates to the thirty-fourth yearly congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, were sitting in a room of the Willard Hotel recently discussing the routine business of their State chapters.

Reports had been read from various committees and Mrs. John Brown Heron, of Pittsburgh, State regent, turned to the report of the educational committees, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I have here a request from the workers at the Carr Creek Community Center for our indorsement of their mission down in the Kentucky Mountains," said Mrs. Heron. "I might say that one of our own girls is doing wonderful work down there and we should be especially interested."

The State regent paused as the white clad figure of a tall, auburn-haired girl rose from a seat near the front of the room and walked over to the speaker's table.

There was composure in her bearing, but her walk was brisk and in her blue eyes there gleamed an enthusiasm that seemed to be brimming over from a heart restrained to acknowledge the quiet conventions of this dignified gathering.

Still Great Need

It was Margaret P. Humes, of Jersey Shore, Pa., who for the last four years has been devoting her life to social service work among the uneducated mountain folk of Kentucky.

"I just wanted to thank you for your kind contributions of the last

year," she began in tones that hinted she had ever so much more to say. "You have been ever so kind—" and she faltered. Her well modeled hands fell helplessly at her sides and she turned as if to sit down. Then her head went back. She squared her shoulders and continued:

"But if you could see the need down there, the poverty, the pitiable ignorance that exists among those and five million other Southern mountaineers, you would want to give more and more and more."

The girl sat down as the audience of women, seemingly spellbound by the speaker's personality and sincerity, rose to their feet and applauded.

The work of Miss Humes at the Carr Creek Community Center has become almost an epic among the Pennsylvania Daughters of the American Revolution.

A D. A. R. herself, with one of the longest insignia belts in the national society—15 bars for 15 ancestors who fought in the Revolution—Miss Humes was active in Red Cross work and the Navy League during the war and following the armistice was to have accompanied Anne Morgan's committee to France to help the devastated regions. She was barred at the last moment on account of her age, and immediately decided to go into social service work in this country.

The war had left its imprint on Margaret Humes.

A Dana Hall Graduate

A graduate of Dana Hall, fashionable girls' school in Wellesley, Mass., she made her debut in New York

and for the three years before America entered the war, lived in her own words, "the useless, butterfly life of a society flapper."

"Motor car rides, dances, parties and house parties—those were the 'kicks' of life then," says this smiling angel of mercy.

"'Kicks?' I didn't know what a kick was then. I didn't even know what life was. I had to get away from civilization to find out and I wouldn't come back for anything now."

A course at a social service school

in New York, a "probation" at the Pine Mountain Settlement School in Kentucky, and Miss Humes was assigned as a worker at Carr Creek four years ago.

"And then I found out what it meant to be alive, the thrill of accomplishing something, the contentment that helping the other fellow alone brings," she smiled.

The girl who had never even washed dishes in her own home was scrubbing floors in the rude wooden huts at the Center and loving it.

HOPE ON.

There was never a day so misty and gray
That the blue was not somewhere above it;
There is never a mountain-top ever so bleak
That some little flower does not love it.

There was never a night so dreary and dark
That the stars were not somewhere shining;
There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silver lining.

There is never a waiting time, weary and long
That will not sometime have an ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where
The sunshine and shadows are blending.

Into every life some shadows will fall,
But heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Through the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will,
See the beautiful blue above.

Then let us hope on, though the way be long
And the darkness be gathering fast;
For the turn in the road is a little way on
Where the home lights will greet us at last.

—Morning Star.

NEED OF KNOWING GOD.

(Greensboro News.)

“Rationalism cannot go around the world; it is constantly changing,” said Bishop Warren A. Candler in a stirring sermon at West Market Street Methodist church yesterday morning—the baccalaureate sermon delivered to the young women comprising the graduating class of Greensboro college, together with hundreds of other people. “Ritualism cannot go around the world,” the distinguished visitor from Atlanta said, adding “It is local.”

The senior active bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, who preached 52 minutes and sustained attention of the immense congregation from first to last, maintained that “Knowledge of Jesus Christ can really become universal in its application.” Christianity cannot properly be classed as a mutable thing, it is not local. On the other hand, it is a thing of permanence, an institution susceptible of universal application.

As his subject Bishop Candler designated “The Knowledge of God, and How It Is Attained.” He found the textual bases of his sermon in three verses from three books of the Bible. Here they are: John 17:2: “And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent;” First Corinthians 12:3 “Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed: and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost; Matthew 16:17: “And

Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed are thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.”

Ignorance is deplorable, knowledge is desirable, Bishop Candler showed in the baccalaureate sermon, but he drew sharp distinctions between different forms of knowledge. “Knowledge of mathematics is important, but it is not indispensable,” he said. “Knowledge of physics is important, but it is not indispensable. Many things that the scientists taught when I was a boy then appeared to be true, but now they are denied. I have wasted a lot of time learning things which since that time have been shown to be untrue.”

The bishop recalled one of the instructors of his college days. “He taught us that while electricity had many wonderful uses, it could never be used for illumination or transportation.” Analytical efforts in mathematics, chemistry and other spheres frequently are ineffective; when they are effective they are based upon reasoning within one department of sphere. “You can’t analyze physics with geometry, nor can you analyze geometry with physics,” he declared. It was apparent that he considered the efforts of scientists to analyze religion with science equally futile.

Personal Contact Necessary.

Reverting to the relative importance of various forms of knowledge he held that there is only one know-

ledge or form of knowledge that is indispensable, "knowledge of a personal nature," or, more specifically, "knowledge of God the heavenly Father and his Son, Jesus Christ." Then, too, "Every form of knowledge has its own method of acquisition." Thrice in the original he had read Cicero's essay on "Friendship," but while it is a beautiful thing it had not given him much real knowledge as to friendship. Such knowledge is to be gained simply from having friends. Through one's personal contact with his or her mother in her sacrifice, love and devotion real knowledge of a mother is to be acquired, not through essay or sonnets eulogizing mothers.

In the field of religion "experimental knowledge" is the big, outstanding fact. People learn to know God through communion of the spirit, not through complicated intellectual processes. Peter, an obscure, untutored fisherman, did not learn to know God through "flesh and blood," nor by mental reckoning, but "through revelation from God, the heavenly Father." Christ revealed himself to Peter and John; they in turn carried the story of salvation through Christ to a constantly enlarging multitude.

Disagrees With Rationalists.

Some "rationalists" would have people believe that Jesus was "a mere man," the bishop recalled, but he declared that no mere man could have spoken with the authority which characterized the utterances of Jesus. If Thomas Jefferson had invited the students at the University of Virginia, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will

give you rest," some fellow would have said. "Tom's off his base today." If Jefferson had made a similar suggestion to the world he would have been adjudged insane. However, in the performance of his divine mission Christ very properly delivered that injunction—he spoke authoritatively. He spoke not as a mere man, but as the Son of God, the Savior of the world.

"The modern philosophers and scientists sometimes are called "broad-minded," but Bishop Candler thought the term should be "vague-minded." It is not difficult to find modernists who would have the world believe that what people think is unimportant. "It does make a deal of difference," asserted the speaker Tapping his forehead he queried, "What do you want to use your head for if not to think? You can't use it as a turnip."

People mechanically repeat creeds, seemingly unaware of their significance. The bishop quoted the first part of the creed of his own church, "I believe that God the Father, Almighty Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." Then he said, "If a man really believes that, it will change his whole life." Many persons who are pleased to assail those whom they call "dogmatists" really have no creeds, it was declared.

Expressing his desire to refrain from the employment of intemperate or harsh terms in reference to the rationalists Bishop Candler nevertheless insisted that assertion of the doctrine that Christ was simply a man was "the veriest nonsense." He was proud that the Christian religion

might truly be styled "the common religion of the common people." He would place a higher appraisal upon the testimony of an unlettered negro woman concerning her personal knowledge of Jesus Christ than he would place upon the deeply intellectual analysis of a modern philosopher along rationalistic-religious lines. He had no encomiums for the metaphysical thinker who would seek to divest Christianity of its miraculous nature.

Religion Never Changes.

The cost of scientific books is said to be great, the bishop continued. He had heard that the average life of a book containing scientific efforts to analyze religion might be accurately placed at three years. "Science changes and those books get out of date," he understood. "It's all right to read them if you have plenty of time. It's better amusement than a game of bridge." However, he appeared to think such works devoid of lasting benefit.

Bishop Candler had been told that preachers should study agriculture, commerce, medicine and law in order to preach to farmers, business men, physicians and lawyers. He wondered how much time would be left for study of the Gospel and preaching. "If they depend on me to study all those things," he said, "they can re-

move my vermiform appendix while I'm not looking if they are of a mind to. The farmers will have to contend with the boll weevil if they are of a mind to—if they depend on me to study agriculture." The mission of the minister is to preach the salvation made possible through Jesus Christ.

Like Old Way Of Conversion.

The world has witnessed many remarkable improvements, but had never found a better way of conversion than the one prescribed in the Bible, nor had it been possible to improve the Bible. The bishop had not come to make a plea, he had come to assert a doctrine which he considered incontrovertible. He proclaimed his faith in "the old-fashioned things." Christianity is miracle-working, it is permanent. True religion is a thing of beauty and sweetness. "As beautiful as the rose, as sweet as the song of the bird"—with such references he tried to give his hearers something of his conception of the beauty and sweetness of the true Christian religion. Bishop Candler closed his sermon with this quotation from a famous old Gospel hymn:

"And when in scenes of glory
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long."

"The senses, like seeing and hearing, are avenues to the mind and heart through which good impressions are supposed to go. These gates, however, must be carefully guarded or sin will enter in also."

TRYING TO MONKEYIZE ADAM.

By Mamie Bays.

"It was never intended that so-called scientists should so take charge of our schools as to unsettle the minds of the youth of their belief in the immaculate conception, the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to make a monkey out of Adam," declared Cameron Morrison, of Charlotte, and former governor of the commonwealth of North Carolina, in an address this afternoon which thrilled the large audience to which he spoke, composed of commissioners and visitors to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States, and residents of Lexington.

It was in the interest of the cause of Christian education that Mr. Morrison spoke, and the occasion was a popular meeting held under the direction of the executive committee of Christian education and ministerial relief, of which committee Rev. Henry H. Sweets, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., is secretary, and who was the presiding officer of the meeting.

Christian Education.

"The cause of Christian education," said Mr. Morrison, "has become a maelstrom which is moving with such force as not to fail to be recognized. One in position to see realizes the mind of the masses is awake to the need of education, and to the need and value of Christian education. Only recently over in Tennessee a teacher has been indicted for teaching evolution in a way that violates the statutes of that state.

"If there is a way, and there must

be a way, by which schools can touch religious life we ought to find it, but we do not want to make a compromise that would be objectionable to our people."

"Let us adhere scrupulously to the corner-stone upon which our liberty was founded, which is the complete separation of church and state. In doing this we must recognize that under the law of our states our public schools cannot give course of religious instruction. And neither can they give courses in religious instruction. Our schools are supported by our tax payers, and it is an injustice and an outrage to them to allow some agnostic or infidel to come along to teach our boys and girls some new theory as to how God made the world. In the first place, they don't know anything about the creation, and they never will know anything about it, for this is found only in the inspired word of God, and a man with an open Bible in his hand, in a language he understands, knows more about the creation and other teachings of the Bible than any so-called scientist knows, or ever will know."

Gimlet-Headed Scientists.

"I know there are men going around now claiming they have found a new way to teach religion to our children. What they teach is not that found in the Bible, and it ought not to be allowed to be taught by any little gimlet-headed so-called scientist. There is no sense in it, and tax payers ought not to be heavily taxed to support such

teaching. I know these teachers claim that the creation of man is not a religious question. But if the creation of man is not a religious question, there is no religious question.

"If teachers of science use theology, biology and other sciences to unsettle the religious faith of our children, the Christian people of our country are not going to stand for it, and they ought not to stand for it."

"Let our tax supported schools let religious instruction alone, and let them let alone irreligious instruction also. Our Christian schools ought to be altogether Christianized and should supplement our state schools, which cannot give religious instruction to our children. We want Christian schools; we want Christian colleges, where Christian men and women train our boys and girls in the religion of their fathers. Every man and woman who is a teacher will be a better teacher if a believer in the Christian religion. I don't want any teacher who is an unbeliever to teach my precious little daughter."

"Our church schools must be Christian schools and Christian colleges, in order to give our children Christian education. And then we

must push the fathers and mothers forward in religious life until the children of our country will be religious always, and will honor God forever."

Ambition Of Church.

"It ought to be the ambition of the Presbyterian church to lead the whole world in putting every church school and college on an unquestioned Christian basis, where our boys and girls will receive the highest type of Christian training."

"Let our churches, our church schools and colleges stand unquestionable for all that means Christian. Let them stand for God and the Christian religion, and thus for the happiness of mankind."

Mr. Morrison held the closest attention of his audience from the beginning to the close of his address, and the intense earnestness which characterized his every declaration added much to the impressiveness and effectiveness of his message. He was interrupted frequently with applause and words of approval of his able utterances.

Before adjournment of the meeting a resolution of thanks to Mr. Morrison and one of commendation of his address were adopted unanimously by a rising vote of the audience.

VITALITY-HAPPINESS.

(Greensboro News.)

It is a striking series of related propositions that Dr. W. S. Rankin presents in his valedictory as secretary of the state board of health:

Vitality determines interest.

Interest determines whether one works for love, free man, or works for fear, bondsman.

Love of work largely determines efficiency.

Efficiency largely determines success.

Success largely determines happiness.

The processes of nature tend constantly to the division of humanity into classes. This is best illustrated by the notion of the survival of the fittest. Society in its evolution encounters periods from time to time when this tendency has extreme manifestation. The present is one of these periods. There is a shifting in the status of the sexes—nothing new under the sun, but the extremity of a pendulum swing that requires centuries to complete its arc—whose phenomena appear to many observers as necessarily attendant with widespread moral catastrophe. And so they are, in the sense that weakness, degeneracy, are more than ordinarily in evidence, because the loose manners, the breaking down of conventional restraints that have stood for a long period, afford an extreme test of poise, stability, balanced vitality. The survivors of these disintegrating forces, always in operation, constitutes a controlling minority of human beings. It is thus that the master class, the dominating families, emerge from the mass by a process of elimination. The most casual observer of the human drama of today can

sense a vast tragedy of this elimination, a multitude of moral wrecks, and not only of destroyed conventional morality but also of physical and spiritual decadence. The times and manners are not to be counted as causes so much as reagents. But the elevation of the type is, or logically should be, in ratio of the violence and severity of the process of elimination.

The public sanitation agencies serve to benefit the weak and the strong, both in resisting those special disintegrating tendencies that characterize the times, and the ordinary menaces to health; conserving the vitality of those who have little of it, and thus resisting, in a sense, the course of nature by adaptation of nature's own methods, it is true, but also diminishing the chances of superior beings falling victim to the ordinary hazards of life and health.

There can be no question, in the light of Dr. Rankin's presentation of relationships, of the net profit of humanity from such labors. They are, for instance, saving the lives of thousands of infants whom nature would discard as of no value whatever in the development of a type; but also they tend to produce a maximum of usefulness to society, and a maximum of happiness, for all the survivors.

MOTHER'S ELBOWS ON THE BED.

A mother, concerned about her son, was given some advice in the Sunday School Times in these words:

“Dear Christian Mothers: All over this land are mothers weeping for the waywardness of sons being reared in

so-called Christian colleges! And daughters, too! Not long ago I was called to go to a college to talk to the executive of an organization in that college, on the Christian view point and the divinity of our Lord and

Saviour. I took with me one of the ablest speakers in the country. We talked and prayed with them, but we made no impression; they argued from the great "intellectual awakening" that had come to them in that college. There were daughters there from some of our best Christian families, and this was their summing up of a God who shed blood for their salvation!

"The dance, the swearing, and the smoking are all products of the devil! That your son has been caught in the whirlpool that is surging in the land is no surprise. But you want to know what to do, don't you? There is a remedy, thank God, for your boy! And it is in your hands as a mother, and he cannot escape it!

"I remember an older brother in our family, who would not listen to any arguments against wrong-doings; a mother's love was being turned aside, and she made up her mind she was not going to let the devil have her firstborn! She stopped all talk, and all argument and all force and went to the 'availing' place of prayer. She chose his bedroom, and just would not yield her boy to sin, but called on God with a mother's love and a heart-break, that God will not turn aside! She went to that bedside, not only daily, but whenever the burden became too heavy to carry, and what do you think the outcome was? That boy was gloriously saved and gave himself to the ministry. When asked how he came to be converted, he replied, he could not stand the print of his mother's elbows on that bed. He knew she had been there praying for him."

MOTHER'S ELBOWS ON MY BED.

I was but a youth and thoughtless,
As all youths are apt to be,
Though I had a Christian mother
Who had taught me carefully.
But there came a time when pleasures
Of the world came to allure,
And I no more sought the guidance
Of her love so good and pure.

Her tender admonitions fell
But lightly on my ear,
And for the gentle warnings
I felt an inward sneer.
How could I prove my manhood
Were I not firm of will;
No threat of future evil
Should all my pleasure kill.

But Mother would not yield her boy
To Satan's sinful sway.
And though I spurned her counsel,
She knew a better way.
No more she tried to caution
Of ways she knew were vain,
And though I guessed her heartache,
I could not know its pain.

She made my room an altar,
A place of secret prayer,
And there she took her burden
And left it in His care.
At morning, noon, and evening,
By that humble bedside low,
She sought the aid of Him who
Best can understand a mother's
woe.

And I went my way unheeding,
Careless of the life I led,
Until one day I noticed
Prints of elbows on my bed.
Then I knew that she had been there
Praying for her wayward boy,
Who for love of wordly pleasures

<p>Would her peace of mind destroy. While I wrestled with my conscience, Mother wrestled still in prayer, Till that little room seemed hallowed. Because so oft she met Him there. With her God she held the fortress, And though not a word she said, My stubborn heart was broken By those imprints on my bed. Long the conflict raged within me. Sin against my mother's prayer; Sin must yield for Mother—never! While she daily met Him there.</p>	<p>And her constant love and patience Were like coals upon my head, Together with the imprint Of her elbows on my bed. Mother-love and God-love Are a combination rare, And one that can't be beaten When sealed by earnest prayer. And so at last the fight was won, And I to Christ was led, And Mother's prayers were answered By her elbows on my bed.</p>
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WHAT'S TALKED IS INTERESTING.

(Shelby Star.)

People talk what they are interested in, and they are interested in what they talk. 25 or more reasons might be submitted as to why R. R. Clark, contributing editor of The Greensboro News is considered one of the most interesting editorial writers in the State, and all might be correct. There are some fine editorial writers in this state; some write of such things as Paderewski, fine arts, "high falutin'" things and such and almost run into poetry; others vision what is to be and write about it as flowery as Tom Heflin could say it. And it's all great copy. But did you ever notice more people are interested in Clark's plain to the point comment than all the others combined? Had you ever noticed that he writes about the things we talk about, our common, everyday problems—and editorial slant of Edgar Guest nature.

Of course he hands out a lot of home-made, hard-rock common sense advice but usually it is about something that interests us and that we talk about daily.

On a visit here last week Mr. Clark remarked that "one gets more views, ideas and subjects—even news—by just talking to people than in any other way." And that's our version of Clark's success. Sure poetical phrases of Poland, sentimental slush about Siberia and science, editorial eulogies to Eskimo dogs, and all such makes mighty fine reading, but when you're through reading what have you? Such topics are not a part of our everyday problems and seldom enter our conversations.

Yes, people talk about what they are interested in and they are interested in those who talk about common interests.

A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

The Monroe Journal furnishes us what is claimed to have been the true story of a dream that a Confederate soldier experienced. The same was related to Mrs. P. E. Linnel. Dreams just as startling and just as interesting as this have come to others. The beauty of it is that it gives the lie to much of which the modernists stand for, and is in accord with orthodox belief and faith.

It was in the year 1864 during the Civil War; I was on picket duty that night and had been feeling badly for two or three days, and I knew I was going to have one of my old spells, and I had asked my friend on duty with me to please look after me as I was liable to drop down at any time. I had been afflicted since boyhood with what is called epilepsy and had frequently fallen previous to this time and had lain unconscious for as long as forty-eight hours several times. But as I grew older that became less frequent. I could usually look for one of those attacks about twice a year. So on this memorable night in February, I was exceedingly worried, fearful my friend might forget to look out for me. About twelve o'clock I felt my legs giving away under me; I called, but was unable to call very loud. When my friend found me he thought of course I was dead. They carried me into a little wooden shack that answered for a hospital during our stay there. They began to try everything to resuscitate me, yet I remained oblivious to all their efforts. I experienced no pain with the attacks, only a lassitude and aching of my bones before hand.

After I would fall I never knew anything more that happened to me in this world until I became conscious again. When I lapsed into unconsci-

ousness on the night, February 18th, 1864—

It seemed to me I awoke on the banks of a beautiful river, clear as crystal; I stood looking up and down the beautiful banks of this river that flowed so gently, I knew not where. I seemed to realize I was in a strange country other than old mother earth. I turned around, looked and saw the grandest fields, the grass, green smooth as velvet, as far as my eyes could see; and such trees, beautiful foliage, the like I had never seen before; and flowers; I raised my arms in wonder, the most exquisite and such gorgeous colorings; why the very air was pregnant with their fragrance.

I began walking across this beautiful field of Eden to investigate, and oh! the joy of beholding such grandeur, I was delighted. I came upon fruit growing the most beautiful yellow, red and pink—the trees were just laden with it.

In my excitement I ran first to one place and then another, gathering my arms full, tasting of each. The fruit was luscious and sweet, delicious and different from any I had ever eaten.

I sat down to enjoy this lovely place looking around at the vast green fields, magnificent trees, delicious fruits, beautiful flowers, when I beheld a man approaching. His

very walk was familiar. When he at last drew near enough for me to recognize him, I jumped up, ran to embrace him, for it was my brother Charlie who had been dead over twenty years, and as I held out my arms crying for joy, he drew back and said, not yet, brother. I said why not now? Because my dear brother you have not been welcomed by Christ. Until then, I cannot touch your hand.

Where is Christ? Let us go find him. You stand right where you are brother, he will be along very soon with his band of angels, and if he nods to you and smiles, then I can embrace you. We will know he loves you. So I stood waiting, disturbed, anxious, fearful I would not be recognized by the blessed Saviour who gave his life for our sins, when lo, I heard in the distance the grand chorus of voices coming in our direction, and as they grew nearer I could see the beautiful angels, and in their midst I saw the face of one I knew was Jesus by the brightness of his countenance, and oh! those melodious voices singing his praises. They came closer, so close I could feel the swish of the angels' wings. And as they passed by that thrice blessed Jesus looked at me, bowed and smiled. My dear brother threw his arms around me and patted my shoulder. We were as happy as we could be, it seemed to me. When brother said, now let us go and look at the lamb's book of life, and see if your name is written there. I was reluctant to go, so afraid my name might not be there. Brother Charlie persuaded me, I could not stay in that beautiful place unless my name was written in

that book. I went in fear and trembling. We walked up a beautiful white marble stairs, broad and easy they seemed, white like snow. I saw a man sitting on a high stool, in front of him, a tall desk, and on the desk lay a huge book with golden seals, and as we approached near unto him and at last stood by the man that was to decide my fate for all eternity, I was trembling all over, saying to myself, what if I should find my name not written there. What I experienced then I hope may never happen to me again. The agony I went through while waiting for the Recording Angel to say whether my name was written there or not. But, he turned, looked at me in such a kindly manner, he did not ask me any questions. It seemed He knew, He began to undo these many golden seals, and the pages he turned one after another, and when he had come to my name he spoke aloud—Lancaster, Now, I will see if your good deeds over balance your evil deeds. He ran his finger down page after page. I slipped my hand into my brother's, he gently pressed it and said be of good cheer, my brother. I tried to smile, still very much worried. When the keeper of that book once more spoke, Lancaster, the evil deeds over balance the good deeds just one act; your name is indeed written here, and he said in a voice strong, yet sweet, if the righteous scarcely are saved, where shall the ungodly and sinners go? I fell on my face, and prayed, thanking Jesus for the divine mercy in permitting a sinner like me to enjoy this blessed and wonderful world of joy and peace.

My brother raised me up and said

whom would you like to see most of all from out this wonderful throng, and I said Mother. Let us go this way, he said, and I saw multitude after multitude, passing to and fro, enjoying themselves in various ways it seemed.

When mother came up holding out her arms crying, blessed be the name of the Lord, we cried, laughed and shouted together. Then friend after friend came until it seemed I was in the midst of every one I had ever known.

And while we laughed and talked of old times together while on earth, suddenly a peculiar feeling came over me. I lost sight of Mother, brother and friends, and I heard some one say he is coming to all right, Doctor. At last I rallied enough to sit up, and when I began to storm at them for bringing me back to earth, they shook their heads, thinking my mind had gone wrong.

In a few days I was able to relate to them my vision of Heaven while I lay asleep forty-eight hours.

ONE PREACHER AND TWO EX-GOVERNORS.

By R. F. Beasley.

Interpreting government as it should be based upon the philosophy and practice of the christian religion, Ex-Governor Cameron Morrison yesterday captured a tremendous audience assembled at Wingate Junior College to hear him deliver the commencement address to the graduating class of the college. He made an eloquent and compelling plea for the early enthronement in the life of each youth of the correct principles of life, based first of all upon the revealed will of God, and secondly upon an unselfish and forward view of life rather than upon a narrow and backward one.

"First of all, young men and young women," Mr. Morrison said, "I beg you to fix your religion, and secondly, to fix your politics."

Neither religion nor politics as interpreted by the speaker meant adherence to any particular creed or organization, nor to any particular par-

ty. Fixing their religion, Mr. Morrison told the assembled youth, meant the recognition of the eternally revealed will of God and his purpose in relation to man, the capstone of His creation, and the alignment of life in accordance therewith. Fixing one's politics means not necessarily the adherence to any partisan organization, for these are trifling comparatively, but the determination to stand for progressive, enlightened and efficient policies in all phases of government, in short, the kind of government that puts the triumph of happiness in the face of the boys and girls.

Speaking before an audience supporting a Junior denominational college, the Ex-Governor paid a high tribute to the ideals of christian education as embodied in the whole system of denominational schools, calling by name such institutions as Wake Forest, Davidson, Duke, Mere-

dith, Queens, and the lesser institutions of that system. All education, Mr. Morrison strongly declared, should be based upon the christian philosophy and the administration of christian teachers. It should never be irreligious.

Fixing one's politics, he repeated, means consecrating yourself to the public welfare rather than to any selfish view of life. Fixing your religion means a determination to follow through life the philosophy of Jesus. Which is the embodiment of truth, kindness, and good will, and love for the distressed and the broken. Here the speaker contrasted the present North Carolina with a government which costs something and is worth something to the old idea of government which cost nothing because it was worth little. He wound up with a quotation from Charles B. Aycock concerning the trusteeship of the present for the future progress and advancement of humanity.

The address was one which captivated and pleased the audience. It was delivered with a zeal and eloquence which showed the speaker at his best, throbbing with the human touch, and the audienet which has from time to time listened to most of the big and forward looking men of the Statt, pronounced it good. The comments of approval were universal. It was a revelation to them of a new and wholesome side of a leader whom they had been taught to look at mostly from the standpoint of a party leader. The impression seemed to be that "here is a new and a different man than we have been thinking of and reading about and at times litsening to and we like him."

Like the sermon tasters of Drumtochty, the Wingate people demand nothing less than the best from their speakers and unless they get it the only response is a charitable silence.

Governor Nestow.

I always find interest in noticing the conduct of men who have held high office, anxious to see what impression their tenure in office has made upon them and how they will carry their obligations after they go back to private' life. I often had the pleasure of talking with Governor Jarvis after he had become a very old man. He was sweet and charming. I never saw Governor Russel, but after him, I have known all our governors, before they became Governor, during their terms and afterwards. All of them were improved by being governor. Governor Aycock lived longest after leaving the governor's chair and he grew every day.

So I was interested in Ex-Governor Neston of North Dakota who came here Friday night as a Chautauqua lecturer. I was enxious to see what kind of ex-governor they have way out in that country. He is the only American Governor I have ever heard whose language betrayed the fact that he was foreign born. Down here in North Carolina where most of us are descendants of people who lived here as far back as we know anything about them, a foreign born governor of the State is inconceivable. So when Governor Nestos began to speak and it appeared that he could not pronounce the word "Non-partisan" I thought that he was out of place down here in North Carolina telling us how to cherish and practice American princiyles. But when

he had told more, had talked of the trouble which his people had gone through with and gave his ideas of the essentials of life and Americanism, I thought, "Why, he is just like our folks if his speech is a little off. His head and his heart are right." Speaking every night as he does, he has necessarily fallen into a sing song way of speaking, hence is not at his best. But those who went up after his speech had been concluded and chatted a bit with him found he is a much more charming man than his platform speaking would indicate. A big, strong, kindly Norwegian, his facial expression is alert and captivating. You have to get close to a man to learn much about him anyway.

A Beautiful Man

Rev. M. L. Kesler, general manager of the Thomasville Orphanage, preached in the Monroe Baptist church Sunday morning. Now there is a man that it does you good to look at. You have heard of the man with the affidavit face, that is one so single and plain and honest that it can be read as easily as a sworn statement. Mr. Kesler's face is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. It at once gives you the expression of friendliness, of dependableness, of sense and reserve, and a touch of whimsicality. In college he had the

reputation of the student, and bade fair to become a learned scholar of theology. But somebody got hold of him twenty years ago and made him the manager of the orphanage. Since then he has been lost in the mass of detail required to manage a large and growing institution, which he has done admirably. His brother came along through college and became a college professor and president and learned in science and elegant in literature. He too has a wonderful smile, but he smiles away from people while M. L. smiles towards them. Maybe it is the difference in their occupations. Mr. Kesler preaches like he talks, just modestly picks along as if he feared you knew a great deal more about it than he does and finally getting down to the whole heart of the matter in such a simple and direct way that you hadn't noticed that he was moving. I never heard anything about Mr. Kesler's youthful life but he must certainly have been a plow boy. I cannot think of any one's having so simple, uneffected manners, so much wisdom, and so much unspoiled gentleness, directness and natural modesty unless he was started as a plow boy. Not all plow boys have these characteristics, but one who does have them and never gets over it is a great man.

NO. 20009.

James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

She calls herself Alice Thornton now. She was sent to the penitentiary to serve twenty years. After "a period of four and one-half years" she was

released, a physical wreck. Freed from that No Man's Land of the spirit which lies behind the walls of stone and bars of steel, she wrote

for *The Atlantic Monthly* the story of what she, as a convict, saw and heard.

She entitled the first section of her narrative "The Pound of Flesh," and, as if for one brief moment the inescapable bitterness in her soul guided her pen, she added the sub-title, "He shall have nothing but the penalty."

She describes some of the women with whom she shared her imprisonment, she the only one of them all who could be labeled educated and refined. She comes to the case of "Number 20009." She writes:

"No. 20009 would have been classified by the old school of penologists as a confirmed criminal; the modern psychiatrist might interpret her mental process otherwise. Born in Sweden, she migrated to the United States when a young girl. Meagre education; worked as a house servant; married; one child. Fifty years old, she had previously served sentences in three other prisons for theft, always petty larceny.

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 "She was an expert seamstress; worked constantly with a nervous energy that made one pity the poor, frail body. She was very generous. At Christmas she gave me an elaborate pincushion, made entirely from materials she had stolen from me! Immaculate, almost austere in her personal habits.

"I asked her why she stole when she was able to earn a good living by sewing or doing housework. She replied:

"Always I would think. 'Now I have got a good place, and these folks are good to me, and I can al-

ways have a home here,' and then I would see something that would just make me take it.

"This last time I was working for a lady and she was good to me, and I said, 'Never again.' And she had a parasol that I thought was the homeliest one I ever saw; and I stole that parasol and some of her stockings that were too big for me, and some money—and here I am.

"The judge said he could give me two years or ten, and I told him to give me the ten years. Now I will die here, I hope. I can't make myself behave when I am outside."

No gifted pen ever surpassed the Athenian tragedy of that Swedish woman's words: "I told him to give me the ten years. I can't make myself behave when I am outside."

The eighteen words paint with the harsh brush of despair an unforgettable portrait of the tired soul convinced that, without help or compulsion, she could not hope to keep the laws under which she lived.

She knew what neither judge nor jury nor prosecutor, with all their omnipotent "justice" machinery, had been able to discover; that there are human beings who have been so played upon by circumstance, so weakened by defiling influence, that no matter how they long to do the right thing, they are driven to the evil.

Consequently, her jailors gave her "nothing but the penalty." They did not teach her how to read, although above all things she wanted to improve herself. They sent her no psychiatrist, no physician to the mind, so that she might have the benefit of the treatment which she obviously needed.

Once a month she was allowed to see a motion picture. At stated intervals she, with the others, was permitted to bawl the hymns in the books presented to the prison. But of help for her problem, of instruction to straighten out her mental processes, she had none. She had "nothing but the penalty."

And—crowning cruelty!—she preferred the penalty so long as its walls and bars saved her from another judge's blind and destructive condemnation.

And yet we are told by bland and large-paunched gentlemen who "inspect" the prisoners and sip the soup and sniff the butter-for-effect set forth on visiting days that "We have made tremendous strides forward in penology. Mercy is the motto in the prisons. We are making new men and women of the prisoners."

Tell that to one who has not sat in the warden's office and heard the shrieks, worse than any animal's cries of pain, that come from men beaten to swooning by keepers with absolute authority over their bodies.

Tell that to one who does not

know that always more than fifty per cent, often as many as seventy-five per cent, of the prisoners are mentally sick, subnormal or actually insane—men and women who get "nothing but the penalty" although a physician's or a psychiatrist's care could indeed make them new men and women.

Tell that to one who does not know that, by ridiculing the insanity pleas made in court and by casting vile aspersions upon learned and devoted neurologists who for mercy's sake make solemn oath that this or that accused person is not evil but desperately ill, press and public industriously help to label many a sufferer a criminal.

Alice Thornton went through the agony that is our present-day "prison reform." She drank from the cup of that prison "mercy." She knows better than all the press agents of philanthropy how far we have yet to go before imprisonment strengthens the minds or fortifies the souls or cleanses the thoughts of those who are prisoned, those who get "nothing but the penalty."

CHARGE IT.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

A Lady whose husband has a moderate income stood in a department store. When the dress was bought she said, "Charge it."

A young husband stood in a garage ready to sign the contract for a car that he could get along well without. He mortgaged his home for the first payment, and arranged the remain-

about 16 per cent for his money. "Charge It."

A city wanted some improvements to meet the pace set by another city which went into debt. They issued bonds for 50 years for their improvements, so that their grandchildren will finish paying for the improvements long after they are out

of date or worn out. "Charge It."

A farmer was getting along very well, but wanted some new buildings. He got the buildings and said, "Charge It."

A group of world-wide nations started out over half a century ago in commereil rivalries. Finally a dispute arose, and they brought on a war which is called "The World War." Ten million boys and men were slain. Those nations bonded the next two centuries by their folly. "Charge It."

A young man wanted more pleasures than can legitimately come in the average happy life, so he filled his stomach with moonshine, climbed into a half-paid-for car, got a dame of the superlip-stick variety, and speeded nature beyond her limits of safety. He said to his constitution, "Charge It."

What happened? The husband of the lady in the department store got tired of being in debt for foolishness, laid down the law, and his wife left him.

The young husband lost his home which he mortgaged, and became a Bolshevik because of his foolish debts.

The city wanted other improve-

ments more necessary than those which they had gone into debt for, and so the life of the city had to lag behind her sister cities, while she paid up her debts.

The farmer was compelled to sell his farm at a sacrifice to satisfy the mortgage. He is now in the city as a common laborer in a garage.

The nations that went into debt for folly will burden the great-grandchildren of the present generation of babies in trying to repay the war money-lenders.

The young fellow who charged his debauchery to his constitution, lost out in the race for life, and died of paresis brought on by unnamable disease.

A little book which I often tuck under my pillow at night says this, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." We may "Charge It," and seemingly get by for awhile, but PAY DAY always comes.

Often the calamities that come upon us are the "Pay Days" of God when we settle for the things we foolishly "charged."

Debt for necessities is often wise, but debt for vanities and follies and sins, brings on a "Pay Day" that makes man tremble.

OBEDIENCE.

(Youth's Companion.)

There are few Americans who have not heard of Casabianca, the boy who "stood on the burning deck;" but it is probably that not many of all who know the story have ever regarded it as anything more than dramatic fiction in verse. Yet Giacomo Casabianca, whose name for more

than a hundred years has stood for obedience even in the shadow of death, and Horatio Nelson, whose willful acts of insubordination more than once served as stepping stones to renown, fought on opposite sides and within cannonshot of each other at the Battle of the Nile; and the

boy's heroic father—and this brings the story of Casabianca a little closer to us—may in earlier years have known Washington, for he was an officer in the Comte de Grasse's command at the siege of Yorktown.

There is a disposition nowadays to disparage Casabianca, to say that he should have fled when by a tragic turn of fortune his obedience to orders could no longer avail to save his father's ship—could only result in removing a valorous soul from a world that needed it. In the same spirit many condone the disobedience of Nelson who later at the Battle of Copenhagen, on being informed that his commanding admiral had signaled to retire, clapped his telescope to his blind eye and, declaring that he saw no signals, pushed on and won the fight.

The question whether disobedience rather than obedience may not be the proper course at times is one over which casuists will continue to split hairs. Perhaps for us the motives that animated the two heroic figures offer the best basis for judging them.

Nelson, when he disobeyed, was impelled by a glowing love of country, a furious ambition and an insatiable desire for all the rewards of glory. The soul of Casabianca, the ten-year-old midshipman, had room for nothing but pure devotion, for the story goes that it was his

wish to die with the father whom he loved so well quite as much as his high sense of duty that made him refuse the appeals of the crew to join them and leave the doomed ship.

The name of Casabianca lives because it stands for a victorious character, that of Nelson because he was the embodiment of triumphant genius in war. Casabianca would have been noble in any sphere of life. Nelson was great only on the deck of his ship. The moment he set foot ashore he became a shorn Samson, beguiled by adulation into weakness that made his friends weep for him.

The career of Nelson may be a spur to the ambition of the young ensign, but it can never do what the story of Casabianca's one crowded hour has done—offer an example of supreme moral courage unsustained by the fury of combat or the hope of glory.

On the whole the name of Giacomo Casabianca, which turned into plain English is James Whitehouse, shines with much the purer flame. Who knows how many boys during the hundred years since the stripling gave up his life have been definely influenced for good by his tragic story? Who knows but that the thought of the heroic little Corsican may have fired some of the rough cavalymen of the famous Light Brigade when they obeyed the blundering order that sent them to certain death?

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By James Davis

Mr. Richard Walker has been given charge of the dairy barn until Mr. Hobby is able to take charge.

John Perry, Howard Riggs, and Lester Morris have all returned to the school after spending brief visits

with their parents in Wingate and Charlotte.

Mr. Ralph Peninger, of Mt. Pleasant, has accepted a position at the institution.

The school sections have been picking clover and setting out potato plants for the past week.

Several loads of sand were hauled last week and were scattered on the ball diamond Saturday morning.

Jesse Foster, Odell Wrenn and Vestal Yarborough, members of the second, ninth and eleventh cottages, were paroled during the past week.

Roby Mullis, Keith Hunt, Marion Butler and Paul Funderburk, former students at the institution visited us last week. All the boys have good positions and are doing well.

Rev. E. T. Burns, pastor of the chapel of Hope, of Charlotte, conducted the services in the auditorium Sunday. He made a very interesting talk, which was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Hillery Hobby and Mr. C. B. Barber have been confined to their rooms with the mumps for the past week. Mr. Roy Long has resumed his duties after having the mumps also.

Mr. Jay Cope and Mr. Sam B. Kenet, formerly officers at the school, were visitors here Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Cope resigned his position at the school recently to take charge of his brother's farm.

The Jackson Training School band went to Concord to attend the meeting of the Woman's club and the Parks-Belk sale last week, and all of the boys came back reporting a fine time and they are looking forward to going off next week to Kannapolis for another outing.

The Jackson Training School added another victory to its list last Saturday, by defeating Flowe's Store by the score of 2 to 0. It was a pitchers battle, with Scarborough, the local hurler, having a slight advantage over Bost. Both pitchers were very effective, Scarborough fanning thirteen and Bost eleven. The Training School's first run came in the second inning, when Russell drove the ball over the right field embankment for a home run. They scored again in the fifth when Kennedy walked, stole second and scored on Poplin's two-base hit.

Several times the visiting team had runners on the bases with none out, but some fine pitching and snappy fielding prevented any scores.

This was the second consecutive game in which Scarborough did not give a base on balls.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody,
Ticket Agent
Southern Railway
Concord, N. C.

1908





