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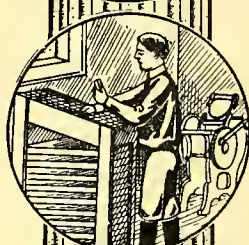
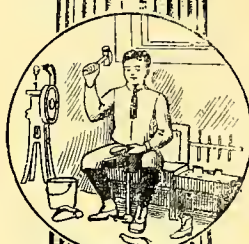
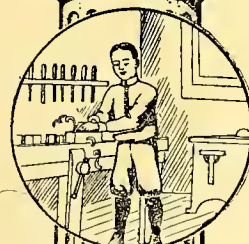
Prof. H. W. Walker

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"HAVE THE WOMEN'S CLUBS ACCOMPLISHED LASTING RESULTS?" } Is answered in this number.



THE UPLIFT



THOUGHT FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Let us economize---even to cutting out the tiresome cry of "high cost of living." After all, is it not more the "cost of high and aimless living" that disturbs the condition of the average liver?

We waste enough in the unnecessaries and the luxuries to support two grown members of an average family. Too many people are riding when walking is good.

Back, O men, to the simple life!

JUNE, 1910

Work on the EDUCATIONAL COTTAGE has begun---Every dollar subscription to THE UPLIFT helps this building along just 91 cents worth. Can't YOU aid us in this easy way?

PRIZES IN NORTH CAROLINA CONTEST.

One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Three Prizes :
First Prize, Fifty Dollars ; Second Prize, Thirty
Dollars ; Third Prize, Twenty Dollars.

On the first day of August THE UPLIFT will give away one hundred dollars to three pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes :

No. 1.—\$50.00.

No. 2.—\$30.00.

No. 3.—\$20.00.

This offer is made by a public spirited North Carolinian to encourage public school pupils to investigate their county's history and to cultivate a pride in the same, and to put into them the spirit of success.

What Is It ?

We want a story about every county in North Carolina ; its size, shape, topography, its beginning, its people, its achievements, its name, its industries and everything that would make a stranger have an intelligent knowledge of the county—not to exceed 2000 words. At least five good photographs must accompany the story—photographs of five things, people or scenes that enter into making vivid an understanding of the county.

The Conditions.

1. This contest is open to any and all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike ; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.

2. The story must be typewritten and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by July 15th, 1910.

3. The real name of the contributor must not appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume must in every instance be on the story ; and the said nom de plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and accompany the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or any person or any paper or any source, for information or advice.

5. In the envelope, containing the real name and the nom de plume, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with real name :

"The story signed _____, as a nom de plume, is original ; was constructed and written by me and was in no wise corrected or changed by any other person.

(Signed) _____ (Name.)

6. Any contestant may, to carry out the conditions of this contest, secure the services of any one to put his or her manuscript into typewritten copy ; but the copyist has no right to correct any error that may appear in said manuscript.

7. No contestant need be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT ; but to keep in touch with the contest it may prove advantageous.

8. No story not furnished in typewritten copy will be considered.

9. No story showing on its face any evidence as to the real name of the contestant will be considered.

10. No story unaccompanied by at least five photographs will be considered.

11. On July 15, 1910 all manuscripts will be turned over to a committee of three competent persons to ascertain the winning stories. The best will be first, winning a prize of \$50.00 ; the next will be second, winning \$30.00 ; and the next will be third, winning \$20.00

A Statement.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents ; principals and officers of rural and city schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by at least one or more contestants: There is no limit to the number of contestants from any one county.

THE UPLIFT, in advance, thanks all its exchanges and the newspapers of the state for giving this contest a wide publicity.

This Contest may lead more than one North Carolina boy or girl to aspire to become a writer.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1910

No. 1

A Pair of Bright North Carolinians.

H. E. C. BRYANT,

Washington Correspondent of Charlotte Observer.



THOMAS J. PENCE,

Washington Correspondent of Raleigh News and Observer.

Two young North Carolinians, who have "made good" as newspaper correspondents, doing the news about the National Capital.

For Sketch of Bryant See Pages 3 and 4; for Pence Sketch See Pages 2 and 3.

THOMAS J. PENCE.

By Edward E. Britton.

It will not be long before he will be celebrating his thirty-eighth birthday, and I'm shamelessly telling Tom Pence's age—not that Tom cares—but he looks so young and his face bears so well the flush of youth that it seems a pity not to write it twenty-seven. But, being a newspaper man myself and hence a truthful chronicler of naught but facts I must stick to it that in March of this year, 1910, Tom Pence was thirty-seven years old.

THE UPLIFT is the cause of my thus revealing Tom's age, for it asks that I furnish copy about the life of Mr. Thomas J. Pence, the Washington correspondent of the News & Observer. Except for this request his age might have been kept hidden as a sacred trust, but if you are to write about a man his age is the very first fact that must be known, and hence having delivered myself of that weighty matter I am ready to write other things about Tom Pence, and perhaps to introduce him to some who know him not, a hard thing to do in North Carolina.

For Tom Pence is a North Carolinian, a Wake county product of which Wake county is proud. He is liked because he is likable, and I am not assuming any undue familiarity when I call him "Tom" Pence, for men, women and children in Raleigh and Wake know him by that name and when occasionally he comes back home from Washington on a visit and you grasp his hand, it's good to say: "Howdy, Tom Pence." A well set-up man, black hair, black mustache when he wears one, big brown eyes, the red flush of health brightening the somewhat brunette tinge of his skin, frankness and friendship smiling out of his eyes and rippling about his face, he is good to look upon and to know. His friendships are many and he holds to them.

"By Thomas J. Pence" is a familiar signboard above the Washington, D. C., date line in the News & Observer, and the news that daily appears in that paper from the Country's Capital is of such value that it is read—and believed—for that writer knows how to get hold of facts, news while it is news, and the people who read after him have learned long ago to know that when Tom says it's so, why it's so, and I would not be surprised at hearing at any time that he has been dubbed "Truthful Tom." It is because of his writings that I am

writing about him and trying to give an impression of the newspaper man whose views are read by thousands and thousands in and out of North Carolina.

"Once upon a time" as all true stories begin, there was a young fellow born in Raleigh, the son of Thomas Pence and his wife, Suna E. Pence. His was the life of the usual boy, and I guess he had the whooping cough and the measles, and the mumps perhaps, and yes, that he robbed birds' nests and stumped his toe occasionally. He went to school likewise and was one of the youngsters who made things lively occasionally at Morson and Denson's, the Raleigh High School of his day. When that period was over he went to Wake Forest College and in due course of time he graduated. Then he came back home, and in a very little time thereafter he went into the work to which he has since devoted his life and his talents.

He chose the newspaper field for his arena, and in it he has made good, proving himself a prince among those whose mission it is to handle the news end of the papers of the day. First he had a position on the local staff of the Raleigh Daily Press which through various consolidations is now the Raleigh Times, becoming its city editor. In the course of events he became the city editor of the Morning Post, later on leaving that paper to enter the service of the News & Observer as associate city editor. He continued in this position for some time until there came an opportunity for him to take a position in Washington, in charge of the Laffan News Service, which furnished telegraphic reports to the Raleigh Morning Post, becoming also the Washington correspondent of the Post. When that paper failed he returned to the service of the News & Observer as its Washington correspondent, a position which he holds today, one which puts him close in touch with all North Carolina.

Once Tom Pence took a flyer in National politics and he made a winning in adding to his reputation, though his candidate did not win. Editor Josephus Daniels, of the News & Observer is the North Carolina member of the Democratic National Executive Committee and in the last National campaign was Chairman of the Literary or News-Publicity Bureau with headquarters at Chicago, and Tom Pence was chosen as Assistant in that department, sometimes being in charge of it, a position in which he did the

highest class of work in getting out literature that hurraed and cheered for William Jennings Bryan. He made his mark in that national campaign and it will be many a day before there passes from memory the clever article in the Saturday Evening Post in which another great newspaper writer, Samuel G. Blythe, told about one whom he called, to accentuate an alleged Southern drawl, "Tawm" Pence.

Tom Pence's power, as a newspaper man, is his ability to get news. That was his distinguishing trait while he was "doing the rounds" in Raleigh, and it was a rare day indeed when some other man "made a beat" on him. In Washington, in the securing of news which touches North Carolina interests in any way he is the same success, and he has added to his talents the ability to get a clear perspective of things going to happen, a logical deduction that holds, if there is not a wreck along the line. He is a student of men and of events, and when things happen he knows how to put them into strong, clear-cut English, that grips the reader till he has "spun his yarn" to the finish.

It was not long after Tom Pence went to Washington that he began to accumulate friends just as he had done in Raleigh. His honesty, good nature and liberal spirit won in the big Capital as it had won in the State Capital. A new man in newspaper life in Washington, unless he represents the greatest kind of newspaper interests is apt to have a hard time to break in as one of the well known among the Washington correspondents. Of course he had to go through his term as a novice, but all the time he was making friends, and when he was, in time, elected a director of the Congressional Press Club, it was by a unanimous vote, an honor that is a most exceptional one. Being big-hearted is his part and he will share his last with a friend, a fact that accounts for his having strong and staunch friends.

Tom Pence loves North Carolina and it is his delight in Washington to be of service to those from this state who make themselves known. When his friends let him know that they are in the city he can't do too much for them in personal attention and in various courtesies. He does this just because he is Tom Pence and can't help it. It is his nature, for he is built that way and he would not have it otherwise. And so people like Tom Pence, for they see in him a genial spirit, a man who gazes out

on the world clear-eyed and unafraid, who seeks for light and happiness, leaving it to some other fellow to look for the dreary and desolate. His path is along the sunshine route.

And so that is the Tom Pence that I know and would have those who read this article know. I've touched elbows and shoulders with him in the lighter affairs of newspaper life and in the grind that comes late in the night-watches when the impatient cry for "copy" is heard, when forms are being made ready for press, when wearied operators finger desperately at linotype keys, and down below the waiting press stands in leash ready for the electric flash to set it going to carry out to thousands, things that he and other newspaper men had written, and I have always found him the same. Those who know him know what has been written of him are true things, and it is a joy to me to present to those who know him not, that true gentleman and loyal friend, that clever newspaper man and sunny-spirited North Carolinian, Tom Pence. Shake hands and know him, for you will never regret the introduction.

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H. E. C. BRYANT.

No young man in North Carolina is better known than is Mr. H. E. C. Bryant (Red Buck,) the Washington correspondent of the Charlotte Observer. The editor of this magazine stopped him in the lobby of his hotel in Washington and asked him to tell in one breath what he considered the story of his movements up to this good day. Red Buck gently stroked his cherry lips with his hands, sidled up close, rested one eye on me and had the oter trained on a national celebrity a few feet away, and he delivered himself as follows: "Well, Cook, there is very little to it; four years a baby with baby habits, left to the care of a pair of good old negroes, while mother looked after an older and a younger brother; six years in an old-field school; six more at the end of a plow line, following a mule up and down cotton and corn rows; five at college; and fifteen a newspaper man, battling with poverty, trying to keep the wolf from the door. Have just played my hand, and will keep it up unto the end of the game."

I have my text in the foregoing and why should I not make a sermonette out of it? It will make the writer feel better; it will delight

the boys at the Training School to know the story of a sunny life; and hundreds in the state who admire Red Buck will be delighted to look upon his face and read a few things written about him by an appreciative friend. If Red Buck gets shocked or becomes modestly embarrassed over this, he will know how he has made hundreds of others feel when he played his game, locally and otherwise.

It is authentically stated that young Bryant was born in Providence, January 3, 1873—that is Providence in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina—at the old home of his mother's father. His father was Henry Bryant, a native of Green county. He served in the war until wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness. He went from there to Mecklenburg county and married Miss Julia Parks, whom he had met just before hostilities began. Both parents are now dead.

Born to this union were seven boys and one girl. They come along this way: Victor S. Bryant, attorney at Durham; Red Buck, our subject; George Badger Bryant, a farmer of Providence; Hugh P. Bryant, cotton mill machinery man, Whitin, Mass; Pegram A. Bryant, on the staff of the Statesville Landmark; Mrs. W. M. Robey, of Charlotte; Robert M. Bryant, insurance agent and farmer, Fort Mills, S. C.; and Ralph Graves Bryant, a Mecklenburg farmer.

Young Bryant attended the A. & M. College at Raleigh for three months in 1890, where he gained forty pounds in flesh and considerable amount of rare and valuable experience. Going there he had his first ride on the train; and the railroad authorities had considerable trouble in separating Red Buck from his trunk. His mother had cooked a whole chicken and placed it in his trunk, and young Bryant felt that every body on the train knew it.

In explaining to a friend why he finished at the A. & M. so quickly, Red Buck said: "My father was advised to take me home from the A. & M. after the watchman caught me climbing over the five story dormitory, one night, after I had been down town too late. That was in December. I waited on the table, making eight cents an hour—three hours a day—making enough to pay my board. I had free access to the pantry, was friendly with the matron, and that accounts for the fat I took on. I can't recall any special literary feats accomplished there. I had one fight."

Young Bryant spent the following eight months on the farm. He made a "full" hand. He had a difficulty with a mean negro. He also got into a swollen stream with his father's horse and buggy. After this our subject was advised to leave the farm. He went to the State University, where Mr. Victor Bryant, a brother, was studying law. He stood his entrance examinations, almost flickering on two of the three. But Dr. George T. Winston, then president, could read a boy and he knew that young Bryant had it in him; so he was allowed to enter and he graduated with his class in a creditable manner.

During the summer of 1893 Mr. Bryant taught school in Providence, but in the early fall he gave up his school. Bryant insists that the authorities dismissed him for missing two lines of the Lords' prayer in his opening exercises. That fall he taught school in Robeson county, returning to the University Jan. 15th. Doing double work, he finished his course in fair company. Leaving the University at his graduation, he had what most men, who have accomplished much, have confronting them—a debt. This debt amounted to \$1,000 for board, clothes and tuition.

Mr. Bryant went to work for the Charlotte Observer in the summer of 1895, his first work being the reporting of an important and much talked-of murder trial at Lexington. The first two months was a trial without pay; the next two months brought him returns of forty dollars. This to young Bryant was a crisis; there were times when blues came upon him, but his philosophical nature and his determination fought back the clouds, until he saw daylight, and he has made good. Somewhere, at sometime and somehow, H. E. C. Bryant won a name that sticks—it is Red Buck. More people in the state affectionately know him by that name than by his real name—in fact there are those that think he was baptized just that way.

Red Buck has been busy all his life; he does not use tobacco and cares not for liquor, or cards, but he is awfully fond of the old time negro the mule and the hound. He has considerable acquaintance with religious matters, does not pay constant court to piety but he has no bad habits. He knows from experience what appendicitis is, and aside from this he is and has been the picture of health.

As a newspaper writer and cor-

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES---NO. 5.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

respondent Red Buck shines with the best. He has the faculty of causing people to sit up and take notice, when all seems serene. He weaves into his writings the memory of interesting occurrences of his youth and through them all there is a human interest, both bright and engaging. He has natural humor to a marked degree. He has had compiled into a uniquely bound book certain of his contributions to the Observer. And his Tar Heel Tales reflect his great heart and his sunny disposition. It is dangerous for a public man to write a book, but Red Buck need never fear that his will rise up and do him harm, whatever his station in life.

In February 1900 Mr. Bryant married Miss Eva G. Sumner, a talented and attractive lady of Lincoln. To them has been born one child, a girl—her name is Elizabeth Sharp Bryant—now in her sixth year, and she is a charming little Miss.

Red Buck is all right. He has made smiles; he has left no stings; and he always yearns for North Carolina, which he loves with a child-like devotion.

**The Club Women Met in May.**

The Federated Clubs met in Henderson in May. Mrs. Al Fairbrother of one of the Greensboro clubs attended, and upon her return home she gave an interesting account of the meeting. Among other things in Mrs. Fairbrother's report is this item of peculiar interest to the Jackson Training School. It is:

Another very important branch of the club work is the industrial and labor department, Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, of Henderson, chairman. In a very interesting report, in which a strong plea was made for the Stonewall Jackson Training School at Concord, the federation was credited with \$407.50 paid in and pledges amounting to \$250.00 representing only such contributions as had passed through the hands of Mrs. Cooper and not money sent direct by individual clubs to the superintendent at Concord. The federation is making an earnest effort to share with the Kings' Daughters the cost of the \$5,000 cottage erected by the latter, on which there is still a considerable debt. Club members are urged to do all in their power to further this great work—the very foundation-stone of all other reforms—that of saving and transforming into good and useful citizens the wayward boys who if turned over to the courts and to the jails and convict camps, would develop into vicious anarchists and hardened criminals.

Three days after Bob took home the caterpillar and the cocoons to watch them and see what they "would come to," he came to my house early in the morning—indeed before I had quite finished my breakfast, for his impatient enthusiasm was bursting out in every direction:—

"Doctor, that big worm you gave me has just finished up all the apple leaves you weighed out for him, and seemed to be hunting for more: I gave him a handful, but he didn't eat much of it. He just roamed around the cage as if he were lost. After awhile he crawled up a twig with leaves on it, and began to rub his nose on it, and when his nose left the twig I saw a thin thread like a spider's web sticking to it which he carried down a couple of inches, and again rubbed his nose against it, and left the thread sticking there, and then up again, and across and then up and down, and across again, and after an hour's watching I saw he was shutting himself inside the web. How did that caterpillar know how to make that thing? I never thought that a caterpillar had any sense but to eat; but he beats me; I can't make anything like that; and then, he never saw one made by a caterpillar, and I just want to know how he knew how to do it." I had to call mother, and she just sat there staring and wondering, and wondering as she sat with her chin on her hand, and at last she said, "What comes next, Robert?"

But Bob's sharp ears had caught a scratching sound coming from the wire cage where the two cocoons were, and his eye turned to see what it meant; and watching it for a moment, and he soon saw the head of an insect peeping out from the upper end of the cocoon, and little by little it emerged, when Bob called out:—

"Come here, mother! Just look! He's coming out! How did that thing know how to get out of that cocoon—that's what I want to know? The doctor said that the picture of a dog's head would be on his wings! Here he comes, and there's the dog head, sure enough. Look, mother! How did that dog's head get on those wings, I'd like to know? Well, it's a beauty." In this simple incident one thing was evident, and that was—The Birth of the Butterfly had brought the heart of the mother and the heart of the child

closer together, and the mother felt it. She watched not only from curiosity and astonishment, but for his sake; and Bob was made better by the interest his mother took in this new direction of his life. It was only a few hours after the first came out that the second emerged, and the boy's joy seemed complete. He brought them to me in the small cage, and I said;—

"Don't kill them, Bob; they are male and female: keep them and get more eggs from them—a hundred of them—and then you can raise just that many more of the Dog Head beauties."

"But, doctor, how do you know they are male and female? I can't see any difference between them." The inquisitiveness of the boy was one of the most-encouraging traits in his character, and was very encouraging to me. I pointed out the marks of distinction which he readily grasped (which I am not able to do here for the want of specimens) and he simply remarked:—

"I see: that's another wrinkle, and I'll remember."

A few days after, we prepared for a "catch" of whatever beauties we might find on the wing or on the bushes. Bob was in the glory of his first expedition as he went along with the catch-net on his shoulder, the cork-lined basket on his arm; his yellow-leather leggings and thick soled shoes—a sort of a budding Entomologist. We aimed for some swamp land about a mile and a half from town where we knew the butterflies loved to go; and strange as it may seem, the worse the swamp smelt, the more these beautiful creatures like it.

Our road passed not far from a house in which lived an old maiden lady who owned the land, whom the boys called "The swamp Angel" or "The Angel" for short,—the abbreviation of her name—Angelina. She kept a dozen or more cats of various breeds as "company-pets" as she said. And then there were four or five dogs more or less vicious: these were for the protection of her house and person, and especially, her apple and peach orchard. As we approached the house Bob saw a large yellowish butterfly on the wing a hundred yards ahead and started after it, and the dogs through sight, scent or hearing seeming to know of the approach of

somebody came at their best speed yelping and howling down the path directly towards him, and after them came the "swamp Angel" trying to stop them, with a half dozen cats at her heels. Bob stopped short from pursuit of the butterfly, turned round and threw his net over the dog's head as neatly as if it had been a butterfly. I threw a bunch of half a dozen of lighted Chinese fire crackers at the other dog which fell just under his nose, and he went off howling as if he had been shot. When the "Swamp Angel" came near enough to recognise me, she exploded with both hands raised,—

"Why, it's the crazy butterfly man come again! I'm glad to see you: yes; catch all the butterflies you can—plenty of them here; but who's that boy?" She asked this as she saw Bob lift the net from the dog's head and scamper off after a yellow winged beauty not far away.

"That's my young scholar learning the trade or profession of Entomology," I replied.

"I don't care what he is learning," said the Angel of the swamp: "What's his name? I think I've seen him before. If he's the boy I think he is, you had better get him off my land as soon as possible. Is that

boy Bob Robinson? If my peach trees could they'd tell tales on him: and then, he with two other boys raided my chicken house last summer, and out of pure devilment killed some of my best hens, and stole others. Is that the boy? If that's the boy get him away as soon as you can, or I'll have my dog's to tear him up."

Now, what was I to do—what was best to be done in this case? Acknowledge his identity and take the chance? or prevaricate and slip away with Bob? In the moment I had to decide the matter, I said:—

"If you will keep your dogs off, Miss Angie, I'll call the boy, and settle the matter." After a moment of hesitation, she promised, and sent the dogs scoting home.

I called Bob, and he came, I thought, a little unwilling—but he came.

"It's the boy—Bob Robinson: you killed my hens last summer, and I've been trying to find you ever since, you scamp." Bob's eyes were on the ground and his face flushed; but when she stopped speaking he took one step towards her and said in a very humble and sincere way,—

"Miss Angie, I might tell you a lie about this thing, but I won't: I am—"

"Look here, Bob Robinson," snapped in the "Angel" "We've had one boy-saint in this country who could'n't tell a lie, and we don't want too many of them; they'd make things too unnatural: I prefer—"

"Don't be hard on Bob, Miss Angie; he's—"

"I won't be hard on him: How is it, Bob? Just have your say."

"Well" answered Bob; "I didn't kill your chickens—I stole them and sold them, and I am very sorry for it, and I will pay you the price of them, or I will buy you—"

"That's enough you young scamp: I'd rather hear you confess your sin than to have your money", and her face softened as she spoke;—"I forgive you: now go after your butterflies; but come here and shake hands first, for I can trust any boy who can tell the truth against himself." Bob looked straight into her face and said with slightly moistened eyes,

"Thank you, Miss Angie: I'll try—"

"Don't stand there thanking me; get out after the insects—off with you, or you'll lose them." It didn't take long for Bob to "get out", and we were soon on the tramp for our treasures.



TEAM OF OXEN. AT SYLVA, JACKSON COUNTY, N. C., READY TO START 8 MILES ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN TO CULLOWHEE NORMAL SCHOOL, THE SPLENDID INSTITUTION ESTABLISHED BY PROF. R. L. MADISON IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS. THE BOILER WAS INSTALLED BY MR. B. MCKENZIE IN THE POWER HOUSE OF CULLOWHEE'S CENTRAL HEATING PLANT.

Despising Danger.

Many flee danger. They are cowards, because their thought is self. When one lives for noble purpose life is the secondary consideration; honor, duty, truth, God first. Gustavus Adolphus, warring for the salvation of Protestantism, after a marvelous escape from death on a battle-field, said: "I take God and my conscience to witness, as well as the tribulation I am undergoing and

shall undergo, that I left my kingdom and all I deem of value, solely for the security of Fatherland, to put an end to the fearful religious tyranny which exists, to replace in their rights and freedom the evangelical princes and estates of Germany, and to win for us all a permanent peace." He concluded his conversation by referring lightly to his danger, "Whoso lives for honor must know how to die for the universal

good." He was God's hero. Like Him, but not in so lofty a spirit, was the Duke of Wellington, who, when remonstrated with for joining in the last charge at Waterloo, with shot and shell whistling round his head, said, "Never mind; the victory is won, and now my life is of no consequence." One more must suffice. George Whitefield cried, "Perish George Whitefield, so God's work be done."

Have the Woman's Clubs Accomplished Lasting Results?

By Mrs. Gordon Finger.

It was in the days of the early seventies, that fruitful period when the general awakening for higher education had its birth, that the far reaching and powerful force of modern times known as "Women's Clubs" had its beginning, and like all things grown great, there are several cities that claim the honor of originating the initial club, the first one among a membership that now includes a million American women. But whether it was from New York or Massachusetts or yet a Western town that this influence first emanated, it now circles the globe, and springs into activity wherever American woman is called to cast her lot.

From every Continent, unless it is Australia there have been representatives of the American Clubs at the great "biennial" just closed in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The individual clubs that rapidly were formed combined into State Federations and the necessity of and benefit to be derived from general unity and co-operation brought into existence the general Federation in New York State in 1890, the growth being generally greater north of the Mason and Dixon line and in the West. The years have brought changes and development. The early club was devoted to self-culture and social pastime and pleasure; to-day it represents chiefly woman's share of the municipal, educational and philanthropic burden of our complex civilization.

From one-time multiplicity of papers and fruitless discussions has evolved a better focused intellectual energy, and theory has been turned to practicality with the immediate locality and environment as an objective point. But it is the results from and not the history of all these years of toiling and sowing, of seeking and aspiring, of plans made and hopes raised, of methods learned and unlearned. Where are the sheaves? What are the compensations for the hours of weariness of mind and body? What yield have we from the time that gentle anxious mothers have spared from the home circle and the babies? One of the strongest elements of power whose work we would sum up is influence, a thread that is so subtle, yet so fine and strong, that we can't hope to always trace it in the finished fabric.

A leading spirit of the club movement from its early days has epitomized club principles into the following platform:

"We have pledged ourselves to use our united strength to obtain better homes, better schools, better surroundings, better citizenship and better laws; to work together for civic health and civic righteousness; to preserve our heritage, the forests, and the natural beauties of the land; to procure for our children an education which fits them for life—the training of the hand and the heart as well as the head; to prevent the children, not our own, being deprived of their birthright of natural childhood; to obtain right conditions and proper safeguards for the women who toil."

Woman is the practical power of the world; her ages of service in housewifery and motherhood have given her a competency for detail that amounts to genius. And let us now see what proof there is that women have used their acknowledged powers in the accomplishment of the high purposes set forth. A mother's first thought is her children—the boys—and it is in their interest that her efforts have won the commendation and sympathies of some severe and bitter club critics. It is undoubtedly due to the tireless efforts of club women that the body politic is beginning to realize the potentiality, the human force that has been going to waste in the unfortunate, uncared for or merely careless youth of the country and are making a distinction between the mistakes of youth and adult crime which is evidenced by the establishment of juvenile courts and training schools. The clubs have gone further and taken means of prevention for waywardness in the establishment of public playgrounds, flower and kitchen gardens, where the children of the tenement flat, with proper director or guardian may find instructive and healthful and happy employment. Thousands of children have been formed into Junior Civic Leagues, and are being drilled in habits of neatness, care and responsibility, where the city or town is concerned in a way that can not fail to bear fruit in some of the mayors and aldermen of the next generation.

The neighbor towns of Greensboro and Charlotte have both achieved great things in this field, Outside

of a few Western States women have no right of suffrage, and usually don't care for it, but they have accomplished wonderful results in securing legislation that has been necessary for the alleviation of wrongs or the securing of benefits for causes or helpless classes.

The Georgia Clubs worked ten years for some child labor and school laws and won them!

A way of mankind is to frame beautiful, perfectly worded and finely conceived laws and bury them on the statute books; the club women exhume them often amid surprise and embarrassment, and demand and usually secure their enforcement.

Municipal government is only housekeeping on a bigger, broader scale and womanly suggestion and experience is a resource that has told for improved conditions the country over. No less have school houses and properties, sanitary conditions, drinking cups and the standard school health and ventilating facilities profited by a peep from the women. One of the fights only half won is for free medical inspection of the school children, by which many dull, inattentive children would be found to be merely a bit deaf, with defective eyes or some easily remedied throat trouble.

One of the most substantial and evident gains from the club movement has been the spreading and multiplication of public and travelling libraries all over the country. The beautiful Brooklyn Library was due to efforts of Mary E. Craigie, and so it has been with thousands of others. Library Commissions have been secured in most of the states after careful cultivation of public opinion which will perpetuate the work so well begun. This represents work of a general nature. There is hardly a club that has not made some special gift or bettered the equipment of the home library.

For civic beauty and cleanliness the women have done everything from actually sweeping streets and collecting papers to hiring the work done, offering prizes for its accomplishment, and oiling the municipal machinery in such a way that the cities have done their own house cleaning. It is in civic endeavor that club women have been brought into the public eye by official, and press often, with sharp twinges to

conservative woman, but her sacrifices have borne fruit in the arousing of public interest, and attention to local conditions. It is remarkable how unconscious habit and familiarity will make one accustomed to unsightly yards, streets, roadways or public buildings. The American man and woman like to believe that in all things requiring energy and industrial excellency that they lead the world, and as the knowledge spreads that we have ugly, "perky" unkept little villages compared with England and Europe, the householder will stop and look, and seeing that it is true education will prove to be reformation.

From all sources, the preacher, the lecturer, the judge or the mayor, difficult and disagreeable tasks are pointed out, "That is a work for the woman's club," and generally they make good in an effort to furnish this miscellaneous service. From all time the sects and creeds of every nation have entrusted to their women whatever humanitarian work they have done. So it was to be expected that the club movement would find this an open field and they have worked valiantly in it. The things accomplished have been as diversified as the sections, cities and needs of a country, as wide spreading and as great as ours.

In San Francisco it has been the furnishing of certified milk for a hundred or more delicate founding babies; in Michigan, a home for the epileptic and feeble-minded; in other places boarding houses and houses of refuge for unfortunate women; day nurseries, lunch rooms for working girls, early Christmas shopping, shorter hours for women clerks, fresh air and country sunshine for city slum children; in a thousand ways and places there has been struggle for relief where the privileged of one class press upon the rights of a weaker or more dependent one.

In fact the five hundred pages of the big "biennial" reports and the smaller volumes of the forty-seven Federation, tell the story of what the club woman does; not always great things nor wonderful things; there are many small, sometimes menial tasks; but it is the turning of the tiny strands of wood fibre in the thousand germ cells, that makes the sun flower always face the King of Day, and in the sum total of the uplifting forces that shall make tomorrow better than today, and us all better neighbors to our fellows, the club movement will stand large in the account.

The world-known achievements of club women are many that we have not mentioned; Miss Jane Addams' work among our foreign born citizens at Hall House, Chicago; other names that have added luster to the roll of club women are the Cary sisters, Rosa having been president of the New York club that now claims to have been the first to organize; the Beechers—Harriet of book fame and Catherine who ranks as the first woman or person in the world to introduce into a school or institution of learning any instruction about the care of the home; there are Julia Ward Howe, May Alden Ward, and the wives of statesmen, presidents and governors innumerable.

Some of the general results of the club movement have been an awakening of interest in State histories and State pride, and investigation of the laws and modes of procedure required in the several States, a familiarity with the products, natural and manufactured, and the needs of a state or section; a breaking down of sectionalism, where it is based on prejudice and not on principle; a lessening of class pride and a creation of broader sympathy and fellowship; a congenial meeting ground beyond the bounds of denominationism and class distinction.

But of all that has been done by women's clubs, good or bad, there are two things that make it great pre-eminently, and will atone for all the mistakes and misjudgments that have ever been scored against them. It is what the association and experience have done for woman herself, and what she is doing for the home.

The advancement of industrial invention and labor saving devices, a spreading of prosperity has given to woman a leisure unknown and unprocurable in the days of hand-knit socks and hand-stitched suits, to say nothing of the hundred other things that it is now cheaper to have done outside the home.

The cumulated and unspoken aspirations of generations of women have found vent in the club movement for belated literary opportunities, for systematic reading and study, for taking a hand in the adjustment of affairs and progress in a legitimate womanly way; to try the pulse of public opinion; to know and see the world. She has so improved and appreciated her opportunity, the experience has so deepened and widened her interests and sympathies that she is newly aroused to her responsibilities and the fact that her sex is a force that must

make and tell its own story in the development of the race, from having been a latent or indirect influence the opening gates of fields white to harvest call her to gather sheaves with her own hands.

In the home, her shrine and kingdom, she is training her sons and her daughters in the light of her broader conception of life. Of all the vocations and professions house-keeping or home-making is the only one where the workers have gone in without training and experience and made anything like a success. You would not take an eighteen-year-old college boy from leading a german and put him to running a big paper or business with any reasonable hope of your interests profiting by your experiment, but for generations girls have assumed equal and greater responsibilities as wives with no better training, and the greatness of this great nation of ours has sprung from the homes they made. But the last quarter-century has seen a change by woman made, and all the colleges, nay the high and public schools are making a place in their curriculum for the girls to obtain some preparation and training for the oldest and one of the greatest professions—home-keeping.

Florence Nightingale made trained nursing a profession. When the judgment, the patience, the skill, the self-control, the capacity for detail, the executive ability, the graces of mind and heart that are required for the house mother, or for her who has studied and trained herself to fitness for that place are recognized as qualifications for a high and honorable profession, one of the greatest results of womanly effort, a club goal, will have been reached.

The degraded place in the social scale of the houseworker has been lower in the South as the result of a sudden change in civilization, an involuntary one in fact; poverty has complicated and made an evil worse, but if the woman's club movement succeeds, as indications say it will, in dignifying and placing honor on the head of that gentle servitor, that benefactor of all races and all peoples, the skilled home worker and manager, the home-scientist, the guardian of household strength and health, the lady-in-waiting, as it were to the long-crowned queen-motherhood—the generations to come may truly bless the woman's clubs.



Happiness is found in work that we love.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance

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OUR SECOND VOLUME.

THE UPLIFT, as noted in the May number, has made one successful voyage. We started out with the frank statement in June, 1909, that we intended to stay close to the shore. We did; not one time did we get out of sight of the shore. We had a pleasant and profitable trip.

This number marks the beginning of another voyage. We have set sail full of hope and confidence. We will try to be good, and faithful to our promises. We hope to make THE UPLIFT a necessity in many homes into which it now goes—and we hope to find many more friends, who supporting us, are contributing to a cause in which the good people of the state will find great pleasure. Practically all of receipts for subscriptions and advertising go to the fund for another cottage—the editor receives not one cent for his labors.

We hope to make ourself worthy of a splendid support in the future as has been accorded us in the past. We can not, we must not beg—that would be bad taste.

So here starts Vol. II, No. 1. We crave the kind and sympathetic treatment of the brethren of the State Press.

TAX RETURNS SHOW INEQUALITY.

This is the month in which property is to be listed for taxation. Some horses and mules will be returned for forty dollars, which cost two hundred dollars. Last year a certain man, who once preached, had a fine pair of mules; for which he refused four hundred dollars—he returned them for fifteen dollars each. The records will also show, when the tax listing is completed, that there was less real money among the people of the entire state on the first day of June than on any other day in the year. It would surprise you to ascertain just how little money can be found even in a great big town, by consulting the tax returns.

The blessings of government, and all civilization demand an organized government, and must have an accompanying hardship—the paying of a tax. The day of taxation will never cease. But is it not strange that thus far no system has yet been worked out and placed upon the law books, by which an accurate and just assessment has ever been made? How much better would it be if a man knew that his neighbor would return his effects (all of them) for their real value and he, too, did the same thing; and in turn, the same thing was done throughout the state? It would result in equalization, justice, fairness between counties, make men feel better, show up the state in a better light; and after all had reached the point of value, the rate could be correspondingly lowered. This would make some pauper counties appear in another column.

A bill, looking to this end was drafted some years ago and tendered to the Legislative Finance Committee. It was declared good and that it would reach the spot. But a prominent member of the committee moved to change its title so as to read as follows: "A Bill to be entitled an Act to change the political complexion of the state." That was the end of the measure.

Inequality even appears in the listing of the property of townships

of the same county. The same thing can be seen in different parts of the same town; in fact, you can find inequality between the assessment of adjoining properties on the same street. This is not right.

Some of these days somebody will be brave enough to father a bill that will turn the trick—and it will do no man any harm.



TWO LITTLE PREACHERS.

A four year old boy, aspiring to be what his father is, fixed himself a sermon and he delivered it with great earnestness as follows: "You must be good, and kind, and gentle, and fear and love God, Amen."

That was seventeen years ago. He has lived what he preached, and to-day he enjoys the highest grade for deportment and class standing in the Citadel Academy of Charleston, S. C.

The other little preacher is just three years old. His sweet little face grows earnest when he preaches his sermon, which runs as follows: "God said let there be light, and there was light—don't you see the sun shining?"

Who is there to doubt that this little fellow, kept close to a careful and intelligent parental control will, also, grow up to make proud the hearts of true parents, who believe that environment plays a wide part in the fixing of character?

No father or mother is too busy to teach or live a sermon to his child. It will give returns that only eternity will end.



RETURNS CRY LOUD.

If you stop booming towns, stop building cotton mills and other industrial plants, that offer a large and more frequent pay, this "quitting the farm" will be unheard of. The faker that has come among us and poses as an expert in all lines can not fool the child mind with farm terms in his school course life, when the whole country has been baptized with the commercial spirit, looking for dollars in the shade. And these same tear-shedding rural country salvationists howl when they

have to pay twenty-five cents for a nice frying-size chicken, the owner of which has gone through care, trial, loss and disappointment to bring that remaining chicken to a marketable value. Has this faker ever calculated how many little chickens at this price it will take to equal the pay he draws for the hot air he is turning loose? But we could not survive without fads and new toys.

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THE OX-TEAM PICTURE.

That picture showing sixteen oxen ready to pull a large boiler across the mountain in Jackson county tells something of a story. Years ago Prof. R. L. Madison one of the states most substantial citizens and an earnest educator started a school near Painter. The Cullowhee Normal has done an educational work for the entire mountain section of enormous value. Many of the lawyers, doctors, preachers and leading business men of that section are the product of Cullowhee. Fully nine-tenths of the rural teachers of that section of North Carolina are the product of that school: and Prof. Madison has so educated them that they are not made unhappy and try to get away from the scenes that so much need them. The education he has given at this admirable school makes the recipient prouder of his section and inspires him towards its betterment and development. Prof. Madison is one of North Carolina's best assets.

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THE ANSWER IS SATISFACTORY.

The editor of THE UPLIFT has read with keen interest and considerable profit the several communications in Sunday's Charlotte Observer from the pen of Mrs. Gordon Finger. He saw her direct with grace and pointedness at the memorial exercises May 10th in Charlotte. He resolved to ask this remarkable woman with remarkable power to answer what he thought was a hard question. He requested her to write for publication in THE UPLIFT an answer to this question: "Have The Women's Clubs Accomplished Lasting And

Beneficial Results?" Mrs. Finger responded, her answer is an answer right. If you think women have not come into their own and are not doing things, look up Mrs. Finger's delightful article in this issue and be converted to a finish.

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THEY DO THINGS ORDERLY.

The editor of THE UPLIFT likes the women better than he does the men, but he has no desire to exchange places with them; but mingling in a hopeless minority with them in the annual convention of the King's Daughters, at Rockingham in May, he all but envied them in their ability to transact business speedily and according to their fixidness of purpose; their hope; and last but not least the power of mind, soul and grace to say the prettiest things the editor ever heard. And these women--the daughters of the King--are in reality God's noblewomen, doing acts of kindness and mercy, without the beat of the drum or the sounding of a horn.

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SHE MADE \$30.00.

A little nine year old girl of Charlotte has made this season thirty dollars by pinning single roses of her own culture on men's coats.

Around the lobbies of the Selwyn, modestly and in her sweet, simple white dress, she mingies among the delegates to the Union Convention. She pins a rose--the men melt to the act and financially respond without solicitation. The little girl is a tower of strength to missions. May she retain her beautiful naturalness.

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AN ATTRACTIVE ADDITION.

In this number of THE UPLIFT is begun a new department. We are pleased to call it "The Department of the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters. Their's is uplift work and there is all the reason in the world why their accomplishments and great thoughts and hopes should regularly appear in THE UPLIFT. The department will be in charge of two of the state's most talented ladies, Madams M. H. Russell and John L. Everett, of Rockingham.

The National Educational Association will meet in Boston in July. A large delegation is expected from the state, which has been peculiarly honored by the election of one of its distinguished educators as president. Supt. J. Y. Joyner, the president of this important body of educators, has administered its affairs with signal ability.

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When you eliminate those who have gone to the towns and cities to answer calls to cotton mills and other industrial activities, and cut out the large number of negroes who have quit the country for the towns, it is quite probable that the percentage of removals from the farms will hardly reach one-tenth of one per cent.

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One of the most important gatherings to meet in this state for years was the National Building & Loan Association at Charlotte, in May. Representing Gov. Kitchin, Hon. Chas. W. Tillet did the honors on the intellectual and oratorical menu. His Billy Malone story will carry good cheer throughout the nation.

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Those who are the loudest and are shedding the most tears over rural inhabitants moving to the town and the city could exercise a greater influence if they themselves would pick up and return to the country. The fellow that never practises what he preaches is a lame argument.

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Rev. John C. Kilgo, president of Trinity College, has been elected Bishop by the recent Conference at Asheville. Dr. Kilgo, a braiy man that stands for something, will make a great bishop. It is a deserved compliment to North Carolina Methodism.

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There is a town not a thousand miles away in which \$1000 in wages is daily wasted by able-bodied young men loafing in nooks, dark corners, pool rooms, "clubs" and drug-store soda fountains. "Smoke them out" should be a slogan for organized society.

Department of the North Carolina King's Daughters.

Under the Editorial Management of Mrs. W. H. Russell, assisted by Mrs. John L. Everett, of Rockingham, N. C.

During the recent Convention of the North Carolina branch of the King's Daughters at Rockingham, Mr. J. P. Cook tendered the members of that organization the use of two pages of the "UPLIFT" every month for their own use and behoof, that they may publish matters of general interest pertaining to their work throughout the state. This generous offer was gratefully accepted and two ladies were put in charge of this department, Mrs. W. H. Russell, with Mrs. John L. Everett, assistant.

The Convention was harmonious

the Y. W. C. A., for S. C., Va. and N. C., addressed the Convention. She spoke with graceful dignity of "Woman in Modern Service."

Mr. J. P. Cook gave a most interesting account of the Jackson Training School on Thursday evening. His audience was a large one, but what he said ought to reach the ears and hearts of every man and woman in North Carolina. Every now and then his question is echoed, "What has become of that old-fashioned thing, parental control?" One might answer that it has disappeared with the old-fash-

ment Mrs. H. A. Sherrill, of Charlotte, and Mrs. O. L. Cloud, of Rockingham, gave practical and encouraging information, showing how wide-spread is woman's interest in town-cleaning as well as house-cleaning.

After the last business session on Thursday afternoon the entire Convention was carried in automobiles through the streets and suburbs of Rockingham and the outlying plantations. Salisbury was chosen as the next meeting place and the month of Convention was changed to June, the day being chosen by the enter-



and successful. The following State Officers were re-elected: Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, State Sec.; Miss Easdale Shaw, Assistant; Mrs. G. A. Coggeshall, of Oxford, Recording Sec.; Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, of Henderson, Treas. Mrs. W. A. Everett was elected Chairman of Training School Association in place of Mrs. Sallie Cotton, resigned.

The Reports from the 27 Circles in the state showed increase of membership and unflinching interest in the work of the Order.

On Wednesday night Miss Anna Casler, of Charlotte, Secretary of

the Y. W. C. A., for S. C., Va. and N. C., addressed the Convention. She spoke with graceful dignity of "Woman in Modern Service."

Mrs. W. O. Allen read a fine paper on "Woman's Work," she said it was her first effort since she graduated 51 years ago, but it was written and read with a spirit and force that bespoke both ability and practice.

Mrs. I. W. Faison spoke in her usual warm-hearted way of the Training School in which she is deeply interested.

Along the line of Civic Improve-

ment Mrs. H. A. Sherrill, of Charlotte, and Mrs. O. L. Cloud, of Rockingham, gave practical and encouraging information, showing how wide-spread is woman's interest in town-cleaning as well as house-cleaning.

An organization such as that of "The King's Daughters and Sons" is like a piece of good, solid furniture. When it is new it is prized, shown, talked about, used and finally abused, then relegated to the garret and for years is heard of no more. Then some inquiring youngster, with an eye for "a good thing" drags it out, it is dusted and polished and behold it becomes the cynosure of all eyes. When this

Order entered the State some thirty-odd years ago there was a great rush into it's membership and much good was accomplished in quiet, unknown ways. then the novelty wore off, other Societies were organized with new names and diversified interests and "The King's Daughters" was almost forgotten, save by a loyal few. Now the pendulum is swinging back again. Six years ago the Order took up, as its State work, the establishment of a Training School for unfortunate boys, this aroused state-wide interest, and again numbers are seeking entrance into the various Circles, substantial business men, active, intelligent women, young girls in the loveliness of youth and little children are glad to be enrolled among those who seek to do good for Christ's sake.



CHARLES WESTBROOK HUNT.

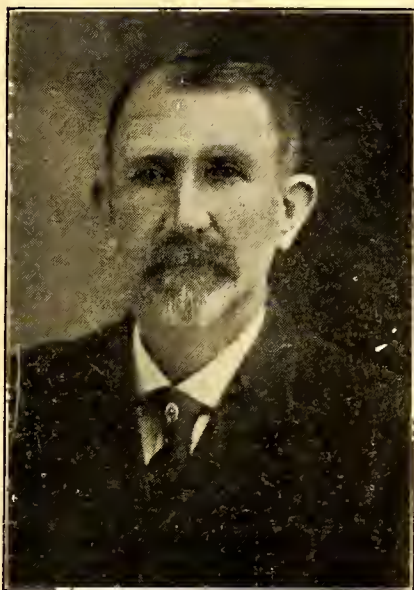
He ran a newspaper for a while and then dropped out. But the smell of ink can not be moved, so Charles W. Hunt, of Charlotte, on various occasions drops into the harness for special work. He does clever work with the pen. He goes through the days with his eyes open; and seeing things he puts into commission his knack in telling them for the papers. His latest newspaper reporting was that of the Western North Carolina Conference, which met last Fall at Hickory.

Charles W. Hunt first began making his presence felt in Guilford county on September 26th, 1850; and he has been doing that very thing up to this good day. It was an easy matter for him to make a wide acquaintance and learn much of the geography of the state at an early age, for he was the son of a Methodist minister, the late Moses J. Hunt, who preached for fifty years.

In 1880, at Kernersville, he entered the tobacco business; later with Jas. H. Lindsay and T. A. Lyon he issued from that town the Kernersville News. In 1888 he came into the possession of the Burlington News, which he edited with marked ability and with the usual success attending a county weekly in those days. Mr. Hunt conducted the Burlington News until 1896, when ill health forced him to quit active newspaper work. He removed to Charlotte in 1897. Here he maintains a high class boarding house, and his home is the home of many railroad men that go in and out of Charlotte. but the most sensible thing our subject ever did was when

he married Miss Mina C. Kerner, of Kernersville, in 1883. Their only child is Mrs. Frank F. Jones.

C. W. Hunt is a familiar figure in Charlotte. He has scores of friends. His is of a positive character and nature. He always takes a stand on all questions, and his courage to defend his position is ample. He stands to his guns in



Charles Westbrook Hunt.

the face of opposition if he has to do it alone: but he appreciates an argument, and if you convince him none are quicker to acknowledge it.

Mr. Hunt often times, for the helping along uplift work, voluntarily lends the power and influence of his pen. He asks and expects no reward—his sympathy for the unfortunate and those in distress is so marked that he grasps every opportunity presented to encourage and strengthen relief measures. He has made of his life a useful one to his friends, to his fellow citizens and to his state, which he loves; and C. W. Hunt is just a little more than a half century old to-day.



Greatest Asset of the Nation.

The most noted of England's prime ministers said, 'The first duty of the statesman is to the people.' One of our own statesmen asserts that the greatest asset of this nation is the health of its citizens. Inasmuch as recent science has shown clearly the cause and prevention of many diseases, it is important that this knowledge should form a part of every individual's equipment for the duties of life. The greatest

enemies of the human race are microbes, which annually lay prostrate in this country and Europe seventy million people, of whom three million die. The microbes feeding on human blood have caused the destruction of armies and the downfall of a nation. On this account a knowledge of these infinitely small forms of life is of vast importance.

Since the foundation of many diseases is laid during childhood, and since new ideas are accepted most readily in youth, every boy and girl during school years should be carefully and thoroughly instructed as to the cause of human wretchedness and the means of preventing it. The numerous textbooks on elementary physiology have largely neglected the discussion of facts relating to public health. As a result not one in a hundred graduates of our public schools could state any evidence showing whether vaccination is beneficial or harmful, or describe how malaria, diphtheria, and yellow fever are acquired, and how they may be prevented.

The pupils have spent much time in learning meaningless words, but when information is sought concerning the evidence that typhoid fever is caused by drinking polluted water they remain silent. A pupil is rarely found who can state clearly how the fact has been established that bacteria produce disease. In consequence very many do not yet believe that disease is preventable, and so pay little heed to the laws made by the State for the welfare of its people.

The facts that in this country nearly one hundred persons die daily of typhoid fever and four times as many from tuberculosis and that these diseases are largely preventable, are unknown to most public school pupils. As a result the people continue to use bad air, bad water, and bad food. Holmes wrote fifty years in advance of his age:

'God gave his creatures light and air
And water open to the skies;
Man locks him in a stifling lair
And wonders why his brother dies.'



Does it pay the hard-worked, nerve-racked, desk-bound man to lock his business cares in his office or store and be free once more; to exchange exhausted and irritable nerves for sound, healthy ones which will carry pleasurable sensations instead of rasping ones?



Happiness is found in doing one's best regardless of reward.

A DUTY LOVINGLY MET--SOLDIERS' HOME.

By Maj. B. F. Dixon.

The origin of the Soldiers' Home is rather singular. As far back as 1884 there was a movement for such a Home and some funds were raised, part of these being given upon condition that a certain sum was first secured. In 1890 a fair was held during four days and nights in one of the Raleigh Parks in aid of the Soldiers' Home Fund, the net proceeds amounting to over \$1,600. With this money a small house was rented, and with five veterans as inmates the Home was formally declared open Oct. 15th, 1890, by W. C. Stronach, who was a faithful friend, and an earnest worker for this institution until his death. A little later the number of inmates was increased to fourteen, and then the Legislature made provision for the present Home, which was opened April 27th, 1891, with Miss Mary Williams as matron and acting superintendent. She was succeeded on Feb. 15th, 1893, by J. H. Fuller who served until Feb. 1st., 1898, when Capt. R. H. Brooks, our present superintendent, was chosen. No better man could have been selected than Capt. Brooks. He has been serving the Home faithfully since his first appointment, and notwithstanding the fact that for the last year or two he has been in wretched health, he still takes great interest in the Home and does his best in the care of the old men. Mrs. Brooks is an able helpmeet, and does marvelously well as matron of the Home. It is amazing the work that has been done, and is being done, by these two faithful heads of the institution.

On December 1st, 1908, the date of the annual report, there were on the roll 142
 Died the year preceding 32
 On roll Dec. 1st, 1909 161
 Admitted year ending Dec. 1st, 1909, 51
 Applications on file May 10th, 1910, 63

The whole number of deaths since the establishment of the Home has been 304.

The average number of inmates in the hospital is about 33.

There are three nurses besides helpers in that department, headed by Miss Bessie Outerbridge of Bermuda, and it is worth while watching them in their efforts to make these helpless old men comfortable, and to smooth their pathway to the grave.

The per capita cost is about \$114

per annum, and when you consider the fact that these old veterans are clothed and splendidly fed, with nice rooms and clean beds, and nursed in their sickness, it is remarkable to see how it can be done on that amount of money. With the increase in applications for admission, it is evident that we will have to call upon the legislature for additional room and more funds to run the institution. The Daughters of the Confederacy have been great friends of the Home and have furnished nearly all the rooms. They have been busily engaged collecting money and creating a sentiment for an Old Ladies' Home to be annexed to the Soldiers' Home. This is a worthy object, and should succeed, because the old women who stayed at home and kept the wolf from the door and supported the soldier in the field, should be cared for as liberally as the soldier himself.

I wish to say that no better friend of the Home can be found than Col. A. B. Andrews, a member of the Executive Committee. He gives passes to all the inmates when they wish to go home or return to the Soldiers' Home, and has been a great help in every way. Mr. A. B. Stronach has also been devoted to this work, and has given much of his time to improving the Home, and making the old men comfortable.

The Soldiers' Home is very popular with the people of the State, and I am sure they will be glad to know that these old men are well provided for. They stood for us in the "Sixties," and were unafraid. They held our banner in the heavens until it went down in blood. Surely we cannot do too much for them now.



Honor Rolls For May..

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Earley Allmond, Cherokee.
 Robert Harris, Mecklenburg.
 Jason Myatt, Johnston.
 Bynum Holsclaw, Watauga.
 James Sullivan, Forsyth.
 Walter Fox, Catawba.
 Brooks Harris, Chatham.
 Richard Watson, Mecklenburg.
 Charles Pate, Craven.
 Curtis Heagan, Buncombe.
 Ralph Williams, Pitt.
 Thomas Saunders, Perquimans.
 Hoyle Means, Cabarrus.
 Bryant Whitaker, Forsyth.

Alfred Jones, Guilford.
 George Moore, Halifax.

STUDY ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Bob Harris, Mecklenburg.
 Jason Myatt, Johnston.
 Bynum Holsclaw, Watauga.
 Walter Fox, Catawba.
 Brooks Harris, Chatham.
 Volley Weaver, Buncombe.
 George Moore, Halifax.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs, Forsyth.
 Bascom Little, Anson.
 John Russ, New Hanover.
 Arthur Johnson, Mecklenburg.
 Frank Amos, Burke.
 Coleman Caudle, Richmond.
 Dan Stafford, Buncombe.
 Paul Livengood, Forsyth.
 John Howell, Green.
 Clifford Tate, Guilford.
 Don Anderson, Wilkes.
 Frank Doby, Mecklenburg.
 Hermann Laughlin, Cabarrus.
 Roy Matteson, Buncombe.
 Gilson Manuel, Forsyth.
 Mack Spry, Rowan.
 Pike Page, Rowan.
 Odell Doby, Cabarrus.
 Edward Dezerne, Cabarrus.
 Hobson Martin, Durham.
 Sylvester Beach, Burke.
 Irby Waldrop, Buncombe.
 Harrison Byrd, Wilkes.
 Dewells Nesbitt, Mecklenburg.
 Bezola Poteat, Gaston.

STUDY ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul, Jacobs, Forsyth.
 Bascom Little, Anson.
 John Russ, New Hanover.
 Frank Amos, Burke.
 Coleman Caudle, Richmond.
 Clifford Tate, Guilford.
 Don Anderson, Wilkes.
 Frank Doby, Mecklenburg.
 Mack Spry, Rowan.
 Wesley Clegg, Davidson.
 Odell Doby, Cabarrus.
 Edward Dezerne, Cabarrus.
 Worth Hatch, Alamance.
 Irby Waldrop, Buncombe.
 Harrison Byrd, Wilkes.



Waste of Money.

Statesville Landmark.

It is mentioned in the news columns of THE LANDMARK today that a statistician has figured out that \$500,000,000 will be spent for "soft" drinks in the United States this year. Judging from the extent of the business the figures do not seem unreasonable.



The world wants men who can not be bought.



NORTH CAROLINA SOLDIERS' HOME, RALEIGH, N. C.

STATE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

By Supt. J. E. Ray.

The first school for the education of the deaf in America was established at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817. New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia soon established similar schools, and in 1843 the question of establishing such a school in North Carolina was agitated, and the same year, Mr. W. D. Cooke, one of the teachers in the Virginia school, brought a class of deaf children and gave exhibitions of the method of teaching the deaf in several counties of our State.

Governor Morehead, the Chief Executive of the State at that time urged the establishment of the school, and on January 12, 1845, a bill entitled "An act to provide for the education and maintenance of poor and indigent deaf-mutes and blind persons in the State" was passed, and the sum of five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00) annually was appropriated.

The first Board of Directors consisted of Governor William A. Graham, ex-officio, president of the Board, Weston R. Gales, David Stone, Charles Manly and R. S. Myers. A building on Hillsboro Street was rented for the purpose and the school was organized on the first of May, 1845, with William D. Cooke, A. M., principal and seven pupils present. During the session seventeen pupils matriculated.

In 1847 an appropriation was made by the General Assembly of five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00) "to provide for the erection of a suitable building for the comfortable accommodation of deaf-mutes and blind persons in the State," and the appropriation for maintenance was increased to ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00.) The corner stone of the present main building on Caswell Square was laid by the Grand Lodge of Masons April 14, 1849, and an address was delivered by Rev. Samuel S. Bryan, of New Berne, N. C.

At the first deaf children only were received, but at a later period provision was made for the reception of the blind. This arrangement continued until 1894, when the white deaf children of the State were moved to a handsome and well equipped new school erected for them at Morganton, North Carolina, where they have since had the very efficient services of Prof. E. McK. Goodwin, A. M., as Superintendent, aided by a fine corps of excellent teachers and officers. That school now has enrolled nearly 250 pupils.

In 1851 Mr. John Kelly, of Orange County, North Carolina, made the first and only bequest of six thousand dollars (\$6,000.00) "to aid in the education of indigent deaf-mutes. The will provided that only the interest accruing on this fund should be used."

The General Assembly of 1868 made provision for the education of the colored deaf and blind children of the State, and the department was opened January 4, 1869, with 26 pupils, and with Mr. John J. Turner as Supervisor for the period of one session. Mr. Z. W. Haynes succeeded him. Mr. Haynes taught in this department twenty years, but upon the removal of the white deaf children to Morganton, he accepted a teachership in that school. A suitable building was erected in the southeast portion of the city soon after the school was established. This has grown to be the largest and best equipped school for the colored deaf and blind children in the South, having the present session an enrollment of 104 deaf negro children and 85 blind, domiciled in two large brick buildings, besides two other brick buildings used for heating plant, laundry, shops &c. This department is under the same general management as the school for the white children.

Upon the removal of the white deaf children to Morganton in 1894, white blind children only were left at the school on Caswell Square, numbering about 95. During the past fourteen years this number has steadily increased until the enrollment has reached 191 the present session, the total number at both schools being 380, by far the largest attendance in the history of the school, and the largest school for the blind in America except three. It will thus be seen that North Carolina is doing more in proportion to her financial ability for the education of her blind and deaf children than any of the Southern States.

It may be of interest to note the growth of the school as regards its buildings. In 1896 the whole equipment at the school on Caswell Square consisted of the main building, then two stories high; a small chapel with dormitory rooms over-head and the boilers, or heating plant, in the basement; the kitchen, with sleeping rooms above, and a small laundry building, and servants' rooms over-head. There have since been erected a large dormitory for

boys, containing modern and sanitary toilet conveniences, and an auditorium seated with one thousand folding opera chairs, and a handsome pipe organ has recently been installed; the building being 125 feet long, three stories high, with a basement largely above ground; a heating plant and industrial building 125 feet long and two stories high; the laundry has been enlarged and converted into convenient dining-rooms for officers and pupils upon the main floor, and into nice piano and band rooms above; the main building has been raised a story higher and covered with slate; and a beautiful fire-proof library building has been erected and furnished with metal stacks for the books, of which there are some four thousand (4000) volumes. These improvements have cost approximately one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000).

The school is suffering just now for lack of space for playing grounds, especially for the boys, the whole square being largely filled with buildings. This condition greatly hinders the operations of the school; for blind children, even more than normal ones, need a great deal of sunshine and exercise in the open air.

Mr. Cooke continued as principal of the school until 1860, when Mr. W. J. Palmer succeeded him. In 1869 Mr. Palmer was elected Superintendent of the Ontario, Canada, School for the Deaf, and was succeeded by Mr. John Nichols, who served only two years. Then came the following: S. F. Tomlinson 1871-'73; John Nichols again 1872-'77; H. A. Gudger 1877-'83; W. J. Young 1883-'96; Fred R. Place June 1896 to Sept. 1896; John F. Ray 1896. The school was kept open during the Civil War, but with very inadequate appropriation.

"Formerly our Institution owned and operated a well-equipped printing office and book-bindery. At one time the Institution did the printing for the State printer. The American Annals for the Deaf, was printed in this office and the Institution published a paper, 'The Deaf-Mute Casket.' The office had costly appliances for printing raised type and printed several works for the blind. But during the administration of politicians the printing appliances were sold and the building torn down. A costly press was sold to a foundry as 'old iron.' The same press was afterward purchased from the foundry and is now (1893) in use in one of the leading printing houses of the city. It appears that the



VIEW OF STATE SCHOOL FOR BLIND, RALEIGH, N. C.

Board thought it unjust for the deaf to compete against the printing houses and thereby take some of the public patronage of the State printer."—History of the N. C. Institution for the Deaf and Blind, 1893.

The literary course of the school embraces all the high school branches taught in the public schools of the State, and some of the graduates of the school have entered the Sophomore classes in the best colleges of the State and have been able to do their work in classes of seeing young men. One of these, after taking his A. B. at the University, at Chapel Hill, took his A. M. at Harvard and his Ph. D. at Chicago University, and he is totally blind.

Quite a number of the graduates of the school are teaching in the public schools of this and other States with satisfactory results, and not a few are succeeding well as teachers of music, as musicians, organists, tuners and repairers of musical instruments. And, too, there are others making a good living at farming, merchandising, &c. I am told that 85 per cent of the graduates of the school are self-supporting. This is no mean showing.

In addition to the thorough work done in the literary and music departments, the boys are taught broom and mattress making, and cane-seating; and the girls learn plain and fancy sewing, fancy-work, dress-making, &c. Some of them

learn to cut, fit and make their own dresses, and all are taught to care for their rooms.

* * *

Where are the Good Chances Today?
Success Nuggets.

In the worker who takes the trouble to go to the bottom of everything.

In the man who can do things with force and originality, not simply dream about them.

In the one who takes the thorns in his occupation with as good a grace as the roses.

In the man or woman who not only has high ideals, but is also willing to make sacrifices to live up to them.

SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL SCHOOL wants energetic, ambitious young men and women to prepare for positions now awaiting them. Lessons BY MAIL if desired.

North Carolina's greatest Schools of Business. Endorsed by our Governors.

W a n t e d

Located in Winston-Salem, Wilmington and Rocky Mount.

Those wishing to be successful in life should write at once for information.

Some Famous Blind.

By Lucy Dayton Phillips.

There are many famous blind people in the world besides Helen Keller, but, because all the "best things" have come to this high-souled girl through the single medium of touch, she is more talked of than all the rest. The obstacles she has had to contend with the obstacles she has overcome by the power of her will have made her case the most remarkable on record. There are others, however, who deserve far more than "honorable mention" by the persistent determination they have shown to work on, in spite of the darkness, to keep in touch with the world and bestow upon it their best gifts.

A young cabinet maker, of Ingolstadt, used to sit solitary and uncomforted when he first lost his eyesight, idly whittling with a penknife.

Then he took to carving little wooden pepper mills to while away his time, he said. And he came to be an adept in the use of the knife, carving things of beauty as well of use, making it work wonders, in fact. Later on he sold his work for a fair profit—made his living by the carving he had learned by patient practice in a world of total darkness.

Sir Kenelen Digby was gifted in many respects. At one time there was no abler player of chess in all England, nor a more painstaking teacher. He traveled far and wide, always without a guide, wandering over Europe's vast pleasure places at will and thoroughly enjoying his life. No one would suspect his blindness from his manner, calm and confident, and at table he ate with perfect ease. Fond of all sports especially of archery, he kept himself full of life and in excellent health by taking part in the game, and almost never missed his mark, he shot his arrows with such precision.

One of the most remarkable men

of his times was Dr. Nicholas Saunders, a professor of mathematics in Cambridge University. He was a master of the science of numbers and also of chemistry. He lived to be fifty-six, this gifted blind teacher, and left behind him a table of raised numbers, by which sightless people like himself could learn arithmetic.

Weissenburg, of Manheim, lost his sight at the age of seven years. He wrote and read with a set of characters he had imagined for his own use, was fond of geography, composing maps and globes, by which he studied and taught this science. He, like Saunderson, was the inventor of a table for the blind.

The great Giovanni Goneldi, the Tuscan sculptor, was blind. Much of his charming work may be seen today, and his portrait busts are admirable, even to the likeness. How he caught the correct outlines is difficult to imagine, but the expression—the "you" of the busts he made—how ever did the blind sculptor manage that?

The widely-known naturalist, M. Huber of Geneva, who has told us such wonderful facts about bees and ants, was blind—blind from infancy. Was it not marvelous how he learned the myteries of the lives of these tiny creatures through a servant and his own sense of touch? The fingers do become very sensitive when one is blind, and make wise and faithful teachers when the sight has been lost. Huber became quite a voluminous writer, and published a valuable work on education.

Milton is the most famous of the blind poets. He lost his sight before he wrote his masterpiece, "Paradise Lost," living on for twenty years and over in darkness.

"They also serve who stand and wait," wrote he, referring to his blindness, and in the same exquisite poem he asked the question,

"Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"

But the poor poet, uncheered and unhappy in his home life, went on working harder than ever, growing more and more famous, in spite of his misfortune, from

"—that one talent which was death to hide,"

for his darkened eyes seemed only to make his genius shine the brighter.

He was not the only blind poet. From the day of Homer, the "blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle," to

the present, there have been men whose fervid imagination gave to the world dazzling pictures of beauty and colors whose own eyes could never see them who wrote on "in the dark."

William H. Prescott, the gifted historian of the conquest of Mexico and Peru, suffered an injury at Harvard, while in his junior year, that deprived him of his sight. At first the accident—a fellow-student threw a piece of hard bread that struck him full upon his left eye—was not thought serious. But months of inflammation ended in loss of one eye, and then the other became involved. He took the advice of Therry, the famous blind historian of the Norman conquest, and cultivated dictation, but, after all, Prescott preferred a writingcase designed for the blind, which he used for forty years or more.

The blind author had the most engaging personality, the most cheerful and winning qualities of mind and heart, and was greatly beloved by his friends.

Henry Fawcett, of England, born in 1833, grew blind through an accident while hunting.

It seemed a terrible misfortune to the ambitious young man, coming as it did only two years after his graduation at Cambridge, but his dauntless soul would not be repressed. He was made a professor of political economy at his university, and later on, in 1880, he entered the cabinet as postmaster-general of England proving himself most active and efficient.

God does help the man who helps himself, and Milton spoke truly when he said:

"Who best bear His mild yoke—they serve Him best."



He succeeded in business but failed as a man because he had neither wife nor child, and but few friends, yet he lived as penuriously and hoarded his gains as jealously as if some great issue depended on the result.

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In Charlotte, N. C.

The Guilford
Hotel
Wants You
When
You Come to
Greensboro, N. C.

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results--In July we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose.

Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The Educational Cottage must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE:

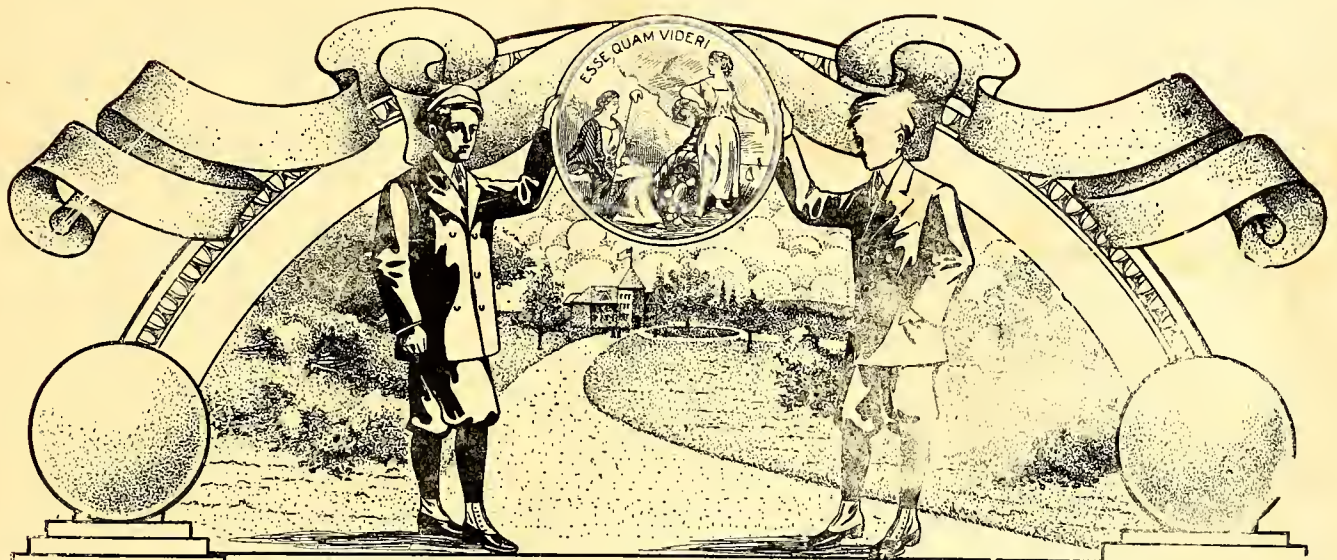
Counties.	Superintendents.	Number.				
Alamance	P. H. Fleming	250		Johnston	J. P. Cannady.	150
Alexander	A. F. Sharpe	50		Jones	K. F. Foscue.	10
Alleghany	W. F. Jones	40		Lincoln	G. T. Heafner.	75
Anson	J. M. Wall	80		Lee	R. W. Allen.	25
Ashe	W. H. Jones	50		Lenoir	J. Kinsey.	100
Beaufort.	W. L. Vaughn	150		Macon	M. D. Billings.	75
Bertie	R. W. Askew	70		Madison	M. C. Buckner.	56
Bladen	A. Cromartie	75		Martin	R. J. Peele.	25
Brunswick	G. H. Bellamy	25		Mecklenburg	R. J. Cochran.	550
Buncombe	A. C. Reynolds	500		McDowell	D. F. Giles.	50
Burke	R. L. Patton	120		Mitchell	J. M. Peterson.	25
Cabarrus	C. E. Boger	250	Raised.	Montgomery	W. A. Cochran.	75
Caldwell	Y. D. Moore	100		Moore	J. A. McLeod.	75
Camden	C. H. Spencer	5		Nash	R. E. Ransom.	100
Carteret	L. B. Ennett	70		New Hanover	W. Catlett.	300
Caswell	Geo. A. Anderson	25		Northampton	P. J. Long.	20
Catawba	George E. Long	200		Onslow	W. M. Thompson.	25
Chatham	R. P. Johnson	75		Orange	T. W. Address.	100
Cherokee	A. L. Martin	75		Pamlico	V. C. Daniels.	15
Chowan	J. O. Alderman	50		Pasquotank	G. A. Little.	75
Clay	G. H. Haigler	10		Pender	T. T. Murphy.	25
Cleveland	B. T. Falls	200		Perquimans	W. G. Gaither.	50
Columbus	F. T. Wooten	125		Person	G. F. Holloway.	75
Craven	S. M. Brinson	100		Pitt	W. H. Ragsdale.	150
Cumberland	B. T. McBryde	200		Polk	J. R. Foster.	25
Currituck	J. M. Newbern	10		Randolph	E. J. Coltrane.	150
Dare	W. B. Fearing	10		Richmond	W. R. Coppedge.	75
Davidson	P. S. Vann	200		Robeson	J. R. Poole.	150
Davie	E. P. Bradley	25		Rockingham	L. N. Hickerson.	200
Duplin	D. S. Kennedy	100		Rowan	R. G. Kizer.	250
Durham	C. W. Miassey	300		Rutherford	B. H. Bridges.	100
Edgecombe	R. G. Kittrell	50		Sampson	L. L. Mathews.	100
Forsyth	W. B. Speas	350		Scotland	G. H. Russell.	40
Franklin	R. B. White	85		Stanly	E. F. Eddins.	100
Gaston	F. P. Hall	250		Stokes	J. T. Smith.	50
Gates	T. W. Costen, Jr.	15		Surry	J. H. Allen.	100
Graham	T. A. Carpenter	5		Swain	J. M. Smiley	50
Granville	J. F. Webb	80		Transylvania	T. C. Henderson	25
Greene	J. E. Fobnam	20		Tyrrell	R. H. Spruill	5
Guilford	T. R. Foust	500		Union	R. N. Nisbett	150
Halifax	A. S. Harrion	80		Vance	J. C. Kittrell	100
Harnett	J. D. Ezzell	75		Wake	Z. V. Judd	500
Haywood	R. A. Sentell	100		Warren	N. Allen	20
Henderson	W. S. Shitle	50		Washington	V. Martin	25
Hertford	T. E. Brown	25		Watauga	B. B. Dougherty	25
Hyde	S. J. Beckwith	5	Raised.	Wayne	E. T. Atkinson	200
Iredell	L. O. White	250		Wilkes	C. C. Wright	75
Jackson	K. O. Self	50		Wilson	E. J. Barnes	125
				Yadkin	C. H. Johnson	25
				Yancey	G. P. Deyton	15

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C364

Prof. H. W. Walker

2-2



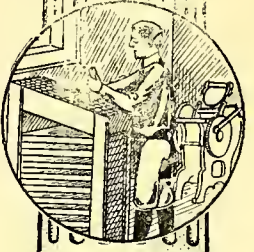
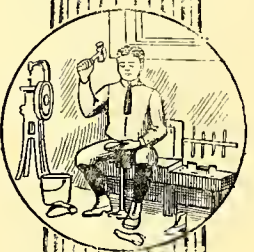
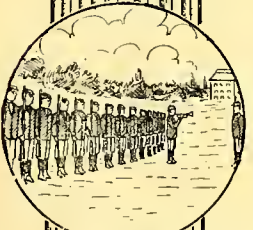
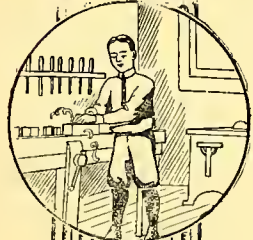
THE UPLIFT

July 4, 1776, Philadelphia, Pa.



"With Freedom's banner
streaming o'er us,
Where breathes the foe
but falls before us?"

July, 1910



PRIZES IN NORTH CAROLINA CONTEST.

One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Three Prizes :
First Prize, Fifty Dollars ; Second Prize, Thirty
Dollars ; Third Prize, Twenty Dollars.

On the first day of August THE UPLIFT will give away one hundred dollars to three pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes :

No. 1. —\$50.00.

No. 2. —\$30.00.

No. 3. —\$20.00.

This offer is made by a public spirited North Carolinian to encourage public school pupils to investigate their county's history and vocultivate a pride in the same, and to put into them the spirit of success.

What Is It ?

We want a story about every county in North Carolina ; its size, shape, topography, its beginning, its people, its achievements, its name, its industries and everything that would make a stranger have an intelligent knowledge of the county—not to exceed 2000 words. At least five good photographs must accompany the story—photographs of five things, people or scenes that enter into making vivid an understanding of the county.

The Conditions.

1. This contest is open to any and all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike ; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.

2. The story must be typewritten and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by July 15th, 1910.

3. The real name of the contributor must not appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume must in every instance be on the story ; and the said nom de plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and accompany the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or any person or any paper or any source, for information or advice.

5. In the envelope, containing the real name and the nom de plume, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with real name :

“The story signed _____, as a nom de plume, is original ; was constructed and written by me and was in no wise corrected or changed by any other person.

(Signed) _____ (Name.)

6. Any contestant may, to carry out the conditions of this contest, secure the services of any one to put his or her manuscript into typewritten copy : but the copyist has no right to correct any error that may appear in said manuscript.

7. No contestant need be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT ; but to keep in touch with the contest it may prove advantageous.

8. No story not furnished in typewritten copy will be considered.

9. No story showing on its face any evidence as to the real name of the contestant will be considered.

10. No story unaccompanied by at least five photographs will be considered.

11. On July 15, 1910 all manuscripts will be turned over to a committee of three competent persons to ascertain the winning stories. The best will be first, winning a prize of \$50.00 ; the next will be second, winning \$30.00 ; and the next will be third, winning \$20.00

A Statement.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents ; principals and officers of rural and city schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by at least one or more contestants. There is no limit to the number of contestants from any one county.

THE UPLIFT, in advance, thanks all its exchangers and the newspapers of the state for giving this contest a wide publicity.

This Contest may lead more than one North Carolina boy or girl to aspire to become a writer.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1910

No. 2

LUTHER MCKINNON.

I saw him in 1886. He was preaching one night in the First Presbyterian church, of Concord, N. C. I was profoundly impressed with the man, the preacher, his power, his earnestness and his determined positiveness. Since that day a single week has not passed in which I have heard no one quote or refer to the impression he has indelibly made, or comment upon an influence he exerted never to die. I met him personally, for the first time, on March 5th, 1910, at his home in Clinton, N. C. I am writing about Rev. Luther McKinnon, D. D., one of the purest and best men that North Carolina has ever produced.

When I first saw him he was the picture of health and no finer specimen of physical manhood, with a promise of a long, active service, could possibly be imagined. When I first met him in Clinton, twenty-four long years of such as belongs to a complete invalid had been his lot. His limbs are wasted and helpless, his figure is drawn, his arms and hands have all but completely lost their power, but his mind is as clear as a bell. His eyes are bright; his speech he enjoys to its fullest extent. His memory is a marvel. His sweet, musical voice charmed me; his inquiries about friends and acquaintances, some dead and others faded from my own memory, oblivious of his own suffering and helplessness demonstrated the tenderest of spirits and the gentlest of souls.

I forgot the physical man---I felt the presence of a soul power, a master mind, the atmosphere of a beautiful trust and faith in God, a resignation that counted his ills and weakness as no punishment but the kind expressions of the unerring will of a Divine Power. It was no effort for him to forget himself entirely as I told him of friends he loved and acquaintances he esteemed---he rejoiced.

Twelve of Dr. McKinnon's happiest and most useful years were spent in Concord. He led me easily by an anxious inquiry into homes, busi-

ness, churches, industry, civic progress, and manufacture---the busy, throbbing life we talked about never brought one shadow to his face or caused a single sigh to the grand man, cut short in his zenith, and physically in chains. He complained not---I heard no evidences of a murmur.

The heroic endurance of this man, the sweet resignation to a hopeless invalidism; the aching trust and love he lives towards his God, is, to me, the most powerful lesson and the finest picture I ever saw. I count



REV. LUTHER MCKINNON, D. D.

myself fortunate to have sat at his feet and gathered from him a lesson that time can not obliterate. The picture THE UPLIFT carries is of Dr. McKinnon when he was president of Davidson College twenty-odd years ago. The balance of this story is taken from an Annual of Davidson College and is:

The subject of this sketch was born near Maxton, N. C., in what is now the county of Scotland. He received his early education, and prep-

ration for college in the best academies of that section; which were usually presided over by college graduates. In 1857 he entered the Freshman Class at Davidson College, and graduated in 1861, sharing with two others the highest honors of his class. The same year he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C.

It was in 1862 that he joined ranks in the Confederate Army, and there gave faithful service in behalf of the Southern cause for more than a year. In November 1863 he was licensed by the Presbytery of Fayetteville to preach the gospel. Shortly after, at the age of 28, he was elected Chaplain of the 36th North Carolina Regiment and shared its varied fortunes until the surrender near Greensboro, N. C. Upon assuming his duties as Chaplain he requested the Colonel not to require the soldiers to attend his preaching, but allow him to try the power of personal influence over the men. The result was that he had large and attentive congregations, attesting to the great personality and strong character of the man. It is hard to estimate the good that he did in these meetings and the warm encouragement he gave to the soldiers at a time when they stood in especial need of spiritual uplift. Dr. McKinnon always regarded his army experience as his most difficult work, but always spoke of it as a most valuable training for his life work.

Soon after the Civil war he was elected President of Floral College, an institution for the higher education of women, located four miles from Maxton, N. C. He went to work and selected suitable teachers for various departments, and during the short time he was there, he put the college on a firm basis and left it in a flourishing condition. In connection with his college work at this place he supplied the Presbyterian churches at Laurinburg and Lumberton, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Fayetteville in April 1866.

However, his growing popularity and power as a preacher did not permit him to remain here long. In 1867 he received and accepted a call from the Goldsboro Presbyterian Church, where he spent nearly four and a half years of laborious and successful service in the cause of Christ, to which he has ever been so much devoted. During his residence in Goldsboro the Presbytery of Wilmington was constituted and Dr. McKinnon was elected its first stated clerk.

Dr. McKinnon was married in December, 1869, to Miss Addie Lee, of Clinton, N. C., from which union were born four children. Early in the year 1871 he received a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Concord, N. C., but declined to accept it. However, the people of Concord were so anxious for him that the call was renewed later in the same year and this time he accepted it. Here he remained for about twelve years, and gave to the people of this church and community probably the richest and most fruitful years of his gifted and consecrated life. During his useful pastorate at this place his friends and co-laborers showed the high esteem in which they held him by frequently electing him to such important positions as Moderator of Presbytery, Synod, Commissioner of Presbytery, and Trustee of Davidson College; and for about ten years he was President of the Board of Trustees of the last named institution and Chairman of the Executive Committee.

While in Concord, he received overtures from several other fields of labor, and was honored by being elected the first pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Charlotte.

In 1883 he was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia, S. C., but refused to accept the call. Later, in the same year, however, the Church in Columbia prosecuted the call before Presbytery, and after hearing the representatives of both Columbia and Concord, the Presbytery placed the call in his hands and it was accepted. He was pastor of the church in Columbia for two years, during which time, under his able preaching and active services as pastor, its congregations were large and the interest of the church advanced along various important lines. It was during the pastorate here that a lot was purchased and the present handsome and commodious house was erected. Also, by his untiring zeal, a suitable site was purchased about

the same time in the Western part of the city, upon which a building was placed and Sunday School and Sunday afternoon services were held. This grew to be the Second Presbyterian Church.

Dr. McKinnon continued to grow so much in the popular esteem that he had not been long at Columbia before he was elected, in the summer of 1885, to the Presidency of Davidson College, being the first alumnus of the College and the second North Carolinian ever elected to the position. His friends and old associates in the Board of Trustees strongly urged him to accept, and a Committee was sent by the Board of Trustees to lay the matter before his congregation and request them to consent to his removal, loved and revered though he was. They finally consented to let him go, though with much regret.

Upon accepting the Presidency of the College he immediately set himself to the task of rallying the old friends of the College to its support, and though only a few weeks remained before the opening of the next term, the attendance on the first day showed a considerable increase over the enrollment of the previous year and the number of students steadily increased until his enforced retirement at the end of the second year. He endeavored to bind the old friends of the College closer together and to win for it new ones; and to so key up its internal machinery as to give it the greatest capacity for usefulness with the least possible friction. Being fully impressed with the great possibilities of usefulness within the reach of such a center of Christian influence his aim was in labors more abundant to pay the price necessary to realize as far as possible the high ideal set before the College.

For three months, as he once said himself, God had never so signally blessed his labors. But at the close of this short period of action he was physically disabled by severe disease, which for more than twenty years has rendered him almost helpless. After the first attack, though in weakness and suffering, with the aid of his colleagues and the special assistance of the Vice-President, the late Col. W. J. Martin, he struggled on under the burden of care and labor for the College till the end of the second year. On tendering his resignation, the Board of Trustees declined to accept it and gave him a leave of absence for one year. He was convinced, however,

before the end of the year that there was no improvement in his condition and urged the acceptance of his resignation. Though unable by reason of his protracted invalidism to render the College much service, no one perhaps rejoices more in the great prosperity that has come to it under the able administration of his successors.

In the summer of 1886 the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina and also by the Southwestern Presbyterian University of Tennessee.



Teachers' Assembly at Asheville.

The meeting of the Teachers' Assembly was poorly attended. There are approximately eight thousand white teachers in rural schools of North Carolina. Eliminating the number attending from Buncombe county in which Asheville is situated, there were probably not a dozen real, active rural teachers in attendance upon the meeting.

The city superintendents and the high school men and the county superintendents have their specific meetings; and it is a pity that the rural teacher has come to think, at least by his absence, that the Teachers' Assembly is all for Graded School folks and College men.

Some very important resolving was done—resolutions that look to changing even the great constitution of the state, another seeking to divide the authority of Constitutional officers with non-constitutional officers and all in matters that directly and alone affect the work of the rural schools. The subjects discussed carried, in a large measure, rural color. It is a great pity that hundreds and hundreds of the rural teachers do not avail themselves or cannot avail themselves of the privilege of attending these meetings.

Prof. Chas. Coon, of the Wilson Graded Schools, was made president; Prof. E. C. Brooks, of Trinity College, was elected vice-president; Mr. R. D. W. Connor, secretary of State Historical Commission, was re-elected secretary and treasurer.

The department work was of a high order; the speeches at the general meeting were worth while; and the opportunities for social pleasure were many and used. The city of Asheville, as it always does, made everybody feel at home. Prof. Tigh, of the city schools, and Prof. Reynolds, of the Buncombe county schools, managed one of the finest Reception Committees any convention ever had.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FOURTH ESTATE ASSEMBLED AT WRIGHTSVILLE, NEAR WILMINGTON.

Pleasant and profitable was the meeting of the North Carolina Press Association in the Tarrymore Hotel, at Wrightsville, near Wilmington, during the first week of June. Some organizations have a greater number but none have a greater influence and nestle closer to the bosom of patriotism than do the men among the editors of North Carolina newspapers. It's a lot of fine fellows.

We haven't the space at hand to go into the details. We only want to touch about the high places, skipping from one good thing to another.

These editors that announce the birth of the baby boy, that follow him to school, tell of his honors at commencement, announce his brilliant marriage to a certain charming leader of society, and, when the time comes, tell of his untimely death and how hard it will be to fill his place, and extend sympathy and publish resolutions for the benefit of the bereaved, came to Wilmington this year in larger numbers than at any former meeting. They came by the A. C. L., by boat, by the Southern (in part) and by the Seaboard. And all the transportation companies acted mighty nice to these faithful boys. They did not rub it in, as it were, to tie the pen; but they saw that these faithful fellows, who seek to be right on all questions, had good, comfortable and safe transportation to and from Wilmington.

Our party went by the Seaboard, leaving Charlotte at 5 in the evening of June 7th, in a special car provided by the Seaboard and under the special escort of Col. H. S. Leard, Assistant General Passenger Agent of said road. Col. Leard really looks like a preacher, and all the times we saw him he was acting just as good as a preacher can. He is a charming fellow, and every editor was heard to sing his praises.

Reaching Wilmington at 12:20, the editors and certain members of their families were met at the station by editor and Secretary Sherrill, who had every arrangement made for a quick and pleasant ride to the beach. We all acted during the week like we owned the Tidewater Power Company, which tendered the editors full and free use of its cars. The people of Wilmington have reason to feel proud of its street system. There is none better anywhere.

We missed many familiar faces,

bright souls and dear hearts at this meeting---some have passed beyond, others have passed into the shadows, and others just could not get away. Though missing them, we found an unusually large number of new members, among whom are some of the state's brightest editors.

The program was attractive and contained many strong papers. Dr. Atkinson, the president, was full of himself, and every bit of it was good and pleasing. He is a magnificent presiding officer, and there is never a dull moment when he has hold of the throttle. Secretary Sherrill has a wonderful record. He has filled that office acceptably and efficiently since birth; and at the late meeting was elected for life. The speakers invited from among those other than editors, Judge R. W. Winston, Dr. Watt Rankin, and Dr. Henry Louis Smith, clearly demonstrated the wisdom of the officers. Three addresses, carrying more interest, truth and encouragement, have never been delivered.

The quill drivers, who had parts on the program, came up loaded to the brim, and received the hearty cheers and commendations of their fellow editors.

Lawyer Bonitz for Mayor McRea and Editor James M. Cowan for the press of Wilmington extended the finest of welcomes. The former was witty with his easy surrender of the keys; and the latter was master of the situation, capturing with ease the whole crowd by his eloquence, with which he is on awfully intimate terms. And Major London, for the editors, gave a response that showed familiarity with warmth, resource and eloquence.

The discussions were helpful, full of cheer, and all of them in the deepest earnestness. It is likely that every editor there missed somebody who was not there---and I could not keep from wondering and wishing for Bob Deal, J. P. Caldwell, Josephus Daniels, R. R. Clark and that fellow Reese that runs the Greensboro Record. And there were others whose presence was sadly missed when certain things were about to take place.

Comparisons are all but unendurable in polite society, but we dare to say that no state in the union has an editorial association composed of better, stronger, truer men than those who compose the North Carolina Press Association. We

would be tempted to say this were it not true; but since it is true we feel like crowing just a little bit.

Talk about bright men, why just think of Harris, Dowd, Vincent, Hammer, Johnson, Julian, Philips---oh, we just have to stop this thing, for we can not give up the space necessary to mention every editor that was in Wrightsville during the meeting.

The editor that enjoyed himself the best was editor Rivers of Boone (Watauga county) Democrat. And the grand old man, Dr. Laws, of the Presbyterian Standard, though sick and suffering constant pain, took a lively interest in the affairs of the meeting.

Wrightsville Beach is a delightful place, and no agency has done more to make it ideal than the Tidewater Power Company. The cordiality and the fulness of the hospitality, freely given by the good old city of Wilmington, can never be forgotten. The town and its people truly belonged to the editors. The Star and The Dispatch gave fuller and better reports of the various meetings of the association than has ever been enjoyed before. Proprietor Moore of The Tarrymore Hotel is a Mecklenburg man, and why should space be consumed in saying that he took care of the editors in a creditable manner?

They say that the banquet was a gem among banquets. The speeches were bright and cheery; the atmosphere lively; the substantial things were plentiful and &c.

The speech of the annual orator, who was none other than the Hon. W. C. Hammer, editor of the Courier of Ashboro, was sound and strong.

The elections for the coming year resulted as follows:

President M. L. Shipman, Hendersonville Hustler; first vice-president, J. J. Farriss, High Point Enterprise; second vice-president, J. H. Caine, Asheville Citizen; third vice-president, T. G. Cobb, Morganton Herald; secretary and treasurer, J. B. Sherrill, Concord Tribune; historian, D. J. Whichard, Greenville Reflector; orator, James H. Cowan, Wilmington Evening Dispatch; alternate orator, J. P. Cook, Uplift; poet, W. H. Hill, Our Fatherless Ones, Barium Springs. Executive committee, H. A. London, Pittsboro Record; R. M. Phillips, Greensboro Daily News; R. W. Vincent, Charlotte Observer; H. B. Varnei, Lexington Dispatch; and D. T. Edwards, Kinston Free Press.



There is no chance for the leaner.

Department of the North Carolina King's Daughters.

Under the Editorial Management of Mrs. M. H. Russell, assisted by Mrs. John L. Everett, of Rockingham, N. C.

Annual Address.

By Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn.

We are gathered here tonight to aid one another in our work for The King, and I have the privilege of making a few suggestions, which I hope may be useful. No two leaves upon a tree are alike, and there is as great diversity in character, mind and physical strength, amongst individuals. How then can the strong, the weak, the gifted and the timid work together harmoniously in any cause? Can we find a common multiple into which will fit exactly the efforts great and small, of these human figures, that they may be added together for the good of mankind? In reply to this question, I will say that self sacrifice on the part of each one of us, will furnish such a result. I do not intend to present gloomily a severe duty to you; but on the contrary, to assure you that self-forgetfulness is the greatest promoter of cheerfulness. As music, garlands and sweet incense often accompanied sacrifices offered in olden times, let us, with melody in our hearts, forget ourselves for others, thus very many of our own troubles will fall away, and to a great extent, the shadows cast o'er us, will be from the sorrow of others. From the earliest ages, sacrifice has been offered as an act of worship, and in all countries, the "vital spark of heavenly flame" in man, has manifested itself, ignorantly or intelligently, in presenting something of great value to Deity. The fruits of the earth, the firstling of the flock, and even human beings, have in remote times, been offered in sacrifice and thanksgiving.

Fiction from the heart and brain of one of the greatest authors who ever lived, and who was celebrated for depicting faithfully, human nature, presents before us as plainly as if we saw him in the flesh, a man who laid down his life to save the husband of a woman, once loved by himself. In those dark days when the Guillotine was unceasingly at work in France, and the hearts of men and women were hardened by the sight of bloodshed and oppression, a nobleman, sentenced to death, was in prison, writing farewell words to his wife and child. By bold strategy, a friend of his, the former lover of his wife, takes his place, and dies, that the lawful pris-

oner may be spared for the wife and child. What better comment can be made than the repetition of the words of the prisoner just before his execution:

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done before, it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

But real life has heroes, as great as those of fiction. In our sister state of Tennessee, '68 years ago, was born the hero Sam Davis. At 21 years of age, with everything to make life attractive, high moral character, intellect, health and manly beauty, he died the disgraceful death to which a spy is condemned, to save the life of another man, his commanding officer, the chief of scouts in middle Tennessee. His Chief had entrusted to him papers to be given to Gen. Bragg at Missionary Ridge. The young scout was captured on his way to Bragg. Gen. Dodge, of the Federal Army, found the information in those documents so exact that he suspected it had been given by some of his own men, and in order to find out the truth, offered Sam Davis many, many chances to save his life. He had but to reveal the name of the man who gave him the papers, and his awful doom, to be hung as a spy, would be averted. Weighed in the balance before him, he sees life in one scale, death on the gallows in the other; honor in one, the betrayal of a trust in the other; time in one, eternity in the other. With a sublime fortitude, far beyond his years, he sacrificed his life, to his honor and his fellow man.

"He gave all he had, Life. He gained all he lacked, Immortality."

We have cause for great thankfulness that we live in an age of civilization which recognizes more than ever before, the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. In a day when arbitration is resorted to in preference to war; and the tenor of our way is more peaceful than in former years. Today,

The common round, the daily task
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To lead us daily nearer God.

This country numbers many great soldiers, statesmen and philanthropists who have freely given life, brain and means for the good of their country. Monuments have

been erected in their memory and they fill pages of history. They deserve such recognition; the responsibility of leadership was often a burden to them; but they have the double reward of the performance of duty, and of eliciting the commendation of their fellow men. These are exceptional characters, and we turn from them to the less conspicuous, who often make the greatness of the former or at least contribute largely to it. The private soldier who marches to the cannon's mouth at the command of his superior officer, the man whose faithful labor is the foundation of the prosperity of wealthy corporations or firms, the father, the mother, whose constant thought is the welfare of home, are heroes indeed. The King's Daughters and Sons, by their very names, admit an unlimited relationship to their fellow-being; and in ministering to their wants of mind and body, often where no human eye sees them, are taking their places amongst the world's heroes. If duty is performed, no matter how small, it is a noble deed. In fact it requires greater forgetfulness of self to do a small thing, which no one will observe, than a large one which will win the applause of all who witness it. So let us appreciate the privilege of doing little things where they are of benefit to others. The puzzle of placing together little pieces of pasteboard, contains a lesson for us. We have to study the formation of each piece of board, and fit it into a certain place, and nowhere else. Failure to find the proper place for a piece will prevent the completion of the map. Each one of us is fitted for certain duties, and if we will strive to find out what these are, our puzzle will be solved, and some day our work completed. The forces of nature which man uses in his work are steady rather than mighty. The breeze carrying a vessel safe to its destination, if it become a gale, will endanger the life of all on board. The electric current which lights our houses, and sends messages from one end of the world to the other, is generated on a small scale in comparison with the lightning which flashes from cloud to cloud in a storm, and is often destructive to man's work. Centuries ago the piston of a steam engine

was raised by the explosion of gun powder, this method was superseded by the safer and more gentle one, the condensation of steam. Let none of us think that we are forces too insignificant to be used by Him, who made each one of us to perform the special duties which he requires of us. One of the most noted events of the 20th Century, was the discovery of the North Pole, and the planting of the United States flag there by Commander Peary. After the loss of many lives in former polar expeditions, and the expenditure of years of time and large sums of money, the man who devoted a large part of his life to this object and endured hardship almost beyond conception on the Northern seas, claims the happiness of reaching the goal of all his hopes and ambitions. His first thought was of the flag under which he sailed, and his message, "I have planted the United States' flag at the North Pole," thrilled all Americans who heard it. And what next? That flag will be torn into shreds by the storms raging around it, and its staff be lost in masses of moving snow and ice. The records of his trip, sold for the making of a magazine story, are not at hand to verify his claims. Let us hope that in the future, his hardships and toil may be rewarded by the bestowal of a benefit upon the scientific world. The King's Daughters and Sons too have embarked upon a voyage, the finding and relief of their brother in need. Every cup of water, given to suffering humanity, each boy saved in The King's Daughters' Cottage at The Stonewall Jackson Training School, marks the goal of some hope or ambition on your part; and the message of relief and salvation thrills the hearts of all lovers of humanity. The banner under which you serve, the Silver Cross, resting firmly on faithful hearts, will not disappear from view, but will always be a beacon light to other travelers. The records of your journey, written by an invisible hand, are kept by Him whom you serve, and will be the theme of many a story of love and service to your brother, and a perpetual song of praise to your Father in Heaven.

What the Circle In

Chapel Hill is doing for the old cemetery on whose time stained marble we trace such names as: Hooper, Grover, Mallett, Tetter, Phillips, and Spencer. Makers of men these were, whose influence is

still felt in N. C., "From Wild Watauga to Cape Fear."

Probably no person ever visited the historic little village of Chapel Hill without falling deeply in love with all its natural beauty, and one who has made home there feels a sacred nearness to every rock, tree, hill and brook. But the one thing that always caught the eyes of the passer-by, and was a thorn in the flesh to all Chapel Hillians, was the totally neglected condition of the cemetery. With here and there a cared-for plot, and elsewhere only weeds and broom sedge.

Many letters from different parts of the United States came, from those with loved ones buried in the cemetery, asking The King's Daughters to take charge of the spot, and keep it in order.

The matter was at once put before the Aldermen of the town, who greatly appreciated the offer, and voted one hundred dollars a year, to be used there, as the Circle deemed best.

A Cemetery Committee was then appointed. The address of persons who had plots, and people, there, was obtained, and letters sent, telling of the plans, and asking for donations.

Some grateful replies and donations came. Many letters were not answered. The two Societies in the University gave contributions, for their plots there. The Cemetery Committee gave a Silver Tea and realized a neat little sum. One good friend gave a splendid, large lawn mower. Dr. Coker, Prof. of Botany in the University, gladly gave valuable services, in laying off walks and plots, and having grass planted.

No man in the State has done so much for King's Daughters as Dr. Coker. His plans are always perfect his services always rendered willingly, his purse always open.

In a short time the Circle at Chapel Hill hopes to have the once neglected cemetery one of the prettiest spots to be seen about the village.

Report of State Treasurer.

The Treasurer of the King's Daughters and Sons of North Carolina can report a most satisfactory year's work. With the exception of two or three, the circles have paid their International and State dues. For the expenses of the State, the Whatsoever Circle, Henderson, was the banner one, only exceeding the Patient Circle, Greenville, by fifty cents. Next comes the Whatsoever at Wilmington, followed by

several others with smaller contributions.

Perhaps the Daughters do not remember a motion was made in Greenville two years past to the effect that each Circle should give a monthly contribution for this purpose, to be sent to Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, Henderson, N. C., and expended for stationery, postage, printing of Minutes of Convention and expenses of State Officers, before the meeting of Convention. Do not confuse this with our great State work, the Cottage at the Stonewall Jackson Training and Industrial School at Concord. The pledges for this are sent directly to Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Weldon. Let every Circle endeavor to raise a large contribution for this splendid work. Each Daughter should feel deeply interested and anxious to finish paying for our beautiful cottage, which provides a home for thirty unfortunate little boys. The Silver Cross Circle, Rockingham, was the proud and happy donor of the largest sum presented at the last Convention, held in their beautiful and hospitable city. "Let us be up and doing; in His Name"



An Interesting Visitor.

Among the visitors to the school during the month just closed was Mr. C. L. Padgitt, president of Southern Commercial Schools, Winston-Salem and other North Carolina cities. We print in another column Mr. Padgitt's impressions of our work, and have to say here that his visit was a great treat to the boys who were in the school section at the time. Mr. Padgitt is a born orator as well as a live wire man of business, and his talk to the boys was stimulating and instructive. His exemplification of rapid calculation methods used in his schools interested the afternoon section very much and their ready chorus of answers to his questions seemed as gratifying to him as it was unexpected.

The interest in the progress and welfare of our boys on the part of the intelligent and public spirited men who visit the institution is a very pleasing feature of our work here, and a very encouraging fact to all connected with the school.



Don't wait for an opportunity. Make it as every man must who would accomplish anything worth while in the world. Make it as Napoleon and Grant made theirs in a hundred "impossible situations."

SOME THINGS THE WOMEN ARE DOING.

By Mrs. W. D. Allen, Raleigh.

Mr. Charles Zueblin in a recent magazine states that the arrival of the day of the woman does not guarantee that all women have arrived, rather, that the men have noted her arrival and adds, that those who are skeptical about the future of the sex will profit by reading the description of a virtuous woman given to a Hebrew king by his mother, in the last chapter of Proverbs.

To refresh one's memory by the picture so graphically delineated by King Lemuel, is to apprehend woman at her best. We see her clothed with virtue, industry, self-reliance, wisdom, strength, thoughtfulness, breadth of view, kindness, charity, honor, control, riches, faithfulness, motherhood and wifehood, and last but not least, the crowning glory of being a King's Daughter, even as we, with her price above rubies the artist exclaims, "And let her own works praise her in the gates." Save for this one word picture, King Lemuel is unknown to men; but shall we not accept him as our prophet?

A thousand years before the coming of the King whose daughters we claim to be, woman had so impressed herself upon this royal mind, that the inspiration of the Holy Spirit enabled him to picture for all times the charms of a home beautified and controlled and sanctified by her gracious presence.

Preceding that ancient time, and until now, woman has played a part in the history of the world that should inspire the woman of today to fulfill the ideals of the past.

And it is the woman of today---the woman of freedom, of organization, of co-operation, the woman of enthusiasm, of common sense and a love for humanity I would picture to you as a creation evolved out of the incomparable housewife described by King Lemuel, into a power for the uplift of the world, through the realization of the priceless truth that King's Daughters we, are and, as King's Daughters, we must so demean ourselves that the sons of the earth shall say of us, "Let her own works praise her."

The opportunities of today, the leisure granted by the manifold helps that have come into the home, give woman as never before an opportunity to look out, to get a broad view, to realize her relation to country, to people, to needs, to privileges.

But that does not imply neglect of home, or the near duties that lie close at hand, as is exemplified by some instances cited in a recent magazine. A Boston woman whose husband left her an interest in a catering establishment of a great railway station, has supervised this without allowing it to interfere with her social and public activities or her home duties, yet, she is a mother of ten and a grandmother. At forty, a New York woman, after having six children, turned lawyer, and although one of her three grown sons is in the same profession, she has gone to Europe to assist in settling an estate for a New York client.

One of the Queens of Opera, Madame Schumann-Heink, is the mother of eight children.

President Roosevelt should be honored of women for his advocacy of the home and its products.

Recent authentic statements give a further idea of the ability of woman and her work in the world. I quote some items of intense interest:

The president of Mount Holyoke College is gracing a new president's house completely furnished by two women designers; and in New York Chicago, Louisville, Harrisburg and elsewhere women have no difficulty in competing with men in the decoration and furnishing of homes and public buildings. Mrs. N. M. Johnson of Washington, was the first to take out the patent of an ice cream freezer in 1843, selling the rights for \$41,500.00. Mrs. Bissell was equally successful with her well known carpet sweeper. Women are serving as guides in the mountains of Maine; Mrs. R. A. Tucker is wireless operator on a steamship on Puget Sound; Capt. Mary B. Green is a pilot on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; the granddaughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton is a civil and hydraulic engineer---a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

The statistician who prepares the annual report of the cotton crop for the government, is a woman. Trenton, N. J., has just made a report of business women, whose occupations include barbering, wholesale tobacco, real estate, undertaking, pharmacy, jewelry, piano dealing, insurance, shoe repairing, banking etc. To make bare mention of the shady side of woman's work, I will add that South Chicago has in addition to women doctors and police, a wo-

man who runs the worst saloon---think of it---and another the best undertaking establishment. I suggest that they ought to co-operate. South Chicago has also a woman who is injecting educational lectures into its vaudeville houses, following a talented Boston woman who conducts the most progressive theatre.

Miss Alice Minnie Herts five years ago evolved the children's educational theatre of which our lamented Mark Twain was president, and which by presentation of such plays as Little Princess, Little Lord Fauntleroy and the Forest Ring delights the children and lifts their tastes to things pure and sweet. I want to give you from the world's work a graphic description of one woman's success and the why of it. "Some time ago there were five men and one woman---all applicants for the position of superintendent of Chicago schools---who went before the board and presented their cases. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was the one woman, and last to be called. It was six o'clock and the members were hungry and weary. As Mrs. Young entered, the fifteen members of the board shifted uneasily. They had accorded the five men twenty minutes each, and in justice they felt that they must give the one woman the same length of time. When thirty minutes had passed she was still speaking. The hands of the clock sped round, the room grew dark but no one thought of interrupting the speaker to switch on the lights. After two hours, Mrs. Young stopped talking. Then instead of a motion to adjourn to dinner, it was moved that a vote in committee of the whole be taken at once. As a result, Mrs. Young was unanimously elected superintendent at a salary of \$10,000.00. It was not chivalry that gave Mrs. Young the place. What impressed those fifteen board members so strongly that they forgot she was a woman, and thought only of getting her to rule the schools, was the irresistible impression of ability, of sympathy, of tact, of power and broad mindedness that emanated from her. Never before in the history of the country has a woman directed the schools of Chicago or any other large city; and there are few women in any part of the world who earn a salary of \$10,000.00 a year in competition with men on their own ground."

The vice president of a large insurance company is reported to pay a salary of \$12,000 to a woman assistant who began as his stenographer; the private secretary of the late

H. H. Rogers is reported by the Press to be a woman earning \$10,000. A similar salary is received by a woman assistant general manager of the Gulf Pipe Line Company, in Beaumont, Texas. "Women are not only becoming factors in the industrial world but are making new contributions to all other human interests." The professions include college professors, clergymen, doctors and lawyers. There are said to be 150 woman physicians in New York, and a colored woman, graduate of the Philadelphia Woman's College, has been admitted to the practice of medicine in South Carolina. It is not generally known that Mrs. Ellen M. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has trained most of the sanitary engineers in the United States. In Washington a city house-cleaning crusade inspired by women, has resulted in the cleaning of 3,700 vacant lots, 500 private alleys and 10,000 cellars, woodsheds and back yards.

The business men's league of New Orleans has given to Miss Kate M. Gordon a gold medal in recognition of her services to the city, as president of the Woman's Drainage and Sewerage League. Eighty thousand public documents were signed by the hand of a woman in 1908 with the name of Theodore Roosevelt. In the realm of hygiene the trained nurse and the doctor are supplemented by the multitude of women who are contributing to the public health through hospitals, day nurseries and the tuberculosis, pure food, and other agitations. In the artistic and intellectual world every woman's mind will revert to distinguished examples of her sex. "The competition of women has become so serious that several co-educational colleges have adopted segregation for the protection of the men." We are all interested in the winning woman. We want to know her methods, to count her stepping stones to get a peep at her environment, to see the "modus operandi" of her success. But there are many definitions of the word success, and I want to sound a warning of what must be kept in mind if we attain it. Some imagine that the goal is reached if one is prominent socially or financially, when, if the truth were known, birth or inheritance may have lifted them to an enviable position without merit or effort. I warn you that to succeed in a true sense, a woman must realize that she must be honest—that success or failure depends on herself. She must know

herself and master herself if she would win. Selfishness, or envy, or ambition, will handicap her work to the point of ultimate failure. There is joy and inspiration in a fight based on truth, honesty and purity, and to the King's Daughters would I appeal for devotion to the highest ideals of their organization. Between us and our sister organizations, the W. C. T. U's., the Woman's Clubs, the Rescue Circles, and all whose object is the uplift of humanity, should be the closest sympathy and good will. Let us give them the glad hand and encouraging word, and get from them all that they can offer in response to our overtures.

Honor to the King should dominate our lives. The sweetest realization of our relationship to Him as daughters to a Father, should so permeate our innermost beings as to make us like Him in love and good will—should put our hands to the plow in the fields of humanity, confidently expecting the promised harvest,—should make glad every dutiful and beautiful life offering homage to Him, and should help us to take the world "IN HIS NAME."

Note: The above address was delivered at the Convention of the King's Daughters, at Rockingham in May.



And This In a Christian Town.

Listen to this story given by a prominent gentleman, who was an unwilling hearer: I had business in a public place. Several young men sat around, and a few boys were there a-loafing. One young man, less than twenty-four, said: "boys, you just ought to have been with me last Sunday at - - - - - where we had a most exciting poker game going on. I did up the boys; it was a sight the way I raked in the chips."

"And do you play poker—and on a Sunday?" was asked the young man. "Why, there is no harm in it; beside you have such excitement in whiling away the time, and you stand a good chance in making considerable money." This was the young man's open, frank and unblushing reply.

This happened in a town of 12,000 people, full of churches, orders, societies, clubs and policemen. A bystander remarked: "He's telling the truth; you would be astonished how many boys in this town are playing poker and shooting dice every Sunday about in the clubs and secluded spots."

And yet the town men are trying

to solve the condition of the rural youth. And they are blind to the criminal neglect the town people are practicing in many instances with the youth of the town. "There is no harm in playing poker and on a Sunday" is a contemptible estimate of proper ethics, but can better than this be expected if the young are allowed to roam the streets in idleness, day and night, witnessing games of chance, small and large, frequently going right on under the nose of the police and other authorities of the law?

At this rate, what will the next generation reveal to us?



A Chunk of Truth.

Statesville Landmark.

The municipal authorities of Gastonia have prohibited the druggists selling cigars and soft drinks on Sunday and the druggists have decided to close for the entire day. Persons who want medicine in Gastonia on Sunday will have to look up the druggist. As a matter of fact, the keeping of drug stores open on Sunday, to sell medicine, even, isn't so much of a necessity as it appears. The real necessary business in medicines on Sunday is very limited except on rare occasions, and the druggist could observe very short hours on that day without seriously inconveniencing anybody. Keeping open drug stores on Sunday furnishes a resort for loafers, and the sales of cigars and soft drinks, where such sales are allowed, is the chief business. Where this is permitted for any length of time it is soon demanded as a matter of necessity. If the sale of cigars and soft drinks is a necessity on Sunday, the sale of ice cream, fruits, etc., is just as necessary. Carrying it a little further, the sale of fresh meats on Sunday can be construed necessary, and by and by some excuse could be offered for doing almost any sort of business on Sunday.



Some Good Citizens.

Charity and Children.

There have been 1192 children committed to the care of the Orphanage since it opened its doors twenty-five years ago. Few of these children have become rich or famous, but we are glad to say that a large proportion of those out in the world are good citizens, making an honest living and contributing their full share to the strength of the state.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

IT'S GOING UP.

The school men of the state will be interested to know that the building which they authorized and to be known as the Educational Cottage is slowly going up. The walls are up to the second story; or rather the first story, in which the bath rooms, toilets, store rooms &c are located, is now enclosed.

This building is being erected out of the profits of THE UPLIFT. We lack considerable of having enough to complete it, for many counties have raised but little on their apportionment. But we had enough funds on hand to make the beginning show, and that is just what we are doing. The mason and the carpenter with the boys will keep on the erection of the building as long as the funds last—when they give out, we can quit and await other receipts. Oh, but we have all the faith one needs. We know that this building will be completed, through the subscriptions to THE UPLIFT, and at the instigation of the educational folks of the state. There is no doubt.

The only question confronting us is: HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE US? Don't you see the practical side of this proposition? The boys go to school one half day and then work

on this building the other half. They know sooner or later it will give a comfortable home to thirty other boys, who have lacked a chance. They know too that every dollar's worth of material going into that building is paid for by the receipts on THE UPLIFT, which they help to produce. They know that the great educational army of the State is wishing it well, and are extending its circulation by which the funds are accumulating. This is a community of interest. It is an object lesson.

Every boy on the campus knows the real spirit behind all this; and that spirit has put into every boy the elements of hope, the essence of appreciation, and a silent working thought to personally profit by it—you give them a lesson that goes right into the heart. And after all, this is what life is for: shed light, give hope, better conditions, destroy evil—it is not gratifying the body with glad rags and filling the stomach with sweet things and cutting shines before the gaze of folks and wasting away in idleness.



TALK FROM THE INNER CIRCLE.

People run away when you begin to talk money. This is talk from the inner circle and is telling about receipts unsolicited. Everybody likes news of this kind.

1. Prof. D. Matt. Thompson, who has just been elected for the twentieth time Superintendent of the Statesville Graded Schools, sends us a check for thirty dollars and eleven cents, a collection he took up in his schools for the Educational Cottage. That's nice and we appreciate it and need it; but this writer enjoys the words of cheer and encouragement this great educator uses in the transmission of the contribution. He raised it so easily, and this is credited to the allotment of Iredell county.

2. It came as a surprise. Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Weldon, knowing her subscription had expired voluntarily sent in a renewal. We had not thought about it, but it only shows how this good woman keeps in touch with the object of

her great interest. Her words of endorsement of THE UPLIFT make us proud.

3. "Did I not send you ten dollars last Fall?" asked Mr. R. A. Dunn, stopping us on South Tryon street in Charlotte recently. "You certainly did" was the reply. "Well," said this interested gentleman, "I want to make it twenty-five, so I am going to send you my check for fifteen more." He did. That contribution of Mr. Dunn's coming unsolicited attests a fine spirit, which keeps the management of the Jackson Training School in good cheer and gives them hope. And it buys about three thousand brick. Brother and sister, don't you see the point?

4. Some months ago we had a nice letter from Hon. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, enclosing his check for five dollars and expressing the regret that he could not make it five hundred. The other day we got another five dollar check. Mr. Boyden has not forgotten us, and we have not the slightest doubt that if the Lord spares this useful and patriotic North Carolinian he will bring to pass, in some way, his fondest wish. And these unsolicited contributions and kind words tell why a few of us are willing to give our best without price or pay to the enlargement of a noble cause. You see.



When the Farmers' Union meets in Charlotte it would be doing a graceful act to discuss purely educational matters. This would be showing an appreciation for the agricultural character of the recent Teachers' Assembly in Asheville.



If we had known our appreciative sketch of Red Buck would carry him out of the state to far-off Montana, THE UPLIFT would not have beautified its June number with his picture. If it could do any good, we would now take it all back.



Mrs. Allen's discussion of "What the Women Are Doing," in this number, is good reading.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

There was just enough play at Wrightsville to keep from making "Jack a dull boy", but the editors look upon the meeting of the Press Association for something more than an outing. It is for serious discussion of important matters that concern the profession, for the solution of problems that concern the public good, and to advise with each about the wisdom of certain undertakings not only in North Carolina, but in the country at large.

Among those things upon which the editors are a unit, after a thorough and complete discussion, are those matters embodied in the following resolutions:

"It is the sense of this body that the movement to erect a suitable monument to perpetuate the memory of Edgar William Nye, who lived and labored and died in North Carolina is worthy of our sympathy and practical help and we would hereby give the monument our hearty endorsement and approval.

"We desire to go on record as favoring New Orleans as the most suitable place for holding the proposed Panama Exposition, and we urge the newspapers of North Carolina to exert all their influence in this direction.

"The Stonewall Jackson Training School deserves and should have the sympathy and support of every newspaper in North Carolina, and we trust that the next legislature will pursue a more liberal policy toward this long needed and valuable institution. The work is under admirable management and we are glad to mention the heroic sacrifice a newspaper man is making in its behalf.

"We would urge our brethren of the press to aid in every possible way the great work our State Board of Health is doing for the prevention and cure of disease. This board looks to the newspapers of the State for help and we trust they may not be disappointed. The board asks for space in our papers to instruct and inform the public along the lines of sanitation and the general care and protection of the public health, and we hope that so far as it is possible, the columns of our papers will be placed at the disposal of this agency of help for the healing.

"That it is the sense of this meeting that the best use that can be made of the State convicts is in the construction of public roads, and

counties desiring same should have the first right to use them for the purpose; provided they pay to the State a stipulated amount per day for each convict, the State to bear all expense of maintenance, care and guarding of the convicts, counties that do not maintain chain gangs shall have preference in leasing prisoners.

"It is further resolved that it is the sense of this meeting that the State should give to the counties composing the State assistance in the actual construction of their roads, and should appropriate out of the general treasury for this purpose at least \$250,000 annually, the said amount to be apportioned amongst the counties; provided, the said counties raise twice the amount allotted by the State and provided further, that such moneys as are apportioned by the State to the counties, and that raised by the county to meet the State allotment, shall be spent in the construction of public roads, whose location and plans and specifications for construction are approved by the State highway engineer.



A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

North Carolina is truly a wonderful state. It is wonderful because no state enjoys a more abiding faith and confidence her people repose in her.

Maligned and slandered; plotted against and knifed by those, who had an unholy purpose, the state through Treasury Lacy had come to face a crisis when he sought to place on the Northern markets several millions of bonds to take up similar maturing ones on July 1st. They did not sell for various reasons.

Gov. Kitchin and his Council faced the situation squarely; they made a frank statement to the people; and yet all the bonds were not taken. There was but one thing to do—an appeal to the General Assembly for relief measures in order to protect the credit of the state.

The patriotic wealth of the good old state then saw that the officials were in dead earnest to preserve inviolate every obligation of the state, and that conditions rendered the officials powerless and embarrassed. This once known, the patriotism of the state's own citizenship promptly came forward and saved the day in

quick order. It's a beautiful faith. This demonstration of the people's confidence in their own state is a beautiful lesson; and after all, may be this temporary embarrassment was a good thing since it gave the people an opportunity to demonstrate their love of sacred obligation, their pride in North Carolina and their ability to take care of big problems.

A grand old old state of fine people, she is.



A MIGHTY POWER THIS MAN.

Some years ago a North Carolinian went from one end of the state to the other preaching most powerfully the doctrine that no education is worth while except it be a classical one. The attendance at the University doubled in one year; and the influence extended out until it materially increased the attendance at the denominational colleges.

He left the state for awhile. He returned. He went up and across the good old state and made speeches that convinced farmers' sons and others that the only thing worth while was agricultural and industrial training; and his advocacy of the proper way to make butter was the prettiest and most convincing thing ever heard.

To-day he is so enthused over the agriculturalizing of all the schools that he manifests impatience with language teaching and has a contempt for chemistry and philosophy. He believes the time would be better spent for the teachers to be supplied with nets and traps and go out catching bugs, ticks and such like. His talk was so beautiful, so eloquent and so earnest, that this writer was amazed.

Don't, Don't, Don't!



John Jackson's picture is in this number. The story is by Prof. S. B. Underwood, head-master of Trinity Park High School, but until recently superintendent of the Hertford Graded Schools. It reads like a novel, but every word is true. When we met Jackson, we believed that we were in the presence of a real, living hero.

JOHN JACKSON, LEGLESS HERO, OF HERTFORD, N. C.

By S. E. Underwood.

I call John R. Jackson, of Hertford, a hero. His claim to the title is that, under conditions that would have swamped most men, he has grappled with his evil star—and conquered it. Years ago he lost one of his legs. On account of some malignant disease, it had to be amputated just below the knee. The operation did not stop the disease;

without them, for that matter? Jackson could have gone on the county, but he had always made his own living, and his independent spirit did not take to the idea of becoming an object of charity just for the lack of a couple of legs. The phonograph was just coming into popularity, and some of his friends suggested that he secure one

getic nature. The call of the old life was strong in his soul, the new legs pinched and cramped him, the phonograph and the crowd became monotonous. So back to Hertford came Jackson. He said that the phonograph was a lazy man's job, and that the artificial limbs were in his way—and he threw them both aside. The legs became the playthings of his children, and the phonograph rusted from disuse.

Still John Jackson did not become



JOHN JACKSON--THE LEGLESS HERO.

but it passed over to the other leg, and in a few months it too was gone. So now he hobbles about on two pitiful stumps, and has done so for years.

This much of my story may be duplicated. It is commonplace enough, but hear the rest of it. Here the heroism comes in. Before the loss of his limbs, Jackson was a drayman, and one of the town's best. Now his occupation seemed gone. What could a man do draying without any legs? What could an ordinary laborer do at anything

and go out on a concert tour, visiting all the courts in the district, and other places where people congregated—playing for the amusement of the crowd, and passing around the hat for his sustenance. Friends supplied him with the phonograph and the town gave him a pair of artificial legs.

So he started out, getting around somehow on his new legs, and handing out the canned music wherever he could get a crowd. He made some money, and had a good time. Still, life was irksome to his ener-

a burden on the county. He had learned how to hobble around on his knees surprisly well, and he intended to make his own way in the world. He had been a drayman before his loss, he would be a drayman now. So he got him a run-down horse and a rickety cart and started out on his old line. The people did not at first believe that he could handle his task, but all he asked was to be given a chance to try. At first they gave him only the small loads to haul, things that could be easily handled. He got a

fair share of this class of business, but there was not a living in it, and he began to reach out for larger things. One day a merchant wanted a barrel of oil from the depot in a hurry and the only draymen insight was crippled Jackson. He offered to get it—and he did. In some sort of way he got under the barrel with his huge arms and rolled it into his cart. This was the beginning of the bigger things, and in a little while John Jackson was hauling anything that any other one man could handle.

Today he asks no odds from anybody. He is the champion drayman of the town, getting about as much business as the others put together. If you ever go down to Hertford and need a drayman, don't ask Jackson if he can haul what you want, just tell him where it is, and he will go get it. Be it a suit case or a tierce of lard, it's all the same to him. Trust it to him and the job will get done. He has the strength of a giant in his arms and back, and anything that his cart will hold goes in when he gets under it. He is on to his job all day long, six days to the week, and he has no complaint to make. If he misses his legs, no one knows it. He goes about his work as cheerful and happy as any man in town. And it is worth going a mile to hear him laugh one time. He is a general favorite, and everybody has a smile and a pleasant word from him.

And so I call John Jackson hero because he has demonstrated the fact that a man can rise above a physical handicap and wrest from society the living that is every man's due—if he can earn it. The majority of men in his situation would have whimpered and tossed up the sponge in defeat. Witness the multitude of one-armed and variously deformed beggars that you have seen going up and down the land. Think of them and then come down and look at John Jackson in his cart ready for business, asking charity from no man. It will be good for your faith in humanity.



The Young Man Testified.

Judge Jas. E. Boyd, holding court in Wilmington was called upon to dispose of the case of a youth of thirteen years. The Judge has on more than one occasion given his fullest endorsement to the importance of the work of reformatories. The Wilmington Star tells this about Judge Boyd.

"Gentleman, I am a great advo-

cate of reformatories, as you doubtless know by this time." said Judge Boyd, who then told of an incident which he said touched his vanity. A visitor to the Cooleemee Cotton Mills, near Salisbury, was attracted to a well dressed young man, who appeared to be above the average in intelligence. The visitor asked him why he did not get better employment and the young man replied that he would as soon as he could; that the work in the mill was the only position open for him at the time and that he decided to take the work until something better presented itself. The visitor then asked if he had any education. "Yes," replied the young man. "I am indebted to Judge Boyd for a fairly good education. I was tried before him for illicit distilling and sentenced to a reformatory for two years. I only wish he had made the sentence longer. Judge Boyd said that this was proof positive of the importance of reformatories.

"If I had the money of Carnegie," said Judge Boyd, in speaking further upon the matter, "I would not put my money in books for people who are able to buy them, but I would establish reformatories in the different States for the juvenile criminals."



Just a Pretty Sight.

The boys early in the spring time set out a border of flowers along the main drive through the Training school grounds, and at other places in artistic harmony were set other flowers. These are in bloom. It makes a scene next to the prettiest thing one ever saw. The Floral Club of Concord met at the institution recently, and, seeing this beautiful sight, came near resigning and turning over their flower cause to the artist and the boys who made the scene possible.

A boy that can be made to love flowers and to take interest in their planting and culture has in him the making of A MAN. And we have many who "dearly love", as the good women say, to work with the flowers.



Another Need Supplied.

Speaking for a pressing need among many needs of the Jackson Training School, some months ago, THE UPLIFT mentioned among them a surrey. For three people to reach the station or Concord, it required a wagon or two buggies. Not so now.

By the goodness and the gener-

osity of Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, of Henderson, N. C., the Jackson Training School possesses a splendid rubber-tired surrey, and it fills beatifully and comfortably a long-felt want. Mrs. Cooper has no idea what a great service she has rendered the institution by this thoughtful act of hers. The editor of THE UPLIFT had but struck the ground before a dozen boys broke the news of the new arrival to him. Mrs. Cooper, a member of the board of trustees, never loses an opportunity to do a service to the institution in which she is deeply interested.

Oh, that set of band instruments. Where is the man or the woman that had about decided to donate them. Five hundred dollars is the cost, and the possession of these instruments would contribute to the interest and welfare of all the boys during these long hot evenings, and--- when winter comes---they would be of incalculable service. The donor can not be exactly named just now, but he or she will soon be---we are doing just what will cause it to come to pass.



The Youth in Towns.

Presbyterian Standard.

One of the perils of our country is the lack of Bible training in our towns and cities. We are told that hundreds and thousands of children, foreign born or born of foreign parents, in our cities, never go to Sabbath School, and are growing up without a knowledge of the Word. Yet what we are to be as a nation in coming years turns upon the moral forces of our towns and cities. To the thoughtful man the danger from this source is appalling, unless the minds of the rising generations of the cities, are brought in touch with the inspired Word. 'Shall we rear the present generation of youth on newspapers, theatres, and moving pictures, or on the bible?' and further says that he 'cannot help asking the parents of this generation on which of these two sources of influence do they want to rear their boys and girls? Our streets are crowded with children who are going to seek either one or the other. A generation is growing up that knows nothing of the Bible. They do not recognize commonest references to it in public speech. They get nothing in its place. Yet it is the Bible that has produced our civilization. The great, good men of today were reared on it. One fears very much for a generation that does not know it.

An Appreciative Comment.

Winston-Salem Journal.

President Charles L. Padgett of the Southern Commercial Schools, visited the Stonewall Jackson Training School near Concord last week, and so greatly was he impressed with the work there and with the manner of doing it that he has furnished The Journal with the following article regarding this "real training school."

Stonewall Jackson Training School is about two miles south of Concord on the Charlotte road. The buildings are situated on a high, dry ridge with a splendid farm back of the buildings.

This training school may be called a reformatory by those who know nothing of the institution and its work but a visit there will convince any one that it is a real training school, doing a great work.

A reformatory usually has a high fence surrounding it, the gates locked with heavy locks, and guards patrolling like it were a prison, but that is not the case with the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Any one visiting the institution finds the boys all busily engaged. In the forenoon half of the boys work on the farm, in the printing office, about the buildings, helping with the cooking, laundry, etc., while the other half are in the school room. In the afternoon, those who worked in the morning attend school, while those who were in school during the morning do the work about the place. At 4 o'clock each afternoon all the boys go out on the athletic field, where they take their exercise, playing ball, etc.

If there is anything in the world that would appeal to the sympathetic nature of any one, it certainly must be to go into the school room and see and hear boys twelve to fifteen years of age stand up and read and spell and recite in third and fourth grade books when they have only been there a few months and could scarcely read and write and in some cases could not read and write when they went there. Again, see them as they walk into the sitting room after meals and take a seat to read some book or magazine; see the fellow who could scarcely read and write when he went there take up the Bible or Testament and read a chapter and these are the fellows sent there by the courts throughout North Carolina. These are the bad boys of North Carolina, not all of them, only some that got caught. Then at night the boys march down into the basement, undress, take

their shower bath, march upstairs, kneel by their bed sides and with their heads bowed, repeat the Lord's prayer with the superintendent then retire for the night.

What institution could be doing a more beneficent work? Can there be any greater work for the "uplift" of mankind? Certainly the good people of North Carolina are not familiar with the real work that is being done here for humanity, or there would be a more liberal support of the institution. There would be more of such contributors as Mr. and Mrs. Roth, of Elkin, for the institution needs more room and more equipment. What better missionary work can we do than to provide for the education and training of these boys who have, in most cases, never had a chance?

Of course, the boys are sent there by the courts, but you may see some of as bright faces and evidences of bright intellects as you see anywhere.

THE CONTEST CLOSES JULY 15TH.

On July 15th the contest for the best North Carolina County Story will close. The rules should be followed. That is one thing THE UPLIFT had in mind---to impress upon the young a strict following of instructions, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing exactly right and according to instructions. Typewritten does not mean written with a pen. Real photographs do not mean Post Cards. This contest is the beginning of a wider and broader one, therefore we must adhere closely to rules.

Superintendent Thompson is giving his life to this work of making useful men out of the outcasts of society rather than they should be sent to jail and prisons to be made hardened criminals. Superintendent Thompson is not only a giant in stature and intellect, but he is a giant in the cause in which he is enlisted. He is quiet and unassuming but he is all there when it comes to handling the boys. They are all just as much his friends as he is theirs.

Superintendent Thompson has his co-workers who are just as much enlisted in the cause as he. Their intents and purposes are one, to help in the "uplift" of humanity. Mr. J. P. Cook, the editor of the Uplift, has a story to tell worthy of being told anywhere and on any occasion when any one feels charitably or missionarily inclined, and he would

be pleased to hear from any one who would like to lend a helping hand in the real work of the "uplift" of humanity. Money and good books and magazines are needed, if the greatest work that could engage the attention of the good people of North Carolina is to go on.



They are Passing.

Twenty-five years ago practically all the grass in this country was cut by hand with the old-fashioned scythe. How many of us can recall seeing an adept swing the scythe that went through the grass so gracefully and so easily. Each one of us had our hero in the grass-mowing business. Old Calvin Page, simple, honest and upright, had dates ahead like eye-glass doctors that travel around--and he kept the dates in faith and punctuality; and when resting at noon or in the twilight "used" for warts (and they left) for the young girls and others. Oh, those were great days.

Days of mowing finally yielded several stacks of hay. These stacks brought from three to four dollars. The same stacks to-day will bring from fifteen to twenty dollars. In those days, people had hay enough. Hay shipped to this section was unknown. The mower came along. The manufacturer and agent came and asserted that "making the mowing easier the out-put would be increased &c." But the prophecy has not come true. Hay upon hay is shipped into this country.

It is not the fault of the mower--it is the fault of the people. But one thing is certain and that is the price has increased, even though the cutting of grass, its curing, its gathering have been simplified as compared to years ago.

But it is a hard matter to find a man that can swing a scythe as gracefully and effectively as an eighteen year old boy did twenty-five years ago--he's a rarity, to be sure.



Don't marry a girl if she expects everybody else in the home to contribute to her pleasure, instead of trying to make them happy.



Don't marry a girl if she is ashamed of her "old fashioned" parents and is always apologizing for their bad English, slips in etiquette, and their old foggy ideas, and tell them that they are not up-to-date; that times have changed since they were young; that people now are more liberal in their ideas; that girls are more independent.

Honor Rolls For May..

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Earley Allmond,	Cherokee.
Edgar Saintsing,	Wake.
Robert Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Raymond Lee,	Forsyth.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
James Sullivan,	Forsyth.
Walter Fox,	Catawba.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Curtis Heagan,	Buncombe.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
George Moore,	Halifax.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.

STUDY ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Bob Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
John Russ,	New Hanover.
Frank Amos,	Burke.
Dan Stafford,	Buncombe.
Paul Livengood,	Forsyth.
Coleman Caudle,	Richmond.
John Howell,	Green.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Hermann Laughlin,	Cabarrus.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
Gilson Manuel,	Forsyth.
Mack Spry,	Rowan.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
John Proctor,	Guilford.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
Edward Zererne,	Cabarrus.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbitt,	Mecklenburg.

STUDY ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Bascom Little,	Anson.
John Russ,	New Hanover.
Coleman Caudle,	Richmond.
John Howell,	Green.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Frank Doby,	Mecklenburg.
Gilson Manuel,	Forsyth.
Mack Spry,	Rowan.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.



The world wants men who give thirty-six inches to the yard and thirty-two quarts to the bushel.

List of Institutes for 1910.

Below is a list of the institutes together with the dates and names of the conductors and assistants. A few counties have not yet made arrangements for their institutes; and a few changes may necessarily have to be made in the list as given:

Alamance—F. H. Curtiss, Miss M. I. Tillman, July 4-15.
 Anson—R. W. Allen, Miss Josie Doub.
 Ashe—B. B. Dougherty.
 Beaufort—J. H. Highsmith, Miss Elise Fulghum, July 11-22.
 Bladen—W. W. Woodhouse, Miss M. MacFayden, July 25-August 5.
 Brunswick—To be arranged.
 Burke—D. F. Giles, Miss M. Hudgin, July 1-15.
 Cabarrus—A. T. Allen, Mrs. E. B. Foreman.
 Caldwell—J. L. Harris, Miss Cunningham, July 18-29.
 Carteret—I. C. Griffin.
 Catawba—C. M. Staley, Mrs. E. B. Foreman, July 25-August 5.
 Chatam—S. B. Underwood, Mrs. D. L. Ellis, July 15-August 5.
 Cherokee—J. H. Harwood, Miss Lunn, June 27-July 8.
 Clay—D. M. Stallings, D. M. Stallings, March.
 Columbus—J. H. Highsmith, Miss Elise Fulghum, August 1-12.
 Craven—Teachers will attend Eastern Carolina Training School.
 Cumberland—Miss Mary O. Graham.
 Dare—R. A. Merritt, Miss Rebecca Humphrey, August 1-12.
 Davidson—J. A. McLeod, Miss Lilly Jones, July 25-August 5.
 Davie—C. L. Coon, July 25-August 5.
 Duplin—P. E. Shaw, Mrs. C. I. Stevens, July 25-August 5.
 Durham—Held last year.
 Edgecombe—S. B. Underwood, Miss Ada Womble.
 Forsyth—Held last year.
 Franklin—W. R. Mills, Miss Birdie Watson, July 18-29.
 Gaston—W. D. Carmichael, Miss Lilly Jones, August 15-26.
 Gates—Teachers will attend Eastern Carolina Training School.
 Graham—J. H. Harwood, T. A. Carpenter, July 18-29.
 Granville—F. H. Curtiss, Mrs. K. H. Fleming, August 15-26.
 Green—J. E. Avent, Mrs. Gareisen, August 15-26.
 Guilford—J. A. Matheson, Mrs. J. A. Robinson August 22-September 2.
 Halifax—N. W. Walker, Miss S. Fulghum, July 18-29.
 Harnett—N. W. Walker, Mrs. L. P. Wilson, August 1-12.

Haywood—W. H. Swift, Miss Elsie Fulghum, June 27-July 8.
 Henderson—D. L. Ellis, Mrs. D. L. Ellis, June 20-July 1.
 Hyde—C. L. Coon, July 11-22.
 Johnston—I. T. Turlington, Miss Annie Wetmore, August 15-September 2.
 Lee—J. A. McLeod, Miss Lilly Jones, July 11-22.
 Lenoir—Harry Howell, Mrs. C. L. Stevens, Aug. 8-19.
 Lincoln—C. L. Coon, August 15-26.
 Macon—M. C. S. Noble, Miss Annie Wetmore, June 20-July 1.
 Madison—J. A. Matheson, Miss A. M. Michaux, June 20-July 1.
 McDowell—E. C. Brooks, Miss M. Hudgin, June 17-30.
 Mecklenburg—To be arranged.
 Nash—R. A. Merritt, Mrs. C. L. Stevens, July 11-22.
 New Hanover—To be arranged.
 Northampton—Held last year.
 Onslow—J. L. Harris, Miss Cunningham, July 4-15.
 Pamlico—J. D. Everett.
 Pender—M. C. S. Noble, Miss A. Wetmore, July 25-August 5.
 Perquimans—F. H. Curtiss, Rebecca Humphrey, July 18-29.
 Person—N. S. Newbold, Miss Pratt.
 Pitt—Teachers will attend Eastern Carolina Training School.
 Polk—W. A. Newell, Miss Pratt, July 18-29.
 Randolph—J. E. Avent, Miss Susie Fulghum, August 1-12.
 Robeson—W. H. Swift, Miss M. I. Tilman, Aug. 15-26.
 Rowan—To be arranged.
 Rutherford—I. C. Griffin, Miss M. MacFadyen, July 11-22.
 Sampson—W. D. Carmichael, Mrs. J. A. Robinson, August 1-12.
 Stanly—R. W. Allen, Miss Josie Doub.
 Stokes—Harry Howell, Miss A. Lindsay, July 11-22.
 Surry—J. T. Spears, Miss Susie Fulghum, July 4-15.
 Tyrell—Harry Howell, Miss A. Lindsay.
 Union—R. W. Allen, Miss Mary Davis.
 Vance—W. D. Carmichael, Miss Birdie Watson, July 4-15.
 Wake—J. H. Highsmith, Miss Susie Fulghum, August 15-26.
 Warren—M. C. S. Noble, Miss A. L. Perry, July 11-22.
 Washington—C. J. Everett, Miss C. A. Carter, August 8-19.
 Watauga—B. B. Dougherty, Summer School.
 Wilkes—J. E. Avent, Miss Lunn, July 18-29.
 Yadkin—B. I. Tart, Miss C. A. Carter, July 25-Aug. 5.

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES--NO. 6.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

After we left the "Swamp Angel" Bob and I plunged into the heavily-bushes and rather swampy ground, and we were delighted to find a number of these beauties of the air flitting around us. Bob became alert and enthusiastic, and as I thought, nervously active—certainly impatient to make a catch. I saw him creeping up to a bush, and then swing his net with almost scientific accuracy, when he scooped in a magnificent specimen—*Papilio Asterias* with its mostly jet black wings, enriched with two rows of bright yellow spots along their margins. Bob came running to me with a triumphant expression on his face shouting;—

"I've got him doctor;—got him—show me how to get him out without hurting him." I showed him, and he took him out with as much delicacy and tender handling as I could have done. It was Bob's first catch, and of course, he was proud of it. His keen eye soon caught sight of another, and he was off in a jiffy, and when he returned, there was a broad smile on his face; he had caught a still more beautiful creature—*Papilio Turnus*. But I saw that Bob had run some risk in getting this fellow;—

"Yes, doctor; I didn't notice the ground, I saw only the butterfly, and I went after him. I stepped out to swing my net, and got into the quagmire; but I've got him," and he dropped him into the poison bottle. After a couple hours longer spent in capturing the beautiful things, I concluded that we had done a good day's work and started for home. And as Bob was to get half of the catch, he was one of the happiest fellows I met that day.

After we had gone a few blocks into the town, we saw a small object in front of a large store, and making our way towards it we heard singing. Bob pushed his way into the crowd where he saw a little blind girl, and it was she who was singing. But something else attracted his attention, and that was a butterfly pinned on each side of the bosom of her dress and one in her dark brown hair. Those on her dress were worn and faded, the one in her hair was smaller and fresher. At her feet was a small wicker basket containing, as I thought, something she had to sell. Bob seemed to forget the insects that adorned her person. Rather, the little blind girl's face

and voice and song had taken deep hold on him. It was indeed pathetic; and when at times a smile passed over her face, with the up-turned sightless eyes, it was a little hard to resist something like a breakdown, and then she would cast her sightless eyes around as if she were trying to see the effect of her singing on those who heard it. I can give you only a part of her song, but I cannot convey to you the pathos and melody of her voice:—

"Ever hear the birds a-singing
On the branches of the tree?
Or see the butterflies a-winging,
'Round the roses glad and free?"

Yes; our Heavenly Father painted
All the birds and butterflies;
The birds to sing just like the sainted,
The butterflies to charm our eyes.

But I'm blind and cannot see them;
But I can hear the song of birds;
And my heart goes out to greet
them,—
Greet them though they speak no
words.

Will you buy my little beauties?
See their golden yellow wings;
It will sweeten all your duties;
Every one a blessing brings."

As she began this last verse she lifted the lid off the wicker basket, on the under side of which were pinned several of her "little beauties." I drew closer and Bob after me. I became more interested, for I saw among them one specimen that I had tried to get hold of for some time—the *Vanassa Antiope*—known as the "Mourning Cloak."

"I will take all you have at your price—butterflies and cocoons; how much do ask for them?"

"Please—anything you are willing to give," replied the blind girl as if she were afraid she might lose the sale.

"No; no: My little girl, you must name your price, and I will pay," and then turning to Bob I told him to count the cocoons.

"There are just --" and he stared dumbly at me.

"Just what, Bob?" "Just — Thirteen," he replied with the most doleful looking face; he looked indeed as if he had been overtaken and ruined by the turning up of this unfortunate number. There was no mistaking the dash it had given to his spirits, for the smile died out of his face and his head dropped, and I immediately realized the influence it exerted over him.

"All right, Bob; Just put them in your hunting coat pocket, and let's be going. That Thirteen brought

the little blind girl good luck, and it will bring good luck to us." When I paid the little girl the price, she timidly mentioned as if it might prove too much, and added a little more because of the "Mourning Cloak," and was about withdrawing my hand, she said in a very plaintive way—Please, Sir, give me your hand before you go away," when she bowed her head and touched it with her lips, when I felt a warm tear drop fall on my hand, and I never wiped that tear drop off, for the very soul of gratitude was in it. If possible, I would have let it stay there undried forever.

I saw that Bob was still under the cloud of apprehension, and I had to divert his mind somehow.

"Well, Bob, we can't spread and block our catch tonight—I'm too tired; you can help me to put them in the "Slacker" when we get home, and let them stay there all night, and then we can fix them without any trouble." "What's a Slacker?" he asked. "Why, that's a small tub with wet sand half filling it, with three sticks lying on top of it, and card board lying on top of them, and butterflies on the card-board, and that will keep their joints limber until we want to spread them; otherwise we should break their wings off, and we must put in the blind girl's too as they are not properly spread; and when we put a tight lid on the Slacker to keep the moisture in, you'll see how it works." When we got to the hatching room, and began work I saw Bob pick up a butterfly with his fingers to place in the Slacker, when I told him that was no way to handle the insect; that the only time we touch a butterfly with the fingers, is when we take him out of the catch net; and then I showed him how to do the thing, by taking a pair of long pliers, and catching the butterfly by the wing near the body and transferred it to the Slacker.

"All right," said Bob; live and learn; I'll follow suit in that matter" he took the pliers and handled the delicate things as neatly as I could have done. This work being finished Bob turned to me and said,—

"By the way, doctor, you haven't told how you make the poison bottle, and if I'm going to be an Entomologist, I ought to know all about every thing."

"That's so, Bob, and I'll tell you. Get a big jar such as you see here—a large wide-mouthed candy jar with a tin cover with cork on the inside of it; then get enough plaster of paris. Pour this in the jar until it

is about an inch deep: then get one ounce of cyanide of potash and dilute it in enough water to cover the plaster of paris, and pour this in the jar, and see that the surface of the plaster of paris is smooth and level, and there you have your poison bottle ready for use. But keep your nose away from it, for it is not a healthy thing to smell; be careful about this."

"All right; I'll remember and be careful; and good night," and he went whistling home through the doorway.



Gone to Wear His Crown.

Newspapers have made men out of sorry material; and they have destroyed men made out of good material.

The public prints herald to the furthest limits of the earth the achievements and the death of certain folks. The author, even of wicked books, has broad publicity when he comes to die. The sot, who brought terror to hundreds of hearts, goes down in death with newspaper song and praise and the murderer in the electric chair has his last words sent by wire to the ends of the earth.

But our victim of death was a plain man; he lived the simple life. He was a blacksmith, who gave to his occupation and trade a dignity that drew me, in my boyhood day, so forcibly that my young arms wanted and did "strike for him" because I loved to be with him. He loved the boy—he loved humanity. He did and could pull off with a nicety the hypocrisy of the vain and the false, but not a word of malice and not a sting.

His heart was pure gold, and his soul was white. He was every inch a man. I am announcing the death recently at Mt. Pleasant, North Carolina, of a man, who probably was not known by a hundred people outside of his community. But in that region every man, woman, and child, white and black, knew him and esteemed. He was just a plain, useful blacksmith with a heart overflowing with love for mankind. He lived a religion that touched mankind and this world, and rebounded as if of its own accord and registered for him "a well-done" in the heavens. He sought no office, no promotion, no notoriety, no popular favor—he only wanted to live a simple life and to do his honest part in making a community.

That man was Jesse Keen, who reached almost four score years, and

when he died no two people in the whole community could sit and whisper to each other any evil things he did—the good and kindnesses he did swallowed up any weakness that may have appeared in his long life. He was the first man in the community to learn of the illness and distress of any body—and he was the first man to go, tendering his services. This man of whom I am writing has visited more sick and administered more doses of medicine than any man in North Carolina. He was not a doctor, neither was he a trained nurse, but he was as good

Good Advice to Young Men.

Wadesboro Ansonian.

To indulge in the drink habit to even a small degree, one must be almost independent in this world. The time has come when a young man with the smell of so harmless a thing as near beer on his breath need not seek employment. He is practically handicapped, for even a saloon keeper doesn't want him. That shows what the business world is doing to solve the whiskey question and the way the traffic is being forced to its proper level. Better cut it out young man.



AN OLD HISTORIC HOME IN EDENTON.

a doctor as half of them and the best nurse I ever saw. That was his contribution to the common good. Don't you know that every normal person, if he fulfills what the creator intended, will have a work, the accomplishment of which means a betterment of mankind, and a work in which he has no pecuniary interest and which is primarily and absolutely unselfish?

To visit the sick, to render aid, and do it in season and out of season, without charge and without price, just for the love of it, to give his grand soul a pleasure, was the unselfish work of Jesse Skeen. God rest in peace this man, whose rough, hardened, busy hands have lifted the heads of more suffering people than any man in North Carolina, and ministered to their needs in the darkest hour. Oh, for thousands of Jesse Skeens.

Rabbit Comet.

Greensboro Record.

Most people have been disappointed that Halley's comet didn't have a very long flourishing tail. Comets, so far as tails are concerned, are probably of three kinds, Raccoon Comets, Possum Comets, and Rabbit Comets, and the best way we can define the tails of these several comets is by quoting from Vest Osmon's celebrated banjo song, "Rolling on the Ground."

"De raccoon has a bushy tail,
De 'possum's tail am bare,
De rabbit have no tail at all,
A little bunch of hair."

WANTED!

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NORFOLK & SOUTHERN PASSENGER STATION

At Beaufort, North Carolina. Only in the past year have trains been able to get nearer than Morehead City. Now by means of a trestle trains run across Bogus Sound and enter the old historic town.

Too Much Rope.

Baptist Union.

A boy and a dog met. Just how this came about is of no importance, for boys and dogs are often companions. This boy had a long piece of rope tied around this dog's neck to serve the purpose of a collar and chain. At first, the boy was leading the dog in a quiet manner. But the dog grew restless, and began to tug and pull at the rope. The boy gave the dog all the rope he had, and then things changed. Instead of the boy leading the dog, the dog began to lead, the boy following the dog as he darted around the corner of the building. The dog had the boy on the run. I laughed at the boy's predicament.

There are other companionships

than those formed by boys and dogs. We form companionships between our habits and ourselves. We think we are the leaders in the party—and we may be. But there are times when our habits refuse to be satisfied with the liberty we allow them, and they become restless. They do not work as strenuously as did the dog, but they pull for rope just the same.

THE UPLIFT.

Salisbury Post.

THE UPLIFT, the creature of the Jackson Training School, or, to be more accurate, the publication founded by Mr. James P. Cook and every page of which reflects his genius, has rounded out its first year. THE UPLIFT is in a class by itself. It is non-partisan, of course, politically but it takes in the realm of men and things the world over. If the journal did not mean something to the wayward boys whose characters are being transformed and feet set right it would still merit the liberal patronage it is receiving, for it is always readable from cover to cover. Applications for the admission of 100 boys for whom no room is available are now on file, it is announced. \$1 would secure THE UPLIFT for a year and at

the same time help care for a number of these applicants, for 91 cents in the dollar goes to the enlargement of the institution. North Carolinians should not be too long coming to an appreciation of what this school is doing, and, understanding, they should ungrudgingly and liberally render it assistance.

Richard Razor's Philosophy.

Cornelius News.

Every chicken raiser keeps all his nice young pullets to lay eggs, and the cockerels are used on the home table or sold at market. At camp meetings many of them are put into the ministry, because they would never make good lay members.

Make
The Selwyn
Your
Stopping Place
When
In Charlotte, N. C.

The Guilford
Hotel
Wants You
When
You Come to
Greensboro, N. C.

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results--In August we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose.

Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand 'Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The Educational Cottage must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE :

Counties.	Superintendents.	Number.				
Alamance	P. H. Fleming	250		Johnston	J. P. Cannady.	150
Alexander	A. F. Sharpe	50		Jones	K. F. Foscue.	10
Alleghany	W. F. Jones	40		Lincoln	G. T. Heafner.	75
Anson	J. M. Wall	80		Lee	R. W. Allen.	25
Ashe	W. H. Jones	50		Lenoir	J. Kinsey.	100
Beaufort.	W. L. Vaughn	150		Macon	M. D. Billings.	75
Bertie	R. W. Askew	70		Madison	M. C. Buckner.	56
Bladen	A. Cromartie	75		Martin	R. J. Peele.	25
Brunswick	G. H. Bellamy	25		Mecklenburg	R.J. Cochran.	550
Buncombe	A. C. Reynolds	500		McDowell	D. F. Giles.	50
Burke	R. L. Ratton	120		Mitchell	J. M. Peterson.	25
Cabarrus	C. E. Boger	250	Raised.	Montgomery	W. A. Cochran.	75
Caldwell	Y. D. Moore	100		Moore	J. A. McLeod.	75
Camden	C. H. Spencer	5		Nash	R. E. Ransom.	100
Carteret	L. B. Ennett	70		New Hanover	W. Catlett.	300
Caswell	Geo. A. Anderson	25		Northampton	P. J. Long.	20
Catawba	George E. Long	200		Onslow	W. M. Thompson.	25
Chatham	R. P. Johnson	75		Orange	T. W. Andrews.	100
Cheerokee	A. L. Martin	75		Pamlico	V. C. Daniels.	15
Chowan	J. O. Alderman	50		Pasquotank	G. A. Little.	75
Clay	G. H. Haigler	10		Pender	T. T. Murphy.	25
Cleveland	B. T. Falls	200		Perquimans	W. G. Gaither.	50
Coleribus	F. T. Wooten	125		Person	G. F. Holloway.	75
Craven	S. M. Brinson	100		Pitt	W. H. Ragsdale.	150
Cumberland	B. T. McBryde	200		Polk	J. R. Foster.	25
Currituck	J. M. Newbern	10		Randolph	E. J. Coltrane.	150
Dare	W. B. Fearing	10		Richmond	W. R. Coppedge.	75
Davidson	P. S. Vann	200		Robeson	J. R. Poole.	150
Davie	E. P. Bradley	25		Rockingham	L. N. Hickerson.	200
Duplin	D. S. Kennedy	100		Rowan	R. G. Kizer.	250
Eurham	C. W. Massey	300		Rutherford	B. H. Bridges.	100
Edgecombe	R. G. Kittrell	50		Sampson	L. L. Mathews.	100
Forsyth	W. B. Speas	350		Scotland	G. H. Russell.	40
Franklin	F. B. White	85		Stanly	E. F. Eddins.	100
Gaston	F. P. Hall	250		Stokes	J. T. Smith.	50
Gates	T. W. Costen, Jr.	15		Surry	J. H. Allen.	100
Graham	T. A. Carpenter	5		Swain	J. M. Smiley	97
Granville	J. P. Webb	80		Transylvania	T. C. Henderson	25
Greene	J. E. Fobnam	20		Tyrrell	R. H. Spruill	5
Guilford	T. R. Foust	500		Union	R. N. Nisbett	150
Halifax	A. S. Farion	80		Vance	J. C. Kittrell	100
Harnett	J. D. Ezzell	75		Wake	Z. V. Judd	500
Haywood	P. A. Sentell	100		Warren	N. Allen	20
Henderson	W. S. Shitle	50		Washington	V. Martin	25
Hertford	T. E. Brown	25		Watauga	B. B. Dougherty	25
Hyde	S. J. Beckwith	5	Raised.	Wayne	E. T. Atkinson	200
Iredell	L. O. White	250		Wilkes	C. C. Wright	75
Jackson	R. O. Self	50		Wilson	E. J. Barnes	125
				Yadkin	C. H. Johnson	25
				Yancey	G. P. Deyton	15



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To all the inhabitants thereof.”

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Pure and
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For Prices
and Information.

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Prof. H. H. Walker

Announcement of Prize Winners and Rules } Watch Out!
for New Contest in September Number.

2-3



THE UPLIFT

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON REGARDS
IT A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

(From a Letter to Chairman J. P. Cook.)

Charlotte, N. C., July 21st, 1910.

My Dear Mr. Cook :-

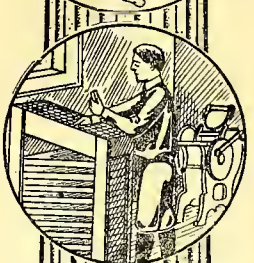
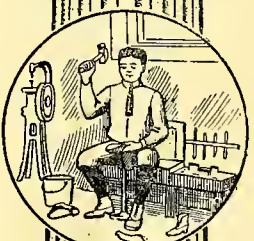
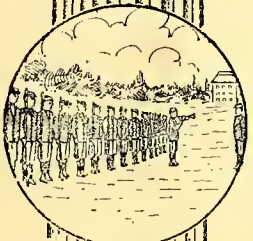
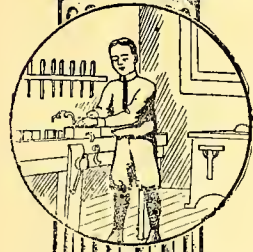
I notice from the newspapers that Messrs. Caine, Vincent, Phillips, Julian and their honorary member, Hon. A. H. Boyden, have been appointed by the NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION a committee for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the late Bill Nye. I am particularly gratified that this committee has decided that this memorial shall take the form of a building at the Jackson Training School.

If we could hear this lover of humanity speak, I know he would express his gratification at this decision of the committee of the Press Association, for he labored at all times to carry sunshine where clouds hung most heavily. His love of children was well known. Hence the erection of this memorial is a very beautiful idea, emanating from the brain of a patriotic band of noble men—the editors of the Old North State.

In view of this good fortune, permit me to congratulate you, the Committee, the Editors, and all interested in the Jackson Training School.

Very Sincerely,

(Mrs.) M. A. Jackson.



August, 1910

THE COUNTY CONTEST CLOSED

On July 15th, 1910. The essays are now in the hands of the committee and we hope to have the committee's decision for publication in the September number of THE UPLIFT.

Important.

In the same number the rules for another contest identically like the one just closed will be announced. Many boys and girls lost an opportunity by not having the courage and encouragement from proper sources to enter it.

Look Out for the Announcement.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1910

No. 3

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Editorial Comment.

What Prof. Brooks saw on the train is seen every day among those who live the simple life. You sometimes see the contrary on the part of some who scorn the simple life.

It will make you better to read the admirable address by Gov. Kitchin, who captured a great audience in Boston upon occasion of the meeting of the National Educational Association.

Let the boys and girls prepare to enter the next contest in writing a story of their home county. The rules and regulations will be published on the second page of the cover of the September UPLIFT.

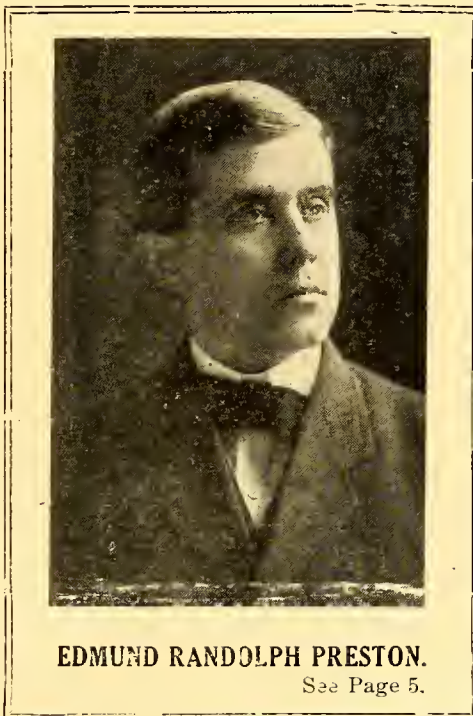
This writer regrets exceedingly that illness prevented his reaching Nashville, Nash county, to join in a rally arranged by Co. Supt. R. E. Ransom, who is accomplishing fine things in that splendid county. He was present in spirit.

There is a man in North Carolina who has been a candidate for some office—generally a big one—at every election since the war. Can't something be done? This thing is getting so stale that it is now not even a second cousin to a creditable joke.

THE UPLIFT is not a politician. It could not be one if it knew how. It recognizes, how, that under our form of government, it becomes a duty of all well regulated citizens to take an active interest in those public questions that concern the great composite condition of the state. Men will not always agree on a question—how could they, when God himself has made them free and im-

mortal beings? These things must be threshed out, but let it be done on that plane where the average North Carolinian properly belongs—considerate of each other's sincerity and motives.

There are some strange things. As proud a state as is Virginia, where they produce so easily lots of F. F. V's., she has never had a son or daughter F. F. V. enough to write a state song. The nearest



thing to it was recently inspired by an enormous crop of Irish potatoes on the Eastern Shore. The near-poet, full of potatoes and the product of the waters, exclaimed:

"Here's to the land where the oyster grows,
Here's to the land where the salt tide flows,
Here's to potatoes, forevermore,
Here's to the good old Eastern Shore."

All things do not possess a money or market value. There are some things that reach the inner circle of

a man's being that stir him and inspire him to greater efforts. One of the state's best and ablest men—in fact he can move an audience because thousands have seen him do it, and still hunger to be moved—some more on the least provocation—took occasion to say to us: "Your paper is the best in the state—it just fills a spot that needs filling—with the exception of one. That exception is Arch Johnson's Charity and Children. But his comes every week, and he, therefore, has four whacks at me to one of yours." Brother Johnson, we are not jealous, but if THE UPLIFT could be in your class it would only hit the ground at high places.

THOSE WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE.

The News & Observer of the 17th, always wide awake to noble deed's takes occasion to say:

"The Uplift gives warm commendation to Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, of Henderson, who, learning that the Jackson Training School needed a surry, sent a rubber-tired one with her compliments. That institution is doing a great work and is fortunate in possessing such friends as Mrs. Cooper.

NOT IN THE BAND WAGON FOR BUSINESS.

It is popular in this day and time to agriculturize everything. Some men and women, who wouldn't know a hoe if they saw it in a fence corner, are writing great scholarly (?) articles and making texts for the youthful hopefuls, native to our own soil. They think that they have awakened all this agricultural revival. Not so. What we now see is the fruit of the silent and systematic labors of the Farmer's Union—and of course it may expect to have to bear the burden of some grafters, dead-heads, schemers, and folks with a mercenary motive. Otherwise a

good many folks could not live. But in another part of this number we give a short and to-the-point article by a real farmer, in whom is a nativity, a spirit of the soil, a product of the climate and who has no wares to sell. He writes about the Farmer's Union.

What's the Katy-did got to do with the weather?

Without having called for them, it is gratifying how the renewals for subscriptions to THE UPLIFT are coming in.

North Carolina, by her patriotic response to the state's needs in the bond matter, is learning how to tote her own skillet.

There is a time for all things, and the Mecklenburg preacher demonstrated it when he threshed a naughty man for "cussing" him.

And Major James W. Wilson, who conquered the mountains about Round Knob and blazed the way for a railroad across this supposed eternal barrier, has passed on to his reward. The state has been enriched by this man having lived in it.

Have to change the eternal laws of nature before you can expect every country boy to remain in the country. Better work on the town boy's education and try to inspire him to turn country-ward. These horse-doctor-Western prescriptionists have the cart before the horse.

Hon. Kope Elias, a prominent figure in the life of the Western part of the state for a number of years, an ardent admirer of the late Grover Cleveland, a lawyer of ability and a successful business man, has gone to his final reward. His death in July grieves hundreds of warm friends in the state.

There are overalls for all those town folks who are shedding tears over the condition of the ruralist, and those who seem so anxious to stuff him with a one-sided education. Up to the time of going to press not a single one of them has announc-

ed his intention of practicing what he is preaching. The meadows and the fields await him with a welcome.

You must read State Superintendent Joyner's utterances in this number. The old ideas must not be ruthlessly cast aside, for with them our people have made more progress than those of any other Southern state, and a comparison with the progress of any Northern or Western state does not make us ashamed. The commercial side of education is not all by any measure. The concluding sentence of Mr Joyner's remarks sounds like good gospel.

Dr. George T. Winston, now of Asheville, has a rich neighbor, and the Doctor has some chickens, which got so gay that they tried to run over the Doctor's neighbors—crowing at them &c. The neighbor appealed to the law to protect him from Dr. Winston's "high-fo-lootin" chickens, so it becomes a matter for the court. If Dr. Winston pleads his own case, the court will sure turn him loose and tax the aggrieved neighbor with the costs. It would be worth going miles to hear Dr. Winston make an eloquent plea for his chickens.

Just about one year ago Mr. and Mrs. Roth, of Elkin, donated to the Jackson Training School thirty-five hundred dollars for the Industrial Building. And this month we have the great pleasure of announcing the gift of one thousand dollars from Mr. and Mrs. William N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, for the erection of a modern stable for the institution. These four good people live pretty close to each other, and THE UPLIFT is beginning to wonder if there is not something special in the atmosphere of this splendid section of the state, which we all love.

It is probably not right to be criticising fast riding in automobiles. Were it not for the fast moving things, it is probable that the great captains of industry and the busy business men and agents of development and accomplishments would

have to let many special matters suffer for the want of personal attention. Let 'em ride; ride fast; take all the public road and block the streets, rather than allow any of the great business interests of the numerous automobilists suffer. They can't afford to use old-time means of getting about such as horses, bicycles, trains. If you continue this agitation against fast automobile riding, a greater panic may follow than the one we are now familiar with.

THE UPLIFT owes it to itself to give public expression to its regret that it is to lose the presence in the community of one of God's noblemen, a personal and helpful friend, a genial spirit, an able man, a fine preacher and a gentleman of the old school—the Rev. J. C. Davis, D. D., who has been contributing the interesting "Bob and I and the Butterflies," articles to THE UPLIFT. Dr. Davis, after a long ministry, quite a number of years spent in this section of the state, retires from active service, and goes to Georgia where he will spend in quietude the evening of his splendid and noble life among intimate relatives. God spare this grand old man and his estimable wife for long years for the pleasure of their many friends. Dr. Davis is rounding out his eighty-fifth year.

INTEREST IS AROUSED.

Thoroughly satisfied with the soundness of its position, THE UPLIFT, which has for a year insisted that the town boys demand more thought and anxiety at this time than do the country boys, views with great satisfaction that a number of the papers of the state are giving to this subject a careful consideration and are writing some very strong articles.

We have contended that the streets are not fit places for boys, certainly not at night, for men are careless about their conduct in the presence of the young. The liberty of the streets, day or night, may not itself be so bad if there existed at home a form of government and a

system; but you can rest assured that the boy frequently on the streets, loafing and idling, encounters no restraint at home.

Public speakers, preachers, teachers and Sunday School workers must, for the sake of the boys and their future, ring out clear for the restoration of old-time home training, home discipline and home teaching. These agencies for good need the strong support of the press.

CAPTAIN JOHN MILTON ODELL.

There fell asleep on July 21st in Concord, one of the state's greatest noblemen. This was Capt. J. M. Odell, and while he claimed Concord as his home the influence of his life and his accomplishments made of him a real citizen of the state at large.

This writer feels keenly that act, in nature, which we call death, which removed from personal touch and sight one, who to us was more than an acquaintance. Outside of the circle of home ties, Captain Odell was the first—the very first—who extended us a hand of welcome when we entered upon the duties of life in this good town. In days of trial and doubt, molested and tossed by the affairs of business, this grand man, whose heart and purse and helpfulness never failed a deserving one, answered easily and cheerfully more than one distressed call. It did him good, for that was his heart.

There are hundreds of others in the state to whom he threw out the substantial means for making a fight for weathering a storm, and not a few young men and women owe to Captain Odell an everlasting gratitude for assistance in removing the cloud of ignorance that shadowed them.

We are unable to put into words a true estimate of the life that has just ended—and, failing, we reproduce into this number the words so eloquently spoken by Rev. P. T. Durham at the funeral.

The acts, the kindness, the accomplishments, with respect to his fellow man will never die—the ser-

vice he rendered the state as a true citizen and the works he wrought in the industrial life of the state can never be obliterated. This is truly a death that touches the whole state, and a profound sympathy is felt for the sorrowing widow, the distinguished son and the devoted daughter, who are sorely bereaved.

OUR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

It is fitting and proper that THE UPLIFT, speaking for the Jackson Training School, give utterance to the fullness of its heart, occasioned by the action of the Nye Memorial Committee of the North Carolina Press Association. Elsewhere in this number a fuller account of just what has taken place in the beginning and the present status of this movement is given.

Edgar Wilson Nye (Bill Nye) made the world better by his having lived in it. He drove back clouds; he lifted burdens; he dried up tears; he changed darkness into light—he made the heart of good cheer, the lips to smile and the eyes to sparkle. And he was happy and unselfish in all this labor to make the world laugh.

Messrs. Caine, Julian, Vincent, Phillips and Boyden, the committee in charge read aright the real character of Bill Nye when they decided that the memorial should take the form of service rather than a silent pile of granite. That the decision of this committee of patriotic and earnest gentlemen comes our way, means a practical help in carrying out the purposes of this institution, is gratifying and intensely pleasing to the authorities of the Jackson Training School.

THE UPLIFT is authorized to say to the committee and to the public in general that the authorities of the institution are deeply grateful to this committee and through it to the North Carolina Press Association for the decision that means assistance directly to this cause, and is gratified that in doing this the idea and spirit of a proper memorial to Bill Nye are well kept in mind. The services of the authorities of the in-

stitution are, therefore at the command of this committee at any and all times.

We understand that the minimum amount to be raised is five thousand dollars. There is no limit to the maximum amount. Inasmuch as Bill Nye was a national character—a real American—it follows that the hope of raising considerable funds outside of the state is strong. In fact several of the committee have spoken enthusiastically of what they think is possible. That Bill Nye's body is buried in North Carolina does not make him any less a national character but only indicates where the proper place of the memorial is. One of the committee is of the opinion that it will be no difficult matter with all the vast field before it for the committee to raise at least \$20,000. One editor in the state, who has in the past labored side-by-side with Bill Nye and knew him and loved him, says that it is entirely practicable to raise \$50,000 among the rich, devoted friends of the late humorist.

We are side-stepping to say that in the event of the securing of at least \$20,000, the Administration Building (the foundation is now laid) can be and would be, if agreeable to the committee, regarded as the "Nye Memorial Building." This is a distinctive building, an important one in the plant of the institution, and will stand at the very head of the entire system. But whatever may develop as the pleasure of the committee in the future, THE UPLIFT and the authorities of the Jackson Training School hold themselves ready and willing to aid in every way possible.

Gentlemen, we are truly grateful ---you have touched where the state at large, we feel, gives you a hearty sympathy.

Any funds for the Nye Memorial sent THE UPLIFT will be properly acknowledged and turned over to Treasurer John M. Julian, of the Nye Memorial Committee.

The reason some people find life so disappointing is they take it too seriously.

The Farmers' Union.

By R. B. Hunter, of Mecklenburg.

That this great organization of farmers is the result of more widely diffused intelligence among the great wealth producers of our country, there would be few to deny. Increased intelligence among this powerful class of our people led them, as by common thought and consent, to inquire with diligence into the causes of conditions with which they found themselves hampered and hindered in the commercial progress of the great American nation.

They could easily understand that they were the great producers of the wealth of our country, and that a very small per cent of the wealth which they created remained with them. Something must be wrong in the channels of this distribution. Organized effort alone could change the ruinous system under which they struggled in vain as individuals.

Organizations must have a nucleus or starting point. This initial organization was effected in the state of Texas in 1902. It is now only eight years old. From this beginning it spread with such rapid growth that it now numbers more than thirty-three million members, and is in active working order in thirty-six states of the Union.

What are the purposes of the organization? We answer,

1st:— To bring the farmer and his business up to standard of other successful lines of business; by impressing upon him the necessity of conducting his farm operations upon strictly business principles; by demonstrating the necessity of producing his crops in the cheapest possible way, by the use of improved implements, by a judicious use of commercial fertilizers, by the application of thought and system in his business—in fine “by putting more horse or motor power in front of the plow and more brains to guide the plow.”

2nd:— By co-operation to adopt methods of distribution so that the products of the farm may reach the consumer as they are needed, and at a minimum of cost for handling the same. Make two blades of grass grow where one grew before at the same cost as the one blade, and then let the consumer have the product by paying a reasonable profit on the investment and the labor incident to its production.

These laudable purposes carried to consumation would bring farming up to the standard of any other legitimate business—would result in higher standards of intelligence

among our rural population, and prove a powerful lever in the general uplift of all classes of our people. Every true patriot and lover of our sunny South land should extend the hand of friendship to the Farmers' Union.

I have often been asked “if the Union would ever be in danger of entering into partisan politics, as kindred organizations have previously done?” My answer is emphatically “No,” as this is strictly forbidden by the constitution of the Union.

Those who are eligible to membership in the Union are as follows: Farmers, farm laborers, country doctors, school teachers, preachers, blacksmiths and mechanics—in fine any one whose principal interest and income is in the farm. The membership of the Farmers' Union in North Carolina now approximates forty thousand, and is growing rapidly.



A Deserved Tribute.

In his sermon on the occasion of the funeral of Capt. J. M. Odell, of Concord, the Rev. Plato Durham paid a beautiful and deserved tribute to the life and character of one of the state's most esteemed citizens.

“There is no part of his life that is not a sermon and might be taken for a text. For nearly eighty years he has stood before the gaze of men and all have known him and those who knew him longest are the fittest ones to deliver this eulogy. Nothing little or mean was ever found in the heart or brain of John Milton Odell.

“His life was out of the ordinary. His life does not belong to this community. It is a lesson to a State and a section. The elements of greatness in his life are worthy of emulation by the youth of this State and commonwealth. He came in time of inactivity; of chaos. He came with a power of industrial prophecy and wrought a revolution in the life of this State. Dr. Kilgo once said of a great man: ‘His greatness was in his power to labor in the dark.’ Dr. Kilgo's eloquent tongue alone could pay just tribute to the life of this great man. He had the power to dream his dream and go to its fulfillment in spite of any obstacle.

“When North Carolina knows and understands her life and realizes her greatness she will stand to do honor to this man's name, will write high on the tablet of her history the name of this man, who did in the name of God, things for the upbuilding of man, who in the night of things went about bringing forth dawn.

And who shall say that he labored in vain?

“He was a man that could bring things to pass. John Milton Odell was a genius as an organizer. A power not only in industrialism; he dreamed of an idea that was philanthropy. Never a brick went upon brick at his direction, without the service of a community. The world does honor now to its captains of industry. This pioneer captain of industry caused to rise buildings for the glory of God and for the edification of the people. The people who had shared his wealth have gathered here to-day to honor the man who builded for mankind and not for self.

“This man considered himself the brother of the men who worked by his side. I have been told that girls stopped to ask of Capt. Odell in his illness with tear bedimmed eyes. They lost their best friend when he passed. He was a man whose dream was to bless and whose ambition was to build as public wealth. Whatever industrial prestige this community has must be laid beside these pathetic ashes today as a tribute to his works and memory.

“Another great element in his life: Wealth is a very great test of a man. There are certain restraints in poverty that hold us to certain necessary virtues. Gladly do I stand here and say that the fact that he was wealthy never changed him and he was the same simple, beautiful and unpretentious gentleman, who would speak to the meanest of his factory men as gladly as he would to a king. He never compromised in his proudest day as a great captain of industry with his faith in God.

“Another phase of this man's character was his fidelity to his church. His seat was seldom vacant and if it was, it was known that he was ill. This church next to his family was his first love. Never in his proudest or wealthiest day did he forget his boyhood's God. From this dead man's lips therefore comes to us the call to be faithful in our stewardship. Great industrial prophet; man of iron and as gentle as a woman, whose character was without reproach.

“I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith' and in the stillness of the night, when God said: ‘My child come home,’ he could have said these words as Saul of Tarsus. We say to him farewell until we stand with him in the company of God's servants.”

EDMUND RANDOLPH PRESTON.

This is a day of young men—not that the old men have been at all shelved, but now more than at any time in the history of this section do we find young men taking high stand in the affairs of men, society and government.

The day of apprenticeships has passed—the world asks of each, who appears on the scene or knock for admittance, do well your part and all will be right. Thinking on this line, we ran along rapidly naming mentally scores of young men in North Carolina, who, at quite an early age in life, took active and influential parts in material and public matters. They “made good,” to quote the language of the street. And I stopped for awhile. I began to think of my friend, Hon. Edmund Randolph Preston, of Charlotte—his legal associates and intimate friends call him “Rand.”

We have taken a liberty with this Charlotte gentleman and have printed a splendid picture of him on the first page of this number, and we further use our assumed liberty in making a few remarks, personal in a way, but with the distinct purpose and hope of making it clear that a young man does not have to be an old man in order to accomplish a great work or to lead in a movement that has to do with the possibilities of men and things of the future.

The subject of our sketch, born June 5th, 1880, is a son of the late John A. Preston, D. D., an eminent Presbyterian divine, who was pastor of the 1st Presbyterian church of Charlotte at the time of his death. Young Preston was educated at the University of North Carolina and at Washington & Lee University at Lexington, Virginia. He was licensed to practice law in 1903, locating in Charlotte, where he has built up an important and lucrative practice.

“Watch Charlotte Grow” can be traced so closely, by known facts and circumstantial evidence, that we are safe in accusing him of being the daddy of the Greater Charlotte Club, which has been a power for development and growth in this splendid North Carolina city. Its work has been so creditable and important and useful, that every citizen of Charlotte looks upon the “Greater Charlotte Club” as one of its very first institutions. Mr. Preston was its first president, and continued such until the pressure of his private business forced his retirement.

Among the leading and influential

members of the House of Representatives of the N. C. General Assembly of 1907 is numbered the subject of this sketch. Mr. Preston was influential in the agitation and the passage of the law making possible the Stonewall Jackson Training and Industrial School. Of this he is now a consistent and enthusiastic friend, and he never loses an opportunity to express his personal endorsement of the work the Board of Trustees have accomplished.

No movement having in view the advancement of the common interest and no undertaking looking to the relief of the suffering of humanity can possibly fail in receiving his hearty support. His very nature forces him to give his best effort to all uplift work. His splendid service to the Greater Charlotte Club is known throughout the state, and on account of this he has been time and again called upon to assist in the organization of booster clubs for various other towns in the state.

Mr. Preston is now, and has been for some time, the attorney of the Farmer’s Union of North Carolina. And among his clients are numbered many important interests and enterprises in the state. So a young man does not, we insist, have to become an old man to render efficient and valuable service in the very greatest of causes.

The most important event in this prominent young man’s life—this enthusiastic, earnest worker for his city, and always jealous of the good name of North Carolina—was his marriage on Aug. 8th, 1907, to Miss Julia Jackson Christian, of Charlotte, one of the state’s most estimable and charming young women. A sweeter and a more beautiful home circle can nowhere in the state be found than at Mr. and Mrs. Preston’s home in Charlotte where resides with them the grand-mother and the state’s most distinguished lady, Mrs. M. A. Jackson, the widow of the beloved Stonewall Jackson.

This man Preston is now but thirty years of age, yet in this time he has accomplished a work, the great effects of which are immeasurable, which could make the life of a much older man shine out as a success. But after all it is but the story of a right heart in a body that is not lazy but alert. Mr. Preston’s friends, judging the future by the accomplishments of the past, associate his name with other, larger and more far-reaching works in the realm of public service. Here’s wishing long and prosperous years to the distinguished lover of Charlotte.

Honor Rolls For July.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Earley Allmond,	Cherokee.
Robert Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
James Sullivan,	Forsyth.
Walter Fox,	Catawba.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Curtis Heagan,	Buncombe.
Thomas Saunders,	Perquimans.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Bryant Whitaker,	Forsyth.
George Moore,	Halifax.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Luther Collins,	Wake.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.

STUDY ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Earley Allmond,	Cherokee.
Bob Harris,	Mecklenburg.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
Arthur Johnson,	Mecklenburg.
Frank Amos,	Burke.
John Howell,	Green.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
Gilson Manuel,	Forsyth.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Mack Spry,	Rowan.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
John Page,	Rowan.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbitt,	Mecklenburg.

STUDY ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
Frank Amos,	Burke.
Raymond Lee,	Forsyth.
John Howell,	Green.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
Pike Page,	Rowan.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Mack Spry,	Rowan.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Dewells Nesbitt,	Mecklenburg.

GOVERNOR WILLIAM WALTON KITCHIN MAKES A BEAUTIFUL AND PATRIOTIC SPEECH.

Gov. Kitchin, of North Carolina, was one of the guests of honor at the recent meeting of the National Educational Association at Boston. The Governor knows how to make a speech, but on this occasion he was unusually happy in his thoughts, eloquent in his words, and captivating in his oratory. The folks from the North and the West sat up and took notice—they all went away with an entirely different view about what there is in our representative Southerners. We are violating no confidence in reporting right here what Prof. Alexander Graham, of the Charlotte Graded Schools, said of Governor Kitchin's address. "It is one of the greatest and strongest of the century." Governor Kitchin said in part:

I appreciate the compliment of being accorded a place on to-day's program. Among the thousands of Independence celebrations throughout the country, none will surpass in patriotism, exceed in sanity, or approach in the scope of its constituency and the usefulness of its representation, this great gathering of American educators.

A Tar Heel should never feel a stranger in any place where the spirit of '76 prevails or on any occasion when liberty is the sentiment. I almost feel at home in famous Harvard's Stadium, in sight of Bunker Hill monument, when I recall that in the olden time when heroic conduct fixed the propriety of forever commemorating Independence Day, the Old Bay State and the Old North State performed no small part in laying the foundations of liberty on which our republic is builded. The story cannot be too oft repeated, for it teaches courage, love of country, devotion to duty and consecration to civil justice which created and secured our national greatness.

One hundred and thirty-four years ago was issued the most momentous document in profane history. It was an indictment of a king for the wrongs of alien government, a resolution for the most blessed principle known to organized society—self-government—a plea for the rights of humanity fit for every age, every land and every people. It proclaimed the separation by a daughter in her youth from a mother country in her arrogance and power, perhaps the best mother country of the centuries. Some who were timid, some who were interested, some who were hy-

pocrites branded the Declaration as incendiary, but those who feared God, loved their fellows, and had faith of patriots regarded it the most inspiring message since the Revelation, and risked their lives to sustain it. Fear put no doubtful language in that instrument, deception no falsehood, privilege no favoritism, greed no injustice. A mighty monarch sought to destroy it. Trenton, King's Mountain, Guilford and Yorktown established it forever, and thirteen States gloried in their sovereignty. A republic was created by the Constitution. What would be her fate? The high way of history was strewn with the wrecks of governments—monarchies, aristocracies, democracies—which had flourished with varying degrees of success and fallen from various causes. In the history of the race the philosophy of statesmen and sages had theretofore constructed no government capable of resisting foreign aggression, and at the same time protecting rights, securing safety and promoting domestic welfare to such an extent that political perpetuity was assured, and had devised no system suited to every stage of advancing civilization. Ponce de Leon searched amid tangled wilderness for the fountain of perpetual youth, and found it not. Our republic in a generation of unequaled statesmen, when the necessities of the time suggested the mastery of statecraft, in her search for the fountain of youth, sought every principle, considered every form ancient and modern that had been successful in the government of free people. "She washed the gold of political wisdom from the sands wherever it was found. She cleft it from the rocks. She gleaned it among the ruins."

Upon the rights of man and his community, she builded a new structure, capable of expansion, upon principles reaching to the uttermost corners of the earth, destined by the inspiration of her example to bless the world with increasing benefit for countless generations. France slew her kings and is a republic, Mexico, and every state southward to Cape Horn, beheld our starry flag and became self-governing. Ancient systems of Europe under the steady pressure and stern demands of the masses have been modified by American principles, and the time will come when the dweller by the Caspian may celebrate with our children

the birthday of the American Republic. As long as the heart beats in sympathy with the purposes of the great and the soul thrills with the exploits of the brave, as long as mankind venerates worthy deeds—so long shall the children of America honor this day, and devote it to the encouragement of national pride, and the cultivation of mutual respect and good will.

My native State is doubly patriotic, for we celebrate two Independence Days—this one and the 20th of May—the Mecklenburg Declaration. We of the South always had faith in ourselves, and the temper to follow our judgment. A half a century ago, we thought we could prosper without the North, but the North knew it could not prosper and be happy without us, and our separation was successfully resisted. We then thought as the New England States once thought, as was once taught in the U. S. Military Academy, that a State had the right to withdraw from the Union whenever she thought it the interest of her people to do so, but after following with unsurpassed courage a bloody trail for four years, marked with monuments of glory, patriotism and sacrifice, we found we were mistaken, and the South is still your country as the North is our country, and you honor us and the gallant soldiery of Lee, as we honor you and the gallant soldiery of Grant—great captains of a common country.

We rose from defeat with the heaviest burden since man's upward march began. We moved forward, slowly, patiently, surely; some times nearly stumbling, often misunderstood, often misrepresented, "sorely tried, and sorely tempted, from no agony exempted" in the bearing of the burden, in that destiny gave to us. Though burden hindered—we shrank not—it were useless to shrink. The burden galled, we complained not—it were useless to complain. We moved forward understandingly, with steady purpose, with high resolve, with almost staggering responsibility, but with constant faith in the coming justice of the public opinion of the world. We grew strong, we prospered, the burden became lighter, we quickened our pace. In the judgment of wisdom and patriotism, in the light of eternal harmony, we have so far done well our duty. We have christianized, educated, developed. We have closed the door of no opportunity. We have been ever ready with the helping hand, the generous spirit. Happiness and progress re-

sulted. A kindly feeling exists, such as was never before known under similar conditions. We challenge every page of history for a parallel in firmness, fortitude, magnanimity, justice and in the magnitude and character of our accomplishment.

Marching forward as if by magic steps, an unstinted devotion to the American spirit filling every man, the South stands erect in her dignity and power, proud of the North and the West, her heart filled with good will to all, malice to none. Her wealth exceeds that of the whole republic in 1861. The increase of her textile factories finds no counterpart at home or abroad. Her soft coal product is twice that of the whole country 30 years ago. Her farm products exceed those of the whole country twenty years ago. In North Carolina last year one farmer made three bales of cotton on an acre, and another made 226 bushels of corn, and we are just beginning scientific agriculture. * * *

But we are great in other things. Last month North Carolina had to sell a few million dollars of 4 per cent refunding bonds. The financial market in the money centers would not absorb them, as investments could be secured with a greater interest rate. We called the North Carolina bankers together and explained the situation. They promptly over-subscribed the unsold portion and thus made our third declaration of independence. These bonds are legitimate, and are unrelated to the illegitimate bonds of 1868-69, which were conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, which profited only those who pillaged, and which have from the time of their birth been hauled over the country and sold by the bushel—never bought as investments, but secured on the speculator's table, gambling in the fraud of adventurers in the attempted plunder of a commonwealth, and trusting for collection to the methods of the black-mailer.

Mr. Chairman: As citizens of the Republic we have reason to exult. Today in material development, in resources, in energy, in all that makes national power, we are a greater people than Alexander or Caesar or Genghis or Bonaparte ever knew. "But let him that standeth take heed lest he fall." Most nations die as most men die, from internal causes. What shall it profit a nation to circle the earth with power, emblazon the seas with prestige and command homage from every capital, and yet fail to remedy domestic

evils, forget justice, hear not the cry of the needy, and check not the wrongs of the mighty. Our forefathers faced no greater problems than this generation has to solve. Every age has its own interests, its own rights to preserve. If today every detail of government, and everything in private life were fixed upon absolute right, tomorrow human selfishness would destroy that happy condition and next day man would have to begin anew his never-ending struggle. As civilization becomes more and more complex the methods of oppression keep pace therewith, and every generation requires more and more intelligence to resist them. In former times we had the highway robber—we now have the gold brick swindler; then we had oppressive tax levies to support privileged classes, now we have the industrial monopolist. Then we needed more force, now more intellect and conscience. It is therefore, highly appropriate for the teachers to celebrate the Fourth and consider well their opportunities respecting the preservation of justice and liberty. On the seal of the University of North Carolina are two torches and the words: Lux, Libertas at the shrine of learning. We are safe from foreign foes, we must be safe from domestic ills. Foreign dangers are always direct and bold, domestic ones are indirect, shrewd, insidious. It may require force—armies and navies to repel the former; it requires wisdom, diligence and honor to overcome the latter. A country whose government rests upon the will of the people, in order to have a certainly just government, whose burdens are levied, and whose blessings are distributed impartially, must have a high class citizenship—so intelligent that it cannot be deceived, so conscientious that it cannot be corrupted, so courageous that it cannot be intimidated. The training of this citizenship largely depends upon the teachers of America. You are the worthiest band of captives the world ever knew—leading the grand army of the republic—the boys and girls of America, against the forces of injustice, ignorance and prejudice—leading them to victory in the fields of light and truth. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free"—from vice, ignorance and every error—a liberty worth the cost, a liberty leading to service to country, service to the Almighty—the measure of praise, the test of merit.



Quit grumbling.

Another Prayer Answered---A Gift of \$1000.00.

Such good news, this is. It must be told and we know the generous folks responsible for it will excuse the publicity we are giving it—it is just a cup running over. How best to keep a true and accurate record does not puzzle us. The whole beautiful story is best told by a letter under date "Winston-Salem, N. C., July 21st, 1910," and it reads as follows:—

"Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman.

Dear Sir:—When I visited the Jackson Training School, in the early summer, I asked Mr. Thompson what he thought was most needed at that time, at the School. He replied, he thought a stable was most needed.

"It gives me great pleasure to send to Treasurer Coltrane, by this mail, a check for one thousand dollars, the gift of my husband, to be used in building a stable at the Jackson Training School.

"We feel so much interest in the work of the school and in the success of the management, under your capable direction.

"With all good wishes for you and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and the boys, I am, most sincerely,

Mrs. William N. Reynolds."

This thoughtful and noble deed of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds touches grateful hearts here on the grounds. We are too full for utterance in terms appropriate but THE UPLIFT desires that Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds know that their splendid gift of one thousand dollars (slipping up without warning upon us) somewhat rattled us, but this kind of rattling makes the after feeling a pleasant sensation; and we beg to assure them that the management will strive to expend the gift wisely, looking to good service for years to come.

Mrs. Reynolds is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School and her interest and wise councils have been sources of encouragement and strength to those having physical connection with the institution. Our prayers for friends to uphold us, aid us, support us, and share this greatest work of love in which the good old state has entered have been and will continue to be answered. The future is no longer doubtful—the only question is how rapidly we can develop the plant to meet all demands satisfactorily and intelligently.



Quit trying to kill time.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Bill Nye Memorial.

The committee appointed at the recent meeting of the North Carolina Press Association to take action in the matter of a state memorial to Bill Nye, met in Salisbury, Wednesday July 6, in formal session, and after hearing all the propositions before it unanimously decided:

1. That the memorial to the lamented humorist shall take the form of a memorial building, to be one of the group and a part of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, generally known as the State Reformatory, in Cabarrus county, near Concord.

2. That the building, furnished and equipped as the Trustees of the institution may direct, to the best advantage for the rescue of errant boys, shall cost not less than \$5,000, and shall be known as the "Bill Nye Memorial Building."

3. That the following newspapers be designated to receive and acknowledge subscriptions to the fund for this building, said funds to be transmitted promptly to the treasurer, John M. Julian, editor of The Salisbury Post:

The Observer, Charlotte.
 The Evening Post, Salisbury.
 The Citizen, Asheville.
 The News and Observer, Raleigh.
 The News, Greensboro.
 The Star, Wilmington.
 The Uplift, Concord.

4. That while the committee be-

lieves that this memorial should be distinctively North Carolina's tribute to the lamented man of letters, it deems it wise, in order to ensure the prompt success of the movement, and further to permit the friends of Bill Nye outside the State an opportunity to contribute to this movement, that contributions from outside the state should be gratefully received and acknowledged, while not solicited.

The committee believes further that it made a wise and happy selection in the form of this memorial; that nothing it might have conceived would have brought greater joy to the heart of the gifted, kindly man whose memory it is designed to perpetuate, than the great work of making useful citizens of wayward boys and that were he present with us in the flesh today it would have the stamp of his approval. Furthermore

the committee bespeaks the hearty co-operation of the brethren of the press especially, and all good citizens generally in this undertaking. It is a labor of love—one that has already been too long neglected, to the shame of North Carolina. Let us put our shoulder to the wheel and show to the world what North Carolina can do for the man it delights to honor.

(Signed)

JAMES M. CAINE, Chairman,
 JOHN M. JULIAN, Treasurer,
 R. W. VINCENT, Secretary,
 ROBERT, M. PHILLIPS,
 ARCHIBALD H. BOYDEN,
 Committee.

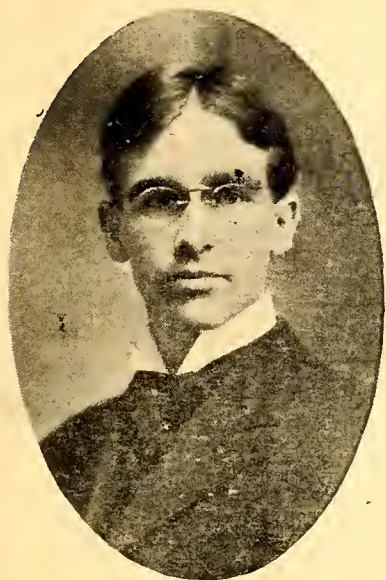


The gentleman with the bonnet box—"Don't stop me, old chap! Don't stop me! I've got a new hat for my wife in here, and if I'm not quick it'll be out of fashion before she's worn it!"—The Sketch.



EDGAR WILSON NYE.
 (Bill Nye.)

The Bill Nye Memorial Committee
 —OF—
 The N. C. Press Association.



R. W. VINCENT, Managing Editor,
Charlotte Observer.

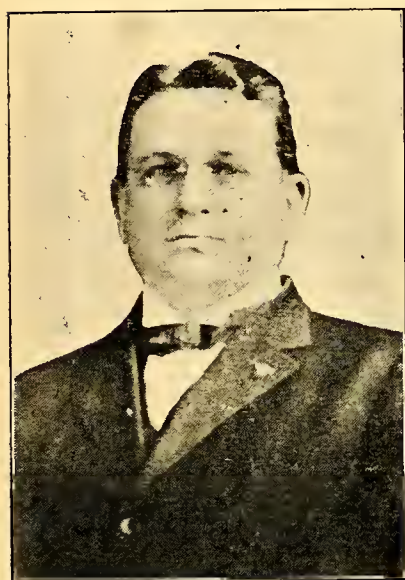
Appointed at the meeting in
June, at Wrightsville Beach.



JNO. M. JULIAN, Editor,
Salisbury Post.



JAMES M. CAINE, Editor,
Asheville Citizen.



R. M. PHILLIPS, Editor,
Greensboro News.



A. H. BOYDEN,
Ex-Mayor of Salisbury.

The Committee resolved that
the memorial shall take the
form of a building at the Jack-
son Training School.

A STORY THAT IS NOT A STORY.

By Prof. E. C. Brooks.

We were on the train. A group of men was discussing politics, the weather, and the high price of living. The conductor came through the car taking up tickets. There was a stranger in the group and his little child was in his lap. When the conductor called for his ticket he handed him two, one for himself and a half-ticket for the child. The conductor looked at the child and smiled for it could easily have passed for four years of age and below the ticket limit. The conductor after passing turned and asked the age of the child.

"Six," was the reply.

"Did you hear that?" the man next to me asked. "How many men in your acquaintance would have bought a ticket for that child?"

"Not one," was the reply, "people as a rule seem to think it a virtue to be able to beat the railroad."

Another passenger here entered the group. "You are mistaken about that," he began. "There is more honesty than dishonesty in the world. Let me tell you a true story that occurred on this road some years ago.

"We are now approaching a town in which lived several years ago an old man in very poor circumstances. His wife was almost an invalid and his only child, a little boy, was unable to go to school. One day he was driving across the railroad track, and not taking the proper precaution, his mule and buggy was covering the track when the north bound train plunged around the curve, struck the mule and buggy, threw the man some thirty yards across the field, cut the mule in two, and distributed the buggy along the track for more than a hundred yards. When the train stopped the conductor found the man swollen, his face covered with blood and dust, and his clothes, which were ragged before now in strings.

"When he regained consciousness, he asked the official to help him to his house which was less than a quarter of a mile away. His request was complied with and the official sent for a physician and left instructions that the old man must have every attention necessary.

"A few days later the railroad adjuster stopped off in that town and found the physician of this old man, and they together rode out to see him.

"The adjuster asked the physician how much the old man had lost from

the accident and how seriously he was hurt. The reply was that the old man was now improving and could be trusted absolutely to fix the amount of damages. When he heard this the adjuster smiled and remarked that he was willing to compromise the whole matter for \$1500. The physician replied that the old man was absolutely honest and could be relied upon to do the just thing.

"When the two entered the little home, the old man was lying in the bed in the corner of the room, and his half invalid wife was hobbling around the fire place trying to prepare him some dinner.

"How are you feeling now," the doctor asked, placing his hand on the old man's head.

"'Purty good, I'm improving right fast and I'll be out in a day or two.'" The physician smiled at the adjuster who came up to the bedside.

"'I am the agent of the railroad,' he began, 'and I have come to see what we can do for you, we want to pay you for all the damage and for the injury that you have received.'"

"Before he could proceed further the old man stopped him and told him with refreshing candor that the railroad owed him nothing 'for,' said he, it was my carelessness that caused the accident, I could'er heard the train coming if I had stopped and listened, but I just drove right on the track, when I knowed it was about train time," "But," said the adjuster, we want to pay you for the loss of your mule and buggy," and he waited for the old man to estimate it. A few minutes passed while the old man was turning some figures over in his mind. Finally he replied very cautiously.

"'I believe I would have sold the old mule and buggy the day the train hit us for \$25.00.' He hesitated a moment, 'Yes,' he continued thoughtfully and conclusively, 'I would have been glad to get \$25 for them.'"

"Are you sure this is all they are worth?" the adjuster questioned looking at the doctor?

"Yes, that's every cent they are worth, for the old mule was too old to work, and the buggy was given me for a load of corn. What I'm thinking about is whether they were worth that.'"

The adjuster looked at the physician who nodded his head to assure the railroad man that the injured fel-

low was in his right mind and was telling the truth.

"Well, we are willing to pay you that amount for the mule and buggy, but how much would be right for us to pay you for the injury received?"

"Not a cent sir, not a cent," the old man replied quickly. "It was my fault, not the train's. The doctor says you are paying him to come to see me, and while he's here, he doctors the old woman, so I've got it on you a little I think, but will square off even, if it's all the same to you."

"And so the visit ended, \$25 was all the old man would take, notwithstanding the fact that the adjuster was willing to compromise for \$1500. But this is not all of the story. As they drove back, the adjuster said he would like to recommend that the company do something for that boy that sat in the ashes on the hearth while the visitors were in the room. They discussed the best thing to do and it was finally agreed to educate the boy.

"Some weeks after this interview the physician received a check for \$100 with instructions to spend it on the boy. Those checks came as they were needed until the boy was prepared for college. Then the physician instructed the company to send the money direct to the boy. This was done until he graduated from one of the best colleges in the South. That boy today is a very capable civil engineer in California."

When the story was finished one doubting stranger asked if he knew the family.

"I am the physician that attended the old man and held the funds for the boy until he went to college."

The conversation here turned on this point. The natural thing is the right thing hence little notice is given. The unnatural thing is the wrong thing, hence its publicity.

Those who wish to know more of this story can learn it from Dr. B. F. Dixon, of Raleigh, who is the physician referred to.



Little Emma, having been initiated by an aunt into the mysteries of subtraction, and having satisfactorily answered several simple questions, was asked, "If you were to go out with three half-pence and spend them all, what would you come home with?" Unhesitatingly and promptly came the answer, "Candy."



If you would be popular look for the good in others, not for their faults.

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS--ORIGIN AND PURPOSES.

By A Member.

The latter part of the Nineteenth Century was characterized by nothing more than by the number of secret organizations that sprang into existence, seeking the favor of the people. Some have survived; many have fallen by the wayside. All have laid claim to some specific purpose, far more noble than any hitherto. The over-curious people have joined and joined until many have joined to the limit. Little wonder that many have been disappointed. The permanent organizations have suffered. But it is a case of the survival of the fittest. Some men never learn except in the bitter school of experience. Cheap insurance has been the bait with which many have been caught. The impossibility of something for nothing is a lesson hard for the average man to assimilate.

The church and the home have suffered much from the multiplication of secret societies. Too many conceived the idea that the secret society takes the place of the church, that nothing can so refresh a tired mind as a night in the lodge room. There are hundreds of instances where men spend their entire time in lodge and club duties. The result is apparent to every careful observer. The home is without its quondam attractions. Its associations are not what they once were. Its ties are not so sacred as in the early days of our history. For these reasons there are those who have placed themselves on record as unalterably opposed to all secret organizations. Such forget that there is a happy mean. The good accomplished by the three older secret organizations is beyond expression. The principles on which they are founded are as imperishable as the mountains, because they proceed from the throne of the Almighty. Their origin was in the necessities of man. They recognize in all things the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. Their mission has been "Peace on earth and good will to men." The results are verified in the bridges that have been thrown across the chasm of fraternal strife, the whole hearted fellowship of the Blue and the Gray.

The organization whose aims and purposes are herein stated has its conception in the brain of the great Justus H. Rathbone a young man of noble family, but spent much of his boyhood in wild speculation, finding many things that glittered were not

gold. Immediately after the Civil War, he had employment in the city of Washington, where he came in contact with much of the bitterness that had been engendered by that unhappy sectional quarrel. He conceived the notion that nothing could be more beautiful than some organization that would bring about a closer relation between brethren who had quarrelled and fought more as the results of misunderstanding than from any other cause. So on the night of February 10th, 1864, in the city of Washington he organized the first lodge of Knights of Pythias. Two other lodges soon followed, but the country was not ready for any widespread of the order. So it drifted along for years. Men of thought saw that the principles therein set forth were principles that would do much, if vigorously pushed, to heal the wounds and bridge the chasm. Ten years passed before the first lodge was established in North Carolina. The first two were instituted in Wilmington. The third was put in at Raleigh the following year. The fourth was asked for by the loyal Germans of Wilmington. This lodge is composed entirely of Germans and is still doing a great work. To-day there are two hundred living lodges in the state, doing a work of which every member is proud. The order now numbers more than ten thousand in the state, with an ever increasing interest.

In 1877 the supreme Lodge organized an insurance branch. This grew in popularity, and is to-day one of the most encouraging branches of the order. Mr. George Royster, of Greensboro, has been at the head of this Department for North Carolina for many years. Through his labors nearly a million dollars are carried by the members for the protection of their families.

In 1880 Dr. P. R. Law of this city conceived the idea of laying aside a fund for the establishment of an Orphan's Home. The fund has now grown to about thirty thousand dollars. Last year it was decided to begin the erection of this home. Clayton was chosen, plans were drawn and the contract let for the buildings. They are now approaching completion and will be ready for the reception of children about the first of October. With the orphanage there is an elegant farm of nearly one hundred acres of as good land as can be found in the state. Col. Ashely Horne is much interested in

this enterprise. It was largely through his influence and liberality that Clayton was chosen. It is the determination of the lodges that the Pythian Home shall be eclipsed by none in the state.

The membership of the order in North Carolina is among the very best people of the state. Indeed, no organization has a finer personnel than has the Knights of Pythias. Men of all professions are numbered on its roster. The organization is what it claims to be—an institution for the spread of Friendship, Charity, and Benevolence. No member has yet known what it is to want for the things he needs. Thousands are annually expended along lines indicated.

The social feature of the order is one of its most conspicuous characteristics. The order believes in cultivating the social side of life. The constitution forbids the use of any wines or liquors at any banquet or social function held under the auspices of the order, nor can any man engaged in the saloon business find his way into the order. Its influence on the young men who have come into its ranks has been most salutary. Prudence and caution are the lessons that the order would impress on every man who passes its altar. The sum total is found in the injunction to be true to family, to friends, and to constituted authority.

No order, we believe, has done a better work, or had a more widely spread influence than has the Knights of Pythias. It is a young man's order. It is an order whose precepts and teachings, if followed, will most assuredly build up a glorious manhood for the state and the nation.

The present Grand Chancellor of this body is Mr. A. E. McCausland, of Charlotte. T. S. Franklin, of Charlotte; J. L. Scott, Jr., of Graham; T. H. Webb, of Duke are the three representatives to the Supreme Lodge which holds its biennial session early next month in the city of Milwaukee. Thos. D. Meares, of Wilmington, is the Supreme Master of Exchequer.

Prof. J. G. Baird, of the Baird's School for Boys in Charlotte, is the editor of the Carolina Pythian, the official organ of the order for the state.

The order now has on its roster three quarters of a million, a number larger than the standing army of the United States. As a result of the Spanish War, the order has found its way into the far distant islands of the sea. Several flourishing lodges are doing most noble work in the Philippines and in Cuba.

TENDENCIES IN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

By James Y. Joyner.

Any educational system to be vital and useful in a democracy must have its roots in the life and needs of all the people, must be shaped in accordance with the demands of the present and the ideals for the future. Not only must the needs of an existing civilization be met, but the seeds of future progress therein must be sown through education in each generation. Education, therefore, must develop the power of modification and mutation as well as the power of adaption.

In the United States, where the changes in civilization and life have been so rapid and revolutionary, it would be exceedingly strange and distinctly unfortunate were there not continuous educational discussion and criticism, fermentation and unrest, experimentation and investigation, accompanied by changes in conception, systems, and methods of education, some progressive and some reactionary. So long as human needs increase and human life grows more complex, there can be in a democracy no cessation in the development of educational systems. To arrest the progress of education is to arrest the progress of civilization. A static system of education means a static system of civilization.

The thoughtful student may easily discern a few potent and permanent tendencies in American education. The greatest good to the greatest number and equality of opportunity to all are fundamental principles of democracy. One logical demand of democracy, therefore, is a system of education that shall provide equality of educational opportunity for all, and that best fit each for the greatest service to the greatest number. Out of this logical demand of democracy has grown the demand for industrial education. * * *

With this new conception of his educational rights, the common man first demanded an equal chance for his child to obtain the same sort of education that the favored few alone had heretofore enjoyed. In obedience to this demand, a system of free elementary schools was established, furnishing equality of opportunity to the children of the rich and the poor, the high and the low, alike, to obtain therein the essentials of intelligence.

With increasing intelligence and broadening vision, this common man, in further declaration of his rights, demanded equality of opportunity

for his child to enjoy the advantages of fuller development, through higher education, until here in America in most of our states democracy has constructed an educational ladder, from the door of the hovel and the door of the palace, from the kindergarden to the university, without missing a round, up which every child may climb as far as he has the capacity and the time.

With still increasing intelligence and broadening vision, this common man with his saving common sense has seen that even this system, modeled as it was at first largely after the traditions of the past for training for leadership alone, was failing to meet the varied needs of the many with their varying tastes, talents, and environments, that the elementary schools were leading only to the secondary schools, the secondary schools only to the college and the university, the college and the university only into the three so-called learned professions—law, medicine, and theology—overcrowding these professions, misleading many unfit ones into them, leading many of the brightest and most ambitious of the children of the industrial masses away from the pursuits of their fathers, and leaving the major industries of the world, in a commercial and industrial age, largely untouched by skill, culture, and training. * * *

It was a natural evolution of democracy that the courses of instruction in the secondary schools should be adapted to the needs of the many, should lead into life as well as into college, and into industrial pursuits instead of away from them.

Originating in a fundamental need of democracy and humanity, enforced by the insistent demand of the industrial masses who are the people, whose expressed will must at last be the law in a democratic republic, this movement for industrial education must become a fixed part of our educational system everywhere. To guide it wisely is the work and the duty of our profession.

It has its dangers. The apostles of this new truth, blinded by its first dazzling burst of light, in an enthusiasm amounting almost to fanaticism, may lose their educational perspective in their insistence upon vocational education, may forget that education has any other end but vocation-

al. In an almost revolutionary reaction from an educational system in which the so-called faculties that fit men to make a life is as surely doomed as is that which fails to provide for the cultivation of those that fit men to make a living.

"Every man needs and should be provided two sorts of education—one to fit him to work, the other to fit him to live." The two sorts should be combined in the same system, proceeding side by side in proper proportion. It would be a fatal blunder to permit in our system of American education the establishment and the maintenance of entirely separate systems of trade schools. There is no place for peasant schools, for separate schools for special classes of and sort, in a democracy. Such a separation of the purely cultural from the purely practical or vocational in our American system of education would inevitably increase social cleavage along vocational lines, would be uneconomic in effort, time, and money, would prove a disintegrating force, tending to destroy the unity of education and the homogeneity of our population.

By one-sided education for the many we must not drag our civilization down to the deadening level of mere materialism, our average man down to the low plane of a mere machine, fitted to do his work with skill, but without fitness to live his life with happiness and satisfaction, to himself and to others. For the preservation of our democracy and the continuous elevation of our civilization, we must hold together in our system of education, from bottom to top, the cultural and the useful, the practical and the ideal, the material and the spiritual, mingled in proper proportion with due regard for the common needs and also for the special needs of all in every community.

You cannot elevate work unless you elevate the worker. You cannot elevate the worker unless you include in the scheme of his education not only special training for skill, but also general training for manhood. For the elevation of the industrial masses to their proper social and civic plane in a democracy, you must send into the industries men trained not only to skillful work, but educated also to think, to dream, to feel, to love, to lead, to lift. You cannot measure the greatest worth of a man in our democracy by a money-mad world's tape-line of dollars and cents.

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES--NO. 7.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

The next morning Bob came to learn how to spread the butterflies on the blocks, and he brought another boy with him whom he introduced to me as Charlie Ashley. I knew Charlie's mother, and had heard of the boy. Charlie had a keen, shy and anxious look on his face. Bob told me that he had called on him soon after breakfast, and asked to come with him to see the butterflies. "All right," said I, "I hope he will love them as much as I do."

Lifting a beautiful fellow out of the "slacker" with my long, delicate pliers, I gave Bob a lesson on spreading and blocking. Just as he finished it and began another, while Charlie looked on with a good deal of seeming interest. There came a delicate knock on the door of the butterfly room, at which Charlie was startled and turned red in the face. It was only his little sister who had called to see if Charlie was there. "Mother's crying about him because he did not come home last night, and—" "I'm coming home, Siss: tell mother I'm here and that I'll be home soon: tell her I'm learning the butterfly business; go home now. I'll soon be there." The little girl left, crying because he would not go with her. About a block away a man with large brass buttons on his coat, and a brass shield on the lapel met her and asked her what was the matter—what she was crying about, whether anybody had hurt her. She told him that her mother had sent her to find her brother Charlie and to bring him home, for he had not been home all night, and that mother was worried and that he would not come with her.

"What's his name beside Charlie?" asked the man with the brass shield. She told him, and also where she found him.

"That's all right," said the man: "I'll try to see him," and they parted. "That's a little fortunate," said the man with brass buttons, to himself: "the very boy I'm after."

There was a loud rap on the door at which Charlie was again startled, and when he heard a man asking if he was there, he sprang to his feet and plunged through an open door, and then leaped through an open window and was gone. He did not wait to hear my answer to the man's question: he knew the man's voice. I said he was there, but when he came in, Bob had to explain why he could not be found.

"What do you want with him?—What has he been doing?" I asked.

"Why," the policeman replied, "two boys broke into Daly's bakery last night and broke open the money drawer and stole every penny there was in it, and young Ashley is supposed to have been one of them; I've got my eye on the other boy and the further fact is, that one of the boys shot the baker, who had detected them, and slightly wounded him in the leg." Bob fairly gasped when he heard this; it looked to him like the confession of guilt on the part of Charlie; and Charlie was the President of the Rob-Roy Infants, too! But the policeman after looking around for a moment left the room, with the remark—"I'll find the young scamp yet." Then Bob turned to his work in spreading the butterflies on the blocks. He did this work so delicately and correctly that I praised him; but instead of taking any notice of it he said:

"Doctor, I'd rather be doing this than running away from a policeman, I know how a boy feels when 'Old Jake' gets after him with his club, no more Rob-Roy Infants for me." But he had hardly finished congratulating himself when we heard a loud scream—a cry of "Help! Help!" which came through the window. The fact was that Charlie had jumped into a neighbor's back lot in which he kept a most vicious and dangerous goat which attacked everything in sight, and this goat was making a sort of a circus with the boy. Bob rushed to the window and I after him, and we saw Charlie clinging to the lowest limb of the tree, and the goat trying to butt the tree down. As an evidence of battle Charlie's breeches were torn, and there was blood on his face. Bob leaped out of the window with a club in his hand, and I followed with a stout hickory cane, ready for battle. And the billy-goat was ready, and full of defiance. He came on in a lively trot with his head down and horns projecting at the proper angle to make a neat job of it. When he got within a few yards of us, we saw a little girl of about twelve years come through a gate which opened from the house yard into this lot. When she saw the goat approaching us she began to sing with a full, loud, round voice, while she stretched her hands in front of her, and we heard the

words of the song distinctly—and this was the song:

"B-i-l-l-y! B-i-l-l-y!
Come to T-i-l-l-y!
Here's your cake and candy;
Now my Billy, don't be silly,
For you are my dandy—
My little dandy Andy."

No sooner did "Andrew Jackson" (for that was the pet name of the goat) hear the child's voice than it turned and sprang forward toward its little mistress as if it had been touched with an electric spark; and reaching her it began to munch the cake and candy she held out to it. We took advantage of this truce to get Charlie into the house so as to straighten things out.

After having the blood washed off his face (which was caused by the sharp point of one of the horns cutting the skin just under the eye,) and having the rent in his breeches sewed up, Charlie came into the breeding room looking gloomy, and then Bob put in:

"Better get after the butterflies, Charlie, than after a baker's chink, for—"

"Hi!—there, Bob! Not so fast," said I. "Do you forget that you—"

"Beg pardon, doctor; beg pardon, Charlie; I'm still a fool, and—" he walked over to his boy friend and shook hands with him, and told him that he would try to "help him out." I wrote a note to Charlie's mother explaining matters and giving her some advice, and sent Bob to take it to her, and then I turned to Charlie:

"Were you one of the boys that broke into Daly's store last night and stole that money? Be candid with me, for I want to help you."

"No, I was not in the store last night: I don't know anything about stealing the money; but I am sorry to say that I was with two boys: I watched outside the store while the boys went in, and when I heard the pistol shot I ran away: I stayed with Dick Sanders last night, and I see it worries mother a good deal. But doctor, if you will get me out of this scrape, I promise you that you will never find me in another: I'll quit the Rob-Roy Infants and stay home at night."

"Very well, Charlie—that is now the understanding between us, as I promise you to do my best to help you in this matter."

On Bob's return I set him to work placing the blocked butterflies in the drying cage where they would remain for some six weeks, and then, after taking them through other processes, transfer them to the show

cabinet. Meanwhile I sent for "Old Jake" the policeman who had called earlier in the day to arrest Charlie, and asked him if he still intended to arrest the boy, and he said he was under orders to do so, and would take him in at the first chance, and that he had already "hooked up" the other boy. I thought the sooner it was all through with the better, and so I called the lad to come down and surrender to the policeman, which he did with a very sad face, and sadder heart, then we three went to police headquarters, when the charge of burglary was made against him. I went on his bond to appear the next morning for trial. I then took him home to his mother, to whom I explained the matter, and after a few moments I left them—both mother and child in tears.



The South at the Bat.

The South is at the bat, and she has learned the curves, and the score being piled up is a big one. Earlier in the season the section along the Atlantic was at the bat with strawberries and potatoes; then came the peas and the beans. Then way down in Florida started the water melon, which made glad the heart of the Northerner. Following close after this came the Georgia crop of melons, and for weeks the Southern Railway has been busy, moving train after train loads of the finest of melons.

But the peaches—those Elbertas, which baffle the powers of the poet to do them justice in rhyme. This writer, being in touch with the Southern for the week beginning the 10th and ending the night of the 16th, was astounded at the immense quantity of fruit being hauled North. This is the record: Monday 10 trains; Tuesday 16; Wednesday 18; Thursday 15; Friday 19; and Saturday 16, making a total of 84 separate trains of from twelve to twenty refrigerator cars loaded with Elberta peaches from Georgia. This represents a pile of money flowing into the Cracker state; and to the railroad goes in freight an average of \$2,000 per train, making for one week's work \$168,000. But if a twenty thousand dollar engine got wrecked or life was crushed out & what then? Don't you see the point?

A good system shortens the road to the goal, and relieves the mind of a thousand and one perplexities and anxieties, besides detail and drudgery, through which the orderless man goes.

MR. JOYNER ON AGRICULTURAL HIGH SCHOOLS.

One of the wisest and most far-reaching acts of the Aycock administration, when the Hon. C. B. Aycock filled that most important position, was the appointment of Mr. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent, upon the death of the lamented General Toone. The people, in their wisdom, very properly endorsed the Governor's judgment. Wise, careful and faithful are distinguishing qualities of Mr. Joyner. His administration of the educational matters of the state has been superb; and when the new light came across the educational horizon of the state, which if not properly handled meant a complete demoralization of the educational system, Mr. Joyner took council of the real necessities and demands of the times, and his declaration before the Farmer's Union strikes us that he touched the very truth.

From the daily press we gather the following reference to the substance of his address before the Union in session in Raleigh in July:

"Dr. J. Y. Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in an address tonight, declared in favor of establishing agricultural farm life schools, at least one in each county. He outlined the plan of having the Legislature appropriate \$50,000 or \$100,000 and then apportioning this in lots of \$2,500 to counties in which the county authorities and the people will provide suitable farm and school buildings, including dormitories, and raise at least an additional \$2,500 toward maintenance. He declared this the most needful step at this time in the development of the educational system of the State. He thought that a \$50,000 appropriation should be demanded of the next Legislature and this allotted throughout the State where counties were ready to undertake this advanced work.

He thought it would be unwise to undertake to place such schools in all the counties at once as it would precipitate an unwieldy system for which even the necessary trained teachers would not be available. The union expects to finish its work by early afternoon tomorrow, the recess tonight being to 8 o'clock tomorrow morning.

What better solution of the question could be offered? If we are to judge by the public utterances of the representative leaders of the Union this plan will admirably meet wishes of that important organization, which is manifesting a truly sincere and earnest interest in the

question of agriculture. All, who know Mr. Joyner, knew that he could not bring himself to espouse extreme measures, in which the light of reason and usefulness did not strongly appear. It is not nature; it is not the way he lives—his is a purpose for the accomplishment of real, genuine benefits.

The way that certain schemers, local and imported, a kind of parasites that exist everywhere and in all walks of life, were insisting upon a thorough agriculturizing of the whole school course in the rural schools—making agricultural spellers, readers, arithmetics &c—seemed so foolishly absurd and so absurdly foolish that we could not bring ourselves to believe that any goodly number of sincere wishers for the cause and unselfish workers could seriously subscribe to the craze. There is no law on earth or in heaven that justifies a government in trying to make every rural born son of toil remain in the country and follow a given vocation, and deprive him of a taste of those truths that are vouchsafed to those who happen to be born in the towns. Whatever may be the development of the rural districts, educationally, industrially and socially, there will be young men turning their eyes to the professions and the jobs of town residents, a fact that, unless we look upon the environment of youths in the towns and cities with more care and concern, we may well thank the Lord for. For these things among men are necessary, and unless we can get new life, new blood and real ambition from the rural districts, these professions will surely go suffering.

It is not practicable to make the elementary schools of the rural districts agricultural, neither would it be just; neither is it practicable to send all farmers' sons, who are ambitious, to agricultural colleges; so the real solution of the question seems in the wise suggestion of Supt. Joyner, who would provide for the several counties as they come to demand it and can use it an Agricultural High School on some farm, suitable for the purpose. When these high schools have done their part with the student, and more is needed and wanted there opens up advantages of the agricultural colleges, which are in reach if the will be not wanting.

THE UPLIFT applauds Mr. Joyner in what appears to us the only wise and sensible solution of the question at hand.

THE COUNTY STORY CONTEST CLOSES.

The editor of THE UPLIFT made an announcement way back in the Spring setting forth the rules for a contest over the writing of the best story of a North Carolina county.

There were to be three prizes: 1st, \$50.00; 2nd, \$30.00; and the 3rd \$20.00. The various school men of the state were requested to specially call the attention of their pupils to join the contest. It was declared that if the pupil did not succeed in getting the prize, the effort and investigation into the history of the pupil's county would be a fine reward for the time and the effort spent.

It did not cost anything to join this contest—not even a subscription to THE UPLIFT.

The rules were plain, any child could understand them—they were made for a purpose. We have been long in possession of a knowledge of a fact that distresses us. It is not confined to the young, but crops out too often in older and larger ones. This thing of careless and idle and indifferent and thoughtless reading. How many people read an article and can then give an intelligent and accurate account of what was read? Children are taught mechanically to call words in a time so short that it staggers those of us who years ago spent months in learning how to call them, yet after calling them it is painful to see what a little these "called words" represent to the child.

We wanted to find out how many pupils read carefully any instruction. We wanted to see in what light pupils had been taught to observe instructions, and whether they had learned to do things accurately and right, or "just made a pass at them" or did things "with a lick and a promise."

Within two months we had received over two hundred, letters from every quarter of the state asking for the rules governing the contest, yet they stood published in every issue of THE UPLIFT.

We stated that the story must be typewritten and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by July 15th. In face of this we have received several hundred written with a pencil—and though the contest ended July 15th, nearly every mail brings us an essay on this contest.

Rule third positively stated that the real name of the contestant must not appear on the manuscript, but in lieu of it a nom de plume, yet

many came to us with the real name attached to the manuscript and written on the envelope; and some of them written with a pen on stationery belonging to their fathers.

Rule five made it imperative that in the envelope containing the nom de plume and the name there should be a certificate stating so and so. But many came to us without the real name but having the nom de plume, and some came without the certificate.

Rules 8 and 9 declared that no story not, typewritten or showing any evidence of the real name will be considered.

Rule 10 further declared that no story unaccompanied by at least five photographs would be considered.

Yet in the face of all this, we received several hundred with one and two defects and the great majority unaccompanied by any photographs. Some had clipped pictures out of magazines and newspapers; some have sent post cards &c, yet THE UPLIFT's rules called for PHOTOGRAPHS. Everybody knows a photograph from a blurred picture in a newspaper or from the ordinary post card.

The carelessness and indifference of the average young person about details is worse than the editor dreamed of—it is alarming. It distresses one to think how carelessly the young read and how inaccurate their understanding of plain, simple rules is.

We got hundreds of letters asking questions all of which were answered in the printed rules. We could not and did not attempt to answer any of these letters. We even had letters from a dozen or more to know if they might write the stories of several counties. And as far as we can tell from the large bunch of essays and other relevant matter now in hands that seem to carry out with some serious purpose the rules we are inclined to think that not one of these who were anxious to write the story of several counties have even written the story of a single one.

We have a nice pile of manuscripts the committee will carefully examine and then make up its verdict. The whole thing will be announced in the September UPLIFT.

We are prone to ask:

1. Do parents and teachers ask the children several times to do a thing and tell it over and over to them when they know that the children have their minds on other things?

Do teachers and parents buy the children to do things?

Do they insist on the children to bear in mind that there is a right way and a wrong way to do a thing?

Do they impress upon the children the importance of observing rules, order, fixedness of purpose and attention, the understanding of what they do—or let a hap hazard air satisfy the child's conduct and effort?

We knew, as we said before in this article, that there would be hundreds of careless and indifferent trials at this contest because many children have been allowed by their superiors to do things just this way. And do you blame the child? We don't. It is a sin of the parent and the teacher, of environment and example.

THAT ALL MAY KNOW THAT THE UPLIFT SEEKS TO TEACH A LESSON THAT WILL STICK: THAT WILL FOLLOW YOUNG BOYS AND YOUNG GIRLS WITH THEM THROUGH LIFE—a way that is satisfied with nothing unless it is right and accurate, this contest will be repeated. In the September number of THE UPLIFT the rules will be published and all white pupils of the public schools are invited to join. It costs nothing, and it is worth while.



Evil Speaking.

Young Folks.

To indulge in personalities in conversation is, to say the least, dangerous. It is much better to talk of things, objects, thoughts. Whatever you do, if you must speak of another, speak no evil of him. Find that which is good in his character and conduct, and speak of that. To cut up character and to dissect motives evidences a smallness of mind and baseness of spirit which will belittle you in every hearer's mind. Healthy people do not care to dine at a dissecting table. People of sound principles do not care to feast on the hash of the gossip which are the results of the cutting tongue of the person who delights to speak evil of his neighbor, and in violation of the eighth commandment, puts an uncharitable construction on all his neighbor's words and action. There is evil enough in the constitution and life of every man. It is easy to find it; but far more helpful to seek and find the good and ennobling.

WANTED!

Young men and women to prepare for Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Salesmanship. Positions now awaiting them.

For full information write

Southern Commercial Schools,
Laurisbury, Winston-Salem, Wilmington, Rocky Mt.
North Carolina's Greatest Schools of Business.

A Great Singer.

Possibly very few persons who have heard Madame Sembrich sing have any idea of the poverty and hardships of her early life. When she was making her farewell tour through Europe a few months ago, she sang in Lembury, Poland, which was only a short distance from her birthplace. While there she received from the parish priest of the village in which she was born photographs of the village, of the house where she first saw light, and of the church in which she was baptised.

Her father was one of nine brothers, and all were tanners by trade, except himself. Both her father and mother and also her brother were musical. It is not strange, therefore, that Proxede, as she was then called should be musical too. The family would often engage in playing the trios of Haydn and Mozart on Sunday evenings for their own enjoyment. Proxede was set aside by her father for a musical career, and when she was a mere child she played the violin to his accompaniment at recitals.

She tells of the severity of her father, and how often she had thrown her rag dolls with which she was playing into the stove and rushed to the piano or violin when she heard him coming home. Too poor to pay for all the music he wanted, he made his little daughter copy the parts of the classical pieces which he brought home in score.

No doubt, she then thought this a great hardship, but is thankful for it now, and looks upon this severe training as an important factor in her success as a musician. Numberless girls and boys have felt like cursing their parents and teachers for the rigorous discipline, which, in later years, proved their making and had so much to do with the

The Guilford
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Modern Hotel---"The Rockingham," Rockingham, N. C.

development of their characters.— Exchange.



A Thrilling Midnight Ride.

R. W. D. Connor, in his history, "The Old North State."

The battle of Moore's Creek Bridge had its heroine as its heroes. One of these heroes was Ezekiel Slocum, who left at home, when he marched away to battle, a young wife and a little baby. How long and lonely the next day was for Mary Slocum! When night came, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she saw the dead body of her husband lying on a bloody battlefield. In an instant she sprang up, kissed her baby good-bye, and leaving him with the nurse rushed to the stable, saddled her horse, and away she flew through the cold night air to find her husband. Mile after mile whirled rapidly by, and at daybreak she was thirty miles from home. Then she heard the firing of guns and in a few minutes the shouts of the victors. Upon reaching the battle-field her heart beat with joy when she looked among the wounded and did not find her husband's body. He returned in a little while from pursuit of the enemy and found her nursing the wounded.

"I was so happy," she said, "and so were all. It was a glorious victory."

All day she nursed the wounded, and she saved the lives of many brave fellows who did good fighting for their country long after that day. When night came, she prepared to return home. "In the middle of the night," she said, "I again

mounted my horse and started home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay until next morning and they would send a party with me. But I wanted to see my baby, and told them they could send no party that could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! And with what joy did I kiss my baby as he ran to meet me."



Two Ways.

Sometimes we see two business men side by side, one succeeds, the other fails: two young men start out in life, one succeeds, the other fails, and so on through various vocations, some succeed, others go down in defeat. There is a reason for all this. To make the greatest success in life in any vocation, it is necessary to know your work and meet the existing conditions as the changes come. The present age will not tolerate the business methods of the past generation. To be winner we must have adaptability with persistent application.—Selected.



Does it pay to learn to make life a glory instead of a grind?

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Stopping Place
When
In Charlotte, N. C.

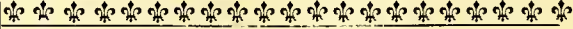
CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results---In September we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose.

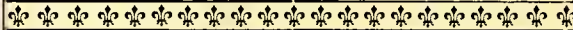
Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The Educational Cottage must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE :

Counties.	Superintendents.	Number.				
Alamance	P. H. Fleming	250		Johnston	J. P. Cannady.	150
Alexander	A. F. Sharpe	50		Jones	K. F. Foscue.	10
Alleghany	W. F. Jones	40		Lincoln	G. T. Heafner.	75
Anson	J. M. Wall	80		Lee	R. W. Allen.	25
Ashe	W. H. Jones	50		Lenoir	J. Kinsey.	100
Beaufort.	W. L. Vaughn	150		Macon	M. D. Billings.	75
Bertie	R. W. Askew	70		Madison	M. C. Buckner.	50
Bladen	A. Cromartie	75		Martin	R. J. Peele.	25
Brunswick	G. H. Bellamy	25		Mecklenburg	R. J. Cochran.	550
Buncombe	A. C. Reynolds	500		McDowell	D. F. Giles.	50
Burke	R. L. Patton	120		Mitchell	J. M. Peterson.	25
Cabarrus	C. E. Boger	250	Raised.	Montgomery	W. A. Cochran.	75
Caldwell	Y. D. Moore	100		Moore	J. A. McLeod.	75
Camden	C. H. Spencer	5		Nash	R. E. Ransom.	100
Carteret	L. B. Ennett	70		New Hanover	W. Catlett.	300
Caswell	Geo. A. Anderson	25		Northampton	P. J. Long.	20
Catawba	George E. Long	200		Onslow	W. M. Thompson.	25
Chatham	R. P. Johnson	75		Orange	T. W. Andrews.	100
Cherokee	A. L. Martin	75		Pamlico	V. C. Daniels.	15
Chowan	J. O. Alderman	50		Pasquotank	G. A. Little.	75
Clay	G. H. Haigler	10		Pender	T. T. Murphy.	25
Cleveland	B. T. Falls	200		Perquimans	W. G. Gaither.	50
Columbus	F. T. Wooten	125		Person	G. F. Holloway.	75
Craven	S. M. Brinson	100		Pitt	W. H. Ragsdale.	150
Cumberland	B. T. McBryde	200		Polk	J. R. Foster.	25
Currituck	J. M. Newbern	10		Randolph	E. J. Coltrane.	150
Dare	W. B. Fearing	10		Richmond	W. R. Coppedge.	75
Davidson	P. S. Vann	200		Robeson	J. R. Poole.	150
Davie	E. P. Bradley	25		Rockingham	L. N. Hickerson.	200
Duplin	D. S. Kennedy	100		Rowan	R. G. Kizer.	250
Durham	C. W. Massey	300		Rutherford	B. H. Bridges.	100
Edgecombe	R. G. Kittrell	50		Sampson	L. L. Mathews.	100
Forsyth	W. B. Speas	350		Scotland	G. H. Russell.	40
Franklin	R. B. White	85		Stanly	E. F. Eddins.	100
Gaston	F. P. Hall	250		Stokes	J. T. Smith.	50
Gates	T. W. Costen, Jr.	15		Surry	J. H. Allen.	100
Graham	T. A. Carpenter	5		Swain	J. M. Smiley	25
Granville	J. F. Webb	80		Transylvania	T. C. Henderson	25
Greene	J. E. Fobnam	20		Tyrrell	R. H. Spruill	5
Guilford	T. R. Foust	500		Union	R. N. Nisbett	150
Halifax	A. S. Harrion	80		Vance	J. C. Kittrell	100
Harnett	J. D. Ezzell	75		Wake	Z. V. Judd	500
Haywood	R. A. Sentell	100		Warren	N. Allen	20
Henderson	W. S. Shitle	50		Washington	V. Martin	25
Hertford	T. E. Brown	25		Watauga	B. B. Dougherty	25
Hyde	S. J. Beckwith	5	Raised.	Wayne	E. T. Atkinson	200
Iredell	L. O. White	250		Wilkes	C. C. Wright	75
Jackson	R. O. Self	50		Wilson	E. J. Barnes	125
				Yadkin	C. H. Johnson	25
				Yancey	G. P. Deyton	15



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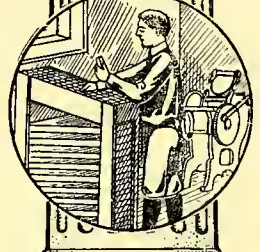
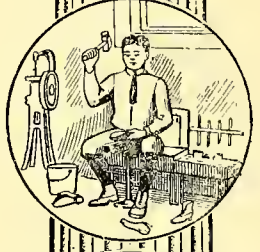
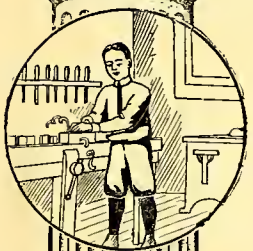
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Prof. W. W. Walker

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THE UPLIFT



HEAVEN ON EARTH.

For my part, I do not think we have any right whatever to think of a heaven for others, much less of a heaven for ourselves in the world to come, until we are wholly determined to make this world a heaven for our fellow men, and are hoping, loving and working for that and for its realization not in a thousand years or a million years, but in a nearer and nearer future.

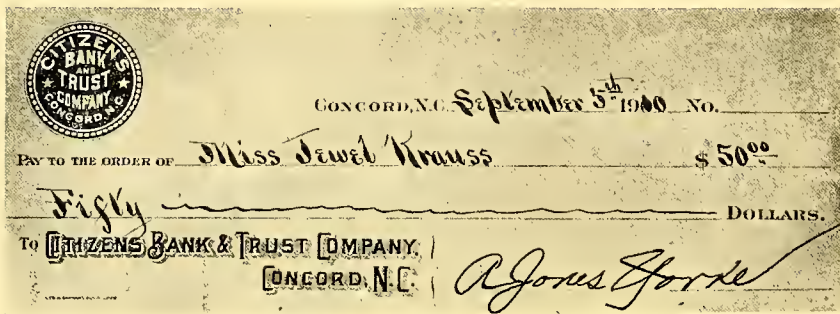
—Stopford A. Brooke.

SEPTEMBER, 1910

Financial Story of the Past Contest.

These three little pictures tell the whole story of the contest, which closed on July 15th, 1910. In them you will see the names of the winners of the First, Second and Third Prizes. You will see, also, another very important matter. It is the name of the gentleman, who made it possible for this beneficial and interesting contest to be concluded. But more about him later.

FIRST PRIZE.



SECOND PRIZE.



THIRD PRIZE.



ANOTHER CONTEST.

One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Nine Prizes. Open to All White Pupils of the Public Schools, Country or Town, of North Carolina.

On the first day of May 1911, THE UPLIFT will give away One Hundred Dollars to nine pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes:

- No. 1.—\$25.00.
- No. 2.— 20.00.
- No. 3.— 15.00.
- No. 4.— 10.00.
- No. 5.— 10.00.
- No. 6.— 5.00.
- No. 7.— 5.00.
- No. 8.— 5.00.
- No. 9.— 5.00.

WHAT PRIZES ARE FOR.

To encourage the young while yet in the schools to learn to write, to think out a story, to put it into choice words. To encourage them to build up a mental picture, and then clothe it in words—a story, an essay, a little novel, a narrative, an imaginative or real trip. This story or essay must have running through it that which is elevating and pure, be striving for the good and the moral, in touch with a human interest that has a tendency to please and uplift. Must not exceed 3000 words.

THESE ARE THE RULES:

1. This contest is open to any and

all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.

2. The story must be typewritten, and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by April 15th, 1911. No manuscript in pen or pencil will be considered; and a manuscript received on a date later than the fifteenth of April will not be considered.

3. The real name of the contestant must in no case appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume in every instance must be on the manuscript; and the said nom de plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and placed in the large envelope containing the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or person or any paper or any source for information or advice.

5. No photographs or pictures are required, but if any contestant desires to illustrate the story with pictures they will be gratefully received.

6. Every contestant must be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT or have access to it. If any one living in the same home with the contestant is a subscriber, that will satisfy this requirement. This is done to avoid receiving so many inquiries, which can not be answered. We can not afford to keep a private secretary or a clerk to attend to any correspondence. All facts or rules governing this contest will appear in this paper.

7. You have the right to get any one to copy your story into a typewritten copy. But the copyist has no right to correct any errors.

8. In the envelope containing the nom de plume and the real name, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with the true name:

"The story signed _____ as a nom de plume, is original; was constructed and written by me and is in no wise corrected or changed by any other person. I have access to THE UPLIFT through the one that comes to _____" (name the subscriber.)
 (Signed) _____ (Name)

A STATEMENT.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents, principals, and officers of city and rural schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by two or more contestants.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1910

No. 4

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Editorial Comments.

But don't the people soon forget?

The article by Prof. Paschal, appearing in this number, makes good reading.

Life is full of surprises. There is nothing on earth certain except death and taxes.

We are about to receive announcements of the coming inter-collegiate foot-ball games.

Let all teachers encourage their boys and girls to enter the contest now on. They are waiting for some one in whom they have confidence to give them hope and confidence in themselves.

All kinds, classes, vocations and professions are organized. The last convention of the season was the County Commissioners, which adjourned to meet next year in Asheville.

There would be fewer suicides if less detailed accounts of them found their way into the widely read public prints. Their number has been so large recently that it has become a subject of comment.

A very scholarly and prominent Baptist minister of the State asserts that upon investigation it will be found that the system of religion, fostered and practiced by the Christian Scientists, is nothing but Hindooism, pure and simple. Is it possible?

The only way the public can be relieved of the presence and the practices that sometimes bring disgrace upon one of the most honorable professions is for the lawyers themselves to rise up against the "ambulance chasers." Their number seems on the increase. They

can't be stopped by an examination before the Supreme Court.

The pictures of the checks, made out in the names of the successful contestants in the County Story Contest, ending on July 15, 1910, look good in this issue. The prominent and useful North Carolinian, whose name makes them good at any bank in North Carolina, receives as much pleasure in this act as do the three young ladies, who receive the checks.



JOHN M. MONTGOMERY OGLESBY.

See Page 6.

In another part of this number there is an article concerning a new plan for securing a sufficient and wholesome supply of water for towns and cities. The open wells must go. The deep driven wells seem inadequate, and furnish a hard water. The connecting with distant creeks and rivers is expensive and dangerous. If the suggestion of General Hoke, whom the entire state loves and in whom they have unlimited confidence, proves a practical one, we may soon see a general revolution in

the plans and methods of securing water supplies.

Three young ladies, who received the first, second and third prizes—the pictures of the checks printed elsewhere in this number—must feel good. Aside from being the winners, they know now more about their counties than they ever did. It's worth while. In the next contest, somewhat broader and on easier lines, we all hope to see observed the rules and the details (all of them simple and easy, yet to us very important) and thereby make the contest more exciting, and make it reach further. Begin now.

CRAZE IS GETTING PUNCTURED.

It is said that at a recent meeting of the Georgia bankers the fact was well established that in the state of Georgia the banks are carrying notes to the amount of twelve million dollars, representing the purchase price of automobiles. Horrors!

Commenting upon this a prominent business man of Eastern North Carolina said that he knew the banks of Richmond, Va., and many in North Carolina were now refusing loans to any one for the purpose of buying an automobile. This is gratifying.

It is safe to say that three-fourths of the machines now in use are not needed except for sport and "show," and fully that many, it is alleged, are kept by people unable to possess and keep one.

Talk about the high cost of living! It is mainly the cost of high, extravagant living. If the banks generally follow the example of the Richmond banks, the automobile craze will get a proper puncture. The question of regulating speed will also be solved. Ninety-nine per cent of reckless, harum-scarum car

drivers and users are those who need no machine or pledged their roof for the purchase money.

All these thousands and millions of dollars invested in manufacturing, industries and agriculture would mean something; in machines, it amounts to a wasteful craze.

Editor-Farmer Dockery of the Rockingham Post is after some of the Wake county Kings.

County Superintendent Nisbet of Union County will take a special interest in this number of THE UPLIFT. One of his county pupils and his own county play a conspicuous part in this month's issue. We are glad, too.

Atlanta is not the biggest thing in the world or the South, but for the past ten years she has a wonderful increase in population. An increase of 72 per cent, now having 154,000 inhabitants, is a remarkable growth. It beats many other towns that crow nearly as much.

Some fool has put into the head of some negro leader the advisability and the necessity of starting a Negro Party. The colored race is making splendid progress along the several lines leading to development, and the relation between the races, happily for both, is pleasant—but that movement is fraught with death to the good feelings existing. It is pleasing to see several representatives of the colored race, having the good of both races in mind, speaking out boldly against the move.

All effort, all teaching and all preaching mainly concerns and is in the interest of the young. It is, therefore, pleasing to see a really sensible and timely matter legislatively settled by the Georgia Assembly. It is now illegal for boys under sixteen to be employed as messenger boys at night. Good. It should go further, if possible, to prevent their working at that job in day-time when the schools are opened. As THE UPLIFT has before remarked: The boy that passes into manhood

through the messenger mill without ruin has a heart of pure gold.

Never in the history of this great country have there been so many promoting schemes in process of swelling up and then disappearing. All kinds of patents, stocks, mining, telegraph schemes and such like are within easy reach of the biting public for from five cent a share to several dollars. They are like grass, however, they are of but a few days and then cut down. When the right genius gets hold of the proposition, several fortunes will be made out of a tin mine or two in this country.

If you will look at the list of the counties on the third page of cover you will note that another county has trotted under the wire. Lincoln county has completed its share of subscriptions for the erection of the Educational Cottage. A young man, jealous of his county and full of pride for it and loving the cause for which THE UPLIFT is fighting without price or pay or reward, said: "Look here, what amount is due to put Lincoln down under the column 'Finished.'" Twenty-three subscribers was the answer. "All right," said he, "here's my check for twenty-three dollars; I'll mail you names to whom THE UPLIFT is to be sent." The Editor of THE UPLIFT has no more doubt of ultimately succeeding in securing enough funds to erect the "Educational Cottage" than he has doubt in ultimate taxes or death. We shall yet get that cottage, and it shall be named to do honor to a distinguished North Carolina educator. The boys at the Training School themselves are interested in the proposition. What are the county superintendents doing about this matter?

IT'S ALL FOOLISHNESS.

This thing of abnormal yields of cotton and corn per acre is becoming just a little bilious. No man in North Carolina ever raised two hundred bushels of corn per acre without it costing him, at the market

price, every cent or more than its value. No man in North Carolina ever raised two bales and a half of cotton per acre without it costing him what its market value was.

The corn raiser may make a pile by selling the seed at a fancy and an exorbitant price—and he may be tempted to fill orders with any kind of corn if his supply runs short. It has been done; and this parading in the prints of inconceivable yields is a free advertising that might lead to imposition upon innocent farmers. It is foolishness run to seed and it is not on the square.

The cotton raiser may have gathered two and one-half bales of lint from an acre in North Carolina, but it cost him just as much as its market value, unless he sold the seed at an exorbitant price. And this free advertising makes him thousands of orders for seed that he can not fill and he may be tempted to use other seed. It has been done. This, too is off the square.

There is a revival in farming in North Carolina; and it is entirely due to farm products commanding a price on the market which makes farming a tempting and pleasing occupation. When a period like this comes it develops a crowd of schemers on the side, who begin to set their pegs to play the parasite and to get thereby something for nothing.

Editor Dockery of the Rockingham Post—himself a pretty good farmer—is very much of a doubting Thomas on the present subject of Corn Kings and Cotton Kings. If there be any such kings, they are the average farmers.

AN AROUSED PEOPLE.

The people are aroused. It is good. A people that is satisfied with its condition is a deteriorating people. A live people can not stand still—they must move. There has not been in the history of the state, certainly during the present generation, a time when the people had more to make them "sit up and take notice."

It is all in the nature of education. Under this head the people have

lots to occupy their attention. There is something going on that suits the taste of everybody. At this point a local tax has the people busy; yonder it is the location and the building of a road; at another point it is the building of a highway from the sea to the mountains; one part of our citizenship is aroused over the hookworm warfare now going on—they are talking about it, but not many yet have been killed; one class of folks are determined to keep all the country folks in the country by teaching them only agricultural things—but this class happily is small and under suspicion: another class insists very properly that under certain conditions the subject of agriculture should be taught in the public schools; and another class thinks that the subject should be taught in the town schools with the hope of inducing some of the town folks to turn their eyes and lives back to nature—there is reason in this; one class has itself aroused over the construction of good roads and has aroused the people here and there to an intelligent knowledge of the importance of the subject; another body of men are driving at the proposition of drainage. And there are other things before the public.

It is a mighty sorry or lazy fellow that can't find something being agitated to win his interest and cause him to become aroused. North Carolinians are truly wide awake. There is something doing in the old state. And when the absent loved ones return from investigations of the habits, morals, religion, commerce, practices, farming and general doings of the people of all the countries of the world within five months, there will be still more a-doing. There will be enough special subjects and ideas to keep all the live wires in the state busy, on one specific subject. You just got to keep a people busy, like a child, on some new subject or death begins—and death is an outlaw to a well regulated North Carolinian.

Government by commission seems resting for a period.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

Several hundred papers in the County Story Contest had to be consigned to the seclusion of a pigeon hole because they did not comply with the rules of the contest, as noted in the August number of THE UPLIFT. We are sorry for this, for many of them were fine. But we said the manuscripts should be typewritten and these hundreds came in written with pen and pencil. We said they should be accompanied by at least five photographs; and yet these several hundred came either with clippings from magazines or papers of blurred pictures that stood for nothing, or poor creased post-cards, or without the sign of a picture accompanying them. We were bound by the rules ourselves; and it pains us to think that so many otherwise splendid papers had to be ignored.

We have selected fourteen of the better papers for publication in THE UPLIFT. This is aside from the winners in the contest; we are doing this because of their merit, and we have voluntarily made an addition to the prizes. These fourteen will receive for one year THE UPLIFT free of cost.

The winners, according to the report of the committee, are:

MISS JEWEL KRAUSS, Waxhaw, Union County, First prize \$50.00;

MISS ANNA LEE, Waynesville, Haywood County, Second prize \$30.00;

MISS VIRGINIA BLUMA WYNNE, Ahoskie, Hertford County, Third prize \$20.00.

The checks, copy of which are printed on the second page of the cover of this number, have been mailed to the young ladies. They have our congratulations, our best wishes, our hopes for further effort educationally, and we sincerely wish for them other and larger and more splendid victories.

The first prize story, that of Miss Krauss', is printed in this issue. We have the pleasure and privilege of printing the picture and a short story of young Miss Krauss in this number. In the October number the story of Miss Lee, and in November that of Miss Wynne will ap-

pear, together with a short sketch of the authors.

We see no reason why these young ladies may not enter the contest, but whether they do or not we naturally expect them to encourage by pen and word of mouth other young girls and boys to strive for the awards in the contest told about on the second page of the cover.

THANKS TO THE COMMITTEE.

THE UPLIFT desires to discharge a pleasant duty. It stops to thank the faithful committee, which passed upon the papers of those who competed for the prizes, offered by THE UPLIFT for the best County Story under certain rules and regulations. That Committee was composed of Rev. L. A. Bikle, D. D., Mrs. T. L. Ross, and Prof. A. S. Webb. This committee did its work well and cheerfully. Each member of it, knowing a good story at first sight and each interested in the purposes of the contest, has our politest bow. It was evident that the committee regretted that each contestant could not be the winner of the first prize, but it had to be boiled down to three, and the committee faced its duty without a mark, a scratch or a sign of "Who is who." The result is announced in another column.

No Scarcity of Labor.

Raleigh Times.

Commissioner of Agriculture W. A. Graham returned from his farm in Lincoln county Sunday night. He says the corn crops are good, but the cotton crop will be short.

Major Graham says that he does not hear the farmers complaining on account of the lack of farm hands this year as in the past. They seem to have all the help they need. This condition is probably due to the increased cost of living and increased wages. The poor man has to work hard for a living, and the farm offers more inducements to the laborer. Possibly another cause is the closing down of the cotton mills. Most of the mill hands came from the farms; and when the mills closed they went back.



The Bill Nye Memorial Committee is making some progress.

Union County,

The First Prize Winner.

[This is one of the Prize Stories. It won 1st Premium. The Author is Miss Jewel Krauss, whose picture appears in another part of this number.]

Union County, one of the extreme Southern Counties of North Carolina; is bounded as follows: On the North by Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Stanly Counties, on the East by Anson County, on the South by South Carolina, and on the West by South Carolina and Mecklenburg County.

The County contains between 600 and 700 square miles, and lies in that section known as the Piedmont section. The scenery of this section is remarkable for its quiet, picturesque beauty. The shape of the County is nearly a square.

Lying right along the 35th parallel of North Latitude and between the 80th and 81st degrees West Longitude it is most favorably situated. It is sheltered by the mountains on the West, and on the East it is near enough the Atlantic to feel the genial warmth of the Gulf Stream, giving it a most delightful climate.

The County was organized in 1842, and was made up of territory belong-



BIRTHPLACE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

Former President of the United States, and General of the American Forces in the war of 1812, was born six miles South-West of Waxhaw, Union County, N. C. The Jackson Birthplace site has been marked and a little park has been laid off around it by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and for which they hold a deed. It is surely in North Carolina.

ing to Mecklenburg and Anson Counties. It was said that Mecklenburg was in possession of a small strip of territory lying on her Eastern border, of which she was very glad to dispose, and this was also the case with Anson County concerning some territory lying on her

Western border; and out of these two strips of land was formed, in 1842, the County of Union.

The people of the Western half were largely of the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania, and the central half were Dutch-Irish, Welsh and English. The people were jealous of their rights and were a law-abiding people.

The seat of government was first established at what is now known as the Tindle Place, and what was then known as LaBatt's Cross-Roads, which is about four miles West from where Monroe, the capital of the County, is situated; and here the first court was held. However, some inducement was offered, and



PROF. R. N. NISBET,
Supt. Education, Union County.

the County seat was established at its present site.

The County seat was named after James Monroe the fifth president of the United States.

The selection of a name for the new County was an exciting thing. The Whigs were anxious to have it named for some of their celebrities, and the Democrats were equally as anxious, and suggested such names Jackson, Calhoun, etc.

For quite a while Mecklenburg and Anson pointed the finger of scorn, so to speak, at Union and reproached her for her slow progress, both in things essential and non-essential. But conditions have changed and in several important respects the old counties are scarcely keeping pace with their young sister. For several years her progress, compared with the rapid strides she is making now, was slow. Threatenings of the Great Civil War were heard even before the new creation realized its separate existence and in 1861, the war cloud burst over all the land, and into the young life there came dark days of sorrow and many of Union's noblest sons left their fields and their work-shops to engage

in mortal combat. In the fratricidal strife many fell on the fields of bat-



"A FAIR SAMPLE."

Two native Union county young married women.

tle, and those who escaped death returned to find their homes in ruin and their fields laid waste. The same bravery, however, which characterized them upon the tented fields, strengthened their hearts and hands for the gaining of their lost fortunes and building up their homes which had been subjected to the furious storm of war. When the war was ended there were few homes in Union County that were not in mourning.

We will mention some things which have been great factors in building up our great County.

First we will mention our churches and schools.

The churches of half a century ago in Union County were not noted for their elaborate machinery and their fashionable choirs and their numerous societies which in many instances enervate rather than strengthen; but simplicity, reverence and devotion were their chief characteristics, and these teachings and practices developed a strong manhood and womanhood whose influence is alive to-day, and furnishes the only strong basis upon which rests the modern church.

Our people recognized the fact that religion is the greatest conservator of our civilization, and that no people whose morals are corrupted, can long exist.

And Union County has been making splendid progress along the lines of improvement in our schools. Ten or fifteen years ago special taxes for schools were almost unknown. Now a district that is without this modern and improved method of placing a school on a solid foundation is just a step behind its neighbor schools, she is only waiting for enough supporters to advocate the new and practical way to place it in

the same row. Union County had the first rural graded school in the



"FOOD OF THE COTTON MILL."

This Mill digests about 90 bales of Cotton per month. Union County produce the "Food." Rodman-Heath Cotton Mills at Waxhaw.

State. There are thirty special tax districts in the County.

Some of the land of Union County is hilly and some gently rolling table land. The old system of land skinning and one-crop-farming is becoming a background for modern scientific methods that are sure to set Union right up in the front ranks and clearly demonstrate the fact that "in Union there is strength." And the truth of this adage is more forcibly illustrated when we consider that this County was formed, as those who then looked upon it with scorn but now with pride would say, "from the gullies of Anson and the persimmon orchards of Mecklenburg." But the gullies have been filled up, and the persimmon trees made into shuttles and fiddle bows perhaps, and the vast bodies of lands that were then in waste are becoming rich agricultural regions and Union only waits for the sunny smile of a few more summers to vindicate her cause among the reformations of the twentieth century, when she will sit on the front seat of progress and peal forth in triumphant tones her proclamation that, "Union efforts on the part of her people have made Union County truly great"

There was no progress made until after the Civil War, the people, poor or in moderate circumstances, were generally engaged in agriculture, save here and there a tannery or a wagon shop.

The County is the foremost among the cotton producing counties of the State, and a large quantity of grain is also raised.

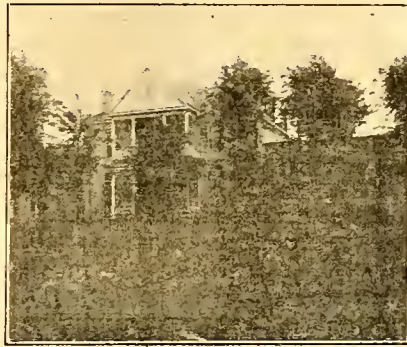
The number of bales of cotton ginned in Union County, crop of 1909, was 21,498. The number of bales

ginned from the crop of 1908 was 27,398. The drought during August of last year caused the great falling off in the production of cotton. The largest number of bales ginned at one ginnery was 2,375, and one company at different ginneries ginned 5068 bales.

During the season of 1909, 62 gins were in operation in the County. Steam was used to run 58 of these gins, water power to run two of them; and gasoline to run one.

Within the past fifteen years the County has developed the best system of rural telephones in the State.

We have four cotton mills in the County, one weave mill, one large buggy factory, and several wood manufacturing plants.



COUNTY HOME.

Located at Monroe, but will be moved soon West of the city to more homelike surroundings, a few miles out in the country.

January 1st, 1910 the records show that Union County did not owe one dollar.

The Railroads rank with any in the State.

There are five banks in Union County.

Knowledge has advanced as much as any thing.

The mineral regions of the County are truly great.

All the little towns in Union County are growing rapidly.

Monroe, the County seat, is a flourishing little city with a population of 4000. Our County Home is at Monroe and is well equipped. A court house, jail, and stocks were built at Monroe, and the officers were transferred to the new court house from the Old Cross Roads court house and the first court was held there the first Monday in January, 1845.

There are nine townships in Union County, and are as follows: Lane's Creek, Buford, Jackson, Sandy

Ridge, Vance, Goose Creek, New Salem, Marshvills, and Monroe.

There are 32,505 acres of land in Jackson township and 395,761 acres of land in Union County—assessed at \$1,725,839.

In the conflict between the States in 1862-1865, Union County sent over 1600 soldiers to the front out of a voting population of less than a thousand.

A Union County boy by the name of William DeLaney saved the life of Captain Frank Richardson, of Jackson township. Sandy Parker another Union County boy saved the life of General Lane at the Wilderness. A Union County boy named Osbourn saved the life of T. J. Cureton at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

We are proud to say that former president Andrew Jackson was born in what is now Union County. He believed he was born in South Carolina, and there is no dispute in the whole story except as to this detail. In 1765, six sisters, with their husbands and families, landed in Charleston from the old world and settled in the "Waxhaws", an undefined section between the present towns of Monroe, North Carolina, and Lancaster, South Carolina. These sisters whose maiden name was Hutchinson, were related to many others of their own name who had settled in the same section. Their husbands were as follows: Andrew Jackson, Sr., who settled near the site known as the old Pleasant Grove camp-ground, nine miles inside North Carolina; John Leslie, Samuel Leslie,



View in Monroe Cemetery, Union County.

and James Crow, McKemey, and Crawford.

In February of 1767, Andrew Jackson, Sr., died leaving his widow Betty Jackson, and two children. His body was buried in the old Waxhaw

cemetery, in Lancaster County, South Carolina, though there is nothing by which his grave can be identified, and no evidence to prove that he was buried there except the settled traditions of the neighborhood, which seem to be specific and reliable. Soon after his death, his



"His First Ride," and "His Guardian Angel."

widow, with her two sons, left her sister's North Carolina home to go to make their home with the Crawfords, who were the wealthiest of all



REAL SPORTS.

Twenty pound Fish, caught in Twelve-mile Creek, Union County's largest stream. This stream empties into Catawba River, in S. C. The successful fisherman is editor P. T. Way of the "Waxhaw Enterprise."

the families mentioned. The road they traveled passed in sight of the McKemey home, where lived her sister Margaret.

To this point there is no dispute, but right here is the dividing line; Mrs Jackson stopped to visit her sister Margaret and in the night of March 15th, 1767, Andrew Jackson Jr. was born. Three weeks later they located at the Crawford home in South Carolina, where Jackson lived till grown. He then studied law in Salisbury, North Carolina, and afterward located in the Western part of the State, which was later made a part of the new State of Tennessee.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have placed a marker where the old homestead stood.

There are four newspapers published in the County, and all of a high order. Two are published at Monroe, one at Marshville and one at Waxhaw.

The Negroes are quiet and as a



COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

Cost 35,000, in year 1886, but estimated to-day, \$75,000. Confederate Monument was erected this year, 1910, and cost \$2,500. Was unveiled July 4th.

rule industrious, and most of the younger ones can read and write. The Union County negro gives no trouble in political affairs of the County. Some of them own their own land but most of them are tenants and wage hands.

The Merchants of the County are above the average and a great deal of business is done. The consumer prefers buying from the home merchant rather than patronize the mail order houses of the North and West.

The women of the County are noted for their beautiful complexions, owing to the fine climate, exercise and contented dispositions; and in all the County there are but few hen-pecked husbands.

JOHN MONTGOMERY OGLESBY.

John Montgomery Oglesby, of Concord, is just a little older than I thought him to be—in fact, he is older than he looks. That young man has interested me. I have watched him for two years. He grows on one. I am interested in him for the very same reason that a stranger on the train picks out certain folks that he would like to know and talk to. After knowing them, you feel like warming up to them.

The subject of this sketch has a stock in trade, which in the hands of others in the past has been capital, a means to an end, an asset, the guarantee of success—just plain, cordial, warm-hearted, natural self without guile, a delightful and gentle politeness. The family records show that John dates the beginning of his activity in these parts to March 31st 1887. He was born on the "Dutch side" of Cabarrus county, in Mt. Pleasant, but he is not a German; he is not a "Scotch-Irishman—he is just a regular North Carolinian, with no leanings or special claims. His father, the late Rev. G. A. Oglesby, was one of the finest men I ever knew. He was a good preacher. He lost his life, while pastor of the Methodist church in Aberdeen, from the result of an awful accident near Troy on the Page railroad. This occurred Jan. 24th, 1905. The mother was Miss Julia Montgomery, sister of ex-Judge Montgomery and she departed this life March 1st of this year. He has one sister, Mrs. M. P. Burk, the wife of a rising young lawyer of Johnson City, Tennessee.

Young Oglesby spent three years at Trinity Park School at Durham, and afterwards for a while was a student at Randolph-Macon College. Like most young men, John had some difficulty in deciding what he would do for a life-work. He spent some time in learning to set type in the Concord Times office. He got the germs in his system, but they were infant germs and were slow in getting in their work. The drug business had some fascination for him, but about this time he felt a call. They manifested themselves, and we find young Oglesby two years ago, unable to cure them with the medicine he was selling or to destroy them with any of the patent stuff, labelled "cure-all", making a complete surrender. He engaged with the Concord Times as reporter. When Editor Sherrill purchased the Daily Tribune, Mr. Oglesby became the local editor.

Concord is not a large town and it

is well-behaved; and the fact that this young man gets up daily an interesting local page speaks volumes for his capacity, his ability and his sticking qualities. He is doing his work so cleverly, that his many friends feel justly proud of him. They tell him so, but that does not affect him a particle—he goes right along in his even and faithful manner.

A clever trick of his imagination, expressed in words in a story in the Daily Tribune, fooled Editor Wade Harris of the Charlotte Chronicle. It was A BIG STORY, so big that it was good and awful. Editor Harris established at once the Mendacity Medal and awarded it at the recent Press Association to Editor Sherrill, who frankly unloaded the honor on Oglesby, but it would not stick. John Oglesby can win another medal for Mr. Sherrill just as easy.

John Montgomery Oglesby, the local editor of the Concord Daily Tribune—and his picture is on the first page of this number of THE UPLIFT—has a future before him in journalism. He has talent of a high order; he is industrious; he has good habits and he is has affable manners (born in him) that no money could take the place of as an asset. He is old enough to have some serious sentiment about him and we asked him a direct, personal question. Just like the frank fellow that he is, he replied: "I expect I was—and am.



Miss Jewel Krauss—one Winner.

The winner of the first prize in the County Story Contest is Miss Jewell Krauss, of Waxhaw, Union County. THE UPLIFT is pleased to have the privilege of printing the picture of the successful young lady. Miss Krauss is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Krauss. He is engaged in the mercantile business. Mr. Krauss, being of direct German parentage, is what may be termed a self-made and self educated man. Both of Miss Krauss' parents were born in North Carolina. Mr. Krauss began to teach Miss Jewell at an early age to be self reliant. She commenced learning Touch Typewriting when about twelve years of age. Miss Krauss has been attending the public school at Waxhaw since she became of school age, and she is preparing to enter college this fall.

Prof. O. E. Randolph, now of Mooresville, N. C., was the principal of the school during Miss Krauss' last year. She is an earnest, active young lady of seventeen summers,

and she says herself: "with the help of father I have learned something of photography and by these little



'trades' I have earned enough money to buy my dresses, hats and shoes for the past two years."

The manner in which this young lady fixed up her story and the taste she displayed in the arrangement of the photographs (which she herself made) gave a strong evidence that whatever Miss Krauss finds to do she believes in doing it right and properly. There is every reason to believe that there is a bright future for this young lady, and that she will contribute to the state a service worth while.



Could Have Struck the Quick

By C. P. James.

Major J. G. Baird, a product of the Seceder College at Due West, S. C., and for years a resident teacher in Charlotte, in a recent number of the Observer, utters some sound reasonings why North Carolinians should patronize North Carolina schools. He touches at some tender points. It is a conservative article, but along that line, which he followed, he could have stirred up a tornado—but he didn't. We desire to give no offense, but we know that the public school system of Virginia is not equal to North Carolina's by a long shot, not on account of the teaching force, but because of the political influence of educational blacksmiths that wield at a critical moment too

great a power. Because of this the various high schools, which have won honors, still are needed and being so recognized by the public are well patronized. In North Carolina the course in the public schools of the cities has been so extended that the vast majority of the private schools of a high school character have been frozen out. It is a pity. It hurts.

It is a hard matter to make the graded school fit into the entrance requirements of the colleges. They have tried to stretch, and there has been injury. We realize that we ourselves are touching upon dangerous ground but it is the truth and we shall utter it. The state of North Carolina, under the constitution or by principle or the rules of right, does not owe any child anything but a rudimentary education. It does not owe him the frills and the ruffles as the agricultural educators are now calling them. In the great strain to reach that point where graduates of the graded schools may enter college, the lower grades have been crowded, cramped and in many instances neglected in order that a higher grade may be maintained. In doing this, the cry is now well-founded that teachers are poorly paid; and the strained efforts have gotten the average graded school in debt. Pay day comes sometime. It will come in this case.

But in this strain, in the crowdedness whereby the essentials have suffered, and debt has been incurred to the point of embarrassment in many instances, the local high school has had to go out of business or get on a ragged edge where it loses its high standing in the community. What a pity. The state, as an organized society, should not be expected to fight too many battles. The state owes its children lots of things but it does not owe them everything. And this will be recognized ere a long time.

The private high school is a necessity in the educational life of North Carolina, and we make bold to say that we deplore anything that injures them so much that our native boys and girls feel called upon to patronize the institutions of this character of other states.

Major Baird may have "bit off too much" when he declares that all of the distinguished figures in the public life of North Carolina are the product of North Carolina schools, but his statement is interesting and pleasing.

To be popular be helpful.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Sub-

scription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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There is a Reason For It.

Sanford Express.

In the eyes of the world the average farmer is much more important man than he was a decade ago. There is a reason for it. Farmers have awakened to a keener sense of the dignity and importance of the work in which they are engaged and as a result they are more independent and prosperous. Scientific discovery has done more for the farmers than for any other large class, not only showing them how to make their land more productive, but how to make their lives easier, pleasanter, and full of intellectual and varied interests. It has also along with industrial developments multiplied the markets for agricultural products. Farmers can now have about them comforts and pleasures of which the largest ante-bellum planters never dreamed. Of course many farmers are slow to utilize their opportunities. Some will never make as much progress as they should. But the important thing is that great opportunities are within the reach of industrious and intelligent farmers. All professions and occupations have in their ranks hosts of failures, but land-owning farmers who fail will soon be able to offer as little excuse as anybody.

[This change in the estimate of the farmer is predicated almost entirely upon the good prices which his products command. Put the price of cotton and other farm truck down like it was about twenty years ago, the business and glory of the shade Farmer, who claims now all the credit would explode.]

DEEP PLOUGHING, TURNING UNDER GREEN CROPS.

By Jim Riddick.

These are funny times. Many things have even become curious. In many things we are turning in part to the theories and views of twenty-five or thirty years ago. The hot air artists and the prescribers of these new teachings, so-called, permit themselves to be lionized as advanced thinkers and leaders in the cause.

I am deeply impressed by the keynote of the leading artists that have been conducting the Farmer's institutes this year. They have profoundly impressed the average farmer—their contentions seem sound and practical. But these things go in grooves and ruts, and finally run their race and perish. Thirty years ago it was a serious problem how to market profitably the flour made in the ordinary buhr mills from wheat grown in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. I have seen piled up in village and country stores hundreds of sacks of native raised flour begging for purchasers. It has been hauled to larger towns and went begging there for a purchaser who would offer a "living price"

In those days a shipment of flour to any town in the Piedmont section from the West was absolutely unknown. And they did not have appendicitis, hook-worm and pellagra much in those days even under plain home names. Corn shipped in was unknown and yet I dare say no more corn was raised then than now. But the decrease in the product of wheat and oats is marked and almost appalling. Thirty years ago corn scarcely reached a price above sixty cents a bushel and since that you have not heard of corn being as low as sixty cents. In days gone by a practice prevailed that can not be followed today. When ground grew lazy and non-productive the farmer cleared more and in many instance he piled up all the timber, limbs and brush and set fire to it. A place in those days had but little market value unless it had considerable of its acreage cleared. To-day the forest and timber on a place govern very largely the market value of a piece of property, unless it be close to some growing, wide-awake town. But the point I wish to make is that wonderful changes have taken place along all lines.

The craze of Peruvian guano ran its course in dealing with lands growing non-productive; and fields have been known to be absolutely ruined by the use of the Peruvian fertilizers.

The stock-law came along, the re-gro had to dispose of his cow and his pigs, which lived in the open on other folk's land. The cry went abroad that we must make pasturage and keep cattle, and by their keep was the only means of restoring our lands to a productive basis. This had warm advocates. The idea is not bad. We are coming now to a few years later and the introduction of a new idea. There came into the life of piedmont North Carolina a fine old gentleman from Roanoke county, Virginia. He was a powerful preacher; he was a superb teacher; and he took high stand as a college president. This was Rev. J. B. Davis, D. D. who was a well-equipped chemist—that was, in his teaching life, his long suit. He joined the Grange. He was not a farmer, he could not farm but he could talk farming in a way that made you want to go to farming at once. I know, though, that had you given him a farm, good stock and tools and a year's supply of rations for man and beast, he could not have made a living after the first year. That of course would be the sentence passed upon the presidents and professors of agricultural colleges and the average editor of an agricultural paper could not get through the first year safe and sound if you furnish everything, were he to attempt all his vagaries in actual farming.

But these agencies are necessary. These gentleman, who strike in the dark and make investigations and experiment with ground, the seasons, fertilizers, machinery, cattle, grass, bugs, insects, separators, and such things, while they could not actually make a living if set up independently on "their own hook" practicing their own teachings, writings, text-books and advice, are absolutely necessary. Their efforts hasten the day of real light, and save the average man from the expense and mortification of making these experiments and final death from a broken heart.

This Dr. Davis made a prettier speech, more eloquently delivered, than any of these modern ones. The title of his speech was "GET RAIN FROM BELOW" He advocated deep plowing. And his argument for that plan was so self-confident that a number of fogies thought he was crazy. I heard him speak at Parmerville, Stanly county in 1882—he

was the commencement orator—and his subject was "GET RAIN FROM BELOW." Those people felt almost insulted. They wanted him to tell about Greece, Rome, Cæsar and Alexander the Great, and finally snatch a few stars out of the heavens, as it were, and shake all the fuzz off of them. But the old doctor told the boys and girls to plough deep, and he took two hours and one half in delivering himself of what then sounded a foolish speech but which to-day would set on fire the clans and the shade farmers. Some people thought the recent Teachers' Assembly was an agricultural gathering, but that very trick had been turned more than twenty-five years ago. Dr. Davis delivered that speech before nearly every sub-grange in Piedmont Carolina and even risked going down East with it. Capt. Chas. McDonald, of Cabarrus; Capt. S. B. Alexander, of Meeklenburg, Col. L. L. Polk, old Senator Williams (recently died) and hundreds of others—real farmers, with unmistakable genuineness blown into the package—will recall the great agricultural speeches made by a preacher, a teacher, a college president—the late Dr. J. B. Davis. So these young men who are going over the state advocating deep plowing are profiting by Dr. Davis having broken the ice and rendered a personal violence visited upon them now as unlikely and being relieved of the charge of insanity. Their theories are not new—may be new to them and their leaders, but what they are preaching was advocated and slightly practiced thirty years ago.

Another theory they advance—these modern agriculture teachers and leaders—is not all new, but it is probably regarded a new thing in most quarters. The theory that the only way that old ground can be improved and built up is by keeping cattle and using enormous quantities of manure has been exploded. One of these new Lights looks like he is saying some astonishing thing to his hearers when he declares that you do not need cows and stock to improve your lands. That a high state of productiveness can be brought about alone by turning under green crops.

This is no new idea. The authorities that have given their O. K. to this theory have eminent backing. That practice has been in vogue for years in the trucking section of Eastern Virginia. It has been practiced for several years already by a number of thinking farmers in

different parts of the state that have never in all lives seen a textbook on agricultural, or seen any agricultural arithmetics, or read an agricultural paper. They learned it by experience and observation in their own practical lives on the farm.

I myself was astonished some fourteen years ago to hear this plan of ploughing growing crops under in their greenness advocated by a North Carolina lawyer. Now it was fashionable for quite a number of lawyers to turn farmer in those days when the Alliance went wrong, but this lawyer was not a professional along that line—he was not a member of Alliance and feels now that lawyers had no business in it. This lawyer was just simply a lawyer that had inherited from his father a good farm. He kept it good by practicing what he preached. He plowed under green and growing crops. I heard him tell a client that one day, and soon after he had told that client to sow some oats on a certain diseased field and in the spring just about heading time to turn the oats under with a big plow. That client thought the lawyer was "off in his head." But the client tried it, and has since told me that it was "all right." That lawyer was and is the Hon. W. G. Means, of Cabarrus. His affectionate and intimate friends call him "Bill Means," but I want to say right here that he is a better farmer than the author of any book on agriculture or arithmetic. And the new theorists may think they have discovered a new plan to improve land without cattle, but years ago this very thing was advocated and practiced by Mr. Means with success.

If these modern folks on the stage accomplish nothing more than to get the farmers to return to ways (many of the ways, at least) of their daddies, a great work will be accomplished.

In dismissing this matter Mr. Editor, I desire to go on record with my expressed admiration of the great and wonderful yields of corn per acre that have been secured here and there over the state. But I am not blind to the fact that in most of these instances of wonderful yields the cost has been more than the value of the corn, unless it can be sold at exorbitant and fabulous prices as is often the case.



The Committee Decides.

The committee, Rev. L. A. Bikle, Mrs. T. L. Ross and Prof. A. S. Webb, who were asked to take the

stories in the County Story Contest and decide who were entitled under the rules, governing that contest, submits the following statement:

"The committee met and organized on the 3rd of August, at 10:30 A. M. It was arranged that each member of the committee be given two days for a care perusal of the manuscripts and for reaching a fitting and intelligent decision as to the merits of the same.

It was then agreed to adjourn to meet in the Auditorium of Central Graded School Building on Wednesday, August 10th, at 10:30 A. M. The Committee promptly at the time and place agreed upon and proceeded at once to business. The private decision of each member disclosed a surprising unanimity as but one ballot was necessary in each case. The ballot for the First Prize showed UNION COUNTY the winner; the ballot for the Second Prize resulted in the favor of HAYWOOD COUNTY; and the ballot for the Third Prize went HERTFORD COUNTY.

The Committee also decided that the manuscripts and photographs of Wilkes, Iredell and Guilford counties are deserving of favorable mention.

Respectfully,

(Signed) L. A. Bikle, Chairman.

Mrs. T. L. Ross,

A. S. Webb.

Committee."

The author of Wilkes the committee specially mentioned is Miss Dora Parker, of Hunting Creek Wilkes county; of Iredell county, James King Campbell; and the author of story from Guilford county, of which favorable mention is made, can not be given. In some unfortunate manner we have gotten it misplaced, and at this writing can not locate it. We will, however, make proper announcement in the October number of the author of the Guilford county story.



"One thing there is that every man and woman, every boy and girl can do for the world. That is to be constantly brave, pure, and cheerful in the daily walk of common life. Every good, clean, courageous day helps the world higher, even when no one seems to take the slightest notice of it."—Selected.



The time will come when the "grafter" who fattens upon an unsuspecting public, wears purple and fine linen and lives in luxury, will be meted out the same measure of justice as the vulgar footpad receives who knocks a man down and picks his pockets.

Department of the North Carolina King's Daughters.

Under the Editorial Management of Mrs. M. H. Russell, assisted by Mrs. John L. Everett, of Rockingham, N. C.

Perhaps the richest legacy ever left to the human race was the gift of "the poor" to the world by the loving hand of Him who so loved the world that He filled it full of common things, poor people and the grass we tread under our feet, sick folks and the glory of the sunset, the home, the halt and the blind and the blessed trees whose beauty and grace are often unseen by our careless eyes. The following letter from a village in our mountains so far away it is almost "a cross roads" proves that where ever there is human need God sends a pitying heart to relieve it.

Gay, N. C.

"We live in the far western mountain and have only three mails a week and this makes our mail late. * * * The King's Daughters was a new thing to me, until Mrs. Josie Walker, of Ranger, sent me some copies of "The Silver Cross," and the address of Mrs. Burgwyn, so a few of us organized a little Circle of seven members. We have done very little so far and hardly know what to do, but we are willing to do anything we can for the good of the poor and needy and try to do the will of our Great Creator.

So by the help of our friends and the help of the Lord we will try to do our duty in the future as best we can. There are several more in our community that will join our Circle if we can get started out right so we will be glad of any help or advice from any of the older Circles.

Yours truly,

Mrs. S. M. M."

OLD LADIES HOME IN DURHAM.

One of the noblest forms of charitable work is that of providing a home for those whose youth and maturity have been spent in a vain effort to provide what is the earnest hope of every woman's heart—a comfortable home in her old age. A few years ago a leading paper of N. Y. came out with an article in regular "scare lines" "Shall the old minister be shot?" The article itself was a moving plea for the churches to provide more liberally for the helpless years of the faithful minister who had served God and man through the years when man is a money making animal at a salary that allowed him no chance to save for his own future.

Would that my pen could plead as eloquently as in an article entitled, "Shall your old mother go to the Poor House?" There are sixty-five thousand women over sixty-seven years old in the U. S. who are self-supporting, there is no statement of the army of those who are not so well equipped for the battle of life, and who must be dependent on others for the necessities of old age. Did you ever think about it? An old mother for whom, like a young mother of long ago, there is "no room." The beauty of youth has faded, her eyes are dim with tears, her hands gnarled and knotted with toil, her shoulders are bent with the burdens of years and sorrow, her face lined and seamed with pain and her life companions gone, she faces the sunset of life with the loneliness known only to the aged.

Perhaps she has stood by the graves of her children, perhaps her sons are ungrateful or unsuccessful, perhaps the man to whom she has given a beloved daughter has told her that "he didn't marry the whole family" and there is "no room" for her in his house; perhaps she is to whom Heaven has denied the priceless honor of children; perhaps a young girl faces life for herself, the future all unknown—no matter who she is—a homeless woman is the saddest picture this earth knows and our friends in Durham have wrought a great work in establishing a refuge for our sisters who, like our Lord, have "no place to lay their head" and may He whose dying thought was for His mother's comfort bless and reward them richly.

We are glad to give our readers an account of laying the corner stone of The "Sheltering Home for Old Ladies and Young Girls."

The ground on the Old Ladies Home was broken yesterday morning when its procuring spirits met, engaged in prayer, individually made their excavations and actually started the contractors to work.

The work was placed in the hands of Messrs. Salmon and Salmon, contractors, who gave their word, and consequently their bond, for its completion by December the first of the current year. It is to be a frame structure, two stories high with deep basement, of the dimensions 68 by 51 and designed by Messrs. Linticum

and Rose, architects. For convenience it is altogether well planned, has dining room, kitchen, pantry, laundry, reception room and thirteen bed-rooms. It will be supplied with baths and toilets on each story, large columns in front and within the fire district for protection always.

Yesterday's ceremonies were quite soulful. The four ladies doing most for the hard and telling work, gathered about the spot and Mrs. J. S. Mesley led the meeting prayer. Special thanksgiving ran through the petition for the benedictions of the past and the lovingness of the hour which marked the beginning of the work, for a place in which good ladies may spend their declining years in peace. Mrs. Mesley offered a thankful prayer and prayed special blessing upon those who made it possible to make a beginning having now so rich a promise of completion.

It will cost \$7,000 to erect and equip the building and so that amount there has been raised something in excess of \$5,000. Work of the kind known only to women, beginning with no set hour and never ending, has been behind every step. Their efforts have been materially assisted by men of wealth, one of the most philanthropic spirits being Mr. Brodie L. Duke, who gave the site.

The ladies for a long time ran an exchange at Patterson Brothers store but it has been discontinued for the summer. It will be resumed in the fall. Other schemes that add the widow's mite for widows and others of the dependent sex, will be tried, so that the committee hopes to finish the work with all money in hand. Quite a lot of it has not been collected, many outstanding pledges making the grand total larger by several hundred when they do come.

Besides caring for the old ladies, there will be a department for the protection of worthy girls, in the event of room. There is an uncertain number of those who will be admitted, as but few applications have come in. If they do not fill the home, the girls will be taken.

The institution is to be wholly un-denominational. A belief that it is for Presbyterians alone, is accounted for in part by the activity of Presbyterian ladies. It was a happen so. The place is open to the worthy of every description.

Continued on Page 12.

THE FARMER BOY'S CULTURE---EQUAL TO THAT OF OTHER BOYS.

By G. W. Paschal.

In issue of August 7th of the Raleigh News and Observer, Prof. Paschal of Wake Forest College, sounds an alarm, which seems so sound that THE UPLIFT feels called upon to reproduce it bodily:

It seems to be the fashion in our State just now to berate Latin. Is the corn crop a partial failure? Latin is the cause of it. Is the acreage of cowpeas too small? It is because Latin is taught in the High Schools. Are our houses too small and too lean? It is due to Latin, which should be displaced in the High Schools by a course in agriculture. This is what we hear from the educational reformers everywhere, in the press, in the meetings of the educational associations, in the teachers' institutes. The pedagogical Philistines gravely inform us that the farmer boy should leave Latin for something practical; for they say, he is not likely to attend college; hence, "Cultural studies" are not for the likes of him. Let the cobbler keep to his last. It is sufficient for the farmer boy if he learns how to increase the yield of corn. So importunate have these "educationalists" become that they have deceived some even of the elect. In the Educational Edition of "The News and Observer," Professor Hobgood, also appears among the Philistines. Yes, Prof. Hobgood, who knows his Horace by heart and can clap Virgil's hexametres with the best of them, and who is one of the first Latin scholars and teachers in the State. Fie on you! Professor Hobgood, fie on you! What company you are in! Come back to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and tell us what practical value to the farmer girl are the music and art, which are taught so well in your school—for I am convinced that, like Latin, they have a practical value, though it may be difficult to reduce it to terms of dollars and cents, or to show its relation to the cook stove and wash-tub. In the meantime, I am minded to break a lance with those detractors of Latin who would deny it to the boy with the hoe.

I claim a right to speak for the farmer boy. I am still a practical farmer. And was I not born amid the red hills of western Chatham? Were not the first sounds I heard the cackling of hens and geese, the whistle of the bob-white, the squeals of the pigs, the bleatings of lambs,

the mooing of cows, the whickerings of horses and mules, and the yelp of dogs running the Chatham rabbit? As a child, was I not chased by hissing ganders and mad hens, whose biddies I bothered? Have I not been stung by bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, bumble-bees and hornets? Have I not hoed and plowed, swung the scythe and cradle, bound wheat and oats, picked cotton, pulled flax, picked peas, pulled corn, gathered apples, raked hay with a rake like Maud Muller's, cut tops, pulled fodder, turned the grindstone, set potato slips? Don't I know all about corn shuckings? Have I not worked the gizzard almost out of me trying to keep wheat to the threshing machine? Have I not taken up arms against a sea of sassafras sprouts, and by digging, ended them? Have I not worked with a hoe in the grassy low-ground corn on Saturday afternoon till the bones in my shoulder ached and my sleeves were wet from wiping the sweat off my face, while the neighbor boys were making the woods resound with the bang, bang, of their guns? Yea. I have done all these things and a thousand others. I have also done my share of that other sort of farming which comes from reading agricultural papers. Following the plans contained in them, I have lain in the shade and produced the most luxuriant fields of clover, wheat, oats and corn, and stocked barn-yard and pasture with swarms of fowls, droves of fat pigs, sheep, cattle, and horses, and at the end of my reverie, I have seen myself the owner of a farm as big as a county and as rich as a river bottom; for an agricultural paper beats Aladdin's lamp all hollow, and enables the average farmer boy to build air castles that far excel those built and kicked over by the Barber's Fifth Brother—Alnoschar.

I have mentioned all these matters that engage the attention to the farm lad to indicate somewhat of his equipment. It is evident that he already has an agricultural education, in many respects, better than any school could hope to give him.

The question is whether his further education should be narrowed into the scope of his future occupation, or whether he should have that broad general culture which experience has shown to be approved. Or, to state it more specifically,

should it be the function of the High School to turn out the boy instructed in some elementary knowledge of farm work, or should it seek to give him mental power so that he will find it easy to read and use the great mass of information with reference to farm work distributed by the departments of agriculture of our State and National governments, and our farm journals?

Should education fit him for all relations of life, as husband, father, neighbor, citizen, and member of the church?

The mere statement of the question is its answer. The education of the farmer boy should in no material respect differ from that of any other boy. If Latin is good for the city boy, it is good also for the farmer boy. Liberal culture is as necessary for the one as for the other.

Again, we must keep in view this fundamental truth, that the boy is not yet the man, and that his education must not be such as to circumscribe his choice of a career when he has finished the High School. Every one has a right to an education that will leave him free choice as to his vocation, whether that be merchant, farmer, lawyer, preacher or what not. And it is the more necessary to make this observation from consideration of the fact that the capacity and aptitudes of many a boy are not disclosed until he has about completed the High School course. Nay, many go through college before these things are apparent. The most successful graduate—from a financial point of view—that Wake Forest College has turned out in recent years, is a farmer; while many of the students of the State A. & M. College have become lawyers. They were through college before they found themselves.

Some appear to believe that before agriculture can gain a place in the curriculum of the High School Latin must be shown the door. This need not be so. It is very little agriculture that can be taught in our High School. The teachers, many of them women, many of them young men just out of college, perhaps city bred, certainly divorced from farm work, for four years, are not prepared to offer anything beyond a very elementary course in agriculture. Nor are the schools equipped with necessary laboratories and apparatus. And though all these conditions were changed, still room in a four year course might still be found for both Latin and agriculture.

Again, the average country lad is able to learn Latin—just as able as

his fellow from town. In fact, the advantages in ability will be found to be on his side. Latin is no difficult subject. I have seen a boy whose mind had been ruined by a smattering of English grammar, arithmetic and history, rally under the drill and discipline of beginners Latin and turn out a bright, accurate scholar.

Nor does a boy have to go to college to make his Latin worth while. No one thinks of restricting the study of history in the High school to American history, it is well that every boy and girl should know something of the history of the world. It is just as important for general culture that they should have some knowledge of a foreign language, especially of one which has had such a tremendous influence on our own as Latin. Even one year's study of it is worth while, and in two or three years one may gain enough to be of life long service. For all will admit that a knowledge of Latin throws a flood of light on the vocabulary of our literature, and gives a feeling of initiation into the mysteries of culture that nothing else can.

So having been one of them, I plead that the boys on the farm may be provided with opportunities for general culture, for which many of them have longings and aptitudes. I am not averse to teaching some courses in agriculture in the high schools, but I am averse to displacing Latin, which in this article, I am assuming to be one of the best instruments of general culture, a position which I could produce arguments to maintain. It is in this broad culture of our farmer boys that I see the greatest hope of our farm life. Give us well educated, cultured farmers, men of power, and they will make the farm attractive and know how to appropriate and apply the scientific results of the laboratory and experiment farm. And they will be able to teach their children improved methods of farming much more effectively on their farms than can ever be done in the schools.

I had finished the above when a copy of this week's issue of the Independent came into my hands, which contains an article on "Brain Food," by "The Bachelor Maid," who can say what she wants to say better than I can—I admit it grudgingly because she is a woman—and of whom I beg permission copy the following paragraphs:

"There is nothing in pure technical education, no matter how thorough or how productive of tangible results which may adorn the

"educational exhibit" of an exposition, which feeds the mind for either growth or strength, and the country is full of manually skillful, intellectually capable proofs of it. It does not make thinkers, it does not make dreamers, and the truly useful citizen has in him something of each.

* * * It sounds very plausible to urge the importance of the agricultural college for the rustic youth, "to hold the young people to the farm," but there are scores of farmer boys and girls who ought never be held on a farm. And of those whose place really is there, if you have but taught them how to make two grains of corn grow where one grew before, even upon highly scientific principles, you have not done one thing to elevate rural life, though you may have increased the farmer's income to the grade of automobile ownership.

"No one, I suppose, is inclined to deny the importance and necessity of agricultural schools. At the proper stage of mental maturity, they supply an acute need in the development of some young men and women, and thus in the development of the nation: the mistake is in allowing studies purely agricultural to be introduced there and in the lower schools which prepare for them at such a time and in such an amount that they not only leave no time for "brain food" of a higher type, but destroy all appetite for it. Technical education built upon, and combining with it, that which develops the reasoning power and the aesthetic sense, is a valuable part of the intellectual diet. The young person fed on it to excess, no matter how good its quality, belongs among the mentally anaemic or coarse uncouth."

North Carolina King's Daughters.

(Concluded From Page 10.)

The building will stand on the corner of Guess street and Gloria avenue, to the rear of the hospital. The site is attractive and the location the most desirable. And from this day there will be the largest activity until it is finished.

This is the work of the Sheltering Home Circle and its object is the providing of homes for the aged infirm ladies. With plenty of room it will be a place of production for young girls without homes, and the Kind's Daughters have largely raised the money. It will cost \$7,000 to build it, and more than \$5,000 is now in hand.

In the ceremonies yesterday, the

ladies had a thanksgiving meeting and each applied a shovel to mark the first work of excavation. Mrs. J. S. Mesley led in prayer, and those who celebrated the beginning of work were Mesdames Mesley, J. R. Patton, J. W. Allen and the contractors, Messers. Salmon and Salmon, Brodie L. Duke, who gave the land, and Architects Linthicum and Rose.

The contract calls for completion the first of December. It will be a modern frame structure and will be supplied with all heating and other apparatus to make it comfortable.

The building is to stand upon Guess street and Gloria avenue, near the old Watts hospital. There was great joy in the city this morning when the first work was announced. It has been a tremendous struggle to begin.



Presbyterian Elder Prays in 1780.

We are indebted to a charming lady of Davidson College for a copy of a wonderful prayer delivered in 1780 in Rutherford county by David Miller, a Scotchman and a Presbyterian Elder. He was a true Whig and was noted for his originality and fervor. Being called upon to pray, the Elder said:

"Good Lord our God, we have great reason to thank thee for the many favors we have enjoyed at Thy hands. The many battles we have won. There is the great and glorious battle of King's Mountain where we kilt the great general Ferguson and took his whole army; and the great battle of Ramsour's mill and the ever memorable and glorious battle of Cowpens, where we made the Grand General Tarleton run down the road helter-skelter! And God, if Ye had na suffered the cruel Tories to burn Billie Kell's Iron-works, we would na have any more favors to ask at Thy hand. Amen."



The suffix "ous," meaning "full of," was being discussed in the spelling class. "Dangerous, full of danger"; "mountainous, full of mountains"; "porous, full of pores"; "courageous, full of courage," and "joyous, full of joy," had been glibly recited. "Who ready to give us another example?" asked the teacher in a confident tone. A quiet-looking little boy on a back seat eagerly responded, "Pious full of pie!"—Driftwood.



Prayer is not overcoming God's reluctance; it is laying hold of His highest willingness.—Trench.

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES---NO. 8.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

A few days after our hunt and the episode with the little blind girl from whom I had purchased the 13 cocoons, which I had given to him, Bob came in very high spirits and a bright smile surging over his face while he told me that 12 of those cocoons had hatched out, and he thought the 13th was a humbug and "no good," and if that were the case, his good luck was safe. "Not so fast, Bob; that 13th may have been the very one to bring you luck. Just wait a few days; give it time—its own time—for you cannot hurry it." It was the second day after this that glad boy returned early with the news that the 13th had "come out of his shell;" "and, O! doctor, It's the largest and the most beautiful of the lot: it's a jolly fellow: I called Mother to see it, and she was astonished at its beauty." I took him into my cabinet room and told him to see if he could find one like his. In the second cabinet he pointed to one, with some enthusiasm,—“There he is, doctor; mine's just like that large brown ish fellow, and he's a dandy.”

“Why, Bob, that's a Cecropia Moth: you're lucky. You never heard the old saw about the Cecropia: here it is:—

“He who finds Cecropia with wings of brown and yellow Hath found favor with the gods, and is a lucky fellow.”

So there you are with your unlucky 13 knocked into a jumbled jamborine, if you know what that is, and we may as well bury it right here and now: what do you say to this, Bob?”

“I say Amen; so let it be now and forever. But doctor, why does your old saw as you call it, refer to “the gods” as giving good luck?” “Because,” I replied, so many of the Moths are named after the heathen deities: you will learn more about this as you advance in your studies.

When Bob went in among my cabinets, it was the first time he had had a good look at my collection, and he stood gazing at them in astonishment, and after awhile asked if he might bring mother over to see them. I cannot tell you how much pleased I was at this request. In his wild days he seldom thought about pleasing his mother: he had but little regard for her feelings then: he more heart-aches than heart-joy. It was evident that the growing love of the butterfly, was the means of reviving the love for his mother. How? Why? Never mind that

just now, for we are more concerned with the fact than with the philosophy of the case. So I told Bob to bring his mother over at any time—that I should be very glad to see her.

Several days after this we prepared for night hunt, which would be something of a novelty to Bob; but we had to choose the first most suitable night for it, for these night-fliers are a little particular as to the time of their excursions: let it get a little cloudy and damp and warm: but just now it is too dry.

“Now, Bob,” I said to him while we were waiting, we'll have to be a little industrious, for your school vacation will soon be at an end, and then you will have only your Saturdays for this amusement.”

“Amusement!” he retorted; “why, I've adopted this amusement as my business: I am learning a Profession, and I intend to stick to it, whatever other work I must do to make a living. It's a fine thing for a boy: I wish some of the other Rob-Roy Infants would join me: it would keep them out of some mischief.”—and I told him we would see about that a little later: but it was pleasing to me that the lad's thoughts ran in that direction.

While we were waiting for our favorable night, things so turned out that I could give the earnest boy a little surprise. During the last summer I had gathered a large number of caterpillars from the potato and tomato vines of which they are fearfully destructive. About September, when they are mature as crawling worms and very ugly, instead of weaving cocoons on the branch of a tree or bush, they burrow into the ground about six or seven inches deep, and there make themselves caves two inches long, one and one-half wide, and about the same in depth, and then they gum it all over until it is perfectly smooth. In a few hours the caterpillar has disappeared—gone as completely as if it never existed—changed into a chrysalis, or pupa.

Now Bob saw some of this sort of caterpillars feeding on some tomato vines in the cage in one part of my breeding room, and I called him into another section, and told him to take a seat by a large cage standing over a tub filled with earth, earth that meant something.

“If you see anything, Bob, call me; but watch that cage.”

“Why, doctor, there's nothing there to watch—only dirt.” He thought I was playing a trick on him, as he told me afterwards. In a few moments he called me.

“There's something coming up out of the ground, doctor,” he said as he saw a small brown head appearing above the surface. Up it came until its whole body was up, and then it crawled over to the wire cage and up it went a few inches, and there it stopped to spread and dry its wings. The lad was really amazed.

“What is it, doctor, and what do you call it, and what kind of a caterpillar makes it.”

“That's what we call a Halk Moth, or a sphinx; you hear it humming around the honeysuckles just about sundown, and it is on account called the Humming Moth. Now come over here and I'll show you what kind of a caterpillar makes it.” When he saw the creature he looked astonished. “Why, just look at that ugly thing—seems to be sitting on its hind legs—if it has any—and its head looks like an ugly dog head, or the head of the Sphinx—but it's ugly I'll go over and watch for some other fellows to come up out of their graves.” He sat there watching and one more came up. Then I sat down by him for I thought a good lesson might be drawn from what he had just seen, and while everything was fresh in his mind:—

“From what I have just seen”, I began, “you see what a beautiful thing our heavenly Father can make out of an ugly thing, if it will let Him do it.” I shall never forget the warm tear of the little blind girl on my hand; I felt he look on my face, as I felt the tear on my hand. The first intensity of the look over, he asked,—

“Did God do it? Does He come down to such little things? I never thought about it but I will not forget.”

“Yes; God did it: He does come down to such little things; and if to such little and insignificant things as caterpillars and moths, and changing them from ugliness to beauty, what can he not do for men and women—with boys and girls, who will just let Him do it!” His eyes were not off my face while I was speaking, but he simply remarked at the close,—“I won't forget, doctor.” After a few moments of “wordless company”, Bob asked if I thought these things would be coming up to-morrow, and I told him I had some fifty or sixty under ground which went down about the

same time the last September, and ought to be coming up any day. He said he wanted to bring his mother over to-morrow to see these things come out of the ground, for he knew she'd be suprised. When the Mother came the next day there was a gentle smile on her face, and there were lines of sorrow too; but I had seen these lines deeper than they were to-day; something was gradually smoothing them away, and I thought I knew what it was: I think Bob had a great deal to do with it.

I first gave the Mother a glimpse of my large collection, numbering several thousands of butterflies and other insects, native and foreign, from the tiniest not much larger than a flea, up to those measuring nine to ten inches from tip to tip of wings. I must reserve for my next article what came of this visit of the Mother, which more than repaid me for the interest I had taken in her only living boy.



A Horse's Prayer.

Our Dumb Animals.

"To Thee, My Master, I offer my prayer; Feed me and take care of me. Be kind to me. Do not jerk the reins; do not whip me when going up hill.

"Never strike, beat or kick me when I fail to understand what you want of me, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I refuse to do your biddings, see if there is not something wrong with my harness.

"Do not give me too heavy loads. Never hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod.

Examine my teeth when I fail to eat: I may have an ulcerated tooth. That, you know, is very painful. I am unable to tell you in words when I am sick; so watch me, and I will try to tell you by signs.

"Pet me sometimes; I enjoy it and will learn to love you.

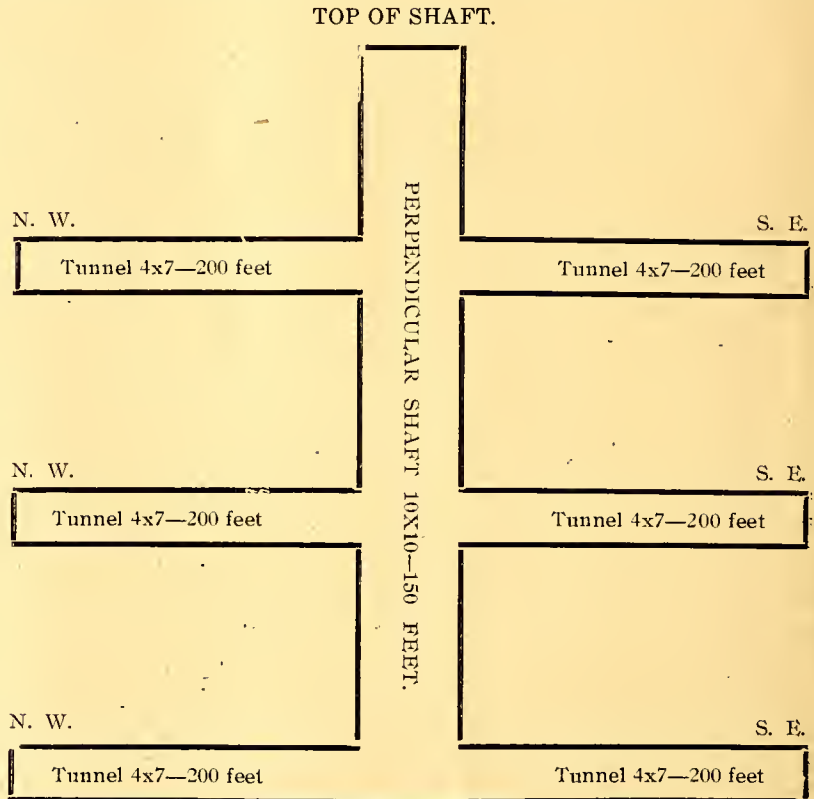
"Protect me in summer from the hot sun. Keep a blanket on me in winter weather, and never put a frosty bit in my mouth, but hold it in your hands a moment first. "I carry you, pull you, wait patiently for you long hours, day or night. cannot tell you when I am thirsty; give me clean cool water often in hot weather.

"Finally, when my strength is gone, instead of turning me over to a human brute, to be tortured and starved, take my life in the easiest and quickest way, and your God will reward you in this life and in heaven.

NEW IDEA ADVANCED TO SECURE WATER SUPPLY.

The day of the open well in towns and cities must soon pass in North Carolina. The crusade made against the practices in this state that carry the possibility of endangering health is strong and determined. It is well. The bright, active and positive little man, who holds the executive position of the State Board of Health is a veritable live-wire—a steam roller,

standing to observe the laws of sanitation and do as other well-regulated citizens are glad to do, is a man of sorry clay, yet we have them. Think of a town that has spent thousands and thousands of dollars for a sewerage system and yet permits more than three-fourths of its citizens to refuse or neglect to connect with it—and many of them in thick-



VERTICAL-SECTION VIEW OF SHAFT AND TUNNELS.

This diagram gives a fairly good and accurate idea of the proposed plan in finding a good and sufficient volume of water for towns in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. The drawing is not on accurate scale, but the figures show the proper measurements. If a sufficient supply is not secured by a depth of 150 feet, the shaft could be extended fifty feet further and two more 200-foot tunnels driven. The cost of sinking this shaft and driving these tunnels would probably be less than a fourth of the cost of going to nearby creeks or rivers, with necessary pumping stations.

as it were, that stands ready to run right over a wicked stubbornness that threatens the public health. And Dr. W. S. Rankin is eternally right in this position.

If he has the power under the act, authorizing the Board of Health, to go to many of the towns that are afflicted with incompetent and weak-kneed officials, and read the riot act to them, forcing them to sanely execute the laws and demand a proper observation of sanitary rules, he ought to do so. A public official that is afraid to force a man because of supposed power and money-

ly settled communities—is to make one wonder how such inefficient public officials could get into the saddle.

We said that the open wells are passing. It is the ambition of the average town to secure what it calls a water system. Bonds have been issued to construct a water system, and in many instances this money is expended by officials that know absolutely nothing about the construction of such public conveniences and necessities. And often times alleged engineers gobble up the moneys for as about a sorry specimen of water-works as could be conceived. In

nearly every case in North Carolina they have built for only present needs with no thought of the near future.

A public water system for the towns is a necessity. The question of water in sufficient quantities is a perplexing one, and has very much embarrassed number of towns. The idea of going to a public stream, which flows anywhere and everywhere—a drainage for all kinds of things—and dishing this out to the public as drinking and domestic water is repulsive. Oh they say it is filtered. Yet how the average town filters its water so as to make it pure, and free of color, taste, odor and other things, does not seem clear to men who have seen the streams in North Carolina's piedmont section and observe the make-up of the territory through which they run.

Some towns have invested now thousands of dollars in pumping, filtering and storing plants; but they have awoken to find that the supply is insufficient. The enormous expense of going hunting for additional creeks and rivers full of filth from the barns, pens &c of the hills along their banks, hoping to find a quantity of water to meet the demands, constitute a problem before the eyes of water officials of many of the towns to-day in Piedmont North Carolina.

Deep-driven wells used to meet demands. They do not do so now. And many towns that boast of having water-works and can't sprinkle its streets and furnish a sufficient supply of good water for domestic purposes—they are to be pitied.

The solution of the water supply seems an easy one if a recent suggestion made by a prominent gentleman of wide experience and great accomplishments can be put into practice. I am taking the liberty of quoting General R. F. Hoke, who is far-seeing and who has mastered many propositions that at first seemed all but impossible. Though not posing as a miner, he is perhaps the best informed man in the state about the practical side of mining in North Carolina. He has done it. He has done it successfully—he made a fortune at it, and he blazed the way using the compass of common sense and the power lying in the mastery of details. The development of the Cassberry Iron mine property and the construction of a thirty-mile railroad through the wildest mountain section in the world—the over-coming of what seemed insurmountable barriers—puts him in a class that is small.

What he accomplished gives peculiar character and color to any suggestion that affects such a practical matter as a water supply. I am, therefore, giving publicity to a suggestion that comes from him. It is not perfected, but it doubtless has in it the beginning of the solution of the problem.

The declaration is made (we are dealing now with the piedmont section of N. C. alone—and here seems the greatest number of problems) that the underlying granite is full of water and we need but find it and touch it. The streams that run though and catching up all the impurities along their courses are but the product of the water in normal times that is slowly and constantly finding its way out through openings from this granite underlying all this section.

The deep-driven wells are failures. They are failures because they touch so few of the seams in the rock. It is known by all practical miners that the rock strata in Piedmont North Carolina run in a North East and South West direction. This rock is full of rain water that has been filtered through the very best filter possible—the earth and rocks.

The problem of getting enough of these little streams together to make a volume of water large enough to supply the needs of a city seems to be solved in the way suggested below. At some point near the city's pumping station and reservoir, and in a locality where the surroundings are controlled, instead of a six or ten inch driven well such as a few towns now have, a shaft 10x10 is commenced. This is suggested because of convenient and satisfactory timbering. At the depth of fifty feet (where rock and granite is reached) there are driven two tunnels 4x7 feet—one going North West and the other South East—crossing the numerous seams of water in the rocks which run at right angles with the tunnels. These tunnels are to be extended each way 200 feet. The shaft is again driven 50 feet more, where two tunnels exactly similar to the others are driven. Then the shaft is carried down fifty feet more, at which point two more tunnels are made in like manner as the others. This is believed to reach a sufficient volume of water; if not the shaft may go to dept of 200 feet, but this it is believed will be found unnecessary.

Those who have had any experience with mining in Piedmont North Carolina, know that when you begin

driving tunnels an abundance of water is encountered, and quite a number of mines have had to be abandoned because of the expense and inability to overcome the water in these mines. It is doubtless correct to believe that in the rarest cases would timbering of these tunnels be necessary; but if so, heart-oak would endure for centuries.

This water would be pure and clear, needing no filtration. It would be free of the mineral taste and the hardness of the water secured from deep driven wells.

All this construction would cost less than 25 per cent of the cost of going miles to creeks and rivers. And the future cost of maintaining would be nothing, while these long travels to creeks and rivers for water would mean a continued cost for repairs and attention, and in all instances another pumping station and its cost at the source of supply.

The city of Concord has spent thousands of dollars in a water plant, using small, deep driven wells. It is perhaps one of the sorriest and most unsatisfactory plants and systems, in every way, in North Carolina. The authorities are puzzled. No funds and more water an imperative need, is the problem confronting the water officials. It is suggested that a creek several miles distant be tapped. It would never do; unless the officials had a big bank account to draw from, in a few years, to extend the line to another creek. Then the filth!

The city of Charlotte has the biggest kind of a debt representing the cost of its water system, which is now inadequate. They are talking about going to the Catawba river twelve miles distant. We have never seen the water in the Catawba river when it was clear and we cannot conceive of Charlotte's ever having enough money to filter and make pure a sufficient supply of Catawba river water to meet its enormous and still growing needs.

Let us hope that these tunneled wells may be tried and result in what the distinguished gentleman suggesting them verily believes they will.



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Immortalization for Shade Farmers.

By Jim Riddick.

One of our Southern exchanges carries a page set apart as "Farms and Farmers." Recently there appeared in this department the statement of an ailment to a certain piece of land way down in Georgia. It seems quite a serious matter, and we feel certain that this farm editor is not in the class with the shade farmers of North Carolina; and inasmuch as that particular editor sees nothing in the statement of facts by the Georgia farmer to get excited over, we are all but sure his diagnosis is faulty. This is the statement of facts in the form of a question:

"I have a piece of land, about $\frac{1}{8}$ acre that grows corn 15 or 16 feet high; no fruit. It grows cotton 8 or 10 feet high; very little fruit. Fruit trees 15 or 20 feet high; no fruit. I have it in water-melons this year and the vines are about 40 feet long. There are about 36 hills, and we have only two or three melons in the whole patch. I had it in chickens last year and they all went to legs and no body. I am afraid for my grandchildren to go in the patch for fear they may grow too tall, that is, be like the chickens, all legs. Now what is the matter with the land, and what does it need? It is red, stiff clay soil."

The Georgia farmer-editor declares that the trouble with that piece of land is the presence of too much nitrogen. He utterly fails to discover after due deliberation and examination the presence of a very dangerous germ we are reasonably sure exists in that piece of land. Furthermore that germ is supposed to be malignant, and contagious and has the self-power of reproducing itself rapidly and has the spreading characteristic well marked. It, therefore, becomes a danger confronting the whole south; and being satisfied with no solution other than a right solution we owe it to mankind to pass it up to the great shade

farmers that have appeared among us recently, hoping that they may incidentally keep back a calamity and in particular immortalize themselves in the scientific solution of this land ailment, which threatens to extend to the human race as well. That its contagiousness seems unquestioned, it makes a frightful picture to think of this Southland of ours becoming inoculated with a bacteria, or some other out-landish named thing, that will cause everything to become stilt-legged and barren. The boll-weevil, the hook-worm and such things as now infest our land and afflict our people must appear to long-suffering humanity as minor and harmless evils compared to this disease that produces unlimited legs, following which is a distressing barrenness. Something must be done.

These educational farmers that have undertaken to act guardians for the great, quiet rural class of our population that are making an honest living, trusting God and attending to their own business, should call a conference of all shade farmers for the purpose of making a correct diagnosis of this fearful disease; they should demand at that conference the presence of all the agricultural prescriptionists, home and imported, and call back those who seeing security for a while in the land, have gone off for rest or for investigation. The seriousness of the matter demands all the doctors, even the agricultural veterinarians and the arithmetical botanist. This thing must be settled right. To fail the world at this critical moment, may discount the ability of these great benefactors of men, and when by failing to act and act promptly we, our friends and neighbors and all vegetation should thereby become all legs—and fruitless legs at that. Horrible is the thought.



Buying Homes.

Evening Chronicle.

While Charlotte has been distributing money the past week which has cleared the mortgage on many homes or given a neat little sum of money to others, The Philadelphia Evening Times makes notice of "A Record Week for Buying Homes on Installment," and cites the following:

"It is highly significant that within the last seven days, 419,000 should be drawn from treasuries of building and loan associations of this city and invested in homes. The money rep-

resents two hundred loans made indicating that as many wage-earners of the city acquired their own homes within the past week.

"This is an exceptional record, certainly, but if only an average of 150 persons a week purchased homes through these associations it would mean that, in a year, more than seventy-five hundred names would be added in this manner to the list of individual home owners.

"Whatever the facts regarding the industrial and financial situation, the business of the many building and loan associations in Philadelphia continues to increase. Not only is it apparent that more and more persons are eager to own their homes, but it is evident that they expect to have the money to pay for them within a reasonable time. This, in turn is proof of a spirit of contentment and a growing thriftiness."

In proportion to population, Charlotte is in no way behind Philadelphia in distributing \$125,800 the past week, and can well be termed one of the great building and loan centers of the United States.



Old Mothers.

Charles S. Rose in the Century.

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes,
There is something in their quiet graces
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge of their, unflinching eyes
That far out-reaches all philosophy,
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech,
Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden walks, old roses, and old loves.

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Stopping Place
When
In Charlotte, N. C.

The Guilford
Hotel
Wants You
When
You Come to
Greensboro, N. C.

CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results--In October we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose.

Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The Educational Cottage must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE:

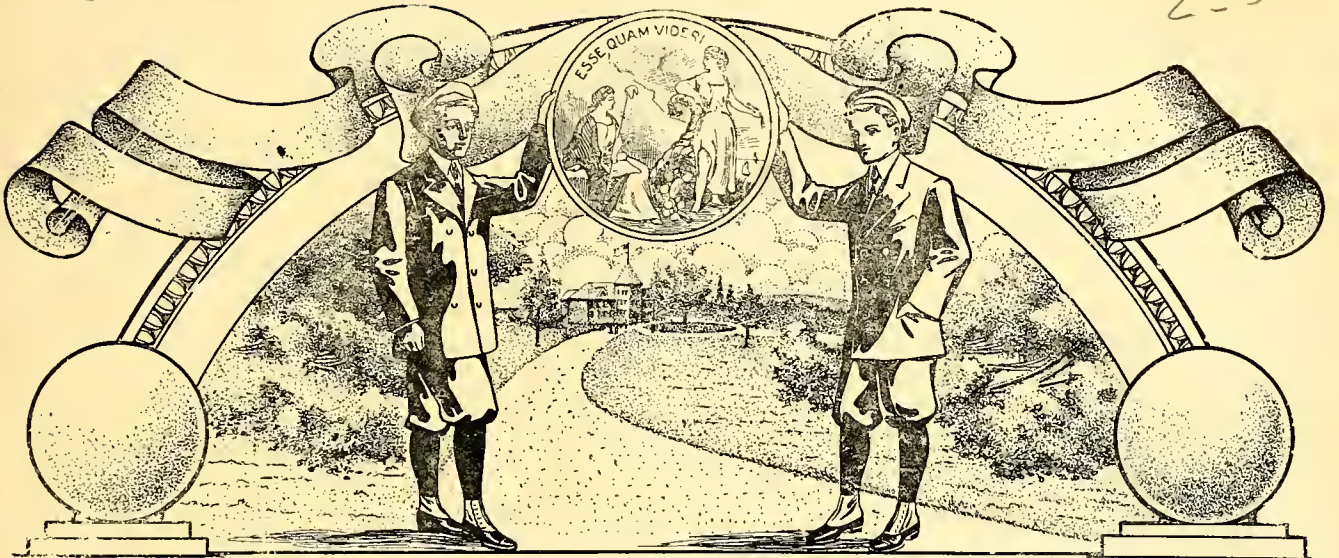
Counties.	Superintendents.	Number.				
Alamance	P. H. Fleming	250		Johnston	J. P. Jannady.	150
Alexander	A. F. Sharpe	50		Jones	K. F. Foscue.	10
Alleghany	W. F. Jones	40		Lincoln	G. T. Heafner.	75
Anson	J. M. Wall	80		Lee	R. W. Allen.	25
Ashe	W. H. Jones	50		Lenoir	J. Kinsey.	100
Beaufort.	W. L. Vaughn	150		Macon	M. D. Billings.	75
Bertie	R. W. Askew	70		Madison	M. C. Buckner.	56
Bladen	A. Cromartie	75		Martin	R. J. Peele.	25
Brunswick	G. H. Bellamy	25		Mecklenburg	R. J. Cochran.	550
Buncombe	A. C. Reynolds	500		McDowell	D. F. Giles.	50
Burke	R. L. Patton	120		Mitchell	J. M. Peterson.	25
Cabarrus	C. E. Boger	250	Raised.	Montgomery	W. A. Cochran.	75
Caldwell	Y. D. Moore	100		Moore	J. A. McLeod.	75
Camden	C. H. Spencer	5		Nash	R. E. Ransom.	100
Carteret	L. B. Ennett	70		New Hanover	W. Catlett.	300
Caswell	Geo. A. Anderson	25		Northampton	P. J. Long.	20
Catawba	George E. Long	200		Onslow	W. M. Thompson.	25
Chatham	R. P. Johnson	75		Orange	T. W. Address.	100
Cherokee	A. L. Martin	75		Pamlico	V. C. Daniels.	15
Chowan	J. O. Alderman	50		Pasquotank	G. A. Little.	75
Clay	G. H. Haigler	10		Pender	T. T. Murphy	25
Cleveland	B. T. Falls	200		Perquimans	W. G. Gaither.	50
Columbus	F. T. Wooten	125		Person	G. F. Holloway.	75
Craven	S. M. Brinson	100		Pitt	W. H. Ragsdale.	150
Cumberland	P. T. McBryde	200		Polk	J. R. Foster.	25
Currituck	J. M. Newbern	10		Randolph	E. J. Coltrane.	150
Dare	W. B. Fearing	10		Richmond	W. R. Coppedge.	75
Davidson	P. S. Vann	200		Robeson	J. R. Poole.	150
Davie	E. P. Bradley	25		Rockingham	L. N. Hickerson.	200
Duplin	D. S. Kennedy	100		Rowan	R. G. Kizer.	250
Durham	C. W. Massey	300		Rutherford	B. H. Bridges.	100
Edgecombe	R. G. Kittrell	50		Sampson	L. L. Mathews.	100
Forsyth	W. B. Speas	350		Scotland	G. H. Russell.	40
Franklin	R. B. White	85		Stanly	E. F. Eddins.	100
Gaston	F. P. Hall	250		Stokes	J. T. Smith.	50
Gates	T. W. Costen, Jr.	15		Surry	J. H. Allen.	100
Graham	T. A. Carpenter	5		Swain	J. M. Smiley	67
Grainville	J. F. Webb	80		Transylvania	T. C. Henderson	25
Greene	J. E. Fobnam	20		Tyrrell	R. H. Spruill	5
Guilford	T. R. Foust	560		Union	R. N. Nisbett	150
Halifax	A. S. Harrion	80		Vance	J. C. Kittrell	100
Harnett	J. D. Ezzell	75		Wake	Z. V. Judd	500
Haywood	R. A. Sentell	100		Warren	N. Allen	20
Henderson	W. S. Shittle	50		Washington	V. Martin	25
Hertford	T. E. Brown	25		Watauga	B. B. Dougherty	25
Hyde	S. J. Beckwith	5	Raised.	Wayne	E. T. Atkinson	200
Iredell	L. O. White	250		Wilkes	C. C. Wright	75
Jackson	R. O. Self	50		Wilson	E. J. Barnes	125
				Yadkin	C. H. Johnson	25
				Yancey	G. P. Deyton	15

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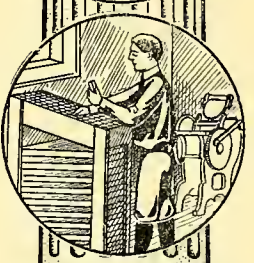
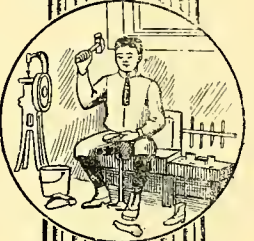
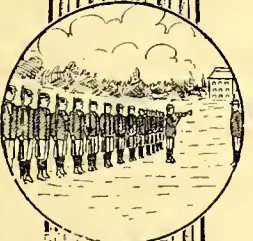
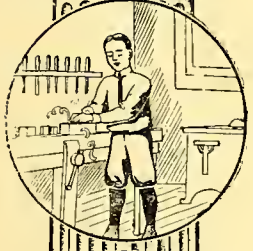
C314

Prof. N. W. Walker

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THE UPLIFT



A PLEASANT SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while;
That's worth the most, that costs the
least,
Is just a pleasant smile.

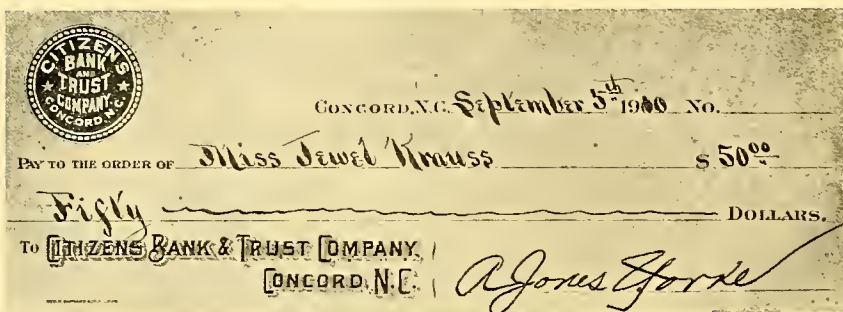
'Tis full of worth and goodness, too,
With manly kindness blent.
'Tis worth a million dollars,
And it doesn't cost a cent.

OCTOBER, 1910

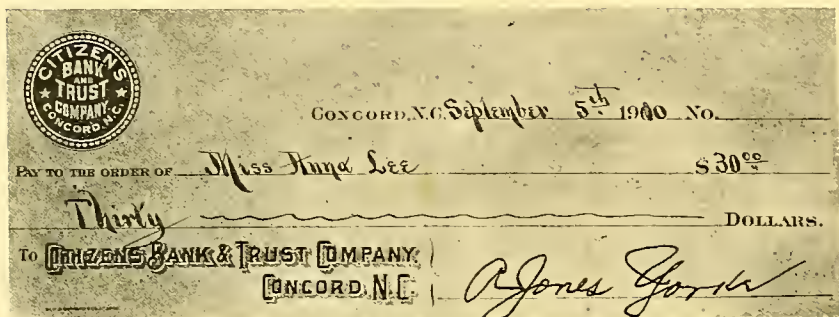
Financial Story of the Past Contest.

These three little pictures tell the whole story of the contest, which closed on July 15th, 1910. In them you will see the names of the winners of the First, Second and Third Prizes. You will see, also, another very important matter. It is the name of the gentleman, who made it possible for this beneficial and interesting contest to be concluded. But more about him later.

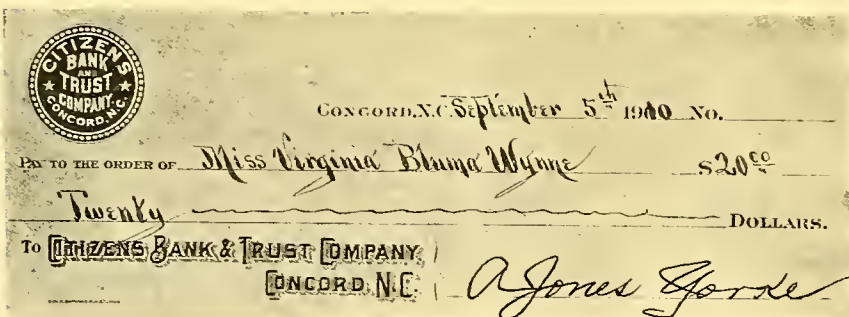
FIRST PRIZE.



SECOND PRIZE.



THIRD PRIZE.



ANOTHER CONTEST.

One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Nine Prizes. Open to All White Pupils of the Public Schools, Country or Town, of North Carolina.

On the first day of May 1911, THE UPLIFT will give away One Hundred Dollars to nine pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes:

- No. 1.—\$25.00.
- No. 2.— 20.00.
- No. 3.— 15.00.
- No. 4.— 10.00.
- No. 5.— 10.00.
- No. 6.— 5.00.
- No. 7.— 5.00.
- No. 8.— 5.00.
- No. 9.— 5.00.

WHAT PRIZES ARE FOR.

To encourage the young while yet in the schools to learn to write, to think out a story, to put it into choice words. To encourage them to build up a mental picture, and then clothe it in words—a story, an essay, a little novel, a narrative, an imaginative or real trip. This story or essay must have running through it that which is elevating and pure, be striving for the good and the moral, in touch with a human interest that has a tendency to please and uplift. Must not exceed 3000 words.

THESE ARE THE RULES:

1. This contest is open to any and

all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.

2. The story must be typewritten, and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by April 15th, 1911. No manuscript in pen or pencil will be considered; and a manuscript received on a date later than the fifteenth of April will not be considered.

3. The real name of the contestant must in no case appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume in every instance must be on the manuscript; and the said nom de plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and placed in the large envelope containing the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or person or any paper or any source for information or advice.

5. No photographs or pictures are required, but if any contestant desires to illustrate the story with pictures they will be gratefully received.

6. Every contestant must be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT or have access to it. If any one living in the same home with the contestant is a subscriber, that will satisfy this requirement. This is done to avoid receiving so many inquiries, which can not be answered. We can not afford to keep a private secretary or a clerk to attend to any correspondence. All facts or rules governing this contest will appear in this paper.

7. You have the right to get any one to copy your story into a typewritten copy. But the copyist has no right to correct any errors.

8. In the envelope containing the nom de plume and the real name, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with the true name:

"The story signed _____ as a nom de plume, is original; was constructed and written by me and is in no wise corrected or changed by any other person. I have access to THE UPLIFT through the one that comes to _____" (name the subscriber.)
(Signed) _____ (Name)

A STATEMENT.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents, principals, and officers of city and rural schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by two or more contestants.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1910

No. 5

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Editorial Comment.

Really, how do you like THE UPLIFT?

THE UPLIFT goes to a dozen states. The latest addition is Florida.

We crave the interest of the teachers in the new contest. Tell the boys and girls.

Have you told the pupils about the interesting contest now open in THE UPLIFT? You ought to.

This is the period in which the state's favorite sons and silver-tongued orators win new laurels.

And North Carolina has some pretty clever artists. Some interesting stories are being pictorially told.

This is the month—four hundred and eighteen years ago—in which Columbus turned his trick that made his name famous.

Don't put all of 'em on yet—wait until Thanksgiving day and you will be entirely safe until Memorial day in 1911.

THE UPLIFT expects to receive numerous bright and attractive stories from the pens of the young of the state in the new contest now on. It opens a wide territory.

The sneak, representing the Carnegie Foundation, muddied the waters somewhat, but the North Carolina Medical College at Charlotte seems to be prospering in spite of the edict that was sent forth.

The Presbyterian College for girls in Charlotte, has a new Lady Principal in the person of Mrs. M. H. Russell, of Rockingham. A fitter or more admirable selection could not have been made. Mrs. Russell is one of the state's most scholarly women.

THE UPLIFT takes a peculiar interest in this selection for Mrs. Russell, the editor of the King's Daughter's columns in this magazine, has done her work admirably.

That little gentleman, whose picture appears on the front page, is a farmer right. He knows more about the farming that counts in making a living and pays taxes than all the theorists that fill agricultural colleges and the shade-farmers that



write columns of stuff for agricultural journals. Master Phillips did not come from Ohio—in fact, he has never been west. He's a product of good old Randolph county, North Carolina.

The Charlotte Chronicle, by word and cartoon, is forcibly declaring for a bond issue, or rather for necessary improvements. Never before have we seen the streets show such abandoned appearance as do the streets of Charlotte to-day. There are other towns in North Carolina that are paying a severe penalty without reaping reward for their de-

votion to a principle. Serious problems confront the governing boards of all our towns and cities, some more than others.

The way some writers of the modern school view things a stranger to our rural districts would think them in a deplorable state. The rural folks have made progress and are still making progress, but it is entirely due to financial ability following better prices for farm stuff, and no wise to the free advice given by several new comers from the west. Fine house-keeping was carried on in the rural sections of North Carolina, and an ideal atmosphere prevailed in them, long before the Western writer knew the alphabet. The rural folks, who know how to keep house, make preserves, beautify their yards, decorate their rooms, select good literature and do those things which produce fine specimens of humanity in general, are laughing at that stuff that weekly appears as a guide to the good rural women of our state.

THAT BEAUTIFUL CREATION.

Of all the recent astounding get ups and creations in women's apparel—we are not artists enough to know them all—the "hobble skirt" comes nearer pleasing us than any other. Sitting at the front window of the Berkely Hotel, in Asheville, there was seen a young woman about 5 feet and 10 inches of remarkable style pass by. We don't know why, but somehow or other we arose, went out on the pavement and stared at that woman until she disappeared around the corner at Pack Square. She had on a dress the like of which we have never before seen—and we are a married man and know right much about styles and things—and that is just what drew us from our seat and took us out on the street.

It was the Hobble-Skirt Mr. Wade

Harris and Cowan and other young men of the state press have been talking about so much. That skirt is the finest and most sensible thing ever. We give it unqualified endorsement. It is decidedly the most attractive garment of a century. We are prepared to take the witness stand of any court and satisfy any jury that the Hobble-Skirt is the creation of a real artist that has a sense of beauty and utility and safety well developed. There sure is one new thing under the sun. Just why a woman's skirt should be bigger at the bottom than at the waist line has never appeared clear to us.

TWO FRIENDS GONE.

THE UPLIFT and The Jackson Training School have been bereaved. Our loss during the month of September struck us a severe blow. It was impossible to have a dearer and a truer friend than the lamented John M. Julian. He saw our few good qualities, and he was blind to our faults. He held up our hands, he cheered us in this great work; constantly and without tire he sought the good and the progress of this institution. His heart was pure gold—he didn't know what guile was; and whilst we murmur not, we just can't understand why his young, useful life, full of promise, of good and of real worth, should be cut so short. The state mourns the loss of one of its truest citizens, admired and appreciated by all who knew him.

The first man to inspire this writer to deeds entirely outside of himself, in which he had no personal interest, was that great man, Dr. B. F. Dixon, when he was superintendent of the Oxford orphanage. An acquaintance then grew into a deep admiration and a tender love. Dr. Dixon was a statesman, a patriot—one of the very highest types of man in the history of the state. Just last January, upon the first anniversary of the opening of the Jackson Training School, Dr. Dixon was with us and made the speech of the day—a speech full of hope, of encouragement and of advice, and we can yet

see how this great, eloquent man won the esteem and interest of our boys. We always went to Dr. Dixon when we had something that a friend could do—he never disappointed us; and that we can never again call upon him for his great help brings home keenly the great loss we have sustained along with thousands of others in the death of this distinguished North Carolinian.

WATER PROPOSITION.

In the September UPLIFT was carried a story explaining a suggestion as to how to secure an adequate supply of water for the towns in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. This story was based on the views of General Hoke, a very practical and

Crowning Attribute.

The sense of humor is a richer inheritance than a dowry of gold. It not only blesses him that possesses it, but its radiance is reflected in the hearts of his associates. A heritage of riches may be dissipated by extravagance until no semblance is left. It may be wafted away upon the wings of unwise investment; or sunk in the mine of fruitless experiment. Thieves may carry away riches, but a soul of good cheer is a citadel impregnable against the shafts of dangerous business venture, beyond the reach of the covetous hand.—J. C. Patton in Charlotte News.

successful man, and one who has had experiences along lines bearing on this question or rather ones that were molested with the problem of getting rid of water—in mines, for instance.

This article attracted considerable attention here and there in the press. It was regarded as interesting enough and feasible enough to give the suggestion a practical test. There was one dissenting note, however. This came from Editor Harris of the Charlotte Chronicle. But he jumped at a conclusion, predicated entirely upon something that was done years ago by the lamented Captain Odell. The case is not even a second cousin to the suggestion which we gathered from General Hoke.

Captain Odell had a well—the vol-

ume was not sufficient, when he turned his pumps on same for the filling of tanks. He merely had a big hole excavated at the bottom of the well, so as to enlarge the capacity, which he hoped would be filled by water during the night and when pumping was not going on. General Hoke's suggestion involves the driving of several tunnels at a fifty foot depth, at one hundred and at one hundred and fifty foot depths, these tunnels extending 200 feet from the main shaft and running in a North-East and a South-West direction. The object of running these tunnels in this direction is obvious to every man who has ever been under the ground anywhere in the Piedmont section. It does not require a geologist even to know that the stone and granite formations in this section run North-East and South-West, and in these seams is stored much of the water that falls as rain.

The old gold mines in this country, many of them proving unprofitable because of the cost of keeping out the water, tell beyond the shadow of a doubt that this suggestion has great promise in it. Even the tin mine in Lincoln county, which is now being developed and promoted, is harrassed by difficulties in keeping the water out of the way; and yet they have gone but a short distance—a mere hole in the ground—and even now it requires a steam pump constantly running, throwing a regular and continuous two inch stream of water, to keep the mine from becoming as miners say "drowned out."

If Editor Harris can persuade the Charlotte authorities to test this suggestion along with his "Commission form of government," we feel safe in believing the Chronicle's editor will become famous forevermore. The idea of going to the Catawba and running that water to Charlotte for those nice people and many others yet to come to use and drink is absurdly foolish and foolishly absurd, if not horrible, when it does seem that a better and a far cheaper way to secure a sufficient quantity of real good water is at hand.

THEY GOT THEM.

On the 5th of September we mailed to the successful prize story winners the checks to which they were entitled, according to the decision of the judges. We have received from the winners very appreciative letters of thanks. They breathed a spirit of satisfaction with this effort, but clearly showed a determination to make further and greater effort. That is as it should be.

Our readers will remember that the winners are Misses Jewel Krauss of Waxhaw, Anna Lee of Waynesville, and Virginia Bluma Wynne of Ahsokie, Hertford county. These young ladies have finished the courses in their local schools and each have gone off to higher schools for larger opportunities. THE UPLIFT has no doubt that each will make good.

The splendid North Carolinian, Mr. A. Jones Yorke, who furnished cheerfully and almost voluntarily the hundred dollars to pay these prizes got out of the proposition just as much pleasure as any of us.

But have the school principals and superintendents told their pupils of the new story contest now on? It should prove to them a pleasant duty easily executed, to tell all their pupils about the matter and open up to them an opportunity for self improvement and enjoy at the same time a possibility of winning a prize.

SUMMER SCHOOL PROBLEM.

Considerable time was spent in one of the Summer Schools in Virginia trying to correctly solve the question: "is she a setting or a sitting hen?"

One authority pronounced his view as follows: "I sat down on a box to set a determined sitting hen, which had set until I could do nothing else but set her; and, therefore, she is now a 'sitting hen.'" "

The near-beer joints on the edge of our towns are an abomination in the sight of decency and heaven. When an old grand-father can sit in the door of one with his grand-child in swaddling clothes, awaiting some man's son to tempt with the dirty

slop he handles, it is time for the officers of law to do something. Near beer alone will not support such joints, and any officer of the law, true to and proud of his oath, will not permit many suns to pass before he winds around the old sinners a coil of justice.

A mighty sorry, worthless fellow, here today, yonder tomorrow, without home or the desire for one, careless with truth and a stranger to virtue, and an assassin of character, is sometimes able to destroy the character that required years to build. Isn't it strange that good men oftentimes make it possible for such an one to do his trick that does injustice to his neighbors and fellow beings. Every town must at some time or other put up with a scandal-maker and character assassin. Bear it; it will not be long. He'll pass as he came—in the night.

It begins to look as if the suggestion relative to the method of securing a sufficient and satisfactory water supply—the suggestion first appearing in the September UPLIFT—may be practically tested at no distant day. Editor Harris, of the Charlotte Chronicle, recalls the "hole in the ground" at Odell's mills years ago. That was an entirely different idea and bears scarcely any similarity to the idea advanced in THE UPLIFT. We confidently expect to show Editor Harris at no distant day the real proof.

THE UPLIFT lives in a community that will never have the population of Charlotte, but some of these days when our 47 foot 3-inch driven well in solid granite, furnishing 25 gallons per minute of the purest and clearest water to be found, proves inadequate we intend to put down a well with tunnels just as General Hoke outlined it for us. We are not suffering now, and only want Charlotte to have a good thing—we are not one bit selfish.

Does not the cause for which this magazine stands appeal to you to do

a little missionary work seeking a few subscribers. When you realize that ninety-one cents of each subscription go into the construction of another building the room of which is a pressing need, you will doubtless cause, by your own funds, the paper to go to several or more friends. Try it. You will feel mighty good afterwards.

The state will probably hear something more definite about the abrupt closing of the Medical School at Raleigh. Surely we have not come to that point where outsiders can dictate? We had better have a care how we listen to the orders that come and the price attached.

Better stop publishing long detailed articles about suicides. They are becoming alarmingly numerous and undoubtedly the publication of the sad happenings is a suggestion of a relief to many, who feel that their troubles have grown too heavy to bear.

It is well that the commission idea of town and city government is being again discussed. There is accumulating strong evidences that more than one town in the state has an automatic government. It is painful.

Ladies' hats have changed. Instead of covering a whole sidewalk, they go up to the second-story windows and they are not so ugly, either.

Take Care of Your Troubles.

The small boy had a sprained ankle, and while a party of children were having merry games on the lawn he could only sit quietly in his chair and watch them. Presently a benevolently-minded young girl, pitying his isolation, came and sat down beside him, but he squirmed uneasily under her sympathy. "Say," he burst forth after a few restless minutes, "you go back and play. It makes me sick to have two folks wasted on one lame leg!" What a pity that the people who are always demanding sympathy and companionship in their woes couldn't be of his mind! Suppose you are in trouble—why not take care of it yourself as best you can? What is the use of wasting two people on it?—Selected.

Charles Phillips Highly Honored.

Charles Phillips, the 16-year-old son of Dr. C. H. Phillips, of Fullers, Randolph county, was the sensation of the farmers' state convention which met in Raleigh recently. According to press reports, the boy told his story well, making a fine impression and greatly pleasing the farmers present. He was the recipient of much flattering attention at the hands of the delegates and was deluged with flowers at the conclusion of his talk. Young Phillips, whose picture is given on first page, is described by the Raleigh Evening Times as follows:

Charles Phillips, of Randolph county, the champion boy corn grower of the state, was introduced, and told how he raised 134 bushels on one acre of ground last year. Young Phillips, who is about 16 years old, is of



Young Phillips Cultivating His Acre.

an ordinary build, but his bright eyes and smiling countenance showed that he had all the making of a genuine, true-blue man.

The Times went on to tell of his speech to the convention, outlining his effort as follows:

"He said he felt proud of being a farmer boy, and that it was a badge of honor to be known as a farmer. He quoted a letter received by him from Mr. J. Elwood Cox, in which the following appeared:

'Agriculture today holds out higher prospects to the North Carolina boy than banking or the professions.'

Young Phillips said that he was proud that a Randolph County boy had produced the second largest yield of any in the south, and hoped that this honor would belong to a North Carolina boy after next November.

He said he prepared his ground thoroughly, and used \$10 worth of commercial fertilizer and the balance manure. He used prolific seed and after the corn was up he cultivated it

about two inches deep every bright day.

After telling the above he boldly faced the convention to tell it he was ready to answer any questions that might be asked about his yield. In response to inquiries, he said he broke his ground to a depth of 12 inches; the rows, were 4 feet and 4 inches, and the corn 10 inches apart.

At this point Mr. T. B. Parker pointed out that the average depth farmers plowed in this state was about three inches and the average yield was about 16 bushels. Phillips went to a depth of 12 inches and produced 134 bushels. He thought that this might be of advantage to many.

♦♦♦♦

How They Earned First Money.

It would shock the sensibilities of some folks, who think they have struck high water-mark in society, if the names of the acting parties in this article were called. The principals would not object, but merely to punish the curiosity of the average got-rich class, some of whom may think it is their sketch, the names are omitted.

This is a story of human life—it is taken from the lips of the principals themselves. They are not ashamed of it, but it is so full of action since the beginning that it deserves to be told.

Three North Carolina men—one an ex-Confederate soldier—sat together. They live in the same section of the state. One is retired from active business; one is actively engaged in the manufacturing business; and the other is a large farmer, manufacturer, banker and trader. The three men represent estates the combined value of which is a little more than a million dollars; and the curious part of which is that each one started out in life without a "red cent."

The direct question was asked of each: "How did you make the first money?" Entered the retired man—retired not from lack of interest in business or a tired feeling or a desire to sport—who is sadly afflicted. The first money "I made," said he, "I worked in my father's shop for wages, and saved my money; and I put in as full and regular day's service as any other hired man." He is worth over \$100,000, is a lovable character, without malice, and has grit equal to the grittiest.

The second one, an active manufacturer and general business man, worth more than \$200,000 had a similar experience having "earned

my first money working by the day for wages. I saved my money, made cautious investments in real estate and stocks." This man is a public-spirited citizen of one of the best towns in the state; takes an active interest in educational matters; stands on the side of uplift work; is unselfish; and has a wife that is one of God's noblewomen—she is not above darning socks, and affluence and the power of the money at her disposal has changed her not one bit.

The third man was asked how he made his first money. He is up in seventy, an ex-Confederate soldier, still active and lively, still driving trades and looking for more. They say that he is worth near a million dollars. His father was a carpenter. He was permitted to burn the dead timber in the woods and sell the ashes to a neighbor. This was his regular Saturday's work—the other five having been taken up in doing a specified task, winning Saturday as his own—and he sold the ashes receiving therefor the princely sum of ten cents. And this is how the North Carolina Millionaire made his first money, and his wife wastes no time in idleness. She is a busy woman at real, useful things, and keeping alive in her soul and at her finger's end the grand old music of sixty years ago. It's worth going miles to hear her perform on the piano.

And here are three men, strong powers in the life of the state, who have made good, who have wrought success out of the open world, starting with not one cent, but they started without cigarettes, whiskey, coca-cola, roaming the streets at night—They simply had a purpose, and right well did they keep that purpose constantly in mind.

♦♦♦♦

He succeeded in business but failed as a man because he lost his early friends by neglect, and had no time to cultivate new ones.

♦♦♦♦

Don't Forget.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those in house of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.
Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know.
Remember curses, something like
Our chickens, "roost at home;"
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

—Sel.



A VIEW OF PISGAH MOUNTAIN FROM EAGLES' NEST---HAYWOOD COUNTY.

Haywood County.

The second prize essay, won by Miss Anna Lee, of Waynesville. The illustrations are not, to our regret, complete. One beautiful scene got damaged to its ruin, and the photographs of Profs. Allen and Sentell were lost in the mails in the city of Richmond. Miss Lee, however, did all of her part in furnishing the necessary pictures.

In the northwestern part of the State of North Carolina, situated in the midst of the tallest peaks of the Balsam Mountains is Haywood County.

Nestling in these beautiful mountains she can boast of having much of the most beautiful natural scenery to be found east of the Yellowstone National Park, or the famous Canons of Colorado Valley, and, with her fine mountain lands and lovely valleys, she is one of the loveliest sections of the Old North State.

Although not so high or so famous as the Alps, or the Highlands of Scotland, the mountains of Haywood can appropriately be called the Switzerland of America and may in the future become as famous.

Of the many tall peaks of Haywood County, Richland Bald and the Great Divide are the tallest. These mountains bordering on Jackson County are in height just a little below Mount Mitchell in Yancey. Next to these are Clingman's Dome, Plott's Balsam, Jones' Knob, Crabtree Bald and Lickstone Bald, all rearing their heads among the clouds and standing as proudly as monarchs among their fellows.

Mountains for miles around would be called Figmies at the side of such mountains in Haywood as Junaluska, Pinnacle, Beatty, Rocky Knob and others, which are of average height.

There is a legend which tells of how Junaluska, the mountain mentioned above, received its name, which will be appropriate to relate here. Junaluska, one of the bravest and most famous Chiefs of the Cherokee Indians, was very much in love with a young Indian maiden but she did not care for him, so she would have nothing to do with him. This made Junaluska miserable. One day while out hunting on top of a high mountain peak he noticed a high rock cliff and thought what a good place this would be to end his miserable life. The more he thought of it the more determined he became to jump from this rock and end it all, so he walked to the edge and looked down. Finally he sang his death song and leaped over to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

This mountain has ever since been called Junaluska and the rock from which he jumped "Lover's Leap."

Not only are the mountains and cliffs of Haywood County remarkable but the streams and valleys as well. Some of the most beautiful valleys in America are found within her borders.

Pigeon River, which is the largest stream in the county, with its sparkling waters clear as crystal, forms one of the most beautiful valleys in North Carolina. It mingles its waters with those of the French Broad.

Richland Creek, rising in the Old Bald Mountains and winding its way like a silver ribbon in and out among the verdant hills, forms a lovely and

fertile valley. Waving fields of wheat and corn, trees loaded with apples and many other farm products are seen on its banks.

Jonathans', Crabtree, Fines' and Beaverdam Creeks all form valleys remarkable for their fertility and the prosperous people dwelling on their banks.

Besides these are smaller streams which have their sources high up in the mountains and rush and leap over the rocks as they hurry towards the sea, forming lovely falls and cascades. In these mountain streams are trout in abundance and numerous other fish.

The fertile soil among the hills of Haywood would be surprising to many who would not expect to find it, but the soil even on the mountains is very rich and productive. Crops of great value and fruits of great abundance are annually grown. The apples of Haywood are hard to beat and thousands of bushels are each year shipped to all parts of the United States. Herds of cattle are seen roaming the mountains, and sheep by the thousands dot the hills.

Haywood County was once a part of Buncombe County, but in the Legislature of eighteen hundred and eight, General Thomas Love, who was that year representing Buncombe County in the General Assembly, introduced a bill having for its purpose to organize a County out of that portion of Buncombe west of its present western and south western boundary and extending to the Tennessee line, including all the territory in the present counties of Haywood, Macon, Jackson, Swain, Graham, Clay and Cherokee.

The bill met with favor, was passed, ratified, and became a law.



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF WAYNESVILLE, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

This was very advantageous to the people living in the western part of Buncombe, for before this bill was passed it was a very hard and expensive journey to reach the Buncombe Court House.

Thus it was that just three days before Christmas, December twenty-third, eighteen hundred and eight, Haywood County became a Christmas present to the Old North State and has proved herself a gift of great value.

We think the people of Haywood are the best people on earth. They are direct descendants of the first settlers of the New World. The English character, however, predominates. Like their forefathers they have unbounded endurance and when they undertake a thing they invariably push it to a successful conclusion. The people of Haywood are brave, generous and disinterested. They are likewise cultured and intelligent, and give abundant attention to education and religious life. Few, if any counties in the State surpass Haywood in number of school houses and churches.

Early in the nineteenth century the various settlements began to assume considerable importance. People from other counties of North Carolina and even of other States hearing of the many attractions of dear old Haywood began moving in as the fame of our county was spreading far and wide.

About the year eighteen hundred, on the banks of Richland Creek, a small village had been formed on the beautiful ridge between Richland and Raccoon Creeks. This ridge, less than a mile wide, brought many settlers on account of the picturesque mountains on either side and the delightfulness of its climate.

Thus the foundation of the present little city of Waynesville was laid, which is now the county seat, full of happy and prosperous people. The name Waynesville was suggested by Colonel Robert Love in honor of General Anthony Wayne, under whom Colonel Love served in the Revolutionary War. This name was favored by all and the village soon became known by it. During the year eighteen hundred and twelve the work began on the Court house and was completed in the same year. On December 21st the first Court was held in this Courthouse.

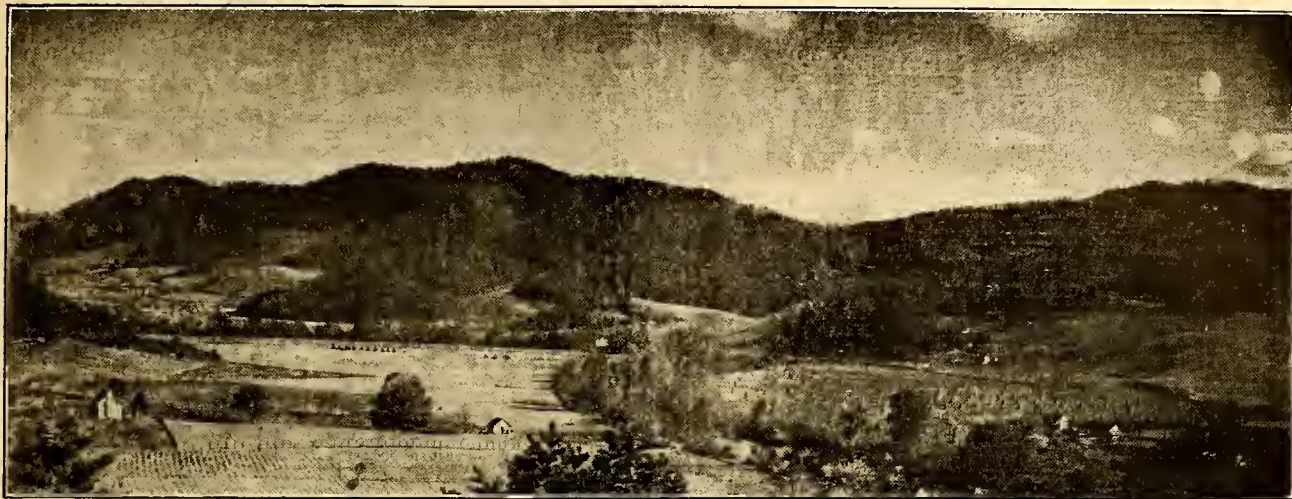
Such men as Colonel Robert Love, General Thomas Love, Colonel William Allen, John Welch and others of Revolutionary fame were leaders in the community. And now "Waynesville the Beautiful" repays the efforts of these noble men, and were they living, I am sure they would feel great pride in this little city, located in the heart of the mountains. Waynesville has been chosen as the Chautauqua site for the Southern Methodist Church and the "Pinnacle City" of the "Land of the Sky" will do her best to prove herself worthy of the choice.

Many years before the white man set foot in this beautiful mountain country all the land included in Haywood County was occupied by the fierce tribe of the Cherokee Indians. Under the shadows of the mountains, smoking their pipes of peace or hunting along the banks of the waters it seemed a pity to disturb this happy band, but these Indians, ever friendly to the white man, surrendered their "happy hunting ground" to their white brothers to find others on the banks of the Tuckaseegee in Jackson County. The Cherokee Indians were always loyal

to the white men and helped them out of many difficulties.

To show the loyalty of these Indians I will relate an incident. Tecumseh, the great chief of the west, called "Shooting Star" by his comrades, sent word to the Cherokees that he was coming to make them a speech and for them to meet him at Soco Gap. There was then much excitement among them for they had heard a great deal about "Shooting Star," and wanted to hear what he had to say. He told them many things about what the Great Spirit intended for the Indians to do. Telling them that the Great Spirit intended them to rule the world and that now as the white man had taken their "hunting grounds" that it was time for them to draw their tomahawks. This caused much excitement among the young warriors and they were ready to obey him, but the older and wiser ones shook their heads and continued to smoke their pipes for they had learned years before that it was better not to make war on the white man. As the majority seemed against war with the whites, Tecumseh returned to his own country without success among the Cherokee Indians. In the Civil War the Cherokees were loyal to the Confederacy. They joined the Southern army and did good service for the southland. Out of the hundreds of Indians that joined the Confederacy only about ten or twelve, allured by Yankee gold, went over to the Federal Army. When the war was over those who came back from the Federal Army were regarded as traitors to the "Nation" and were slain as warning to others.

Haywood County has always been at the front in the time of war. In



A SCENE NEAR CLYDE NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

the Revolutionary War most of the early settlers, following the maxim of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death" showed of what the men of Haywood were made. Later in the War of 1812 these old Soldiers were ever ready to fight for their home and country. Little is known of the exact part Haywood took in these wars, but it is known that the men of Haywood were always ready and willing to go to the front.

In the Civil War Haywood played a very conspicuous and heroic part, a part that is worthy of the admiration of every one. Most of the men of Haywood were opposed to war or secession, but when President Lincoln called for troops to "Suppress the Rebellion" this destroyed the last vestige of brave unionism in Haywood and also in the South, and called the sons of Dixie to arms to defend their hearth stones and sacred altars.

Many of the brave men who left their homes, left them never to return, and wives, mothers and children waited for them in vain.

Haywood was the last county to lay down arms in the South, and this is something of which every man, woman and child in Haywood should be proud. In peace, as well as in war, the people of Haywood are very patriotic, and after the war they again took the hoe and plow in hand to build up the ruins in which the war had left their county.

Since the war many prosperous towns have grown up in our county. After Waynesville, Canton ranks next in size. This little city has three thousand hustling inhabitants. The Champion Fiber Company's Pulp Mill, said to be the largest paper

mill in the world, is located in this little mountain town. The Company began operating this big plant in April, 1906, and as it stands today represents an investment of more than two million dollars. The daily product of wood pulp averages two hundred tons. The amount of tannic acid manufactured is very large, the annual capacity being seventy-five thousand barrels. About six hundred and fifty men are employed, which means a disbursement of about fifteen thousand dollars at Canton on each monthly pay day. There are many other thriving villages in Haywood County besides the ones already mentioned, all of which are somewhat resort towns.

Taking it as a whole Haywood is one of the best counties in the State. With her beautiful scenery, productive soil and good honest people she stands forth an emblem of all that is good, noble and true. No words more fitting could be used in closing than the following poem written by Miss Mary Josephine Love, now our Mrs. M. J. Branner, fifty years ago when she was a school girl sixteen years old, and published in the Asheville News:

OLD HAYWOOD, I LOVE THEE!

Old Haywood, I love thee, and ne'er from my heart
Shall thy image of loveliness fade or depart;
It will linger around me where'er I roam,
And sing of thee ever, my childhood's fair home.

I love thy green meadows, thy soft sloping hills,
The birds of thy wild-woods, the song of thy rills;
The fields of rich harvest, which round thee unfold,
Thy sweet scented flowers of purple and gold.

And thy mountains! so towering, so sublimely grand!
Their tops touch the clouds and seem ether to span;
And as their peaks heavenward e'er reach as they rise,
They point us below to a home in the skies.

The noise of the cataract heard from thy hills,
Is mingled with murmurs of bright sparkling rills,
Dancing fairy-like onward in a glittering band,
Till their music is hushed in thy placid Richland.

Then Richland winds gently through woodland and glade,
Now sparkling in sunshine, now peaceful in shade;
When its murmurs are hushed in the bright stream that laves
The base of the mountains with white-crested waves.

There may be bright spots on this wide spreading earth,
Fairer and brighter than the place of my birth,
But on! there is none overland, over sea,
More dear to my heart—than Haywood to me.

There is none to be found that with me e'er can vie
With this fairy like home, 'neath heaven's blue eye.
Where the sons ever brave and the daughters e'er fair,
Live in peace and contentment, without sorrow or care.

Tho' the iron horses may ne'er through thy wild mountain run.
Could it make thee more dear to the heart of a son?
No! no!—though not gilded by sciences and arts,
Yet nature has made thee as dear to our hearts.

Then talk not to me of Italia's blue sky,
The wealth of the Indies, where bright diamonds lie;
They would prove to me ever a sad, worthless dome,
For my heart would be sighing for Haywood, my home.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

Bill Nye's Tribute to Oratory.

Twenty centuries ago, last Christmas, there was born in Attica, near Athens, the father of oratory, the orator of whom history has told us. His name was Demosthenes. Had he lived until this spring he would have been twenty-two hundred and seventy years old but he did not live. Demosthenes has crossed the mysterious river. He has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

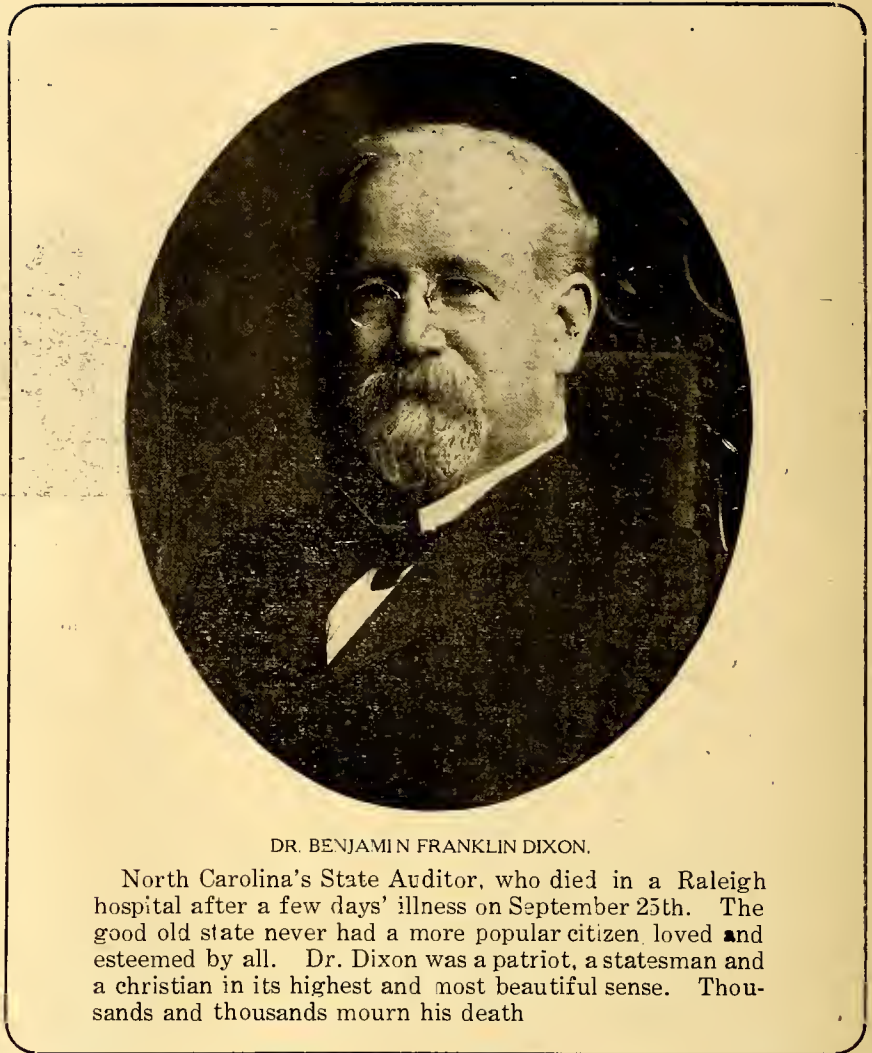
Most of you, no doubt, have heard about it. On those who may not have heard it, the announcement will fall with a sickening thud.

This sketch is not intended to cast a gloom over your hearts. It was designed to cheer those who read it and make them glad they could read.

Therefore, I would have been glad if I could have spared them the pain which this sudden breaking of the news of the death of Demosthenes will bring. But it could not be avoided. We should remember the transitory nature of life, and when we are tempted to boast of our health and strength, and wealth, let us remember the sudden and early death of Demosthenes.

He was not born an orator. He struggled hard and failed many times. He was homely, and he stammered in his speech, but, before his death they came to him for hundreds of miles to get him to open their county fairs and jerk the bird of freedom bald-headed on the Fourth of July.

When Demosthenes' father died he left fifteen talents to be divided between Demosthenes and his sister.



DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DIXON.

North Carolina's State Auditor, who died in a Raleigh hospital after a few days' illness on September 25th. The good old state never had a more popular citizen, loved and esteemed by all. Dr. Dixon was a patriot, a statesman and a christian in its highest and most beautiful sense. Thousands and thousands mourn his death.

A talent is equal to about one thousand dollars. I often wish that I had been born a little more talented.

Demosthenes had a short breath, a hesitating speech, and his manners were very ungraceful. To remedy his stammering he filled his mouth full of pebbles and howled his sentiments at the angry sea. However, Plutarch says that Demosthenes made a gloomy fizzle of his first speech. This did not discourage him. He finally became the smoothest orator in that country, and it was no uncommon thing for him to fill the First Baptist Church, of Athens, full. There are now sixty of his orations extant, part of them written by Demosthenes and part of them written by his private secretary.

When he started in he was gentle mild, and quiet in his manner, but later on, carrying his audience with him, he at last became enthusiastic. He thundered, he roared, he whooped, he howled, he jarred the windows, he sawed the air, he split the horizon with his clarion notes, he tipped over the table, kicked the lamps out

of the chandeliers, and smashed the big bass viol over the chief fiddler's head.

Oh, Demosthenes was business when he got started. It will be a long time before we see another off-hand speaker like Demosthenes, and I, for one, have never been the same man since I learned of his death.

"Such was the first of orators," says Lord Brougham. "At the head of all the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his place, and the loss of the noble instrument with which he forged and launched his thunders is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever."

I have always been a great admirer of the oratory of Demosthenes, and those who have heard both of us think there is a certain degree of similarity in our style.

And not only did I admire Demosthenes as an orator, but as a man, and, though I am no Vanderbilt, I feel as though I would be willing to head a subscription list for the purpose of doing the square thing by-

his sorrowing wife if she is left in want, as I understand that she is.

I must now leave Demosthenes and pass on rapidly to speak of Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry was the man who wanted liberty or death. He preferred liberty though. If he couldn't have liberty he wanted to die, but he was in no great rush about it. He would like liberty if there was plenty of it, but if the British had no liberty to spare he yearned for death. When the tyrant asked him what style of death he wanted he said that he would rather die of extreme old age.

One hundred and ten years ago Patrick Henry said: "Sir, our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come!"

In the spring of 1860 I used almost the same language. So did Horace Greeley. There were four or five of us who got our heads together and decided that the war was inevitable, and consented to let it come.

Then it came. Whenever there is a large, inevitable conflict floating around waiting for permission to come, it devolves on the great statesmen and baldheaded literati of the nation to avoid all delay. It was so with Patrick Henry. He permitted the land to be deluged in gore, and then he retired. It is the duty of the great orator to howl for war and then hold some other man's coat while he fights.

♦♦♦♦

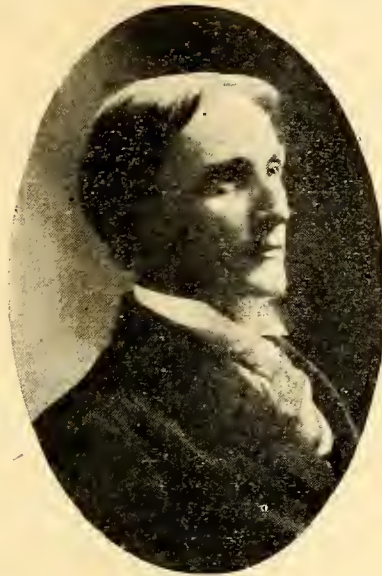
An Amusing Write Up.

The following interesting story has been going the rounds of the press recently, which is just another instance of extreme brightness of the editor of the local paper:

Some years ago the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad put on a new train from Chicago to Kansas City. It was called the Southwest Limited and the cars were built new for the train and it was a beauty. There is a little village in Missouri, not over 300 people live there. In this village there was a weekly paper with an editor noted for his readiness of brightness on all occasions. The coming of the first run of the new limited train was an event along the line and the issue of the village paper the following week contained this write-up of the train:

"The new train on the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway passed through Chula for the first time Sunday night about three hours after dark. There was no hesitation at Chula, at least none preceptible.

There are no high places in Chula town: hence we question whether she ever touched the track. She ripped a great fiery hole in the darkness and left the atmosphere heated steam hot for a second, then whistled for Niantic or Chicago we are not certain which. If Central, had not been closed, we would have telephoned to see if she hadn't run clean through the union station. She is sure 'nuff a 'hurry-up train.' Chicago is only about three hours up the track now. She is a gleam of summer sunlight, vestibuled and elec-



JOHN MOOSE JULIAN.

Who died at his home in Salisbury September 16th. Mr. Julian was editor of The Post, and though only in his 35th year had accomplished for his city, his county and his state results that a much older person could justly be proud of. His death carried pain to thousands of hearts, to whom it was a severe shock and to the state a great loss.

tric lighted from the cow catcher clear back a hundred yards behind the last coach. She is knee deep in velvet carpet and her cushions are as soft as a girl's cheek. She is lighted to a frazzle. She was built to beat the world, and her gorgeous splendor makes us chuckle to think we have a pass on her. She goes so fast that six porters look like one big fat nigger. She is called the 'Southwest Limited.' She stops going both ways at Chillicothe, and you can get on her there--but you'll have to hurry."

♦♦♦♦

"A little learning is a dangerous thing" only to those who think they "know it all."

Honor Rolls For September.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Earley Allmond,	Cherokee.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
James Sullivan,	Forsyth.
Walter Fox,	Catawba.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Richard Watson,	Mecklenburg.
Charles Pate,	Craven.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Bryant Whitaker,	Forsyth.
George Moore,	Halifax.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Luther Collins,	Wake.
John McGinnis,	Wake.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Gilman Miller,	Forsyth.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe..

STUDY ROLL FOR FIRST SECTION.

Earley Allmond,	Cherokee.
Jason Myatt,	Johnston.
Bynum Holsclaw,	Watauga.
Brooks Harris,	Chatham.
Ralph Williams,	Pitt.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Volley Weaver,	Buncomb.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.

DEPARTMENT ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
Frank Amos,	Burke.
Raymond Lee,	Forsyth.
Paul Livengood,	Forsyth.
John Howell,	Green.
Clifford Tate,	Guilford.
Don Anderson,	Wilkes.
Hermann Laughlin,	Cabarrus.
Roy Matteson,	Buncombe.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Mack Spry,	Rowan.
Tate Fisher,	Mecklenburg.
Curtis Heagan,	Buncombe.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Odell Doby,	Cabarrus.
Stebastian Richardson,	Wake.
John Page,	Rowan.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Sylvester Beach,	Burke.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Dewells Nesbitt,	Mecklenburg.

STUDY ROLL FOR SECOND SECTION.

Paul Jacobs,	Forsyth.
Bascom Little,	Anson.
Henry Ruscoe,	Sampson.
Mack Spry,	Rowan.
Wesley Clegg,	Davidson.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.



MAIN STREET OF WAYNESVILLE, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

His Last Letter.

I have to state to you the sad news that tomorrow at 12 o'clock I have to die. I have to be shot to death for starting home to see my wife and dear children and was arrested and brought back and courtmartialled and am to be shot at 12 o'clock, me and D. M. Furr have to die but thanks to God I am not afraid to die I think when I leave this world I shall be where Mary and Martha are. Dear wife, don't grieve for me. Try and not. I dreamt last night of seeing you but I shall never. You shall see your hubby no more. I want you to raise my children the way that they should go. My dear son Julius, this is my last order to you. I want you to be a good boy and try to serve God and be a good man. Farewell Julius, I must leave this world. And my son Ephraim, try and be a good man and serve God. My dear daughter Rebecca Heseltine, I bid farewell to you. Be a good girl and go to preaching. Farewell my son Joel. You have no daddy now. Be a smart boy and mind your mother. My dear wife Nancy, I have to bid farewell to you. I want you to keep what things you have and pay my debts. And I want Julius and Ephraim to have my shop-tools and I want them to take good care of them and remember me. I have a little lookingglass that I want to send to Rebecca. I want her to remember me. I have a good blanket I will get and send home. Will send

my things with—Lefler and try and get him to send them home if he will, and I have 25 or 30 dollars and I shall spend \$5 of that in the morning before I suffer. Dear wife, that is four months service. I can't write like if I was not in trouble. I don't mind death like I do to leave my family for I have to suffer so much here that I don't fear. I don't want you to grieve for me for I feel like I am going home to die no more. I hope I shall be with the shining angels and be out of trouble. I have got a little book I want Joel to have and remember me. It has some pretty lines. I want you to send them children to school, and son Julius, Julius, I can't hear from you any more. I sent him a letter but got no answer. I pity poor Julius for he has had no chance. I have got no chance to write for I must close my letter.

March 4th, 1865.

A few lines to Daniel Lefler and Jane Lefler. I bid farewell to you and my dear mother, I bid farewell to you and father and brothers and sisters. I must leave this world, Farewell Julius, my dear son; farewell Ephraim my dear son; farewell Joel, my dear son. I want you all to meet me in heaven.

JOSEPH HUNEYCUTT.

To Nancy Huneycutt, farewell, farewell.

P. S.—I want you to have funeral preached at Pleasant Grove. I want Columbus Foreman to preach it and

sing "I Am Going Home to Die No More." This is the 4th day of March at 9 o'clock. I must soon be in eternity. I don't desire this but I am not afraid to die. I want you to get all of the children's funerals preached that are dead. Fanny, I want to see you one more time if I could but we can't meet any more. I want you and all the children to meet me in heaven.

JOSEPH HUNEYCUTT.

♦♦♦♦

Miss Anna Lee.

The winner of the second prize in the county story contest is Miss Anna Lee, of Waynesville, N. C. Miss Lee's story is printed in this issue and does her native county (Haywood) proud. Miss Lee's picture



Miss Anna Lee.

we are permitted to give to our readers in this issue. She is an earnest, sensible young lady of seventeen summers. She has recently finished the course in the graded schools of Waynesville which are so ably presided over by Prof. W. C. Allen and which is part of the county system which is under the faithful superintendency of County Supt. Sentell.

Miss Lee has considerable gifts in writing, for this is not the first time she has won a prize with her pen. She is now in school, prosecuting her studies further along broader lines. And I'm sure that the life of the state will be enriched by the efforts of this sincere and earnest young woman. She is the daughter of Hon. and Mrs. W. T. Lee, of Waynesville. Her father is a fine specimen of the sturdy manhood of the mountains; has been and is now a successful merchant and business man. Mr. Lee is now the nominee of the Democratic party for a position on the Corporation Commission.

REV. R. L. PATTERSON'S ELOQUENT SERMON.

An issue of The Charlotte Observer, during August, gave very full notice of a sermon by the Rev. R. L. Patterson, and the thoughts seem so sound and upon such vital matters that THE UPLIFT carries it bodily in this issue for the entertainment and profit of its own readers. The article is:

Carlyle's dictum that "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man" found some reflection yesterday morning in Rev. R. L. Patterson's appeal to the leaders of thought to realize their responsibilities as moulders of the destinies of the masses, and to meet their obligations with that high spirit of self denial and sacrifice which is the standard of Christian conduct. The practical application of the idea was in his concluding injunction that the members of the Manufacturers' and Colonial Clubs should deny themselves privileges which, while perhaps not harmful to them, are stumbling blocks to others and tend toward disrespect for the prohibition law.

Mr. Patterson, who was preaching at St. Mark's Lutheran church, on North Tryon street, made it quite plain that he does not regard the use of intoxicating liquors a sin in itself always and under all circumstances. He classified as fanatical those familiar warnings, "Touch not, taste not, handle not." "We have always twisted that sentence terribly out of all connection with its proper context," said he. "Paul was asking of the Corinthians why should they be bound by such ordinances as that quoted, and was not at all laying it down as a law for them or us. The reason I do not have liquor in my home is not because it would be in itself a sin for me to partake of it, but because of my family, and one other person—the poor fellow who can't let it alone."

LEADERS ARE RESPONSIBLE.

"In every age there have been two classes of people in the world, the leaders and those who follow. Some are leaders in one sphere and followers in another, but in the last analysis the classification holds. These are they who determine the course of society and the progress of the nation. When we take the vote of the great mass of the people on any question and the ballots are counted, you have really the decision rendered by the leaders. The civil war was fought by a multitude of men who battled and died in the

trenches, but the men who decided to fight the war were a few statesmen up in Washington. And the leaders have done it at every crisis in the world's history. Therefore the responsibility of the leading citizens in State or nation is vast. It is a serious thing for a man or woman to reach a position of leadership in however small a company of men and women.

If they make a wrong choice, if they are actuated by ignorance or prejudice, then woe, woe to the masses of the people!"

Answering the query, "Who are the leading citizens?" Mr. Patterson placed first the ministers of God, not from any personal conceit of his own position, but because God has placed the ministry there. He named the doctors, lawyers and the newspaper writers and teachers in public schools and colleges next. There is quite a live question now, said he, as to which is the more influential, the press or the pulpit, the argument being made that whereas the preacher speaks once a week only, the newspaper goes out to the reader morning and afternoon of every day.

"How can we estimate the responsibility of the men who write for the daily newspapers?" exclaimed Mr. Patterson. "Those who constantly sow the seed which falls into fertile ground? What people see and talk about is what makes character and character makes destiny.

"I do not mean to say that the masses have no responsibilities. They do not have to follow the leaders, but the natural thing the world does is to follow the leaders."

SELF DENIAL THE MOTIVE.

Thus, Mr. Patterson made his plea on what he termed the higher ground of the grand old Pauline declaration, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat."

Mr. Patterson was preaching on the subject, "The City and the Leading Citizens." The words of his text concerned the successful efforts of the chief priests and other leaders to mislead the people into choosing Barabbas, the notorious criminal rather than the Christ, when Pilate essayed to shift the responsibility of a choice to the ignorant rabble.

"Humanly speaking," Mr. Patterson explained, "Christ's weeping over Jerusalem, was produced by his retrospective knowledge of the history of that people which had always been dear to the heart of his Father,

watched over, protected, delivered into the camp of the enemy sometimes so that they would turn from their ways, and now he knew that he stood face to face with another defection, the crowning one of all, unbelief in the Son of God. He saw its inevitable consequences.

"Who were responsible for the last great act in the drama? The chief priests, the scribes and the chief people. These were responsible for the nation's decision against the Son of God. The people were wavering in their minds and asking among themselves, 'Is this the Christ?' It was what the leaders did that determined what the masses finally did with Jesus Christ."

CONDITIONS TODAY.

Mr. Patterson referred to ways in which chief people are bringing reproach on the church of Christ and arousing hostility toward it by aggrandizement and greed in business. The editor in his chair who advocates lawlessness or shows disregard for the laws on the statute books or who winks at violations of law is sowing the seeds of anarchy.

"It is entirely too early for us to predict eternity for our republic. Other governments which looked as firm as ours have crumbled away. I don't like to be pessimistic, but those of us who read the newspapers and magazines and listen to the chief citizens who are writing and speaking are serious, to say the least. I feel secure about the Church because Christ promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I simply place myself under that promise and trust for its future."

"It will be a sad day for any people," declared the speaker, "when its lawyers become corrupt, champion the side of criminals and try to subvert justice instead of aiding the administration of justice. A lawyer can be and ought to be as honest a Christian as any one else.

"It is important that the doctor should be a Christian because of his influence with his patients. It will be a sad day for our country when our physicians become ungodly men. And our editors, the men who write the mental and moral food which our people consume! God help our country when our editors become ungodly. I wouldn't stand in the shoes of some of our editors for all the money which the world could bestow!"

The speaker urged payment of taxes by the prominent. If not they need not be surprised to see some

day the masses rise up and destroy the property.

Mr. Patterson then came to the prohibition question, saying the issue is not as to what one believes on prohibition. It is a law enacted in a square and open fight and should be enforced. It is a dangerous thing for any man or any cluster of society to get in the habit of violat-

ing the law. For himself, he stands with St. Paul, holding the moderate drinking of liquor a thing morally indifferent, as Paul declared of the food offered the idols in Corinth. Paul divided humanity into the weak and the strong and said to the strong, "I believe with you, but for the sake of the weak I will deny myself and eat no meat while the world stands."



A Bronze Marker.

Some months ago there was completed at the Jackson Training School a building in which our industrial features are to be installed. Already we have in one part of it a fairly well-equipped printing office where THE UPLIFT is set up and printed. All the work of getting out this magazine is done right in this office. One room is nicely fitted up temporarily for a school room; and the balance of the building is set apart for the woodworking machinery. This building is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth of Elkin, N. C. In erecting this building they desire to perpetuate the memory of their mothers and in their honor they have placed this tablet on the house they have built. This cut was made from a photograph that Supt. Thompson himself took of the tablet in its permanent position on the wall.

Some of these days we will place on the King's Daughters' Cottage a tablet; some of these days, we expect to have the privilege and the pleasure of placing a Bill Nye tablet on one of our most important buildings; and there are other buildings planned and needed on which some of these days we hope to have the pleasure of placing other tablets. WE ARE SURE TO DO IT.

"Come South Young Man."

Had Greely lived today his message to the young man would have led him to a different part of the country than the West.

Miles of printed matter have been written in the effort to give readers a statistical photograph of Southern achievements and possibilities, but the finite mind is prone to become bewildered when face to face with tables of figures.

The transition effected during the past quarter of a century has no equal, and only a beginning has been made.

In our own part of the South perhaps greater promise is held forth through the development of electrical energy, for in this work is represented many of the developments which go hand in hand with progress—trolley systems, manufactories, etc.

Nowhere have we seen in more succinct form a compilation of valuable statistics touching upon Southern growth than the following tables of facts, compiled by The Manufacturers' Record.

Those concerned in this growth would do well to file these figures away for reference, for they are accurate and comprehensive:

The South yields annually,—

\$2,675,000,000 from its factories.
 \$2,550,000,000 from its farms.
 \$400,000,000 from its forests.
 \$300,000,000 from its mines.
 \$1,000,000,000 of cotton and cotton seed.
 \$700,000,000 of grain.
 \$180,000,000 of live stock.
 \$175,000,000 of dairy products.
 \$170,000,000 of poultry products.
 \$150,000,000 of fruits and vegetables.

\$75,000,000 of tobacco.
 \$50,000,000 of sugar products.
 \$650,000,000 of exports.
 20,000,000,000 feet of lumber.
 1,250,000,000 pounds of cotton goods.

880,000,000 bushels of cereals.
 90,000,000 tons of coal.
 30,000,000 barrels of petroleum.
 8,500,000 tons of coke.
 6,000,000 tons of iron ore.
 3,500,000 tons of pig iron.
 2,375,000 tons of phosphate rock.
 350,000 tons of sulphur.

The South's resources include—
 28,000,000 population.
 806,947 square miles of land area.
 232,400,000 acres of wooded area.
 16,000 miles navigable inland waterways.

2,500 miles of coast line.
 70,000 miles of railroad.
 \$2,110,000,000 invested in manufacturing.

295 separate kinds of industries.
 11,000,000 spindles.
 250,000 looms.
 845 cotton mills.
 830 cotton seed oil mills.
 125 blast furnaces.
 15,150 lumber mills.
 50 leading minerals.
 490,000,000,000 tons of coal.
 10,000,000,000 tons of iron ore.
 5,000,000 horse power in streams.
 1,000,000 hydro-electric power.
 350,000,000 acres of farm land.
 35,000,000 head of live stock.
 1,400,000,000 of bank deposits.
 21,000,000,000 of property.

♦♦♦♦

George W. Perkins tells the story of an Irishman who, while walking with his friend, passed a jewelry store where there were a lot of precious stones in the window. "Would you not like to have your pick?" asked Pat. "Not me pick, but me shovel," said Mike.—Exchange.

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BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES--NO. 9.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

Bob's mother had hardly started on her round of inspection of the hundreds of moths and butterflies in my collection—stopping here and there to express her delight and astonishment, when she heard Bob calling most earnestly:

"Mother hurry! Here's a fellow coming up out of the ground! Hurry!"

They got there in time to see a large gray-colored Sphinx leaving the hole out of which he came, and slowly crawling over the ground towards the wire cage that enclosed him, and then crawl up to let his moist wings dry. And then Bob's sharp eye caught sight of another's nose peeping above the surface of the ground and they watched him until he came out bodily.

"Well!" exclaimed Bob, "if that don't beat all the slight-of-handers I ever saw! Doctor, is this a trick you're playing on us? Did you put these fellows under the ground to make us feel funny when they come up?—Honor bright doctor!"

"It looks like a resurrection from the dead," observed the mother, in a very serious voice.

"It is among the best illustrations we have of that coming event," observed I; and looking at Bob I told him that I did not put those things under the ground—that they went under themselves without anybod's help.

"The doctor says," went on Bob, "that that thing went down into the ground a crawling caterpillar last September, and that it has been lying there ever since, with nothing to eat, and that has been—let me see—nine months ago, and here it is alive! Is that really the thing that went into the ground nine months ago, doctor?—really!"

"I'll have to use a rather big word, Bob, in answering your question, and you must find out the meaning of that word, and then you will know just what I mean: Substantially, it is the same thing that went down into the ground last September."

"But where's the caterpillar, doctor? That's what I want to know," persisted Bob.

"Well, we'll just dig down around the hole he came out of, and see if we can find it," said I, and I began to excavate. Four inches deep I struck a little firmer earth, and worked around this a little deeper, until I struck the wooden bottom on which the earth rested, and pressing

my instrument under the mass I had worked around, I brought up a hollow mound three inches long, one and one-half inches wide, and about the same in height. Examining the inside of this "grave" which the caterpillar had constructed, I showed Bob how it had gummed it all over, and made it firm so as to prevent the earth from falling in on him, and then he prepared himself for his long "sleep." (The best illustration I can give the reader of this ingenious work of the caterpillar, is an orange cut in half, and taking the rind only, press the sides so that it will be longer than it is wide, and he will have almost the exact shape of the mound of the sphinx.)

"Here, Bob, this is what the caterpillar built for himself to lie in for the nine months; and just look at the hole in the top of it, and you will see where he came out."

"That may be all so, doctor, but what I want to know is what has become of the caterpillar?—I see something on the bottom where you took his grave out something that looks like a caterpillar; if that is so, where is the caterpillar?"

There was no getting rid of this earnest, inquisitive boy until he had some sort of satisfaction; and all I could tell him was, that the caterpillar came out of that skin, changed to the thing with wings—such as he saw come up out of the earth, and is now called a sphinx.

"But how did he do it—how did he know how to do it? He never saw any other caterpillar do it, and—well, I give it all up."

"Well you may, my boy. You corner me when you ask how he knew how to do it. There is only one who knows the secret of this wonderful change, and who taught the caterpillar how to do it, and that One is our Father in heaven. And I hope you have not forgotten what I told you about being able to make ugly people, ugly, in disposition and life, beautiful in goodness, if they will only let Him do it?"

"No!" said Bob, "I told mother about it, and she thought you were right."

This settled the matter so far as the mystery of it was concerned, and after the mother had left for home, we planned a raid on the moths that could be captured only at night.

"Now, Bob, be ready at eight o'clock, and we'll go after night-fliers: nets, cork-lined basket, poison

bottle, and some old strong beer with plenty of sugar in it, and a brush to apply it; and then, some old, half-decayed banana skins—the worse they smell the better for our purposes, for moths love odors that offend our noses; and last, but not least, two good bull-eye lanterns, and then we'll be ready for business." Bob looked at me as if I were "fooling" him on some of these items, and asked what I wanted the old beer and decayed banana skins for?

"You'll see in time: you get the skins, and I'll get the beer," and with this he went home to get ready for the expedition, a very much amused boy.

About 8 o'clock we started out for the woods and water courses. The night was just the thing for our purposes—dark and slightly moist temperature, and with little or no wind. I took out the brush and began to daub the beer on one side of the trunks of the trees, and sprinkle it on some bushes, and then I tacked up some of the banana skins, while Bob looked at me as if I were going daft.

"Now, Bob, get the bull-eye lanterns, and fasten one to that young tree (20 feet off) and turn the light on the doctored tree, and then watch, and as they say, 'You'll see what you will see.'" I threw the light of my lantern on another tree.

"Net all right, Bob?"

"You bet it is; just let them come along, and you'll see what you'll see"—and so throwing my words back at me

"Now, Bob, before they come along, let's have a little practice: watch me, and see how I handle the net, so as not to lose the fellow after we have netted him," and I swung the net, and his sharp eye caught every motion,

"I see," he said; "swift swing to the left, and a quick twist of the wrist to the right, and so close the mouth of the net—that right?"

Our "practice" was scarcely over, when Bob jumped to his feet, with, "there's one, doctor, going straight after the beer, and—there's another, and—"

"Get after him, Bob; but don't try to catch him while he is on the tree, but just before he lights, or just as he is leaving the tree—now try your hand."

"I've got him, doctor—two of 'em!—yes, two of 'em," and the elated boy was happy over his first achievement as a "practical Entomologist."

And his catch were actual beauties: one was the *Atacus Lunar*—Lunar

Moth—with its beautiful light green wings, of five inches spread, with long projecting tail: the other was the Atacus Promethia—both worthy to decorate the cabinet of kings or gods. These, together with those I netted, went first to the poison bottle, and a few moments after, to the cork lined basket, with pins through their bodies, so as to make room for others that we knew would follow. We kept at it for several hours, until I was really tired after the labor of the day, but this interested boy would have kept at it, seemingly, all night. But, after catching between forty and fifty, I called a halt, and we left the field richly rewarded for our time and fatigue. Bob's twenty-six went into his "Slacker" and the balance went into mine to keep them limber in joints, until the next day, when we would stretch them on their blocks, and so begin to prepare them for the cabinet.

♦♦♦♦ A Sensible Soldier's Opinion.

In concluding a very thoughtful article on the subject of desertions from the army, Henry S. Sullivan, a First Sergeant of the 8th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Monterey, California, writing to the New York Sun, says:

"Enough has been said to show that in the discussion of desertion our investigation must be directed to causes extraneous to the army itself. It grieves me to say that here is where we ought to hang our heads in shame, or better still, take the manlier course and face the facts squarely and honestly, distasteful as they prove to our self-love and humiliating to pride. Despite the rigid examination to which the recruit is subjected at enlistment, many mental weaklings and moral cripples slip past the recruiting officer into the army. Little blame can attach to these unfortunates; they merely made an unwise choice of parents and the curse of failure was laid on them at the very beginning. To achieve a creditable result, here, the army ought to have begun with the grand-parents. We must bring ourselves to acknowledge sooner or later that the shame lies with the early training of the boy in home and school; in the defects inherent in our system of primary education. False standards of success are held up for his childish emulation; his energy is frittered away on a dozen subjects at school and he learns none thoroughly; he is indulged, spoiled, and encouraged to develop into a youthful egotist, a law unto himself. The result has been in

this case, superficiality, not depth; diffusion, not concentration; anarchy instead of order. He was taught to value the shadow rather than the substance; to prefer temporary advantage to permanent gain, and in his home he observed very early in life how the small voices of duty and obligation, respect for law, reverence for authority, were all swallowed up in the insistent and blatant clamors of the market place.

"We have now arrived at the nub of the whole matter. The early education of our recruit has been feminine, and femininism explains the marked and ingrained lawlessness, inefficiency and instability of purpose, which characterize so many recruits presented to the recruiting officer. From this class our deserters are mainly recruited. The feminine influence regarding very lightly an offence which masculine opinion has ever severely condemned.

"In these days when the forces of disintegration threaten the foundations of the republic, and the education of the schools is not constructive but more destructive every year, the army with its high traditions of service and duty is a "tower of strength" to those observant men who read the signs of the times. I take comfort in the hope that its gospel of plain living and high thinking, of the value of simple things, of unselfishness, and of the sanctity of obligation, will yet win the nation back from its worship of false gods, and leaven our fellow citizens with the obligation of social service and a higher patriotism."

What this soldier says of femininism is worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all indulgent mothers. It is true that "a boy's best friend is his mother," in the sense that she, more than all others, really desires his welfare; but, unfortunately, too many mothers are weaklings when it comes to a question of wholesome and saving discipline. Too many boys are abandoned by their fathers to the government of over-fond and indulgent mothers, and realize at last, by sad experience, that there is a kindness that kills, and a devotion that damns.

♦♦♦♦ A Contrast.

The men who are going up and down North Carolina preaching sanitation and health, and pleading for the establishment of an institution that will stand as a blockhouse along the firing line of the anti-tuberculosis armies, have our most sincere sympathy and best wishes. There is a

story going the rounds about a little mother with three children who fell a victim of the great white plague; and she wrote the health officials asking what to do; and they replied that there was nothing to do but die, for the great state made no provision for little mothers who had consumption. But there was a hog on a farm that fell sick and the farmer saw it had cholera, and he wired the agricultural department for help, and an expert was sent. In North Carolina we must make provision for curing tuberculosis, and for preventing and for stamping out the disease; and until we do, every boast we make of our wealth and our salubrious climate and our sturdy yeomanry and our glorious history, is a hollow mockery that condemns us. What does it count if we were first at Manassas, farthest at Gettysburg and last at Appomattox, if, while spending money to prevent cholera among swine, we spend but a paltry \$12,000 a year to protect the public health and to save valuable human lives? If the next legislature does not take advanced position in this matter it deserves to have odium piled on it as high as the capitol dome.—Selected.

♦♦♦♦ Two Comments.

Columbia State.

The Charlotte Chronicle commends to young men the saying of a North Carolinian that the "difference between \$10 ahead and \$10 behind is the difference between happiness and." Has The Chronicle been sitting in a 25 cent limit game? Roanoke World.

Here is a text which everyone should take to heart, but how few who read this will resolve to do so. Running ten dollars behind is a habit with many people. They get behind and are never able to catch up. As long as they pay their obligations they are given credit, and credit is the undoing of many. The very best thing that could happen for many would be a positive refusal of credit. Getting credit is regarded commonly as complimentary and this is a noose that strangles thousands.

"Get the habit" of ten dollars ahead. Throw off the habit of running behind. It is the "difference between happiness and misery."

♦♦♦♦ Just All You Can

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

Thoughts Suggested by Drainage.

We must be conservative. When we espouse, a cause, our enthusiasm leads us in many instances to claim too much. The actual condition is always bad enough without claiming more or giving allowance for changed conditions.

A very helpful crusade and agitation for the drainage of our streams, bottoms and swamps are among the recent arousments of North Carolinians. We had the pleasure of attending a drainage convention in Cabarrus recently, where an address was made by a representative of the National Government. What he said appealed to us as sound, wise and timely. One exception, however, we feel inclined to mention. The gentleman said that a straight stream would keep open and clear itself of washings and sand from the neighboring hills better than a crooked stream. That will not do. The cutting of channels in order to straighten streams has been known to fill them up.

The late Rev. Jesse H. Page preached a sermon on this point once. He sized up properly the cheek and brass of human beings trying to run streams better than the Almighty. He cited many instances to prove the foolishness of man along this line. We can ourselves recall certain low lands, which thirty years ago produced most wonderful corn. That today are wet, swampy and mighty poor pastures. This was caused absolutely by the owners cutting a channel straight and filling up the crooked stream. We shall not argue what advantage the water in a crooked stream has in keeping the channel clear over the water in a straight stream. That fact is clear to every person that ever lived by a crooked stream, which man had converted into a straight stream.

But the young fellow that blazed the way for the drainage of the low lands did wonderfully effective work in the manner he presented the cause. It is now a great necessity in a great majority of the counties of the state, and his work should be applauded. It will bear fruit.

In endorsing the move to open up the streams of Cabarrus county and drain the low lands, Capt. Charles McDonald grew eloquent and enthusiastic. He drew before the convention a picture—a picture with life in it catches us all—which told a story that is true and terrible. The filled up streams are not entirely responsible for all the exhibit that Capt. McDonald made. But

the condition of our low lands has had an enormous effect in bringing about the condition that was pictured.

Capt. McDonald had gone to five of the important produce dealers in Concord and secured figures and adding to this an estimate to cover the business of a few smaller ones that did some original shipping, he read to that convention that there was annually received into Concord by rail:

Bacon, 188,750 pounds; flour 26,250 barrels, corn 37,375 bushels, oats 20,625 bushels, mill feed 700 tons, live hogs 400 head, beef cattle 300 head.

Thirty years ago this kind of business was unknown. On the contrary, there was not only enough of all things raised in the county to supply its population but the depot showed that all these things except the last three articles named were being shipped out of the county to furnish other peoples. That's all so; but it is not correct to suppose that all this was brought about by the streams filling up. This cause has had a large influence in bringing about this condition, but by no means all—not even a half.

The crops are not as sure on many low lands as years ago because of floods rather than a swampy condition of the lands. This is due to heavier rains and to the clearing of timbered lands. This condition is also caused by a more extensive culture of cotton than thirty years ago, and less attention to corn and grain. The stock law operations have decreased the number of hogs and cattle raised. This cannot be denied. Then there is another and larger cause. The town in thirty years has grown from a village of eleven hundred to a place of more than ten thousand. These town people don't farm, except on paper, in the shade and by giving advice to the real farmer. These town people have to eat and do eat; they have to ride and up to recently made no attempt to get about except by horse-power. These horses and other stock need food, hence much of the shipping in of food supplies. The hundreds of hands in the mills, once corn, wheat and hog producers in the country now town consumers, must be provided for.

But many of the low lands of the county have become all but worthless because of the soil from the hill-sides washing in and filling up the channels of the streams. It is a considerable loss not to have these lands productive of crops; but the

greatest evil lies in the danger to health. This should be the main point with all sound men whether they own creek lands or own none at all. It is a matter that concerns all.

The proposition to drain the low lands in Piedmont North Carolina is feasible and sound. They are wise men who are fathering the move.

♦♦♦♦

"Waste Not, Want Not."

Fatherless Ones.

This is a motto which should be on the walls of every home, every school house in our land. Surely the Americans are a wasteful people, and we have evidence all around us that many foreigners who come to this country very poor grow rich upon what our people throw away.

Two families may live side by side, the one thriftless and prodigal the other careful and thrifty, and the whole secret of it is, the one wastes, the other saves; the one scatters, the other accumulates.

There is nothing a boy or girl should be made to avoid more than carelessly throwing things away.

The great lesson Jesus intended to teach, when he said "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" was, don't waste anything. The scraps and crumbs will feed the cats, the dogs, the birds, and the fowls. Nature is a great economizer and is always saving to re-produce with. The leaves fall and are blown hither and thither but not wasted, they nourish new life. The cotton stalks are cut down and return to mother earth that they may help to feed the land that shall produce another crop.

With all these lessons of saving and thrift all around us is it not criminal to allow children to abuse the bounty of parent or guardian; to cast their old clothes into the ditch to rot when they might clothe some needy ragged child?

We should always think "there is some one in the world worse off than I am," and many a thrifty, careful, poor person, has carried comfort to other shivering souls even out of their poverty.

We believe waste always brings want and no one can with impunity throw away material, money or opportunity without at sometime in their lives wanting some of the very things they threw away.

♦♦♦♦

The best evidences of religion are holy and kind and useful and godly lives, really molded and controlled by the divine Christ.—Henry Van Dyke.

The Problem of Good Roads Will Solve Itself.

Monroe Enquirer.

Good roads are going to stretch all over this country before very much more time passes. No sparsely settled country can have good roads for the simple fact that in a very sparsely settled country it is cheaper for the citizens to drag over a bad road, the little travelling he has to do, than it is to work the road between his house and his neighbor's. If men lived five miles apart and market many miles away it would be cheaper to go over a rough, bad road to market once or twice a year as our fathers did than it would be for each man to work his five miles of road. When men lived one mile apart they could afford to keep up a fairly good wagon road, but that was all—such a thing as grading and macadamizing the mile of road was an undertaking entirely too expensive. But now when but a quarter of a mile or but an eighth of a mile or less of road is kept up by each citizen living along the highway then it is cheaper to work that little stretch of road well rather than to drag over a bad road the year round. For that very reason—just because it is cheaper for every citizen to travel a good road for short distances than it is for all citizens to travel over a bad road all the time—good roads are going to be had. For that reason The Enquirer takes very little stock in whooping up good roads considering the whole thing a mere business proposition and one that is just as sure to come as people continue to multiply and prosper. There is no argument for a good road, as we see it. None but a crazy man would go over a bad road in preference to going over a good one. The matter of good and bad roads comes down to a purely business proposition. If it cost ten-thousand dollars to put a given stretch of road in fine condition and but ten farmers lived along that way it would not pay them to spend a thousand dollars each to put the road in fine order.

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If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

**THE SELWYN.**

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an idea home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

But suppose that instead of ten there were five hundred farmers using that highway, then the \$20 each would have to spend to build that road would be well invested—and there you are. The conditions are such in Union county that it pays to build good roads and they are building them. They are laying plans to build still better roads and it is good to think that the time has come when these good roads can be built and nobody burdened to build them. Roads along which you would not see a house for miles just a few years ago are now so lined with nice homes that the traveler is never out of sight of a dwelling and it is getting to be so that loud talking of anything not intended for the neighbor's ears has to be done away with, so thickly settled are many of the rural sections. Yes, sir, good roads are coming along. Coming on with the rural graded schools, the improved farms, and to keep up with the rural telephone system and the rural free delivery of mail. We rejoice in the fact that good roads are near at hand. May we all live long, to travel over them.

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Memorial a Benefaction.
Raleigh News and Observer.

The North Carolina Press Association has put itself in line to do a work that is of merit both as a memorial and for the good which it will do. It purposes to honor the memory of Bill Nye, the genial humorist-philosopher, whose body was buried in North Carolina soil, and, in doing this, its plans have been made to do a work of uplift for wayward boys.

The Press Association appointed a memorial committee to plan what should be made a Bill Nye memorial, and that committee has just announced that its decision is that the memorial take the form of a building at the Stonewall Jackson Training School at Concord. If Nye had been present to have aided the committee, he would have endorsed what was done. He loved mankind and that his name will aid in the making of men of wayward boys is a fitting tribute.

As between a building at a training school for wayward boys, and the most beautiful monument ever reared, Bill Nye would have chosen the building for the boys. The five thousand dollars that is to be put into that building is to be raised by popular subscription, and the public is called on to help. It should do so cheerfully and rapidly, for the contributions are for two causes. In honor

of the memory of Bill Nye, and to help North Carolina boys who need help.

Bill Nye loved North Carolina and his life was spent in this State, his association with it being close, and in its soil his body awaits the final trump. His humor and philosophy have lifted many burdens, to read after him was a joy, the man himself was one who lived close to men's hearts, a lovable man, a benefactor of the race, whose writings will live to cheer other generations. To be one of those to erect so fitting a tribute to his memory will be a pleasure and a privilege. His life had in it phases of sadness, and that because of it the sadness in other lives is to be cleared away is most appropriate. There should be a response so quick and so liberal that the memorial-benefaction will soon be a reality in brick and stone and in equipment at the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

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**Casting up Accounts.**  
Wilmington Star.

The strawberry section, of which Wilmington is the centre this season, shipped to the Northern markets 428,581 crates of strawberries of the gross value of \$3.50 a crate, aggregating nearly \$1,400,000. Refrigeration, transportation, commissions and other expenses amounted to \$471,539.10, leaving a net balance of \$851,448.15. These interesting figures we pick from the report of Mr. H. T. Bauman, secretary of the East Carolina Truck and Fruit Growers' Association, which held its fourteenth annual meeting in Wilmington on Wednesday. An industry of such magnitude and tremendous importance requires the supervision of just such an organization as the East Carolina Truck and Fruit Growers' Association, and The Star is gratified to note renewed interest in its valuable work and increased determination to support an organization so well calculated to save hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the berry growers.

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If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.


CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results--In November we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose.

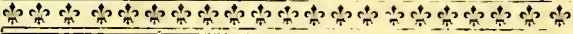
Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The Educational Cottage must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE :

Counties.	Superintendents.	Number.		Johnston	J. P. Cannady.	150	
Alamance	P. H. Fleming	250		Jones	K. F. Foscue.	10	
Alexander	A. F. Sharpe	50		Lincoln	G. T. Heafner.	75	Raised.
Alleghany	W. F. Jones	40		Lee	R. W. Allen.	25	
Anson	J. M. Wall	80		Lenoir	J. Kinsey.	100	
Ashe	W. H. Jones	50		Macon	M. D. Billings.	75	
Beaufort.	W. L. Vaughn	150		Madison	M. C. Buckner.	56	
Bertie	R. W. Askew	70		Martin	R. J. Peele.	25	
Bladen	A. Cromartie	75		Mecklenburg	R. J. Cochran.	550	
Brunswick	G. H. Bellamy	25		McDowell	D. F. Giles.	50	Raised.
Buncombe	A. C. Reynolds	500		Mitchell	J. M. Peterson.	25	
Burke	R. L. Patton	120		Montgomery	W. A. Cochran.	75	
Cabarrus	C. E. Boger	250	Raised.	Moore	J. A. McLeod.	75	
Caldwell	Y. D. Moore	100		Nash	R. E. Ransom.	100	
Camden	C. H. Spencer	5		New Hanover	W. Catlett.	300	
Carteret	L. B. Ennett	70		Northampton	P. J. Long.	20	
Caswell	Geo. A. Anderson	25		Onslow	W. M. Thompson.	25	
Catawba	George E. Long	200		Orange	T. W. Address.	100	
Chatham	R. P. Johnson	75		Pamlico	V. C. Daniels.	15	
Cherokee	A. L. Martin	75		Pasquotank	G. A. Little.	75	
Chowan	J. O. Alderman	50		Pender	T. T. Murphy.	25	
Clay	G. H. Haigler	10		Perquimans	W. G. Gaither.	50	
Cleveland	B. T. Falls	200		Person	G. F. Holloway.	75	Raised.
Columbus	F. T. Wooten	125		Pitt	W. H. Ragsdale.	150	
Craven	S. M. Brinson	100		Polk	J. R. Foster.	25	
Cumberland	B. T. McBryde	200		Randolph	E. J. Coltrane.	150	
Currituck	J. M. Newbern	10		Richmond	W. R. Coppedge.	75	
Dare	W. B. Fearing	10		Robeson	J. R. Poole.	150	
Davidson	P. S. Vann	200		Rockingham	L. N. Hickerson.	200	
Davie	E. P. Bradley	25		Rowan	R. G. Kizer.	250	
Duplin	D. S. Kennedy	100		Rutherford	B. H. Bridges.	100	
Durham	C. W. Massey	300		Sampson	L. L. Mathews.	100	
Edgecombe	R. G. Kittrell	50		Scotland	G. H. Russell.	40	
Forsyth	W. B. Speas	350		Stanly	E. F. Eddins.	100	
Franklin	R. B. White	85		Stokes	J. T. Smith.	50	
Gaston	F. P. Hall	250		Surry	J. H. Allen.	100	
Gates	T. W. Costen, Jr.	15		Swain	J. M. Smiley	52	
Graham	T. A. Carpenter	5		Transylvania	T. C. Henderson	25	
Grainville	J. F. Webb	80		Tyrrell	R. H. Spruill	5	
Greene	J. E. Fobnam	20		Union	R. N. Nisbett	150	
Guilford	T. R. Foust	500		Vance	J. C. Kittrell	100	
Halifax	A. S. Harrion	80		Wake	Z. V. Judd	500	
Harnett	J. D. Ezzell	75		Warren	N. Allen	20	
Haywood	R. A. Sentell	100		Washington	V. Martin	25	
Henderson	W. S. Shitle	50		Watauga	B. B. Dougherty	25	
Hertford	T. E. Brown	25		Wayne	E. T. Atkinson	200	
Hyde	S. J. Beckwith	5	Raised.	Wilkes	C. C. Wright	75	Raised.
Iredell	L. O. White	250		Wilson	E. J. Barnes	125	
Jackson	R. O. Self	50		Yadkin	C. H. Johnson	25	
				Yancey	G. P. Deyton	15	



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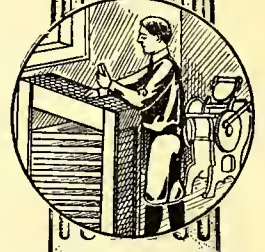
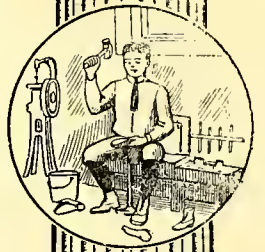
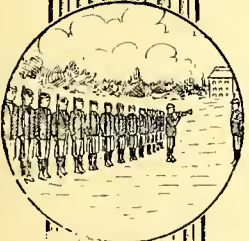
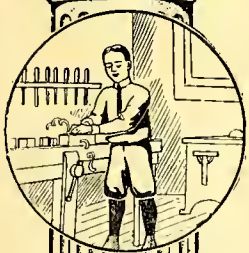
C364

Prof. W. W. Walker

26



THE UPLIFT



HOME FOR THE HOMELESS AND
THE WAYWARD.

Never was my thought so pure, my
heart so tender and my feeling so holy as
when I saw for the first time the hal-
lowed spot where the dropped stitches of
vanished hands are being woven again
in the loom of love.

---James William Lynch.

November, 1910

ANOTHER CONTEST.

One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Nine Prizes. Open to All White Pupils of the Public Schools, Country or Town, of North Carolina.

On the first day of May 1911, THE UPLIFT will give away One Hundred Dollars to nine pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes:

- No. 1.—\$25.00.
- No. 2.— 20.00.
- No. 3.— 15.00.
- No. 4.— 10.00.
- No. 5.— 10.00.
- No. 6.— 5.00.
- No. 7.— 5.00.
- No. 8.— 5.00.
- No. 9.— 5.00.

WHAT PRIZES ARE FOR.

To encourage the young while yet in the schools to learn to write, to think out a story, to put it into choice words. To encourage them to build up a mental picture, and then clothe it in words—a story, an essay, a little novel, a narrative, an imaginative or real trip. This story or essay must have running through it that which is elevating and pure, be striving for the good and the moral, in touch with a human interest that has a tendency to please and uplift. Must not exceed 3000 words.

THESE ARE THE RULES:

1. This contest is open to any and all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.
2. The story must be typewritten, and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by April 15th, 1911. No manuscript in pen or pencil will be considered; and a manuscript received on a date later than the fifteenth of April will not be considered.
3. The real name of the contestant must in no case appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume in every instance must be on the manuscript; and the said nom de

plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and placed in the large envelope containing the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or person or any paper or any source for information or advice.

5. No photographs or pictures are required, but if any contestant desires to illustrate the story with pictures they will be gratefully received.

6. Every contestant must be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT or have access to it. If any one living in the same home with the contestant is a subscriber, that will satisfy this requirement. This is done to avoid receiving so many inquiries, which can not be answered. We can not afford to keep a private secretary or a clerk to attend to any correspondence. All facts or rules governing this contest will appear in this paper.

7. You have the right to get any one to copy your story into a typewritten copy. But the copyist has no right to correct any errors.

8. In the envelope containing the nom de plume and the real name, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with the true name:

"The story signed _____ as a nom de plume, is original; was constructed and written by me and is in no wise corrected or changed by any other person. I have access to THE UPLIFT through the one that comes to _____"
(name the subscriber.)

(Signed) _____ (Name)

A STATEMENT.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents, principals, and officers of city and rural schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by two or more contestants.

THE UPLIFT.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Hertford County.

The third prize essay won by Miss Virginia Bluma Wynne. Circumstances over which we have no control prevent our publishing reproduction of the photographs sent. The paper is well worth reading.

On the 12th of December 1758 John Campbell a member from Bertie in the Colonial General Assembly of North Carolina, presented a petition asking for the erection of a county, from the territory of Chowan, Bertie, and Northampton.

On the 10th day of December 1759 Benjamin Wynns one of the members from Bertie was ordered to prepare and bring in a bill pursuant to the prayer of the petition, which he did and same was passed and sent to Council.

December 18th, 1759, it was endorsed and sent to the upper house, when it was first read. It passed its final reading December 29th 1759.

This county received its name in honor Francis Seymore, Marquise of Hertford, a great friend of Liberty and the American Colonies, who introduced in the house of Lords, in 1765 a bill to repeal the infamous Stamp Act.

Hertford county was represented for some years in the Council in the person of Colonel James Jones, who aided greatly in securing the establishment of the loyal and graceful little county.

This territory is bound on the North by Virginia; on the East by the Chowan river; on the South by Bertie county; on the West by Northampton county.

The length from East to West is about 38.5 miles. The breadth, from North to South 24.5 miles; having an area of 943.25 square miles. The shape is something of a broken pyramid.

The citizenship of this county was of a high type.

Many of its men had been educated in the schools and colleges of the old country.

Its women were beautiful and attractive.

Its early settlers were French, Scotch, Irish, and Scotch-Irish, principally.

Hertford county is rich in the

characters of her families, and in the acts and deeds of her sons, both in war and in peace, but poor in her records.

On the night of August the 22nd 1830 the county sustained an irreparable loss in the destruction of her records of seventy years by fire.

One Wright Allen was indicted in the Superior Court for forgery and thinking the note was in the court-house and by burning the same he would destroy evidence of his guilt, he touched the torch to the building and quickly the court-house and records of the county from its foundation were within a few hours blotted from human eyes.

The county seat then, as at present, was located in the town of Winton. Ben. J. Wynns, a member of the assembly when Hertford county was formed, introduced a bill to establish a town on his land. The bill passed in 1768, and donated 150 acres of land for the town which was named in his honor. This was the first incorporated town in the county and stood alone in its glory for twenty years.

It soon became the center and Mecca of Hertfords dignitaries.

Hertford county has ever done her part in sending to the front her noble sons.

In the war with England she furnished ten companies of true soldiers, some of the colonies most famous fighters. Some were killed others advanced in rank. They loved the old land, its traditions, its history, and its families but could not submit to the wrongs and exactions of a bigoted aristocracy. Some of them were captured by the British and even carried to London and held as prisoners until the hostilities ceased. Then with the same loyal spirit of patriotism they returned to their native country and became members from their county to the convention of the state to consider the ratification of the United States Constitution. The large majority of the people of Hertford County were Federalist in politics, which was the political faith of Washington. The period following the war was one in which the county was tranquil in peace. The people happy and seeking out homes.

The young village of Murfreesboro named in honor of William Murfree, a legislator of state reputation and

renown, soon became an attractive place to home seekers and many found an abiding place in its borders.

But peace was not long to reign, where the Pander, a box of evil was already open. The negroes, who have ever been more of a trouble and misfortune to the country, had not to come, they were here already. Our fathers had their troubles and dangers as well as these of the present day.

"Who breathes must suffer; who thinks must mourn; he alone is blessed who was never borned."

As to the education of that day there exists a mistaken idea. Some think that we have reached a degree of learning far superior to our forefathers, but the state papers and speeches, the constitution of the United States, messages to Congress, the speeches of the early patriots are lasting monuments of wisdom and intellectuality of olden times, and they stand out today in bold comparison with the production of modern times.

Hertford county was greatly alarmed during the Nat Turner insurrection which began in Southampton County, Virginia, August the 21st 1831, Nat Turner, a negro preacher, belonging to Joseph Travis of Southampton county secretly organized the negroes of the neighborhood to join him, armed with guns, knives, and clubs and proceeded to kill the white men women and children. They started on their bloody insurrection August 21st, his first victims being his master, Joseph Travis, his wife, and children. They continued to add to the number until they had slaughtered 55 whites before they were checked. Men women and children were sent to villages for protection. John Wheeler of Murfreesboro raised a company of troops and marched quickly to the scene of trouble and rendered valuable assistance in quelling the bloodthirsty negroes. Twenty-four of the conspirators were tried, convicted and executed. One of the conspirators was shot and killed on the campus of Chowan College of Murfreesboro and there buried. His mission there was to organize the negroes of the community to join in the bloodshed.

Such troubles elsewhere together with disputed political questions brought on the great civil war.

North Carolina although slow in

withdrawing from the Union when the question came to decide for either North or South no longer hesitated, and when she called a convention to meet in the city of Raleigh in May 1861; Hertford county was represented in this convention by her brilliant son, Hon. Kenneth Raynor. On the 20th of June her delegates passed a resolutions of secession and joined the Confederate States.

Hon. W. H. Smith of Hertford county a member of United States Congress when his state withdrew from the Union, was elected a member of the Confederate Congress and remained a member until the government ended.

Never was such bravery, endurance and skill in the war exhibited by any part of the civilized world, as was exhibited by the southern army and Southern people in this mighty conflict.

Hertford county sent her full quota of her fairest and bravest sons—a large per cent of them fell at the altar of the "Lost Cause." Their bodies were left sleeping in distant lands where they surrendered their lives in defense of what they believed to be right.

On February 20th 1862, another awful calamity befell the county. On that day three war ships of the Union navy passed up the Chowan river by Winton and fired shell from their heavy guns on the town for some hours. Then they landed and finding the town unguarded and unprotected set fire to it and burned it. Thus a second time the records of the county were ruthlessly destroyed.

But Hertford County has always been able to boast of gifted sons. In 1901 Denny Worthington of Murfreesboro contributed to the literature of the State "The Broken Sword," a pictorial page of reconstruction. In 1880 Maj. John Moore of Pitch Landing published his most excellent history of North Carolina. Richard Jordan Gatling, the distinguished American inventor, was born in Hertford County September, 12th, 1818. His celebrated revolving battery gun, which bears his name has given him world wide fame.

Dr. Gatling devoted nearly thirty years of his life to the task of perfecting his wonderful gun, and conducted numerous tests of its efficiency before nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. Every where he was received with distinguished consideration, but honors heaped upon him never changed him. He always remained the same well bred gentleman, gentle in speech and manners,

which is the surest passport to kindly recognition.

Hertford has a population of about 15,000. The products are those common to the tide-water region of Eastern Carolina, being corn, cotton, peanuts, tobacco, potatoes, and fruits. Her woods furnish pine, oak, cypress, beech, poplar, walnut, persimmon, sweet gum, dogwood and other valuable timbers.

Surely this a place fit for a prince, a home in which the lowly are inspired to undertake noble things, a county in which the very best is developed in its girls and boys, even the skies and birds, the brooks and sunshine bid them look upward and make the very stars their goal.

If there is ever a paradise on earth, if ever a place is found below "Where the wicked cease their troubling and the weary are at rest," it is by the still waters of the Chowan in old Hertford county.

♦♦♦♦

What Shall We be Thankful For?

By R. F. Beasley.

Oh, well, let's be thankful for boys, plain, harum scarum boys—the active and restless boy, ready to turn his hand to most any old thing that promises amusement. He is our present trouble but our future joy! He is our blessing in disguise. He is the mother's joy and the father's nightmare. But he is the "stuff" all right. The trouble is only that we haven't taken time to understand him. And Winkydinks spends eighteen hours a day dissecting a worm under a microscope, when he might be studying a much more interesting specimen—a real live boy.

And so it has been with our parents, our teachers and our schools to a great degree. Parents wish to dress up Watsytotsy and make a man of him when he is only a boy, and teachers want to cram his head full of knowledge of books and history and things far off, when they ought to be giving outlet to his energy and leading him along through the character making. And no wonder the boy himself has decided that he is a much abused and misunderstood fellow.

No, a bad boy is a joy forever if he is only bad, now mind you. Let him be ever so "bad" if he wants to be. He will probably lay that aside along with his knickerbockers, shed it off like a snake does his skin. But, boys, there is a difference in being bad and in being mean. Now, a mean fellow may get over it sometime, but he will have a hard time of it. He will need help and plenty

of it. And he is worth the trouble! A boy may sneak off to the swimming pool on Sunday, but he must not lie about it. When he says it is so, his reputation must be such that we will know it is so.

He may forget to say his prayers, but he must be loyal—loyal to his school, his parents, his friend and himself.

He must be ready to lend a helping hand to others, and be strong enough to let go a thing that he very much desires if it become necessary.

He must keep a straight backbone and a stiff upper lip. He must look one straight in the eye, even himself. He must take his medicine and look pleasant while swallowing it. He must stand to the rack even when the fodder gives out. He must never forget that nothing matters so long as he is "O. K." on the inside.

He must be too strong to do wrong. He must not swim with the current if it is going the wrong way. He must remember always to keep on good terms with his most intimate companion—himself.

So, for one, I shall be thankful for the boy, thankful that we are learning to give him a chance to make a man of himself, and thankful that so many of them are "making good."

♦♦♦♦

As to the Grumblers.

There are lots of grumblers in this town, little and big they may be found, living on 'most every street, and they're not so nice to meet. I met one of them yesterday, and tho' 'twas like a day in May there was not a cloud about, he grumbled for fear of drought, and when clouds betoken rain, he would fear a flood again. O, he grumbles at this and then at that first at the dog and then at the cat, and he growls so much around his wife, that she too has learned to scowl at life, and all their children where e'er they go, a spirit of discontent would show. My friends don't let that be your name, feel for it a sense of shame. Move up or Thanksgiving street, smile at everyone you meet.

When there comes a day of rain, does it help to complain? Joy is in the world today, if you'll let it come your way. So move up on Thanksgiving street, and smile at every one you meet.—Ansonian.

♦♦♦♦

Why he never got above a little picayune business he ruined his capacity for larger things by burying himself in detail.

Preachers Boy in Public Eye all the Time.

By T. W. C. in Charlotte News.

From time immemorial it has been an every day saying that the worst boys in the community were the preacher's boys. If one goes wrong it is with a sneer that some critic will remark "just another of those preacher's boys!" Others may go wrong of men in business and professional life but there is not the same criticism. It is true that the preacher's boy is in the public eye and is watched the more closely. It is also possibly true that the public demands more of the son of a preacher.

It is interesting to note that in the history of this country the sons of preachers have made good records and that a large number of them have risen to place of prominence.

Recently the Omaha Daily News published the following list of eminent Americans who were the sons of preachers and this list could be lengthened considerably if time should be taken in the investigation. However, the list will show that in some distance, at least, the preacher's son has taken a brace and have made their mark.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, author; Edward Everett Hale, statesman and author; John Hancock, first signer of the Declaration of Independence; Jonathan Edwards, theologian; Increase Mather, former president of Harvard; Cotton Mather, author and scholar; George Bancroft, statesman and historian; Louis Agassiz, naturalist; Henry Clay, statesman and orator; Ralph Waldo Emerson, essayist and poet; David Dudley Field jurist; Stephen J. Field, Justice United States supreme court; Cyrus W. Field founder of the Atlantic Cable Company; John B. Gordon, soldier and statesman; Henry Ward Beecher, preacher and reformer; Samuel F. B. Morse, artist and inventor; James Russell Lowell, author and diplomat; Francis Parkman historian; Grover Cleveland, twice president of the United States; David J. Brewer, former justice of the United States supreme court; Jonathan P. Dolliver, senator; Henry James, novelist; Richard Watson Gilder, editor and poet; Lyman Abbott, preacher and editor. There are others, too many to enumerate, enough to prove that were all men's sons up to the average made by preachers' sons there would be a much higher average.

Following the list the Omaha News remarks: "It must not be forgotten

that while the minister is doing a thousand one things for the spiritual comfort of the members of his congregation on a salary that most bricklayers would despise, his children must necessarily be neglected to that extent, and that they have each the same temptation to struggle against that your girl and boy face."

In the same connection the Richmond Times-Dispatch adds this suggestive statement: "Some people expect the sons of ministers to be immaculate candidates for translation but they are just like other sons—no worse, and some times a great deal better."

♦♦♦♦

Farms and Farm Labor.

A summary of the chapter of the report of the Department of Labor and Printing devoted to farms and farm labor is just issued by Commissioner of Labor and Printing M. L. Shipman and contains many features of special interest, the report procured by the department from every locality in the state. The Commissioner says the reports show a whole some advance in farming in all sections of the State, with special progress in the practice of seed selection, preparation of soil, in drainage of swamp lands, measures to prevent erosion, with assurances that progress along these lines will continue.

The Commissioner commends the work he finds that the North Carolina geological survey in doing along the line of drainage undertaking and declares that with constantly increasing values it behooves the farmers to see to it that there are no gullies and washouts in their properties.

The reports indicate slight difference in wages or in cost of producing the various crop in different sections of the State. It is ascertained that sixty seven countries produce cotton at the cost of \$33.37 per bale that eighty one counties produce wheat at a cost of 72 cents per bushel; ninety seven grow corn at 52 per bushel; ninety five grow oats at 36 cents per bushel; fifty three grow tobacco at an average cost of \$7.40 per hundred pounds.

Increase in farm wages is reported in thirty-three counties, a decrease in one county and no change in the others. The highest average for women is found to be \$15.53 and lowest average \$10.11, an increase of 62 cents per month over the averages for last year's reports. Children are reported to have average wages of \$8.76, an increase of 32 cents per month over last year.

As to the financial condition of

the working people the reports from seventeen counties show them to be good, fifty-three fair, twenty-one poor and one bad, with no report another. Ninety-two counties re-improvement in this respect.

The reports from ninety-three counties show change towards greater diversity of crops and ninety-eight report improvement in methods of cultivation. Every county reports increase in the cost of living. Increase in the value of lands is reported from ninety-three counties and the fertility of lands maintained in ninety-three, with general tendency towards smaller farms. Labor is reported scarce in ninety-five counties and negro labor unreliable in ninety-five counties and reliable in two.

Reports show road improvements through taxation strongly favored in ninety-two counties and not favored in six counties.

♦♦♦♦

A Touching Appeal.

The following letter has been received at the Albermarle Normal and Industrial School, and barring the name of the writer and the town where she lives, it is given just as she wrote it. Here is a chance for somebody to do a good deed.

Geo. H. Atkinson.

Nov. 3rd. 1910

Dear Madam: I don't know your name, but I will write trusting that God will direct it to the right person. I am a girl nearly 16 years old. My father died five years ago and we live at the cotton factory. I worked in the factory until it closed which was four months ago. Since then, mamma, myself and little sister have worked on farms wherever we could get work to do. I would be so thankful if you could take me in your school and let me finish my education. Then I could help to educate my little sister. Do please if you can see any chance for me, send an application blank and our minister will try and see how much money he can get to pay for me. I know he can't get very much as there are only 28 members. I am organist for the church. When I quit school the year after my father died, I was in the fifth grade. Do please let me hear from you before long. Direct to.

♦♦♦♦

The love of flowers is one of the Chinese passions, and is gratified by artificial imitations. In a narrow street of Pekin, a daily fair is held, at which, for a half a mile, pith paper and silk flowers are exposed for sale.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

A GREAT SORROW.

After the great battle at Manila and when showers of congratulations were being poured upon Admiral Dewey, he beautifully remarked: "You must not forget the men below." They had all to do with the success of the engagement after the leaders had once begun the execution.

Those of us who have in a way stood in the limelight in the genesis of the Jackson Training School, in the shaping of its material existence and ridden into a harbor of safety so far as its future is concerned, are everlastingly conscious of a mighty help in those who made good in a full appreciation of the real spirit of the establishment and conduct of the Jackson Training School. And this leads us to the point. A great sorrow has come upon us in the death from paralysis of one of our helpers. THE UPLIFT is called upon to chronicle the death of Mrs. Campbell, the wife of Mr. W. G. Campbell who has been with us since the first shovel of dirt was thrown. They were the keepers of the King's Daughters Cottage. And no two people anywhere or at anytime measured up more successfully and beautifully to the needs of the cause than did they. They comprehended the spirit of the institution. Mr. Campbell, a scholar, a lovable spirit, a

genius could and did do anything that came along. He taught, he drilled the boys in military matters, he read proofs for THE UPLIFT and did hundreds of other things capably and efficiently without murmur; and all this time, though hidden, his light broke through and no visitor to the institution ever left without having felt the fortune of the institution in having his vice. And along with him was the beautiful spirit of his wife, whose death we mourn, and our sorrow all but overwhelms us.

Mrs. Campbell's remains were laid away in the town of her youth, Woodstock, Va. where she was loved as she was loved here in Concord and by our boys. If anything their loss is the greatest. This dispensation has for a time taken away from us her bereaved husband. The UPLIFT must confess that it has, figuratively speaking, lost its right arm in the absence of Mr. Campbell and we can not resist giving expression to the hope, founded upon an earnest consideration of the great work here to do, that ere long Mr. Campbell may again be with us.

WE JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

The editor of this paper has had the pleasure of meeting with Miss Lydia Holman, who for ten years has been doing nursing and acts of kindness among certain people in Mitchell county. We have ourselves heard her give accounts of experiences she has had. There is not shadow of a doubt that she has done a great service, all of which has been rendered unselfishly and without the hope of present-day reward.

In that recital of her experiences Miss Holman never one time uttered a severe criticism of the people—she did not picture the conditions as once upon a time a notorious liar did about a people in the very best and most advanced section of the state. Miss Holman impressed us that her heart was in her work and that in this section she found much to do, and we noted how free her remarks were of a suggestion of anything harrowing other than that the people lived close to nature's

heart and follow closely a simple life.

This as we understood it at the time; and now there comes a story turned loose by the Philadelphia North American. It gives an account of an alleged address made by Miss Holman to a party of nurses. The American's story credits Miss Holman with having said certain cruel and awful things about the people in Mitchell county which are absolutely untrue, and we can not bring ourselves to believe that Miss Holman said them. She is in all probability the victim of a daring reporter, a space-writer not too careful about the accuracy of his reports.

The American has put into her mouth statements that we do not believe that Miss Holman made: if she did, she has wronged a people, though simple folk and behind in the development of their section, who, as Dr. Winston says, "are the smartest and shrewdest people on earth."

Let us hope that the lady, who has done so much good, has been misunderstood and misquoted. That's the least harmful view to take of it.

JUST FOR A CHANGE.

Disappointments and delays occasioned by errors or misdirections, a condition for which we are not responsible, causes THE UPLIFT to go out this month without a single illustration. But we are glad of it. We ourselves have been wanting to see how one number would look without a single picture. We know now. We have been sufficiently amused, and hereafter THE UPLIFT shall carry the usual number of illustrations—in fact rather than suffer the disappointment again we shall go into our neighbor Sherrill's office and appropriate the cuts of Douglas, Mrs. Pinkham, Ted Roosevelt, and others and dish them out to suit the requirements of the occasion.

ENDORSEMENT FROM HIGH SOURCE

It has been securely placed away for future pleasure and comfort. We have received from the secretary of the Women's Clubs of Charlotte a

communication setting forth an endorsement of our labors in behalf of the youth of the state and our effort in arousing the young to strive to excel. This expression of approval, coming unsolicited and unexpectedly, makes us proud. You can always depend on the good women to do the right thing at the right time.

The memory of Dr. Dixon will continue fresh for years—in fact, it can't die, for he did so much good. It was fitting and beautiful on the part of Governor Kitchin to appoint to the position until January 1st, Dr. Dixon's son, B. F. Dixon, Jr., a splendid young man and attorney. In January the regularly elected successor to Dr. Dixon will take charge of the office of State auditor. The new auditor is Col. W. Penn Wood, of the county of Randolph. The state of North Carolina has chosen wisely. Those who will have business in that office, will find in Col. Wood one of God's noblemen, a charming gentleman and a splendid business man. Though Col. Wood is a confederate Veteran, he is still a young man and represents the very best in the life of the old state. North Carolina is to be congratulated.

The winner of the third prize in the county story contest figures in this number. We have made a honest effort for a time to get a photograph of the author of the story about Hertford county, but up to this good day we have not succeeded. Accompanying the story were a number of splendid photographs, representing historical events, but we have decided to hold them until we can get a photograph of the charming young woman, Miss Virginia Bluma Wynne, who penned the story and won the third prize. Our communications seemed to have gone wrong, but we know that this bright young woman is now a student at the Eastern Carolina Training School. We may have to invoke the services of President Wright.

We just can't help it, but we

have lost faith in the competency of the managers of the Census Department. Uncle Sam is alright, but he has to put up with some mighty lame sticks. There are one hundred pupils in the public schools of Mecklen county, N. C., that could have tabulated the reports more promptly and the results could have been proclaimed ere this. The announcements are so "in spots" that you just can't keep back the fear that all is just not right and that the final results may not be known in time for the reapportionment of congressmen. The census was taken on hoof in thirty days—could not the additions be made in five months without injury to health?

The Bill Nye Memorial fund is coming all right. THE UPLIFT has the pleasure of announcing the receipt of two hundred dollars. The other papers of the state and other friends are just now giving the matter serious thoughts. So many things during the Fall have occupied the attention of the individual newspaper men of the state that it was impossible to give the matter any real pointed attention. The plans are now about completed, and ere long the realization of the hope of the Press of North Carolina can be proclaimed. IT WILL SUCCEED.

THE UPLIFT has no sympathy with riot, disorder and up heavals. We listened with interest and pleasure to a conversation in which Senator Overman was the chief figure. He had just returned from an official visit to Mexico. He and his party were the recipients of attentions and various functions, the cost of which paralyze the extravagant idea even of this country. Poor old Mexico. The finest government is always found where civilization makes terms with a religion, pure and undefiled.

There has never lived in North Carolina a more painstaking and efficient business man than Mr. Henry W. Miller, who has worked his way right up. For years he has been assistant to Col. A. B. Andrews, 1st

Vice-President of the Southern railway. The announcement of Mr. Miller's promotion to assistant to President Finley, with headquarters in Atlanta, to which place he removes early in December, tells the story of faithfulness, ability and high character.

The second page of cover of this magazine tells of a contest. We are depending upon the officers of schools to bring this contest to the attention of their pupils, and to inspire them with a personal confidence in themselves and urge in them an ambition to strive to win, not for the sake alone of the premium but for the benefit of the effort.

This number of THE UPLIFT has been delayed. Bereavements, unfortunate conditions and physical trouble of the editor have conspired to make the delay imperative. Happily these things have been in measure overcome and we now go about our duties with more ease and satisfaction.

We are in the midst of the greatest season of the year. A season commemorating an event which has done more for this in potentialities than all others combined. Christmas just can't be beat.

The smoke has disappeared. The vision is clear, and we are constrained, therefore, to say that the good old state, which we love, refusing to look backward, has her eyes set to the future.

Might sometimes meets its Waterloo. It is well. The greatest national hypocrite of a century has had his measure taken, and now the chief frazzler "has been completely frazzled."

Some preachers in the State are preaching on honesty and debt paying. A good subject and one which does not "shoot over the heads of the people."

And the hobble-skirt is passing. The Northern dress-makers have thrown away the patterns.

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES---NO. 10.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

Bob's mother had a very beautiful case made for him capable of holding about 400 insects, but they were not ready to be placed in it yet; for, after being spread on the blocks so as to give them their natural shape, they must be placed in a "drying safe"—a square wire cage with shelves in it—and after remaining there some four or five weeks, they must be transferred to the "poison box," which is saturated with creosote and other poisons, so as to protect them against the minute insects that generate in the dead bodies; and there they are kept for five or six months, and after that they are ready for the cabinet and exhibition.

The season for active out-door work was now passing—was nearly over, and we would now be employed at home, preparing our summer catch for the cabinet; this done, we had nothing to do but to wait. And then the school vacation had ended, and Bob expressed his regret at this, and said in a very doleful way,—

"And you see, doctor, that pig-headed Irishman opens on the 13th day of the month: I could choke him: it's going to bring me bad luck."

But Bob started to school, but became sullen, and I became apprehensive. All his butterflies being put away, and having nothing to interest him of nights—for his lessons did not—he began to slip out of nights again; and of course, he got among his old companions of the defunct Rob-Roy Infants and with them got into mischief. They began to call him "Butterfly Bob" which brought them into occasional trouble; for he thought it was given in disgust or contempt. But the "fun" soon began. I give the reader only one out of many instances:—

There were two old maids in the neighborhood whom nobody liked, and against whom the boys had particular grudge. At Bob's suggestion they got two cats, and tied their tails together with a strong cord, and then tied it to door-bell knob of these maden ladies, and then hid across the street and waited the outcome. Of course the cats got into a rage, and began to fight and jerk the cord and the cord jerked the bell knob, and the bell went off like a fire alarm, and then came the furious mewing and battle of the cats. One of the elderly ladies rushed down stairs to learn the cause of

the trouble, and on opening the door, she was paid for her pains, when both of the enraged creatures attacked her. The length of their tether saved her, and she ran up stairs, and thrusting her head out of the window, bellowed out "Murder! Murder!" while the other bawling out "Fire! Fire!" and "Police," till she almost split her throat. It was just the finest fun for the boys on the other side of the street, and Bob's sides fairly ached with suppressed laughter. The general verdict of this escapade in the community the next day was,— "Bob Robinson has broke loose again."

The fact was, that Bob had "gone back on himself," and on his mother, and on me to our great sorrow. I called to see him, and had a good plain talk with him. He seemed a little crest fallen, and he finally said,—

"Doctor, if it hadn't been for that durned Irishman opening his school on the 13th, I don't believe I'd a done it:" but he promised me of his own accord, that he would not again go into that sort of mischief—"That's the last of that sort, the rest came in a few days.

The dominie was, as he claimed for himself, a "gentleman from Cork." He was a bachelor, and wore a silk stove-pipe" hat which was carefully groomed. It was a very useful article; for, besides being used to cover his half bald head, it answered the purpose of wardrobe, post office, and lunch basket—for it was seldom empty of collars and cuffs, old letters, and his daily lunch. It hung up against the wall back of his desk. This gave Bob an idea, and he was quick to act in it, and so have his revenge. This was Bob's chance, he got a sheet of paper as large as the crown of the hat, and he wrote in great big letters,—

NOTICE!

THE THIRD STORY OF THIS HOUSE TO LET: ENQUIRE WITHIN: BE QUICK.

This could be read all over the school-room. With this feat accomplished to his satisfaction, Bob scampered out and mingled with the other children on the play-ground. Recess was over, and the scholars began to march in, but Bob was not among them; he waited and lagged to the very last, and then came in in a very quiet and dignified way, and took his place at his desk. The teacher saw the children giggling, and one little girl could hardly re-

strain herself from outright laughter, and looking at her he said,— "Well, little girrel, what is it that amuses you so?" With the smile sobered down, but with twinkling eyes, instead of answering his question verbally, she pointed to his hat. Instead of seeing the dominie break out in rage, they saw him pull out his kerchief of red and blue, and go to blowing his nose most vigorously, and a sonorous sound went through the school. Finally, he mastered the emotions of the moment, and turning to the school, he said,—

"Well, tys and girrels, some one has broken the dignity and order of the school, and will have to pay for it. Now the boy that put that notice on my hat come up and take it off, and make an apology to the school. I will give him two minutes," and he pulled out his watch to note the time.

"One minute gone!" said the pedagogue.

"I am coming, y'r honor," said Bob, as he lifted his feet, and marched to the desk: for, whatever else Bob was, he was not mean enough to let anyone suffer for his act.

"And did you put that notice on my hat, Robert?"

"Yes Sir; I put it on."

"And what did you put it on for, Robert?"

"For revenge" replied the boy.

"Revenge on whom and for what, Robert?"

"Revenge on you, for opening the school on the 13th day of the month, for that 13 always brings me bad luck, and I'm tired o' it."

"And don't you think I ought to have my revenge, Robert?"

"If it don't hurt anybody," replied Bob.

"Are you willing to make an apology to the school, Robert?"

"Yes, if its honorable, and you tell me what an apology is, and what it's made of."

Having taken the hint which the teacher gave him, Bob turned to the school and said,—

"I make my apology to the school, because I have disturbed the dignity and order of the school: Is that right, dominie?" Without answering his question the teacher turned to him and said,—

"Now Robert, you will take that notice down in the presence of the whole school:" and the teacher rang "Attention," when all the scholars rose to their feet, staring at Bob, who mounted to a chair—removed the offending "Notice," and then lightly stepped from the chair and turned to face the teacher, as if waiting for the next order.

"That's right, Robert: you can now return to your seat."

Bob saw a quiet smile of satisfaction on the master's face, and a thought struck him, and he said:—"Shall I dominie?"

"Shall you what!"

"Give you roister?" Bob answered.

"Give me a roster,?" replied the pedagogue.

"No: not a roster, but a roister," Bob replied.

"What's that?" was the rejoinder.

"I'll show you;" and turning to the school, Bob said in a moderately loud voice:—

"Three cheers and a tiger for the Dominie!"

The first was rather feeble—the second better—the third every way satisfactory to Bob: and turning to the teacher, said,—"That is our Roister, Dominie," and left the platform for his seat.

o o o o

Picture Shows.

The chief amusement of the country today is the source we doubt not of its greatest demoralization. It is Moving Pictures. Mr. Edison's royalty on the films has come, it is said, to be \$8,000 a week. Nine millions is paid the manufacturers for the films by those who rent them for \$18,000,000 a year to the showmen. It is reported that \$57,500,000 was paid in nickles and dimes in 1909 to see these show. The audiences or spectators numbered a quarter million souls a day. The evil that grows out of it must be enormous. Suicide and other crimes follow, we see on every hand, in its wake. Children are made familiar with vice and corruption. Parents, preachers, teachers cannot efface the impression, arrest the quickened impulses to wrong-doing suggested and fostered in the young by them. No sort of moral government has the right to license these shows in the use of character and life-destroying films. Parents do their children a monstrous wrong, let us insist, who permit them to go to these shows indiscriminately. What they are should be known by parents before their children are allowed to see them. Most of them are hurtful.—Presbyterian Standard.

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AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

By Amos Reynolds.

"Gob-oble-oble-oble!" said the voice. "Goble-oble-oble!"

Bert Mason checked his dragging foot-steps a little and listened. It sounded good even if it meant nothing to him.

He had heard the voice first as he entered the woods from the mill path, and thought it belonged to one of Green's turkeys, strayed a little farther than usual from home. Green's farm-house was just beyond the edge of the woods.

Bert was the only one of the mill hands who invariably passed through the woods to and from work, and he had to go nearly half a mile out of his way to do so. But then Bert was only a year from the far side of the mountains, and his heart was as sore for trees and streams as it was sick of the smoke and grime of the small factory town.

And yet he was glad to be here, for his meager earnings were enough to keep the family from actual hunger, while back in the mountains he could have made nothing.

Twice more before he left the woods he heard the "Goble-oble-oble," accompanied once by a gossip "Quit, quit, quit," many keys, which showed that it was not a stray, nor even two or three strays, but a large flock. He thought it strange that Farmer Green was not in the woods hunting them, for it was already after dark, and turkeys were scarce and high this year.

From the edge of the woods he could see a small light twinkling a half mile or so up the mountain side. It was from the two-room cabin that he hired for three dollars a month, near enough to the town for him to work and for his father to have a doctor whenever necessary, and yet far enough away to come within his means. Half a mile off to the right were the lights of the town, and at some distance below them rose the huge black outlines of the factory where he worked.

He turned toward the town, for the next day would be Thanksgiving, and he wanted to surprise the family with a little extra. The factory had closed down for the morrow, working a little later than usual and paying off the help.

But the factory also owned what was called the "company store," where the help was obliged to buy goods, and it owned the tenements as well. Each month the store charges and rent were taken from wages, and the surplus, if any, was

paid to the worker. This month Bert had received eighty cents, and felt somewhat elated, for he had been sixty cents behind the previous pay day. He meant to spend half of the eighty cents for Thanksgiving extras, and keep the other half as a reserve. And ten cents should go for candy. The rest, of course must be for meat, because they had not tasted meat for a long time.

But when he reached the market he found that beef was very high, in fact, that the roast he had thought of was entirely out of the question. At last, after much study and asking of prices, he compromised on a five-cent soup bone and twenty-five cents' worth of pork.

While they were being wrapped up he turned for a few moments and listened to the gossip of the store loungers. Farmer Green was standing near the stove, rubbing his hands together, as though highly pleased over something.

"Then you haven't a single turkey left and don't expect any?" asked a customer in a disappointed voice. "My wife said she was just obliged to have one for tomorrow. I ought not to have put it off so long."

"No, you hadn't," said the butcher bluntly. "I sold the last one two hours ago. Just because turkeys are scarce and high this year everybody seems to want 'em. I bought twenty from Green here—every last one he had, and they're so high he said he wouldn't even save one for a Christmas dinner. And I've bought and sold all of Carr's and Gibb's and Moody's, which I think takes everyone in the whole neighborhood. If anybody can put me on the track of another one, Mr. Tully, I'll buy it, if I can, and send it over to you."

"There's said to be some wild turkeys in the mountains this year," spoke up another man. "Two were shot yesterday and sent down to the next village, and I've heard of several more being seen. That big snow of last week drove 'em to the lower levels in search of food. Now, if you could find some man who knows the woods and is quick with a gun, he might be able to pick up a wild turkey somewhere for Mr. Tully."

Bert's eyes had begun to snap.

"I used to be a pretty good shot," he broke in, "and killed a good many turkeys before we moved here. Being used to the woods, I can go through 'em with almost no noise, and it's noise, noise that generally

loses wild turkeys. There's no need to let one get away after it's once located, and even a whole flock, if found, ought to be bagged for they don't fly far in the night. But," hesitating a little, 'I haven't any gun. We had to sell ours after dad was took sick."

"Oh! yes," said Mr Green politely; 'how is your dad's rheumatism now? I forgot to ask. Better I hope?'"

"'Bout the same," answered Bert. "Just obliged to lie there on his back and have someone to feed him. And been like that almost a year now. Dad was always such a strong working man that it comes pretty hard on him. But the doctor says he's likely to come round all right after awhile."

Pretty hard on the rest of you, I should think," sympathized Green.

"No, it isn't, a bit," returned Bert quickly. "We all are glad to do things for him. He's been doing for us all his life, till now. It's only hard on him."

The butcher had been fumbling about behind his counter. Now he came forward with a handsome breech-loader and a handful of cartridges.

"There you are boy," he said, more graciously than he had yet spoken. "I wouldn't let many have that gun, but I've heard something of your shooting, and it's the good marksman who knows enough about a gun to take care of it. And I don't mind adding that I would like to have a few more turkeys to accommodate customers mighty well. Just do your best to-night, and if you can get even one I'll remember it as a favor. And I'll give you fourteen cents a pound for 'em straight, live weight. That'll make a good-sized turkey worth three dollars or more."

"All right, and thank you sir," said Bert. "I think I'm pretty safe in promising you a few, for I've an idea that I know where some are stopping. If I'm right, I'll be back within an hour or two."

He slipped the cartridges into his

pocket, took the gun, and went out. Mr. Tully hesitated for a moment, then reached for an empty cracker box, and, turning it upon end, sat down.

"It's pretty early in the evening," he remarked; "so I guess I'll stop awhile and talk with you. Maybe the boy will come in with something. And truth to tell, I do hate to go home without a turkey after all my wife said."

A half an hour later they heard the report of a gun sounding not over a half a mile or so away.

"That sure is my breech-loader speaking," exclaimed the butcher, hurrying to the door and throwing it open. "But it can't be the boy has found a turkey so soon. More likely he's popped over a stray rabbit or skunk."

As the door was flung back there came another report, followed a minute or two later by two more in quick succession, and these by four or five others at irregular intervals. The butchers face fell visibly.

"Missing right along, sounds like," he grunted. "Good hunters don't waste ammunition like that. You needn't wait any longer, Mr. Tully, if you don't want to—not for the turkey I mean."

But Mr. Tully was comfortably settled now, and interested in the talk.

"All right," he answered; "but I guess I won't start just yet. Maybe some up-country farmer'll find a stray turkey round his barn and bring it down even yet."

"Maybe," said the butcher, closing the door and coming back; "but not a bit likely." Twenty minutes or so went by, then there came a dragging step along the sidewalk, the door opened, and Bert staggered in with six turkeys slung across his shoulders, their legs tied together with strings. He carried the gun in his hand. This he laid upon the counter, with the cartridges that were left, and let the turkeys slip from his shoulder to the floor.

"Glad to drop 'em," he groaned, "for they got to weighing pretty heavy before I reached here. That big gobbler will tip twenty-five or more, I think. Now I'll go back after the rest."

"The rest!" echoed the butcher. Are there more?"

"Yes, another pretty good bunch, which I hung on the limbs to keep beyond reach of dogs. But I guess I can bring 'em at this load."

They all waited for him to return, even to Mr. Tully, who by that time had picked out his turkey, the big gobbler, which tipped the scales at

twenty-eight. At last Bert stumbled in, dropping the turkeys as soon as he got inside the door. There were eight of them.

"That's all, except one I left to to carry home," he said. Now I'm going to sit down a few minutes to catch my breath. You see," apologetically, "I've been working pretty hard in the factory all day and I'm a little tired."

"I should think so," beamed the butcher, as he began to gather up the turkeys and throw them upon his large floor scales. "Take that big chair by the stove, Bert. Give him the chair, Dan. Gee whizz! but I'm glad to get all these, for I do hate to disappoint customers. And you've done the biggest evening's work a boy ever did in this village before. How'd you do it? Hypnotize a flock?"

"I had a pretty close idea of the tree a flock was in before I left here," acknowledged Bert, "and I went straight to it. There was just enough light from the moon for me to pick 'em out on the limbs, and the first shot got me four in a line. Of course, it was a good deal luck."

"But a good deal more in knowing how to walk through the woods without noise and to shoot straight," said the butcher, as he bent down to adjust the weight on the arm of the scales. "There, that's it, 162 pounds, and the first six weighed 130. That makes 292 pounds, at 14 cents live weight. Let's see, that's \$40.88. Now I'll get the money, and I'll give you my special thanks besides."

He went behind the counter and opened his money drawer, from which he counted out a little roll of bills and some silver. This he carried back and handed to Bert, who slipped the money into his pocket with shining eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Blake," he said with a choke in his voice. "Now, I guess I—I'll hurry home and tell the folks. They'll be glad, and to get the turkey too. It—it'll be sure enough Thanksgiving."

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CAMPAIGN FOR TEN THOUSAND.

The Names of the Counties, the Superintendents, Apportionment and a column for Reporting Results--In December we will report the number thus far raised in each County in the Column for that Purpose.

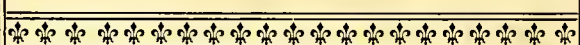
Now is the Time for the Ten Thousand Subscribers to THE UPLIFT. The Educational Cottage must be a reality.

HERE FOLLOWS THE TABLE:

Counties.	Superintendents.	Number.			
Alamance	P. H. Fleming	250		Johnston	J. P. Cannady. 150
Alexander	A. F. Sharpe	50		Jones	K. F. Foscue. 10
Alleghany	W. F. Jones	40		Lincoln	G. T. Heafner. 75
Anson	J. M. Wall	80		Lee	R. W. Allen. 25
Ashe	W. H. Jones	50		Lenoir	J. Kinsey. 100
Beaufort.	W. L. Vaughn	150		Macon	M. D. Billings. 75
Bertie	R. W. Askew	70		Madison	M. C. Buckner. 56
Bladen	A. Cromartie	75		Martin	R. J. Peele. 25
Bunswick	G. H. Bellamy	25		Mecklenburg	R. J. Cochran. 550
Buncombe	A. C. Reynolds	500		McDowell	D. F. Giles. 50
Burke	R. L. Patton	120		Mitchell	J. M. Peterson. 25
Cabarrus	C. E. Boger	250	Raised.	Montgomery	W. A. Cochran. 75
Caldwell	Y. D. Moore	100		Moore	J. A. McLeod. 75
Camden	C. H. Spencer	5		Nash	R. E. Ransom. 100
Carteret	L. B. Ennett	70		New Hanover	W. Catlett. 300
Caswell	Geo. A. Anderson	25		Northampton	P. J. Long. 20
Catawba	George E. Long	200		Onslow	W. M. Thompson. 25
Chatham	R. P. Johnson	75		Orange	T. W. Andrews. 100
Cherokee	A. L. Martin	75		Pamlico	V. C. Daniels. 15
Chowan	J. O. Alderman	50		Pasquotank	G. A. Little. 75
Clay	G. H. Haigler	10		Pender	T. T. Murphy. 25
Cleveland	B. T. Falls	200		Perquimans	W. G. Gaither. 50
Columbus	F. T. Wooten	125		Person	G. F. Holloway. 75
Craven	S. M. Brinson	100		Pitt	W. H. Ragsdale. 150
Cumberland	B. T. McBryde	200		Polk	J. R. Foster. 25
Currituck	J. M. Newbern	10		Randolph	E. J. Coltrane. 150
Dare	W. B. Fearing	10		Richmond	W. R. Coppedge. 75
Davidson	P. S. Vann	200		Robeson	J. R. Poole. 150
Davie	E. P. Bradley	25		Rockingham	L. N. Hickerson. 200
Duplin	D. S. Kennedy	30		Rowan	R. G. Kizer. 250
Durham	C. W. Massey	300		Rutherford	B. H. Bridges. 100
Edgecombe	R. G. Kittrell	50		Sampson	L. L. Mathews. 100
Forsyth	W. B. Speas	350		Scotland	G. H. Russell. 40
Franklin	R. B. White	85		Stanly	E. F. Eddins. 100
Gaston	F. P. Hall	250		Stokes	J. T. Smith. 50
Gates	T. W. Costen, Jr.	15		Surry	J. H. Allen. 100
Graham	T. A. Carpenter	5		Swain	J. M. Smiley 25
Grainville	J. F. Webb	80		Transylvania	T. C. Henderson 25
Greene	J. E. Fobnam	20		Tyrrell	R. H. Spruill 5
Guilford	T. R. Foust	500		Union	R. N. Nisbett 150
Halifax	A. S. Harrison	80		Vance	J. C. Kittrell 100
Harnett	J. D. Ezzell	75		Wake	Z. V. Judd 500
Haywood	R. A. Sentell	100		Warren	N. Allen 20
Henderson	W. S. Shible	50		Washington	V. Martin 25
Hertford	J. E. Brown	25		Watauga	B. B. Dougherty 25
Hyde	S. J. Beckwith	5	Raised.	Wayne	E. T. Atkinson 200
Iredell	L. O. White	250		Wilkes	C. C. Wright 75
Jackson	J. O. Self	50		Wilson	E. J. Barnes 125
				Yadkin	C. F. Johnson 25
				Yancey	G. W. Deyton 15



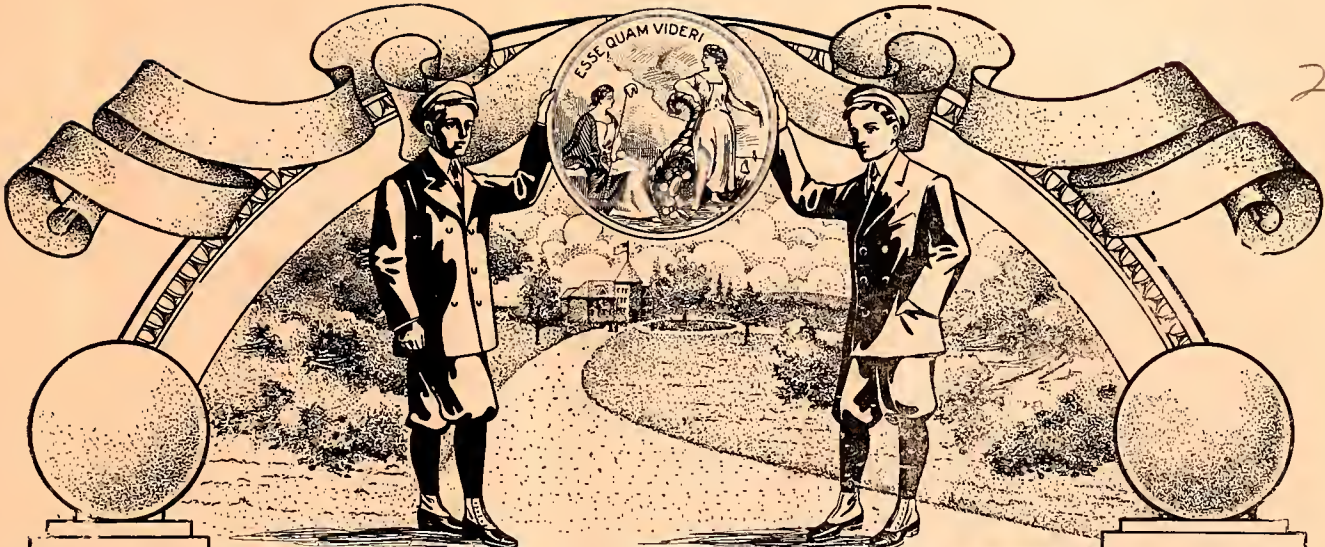
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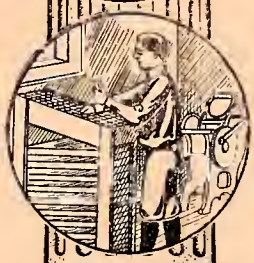
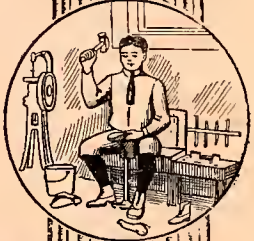
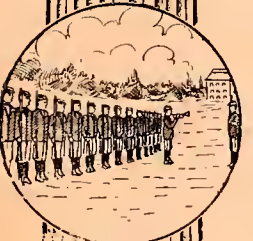
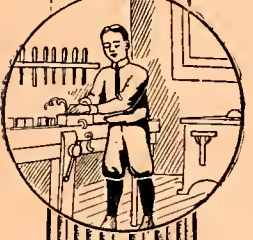
THE UPLIFT

WANTED---A PLACE TO PLAY

By DENNIS A. MCCARTHY

Plenty of room for dives and dens
 (glitter and glare and sin!)
 Plenty of room for prison pens
 (gather the criminals in!)
 Plenty of room for jails and courts
 (willing enough to pay!)
 But never a place for the lads to race;
 no, never a place for play!
 Give them a chance for innocent sport,
 give them a chance for fun:
 Better a playground plot than a court
 and a jail when the harm is done!
 Give them a chance---if you stint them
 now, tomorrow you'll have to pay
 A larger bill for a darker ill; so give
 them a chance to play!

From "A Round of Rimes," published by Little, Brown & Co.



DECEMBER, 1910

ANOTHER CONTEST.

One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Nine Prizes. Open to All White Pupils of the Public Schools, Country or Town, of North Carolina.

On the first day of May 1911, THE UPLIFT will give away One Hundred Dollars to nine pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes :

- No. 1.—\$25.00.
- No. 2.— 20.00.
- No. 3.— 15.00.
- No. 4.— 10.00.
- No. 5.— 10.00.
- No. 6.— 5.00.
- No. 7.— 5.00.
- No. 8.— 5.00.
- No. 9.— 5.00.

WHAT PRIZES ARE FOR.

To encourage the young while yet in the schools to learn to write, to think out a story, to put it into choice words. To encourage them to build up a mental picture, and then clothe it in words—a story, an essay, a little novel, a narrative, an imaginative or real trip. This story or essay must have running through it that which is elevating and pure, be striving for the good and the moral, in touch with a human interest that has a tendency to please and uplift. Must not exceed 3000 words.

THESE ARE THE RULES :

1. This contest is open to any and all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike ; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.

2. The story must be typewritten, and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by April 15th, 1911. No manuscript in pen or pencil will be considered ; and a manuscript received on a date later than the fifteenth of April will not be considered.

3. The real name of the contestant must in no case appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume in every instance must be on the manuscript ; and the said nom de

plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and placed in the large envelope containing the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or person or any paper or any source for information or advice.

5. No photographs or pictures are required, but if any contestant desires to illustrate the story with pictures they will be gratefully received.

6. Every contestant must be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT or have access to it. If any one living in the same home with the contestant is a subscriber, that will satisfy this requirement. This is done to avoid receiving so many inquiries, which can not be answered. We can not afford to keep a private secretary or a clerk to attend to any correspondence. All facts or rules governing this contest will appear in this paper.

7. You have the right to get any one to copy your story into a type-written copy. But the copyist has no right to correct any errors.

8. In the envelope containing the nom de plume and the real name, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with the true name :

"The story signed _____ as a nom de plume, is original ; was constructed and written by me and is in no wise corrected or changed by any other person. I have access to THE UPLIFT through the one that comes to _____"

(name the subscriber.)

(Signed) _____ (Name)

A STATEMENT.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents, principals, and officers of city and rural schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by two or more contestants.

THE UPLIFT.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School

Christmas.

Christmas is almost here—Christmas, the saddest, sweetest time of the year. It is a period for entertainment and family reunion, and a time when one remembers how old one is, how worthless, and how little he has really accomplished. Heaven here belongs to the tender world that doesn't know the truth about Santa Claus, and beyond that, world happiness is feverish and fitful. To the young, Christmas is a million miles away, but as one grows older time's circle moves more rapidly, and finally Christmas follows Christmas too hurriedly. The old people say that only the world is old; that man is ever young; and the mere space of Yesterday is between the young heart that yearned for the filled stocking and the old, feeble heart that may never throb another Christmas day.

Christmas
Coming

Christmas again—and Santa Claus. You give and receive, and congratulate, yet for all your felicitation there are moments when the season is sad to you, even while it is sweetest. It is a time when you review not only a year and long for lost opportunities for improvement, but your vision goes further and you watch the workings of a child's mind as it turned from utter faith to disillusionment. First some one told you who Santa Claus was. You were glad to know then, and proud. But you're not glad now when you come to think of it. Unfaith started then. In a mental flash you trace the journey of that child, and you find that there was too much telling, too many people who were ready to break down ideals; and you find that you, too, have helped to destroy the faith of other people. Along the perilous path you have seen the child come to the vital present; not unscarred and with knowledge that is merciless. You and only you know what the child did along the way—only you and God know the blunders, the sins, and selfishness. You see all this because you cannot help seeing it; because at this beautiful season you realize that perfect happiness is given only to little children; and that after childhood must come the fight, the temptation the fall, the great sorrow After the thought charity must come. The best spirit of Christmas is Charity—Charity rising out of the long, bitter road that the little child trod—Isaac Erwin Avery.

Santa Claus

THE CHILDREN'S COURT.

By Hon Simon A. Nash, Police Justice of the City of Buffalo, N. Y.

No institution, public or private in my opinion, serves a more useful purpose, or is of greater value to society, than the Children's Court. Founded on altruism, conducted by men and women who devote their lives to the betterment of their fellow men, the possibilities of these courts are unlimited.

Until recent years no distinction was made between the juvenile and adult offenders. Children charged with an infraction of the law, were haled to police stations or jails, where they were frequently brought into contact with the lowest class of criminals. No proper place for trial was provided, and the boy of ten charged with some alleged offence which if properly diagnosed might be nothing more than an excess of animal spirit, was exposed to all the glamor and excitement of a public trial. The one object of such trial was to determine whether or not the accused child was guilty or not guilty of the offence charged, and if guilty, what proportion of punishment was to be meted out?

In the Children's Court' as conducted today, the procedure is entirely different. Recognizing that the less a child knows about criminal institutions, the better for the child, we aim to keep the child away from the court as much as possible.

When a complaint is made against a child, instead of issuing a warrant (as is the custom in adult cases) a probation officer is sent out to investigate.

In cases where persons have suffered damage as a result of some childish prank, the parents of the child are required to make restitution, and if it is deemed advisable the child may be placed under an unofficial supervision for a period of time to be determined by the probation officer.

When it becomes necessary for a child to appear in court, this is accomplished in the simplest possible manner. The parents are notified to produce the child in court on a certain date, and in cases where it is necessary for an officer to arrest a boy or girl, this is done as quickly as possible. Instead of hauling a boy through the streets in a patrol wagon to the nearest police station he is taken direct to the juvenile detention home where he remains amidst proper surroundings until the time of trial.

Boys are so prone to consider themselves heroes when made the object of special attention by the criminal

authorities, and their example is so apt to stimulate other boys to the commission of similar offence, the deadly effect of publicity either in their apprehension or trial, cannot be over-estimated, or too carefully guarded against.

It is an every day occurrence in the Children's Court to hear police officers and citizens testify that this or that boy is one of the worst in the city and that a proper regard for the interests of society demand that he be deprived of his liberty. One such case that I recall was of a boy charged with stealing milk and rolls from in front of a store. After all the evidence against the boy had been given, I turned to my investigating officer, who makes a careful investigation into the home life of every child arrested, and asked him for his report. How different the case appeared then! This is the report he made:

"Johnny B—is 14 years old. He is the eldest of eight children. His father, a sober, industrious man, was injured in the shop where he worked, a year ago, and has not been able to work since. His mother is in the last stages of tuberculosis.

A girl of ten is an imbecile, and another child is suffering with diphtheria. They live in an old tumble-down shanty, and when I was there this morning (this was in January) they had no fire. It is true as the officer states, that Johnny has been arrested twice before, once for being a truant from school, and another time for stealing coal. Lack of proper clothes and food were responsible for his truancy, and when he took the coal it was because they had none at home. This particular offense which he is charged with now, was brought about by Johnny getting up at 3 o'clock in the morning to collect scraps from an all-night restaurant. Returning home empty-handed, he saw the rolls and milk' was tempted and fell. I have gone into the case most carefully, and have satisfied myself of the absolute truth of all that I have told you. When Johnny was arrested at 5 o'clock in the morning, there was nearly a foot of snow on the ground.

His shoes were so badly worn that they were of little or no protection to him. I hope you will not send him away, for if I am any judge of human nature he is a brave little man."

The boy was released on probation. The condition of the family called to

the attention of the proper authorities. A philanthropic doctor performed an operation on the father, which restored him to health and he secured a position. The mother has since died and Johnny has willingly assumed part of the burden of keeping house and I am now satisfied that Johnny will become a useful citizen eventually.

This is an absolutely uncolored report, now on file, and part of my Juvenile Court record, and is a sample of some of the cases which constantly come before the judge presiding over the Juvenile Court.

In other cases where boys are brought to court for some trivial offence, an investigation often shows such wretched home conditions,—intemperate and immoral parents—that the child's interests require that he be sent to some institution, and in many cases of juvenile delinquency, a careful examination into the cases shows that the parent, and not the child, are at fault, and in these cases the probation officer finds his hardest work in endeavoring to bring neglectful parents to a proper understanding of their duties to their children.

Another important function of the Juvenile Court and its probation officers, is the enforcement of all the laws enacted for the protection of children. Much of our juvenile delinquency is caused by unscrupulous junk dealers who buy from children—store keepers who sell cigarettes, and saloon-keepers, who sell liquors to children. Acting as Police Justice as well as judge of the Juvenile Court. I have shown this adult class of offenders no mercy.

Many of the children who come into court are defective, and no children's court is complete without a competent physician to examine into every doubtful case. I am sorry to say that Buffalo has no such physician, but we are progressing rapidly, and before long I hope to have such an official attached to this court.

From an economical view point, which is the least important, probation is a great saving to the State. In the Juvenile Court of Buffalo last year, 470 boys and 20 girls were placed on probation. Sixty of these boys and four girls were returned to the court for violating their probation, or for again breaking the law, and were committed. All of the other children showed improvement, and in many cases the improvement was marvelous.

These figures show that it is not always possible to save a child, and failure in some instances must be

confessed. A child may be placed on probation, and every effort be put forth to save him, and yet he will go wrong. An indiscernable heritage of crime, or a sub-normal amount of honesty, many have been transplanted into his mind, and this cannot always be eradicated by a judge or a probation officer.

Under a proper supervision, where the physical intellectual, spiritual and social welfare of the child is carefully looked after, it is wonderful how rapidly some of the little waifs will respond to the efforts of an intelligent, unselfish and sympathetic friend. The saving of children is a great work, and I think it is the duty of every municipality to make liberal appropriations, to the end that those who have the work in charge, will not be hampered by lack of funds, or proper facilities for the successful carrying on of this work.—National Monthly.

♦♦♦♦

Tennyson as a Prophet of Conscience.

Presbyterian Standard.

Our English tongue boasts two great religious epics, *Paradise Lost* and *Idylls of the King*. It is almost superfluous to remind an intelligent reader that Arthur and his twelve knights of the Round Table suggest Christ and His twelve apostles. The allegorizing mind can discover a multitude of other resemblances all of them fanciful. There was a mystery about Arthur's birth as about his person, some hating him and others deeming him "more than man." There was a kingdom to be subdued, a fair bride to be won, an Excalibur, Sword of the Spirit, that fitted the king's hand and was never wielded in vain. There were chosen vassals pledged to kingly loyalty and a traitor among them. And there was the long tragedy of sin from its first insinuation into the heart of the queen until spreading like a poison through all the royal household it issued at last in public shame and political convulsion. In other words, Tennyson, laboring over *Idylls* for sixty years and bringing them out one by one without attempt of epical orchestration did in the end so coordinate them as to give us a picture of the human race from its fall to its redemption. And what a picture it is! *Paradise Lost* has been styled "a work of superhuman genius impoverished by weary wastes of theology," but no such change can be brought against the *Idylls of the King*. They do not weary one with theological discussions, and yet they tell the story of sin and suffering and for-

giveness in a voice that echoes the experience of the universal heart.

The great moral value of these poems lies in the appeal they make to conscience. This appeal Tennyson makes most effectively by making it indirectly. That is to say, he paints the horrible progression of sin and lets the picture make the appeal. The English language contains nothing more powerfully tragic nor tenderly pathetic than the story of Guinevere's fall. She was as the beginning "fairest of all flesh on earth." Lancelot, the king's favorite knight, was "the goodliest man that ever among ladies ate it hall and noblest." Arthur loved and trusted them both with absolute unreserve. To Lancelot he said, "I trust thee to the death." These two swore deathless love on the field of battle after protestation of affection on the one side and loyalty on the other. When Arthur was ready for his bride he made Lancelot his messenger. So far sin had not entered. Then came through the mystery of human weakness the secret attachment of Lancelot and the queen, the whisperings and suspicions of the court circle, the tainting of the moral atmosphere, exposure, and ruin. It was an awful fall because from such a height and because of the original purity of the parties involved. It was an awful tragedy because, as always with sin, it involved the guiltless, and spread from a single household to the boundaries of the kingdom. So Tennyson describes it with touches of pathos unutterable up to that last sad moment when standing above the guilty queen as she grovelled at his feet he said:

"Yet think not that I come to urge
thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee Guinevere.

So Tennyson appeals to conscience by the very pity and pathos of evil doing with a power that no formal indictment in terms of theology can show.

To make his appeal the stronger, Tennyson allows no palliation of Guinevere's guilt nor suffers any disparagement of Arthur's uprightness and sinlessness. And herein lies a lesson for our day. It now has been charged against him that his Arthur's was artistically too perfect and his judgment of Guinevere too inexorably severe. This criticism reflects the temper of our age. We are proud upon the one hand to suspect an alloy in the finest character and upon the other hand to find an excuse for the gravest moral obliquity. The two tendencies are

complementary, halves of one whole—an insensibility to the hideousness of sin. It is no light thing, as God would have us believe, as Tennyson has tried to make us see, but something that is conceived in lust end issues in death, something which so incriminates that only infinite mercy can it, something which, even after forgiveness, has wrought so disastrously upon the sinner's happiness that there only remains for him hope of joy and restoration in the great hereafter, "Where beyond these voices there is peace."

♦♦♦♦

It is very good for us to begin to count our mercies, even though we can never complete the counting of them. God's favors and blessing who can tell them? His mercies are new every morning, and they multiply through the day and fill up every evening. The dewdrops are not so fresh or so numerous as the blessings which God with both hands scatters all around us. God's open hand hath fed us and led us and His holy angels have encamped about us, and even if we may have had little cares and crosses, trials and losses, yet we should be conscious of His presence and His goodness. Hence it is well that we have our times and seasons for special thanksgiving, for like the children of Israel we are prone to murmur over the regularity and monotony of His goodness instead of rendering songs of thanksgiving and offering up our *Te Deum* of praise. In our homes daily, in our churches regularly we find it profitable to thank and praise Him for His goodness. In our nation itself we recognized our Christian origin and religious foundation by our annual Thanksgiving Day. Every Christian who would be mindful of His mercies and grateful for His untold blessings should enter God's house at the call of the head of the nation to recognize the Great Giver of every good and gift. There is good reason why we should be thankful and why we should express our thanks.

♦♦♦♦

One strange thing about the "cheerful giver" is that he always has something to give—his cheerfulness seems to increase his capital. As there are plants which bloom most freely when the blossoms are picked daily, so the free bestowal of gifts seems to increase the store of the giver.—The Myrtle.

♦♦♦♦

Never hesitate to talk about yourself and your affairs. This will interest everybody.

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES--NO. 11.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

Saturday came, cool, clear and crisp—just the thing for us, and Bob and I started on our "hunting expedition." As we were only hunting cocoons and chrysalides, of any species we might come across, we needed only a basket and a telescope pole, that we could make longer or shorter with a hook on the end to dislodge any cocoons we might find higher up. Reaching our hunting grounds, I told Bob to keep his eye on the zig-zag rail fence as he went along, and to look out for any curious things he might see hanging to the under side of the rails. Off he went one way, and I took an angle from his course. On his way he saw a curious thing hanging to a twig on a bush; he cut it off, and came to me at a lively stride, with a curious expression on his face:—

"What is this thing, doctor?"

"That's what we call a Chrysalis, Bob."

"Well, where did he come from, and how did he get fixed in that way? I'm dumfounded, if I ain't a fool when you come to these things." These were very natural question for an inquisitive boy, for he held in his hand one of the greatest curiosities in nature, (and I wish I had a picture of it to show the reader,) but this is what he saw—a curiously shaped brownish thing about an inch long, head upward, and its tail gummed to the twig; and then a thread of silk formed into a loop, and this loop passing around the back of its neck, and fastened to the twig. The best illustration I can think of is, a line-man on a telegraph pole. You have seen him with the spurs of his boots stuck into the pole, and a strong strap going around his body and the pole, so that when he throws himself backwards to work on the wires, the strap holds him safely. Now, put this strap around the line-man's neck, and it will give you an idea how this chrysalis was hanging.

"How did that rope get around the back of the neck of that thing, and fastened to the twig? It's got no hands to work: well—that beats me—how that rope got there!"

"Well, really, Bob, I must confess I don't know; but he did it while he was in the caterpillar state. But I want to show you something; and taking my high power magnifying glass, I said:

"Now, my boy, look through this glass—get the right distance and tell me what you see."

He got the right light and focus.

and after a moment, the astonished lad exclaimed,—

"My Jimminy Pats! Why, doctor, this thing has wings drawn up on the sides of his body; and I see something like eyes; and then there are legs, and then there are (what you call them) the feelers on each side of his head! It a' beats me! What will it come to, doctor?"

"Well, Bob, this thing was a caterpillar the other day—perhaps yesterday and when it knew it had lived long enough as a caterpillar, it just gummed itself to that twig, put that rope of silk around its neck, and a few hours afterwards that caterpillar, as quick as the flash of your eye, the caterpillar was gone, and what you now see took its place. We call this a Chrysalis—a word from the Greek which means golden, the color of the skin which covers it. In the next Spring, it will come out of the skin the beautiful butterfly which we call *Papilio Chresphon-tus*, and you will be proud of it." Bob looked serious and puzzled as he turned to me and said,—

It makes me feel like a fool when I come across such things as this, and —."

"No! My boy—you are no fool; it takes a boy of sense to see things as you see them; you are not a fool, but you are astonished, and well you may be, as I always am, and I bow my head before the Great Mystery Worker of the universe. And it brings to mind something else that we ought never to forget—inside of our bodies—yours and mine—there is something which we cannot see, and that is the Soul, which God put there just as He put the butterfly inside the body of the caterpillar, and He is trying to make that soul in you and me so grand and beautiful that He will forever be pleased with it."

The lad looked up to me with no unmeaning face as he said,—

"I understand, doctor; I'll try not to make you or God sorry. I'm—," he did not finish, but turned his face and his steps towards the path through a clump of trees.

After going several hundred yards, we came in sight of a small house standing off from the path where lived a widow with five children—three boys and two girls, and one of the girls, about twelve years old. I had often gone out that way on my butterfly hunts and had frequently seen these children, but they would all run away when they saw me coming;

and scarcely any wonder, the way I was "tricked out" with my old slouch hat turned up at the front, yellow shirt, high top boots with the bottom of my trouser legs stuffed into the tops of them; with basket and big jar hanging at my side, and the catch-net over my shoulder: I must have looked to them like a veritable hoodoo. But on this expedition Bob got a couple hundred yards ahead of me, and he came upon the children before they knew it, and saw them throwing something white up in the air, and trying to catch it as it came down. What seemed to be the eldest boy caught sight of Bob and instantly started towards him with a stick in his hand. As the boy's hat was off, Bob lifted his hat, and then saluted the lad with:

"Good morning, Major! I'm on a hunting trip: Got any cocoons about here?—I'm trying to get some."

"My name's not Major," replied the lad; I'm Andrew Jackson Wilson, and—"

"Beg pardon, Andrew: I didn't mean any offence; I just wanted to get some information about cocoons, any about here?"

"All right," said Andrew, and then called the other children. Just as they all got to where Bob and Andrew were, they caught sight of me in my picturesque outfit, and the two girls and a boy started to run; but Andrew stopped the stampede, and kept them together until I came up.

"Good morning, Children! My young friend and I are looking for cocoons—do you —."

"Do you mean the things that make the butterflies and such?" asked Andrew. "If you do"—thrusting his hand into his pocket, and pulling out three of them, said: "Perhaps this is what you want; here, Dick," addressing his brother, "Pull out yours—all of you."

Andrew counted them, and found them to number eighteen.

"Are they for sale—and what will you take for them?" I asked, for from the size, shape, and texture of the silk, I saw they were worth having for Bob's collection.

"How much?" I asked, "Let me begin, and when I get to your price, sing out 'Yes,' and I'll pay you. Are you ready? Here goes; one cent apiece; two cents: three cents; four cents. "Yes!" came from one of the girls—"No!" came from Andrew. "Five cents!" I went on. "Yes!" called out Andrew, and all the others endorsed him.

"Just 60 cents!" "How much will

they come to at 8 cents apiece?" I asked. My eyes turned to Andrew. He stuck his finger in his mouth and squinted once or twice, and then said,—"\$1.44 cents." That struck me and interested me very much, and I thought I would keep on. How much will the eighteen come to at 12 cents apiece?" I asked. Andrew shut both eyes close, turned once on his heel, and then said with some force,—"Just \$2 16 cents." I was surprised at the rapidity with which he calculated. I discovered a budding mathematical genius. Finally I said, "I'm going to pay you 10 cents apiece for the 18 cocoons—what will that come to? Andrew answered with scarcely a moment's hesitation,—"\$1.80 cents," without any delay. I tried him once more: "How much will each one of you five get for your share, if I pay you \$1.80 cents?" After turning on his heels twice as if it would help in the solution, he said without any hesitation,—"Just 36 cents."

I commended this young lad who had but little of school teaching. He was a natural born mathematician. I then paid them, and so made them my friends who were never afraid of me after that. Andrew I made my protégé, and put him in safe and helping hands.

But this story is about Bob, and not about Andrew, however you may wish to know of his after life. I closed the bargain, and Bob and I went on our way for more cocoons; and satisfied with our day's work, we returned home, muddy, tired, hungry and well pleased.

Home and Religion.

According to Green, in his history of England. "Home, as we conceive it now, was the basis of this Puritan conception of home. "Wife and child rose from mere dependence on the will of husband and father, as husband and father saw in them saints like himself, souls hallowed by the touch of a Divine Spirit and called with a Divine calling like his own. The sense of spiritual fellowship gave a new tenderness and refinement to the common family affections."

There is food for thought in this picture of home. The Puritan was the man who found the source, the centre and aim of his life in God. With him religion was the chief concern. It suffused, permeated and dominated his whole life. He carried his religion into his business and into his pastimes; into his home. It colored his view of the world

about him, and influenced him in all the relations of life. He was a religious husband and father, and his home was a religious institution. He had a church in his house. There he worshipped God in fellowship with his own flesh and blood. And this was the man who created the home, as we conceive it. Obviously then if the home is to remain as we conceive it, the religion of the Puritan must remain in it. Only the force that created it can sustain and preserve it. The home must still be a religious institution, a church in the house.

It is a discouraging fact that many professing Christians manifest less of a religious spirit in the home than elsewhere. Bunyan's Talkative was "a saint abroad, and a devil at home." He has a numerous progeny. Restraint is thrown aside, the pressure of public opinion is taken off. Jones used to say that he was willing for a man to shout in his meetings, provided his wife would testify that he had religion. This is a crucial test. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he in his own home. There he shows his real self.

Parents teach their children that if they are to have good manners when visiting, they must practice good manners at home. Children might very well teach their parents that if they are to exercise a religious influence abroad they should practice religion at home. Here is where their first and weightiest responsibility rests. Religion, like charity, should begin at home. If it doesn't begin there, it will never be worth much anywhere else.

Love is the basis of the true home, and love is the essence of religion. Without love one cannot be religious; without love, all else profiteth nothing. The more religion, the more love, and the more love the happier the home. There may be natural affection without religion, and this, it might be supposed, would be sufficient to secure happiness in the home. As a matter of fact, it is not. The affection of husband for wife is not always strong enough to stand the wear and tear of life's experiences. In the absorption of business, amid the losses and crosses, the ups and downs, the fractions and rivalries of the street and the market, the tie becomes weaker, and the wife is neglected. The husband's affections become somewhat benumbed, his sensibilities deadened, and frequently his spirit embittered as cares multiply and the responsibilities of business weigh more heavily.

He forgets to smile when he enters his home, but doesn't forget the unpleasant experiences of the day. He feels free to unload the accumulated irritations and vexation that have worn on his nerves. The neglected wife seeks compensation at the club or the bridge party; and the children grow up in an atmosphere entirely destitute of the wholesome, invigorating ozone of parental affection. Religion, the kind that has the love in it, is the only thing that can stand the strain of life, as life must be lived in a world that is so sadly out of joint. Only religion can keep the parents true to the vows plighted at Hymen's altar; and only religion can make them faithful to the obligations due to their children. Religion, then is essential to the as we conceive it, essential to the home as God conceived it. And to answer the purpose, it must be a genuine article and it must be nourished by daily contact with God's Word and daily waiting at the mercy seat. The husband and father who is too busy to keep fires burning on the family altar, is too busy to have a happy home, and too busy to ensure his children for the future.—The Standard.

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Loving With a Will.

Only when love gets into the will as well as into the feelings, do our lives become really loving. It is easy to love when we feel loving; it is hard to love when we do not feel loving. Yet those alone who love when it is hard to love have learned the meaning of love. It was said of a man who did not show the tenderer, softer side of his nature as much as do some whose feelings lie nearer the surface, that to him, "love was not so much a sentiment as a guiding principle." And that means that his love was longer, and accomplished more in the lives of other, than the lives of those to whom the words word means chiefly an emotion. To love others is to hold their interests always dear, and to be guided in all our actions toward them by that purpose. Have we learned to love with our wills?—Sunday School Times.

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One strange thing about the "cheerful giver" is that he always has something to give—his cheerfulness seems to increase his capital. As there are plants which bloom most freely when the blossoms are picked daily, so the free bestowal of gifts seems to increase the store of the giver.—The Myrtle.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

This issue of THE UPLIFT was gotten out by officers of the school, due to Mr. J. P. Cook's absence from the State. The editorials paragraphs over the signature of W. G. C. were written by Mr. W. G. Campbell at one time or another during his connection with the school.

THE OLD SOUTH.

The spirit of commercialism is a greater menace to North Carolina than Pellagra or any other modern form of degeneracy. The prevailing idea that money is the main thing is doing more to corrupt the youth of the land than any other of the many snares that the Father of Lies sets for the unwary. One has only to contrast the present state of affairs with the conditions a few decades ago to see whether the present conditions are tending. The old-time Gentleman, the distinguishing mark of southern gentility, and the proudest product of our ante-bellum high water mark of civilization, is no longer in evidence. He has gone to the rear along with many other institutions that made the the old South the beau ideal of good manners and the criterion of gentility, more's the pity. One old fashioned Tar Heel, whose word was as good as his bond, and who cherished the

virtues of his ancestors, making Honesty, Kindness and Helpfulness his cardinal virtues, was of of more account than many hundreds of his degenerate descendants who vainly imagine that money is the main thing. The New South with its mills and countless other industries is a great thing but the Old South with its humanity and refinement and gentility and all the finer qualities that go to make up the sum total of the highest form of civilization was a far greater thing, and the pity of it is that we have exchanged or are exchanging, the better for the worse. W. G. C.

The following published in the News & Observer and written by Mr. Andrew Joyner, of Greensboro is reproduced in the editorial column with the hope that it will be given wide publicity :

Isn't it curious how often the little memorized poetic treasures of childhood confront you as you grow older, and help you by thought, by spoken or written language to point a moral or adorn a tale? Never thought of it before? Well now it is suggested to you, you'll admit that you had thought of that very circumstance many a time, only you hadn't taken the pains to think about thinking of it at all.
 Alas, for rarity,
 Of Christian charity,
 Under the son.

These words from the "Song of the Shirt" kept thumping on my mental door the other day as I descended the steps that lead to the street from a city court room.

I could not help thinking about the cases of little boys I saw tried up there, with the very solemn and sedate judge a-setting straight and high on the cupola, or perch provided there in place of the ordinary judge's stand, and the throng of uniformed brass buttoned policemen swarming about, with lots of negroes on the side of a fence built there to keep the nigs and whites apart.

I recalled the fact that in the contest for judicial honors one candidate promised if elected to try little boys in a sort of court, apart from the gaping or terrifying crowd. And the other candidates for judge then if they succeeded they would do that thing too. It might have been done a while, before the fuz was wined off of the judicial peach, but it

isn't being done now, which it ought to, everywhere.

There was a little darky up there; 7x50 were his dimensions; 7 in years and 50 in looks. There were 2 little white boys looking to be between 8 and 10, sheepishly viewing the throng of justice and sobbing in pain of disgrace and ignorant childish fear of dire peril no doubt, for their lives. What if the rest of us did know that in that seat of judgment sat a kindly hearted judge, one who loves to temper mercy with justice and whose heart goes out in sympathy for the erring, not only for own childish sakes, but for the sake of their parents or protectors, or kin who suffer shame when one of their own is caught in the drag net of the law for some childish breach.

Now go a step further back and we will see where that need of Christian charity comes in. All up and down the street are displayed with but little protection, all kinds of tempting articles of merchandise temptingly arranged to induce people to buy. A little gamin who never owned a thing so useful, so shining, so beautiful in all his life stand's worshipping a lot of pocket knives. Perhaps he has looked and admired and coveted a dozen times just one of this glittering group of priceless ivory and steel, and as many times resisted the impulse to take just one. But his little humane nature grows weaker, as he dallies with danger, and fluttering too near the candle flame, lit there by some big, so-called Christian tradesman to tempt older people to buy, and this boy makes a desperately impulsive sweep toward's the bright light of his desire, and gets his wingsinged. But he gets the knife. And some one besides God sees him. The knife, or the baseball, or the mitt, or the bat, or whatever it may be is recovered and the youngster caught. I know some men, who lay no claim to piety or religious zeal, who invariably in such cases, without exposure, seek to reform the boy by either taking him to his parents, or in case the boy prefers it, give him a dressing down in some back lot, respecting the little fellow's pride in not wishing his folks to know how weak or how mean he has been under great temptation and unusual provocation.

Now, that is charity.

I know some others whose fortune reaches into six figures, whose generosity is paraded; whose benevolence is talked about; who occupy the chief seats in the synagogue, and makes broad their "philanthropy." And some of these phone for a pol-

iceman, and hustle these little weaklings off to court as if they committed a burglarly or arson, or had maliciously done wanton damage without temptation or invitation to pilfer.

And whenever I see one of these boys up before these august courts in little dirty court rooms trembling for mercy, I think of: "And Jesus said, whosoever offendeth one of these little ones, offendeth me." And many years after Burns said: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

It is to the everlasting credit of the womanhood of North Carolina that the steadiest pull upward, and the most unselfish devotion to the work of moral betterment and general uplift along all lines, are due to the matrons and the maids of this old commonwealth. In the stress of the civil war the women of the South in heroic self-sacrifice and devotion, proved themselves worthy to be the wives and mothers of the knightliest men the world has ever known—the Paladins of Lee. But, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and, in the struggle North Carolina is now making for the moral uplift of her people, her women are praying and working with the same devotion that gilds the page of North Carolina women's history with a gleam of fadeless glory. In every city and hamlet of our state are noble, God-fearing and God-loving women who are bearing the Jackson Training School on their hearts and working for the reclamation of our erring boys with a zeal prompted by the highest motive that ever moves the human will—mother-love. On the public sentiment of the people of North Carolina the Jackson Training School relies for its maintenance and support, and to the women of the State it looks for the creation of a public sentiment that will assure its distinguished success, nor will it look in vain.

W. G. C.

The coming of Christmas, always looked forward to by children, is doubly welcome to the boys here. Many have only one, and few have both parents living together at home. Therefore, the one season of the

year, when Saint and sinner alike unite in wishing the children good cheer and happiness, is to these boys a great occasion. The gifts to this Institution last year were many and varied and they perhaps had "as much Christmas" as any boys in North Carolina. As the holiday season has drawn nigh they have been some what anxious on the subject; but there are beginning to be indications that Santa Claus purposes to come this way.

Orphan to Governor.

Ben W. Hooper the next Governor of Tennessee, choice of the Republican party, and of a large section of the Democrats as well, Tennessee's first Republican Governor in 30 years, had never been heard of, outside of his own county, 24 hours before his nomination. In his early days, when he wanted to marry the daughter of an old family in the neighborhood, he was asked by his sweetheart's family who his parents were. He looked them straight in the eyes and said:

"I awoke to consciousness within the walls of a Baptist orphan asylum, and my first remembrance is of the long rows of children eating their simple meals in the dismal-looking dining hall. Back of that I know nothing."

Then he told them how a man had visited the orphanage and had become interested in him. This friend invested in him to the extent of giving him an education and sending him to a law school. After graduating he had come to Newport and "hung out his shingle," and they knew the rest.

But they were not satisfied, and they told him their daughter could never marry a man whose very name had been given him by a charitable friend. So the young man left Newport with a few thousand dollars given him by his friend, who had faith in him. Hooper went to Texas and invested in the then rapidly developing oil lands of that State.

With that tinge of the spectacular that has characterized every turning point of his career, he made \$150,000 in six months, and, pocketing his small fortune, he turned his face toward Tennessee again.

Ten years ago he married Miss Jones, daughter of one of Tennessee's wealthiest citizens, and he now lives in a splendid home in the heart of the Tennessee hills.

Two years ago Captain Hooper

gave \$10,000 to one of the Baptist orphanage of Tennessee, and he has always been extremely liberal toward all charitable institutions.—Collier's Weekly.

School Items.

Clifford Tate spent a week at home during the early part of this month. He came back delighted with his visit and doubtless his people were delighted to see him.

Mr. W. G. Campbell whose resignation here was noted in the November issue, writes Supt. Thompson, that he has accepted work in the Old Dominion Academy at Reliance, Virginia. Mr. Campbell is teaching his favorite subject, Latin, and is doubtless happy in his work.

The boys had a fine rabbit hunt Thanksgiving day. Without guns, but with the help of Fi Faggart and his spotted hounds, the boys caught ten which formed the basis of a stew the next day. Coming in late they sat down to dinner of turkey and cranberries and pumpkin pie, all prepared after Tom's choicest receipts. Dr. and Mrs. Houston spent the day with us and their presence is always welcome here on any occasion.

During the past two weeks we have had visits from Mr. B. C. Beckwith, of the Board of Internal Improvements, Dr. W. S. Rankin Secy. of the State Board of Health, and Miss Daisy Denson Secy. of Board of Charities and Corrections. These gentlemen and Miss Denson were making their Annual Inspection of the Institution and we were glad to see them.

A circle of King's Daughters has been organized in Concord and already we are beginning to receive a helpful attention at their hands. Some ladies with Rev. Plato Durham came out a recent Sabbath afternoon and conducted services. Mr. Durham made a talk of remarkable power on the subject of "Giving One's Self a Square Deal."

Prayer and Pains.

No answer comes to those who pray

And idly stand

And wait for stones to roll away

At God's command.

He will not break the binding cords

Upon us laid,

If we depend on pleading words

And do not aid.

When hands are idle, words are vain

To move the stone;

An aiding angel would disdain

To work alone.

But he who prayeth and is strong

In faith and deed,

And toileth earnestly, ere long

He will succeed.

The Boy's Last Night.

It was the last day in college, and the three students who had spent the four years largely together were up in Guy's room.

To-morrow they would go their separate ways. All three were fine musicians, playing the violin equally well. Many a happy time they had had together.

"It's the last evening. Let's serenade the lovely Miss Norton," suggested Guy, picking up his violin.

"I'd like to call on that pretty Simpson girl," replied Ben; "she likes our music."

Harold did not answer.

He was a tall athletic young fellow, with a pair of earnest, handsome eyes. Every one loved Harold.

"They are both fine girls," he answered slowly, "and at either home we could have a good time; but, boys, there will be plenty to dance attendance upon them."

"I think"—his tone sobered a little—"I think we could give more real happiness in quite another direction."

"What direction?" asked Guy cautiously.

He knew Harold:

Harold stood up. His face was thoughtful

"You both know Mrs. Wright, who has done our washing for four years. Well, she's old and poor, and crippled by rheumatism besides. It's our last chance to do anything more for her. I know where she lives. I went out there once after our clothes. It's a poor little place. The paint is all off the outside, and it's mighty poor inside. Let's go out there to-night and take our violins. We'll play over our old pieces and some of our new ones for her. The lovely Miss Norton and charming Simpson girl will have forgotten our efforts in a week, but Mrs. Wright will remember them as long as she lives."

"O, I say, now," demurred Ben. Guy's face too did not look encouraging.

"Come, now, be good fellows. I'm sure you won't be sorry."

And in the end Harold had his way.

There had been a big washing that day, and Mrs. Wright was very tired. She would miss her boys too. She always called them that, and she would not see them again. She not be able to get to the college in time. Somehow her heart was heavy.

Why was it so many people had so little pleasure and so many burdens? Her shoulders ached with

the pain of the days work. Life was hard, so hard. The tears fell slowly down the wrinkled cheeks. She was so lonely, so alone.

And then three tall young figures stood in the open door, for it was summer time.

"Good evening," they said, and somehow the poor little washerwoman for the moment was quite dazzled. The gleam of the young and friendly eyes was so unexpected. In gay tones they told her that they had come to make a little music for her and to bid her good-bye. And then they sat down and began to play. Somehow—they could not have told why—they played as they had never done before. Each played with the touch of genius in that humble little room with its rude walls, its plain furnishings.

How good God was to give her such a joy as this! She would never complain again.

The boys played on.

One by one the people of the neighborhood had gathered about the place. They were not used to such music as that.

Then suddenly it was all over:

The boys arose. Each one took the small, knotted hand that for four years had washed his clothes. Harold was saying in his cheerful fashion: "It is not good-bye altogether, Mrs. Wright, for I shall send you a card now and then to find out how you get on."

They were silent as they walked along in the bright moonlight.

Guy broke the stillness. He still saw the rapt look on the wrinkled face. "It paid, didn't it?" he said. Ben looked up at the stars. Somehow something new had crept into his soul that night—the desire to be a better fellow and less selfish. "I should say it did," he answered soberly.

Harold put an arm around each of his two friends. "Thank you," he said gently.

And in the room they had just left, a humble washwoman had been ushered into a new world. The days would be hard, the labor would be heavy, but the recollection of their unselfish act would alter and transform the dull routine of her life. Some one cared—and for her. And because of it, her hitherto gray world had blossomed as the rose.—Susan Hubbard Martin, in *Onward*.

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Honesty.

"It was in an innocent game of cards that a young boy in the strong desire to win, did a trick that gave him a fine card. In doing so he lost

the game. His old grandfather sitting near by reached out his hand tapping the boy said: "No matter what you do, be it in fun or in earnest, be it playing cards, a game, in your work at anything you do, you will never win when you cheat. Play fair; work fair; do your level best, but do it honestly. There is no joy in a dishonest victory. you will feel mean because it is ill-becoming for a man to be a cheat."

These words were spoken by a man who came to this country when but a lad—alone—into a country that was strange to him, with no money, no friends, no place to go. Leaving all that he loved behind him his father and mother, his brothers and sisters. Why? Because it was either do that or starve, and see his beloved parents starve also. Because he was the only support his family had, and because his young nature couldn't stand such privation and hardship. Because he had ambition energy and faithfulness and he knew that this grand old country of ours was the place to come to get relief.

He is today an honored and respected citizen of this Commonwealth, because of the sterling quality of his honesty and manfulness. Not one single dishonest act, not one dishonest word has ever dropped from him in his life. He would not tolerate dishonesty in his own children, and he did not want it in his grandchildren. Alone and unaided he battled though the direst poverty, with faith in God and faith in his fellowman, until today he is rich in this world's goods, a living example of what any boy can do in the same circumstances who will follow the dictation of his conscience and refuse to accept any dishonest help.—

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Charles D. Hilles, assistant secretary of the Treasury during President Taft's term of office, has resigned his position to accept one of larger advantage in one of the large financial institutions of New York City. Mr. Hilles was the superintendent of the Ohio Boys Industrial School at Lancaster, Ohio, from March, 1900 to May, 1902. From there he went to Dobbs Ferry, New York, where he became superintendent of the New York Juvenile Asylum.

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There is a wonderful power in a bright, cheerful smile to dispel gloom and sadness. It acts just as potently as the warm smiling sun upon the fogs and mists that sometimes gather during the night and early morning.—*Industrial School Magazine*.

The Lady of the Lamp

The name of Florence Nightingale was familiar to the civilized world, and especially to the United States, during the period of the Crimean War. Many are the men and women who, as children and youth, heard the sweet collocation of names and knew of the still sweeter qualities of her that bore them, yet live to participate in the countless eulogies of her life and character. Being within a short distance of the place of her death and burial at the time thereof and recalling the influence which, without knowing it, she exerted over the conception initiation and conduct of the first general Methodist Episcopal Hospital, we made every effort to accumulate and authenticate such facts as would be of interest to our numerous nurses, schools for nurses, hospitals, and the increasing number who rejoice to uphold by their gifts these "hotels of God."

This heroine of philanthropy was born in Florence, Italy, and from the city of Dante took her Christian name. Her father's name was Shore, which in accordance with a custom of England, he changed to Nightingale when he became the possessor of the estate of that family. Her parents were wealthy and she came under the phrase often used in England: "She is well born, well bred and wealthy."

If the child is often "father of the man," it is as frequently the mother of the woman. While she was yet a girl Florence Nightingale set up a kind of private dispensary in her father's village home for the sick people of the neighborhood.

Her first case was a crippled dog. The keeper was about to shoot it, but she set the broken limb successfully, and finally was able to restore the suffering animal, quite cured to his master.

It is agreed that this gave the clue to her real vocation. For years after that she continued to minister to the sick and helpless. In her youth she was acquainted with Elizabeth Fry, the most notable woman in England for philanthropy in the preceding generation. The ground work of Florence Nightingale's life was given to her by her father. He was highly educated and gave his two daughters the same education he had received at the university. This fact made the young ladies well known, for

such training for women was unusual.

Florence Nightingale was a good Greek and Latin scholar, an excellent mathematician, an expert in French, German and Italian, and was able to travel when and wherever she desired. Her mother was a famous hostess and the Nightingale seats in Derbyshire and Hampshire were the scenes of numerous literary and social gatherings which often included famous personages.

She frequently went through the hospital wards of three great cities—London, Dublin and Edinburgh—in fact, she knew the working system of every hospital in England and Scotland; also she sojourned some months with the Protestant nurses in Germany and the Roman Catholic nurses in Paris, and had concluded to organize a sanitarium for "needy gentlewomen."

It was under these circumstances that she was called to go to Crimea. The Secretary of War decided to introduce women nurses, and with that decision, he made another, which in his words is stated thus: "Miss Nightingale is the only person in England capable of organizing and superintending this scheme." As a generalization it may be said that "Hospital nursing was in the hands of inferior women at that time, most of whom were addicted to drink."

She accepted the commission and secured thirty-seven hospital nurses. They had to travel through France, and great was the excitement. At Marseilles the fish women seized their baggage and took it to the steamer. Hotel keepers refused to accept pay for accommodation. During the journey Miss Nightingale's state of health was so ominous that her friends despaired of her life. This fact, however, was not known for some months.

What she did in the Crimea we will not recount, except to say that on occasions she would stand twenty hours receiving fresh arrivals of the wounded; that she developed into an incomparable leader of men and a genius for organization; that each night, when all the medical officers had retired, she "would issue forth in the silence and the darkness, carrying a lamp in her hand, and make her solitary round."

This practice of going around with

the lamp gave rise to the reference. "A lady with a lamp," in Longfellow's poem, the whole of which has been published in the *Christian Advocate* since her death.

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, who is still living, on January 18, 1855, when he was midshipman, was struck in the arm with a case shot weighing three ounces. He was unconscious, he says, from the second week in January to May, but once in one of his few lucid moments he remembers Miss Florence Nightingale going through the ward and coming to him. Her death brought out the fact that two sisters of the Convent of Mercy left that convent and joined Miss Nightingale in Paris, and arrived at the Crimea in time for the fiercest battle of the whole campaign. They returned to England and one of them founded the Hospital of Saint John and Saint Elizabeth; she celebrated her diamond jubilee last year. These two women are respectively aged eighty-eight and eighty-four. Both are very deaf and very blind, but are otherwise well. They were not forgotten by Queen Victoria, for they each received from her a Royal Red Cross.

A veteran who had acted as Florence Nightingale's orderly in the Scutari Hospital died just twenty-four hours before her death, and his widow testified that her husband had often told her this incident: "A poor little trumpeter was brought to the hospital badly wounded. Though she had grown well used to the sight of suffering, Miss Nightingale was so grieved when she saw the child's pain that she broke down and cried bitterly." The veteran would always add that he could never forget the sobs in the somber ward and the motherly way in which she treated him."

Notwithstanding Miss Nightingale desired that her obsequies might not be ostentatious, the service was conducted at St. Paul's. Many other memorial services were held in London, and in arranging the order it was ascertained that her favorite hymns were, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," "God moves in a mysterious way," "The King of Love my Shepherd is." These are in the Methodist hymnal.

No wonder was it that one of the greatest papers of London and of

the world should say that "Among the great women of whom history holds record, many have been higher in place and more brilliant in fame, but to her this matchless epitaph must be conceded, that none of her sex ever achieved a nobler work in her own day or left a more noble example for the times to follow."

Or that another writer says that she was "as much of a national heroine for modern England in her way as was Jeanne D'Arc for medieval France."

No wonder was it that in broadsheets sold in the slums her good deeds were glorified in such "verse" as :

She's the soldier's preserver, she's loved like a queen.

May God give her strength, and her heart never fail.

One of Heaven's best gifts is Miss Nightingale.

And no wonder that the Queen bestowed upon her a unique and magnificent jewel, designed by the Prince Consort. It consisted of a medallion of white enamel, with the Saint George Cross in red and the Royal cipher in the center. Around it was the Garter, inscribed with the text, "Blessed are the merciful," below which, upon a blue ribbon in enamel, was the single words "Crimea, while surmounting all were three blazing diamond stars.

Nor is it a wonder that she received the Royal Red Cross from Queen Victoria, and that on her eighty-fourth birthday the king made her a Lady of Grace of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem; or that the Corporation of London presented the freedom of the city. In moving the resolution Deputy Wallace said it should have been bestowed thirty years before and reminded the hearers that she had received honors from King Edward and the German Emperor.

No wonder was it that when she was presented with the freedom of the city she would not have the scroll in the customary golden box. "Make it of wood," she said, "and give me the hundred pounds for some charity." And no wonder it is that the nation subscribed fifty thousand pounds as a token of gratitude; and no wonder that she would not touch a penny and devoted the money to the founding of the Nightingale Home, where nurses are to be trained for the work "which Florence Nightingale for all time ennobled."—New York Christian Advocate.

"Believe in the best; not in the worst."

Open Air Schools.

Durham Sun.

Six years ago more than a hundred pale, anaemic, ailing children who couldn't keep up with their classes were taken out of the schoolroom and taught their lessons in a pine forest. Their period of school work were shortened, much time was devoted to rest and play, and nourishing food was given them at frequent intervals. Three months later all of these children returned to the schoolroom rosy and sturdy and free from disease. Most of them had gained from six to eight pounds in weight. They were bright-eyed, alert, and in high spirits. And that was not all. It was found that they were not behind in their school work, but that they were actually in advanced of the healthy children who had remained in the schoolroom; and this in spite of the fact that less than half as much time had been spent in schoolwork. Such startling results were destined to create widespread interest and today a number of the New England cities have adopted similar methods, and the result has been wonderful.

There is no reason in the world why every American city and town should not fall in line with their new movement since it involves little extra expense. In every case the equipment for such outdoor work has been notable for its slight cost. In Providence, the first city in this country to establish an open air school, a room in an abandoned school house was adapted by removing the south wall, leaving that side open to the air. In New York city abandoned ferry boats have been used, Chicago has utilized roofs for the purpose, and army tents are being used in a number of cities.

The open air school for the sickly child has passed the experimental stage, and the matter is being considered everywhere by educators and students of child hygiene. The Russell Sage foundation has undertaken an active course leading to the establishment of such schools. Such schools demand that the child be warmly clothed and wellfed. It is a worthy theme for every parent to consider who want healthy children.

The Power of an Unselfish View of Life.

By chance meeting at a hotel, thereafter repeated, we became acquainted with a young gentleman of Jewish parentage and religious beliefs. The race that produced Moses, David, and Isaiah, and of whom according to the flesh came Christ,

who is over all, God blessed forever has attracted us because of the New Testament promise that gives it a distinct place in the coming events and the triumph of the Kingdom of God. This young Jew especially interested us, and he opened his heart, revealing a great purpose enshrined there: it was to live unselfishly with the higher self, the giving self, in the ascendant. He did not consciously associate his great purpose with his religion, at least not formally, but it had for him the power of a religion; it gave direction to his energies, determined his view-point for moral issues, regulated his dealings with his fellowmen, and imparted to his consciousness a deep joy as in ever greater detail he realized his great ideal of an unselfish life. Associated with his father and brothers in a commercial establishment, he found need for courage and independence in adhering to principles that did not dominate the other members of the firm; but when we last saw him he was still to himself true. He had an enthusiasm for unselfishness, and his goal seemed to be the complete substitution of the alter for ego.

The late Cecil Rhodes, of British South Africa, possessed a remarkable race consciousness and was ruled by the moral obligations that to him were inseparable from it. For British dominion in Africa he ventured his great wealth, ignoring the political rights of neighbor States in his passion for his own Anglo-Saxon race and its expansion. In order to unify that race he devoted a large part of his wealth to the founding of the Rhodes Scholarships. His great idea was always with him during the later years of his life; it was his companion, and in its light he contemplated the future with equanimity. When asked what Mr. Rhodes's religious opinions were, Rudyard Kipling impatiently said: "He is building our empire." Possibly Kipling was right in this estimate of Rhodes. An empire has been built in South Africa out of his great idea, but we doubt whether Kipling brutal contempt for religion was shared by Mr. Rhodes.—Epworth Era.

The world wants physicians who will not pretend to know the nature of a disease when they do not, or experiment on patients with drugs with which they are not familiar.

There is nothing which will endear one to others like unselfishness. Everybody admires it.

BIG NOISE.

By J. F. Hurley.

Boys, the Big Noise is here—Christmas is just around the corner. I hope this Christmas for every boy and girl will be just what they deserve a big, hearty, happy event, with lots of noise—for I believe in a noisy Christmas—the more fuss the better. Then I hope that there will be snow, lots of it, good and deep, soft packy snow that will pack just right and stay packed till flattened out on some friendly back. Give the American boys a good deep snow, pockets stuffed with fruits, candies and noisy crackers and he will get 24 hours of solid fun out of December 25th, every time. Sometimes the boy does not get all he should out of Christmas. He will though if he is given a half a chance. Sometimes I think we ought to do away with policemen during Christmas—policemen were never meant to regulate Christmas, though they do, frequently. Of course school always gets out of the way. That is one good thing about schools, they will respect a holiday, some how about Christmas times the teacher mellows up and really does not care whether school keeps or not. That I would say is the Christmas spirit which really affects us all—even policemen and school teachers you see, then, that any idea of Christmas is the boy his idea—little restraint and full swing—big noises of every sort and variety. And when we wish the boys at the Jackson school a "Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year," why not be honest and wish them that which will make them happy, and the prosperity part will take care of itself. Give a boy a merry Christmas, and deep down in his heart he will not care whether the New Year is overly prosperous or not. The best thing about the New Year is that it will in the course of time bring another Christmas. Then let it frankly admitted that the whole object of this brief and unworthy "piece" is to no more serious purpose than to hope for a full, free and fussy Christmas for every boy on the top side of the earth. Turn on the noise and let the real fun begin to. Young America.

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The girl who endeavors to pay back what she owes her mother is the one who will be most sought after by the people who are worth while, and be apt to make the most successful life.

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To be well-bred be kind.

The Alexander County Mule.

H. E. C. Bryant in the Missoula, Mont., Herald.

"The horse is the greatest entertainer the world has ever known," said John E. Medden, one of the old-time horsemen at the New York snow. "He has given more pleasure under as many varied conditions than a y painter, singer or writer."

This statement is rather broad. The latter portion of it is true, we admit, but the first is too sweeping. The horse has outstripped the painter, the singer and the writer, all right, but he has never been in the same class with the North Carolina-bred mule. In Alexander county—Little Aleck the natives affectionately call it—the Tar Heel mule reaches perfection. There the roan mule thrives.

In size the North Carolina mule does not rank with the Missouri product of the same family, nor with the Bitter Root animal, but for cunning, trickery and all-round mule he has the world beaten.

The Alexander mule! There is an entertainer for you! It is in that neck of the woods that Gentry Brothers, the dog and pony show men, get their trick mules.

The Little Aleck people claim that a well-bred, properly-reared, roan-colored, Brushy mountain mule such as Congressman Tyre York used to campaign on, can kick the shortening out of bread without ever breaking the crust, or kill a dog without making him holler. That is entertaining some. On one occasion at Taylorsville, the county seat of Little Aleck, a great contest was held. John Pegram, a Brushy Mountain dweller; rode his roan mule, Mike, to town and hitched with a half hundred other nags in a stall, under the shed of a livery stable.

Some time during the day a bunch of boys, led by the Tom Sawyer of the village, chased a stray dog into the shed. As the canine disappeared behind the outer wall he was going at lively clip, and, apparently making for the other end, when he could escape. But, the unique part of it was that he did not reappear, and on investigation, the lads discovered his flattened body, as dead as a herring, lying near the wall back of Ran Mike. The boys were out for entertainment. Some smart little fellow tossed a tin can down the open space and Mike let go one foot and flattened it against the wall.

It was here that real fun began. Can after can started through but every one was stopped in the same

way and at exactly the same place. Mike was at the bat, and there wasn't a boy in town that could strike him out. More than a hundred cans, it is estimated, met the fate of the first one. Yet, withal, Mike never seemed to exert himself. If required a pretty keen eye to see him move.

That afternoon, while Pegram led him out, one of the boys asked: "What'll you take for him, partner?", "Money wouldn't buy him," was the reply. "He can kick a chew of tobacco out of your mouth without touching you."

Evidence to back our claim could be piled miles high, but this will suffice. If there be any who do not believe the assertions here made, let him call on policeman Carver, he is from the Brushy mountains, and knows the mountain mule.

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That Kept Them Awake.

A Scotch minister, a newcomer in the parish, finding it impossible to arrest the attention of his congregation, became desperate. No sooner did he appear in the pulpit than they promptly composed themselves off to sleep.

One evening, after taking up his position, he rapped sharply on the ledge in front of him, and addressed his somnolent flock in tones of severe remonstrance.

"Now, brethren," he said, "its not fair to go asleep as ye always ha' done directly I begin my sermon. Ye might wait a wee till I get along and then if I'm no worth hearing sleep awa' wi' ye, and I'll no care but dinna go before I ha' commenced. Give me this one chance."

Finding they were all fairly awake by that time, he went on, "I shall take for my text the words, 'Know thyself,' but I will say before I begin the discourse that I woul no advise this congregation to make many such profitless acquaintances."

There was not a snore nor a nod in the kirk that evening.—London Tid-Bits.

○○○○

The Sum of Duty

"The sum of duty let two words contain;

O, may they, graven, in thy heart remain.

Be humble and be just."

—Matthew Prior.

WANTED!

Young men and women to prepare for Book-keeping, Shorthand and Typewriting, and Salesmanship. Positions now awaiting them.

For full information write

Southern Commercial Schools,
Salisbury, Winston-Salem, Wilmington Rocky Mt.
North Carolina's Greatest Schools of Business.

No Clock Watcher.

How many clerks measure up to the standard of the young bookkeeper in this story? He was employed in the passenger department of a great railroad. It was just a little before lunch. Some of the clerks were putting on their coats, some leaving for the wash room, some consulting the clock, some were still busy. Suddenly the "boss" entered. He glanced about him and then he approached the young bookkeeper.

"What time is it?" he asked.

The young man kept on figuring, and the boss put a hand on his desk and repeated the question.

Instantly the other looked up, surprised to see the chief at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon; were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"Merely inquired the time—that was all," said the other.

The bookkeeper glanced about the room, located the office clock and said, "It's ten minutes to twelve."

"Thank you," said the general manager and vice-president, and strolled out.

That conversation cost the young bookkeeper his place—in the passenger department—and put him under a higher officer. Nine years later he was assistant general manager, and while still in the thirties became a general manager, full fledged.— Human life.

The Danger Note.

At one of the big summer resorts on the west coast, where hundreds of bathers enjoy the surf, there is a watchman stationed in a tower on the roof of the hotel. His sole duty is to observe the tide.

After the tide has turned and is on the ebb, there comes a time when the undertow will sweep the strongest swimmers from their feet, carrying them beneath the surface and out to sea. The watchman knows when the dangerous time is at hand, and he rings a great bell to warn all concerned. Across the miles of sand beach

If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

the peal of the danger bell goes. When the bathers hear it, they turn at once to the shore. If one should say "Just five minutes more of this fun and then I will go out," he would be covenanting with death, for the bell demands instant obedience. There have been cases of disobedience, and always the result has been loss of life. Notices are placed in conspicuous position calling attention to the importance of instantly leaving the water when the bell rings, and announcing that the refusal to do this clears the authorities of blame in case of accident.

In the moral life of all, the warning of conscience sounds the danger note. The undertow of temptation is not to be trifled with. Security lies in avoiding it, under the warning of the voice of conscience. When we refuse to obey, disaster will follow, and the loss will be our own fault.

The Aviator.

The Courier.

Glorious! soaring, swooping, sweeping Down from his giddy height:

Skimming the ground like a swallow, keeping

Just clear; the man-bird with pulses leaping,

Nerves atingle with delight.

At his conquest of the air. See him rise

Upward, upward, upward yet, until

Like some great monstrous bird he flies

Higher and yet still higher in the skies'

Vast azure: flight obedient to his will.

Suddenly he downward swoops and dashing

Straight away o'er hill and plain,

Pinions spread, propellers flashing

In the sunlight; hear his exhaust

crashing

'Gainst the air, as with might and main.

He steers his course straight as a dart,

Nor veers to right nor left, but on

To reach the goal; entranced with his

art,

Joyous, exultant, himself a part

Of his plane, the whole in unison.

Hail! to the Premier then. All Hail!

The modern conqueror of the air.

It matters not how often he may fail

He knows at last he'll penetrate the

veil

Of mystery. He'll ne'er despair,

But steadily onward wing his glorious

way,

Every obstacle soon o'ercome,

He flies gracefully afar. Oh, glorious

day!

Victorious man at last has found the

way

The birds at eventide fly home.

A. A. Young,

July 1st 1910. Asheboro, N. C.

A boy of whom his master can say:

"I can trust him; he never failed

me," will never want employment,

The fidelity, promptness and industry

which he has shown at school

are prized everywhere.—

Improving an Old Farm.

This man has bought a farm all broomsedge and gullies, with a good red clay sub-soil, and wants to improve it. As to the first plowing on such land, I would not plow it much deeper than it has been plowed before. That is, I would not turn up too much raw soil at once, but would run a sub-soil plow in the same furrow behind the turning plow and loosen the sub-soil so that there will be a bed of loose soil ten inches deep. Then the next time the land is plowed you can turn deeper till finally you turn it regularly eight inches and sub-soil six inches deeper. Then work the land in a rotation that will put a sod under every time it is broken for a hoed crop. Leave a hard rim to the old gullies and fill them with trash of any sort that will hold the wash. With a hard rim and a deep breaking alongside there will be less water get into the gullies, and when you get that land well filled with vegetable decay and always break deeply, and cultivate hoed crops as level and shallow as possible, you will make no new gullies and the old gullies will gradually fill if kept full of material to prevent frosting off.

Reflection is one of the first steps toward reformation. Unless a boy realizes that wrong-doing is sure to bring sorrow and disappointment, that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that his sins are sure to find him out, he has not learned the first lesson of honored and respected citizenship. He should be sorry—not because he has been caught and is paying the penalty in the Reformatory, but because he has transgressed the laws of God and of man, and he should realize that his stay in the Reformatory is to prepare for an honest, useful and righteous life.— Reformatory Record.

"Opportunity is like a gold mine; it gives us a chance to dig—dig—dig."

If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

THE SELWYN.

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an idea home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.



EDGAR WILSON NYE.

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company,
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
and Information.

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Prof. M. W. Walker

A Story in Words and Pictures of the First }
Two Years of The Jackson Training School. } In This Issue.

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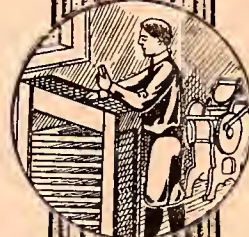
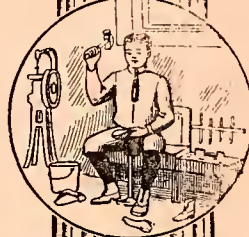
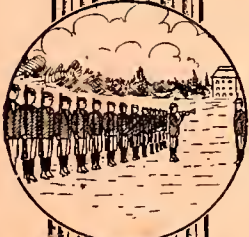
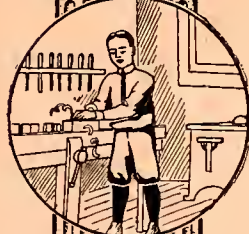


THE UPLIFT

A Matter of Eternity.

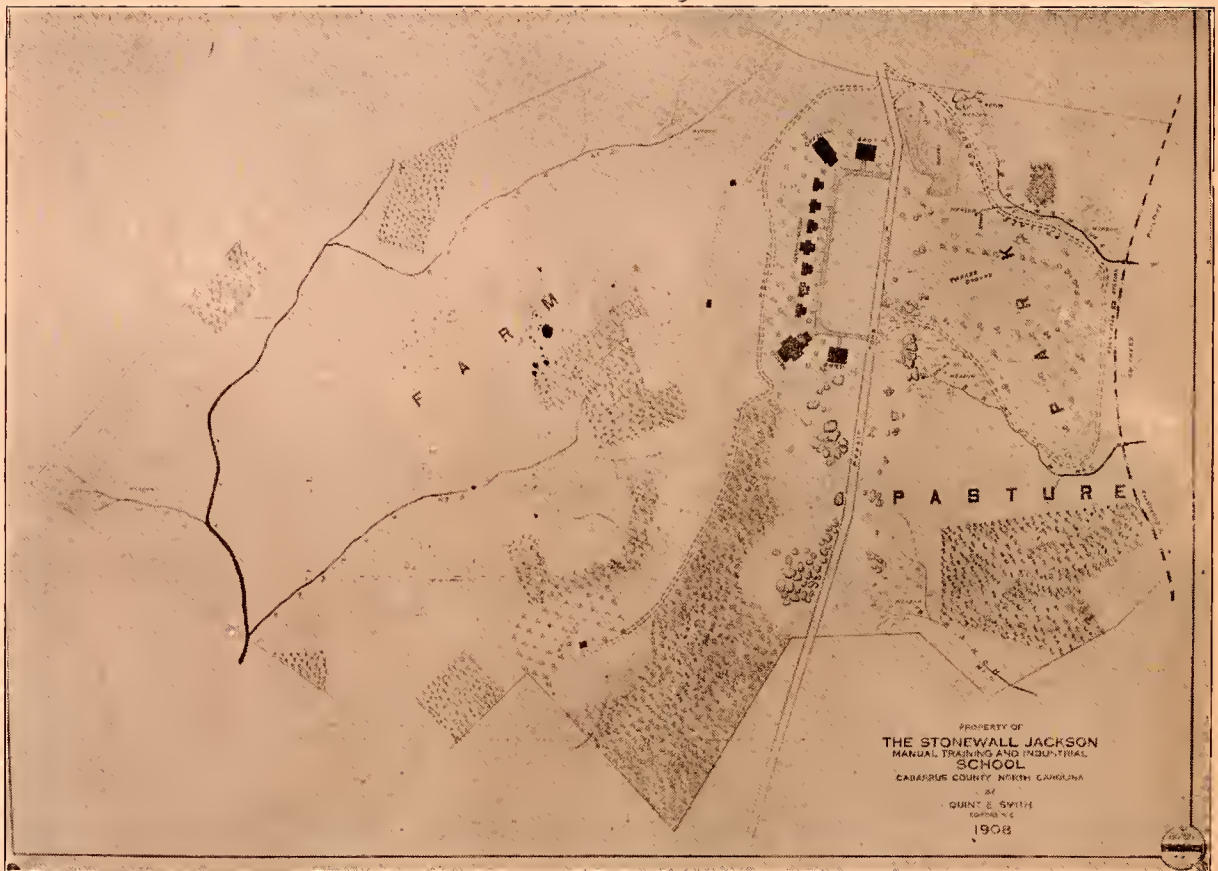
If we work upon marble, it will perish;
if we work upon brass, time will efface it;
if we rear temples, they will crumble into
dust; but if we work upon immortal souls,
if we imbue them with principles, with the
just fear of God and love of fellow men, we
engrave on those tablets something which
will brighten all Eternity.

Daniel Webster.



JANUARY, 1911

A Symposium In This Issue Worth While.



Geography of Our Farm.

Lacking a small fraction the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the institution of North Carolina's so-called Reformatory, has a territorial home covering three hundred acres of real estate. The cut in this number gives in a small way (too small for a very clear study) the boundary lines of our plantation. On the East is the main line of the Southern railway between Washington and Atlanta. The road runs at this point practically North and South. The spot of land lying along the railroad will, when our landscape gardener finishes his work and the patriot is found, be covered into a beautiful park, for the pleasure and profit of the boys and for the delight of the thousands of travelers on this magnificent double-track railroad, which the Southern Railway Company is constantly improving both in physical condition and in operating features.

The officials of Cabarrus county,

have constructed at our request and out of sympathy and appreciation for the great work we are doing, a forty-foot, graded and gritted highway which can not be surpassed in the state. This you see running right through our property and in front, removed and below the site of our buildings. We are in touch with the world, by telephone, wire, electricity and a splendid highway, and yet we are not in the least annoyed by anyone or anything coming into too close contact with us.

The dots you see in the quadrangle represent our buildings, already erected, in course of erection and to be erected in years to come as necessity demands. Everything has already been fixed so far as location is concerned. There will be no wastefulness in pulling down to change or rebuild as the price of full, previous arrangements and thought has already been paid. The dotted spots represent forests. You can very readily tell in the drawing

where we have a pasture for our herd of cattle, and this is well watered from numerous springs which flow out from the elevation on which our buildings are located.

On the North and passing out through the Southern boundary of our estate is a very large branch approaching the size of a creek. This it is at all times a beautiful clear stream: here we may have instead of willows and other growth profitable and wealth-producing pecan trees. Far as the barn, and below the ridge our sewerage system empties. There is no danger or possibility of the source of our water supply ever becoming contaminated by the sewerage.

Lying on the West of our buildings, and in full view of the settlement, is some of the most beautiful farming lands in the state of North Carolina. In one continuous field are 75 acres, which already show the effect of an intelligent and determined touch.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1911

No. 8

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School

Come; We Pray; Into Our Confidence.

This issue of THE UPLIFT is an exhibition of the beginning and the development and growth of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, the state's institution for wayward and offending boys. The Board could get out a small booklet, telling the good things and leaving unsaid the things not so good and distribute it among a small select number, but the management considers that it owes to the General public a full and complete account of its stewardship.

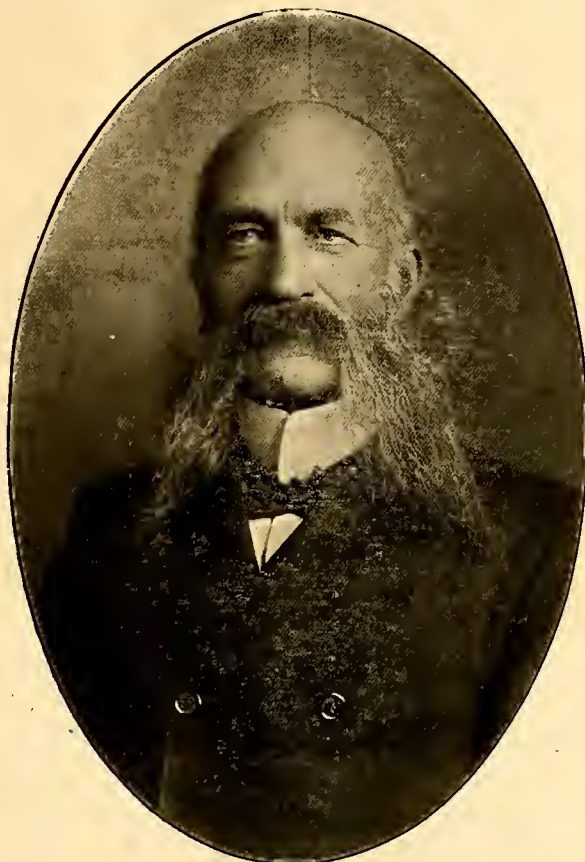
The Uplift through its circulation, its complimentary copies and the sample copies it means to send out, will carry the story of the Jackson Training School to at least fifty thousand people of the good old North State, and we wish that it were possible that every man, woman and child in the state could know just what we know and are willing to tell at the least provocation.

An Awakened Conscience—

For twenty years or more some one, here and there in North Carolina, contended that the state had no right to turn loose youth offending against the law, if there be at home the lack of intelligent and serious parentage; and it was contended, too, that the state had no right under heaven to punish that youth if no permanent, good results could be hoped for. Acts all over

North Carolina at times shocked the sensibilities of its citizens. Young boys were seen hand cuffed and

ankle-cuffed with hardened criminals, doing service in jail, on roads



HON. W. PENN WOOD.

Col. W. P. Wood, of the county of Randolph, now State Auditor of North Carolina, having been elected November last to fill the unexpired term of the late Dr. B. F. Dixon, was a member of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of 1907. At that session he introduced the bill which chartered the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. No one gave the movement a more loyal and earnest support than did Col. Wood, who has all his life been found an earnest worker in all causes that looked to the betterment of humanity. The friends of the wayward and unfortunate boys and those who are particularly interested in uplift work vie with the Confederate soldier and other good citizens of the state in their admiration for this brave soldier, upright citizen and patriotic North Carolinian. It was not the fortunes of politics that called him to serve the state in his present important and responsible position—it was more the love for the man and admiration for his splendid character.

and on other public works. We have all seen this. The heart of humanity was touched. Remedy after remedy

was offered. Pressing and crowding needs of the state forbade any legislative action. A certain man in North Carolina waited upon the late Governor Fowle and urged upon him the necessity of a Reformatory. He closed the interview by saying: "I am completely convinced." In his message to the incoming Legislature he recommended the establishment of such an institution; and in Governor Kitchin's office can now be found the exact words that Gov. Fowle said regarding the establishment of such an institution, and they are the first officially uttered within the history of the state. It is of no interest to the public and does not affect the historicity of the movement, therefore the name of this agent of an awakened conscience that pressed the matter upon Gov. Fowle need not be mentioned in this connection. It was done, and Gov. Fowle did as he enthusiastically promised.

Not Ready Yet—This is what the General Assembly said. It is what each succeeding General Assembly said when the matter was incidentally called to its attention. All progress, innovations and accomplishments need a leader. That leader, in due time, came. The matter in all its naked truth was forcibly presented to the General Assembly of 1907 by the King's Daughters, other ladies and by a generally aroused and awakened conscience. That General Assembly in answer to

that call of humanity chartered the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, with four



A COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

This is the home of Mr. Caleb W. Swink, cashier of the Cabarrus Savings Bank of Concord, also treasurer of Cabarrus County. It is a splendid estate, in the centre of which is a modern home, nestled almost from sight among beautiful trees. It is a close neighbor of the Jackson Training School. Its elevation is more than 700 feet above the sea and while nearly two miles from the centre of Concord, Mr. Swink can sit on his porch and have a splendid view of the whole town. He has done a profitable way some modern farming.

charter members as trustees A subsequent act appropriated for the inauguration of the work the little sum of ten thousand dollars, with the further provision that the Governor should name a board of eleven to take charge of the inauguration and direction of the institution.

The First Meeting—Governor Glenn, in keeping with the provision of the law, appointed the Board of Trustees (The Board as now composed may be seen in this issue) and requested a meeting, which was held in the Senate Chamber at Raleigh on September 3, 1907. The Board was organized there at that meeting by the election of Mr. J. P. Cook chairman, Mr. J. H. Tucker vice-chairman, Dr. H. A. Royster secretary and Mr. Ceasar Cone treasurer. Donations of sites were solicited. None came, but thirty or forty people in various parts of the state had an equal number of ideal sites for which they asked from \$7,500.00 to \$9,750.00. This turn of the matter did not suit the finances or the purposes of the Board. The absolute donation of a suitable site was what the Board desired. The necessities of the cause demanded as much.

Site Offered and Accepted—The

which later held a meeting in Greensboro. The site offered by Concord was unanimously accepted with appreciation and thanks. This site, predicated upon the selling price of surrounding land, is worth from ten thousand to twelve thousand dollars.

The Location—None have yet been found who do not think that the location is ideal. It is three and a half miles from the centre of Concord on the main line of the Southern railway just two and one half miles south of the Concord Station. The Building site is several hundred yards away from the railroad and is probably fifty feet higher than the railroad bed. Though Charlotte is seventeen miles distant, from the second story window of any of the buildings a train may be watched pulling out of Charlotte by the headlight at night and the smoke in the day. The institution is reached by a graded and macadamized public road, which at the time of the beginning of the institution ended several hundred yards short of the site; but since then the public-spirited officials of Cabarrus county have completed the road to and through the property just where the officials of the institution desired the road

located. It may be worth while to say that this road forms a link in the "National Highway" from Atlanta to New York. Scattered throughout this number of THE UPLIFT a number of pictures showing points in the drive to the institution may be seen.

Observed Requirements of Law—The law required the location, and wisely so, to be away from but near some town. The selection of this site was not to get something for nothing, but it offered in every way all that the officials of the institution hoped for. It is in the midst of a splendid farming section of splendid thrifty people. The land itself has been abused by the old methods of farming, but has in it the making of splendid land, which always yields to kind and intelligent treatment. We are removed from the annoyances of city life and ways, and yet close enough to enjoy such conveniences which we may need.

Other Donations—From the very start we have not wanted for kind words and expressions of sympathy. It was at a time, however, when most men who make donations and help along worthy objects like this, were themselves confronted by conditions that did not give the usual returns for invested capital, and for this reason alone we are constrained to believe that we missed several very large donations from our own people. It is to us an interesting bit of history to record that an official of the institution having met incidentally in New York Mr. W. N. Cooper, of Asheville, to whom he answered some questions regarding the work, brought forth the first gift. Upon our return home and before we had actually received a fee simple deed for the property Mr. Cooper had shipped us a large car of lumber—this was the first actual donation. That car of lumber did us more good than it could have done for anybody else.

Selection of Superintendent—On January 1, 1908, Mr. Walter Thompson, a successful teacher and school superintendent, having before been elected, took charge as superintendent.



THE FRANKLIN MILL.

This is the Franklin Mill which has an interesting history. It was erected some years ago by the late Warren Coleman; once a rich colored man of Concord. He conceived the idea of a mill owned by colored men, officered and managed by colored men, and working only colored operatives. It was the first and perhaps will be the last. Coleman had unloaded on him some second handed, antiquated machinery from Massachusetts. It did not run continuously for a single week. It was a failure, and the promoter died broken hearted and his fortune dissipated. Under the hammer Mr. J. W. Cannon purchased the property, threw the old machinery out of the window installed new and modern machinery, and of course, the mill is now a success.

ent of the institution. He very wisely spent some time in visiting other similar institutions, which were regarded ideals, and made a minute and careful study of the plants and the methods. Our good friend, Mr. F. H. Nibecker, of the Glen Mill School, near Philadelphia, turned Mr. Thompson loose in his magnificent institution and told him to investigate everything and not to hesitate to ask any questions that might occur to him. He visited other institutions. He together with the Board adopted after mature consideration and investigation what is known among such institutions as "The Cottage Plan." THE UPLIFT is pleased to carry in this number a photograph of Supt. Thompson, who has stuck close by his job and his duties since his first day with the institution. To it he is giving the best service of his heart and mind.

Building Begun—In the Summer of 1908 the first cottage was begun and was completed by January 1st, 1909. It is known as the King's Daughters' Cottage because of a large donation that excellent body of Christian workers is raising for the institution. You will see that cottage in this number. The lowest responsible bid we had for its erection, without

this hundreds of people locally and from other places took a lively interest. On the 14th of January the first boy was received, coming from the town of Burlington—he was just twelve years old. From that time on the institution rapidly filled up. Through the solicitations of two Concord ladies and ardent friends of the cause for which the Jackson Training School stands, parties in Salisbury, Thomasville, High Point, Concord and Charlotte contributed furniture, kitchen and dining room equipment and other things that if bought would amount way up into the hundreds of dollars. The great heart of the state, when it heard the story, manifested a deep interest.

What Was Told the General Assembly—When we

furnishings and equipment, was over nine thousand dollars. This staggered us. We decided to be our own contractors—it paid, though the completion of the work was not so speedy. On the 12th day of January 1909 the institution was formally opened, taking the form of a linen sizer. In

came to give account of our stewardship to the General Assembly of 1909 for carrying out the commission of the General Assembly of 1907 and how we had spent the ten thousand dollar appropriation made, it was in evidence before the joint committee on education, presided over by Hon. George W. Connor, representative from the county of Wilson, that the state of North Carolina had an institution working in the interest of its wards, its subjects, its children, which approximated the cost of thirty thousand dollars, when the state had spent only ten thousand. All this was possible because of the great interest of the public which lent a helping hand. Due also to the fact that the expense account was guarded and the Board to the man and the woman gave a loving service without pay or reward not even the refunding of money spent in carrying out this labor of love for and in behalf of the unfortunate youth of the state. That committee by a unanimous vote reported the bill, calling for sums of money for permanent improvement and maintenance for the years of 1909 and 1910, favorably. The will of the committee met the unanimous judgment of both houses of the General Assembly of 1909.

And What Now—How well the in-



SUNDERLAND HALL SCHOOL.

Just to the west of this road, a few hundred yards are located the grounds and building of the Laura Sunderland Hall School. It is under the efficient management of Miss Melissa Montgomery, a most excellent and talented lady from Pennsylvania. This is a boarding school for white girls, whose funds and opportunities are limited. The existence and work of the institution has been a God send to hundreds of deserving girls.



WHITE HALL PUBLIC SCHOOL.

What is now Sunderland Hall School had its beginning more than twenty years ago at the spot marked by this picture. This building was erected by the authorities of the White Hall School, the predecessor of the Sunderland Hall, which has been moved nearer Concord and on larger grounds. The building is now used by the County Board of Education for one of its district and as such maintains an eight months school with two teachers during the year. The building stands within four hundreds yards of the Jackson Training School.

stitution has discharged the work given it to do during the years of 1909 and 1910 can in a measure be seen by the story throughout this number in words and pictures. The first cottage soon filled with the wards of the state—young unfortunate boys from all sections—and the Board instructed Supt. Thompson and the Building Committee to hurry along the completion of the second cottage which was well on the way. It was not long before this was filled and since then—and no words can picture the sorrow that here follows—scores and scores of applications from the city and Superior courts for the admission of youths have come to receive this the only possible answer: "I am sorry, but we are full up."

The Attitude of People—The North Carolina Press Association at its meeting in Hendeasonville in 1909 recognized the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School and called for a statement of the work being done at the institution. Immediately thereafter the Press Association unanimously endorsed the new work in which the state had engaged and expressed the hope that at an early day the plant might reach that point

body in the state, have recognized the great need of the institution; and the Association of County Superintendents—that body of educational workers in the state that are closest to the people and are down in the trenches laboring for the educational uplift of the state—is on record as not only endorsing the mission and work of the Jackson Training School but is quietly and slowly but surely raising the funds for the erection of of a Cottage, which they shall name after some distinguished North Carolina educator. The foundation of it is now made, as shown by a picture in this issue. The

of development where all needy cases could be cared for. Several of the ecclesiastical bodies of the state have voluntarily passed resolutions applauding the great, good spirit of of the state in making provisions for the education, training and reclaiming of this class of its children. The Teachers, as an organized

Press Association resolved to erect a memorial to Bill Nye, that great American humorist, who from choice came to North Carolina and here died. The committee in charge resolved that the memorial should take a practical form and they decided to erect a building at the Jackson Training School. What we hope to call the Bill Nye Memorial is our administration building, a picture of which appears in this issue. The walls are about up, but the building is far from completion.

Request For Information—From all over the state there have come hundreds of letters of inquiry. They seem to have come from every walk of life. Running the institution on an economical basis, it was a physical and financial impossibility to answer all these letters as they deserved to be. An institutional journal was conceived, so in June 1909 there appeared the first number of THE UPLIFT. This paper is set in type by our own boys, printed on our own press and the entire mechanical get-up is the product of the boys at the Jackson Training School—by boys, mark you, who at their several



NEW ROAD THROUGH OUR GROUNDS.

The above picture shows the newly graded road through the property of the Jackson Training School. It is the continuation of the old macadam at the White Hall school for one half mile to the south line of our property. The road is forty feet wide, and almost level. There is graceful bend in it as it approaches the Training School. It required an enormous amount of rock blasting to get a straight and level road, such as would be in keeping with the character of the Institution near by. The county authorities have manifested a splendid spirit in constructing this magnificent road, and the authorities of the Jackson Training School recognize the patriotism and business judgment on the part of the Cabarrus bounty officials.

homes were regarded by many as being "hopelessly worthless, and of course hell-bound." It is *not so*. One of the boys that have been making THE UPLIFT has discovered himself, has earned the confidence of the officials of the institution and is now at his own home making good. Those now producing THE UPLIFT are following in the same foot-steps, and they too see a light and it beckons them onward and upward.

THE UPLIFT incurring only the cost of blank paper and postage is in reality a source of revenue. And it has carried the story of the great work of the institution to every county of the state, and our hearts have been made glad at the number of kind expressions of approval and interest that constantly come to us regarding THE UPLIFT and the institution and the spirit it represents.

Hearts Respond—News of the struggles, needs and hopes of the institution went here and there in the state and touched hearts. The times were not propitious for the giving of large sums; but in spite of the times practical evidence of a public sympathy were not rare. On a day in July 1909 there rode up to the institution a gentleman who introduced himself as a citizen of Elkin, N. C. It was not long until he had made known his mission, and the result was that Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, N. C., voluntarily donated the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars for the erection of a building in which to install the industrial features of the school. A picture of the Roth building is in this issue. In this building are one very large room, two stories, in which the wood-working plant is located and another where THE UPLIFT is made; above this room are two smaller rooms—for the present one is used for a school-room because we have no other place and the other

for a sleeping room for some help. These two rooms, however, are intended for a sewing room and for a shoe shop, when once we have "the room to turn around in." In the summer of 1910 Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, made inquiry of the most pressing need at that time. In a few days her husband, Mr. W. N. Reynolds, sent his check for the erection of barns.



MR. WALTER THOMPSON,
Superintendent of the Jackson Training School. Mr. Thompson is a native of Lincoln county, having been born in 1875. He is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina.

You will see the picture of the said barns, in the course of erection, in this issue. We have been using an old barn found on the place but it in no wise is properly located nor does it meet the requirements for the housing of the stock.

The Responsibility—It must be borne in mind that this is the only one of the educational institutions, fostered and maintained by the state where every item of expense falls upon the institution. The boys must be clothed, they must be fed, they must be directed, they must be taught, they must be treated in

sickness—in fact every cent of cost for all these things comes out of the treasury of the institution. Not so in other cases.

Conservative Needs—An intense love for the cause has a tendency to make us wish for a large sum to push with a rush to a speedy conclusion the final development of the plant, where it may care fully and completely for every demand upon it.

But a large sum available for permanent improvements and development would not be consistent with the methods of the institution. It has been possible for us to accomplish so much on so little by the reason of our doing our own work and bringing the cause into the hearts of the people. The cost of construction is at least thirty per cent less than if done by contract. By doing the work ourselves, we are carrying out a part of the whole scheme involved in the reclaiming of the boys. They work a half day and attend school a half day. By having these works in our own hands we have the occasion for employing all these boys at some healthy and ennobling work, and now and then we discover or help the boy to discover his trend. It is the judgment, therefore, of the Board of Trustees, that only such sum as may be

required to erect a cottage during the year of 1911 and one in 1912 and funds for the erection of the School Building, a central kitchen and for maintenance would constitute an adequate appropriation for the furtherance of the work during the next two years; and short of this amount would materially cripple if not disable the work. There are even now on file applications for admittance for sixty boys—the capacity of two cottages—but it is to the financial interest of the institution that it develop slowly and carefully and not by leaps and bounds



SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE.

This is the superintendent's present home. You will see in the front Supt. and Mrs. Thompson and their little Miss Evelyn, who is in reality the pet of the entire campus. The manner in which she is esteemed by all the boys indicates that each and every one of them have learned what love for a sister means. This cottage, plain but neat and comfortable and equipped with conveniences, will when the administration building is completed be used for an infirmary. Just to rear of this cottage is a small conservatory, and already a majority of the boys have taken a lively interest in flowers and their culture.

There are lessons to be learned even by the management; and by conservative and intelligent handling of the proposition it is impossible to estimate the great good this institution may do the state, to say nothing of lifting a deadening load resting on many a heart. But the Board is willing, if funds are available, to speedily push the development of the plant so it may take care, at as early a day as is possible, of the several hundred who seek admission to the institution's care, as made known to us by friends, guardians and parents of wayward boys. The Board will cheerfully abide the wisdom of the General Assembly in this matter.

Limit of Patronage—We have been beseeched time and again to take what may be termed voluntary pupils—boys who have gotten beyond the control of parents and who refuse to attend school and spend their time in idleness on the streets day and night. The parents of these propose to pay the cost of keep and care and training; but the capacity of the institution being limited, we are honor bound to care first for the wards of the state. And we are persua-

ed to believe that in due time there will rise up in the state those who wish to do a noble deed and render a service in which they do not individually participate in the returns—and from them will come the funds for the erection of cottages for the accommodation of what is commonly known as "pay pupils." The entire affair nowhere possesses an element of experiment—it passed that stage, years ago in other states, and in the short life of the Jackson Training School we have unmistakable evidence and proof that the stage of experiment is forever behind us here; but we are behooved to make haste slowly and to establish firmly every step taken before another is made. This view is taken by the authorities of the institution for they are jealous of the record thus far made—a record that knowing ones never lose an opportunity to attest.

Fullest Investigation Counted—With this open statement by one who has all the time been close to the affairs of the institution, doing a service and a labor of love, in which he finds an abiding pleasure and delight because of the promise of the future as expressed in the bright-

ening lives of those committed to us; with the statement of Superintendent Thompson, throwing a real light upon the daily physical proposition with which he has to deal, and outlining the present and future needs of the institution; with other statements and pictures in this number of THE UPLIFT bearing upon the growth and progress of the institution, it is confidently believed that an intelligent account of the stewardship of the authorities of the Jackson Training School is herein given to His Excellency, the Governor of North Carolina, to the General Assembly of 1911 and to an inquiring public, wishing for each a prosperous year, and peace and plenty to the good old state which we all love.

By order of the Board of Trustees
of the Jackson Training School.

♦♦♦♦

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.—Disraeli.

There is no excellence without great labor.—William Wirt.

There is no time in life when books do not influence a man.—Besant.

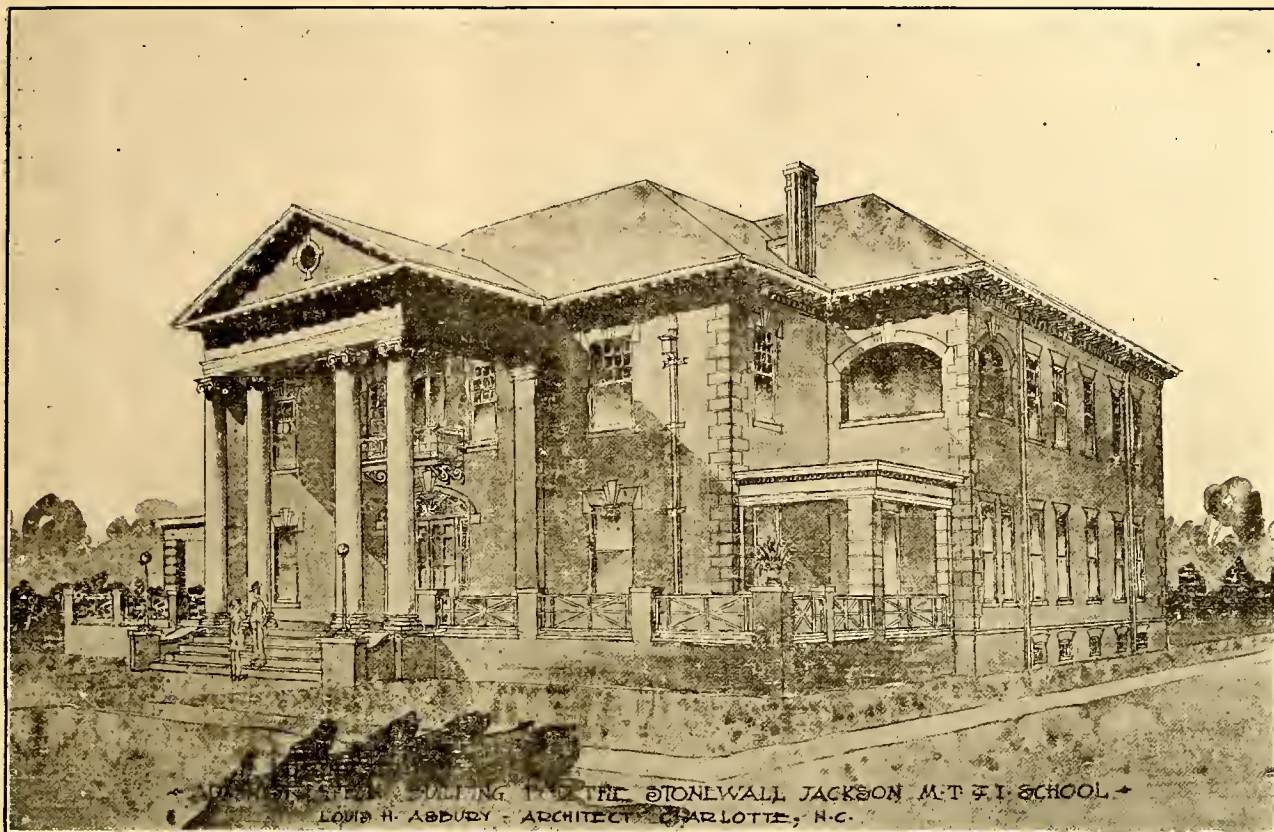
It matter not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Samuel Johnson.

Never promise more than you can perform.—Publius Syrus.



MR. D. B. COLTRANE,

Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School. He is president of the Concord National Bank and the directing spirit of several cotton mills and other industrial enterprises.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING (WHEN COMPLETED.)

This building stands at the head of the campus and faces South. From the front porch the entire estate of the Jackson Training School, excepting the timbered interest, can be seen. Standing there, the present cottages and all that may be built in the future—even though the number should reach twenty or more—will be in full view to the right also the proposed infirmary, the conservatory and the barns and on the left in the distance is the Southern Railway and nearer in is the Atlanta-New York Highway, and on the campus still nearer can be seen the Roth Industrial Building, the little chapel of the future and of the school building, which we hope will be a thing of the very near future. The institution is now erecting this building, but funds are not sufficient for its completion.

The General Assembly of 1911

STATE SENATORS.

First District D. C. Barnes (D.), Murfreesboro; J. B. Williams (D.), Shiloh.

Second District Van B. Martin (D.), Plymouth; Dr. R. N. Cartwright (D.), Fairfield.

Third District A. S. Ruscoe D., Windsor.

Fourth District, A. Paul Kitchen D., Scotland Neck.

Fifth District L. V. Bassett (D.), Rocky Mount.

Sixth District R. R. Cotten (D.), Cottendale.

Seventh District Ben. T. Holden (D.), Louisburg; T. T. Thorne (D.), Rocky Mount.

Eighth District—M. Leslie Davis (D.), Beaufort; Ernest M. Green (D.), New Bern.

Ninth District—J. L. Barham (D.), Goldsboro.

Tenth District—R. D. Johnson (D.), Warsaw.

Eleventh District George H. Bellamy (D.), El Paso.

Twelfth District, J. A. Brown (D.), Chadbourn.

Thirteenth District, W. S. Cobb (D.), Lumber Bridge.

Fourteenth District, J. W. McLaughlin (D.), Raeford.

Fifteenth District, O. A. Barbour (D.), Benson; J. R. Baggett (D.), Lillington.

Sixteenth District, E. W. Sikes (D.), Wake Forest.

Seventeenth District, M. J. Hawkins (D.), Ridgeway.

Eighteenth District, A. A. Hicks (D.), Oxford.

Nineteenth District, James A. Hurdle (D.) Milton; John W. Graham (D.), Hillsboro,

Twentieth District, A. D. Ivie (D.), Leaksville.

Twenty-first District, F. P. Hobgood, Jr. (D.), Greensboro.

Twenty-second District, D. A. McDonald (D.), Carthage; H. M. London (D.), Pittsboro.

Twenty-third District, Charles A. Armstrong (D.), Troy.

Twenty-fourth District, D. N.

Bennett (D.), Norwood; R. W. Lemmond (D.), Monroe.

Twenty-fifth District, L. T. Hartsell (D.), Concord; H. N. Pharr (D.), Charlotte.

Twenty-sixth District, A. H. Boyden (D.), Salisbury.

Twenty-seventh District, H. R. Starbuck (R.), Winston-Salem.

Twenty-eighth District—

Twenty-ninth District, J. C. Pinnix (R.), Marler.

Thirtieth District, Zeb V. Long (D.), Statesville.

Thirty-first District, J. F. Reinhardt (D.), Lincolnton.

Thirty-second District, J. G. Carpenter, Dallas.

Thirty-third District, O. Max Gardner (D.), Shelby; J. C. Fisher (D.), Tryon.

Thirty-fourth District, F. L. Sigmon (D.), Morganton; J. C. Beal (R.), Taylorsville.

Thirty-fifth District, J. M. Waggoner (R.).

Thirty-sixth District, J. L. Hyatt (R.), Burnesville.

(Continued on Page 10.)

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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WALTER THOMPSON, Superintendent

Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

OUR IMMEDIATE NEEDS.

Observing a careful and conservative estimate, based on fixed facts and unquestioned statistics, the management of the Jackson Training School herein makes public its immediate and pressing needs for the coming two years:

- A School House,
- Additional Cottage 1911
- Additional Cottage 1912
- A Central Kitchen
- Maintenance for 1911
- Maintenance for 1912.

Anything short of this would precipitate an embarrassment in the affairs of the Institution that would result in a serious crippling of the Training School. And this no one, we dare say, would permit.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS AND FRANK ANSWERS.

A prominent citizen of the state, and a student of all efforts looking to the righting of wrongs, relieving suffering and giving assistance to the unfortunate and the helpless, made inquiry of the authorities of the Jackson Training School for information through the form of a series of questions. The request was turned over to Supt. Thompson, and he gave the information sought.

It answers a purpose here. These questions are natural ones; they are such that any good citizen has a right to ask; and above all our lawmakers are entitled to know them. Therefore, THE UPLIFT, instead of asking Supt. Thompson for a formal letter and report touching the institution, finds a reproduction of his letter to the inquiring friend just as satisfactory and to the point as would a formal report. We give it as it occurred. It is:

1. Is the Jackson Training School properly located and is one such enough for the state?

To both questions, I answer Yes. A proper equipment is necessary to efficient work; and one institution equipped to the point of efficiency can accomplish more than a great number with inadequate support and facilities. As to the location of this school the site has been criticized by none as far as my knowledge goes.

2. What do you think of the Cottage Plan as compared with the Dormitory Plan?

The cottage plan is emphatically better. I think with our plan of 30 in each cottage, who live, eat and sleep together, and who come in close contact with the cottage officer and matron, a family life of no mean value may be maintained. Added to this the boys of a cottage form a military company and can in many ways maintain a friendly and very beneficial rivalry with other cottages.

Further, by this plan it is possible to put boys of practically equal age and knowledge of the world together; and thereby prevent the very youngest from coming into contact with the very oldest and wisest in the ways of evil.

None of these benefits are possible where the boys are placed indiscriminately in one large building.

3. How many boys have been enrolled at the institution; and where did they come from?

Sixty-six; coming from the counties of Durham, Catawba, Chatham, Cherokee, Guilford, Mecklenburg, Richmond, Franklin, Rutherford,

Wake, New Hanover, Union, Alexander, Sampson, Johnson, Ashe, Forsyth, Cabarrus, Perquimans, Buncombe, Davidson, Halifax, Rowan, Alamance, Burke, Haywood, Wilkes, Gaston, Watauga, Craven, Greene, Pitt.

4. Have you paroled any and for what reasons?

Yes. Because their conduct had been such as to inspire the hope that they would go home and resume their places among the law-abiding citizens of the State.

5. Have you kept in touch with those boys that have been sent away from the institution?

Yes. They write regularly. Those who have been paroled are without exception at work and doing well.

6. I know that the law makes the maximum age 16, but how do the ages range?

The age limit has not been so carefully observed as would have been best for the Institution. The tendency recently has been to be more careful and it has been quite a while since a boy above the age has been sent.

7. Do the officers of the law consider well the real meaning and purpose of the institution, as reflected by their acts of committal of boys to the institution?

I would hesitate to say anything which might appear a reflection on Committing Officers, realizing as I do, some of their difficulties. Many have realized that our school exists for the hopeful purpose of reform and have sent us only cases where there seemed real hope of reformation. Others have seemed not so to understand it and a few boys have been sent here past the age limit and past reasonable hope of redemption. I should be glad if Committing Officers might understand clearly that the Institution exists to save boys whose knowledge of right has been limited and not to save from the consequences of their acts, mature youth who have deliberately chosen to commit crime.

8. If a similar institution were to be established for girls, would you think it wise to place it in the neighborhood of the Jackson Training School?

I am inclined to think so. To place it near this Institution, would permit an economy in management, as they could be operated under one head; and their proximity would permit an exchange of service as for example the sewing of the girls could be exchanged for farm products raised by the boys.

9. *What is the cost, completed with furnishings, of one of the cottages?*

About \$10,000.

10. *Is there any demand for increased capacity of the institution?*

There has been a very large and very insistent demand for increased capacity. Very few days pass that a request for admission is not received.

11. *In the matter of buildings, what do you regard as imperative for the next several years?*

A School House.

An additional Cottage 1911.

An additional Cottage 1912.

A Central Kitchen.

12. *In the aggregate, about what is a conservative estimate of the value of the property of the Jackson Training School—buildings, stock, real estate, equipment &c?*

A conservative inventory shows \$50,000 of property.

13. *Are the buildings or ground surrounded by a high fence and do you have stripes and chains and guns to preserve government?*

To all these—no. There are no stripes, no fences no chains, and not a pistol on the place.

14. *Do you trust the boys to go on business for the institution away from the grounds unattended, and is your confidence violated?*

Boys are frequently sent to Concord on errands and no boy has violated the confidence placed in him.

15. *Have you permitted any boy to make a visit home?*

Yes this is done from time to time as a reward for good conduct.

16. *Do you ever get direct communication from any boy who has been discharged from the institution, and in what spirit does he seem to regard his relations to the institution?*

The letters from the boys to the Superintendent breathe a friendly

spirit and in many cases a feeling of thankfulness that they were sent here. Two of them tell me that they are so glad that they came here and learned to read—that it has been so much pleasure to them. One boy wrote me that his father had subscribed for some papers and that he (the son) is spending the winter evenings reading them to his father who is unable to read.

17. *Do you suffer much sickness among the boys?*

There has not been no sickness since the school opened. Fortunately up to the time this is written we have escaped epidemics of every sort. Three boys have had a visit each from the physician on account of some slight ailment, and that is the whole story of illness at the School.

18. *Is your government simply firm or is it necessary to resort to severe measures to secure order and obedience?*

To answer this question briefly. I will say that so far I know there has not been a case of any sort of insubordination or rebellion since the school opened. That would of itself be sufficient answer to the question.

19. *In your judgment to what prime cause do you trace the beginning of the reason for the boys being sent to the school? What is the ratio of rural to town boys enrolled?*

It is a fact that about two-thirds of the boys here at any one time are orphans—one parent or the other being dead. This added to the fact that parental government is known to be very weak in the case of others of the boys, would seem to give as an answer that the coming and going of boys at will is the prime cause of delinquency. Of course, back of the two-thirds is the cause which makes these boys orphans—hazardous occupations without proper safeguards etc, etc, with its consequent poverty, but that would be to long a story.

One-fourth from the country; three-fourths from the towns.

20. *Do you welcome visitors? Have you had a number? If so, what impression do you understand they leave with regarding the institution and its future?*

Visitors are welcome any day except Sundays and Holidays. The school has had a large number, and they leave usually with expressions of approval of what has been done and of hopefulness as to the future of the school.

♦♦♦♦

TOO MUCH CRIME FEATURED.

A gentleman of means, large observations, a student of the agencies and forces of the day, himself financially interested in the property of a leading daily, has come to believe that too much crime, crookedness and muck-raking are featured in the daily press. His view is sound. The principals in the stories of suicide, murder and sharp practices appear to many abnormal people in the light of heroes and martyrs. Even an educational muck-raker, who enjoys the reputation of befouling nearly every position he ever held, attempts a fly-blow for his benefactors whenever his designs and schemes so demand has just about as much to do with real progress and advancement as do the heroes of other crimes.

A mountain is made of a mole-hill; a cheap cheat, holier and wiser than thou, sets up a straw man and knocks him down amidst the applause of his own vanity; or the wrong doings of an unknown twenty dollar man is featured in a twenty thousand dollar style. These are some of the things space fillers, news agencies and chronic lime-light strutters put up to the daily press. and it is often times a difficulty to know where to draw the line.

These stories of crime by unknown and depraved people can satisfy only an abnormal and vicious taste, and the muck-raker vents his vicious spleen and may accomplish his studied scheme. Nothing more. The press has a higher mission.

♦♦♦♦

Mecklenburg county surely has "come back." She seems satisfied with the census authorities and recently she got all she wanted in Raleigh. Speaker Dowd and President Pro-tem Pharr really sound good.

The General Assembly

(Concluded from Page 7.)

Thirty-seventh District, Julius C. Martin (D.), Asheville.

Thirty-eighth District, T. A. Cox (D.), Collowhee.

Thirty-ninth District, O. L. Anderson (R.).

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Alamance, J. Elmer Long (D.), Graham.

Alexander, T. O. Teague (R.), Taylorsville.

Alleghany, R. A. Doughton (D.), Sparta.

Anson, Thos. C. Coxe (D.), Wadesboro.

Ashe, H. C. Tucker (D.), Weasel.

Beaufort, J. F. Latham (D.), Washington; W. A. Thompson D., Washington.

Bertie, W. R. Johnson D., Windsor.

Bladen, E. H. Anders D., Kelly.

Brunswick, C. Ed. Taylor R., Southport.

Buncombe, Gallatin Roberts D., Asheville; R. R. Williams D., Asheville.

Burke, J. F. Spanhour D., Morganton.

Cabarrus, W. L. Morris D., Concord.

Caldwell, A. A. Kent D., Lenoir.

Camden, D. F. Bartlett D., Camden Court House.

Carteret, C. S. Wallace (D.), Morehead City.

Caswell, Osmond Smith (D.), Yanceyville.

Catawba, Geo. W. Rabb (D.), Maiden.

Chatham, N. J. Wilson (D.), Pittsboro.

Cherokee, J. H. Dillard (D.), Murphy.

Chowan, W. S. Privott (D.), Edenton.

Clay, R. L. Herbert (D.), Haysville.

Cleveland, C. J. Woodson (D.), Shelby.

Craven, R. A. Nunn (D.), New Berne.

Columnus, J. M. Shipman D., Clarkton.

Cumberland, A. D. McGill D., Fayetteville; Chas. G. Rose (D.), Fayetteville.

Currituck, Pierce Hampton (D.), Waterlily.

Dare, Charles H. Scarborough (Ind.), Mann's Harbor.

Davidson, B. W. Parham (D.), Thomasville.

Davie, A. T. Grant (R.), Mocksville.

Duplin, R. L. Carr (D.), Magnolia.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING (UNDER CONSTRUCTION.)

This is the Administration Building in the course of erection and shows it as it appeared at the end of November. This is to be the largest building of the plant. It covers a space of ground 78 feet by 78 feet, and is practically three stories high. You will notice in the picture the workmen, Outside of the mason, the carpenter the balance of the builders are pupils of the Training School, who go about their work with a cheerfulness and an interest each half day, the balance of the day being spent in school. When completed it will be the home of the Superintendent and other officers of the institution. It will contain the business office, reception office and detention room and Board room. There will be a number of rooms up stairs to be used in carrying out the plans and methods obtaining in schools of this character

Durham, J. S. Carr (D.), Durham.

Edgecombe, Dr. M. B. Pitt (D.), Tarboro; Hugh Bryan (D.), Battleboro.

Forsyth, Frank A. Alspaugh (D.), Winston-Salem; P. H. Stimpson (R.), Pafftown.

Franklin, Dr. R. P. Floyd (D.), Louisburg, R. F. D. No. 1.

Gaston, A. C. Stroup (D.), Gastonia; N. B. Hendrick (D.), Cherryville.

Gates, Lycurgus Hofler (D.), Gatesville.

Graham, J. C. Edwards (R.), Japan.

Granville, Willam A. Devin (D.), Oxford.

Greene, V. R. Smith D., Snow Hill.

Guilford, J. E. Kirkman D., Greensboro; T. R. Dillard D., Greensboro.

Halifax, W. T. Clement D., Enfield; P. N. Stanback D., Weldon; Harnett, Chaales Ross D., Lillington.

Haywood, Dr. J. H. Mease D., Canton.

Henderson, W. P. Taylor D., Winton.

Hertford, W. P. Taylor D., Winton.

Hyde, J. W. McWilliams D., Ocracoke.

Iredell, Zeb. V. Turlington D.,

Mooreville: N. D. Tomlin D., Statesville.

Jackson, P. H. Brown D., Cullowhee.

Johnson, Ashley Horne D., Clayton; L. H. Allred, Selma.

Jones, Mack Dixon D., Trenton.

Lee, Lee votes with moore.

Lenoir, E. R. Wooten D., Girton.

Lincoln, A. L. Quickel D., Lincolnton.

Macon, J. Frank Ray D., Franklin.

Madison, J. Coleman Ramsey P., Marshall.

Martin, H. W. Stubbs D., Williamston.

McDowell, T. W. Wilson D., Nealsville.

Mecklenbng, W. C. Dowd (D), Charlotte; W. A. Grier (D), Charlotte; W. C. McLaughlin (D.), Charlotte.

Mitchell, Henry T. Norman (R.), Elk Park.

Montgomery J. L. Stewart (D.), Star.

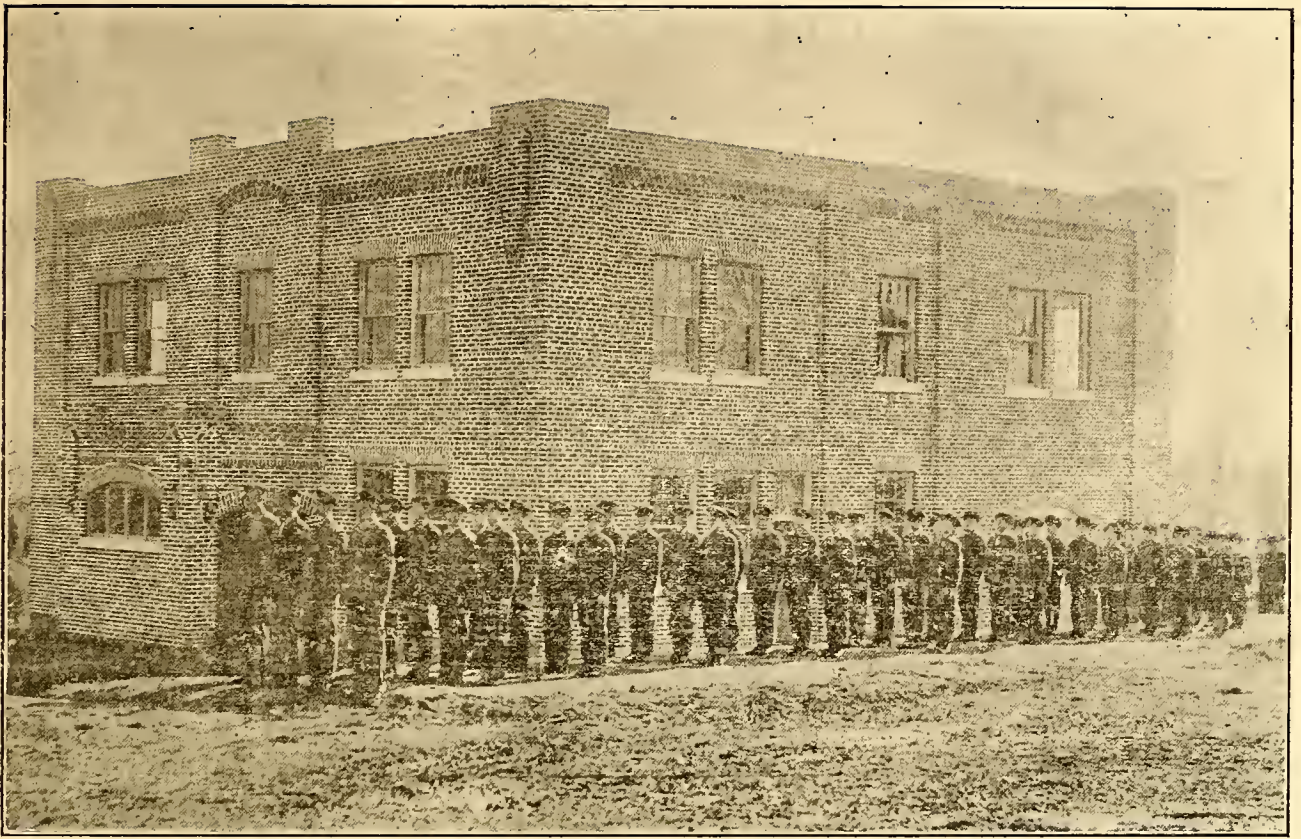
More, W. H. McNeill (D), Carthage.

Nash, J. L. Cornwall (D) Spring Hope.

New Hanover, Wookus Kellum (D) Wilmington.

Northampton, B. S. Gay (D), Jackson.

Onslow E. M. Koonce (D), Jacksonville.



ROTH BUILDING AND PUPILS AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL.

On January 12th, 1910, at the First anniversary. At that time the enrollment was fifty. The boys served the guests with a substantial lunch, participated in the exercises of the day, and afterwards under the direction of their teacher, Mr. W. G. Campbell, gave an exhibition drill which excited the greatest interest and commendation of the many guests of the day. The Roth Building is fifty-two feet square and two stories high. THE UPLIFT office occupies space 26x52, and above this are two rooms, which are to be used for sewing room and shoeshop. But at present one of these rooms is used for school purposes and must necessarily so be used until we are provided with a much needed School Building. The building will be devoted to wood-working machinery, and other things usually found in an establishment of this kind. The building presents an attractive appearance, is of the best material, and is substantially constructed. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, whose generosity covered every item of its construction, expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the manner in which their money has been spent.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| Orange, John T. Johnson (D) | Rowan R. D. Coleman (D), Gold Hill; W. D. Pethel (D), Spencer. | Warren, T. O. Rowell (D), Warrenton. |
| Hillsboro. | Rutherford, H. Craig Richardson (D), Forest City. | Washington, Arthur W. Swain (D), plymouth. |
| Pamlico, Z. V. Rawls (D) Plymouth. | Sampson, Jas. T. Kennedy (R), Moltonville; Buck Hillery Crumpler (R), Clinton. | Watauga, Smith Hagaman (D) Vilas. |
| Pasquotank, Thomas J. Markham (D) Elizabeth City. | Scotland, W. H. Weatherspoon (D), Lanrinburg. | Wayne, J. E. Kelly (D) Mount Olive; J. M. Mitchell, Goldsboro. |
| Pender, W. W. Alderman (D) Willrad. | Stanly, R. Lane Brown (D), Albemarle. | Wilkes, Herman C. Caviness R., Wilkesboro. |
| Perquimans, L. B. Perry (D) Hertford. | Stokes, James M. Flagg (R), Red Shoals. | Wilson, George W. Conno: D., Wilson. |
| Person, W. A. Warren (D) Gordonton. | Surry, Samuel E. Marshall (R) Mt. Airy. | Yadkin, Wade Revis R., Hamptonville. |
| Pitt, John T. Thomas (D), Farmville; Guilford Moring (D), Greenville, R. F. D. | Swain, O. P. Williams (R), Bryson City. | Yancy, David M. Buck D., Bald Mountain. |
| Polk, J. B. Livingston (D), Tryon. | Transylvania, Thos. S. Wood (D) Brevard. | ♦♦♦♦ |
| Randolph, O. R. Oox (D), Ashboro; H. B. Carter (D), Ramfur. | Tyrrell, M. Malette (D), Columbia. | It is not a world for men to take their ease in, but a world for work. It is not a world for the selfish struggles for power; but a world for generous self-abandonment, for sacrifice and heroic toil. Only he shall be loved of God and honored of men who is found to have accomplished something for human happiness and human good.--Roswell D. Hitchcock. |
| Richmond, W. S. Thomas (D), Rockingham. | Union, John C. Sykes (D), Monroe; R. V. Houston (E), Monroe. | |
| Robeson, Dr. W. A. McPhaul (D), Lumberton; J. O. McArthur (D) Rowland. | Wake, R. H. Battle (D), Raleigh | |
| Rockingham, W. I. Witty (D) Summerfield; J. T. Wall (D), Madison. | E. R. Pace (D), Raleigh; J. T. Judd (D), New Hill. | |

Prominent State People Furnish an Engaging Symposium.

Can't Escape the Responsibility.

I am glad of an opportunity to speak a word in behalf of the Jackson Training School which is doing so much to reclaim our wayward youth. The task of reforming our erring boys is one in which every patriotic citizen should be glad to take part and lend a helping hand. This great work should have the support and hearty co-operation of every good man and woman throughout the length and breadth of our State. There is a work for all of our boys to do, and it is a duty which we owe to society to see to it that not one of them is lost if it is possible to reclaim him. The responsibility of reforming our wayward boys, many of whom have perhaps committed but a single offence against society, rests upon the State and its citizens, and no man can escape that responsibility.

I cannot commend too highly the work which the Jackson Training School is doing under the wise direction of Mr. J. P. Cook and the Board of Trustees. With them it has become a labor of love and year by year the institution will reclaim many bright boys who might, if left alone, become hardened criminals and a curse to the State.

Very truly yours,

Lee S. Overman.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12, 1910.

Christian Act and a Practical Thing.

The enforcement of the criminal law has a twofold purpose in view, viz: the protection of society and the reformation of the criminal. Any successful penal system must work with this two fold object constantly before it. To neglect either will result in failure. We have long had agencies for protecting society but it was only recently that the State of North Carolina realized the fact that it was making no serious effort to reform the criminal. It then established the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

The criminal courts of the State are daily confronted with the hardened criminal and the youthful offender. Against both classes society must be protected. For the hardened criminal reformation is next to impossible, and the only protection for society against him is incarceration in the various prisons of the State.



KING'S DAUGHTERS' COTTAGE AND FAMILY.

This is the first building completed at the Jackson Training School. It was formally opened on January 12th, 1909, and on the 14th of same month the first pupil was received. It soon filled up. The furnishings of this cottage were largely donations by people of Concord, Salisbury, Thomasville, High Point and Charlotte, beside; it was the recipient of the fruits of a copious linen shower held on the opening day of the institution and largely participated in by interested friends throughout the state. It is now the home of the larger boys of the institution—thirty in number—and its cleanliness and well-kept condition attest the interest and jealous care of the boys. In this cottage is a piano, the gift of Parker-Gardner Co., of Charlotte.

But the enlightened and humane public sentiment of the State has come to take a different view as to the youthful offender. For him reformation and reclamation are not only possible but comparatively easy. To meet the needs of this class the State has established the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and the service this institution is rendering the State is beyond all estimation. It takes the youthful criminal and teaches him habits of industry, frugality and sobriety. It takes him from associations of vice and crime and fixes his mind upon ideas of correct and lawful living. It trains his hands to the performance of useful occupations; and at the end of a few years it sends him forth a useful citizen.

The old plan herded the youthful with the hardened offender. There he became steeped in crime and when finally liberated he came out with a vicious mind and a wicked heart to prey for the remainder of

his days upon society which he had learned to hate.

It's a Christian act to give the youthful criminal a chance. It's a practical thing and will pay in dollars and cents to attempt his reformation. The Stonewall Jackson Training School furnishes this chance and works this reformation. The extension of the facilities of this institution will largely abolish crime from our borders and replace a criminal class with a useful and law abiding citizenship.

D. B. Smith,

Recorder of City of Charlotte.
Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 23, 1910.

What Judge Pell Saw.

During the month of May last while holding court in Concord, Judge Montgomery drove me over to the Stonewall Jackson Training School. I was utterly amazed. I got there just as the boys broke ranks and "play" was called. The little fellows bounded out with great

glee to play ball. They didn't seem to realize they were undergoing a sentence. No pistol or gun was on the place. They were self disciplined and seemed to take just as much pride in their school as if they were pupils of Trinity or A. & M., Guilford or Oak Ridge. I could not refrain from exclaiming to Judge Montgomery, "If I had \$50,000 to give to a philanthropic purpose, every cent should go right here."

After I left Concord and went on my rounds holding courts I met up with a number of occasions when I was faced with the proposition of either sending some promising white boy to the penitentiary or letting his crime go unpunished. As a last resort, I would wire the Stonewall Jackson Training School "Can you take one more?" Each time the answer would come: "Full up, sorry." So just for the lack of proper provision by the State I was forced to send bright boys to the penitentiary to become hardened criminals.

What a great thing it would be if the Legislature would rise to the occasion and give such backing to the splendid efforts of Mr. Cook, Prof. Thompson and others to the end that all the youthful criminals of the

State would have a chance to reform and become useful citizens?

With my prayers and good wishes,
George P. Pell,
Judge 11th Jud. Dist.
Winston, N. C., Dec. 28, 1910.

New Year Greetings.

Among the many institutions dear to the hearts of North Carolinians the Stonewall Jackson Training School holds a high place, and it is steadily winning its way into the favor and sympathy of all people. It ought to be generously dealt with by our Legislature and I believe it will be. Its work is directly in the interest of the State, that work being the making into strong and valuable citizenship material that otherwise would go to waste. The State can hardly be too generous with this agency of mercy to that class of its citizens most helpless and pitiful.

Boys of today are not so safe and strong as those of yesterday. A generation ago parental authority meant more than it does now. The home was guarded with jealous care. The child was compelled to obey the rules of the household no matter whether he found them grievous or not. It is different now. The home is simply a place to eat and sleep.

The boy walks off when he pleases, goes where he pleases. He lounges about the street after nightfall, drops into the pool room, goes to the picture show with the cheap vaudeville attachment, and never learns to say no to his desire. He returns to the place he calls home between midnight and day dawn and there is nobody to say him nay. If he is questioned about his whereabouts at breakfast the answer is a grum and curt refusal to tell the truth about it.

Is this picture overdrawn? Is it not too sadly true of thousands of homes in this good state? Parents have abdicated the throne of authority. They are afraid of their own children. A mawkish sentimentality is abroad in the land that denies to the rightful and natural guardians of children the right to rebuke, reprove and properly punish them. We have become so very kind hearted that we cannot discharge the duties of a faithful parent. This parental laxity made our Training School a necessity. It is not the fault of the boys but of those of us who know better but decline to do our duty. So long as we fail to be faithful to our own children they will continue to suffer and somebody must provide an agency for their salvation.

We need to hark back to the rigid rules of the long ago, but in the meantime we must look after the wayward lads of the present day. The pressure for admittance on the part of youthful offenders grows stronger day by day. More room must be provided. A larger work must be done. THE UPLIFT should enter thousands of homes into which it has never gone. Let us hope that a long stride will be made by the institution in this good year of 1911.

Archibald Johnson,
Ed. Charity & Children.
Thomasville, N. C., Dec. 31, 1910.

The King's Daughters' Cottage Bereft.

Whereas: Our Heavenly Father in His all wise Providence has taken from our midst the Sainly Spirit of Mrs. W. G. Campbell, wife of the Teacher of The Stonewall Jackson Training School, and a Mother in Israel in The King's Daughters' Cottage:

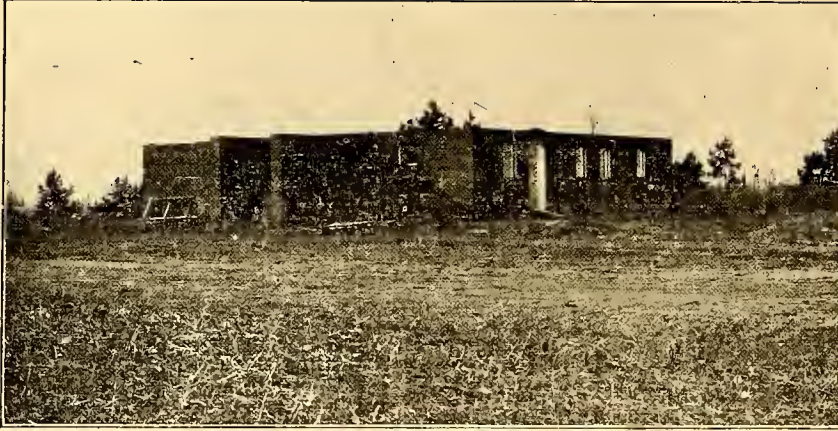
Whereas: In Mrs. Campbell we found one whose beauty of character and loyal service made her beloved by all, and made the cottage a home for the boys.

Therefore be it resolved: That in the death of Mrs. Campbell we have lost a friend and that, while we bow



COTTAGE NUMBER TWO AND FAMILY.

This cottage has not yet been named and is simply spoken of as No. 2. Some day it may bear an individual name and hold some distinctive historical place. In this cottage are housed the smaller boys of the institution, many of whom are to be seen in the picture. In this cottage, as is the case with the King's Daughters' Cottage, some member of the institution's force lives. The wife in each case being the matron, who exercises a motherly care over the boys when in the cottage. It must be borne in mind that each cottage is fitted up with all the conveniences, including a shower bath of hot and cold water. The keepers of each cottage have in the same building private quarters and conveniences of their own.



THE EDUCATIONAL COTTAGE.

The Association of County Superintendents resolved a year ago to erect a cottage at the Jackson Training School, which they will name after some prominent North Carolina Educator when the building reaches completion. The funds necessary for its building were to be raised by the several counties of the state, prorated among them on the basis of the school population. And the direct way and method of raising the funds was through securing a certain number of subscriptions to THE UPLIFT. During the past summer THE UPLIFT had from this source a bank account of eight hundred dollars and this was used as far as it would go. The first story as the picture shows is complete. This required practically one half of all the brick needed in the entire building because of the thickness and the character of the walls. Several of the counties, including Wilkes, Cabarrus and Lincoln counties have completed their part of the undertaking. Others have done much. Many of the counties had undertaken considerable work, and it was expected that several years would be required in securing enough funds for the completion of this cottage.

to the will of our Heavenly Father, we mourn her loss.

That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our Order and that copies be sent to THE UPLIFT for publication, and to the bereaved family.

Com. { Miss Easdale Shaw,
Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn,
Mrs. G. A. Coggeshall,
Mrs. D. Y. Cooper.

The Institution is a Blessing.

It is told of John Howard, the Great English Helper of those in prison and among the outcast of the earth, that when an old man he was visiting a prisoner with his son and when they were near the prison door a murderer was brought out to be hung with the black cap over his eyes. He stopped and leaning on his staff turned to his son and pointed at the condemned man and said "My son if it were not for the mercy of Almighty God, yonder goes John Howard." Our heart goes out to the young caught in the snares of the bowery.

To send a young man for his first offence who is not hardened in sin to the chain gang and put stripes on him and let him wear the ball and chain—is cruel punishment. A kind providence has put it in the head of men, such as J. P. Cook, E. R. Preston and others to plant the Jackson

Training School to save the seed corn, the boys of our commonwealth.

Frequently, through long years as prosecuting officer, I have seen the boys saved by continuing prayer of judgment against them on good behavior, and from court to court, they have come back and made good.

I have seen the Jackson Training School. I have kept in touch with its Supt., Prof. Walter Thompson, and his splendid assistants; their work cannot be excelled. The location is ideal, the discipline and influence excellent. The Institution is a blessing and benediction. It should appeal to the judgment and heart of our people.

Heriot Clarkson.
Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 23, 1910.

State Must Step In.

Judging from my observation, I am inclined to believe that the principal cause of youthful criminals is idleness. In almost every town of the State there are numbers of boys half grown without work, among this class some develop criminal habits. They are too young to be disciplined by the Courts, to be imprisoned and worked with experienced and hardened criminals. To turn them loose, they will be without occupation or discipline. A child who grows up in idleness will not attend school, because to such study is too hard

work, having been allowed to go without work or home discipline he will not submit to school discipline. If left alone he will not only grow up to a useless and vicious life, but by his example and influence he will lead others of his age and younger into paths of vice and crime. Hence it is necessary that there shall be some place provided, and some means adopted by which those who have become criminal in their habits, should be confined, taught to work, and to be industrious and honest.

Many children, I am persuaded, by idleness and bad companionship acquire dishonest habits before they are of an age and intelligence to realize the moral consequence of crime. Children under 14 years of age should not be brought before the Court for the first offence, neither should they for the first offence be sent to a reformatory—something should be trusted to the parents, and the moral and religious influence of the community. If these fail, then the State must step in and save the child and train him, even if he has to be taken from his family and restrained in some school established for the purpose. I commend you for the noble work in which you are engaged, and the spirit which prompts you. May God bless your efforts, and crown them with success, must be the wish of every patriot and prayer of every Christian.

Yours truly,
G. S. Ferguson, Judge.
Waynesville, N. C., Dec. 29, 1910.

Assure Every Boy a Fair Chance.

If the primary purpose of government is to assure every one a fair chance, as nearly all agree, this purpose cannot be attained without considering boys and girls in the first instance. Clearly they must have an education. In educating them it is found that many suffer from physical defects which demand attention. The boy of worthy and provident parentage may nevertheless be handicapped by adenoids, hookworms, defective eyes, which might render the will of a Napoleon or the imagination of a Shakespeare impotent in him. These defects are receiving more and more attention from the public school authorities. Similarly there are defects arising from lack of moral guidance. To assure every boy a fair chance, institutions like the Jackson Training School, at Concord, have been found necessary. Through them the Commonwealth keeps its conscience clear, vindicates its existence most emphatically, and conserves citizenship

which would otherwise be worse than wasted.

The Jackson Training School enjoys the direction of men who live the Christian ideal that one's best success is gained by serving, not by being served. It deserves well from the State if any institution ever did, as its work already testifies. And it deserves equally well from the State's people.

Theo. F. Kluttz, Jr.,
of Charlotte Observer.

Charlotte, N. C. Dec. 18 1910.

A Reclaiming Factor

The Jackson Training School, located at Concord, and established to inculcate habits of thrift and industry in the careless youth, takes its stand as a factor in reclaiming and elevating to usefulness boys whose early tendencies are for crime.

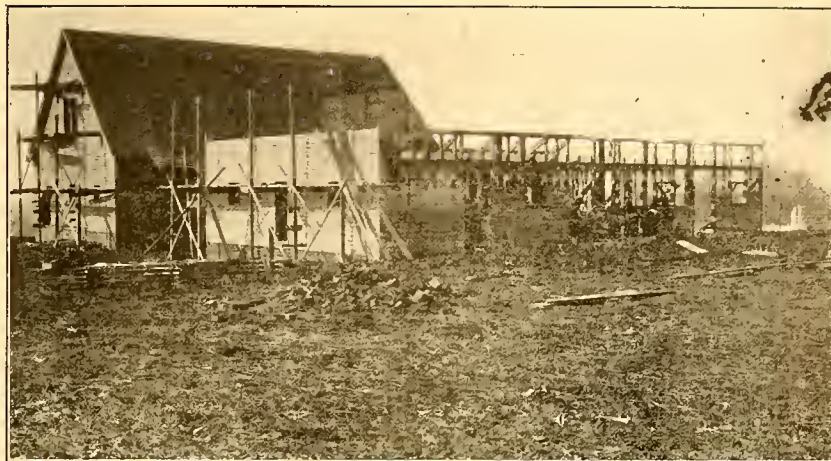
The greatest asset of a State is its good citizenship and there can be no higher duty devolving upon the Commonwealth than to throw around the wayward youth such restrictions and training as are employed in institutions like The Jackson Training School, the effect of which, though hidden at first, manifests itself in human character.

The jail, the chain gang and the penitentiary are the last place on earth to which children who are convicted of misdemeanors, or felonies, if you please, should be sent, if reformation of the offender is an end to be realized in the execution of the criminal law. Men now everywhere agree that the highest mission of all law is the elevation of society, the betterment of man; and the reclamation of one evil doer raises the status of the race.

To subdue and reclaim the hardened criminal the ball and chain and prison training may be necessary, but the child offender whose permanent brain highways have yet to be builded, can best be taught the obligations of citizenship through appeals to pride and lessons of industry and Christian living.

During the incumbency of my office I have taken the opportunity to send boys to this school of correction, and can testify to the efficiency of your work. I hope the next Legislature will further endow this institution to the end that its great power for good may be enlarged; and the State should lose no time in substantial ways to make this enterprise of the greatest possible good and effectiveness.

I wish you continued success in this field of endeavor and trust that



THE NEW BARN, NEARING COMPLETION.

Since this photograph was taken these barns have reached nearer a completion. They are located quite a distance in the rear of the campus and just at the entrance to the farming lands. One of these is for the stock and the vehicles; the other is for the cattle. These barns are the gift of Mr. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston, who unsolicited voluntarily sent in his check for the erection of these much needed buildings. The buildings are large, modern in arrangements and are strongly built.

your efforts may be rewarded as they so richly deserve.

Very truly yours,

P. C. Cocke,

Police Justice, City of Asheville.
Asheville, N. C., Dec. 22, 1910.

A Horrible Absurdity.

Forty years ago the advocates of Orphanages must have been considered cranks; today the man opposing them would be considered inhuman. History will repeat itself in regard to institution for the training of wayward youth. It is singular that modern civilization has given so little thought to this subject, but the dawn is breaking and we may hope for better things in the near future. The institutions for the purpose of reclaiming the young delinquents who can scarcely be called criminals at their age are multiplying, and old men shall yet see this blessed but neglected principle of Jesus Christ in active vogue ere the evening of their lives shall close. For were philosophy and humane sentiment to fail in their duty public economy would step in and realize that it is cheaper to save the boys than to make criminals of them—cheaper to help them on the upward road to useful citizens than send them on the downward grade to criminality.

We are learning slowly, but shall learn fully in time, and for one I hold the work of the Jackson Training School as the pioneer example that must hurry us on to the realization of the truth. The placing of

youthful culprits in jails and upon the roads with hardened criminals is a horrible absurdity, and results not in the protection of society, upon which ground alone punishment is inflicted, but ends in the injury of society. This from the fact that it makes a criminal of the boy of which it might make a useful citizen, an enemy of society instead of a friend and a protector. The Jackson Training School is blazing the way. Let us generally support it.

R. F. Beasley,

Editor Monroe Journal.

Monroe, N. C. Dec. 22, 1910

Noble Ambition to Save From Ruin.

This era has been distinguished not more for its material progress than for its great development of the social side of our nature. Education has been diffused and the people have become enlightened. Charities are largely extended and altruism is more cultivated and practiced than ever before. More than ever we employ ourselves in elevating humanity and in ministering to unfortunates. One of the manifestations of this nobler spirit is to be found in the establishment of institutions of the character of the Jackson Training School, whose beneficent operation will doubtless rescue many youths from a wild and lawless career and train them to become men of respectability and helpful to others.

If of the inmates of the Jackson Training School only a fraction shall be rescued from evil and brought



ONE OF OUR FIELDS.

Our Institution is located on "Rocky Ridge." Nothing has attracted more attention than the huge boulders lying about. Back of this narrow core lies our agricultural domain, of which this field is a part. Free from rocks, with a red clay subsoil, our land lends itself readily to improvement and responds quickly to intelligent treatment. The above field of 75 acres will soon be in shape so that it may be cultivated as one body.

to virtue; the result will doubtless be sufficient recompense to those who have been instrumental in accomplishing such a laudable work? It is a noble ambition to save from ruin a youth led astray. Heroic men risk their lives to save from death those shipwrecked in a raging sea; and no less worthy is it to turn young men from crime and bring them to the safe haven of a virtuous career.

Necessarily years must elapse before the full fruition of such endeavors can be realized, but the seed has been planted, and in natural course the harvest will come. Time must pass for the fruit to ripen, but those who work in the vineyard can look forward with hope and confident expectation that they will enjoy their merited reward.

F. M. Simmons
Washington, D. C. Dec. 11, 1910.

Lest We Offend These Little Ones.

I might write of the economical value of saving the children and making good citizens, the figures are plain on that score, but there is a chord far sweeter which reverberates through more hearts than the sound of jingling gold. The saving of these souls is music which reaches to God on High!

Recently I had the pleasure of visiting the Jackson Training School and as the little faces, baby face

yet, were lifted toward me, I remembered that but for devoted Christian men and women, but for the mother State, those very faces would be behind hideous bars and their young souls, made in the image of God, be besmirched with the grime from hardened criminals.

I looked over the beautiful and well chosen site, the comfortable cottages and the loving faces of the house-father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson; my father's dream had been realized, put into form and being by Mr. J. P. Cook, Mr. Walter Thompson, Mrs. W. H. Burgwyn and others. Well-planned and an auspicious beginning but it remains for North Carolina to do her duty and give sufficient appropriations so that the boys who are now going to the jails and roads, may be received and in the future the girls must also be provided for. To fail to make provision for all of this class is "to offend these little ones."

Faithfully,
(Miss) Daisy Denson,
Secretary Board of Public Charities
of North Carolina.
Raleigh, N. C. Dec. 23, 1910.

Appeals to Right-minded Citizens.

The work your Institution is doing for the wayward boys of our State has always appealed very strongly to me, as it must to every right-minded citizen. The thought

of chaining young boys to hardened criminals on a road gang, or locking them in compulsory association with the vilest of their kind in our common jails, is revolting to every constructive citizenship.

Wishing you much success in your work, and with kindest regards, I am,

Cordially yours,
Henry Louis Smith, President.
Davidson College, Dec. 19, 1910.

In Sympathy With Institution.

I am in sympathy with your institution, as you know, and I know that there are a great many boys in North Carolina who are in the courts that should be sent to your institution. I am in hopes that the Legislature will take care of you at its coming session and give you such appropriation as is needed to meet the requirements of the demands upon you.

Yours respectfully,
Jas. L. Webb,
Judge 12th District.
Shelby, N. C., Dec. 30, 1910.

Deserve Co-operation and Support.

Bill Arp once said, the business of the world is raising children and that after a man became a father his own ambitions were as nothing and that his failure or success in life was measured by how well he trained his children and how useful citizens they became in the world.

The line between a mischievous boy and the bad boy is often nearer than we think and those who are devoting their lives to bringing the wayward boys back to the right path deserve the heartiest co-operation and support of all good citizens. The best sentiment for your New Year number that I can send is the splendid fugitive clipping which was sent me a few days ago by one of the most eminent physicians in the State, I send it because it expresses the thought in my mind better than I could express it myself.

Very truly yours,
Josephus Daniels.
Ed. News & Observer.
Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 23, 1910.

You do not know what is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him; clothe him; love him. He is a boy; and most boys are bad; and I fear he is light-headed as well.

But remember, he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man.

Now that he has grown larger and

his young blood drives him into gleeful sport and makes him impatient for serious things—rattling, playful, thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish and make him feel that you are disappointed in him. He bears your name and is to send it on down the stream of time. He inherits your fortune and fame and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It cannot be otherwise. A daughter divides your fortune, transmits less of your fame and loses your name. A boy is more nearly yourself than any being else can be. It is through your boy that you go down in history: through your boy you are to live in the future; by him you are to act upon the generation that is to come.

It may be difficult to govern him; but be patient. He may seem adverse to every thing useful and good; but wait

No one can tell what is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in this way is money spent in vain, that there is nothing in him; that he has no pride, no aspiration. You don't know.

No one can tell what is in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame a smouldering fire, a latent energy, which the teacher's rod may stir, the association with books and men may arouse, develop and direct, and thus start a boy a-going, with such energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost rung in the ladder of fame.

Supplies a Need.

It is eminently proper that this bill should have been referred to the committees on education. This school should be considered from the first as a part of the educational system, necessary for its completion and supplying a need that no other part of the system can supply. There is and always will be a number of children among us, and among all people, for whom there is written above the door of the home, "No hope;" above the door of the schoolhouse, "No hope;" and even above the door of the temple of justice itself, "No hope." In the name of civilization and Christianity we ought to provide somewhere for this class of children one institution above whose door there shall be written in letters of living light, "Hope,"



OUR ROCK QUARRY.

On the property of the Jackson Training School and in touch with the Southern Railway we have a splendid rock quarry. From this, car upon car of crushed granite has been taken for the ballast of miles and miles of railroad track, and for street work, pavements and general concrete work. The supply is inexhaustible, at any rate for years to come. It may prove to us some day a source of revenue.

for the most hopeless child, where he may have a chance to develop the spark of divinity that is hidden in the heart of every child and be saved from the everlasting doom of criminality to the glorious privilege of good citizenship.—State Supt. J. Y. Joyner before the joint Committees on Education, of the General Assembly of 1909.

Feeble Minded Children.

Charlotte Observer.

In your editorial comment on Dr. Hardy's discussion of feeble-minded children you used the right word—they have been "neglected." There is an institution of this kind at Frankfort, Ky., but if there is another in the South this writer does not know it. Every orphanage-worker in the State sees a most real need of some provision by the State for feeble-minded and idiotic children. They cannot be trained in company with normal children: the work calls for experts and a larger expenditure of money than will ever be supplied by private institutions. Every right-minded citizen is willing to be taxed for such works. Will not some members of the Legislature lay this matter before that body? It is not popular. Neither was the Jackson Training School, but those who voted for it are proud of it, and those who did not vote for it regret it, for they see that it is going to be one of the most popular and useful institutions in the state.

Why is it that our patriotic politicians do not see the need of large appropriations to help the submerged. The unfortunate neglected, rather than those who can help themselves? Why not lay the helping and healing hand on the sore spots of our life and civilization? Brother orphanage-worker, will you not speak your thought on this subject?

M. L. Kesler.

Thomasville Orphanage, Dec. 16.

Should be Well Supported.

The Stonewall Jackson Manual Training School, an institution for youths, serves the purpose of saving wayward boys from the consequences of their own evil ways. It saves all other youth in the State from the evil ways of these same boys. The first of these results would seem to be important enough, but the latter is even more important. Upon either account the institution should be well supported.

D. A. Tompkins.

Charlotte, N. C., Dec. 23, 1910.

Rejoicing in its Growth.

I consider the Jackson Training School one of the most important institution in the state, because it seeks to give us a better citizenship. It takes the incipient criminal, who may have started in crime by his environment, or unfortunate influences, and endeavors to reclaim him, change his viewpoint, give him higher

ideals and awaken in him an ambition to become a factor in the development of the commonwealth, rather than a destructive agency. I am pleased at the success attending present management which has so well overcome the embarrassments of organizing and starting this work. I have been prevented from giving it the financial assistance I should like, because of the large operations in which I have been engaged since its inception, but I am none the less interested in watching its progress and rejoicing in its growth.

Very sincerely,

Geo. W. Watts.

Durham N. C., Dec. 15, 1910.

Deserves Aggressive Support.

It is becoming increasingly plain that education is never simply or mainly a matter of training and feeding the mind, that in fact the chief object of all right education is the building of character. Institutions of education dedicated to this sort of service are a supreme need of our country.

All education should be formative and in a sense reformatory; for not only do the minds of men need rectifying but their lives need renovating. This is a need of all human beings but it is especially the need of wayward youth. That there is a first rate institution in North Carolina for young offenders is a great satisfaction to everybody who is interested in the welfare of the State.

The Jackson Training School has an uncommon opportunity for service to the State, and I believe it deserves the aggressive support of patriotic North Carolinians.

W. P. Few.

Durham, N. C., Dec. 19, 1910.

To Confine Them With Hardened Criminals is Out of the Questions.

The urgent necessity for a reformatory for youthful offenders has frequently impressed itself upon me since I became police justice of the city of Raleigh. On several occasions I have investigated wrong doing by this class of offenders and though convinced that they needed correction and restraint, have felt constrained to let them go unpunished because of the lack of capacity of your institution. To confine them with mature and hardened criminals is of course out of the question. I congratulate you upon the great work already accomplished and hope that when adequate provision is being made for the other charitable and educational institutions of the

State generous provision will also be made for the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Yours very truly,

Alex. Stronach, Police Justice.

Raleigh, N. C., January, 11th, 1911.

Some Surprises and Disappointments.

Under date line of Washington, D. C., January 5th, the Associated Press sends out some interesting, yet in some instances disappointing, statistics relative to the census of North Carolina communities. The news item is as follows:

North Carolina's population did not show the same tendency of drifting from rural districts to the cities during the last ten years as was the case in many other States. Announce today by the director of the census of the population figures as enumerated in the thirteenth census of cities and towns in North Carolina having a population in excess of 5,000 indicates that slightly over 26 per cent of the State's total increase in population—312,477 inhabitants—was contributed by these cities and towns. The rural districts furnished 229,391, or about 73 per cent of the increase, as compared with the 83,106 increase in the cities.

TWENTY IN ALL.

Eight municipalities increased in population from below 5,000 to totals above that number. The thirteenth census statistics show 20 such cities and towns in North Carolina in 1910 compared with 12 in 1900. Not a single loss in population was recorded in these places during the 10 years.

In point of increase in population Rocky Mount holds first place with a 374 per cent increase. Durham follows closely behind with 273 per cent gain. The larger cities rank as follows in percentage of increase:

Charlotte, 88 per cent; Greensboro, 58.3 per cent; Raleigh, 40.8 per cent; Asheville, 27.6 per cent, and Wilmington, 22.7 per cent.

Following is the announcement of the director of the census of all cities and towns of North Carolina having a population in excess of 5,000:

CITIES OF OVER 5,000.

City	1910	1900
Asheville	18,762	14,694
Charlotte	34,014	18,091
Concord	8,715	7,910
Durham	18,241	6,679
Elizabeth	8,412	6,348
Fayetteville	7,045	4,670
Gastonia	5,759	4,610
Goldsboro	6,107	5,877
Greensboro	15,895	10,038
High Point	9,525	4,163
Kinston	6,995	4,106
Newbern	9,961	9,090
Raleigh	19,218	13,643
Rocky Mount	8,051	2,937
Salem	5,533	3,642
Salisbury	7,153	6,277
Washington	6,211	4,842
Wilmington	25,748	20,976
Wilson	6,717	3,525
Winston	17,167	10,008

♦♦♦♦

“He who lives content with a little, possesses all.”—Boileau.

“Sympathy is the safeguard of the human soul against selfishness.”—Carlyle.



JUST FROM THE FIELD.

REMARKS ON THE UNSOCIAL BOY.

[When I received the invitation of our honored president to be here today and to say what might be compressed into the brief limits of five or ten minutes, I began to cast about for an idea which might be inflated to occupy the space of time named. But alas, I found that our beloved Horace spoke a parable when he said that few people have an idea.]

However I desire to speak briefly on the abnormal or unsocial boy. After a short term of service with the class of boys known as delinquents I am of the opinion that delinquency, for the most part, is a developed trait rather than an inherited tendency. Many children are born into the world with what are called very marked peculiarities. And it is a question of training and general surrounding conditions as to what the mature fruitage of these peculiarities shall be. Home and school training, which takes no account of these mental warps and

twists, sends part of these children early to insane asylums where, as harmless and incurable dements, they crowd these institutions, forming 40 per cent of the population of our North Carolina hospitals today. Other boys, handled with similar lack of skill and individual attention, develop evil tendencies and go to make up a great body of juvenile delinquents with whom North Carolina is just now beginning to concern herself.

In a very thoughtful paper, Dr. Hall, of the State Hospital and an alumnus of this University, says: "May one not ask why the child crippled by defective vision, defective hearing or by defective somatic formation, becomes the object of a city's or a state's solicitude, and the child with a mind slightly warped must flounder along his way as best he can until he lands in an asylum, a reformatory or a prison? But there are in the world many such children.

For several years they are neither sane nor insane. They are slightly abnormal. They live in that vague and shadowy borderland inhabited on the one side by the sane and on the other by the insane. And a little guidance or the slightest neglect or ill usage during the period of transformation from childhood to manhood may determine whether they are to find that pathway which leads out into sanity and usefulness, or that other pathway which may make them objects of their state's care for the rest of their lives."

This extract indicates that prophylaxis or prevention which is the order of the day in other diseases is finding its way into the treatment of mental disorders. No longer will a state boast as to its percentage of cures but rather that preventive treatment has turned its population away from the slough of that vague borderland of reason and has planted their feet on the firmer ground of sanity and usefulness.

Now as to those whose sanity has



NEAR VIEW OF OCCUPIED COTTAGES AND PUPILS.



A BIRD'S VIEW OF BUILDING SITE.

not been called into question: they whose aberrations are not excused on the ground of insanity but are regarded as evidence of inherent badness; whose feet tread the way which leads to the Training School, the reformatory and the prison; what about them? They are beginning to loom large in the percentage of the state's population. The time for intelligent preventive work is upon us now.

I expressed the opinion above that delinquency or criminality is for the most part a developed trait; and that unwise training and bad environment are usually its cause. While not denying the effect of defective heredity, I believe the statement is for the most part true. If the statement is true, then I believe that it can be shown the majority of cases

of delinquency come from poverty. Delinquents everywhere come largely from the towns and cities and, from observations made by me personally, in large cities I found them coming from the congested areas of poverty and squalor unspeakable. Two-thirds of the boys in the Jackson Training school are orphans. This itself tells a tale of poverty and consequently of proper training denied to them; others have come to us having been insufficiently fed and clad; others from homes so ignorant that no one in the house could read or write.

But briefly. It is better to prevent delinquency than to try to cure it. Recently almost every daily paper has carried its story of accident and fatal disaster. Two years ago in two months 700 men were killed in mines in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, throwing back on society a long train of poverty and delinquency. Every man therefore who is making an effort to make hazardous employment less hazardous; the physician who is working to find the cure for social diseases such as consumption; the surgeon working to discover means to prolong adult life; the man who is trying to solve the economic problem—all these are doing as much as the man who is in immediate charge of

the boy; they are getting at the very source of the thing. They are making the number of orphans less; they are helping to remove the curse of poverty. Along with the elimination of poverty will come universal education; and this, wisely directed, is the salvation of the human race.—By Supt. Walter Thompson, at University Day Exercises, Oct. 12, 1910.

♦♦♦♦

The world wants journalists who will not take advantage of other people's misfortunes, or ruin reputations to "increase circulation," or write scurrilous, scandalous articles merely because their editor-in-chief wishes them to do so.

The world wants men who will not say they do it "because everybody else does it."

If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

THE SELWYN.

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an idea home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

A Sample of Several Hundred Letters Received

L——n, N. C., Oct. 15th. 1910.

Mr. J. P. Cook.
Concord, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I read an account of The Stonewall Jackson Training School, and am writing you to obtain particulars of the school.

I have a brother-in-law thirteen years old, an orphan, whom I have tried to take care of since the death of his father, last Spring, and I want to put him in a school some place where he will have to study, be himself, cut out cigarette smoking, the line of profanity he uses and make something of him. He has been very wayward ever since the death of his parents, and he has been in trouble with the law also. He has proven to be more than I can manage, and I must place him in some school, where he will have to obey.

If you require any information as to myself, write any of the City or County Officials, of this County, or any Bank or business firm here.

What are the tuition rates, manner of making application for entrance of a student, and such further information, that you can send, will be very much appreciated.

Thanking you in advance, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours.

(Signed) —————

Pleasing Official Statement.

To The Board of Trustees, Jackson Training School.

I have the honor to report the results of an inspection authorized by section 4437, Revisal of 1905, of the Jackson Training School. This institution, under the Superintendency of Prof. Walter Thompson, was inspected on December 5th, 1910.

The Jackson Training School is situated on a high hill three miles south of Concord, which affords good drainage in all directions, and commands an extensive view of a beautiful surrounding country. The buildings are well located with the distance to each other, and your inspector was especially impressed with the distance of the barn from the buildings. There are no surface privies, the institution being equipped with a modern sewerage system, the examination of which found it in excellent sanitary condition. The grounds, too new to have a lawn are clean and the arrangement of flower plots, walks, etc. speak well of the carefulness of detail and order of the management.

The examination of the buildings found them commodious and well ventilated and while the system of heating is the old fashion stove and fire place the temperature of the room was comfortable and there need to be no discomfort from cold. Your inspector was most favorably impressed with the manifest order throughout the Institution. The furniture, beds, bed clothes, wearing apparel, dining room furniture, etc. being so arranged as to indicate keen regard for detail and order. General cleanliness was in keeping with orderly arrangement.

The boys are separated into two groups, an older and younger set, and these groups occupy two different buildings. I found the boys, clean, healthy looking, and cheerful, sitting around the table in the reception room reading and playing games. I was told by Supt. Thompson that with an average attendance of 45 boys during the first twenty months he had only spent about \$45.00 for medical attention.

To summarize this Institution: it is in most excellent sanitary condition.

Respectfully submitted,

*W. S. Rankin,
Secretary State Board of Health.*

Raleigh N. C., Jan. 5, 1911.

[The chief item for medical service was for vaccination---Superintendent.]

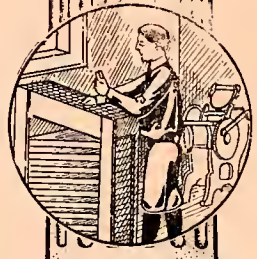
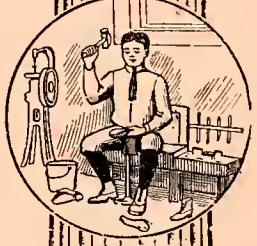
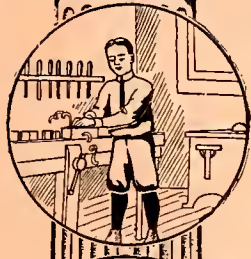
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Prof. W. W. Walker

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THE UPLIFT



The very foundation of the commonwealth is the proper bringing up of the young people.

---Cicero.

FEBRUARY, 1911

My Creed.

I would be true, for there are those
who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are
those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much
to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is
much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe,
the friendless:

I would be giving and forget the
gift;

I would be humble, for I know my
weakness;¹

I would look up—and laugh—and
love—and lift.

—Howard Arnold Walter in Har-
per's Bazar.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 9.

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School

Education ; The Rules of the Game of Life.

J. T. Humphries, Superintendent The Idaho Industrial School.

Emerson says: "If a man can preach a better sermon, write a better book, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Let me ask, "What is education?" What education would we give ourselves if we could begin our lives again? If we could have our own will; the education we would give our children. I do not know your conception, but will endeavor to give you mine.

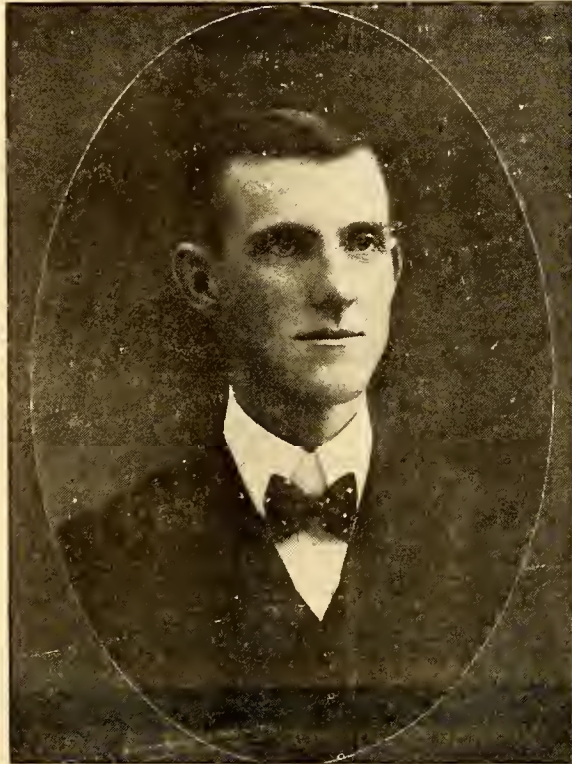
Suppose we were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would one day depend upon our winning or losing a game of baseball. Don't you think that every one of us would consider it primary duty to at least learn the name and the responsibility of each position, to acquire the greatest possible amount of skill in playing the different positions? Don't you think we would all look with scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members to grow up without knowing first base from a catcher's mitt? Yet, it is very plain, that the life and fortune, and the happiness of every one of us and more or less, of those connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of the game, infinitely more difficult and more complicated than baseball. It is a game that has been played for untold ages. Every man and woman of us being players in this game, which each for himself or herself must play.

The baseball field is the world; the paraphernalia, the phenomena of the universe; the rules or the game are what are called the laws of nature; the player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that His play is always fair, just and patient, but we also know, to our cost, that He never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance.

To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid; the one who

plays ill, is given his discharge, without haste, but without remorse.

Well, what I mean by education, is learning the rules of this mighty game. That is to say, instructing the affections and the will, so that there is an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means nothing more nor less than this. Anything that professes to call itself education, must be tried by this standard, and



CHAS. E. BOGER, SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION, CABARRUS COUNTY.

if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education whatever claims there may be on the other side.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam; and then, long before we were susceptible to any other mode of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every moment of waking life brought its educational influence. Nor, indeed, is this process of education past for any of us, no matter how

old. For every man, the world is as fresh as it was the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members. Those who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them are the really great and successful men of the world. The great mass of mankind picks up just enough to get through without discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked and then they can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. But education by Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first, but the blow without the word. It is left for you to find out why your ears are boxed. The object of what we commonly call education to make good these defects in Nature's methods to teach the child to obey without the box on the ears. So a liberal education prepares a man, not only to escape the great evils of disobedience to Nature's laws; but to train him to appreciate and seize upon the rewards which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work of which it is capable; whose intellect is a clear cold, logical machine with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready to turn to any kind of work; whose mind is stored with the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who is full of life and fire, and whose passions are trained to yield to a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or Art; to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself.

Such an education, I conceive, places a man in perfect harmony with Nature. He will do the best for her, and she for him. They will get along together rarely.

Now, in acquiring this education, not all have equal opportunity. Many receive only the box on the ear to remind them that a certain thing is wrong, while others have the best expert training from their babyhood until fully natured, to point out to them the pitfalls, as well as the road to happiness and success. What right have you take on arrogance and carry your head so high? You had a praying mother and a Godly father to direct your footsteps into green pastures; they led you beside the still waters; they made the rough places smooth and the crooked paths straight; while many of your brothers and sisters have had, not only the box on the ear by Nature, but the blow and the curse from those who should have been their patient teachers. And are the Christian fathers and mothers any more patient or lenient than Nature herself? Do you not proceed to exterminate the one who has failed to learn the rules of the game? Do you reach down and lift up the fallen? Where do we find the Christian people who will receive again into their homes, the girl who has broken the rules of the game?

The work of the Industrial Training School is to teach children the rules of this great game of life, that the playing of the game fairly and well, insures to them the greatest possible success. Teaching a boy to make a suit of clothes; to lay a brick wall; to till the soil scientifically; teaching a girl to play the violin; to make a pot roast; to understand thoroughly domestic science; is the work of the school, but not the only work, nor by any means the principal work. By increasing the knowledge of a rogue, you but increase his power for evil. Let me repeat that the work, the real work of the school is to teach boys and girls the rules of the great game of life.

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Ravages of Cheap Wit.

I think I shall not be far wrong if I say that irreverence is one of the most conspicuous characteristics of the American people. The only person I saw in all Europe who had to be asked to remove his hat within the sacred precincts of a cathedral, was a man from this country. We laugh at everything. No posi-

tion, no calling, no office, no relation in life, escapes our satire. Nothing is sacred. The family, the court, the church, the highest and holiest things, are made sport of. It is awful the freedom we take with things consecrated and venerated for ages. When there is to be a wedding or a funeral, an ordination or a tragedy, a birth or a baptism, we find something to grow funny over. It is the cartoon age to which we have come, and it is not pleasant to think of the fruit it is bearing and will bear. With our light and jaunty air, with our flippant handling of things sacred, with our universal, frivolousness, we are sowing the wind and we shall reap the whirlwind. Look at some of our newspapers! There is no fear of God or any other fear before their eyes. No privacy is too sacred nor sanctity too holy for them to pry into. They rush in where angels would not dare to tread, and write up the solemnest things of life in the most pert and wanton style. Altar and police court, the chief executive of the nation and the most worthless tramp, are dealt with in the same utterly trifling and waggish fashion. The first thing the eye lights upon every morning as we turn to read the world's news, is some grinning and hideous caricature.

Some time ago a paper in one of our cities had a most scurrilous reference to that beautiful hymn which all evangelical Christians love to sing:

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

It was ridiculed in the smart way so common to yellow journalism. The foolish writer did not know that he was laughing at the cross, mocking at the holiest and most transcendent tragedy this world has ever seen. He did not know that he was identifying himself with those on Calvary who passed by railing and taunting the dying Redeemer. I repeat, it is awful the freedom we take nowadays with things around which have clustered the holiest hopes and the loftiest of humanity.

But let us be careful. I tell you there is something to fear. Life is infinitely more than a joke. This lack of reverence is not reassuring. It points down and not up, to weakness and not to strength, to shallowness and not to death. A laughing, mocking, cartooning age, an age that runs to lampooning and levita-

tion, will run to the devil. A tree cannot stand without root. It must grip the solid and substantial if it is to resist the storm and keep its branches in the sky. It is not otherwise with men and nations. If they are not rooted in reverence for things good and holy, they must go down. If there were virility and steadfastness in Puritan character; if the men of Holland stood like a wall of adamant between the ocean on the one hand and Phillip II. on the other; if solidity and granite are characteristic of the sons of Scotland—it is because of the fear of God.—Interior.

♦♦♦♦

Poker Phrases.

Richmond Dispatch.

In a debate in the United States Senate the other day, Jeffries Davis of Arkansas, asked Senator Gamble, of South Dakota, what he meant by a "jackpot." Gamble, whose name would signify that he knew, was unable to make reply. Davis failed to find out, though there were some Senators present who might have enlightened him.

Cards, especially poker, have contributed a number of popular phrases to our language. People who do not know the first principles of poker use these phrases with no thought of their origin. In politics we have the "standpatter," a man who wants things to remain as they are. "Bluff" is a word which needs no definition, so common is its use. Church members are asked to "chip in" to pay the preacher or to raise funds for some purpose, but the expression is hardly of ecclesiastical origin. There is often heard the demand that something be "above board," signifying that no concealment or cheating shall go on. To be "flush" is a phrase denoting a condition as generally understood as it is rarely felt. The term "full house" is another phrase used ordinarily to mean that there is no more room. Then there are such terms as a "four flusher" and "show down," which need no definition among practical men.

Poker has impoverished many men and made a few prosperous, but it must be said that the game has enriched the English language with some picturesque, vigorous, and expressive phrases.

♦♦♦♦

It quickens spiritual life and enriches daily experiences if we share with one another the truth, the love, the strength and the joy which Christ has given each of us.

Hints to Press Correspondents.

A paper by Editor R. R. Clark, Statesville Landmark, before the Mid-Winter Meeting of the Press Association at Winston-Salem in January.

It is always difficult and embarrassing to discuss a question with which your audience is entirely familiar; to discuss a subject on which you feel you can say nothing your hearers do not already know; a subject to which you can contribute nothing new nor interesting.

Every newspaper man has at his fingers' ends all the hints to press correspondents, and every newspaper man knows from long and trying experience, that few of these hints are ever observed.

The main difficulty with all of us, is to get and keep capable correspondents. This is a problem with the country weekly which endeavors, or should endeavor, to secure the news from every locality in which it circulates, as well as with the city daily which cultivates the neighboring towns. That trouble is easily explained. Writing is usually neither a pleasant nor an easy task to those who do not make it a business, and where correspondents are paid at all, the pay is usually so small that few people capable of doing the work intelligently can afford, or care to, give time to it. It is only when we find, in rare cases, someone who loves to write, or who is anxious to see his production in print, that we can be assured of regular and dependable correspondence. This is of course outside the regular news bureaus maintained at a few of the larger news centers. Every community should realize the advantage of being represented in the newspaper. The village, the rural community, is helped in numerous ways, is helped to improvement and progress, if its happenings, its improvements, its desires, are chronicled in the county papers; and the town is helped by being represented in the city daily, which gives the affairs of the town a wider circulation than its own local paper. No one thing I believe makes a better impression on outsiders, as to the importance of a place, than a good, live news letter in a newspaper.

The trouble that all of us have, however, (and especially is this trouble ever present with the country editor,) is that so many of our correspondents are prolix with non-essentials and exceedingly brief with essentials. The trouble is they don't

know what news is; they do not know what is of greatest human interest. In the later years, since the playing of bridge whist and similar society fads are occupying so much of the time of so many of the women of the towns and cities—yea even of the villages and hamlets—society's affairs are reported at great length and in detail. I would not exclude this matter, for it interests the ladies, and I say this in all sincerity that the ladies are always the best friends a newspaper man has. But except in case of the dailies, who can afford to give two or three pages to this sort of thing once a week, society's affairs should be treated lightly. The average paper has not space enough to print all the news it should print, and it should carefully discriminate by giving most of its space to matter of general interest. But so far-reaching is the influence of society reporting in the newspapers, that the rural correspondent, if permitted, will give a quarter column to a society event that is worth four or five lines, while a death, a new building, the school work, or some progress in farm work, that is of general interest and shows progress, is briefly mentioned or ignored. In my eagerness to secure local correspondents I have in some instances, secured ladies. They are in a way more dependable, but their letters run to personal and society events, while real live news is ignored. As to personals. There are personals that are news, that are worth while, and there are personals that are worse than nonsense. To say that Mr. Jones went down the road on the 4 o'clock train, or that he spent the day in some other town, especially when he may do that two or three times a week, is not news, is not worth the space.

And the trouble with people who run to personals and the like is, that when something really worth while happens, they fall down entirely.

But passing from these rather lengthy and commonplace preliminaries, the main thing I want to say is to make a plea for newspaper accuracy—not only accuracy for correspondents but accuracy for editors and reporters. To have a reputation for being dependable in statement, is the best asset any news-

paper can have. Therefore, take pains, exercise care, edit with discrimination. The advent of that journalism called "yellow" has taught that the paper must be sensational, must have something unusual that will set the people talking; that will excite, regardless of the truth of the story. Brethern, I say to you in all solemnity, that is a false and pernicious idea of newspaper work. It is our business to tell the truth, to keep history straight. To do this the newspaper need not be prosy and dull. Faithful and discriminating work can make it bright, interesting. be so carefully made that it is dependable.

I have been impressed recently with the inaccuracy of historical statements, especially in local news stories in our larger dailies. We all remember the large number of university students examined sometime ago, and some of them were so pitifully ignorant that they did not know the names of the United States Senators from North Carolina and were equally as deficient as to other information of like character. In the old days the youth went into the shop as a "printers devil," and was trained in all the departments, finally, if he had the talent, blossoming into an editor. Under present conditions this is impracticable. The young man goes from college into newspaper work and becomes a full-fledged Journalist at once. He may write better English than the non-college man who came up through the shop (though I confess to being from Missouri on this,) but he doesn't know men and things like the office trained man whose text book has been the newspapers. Coming from the college, he hasn't read the papers and very often, like the university boys, he is densely ignorant as to public matters, the very things a newspaper man must know. Therefore he gravely tells his readers on the day of election, that judges and solicitors are being voted for in every precinct in the State. He will further tell them that somebody has given a big tract of land to the State when nothing of the sort has been done, or that somebody is the grandson of a United States Senator, when the public knows the United States Senator had no grandson. These are a few instances. The errors can be seen almost daily. We are all liable to errors and the wonder is that, under the stress and haste with which newspaper work must be done, that the errors are so few. But errors of the kind mentioned, are too common and indicate an ig-

norance which should not exist. They discredit the paper with those who know, and remaining uncorrected, they give incorrect information to those who do not know. The newspaper is a teacher, a recorder of history, and I often feel that we do not realize our full responsibility in this matter. To make myself clear, I will say that the young man with a college education is far better equipped for newspaper work than one who lacks this important adjunct of a modern age, but the trouble is that the education alone does not make one a newspaper man. He must learn the business just as he would learn any other business, and to do this, he should read the newspapers, all the newspapers he can get his hands on, and keep on reading them.

The paid correspondent not infrequently pads, makes a mountain out of a mole hill, to attract attention and more for his work. This class of work is soon detected and discredited by the intelligent reader and anything the writer may say questioned. All newspaper men are familiar with this class of correspondents and it is astonishing that so many of them are allowed free rein in the daily papers.

Stick to the facts. It is not necessary to go outside the facts to make a story readable. Give the most important fact the most space, the unimportant touch briefly. Send the news when news is news.

The Water that Talks---A Sketch.

[Here is a pleasant little picture which we find in *The Bellman*, drawn by Margaret Adelaide Wilson. It is remarkable, but it has poetry in it and an authenticity that appeals to us.]

The heart of the irrigated ranch is the weir box. On our ranch it stands at the entrance under a weeping willow and sends its arteries, the flumes down the sloping hillside to the oranges, alfalfa, the distant stretches of grain, measuring, to each, water according to its need.

To it, in turn water is doled out from the hill flume—not daily, but at stated intervals, under the jurisdiction of the colleague rules of our kingdom, the day and night zanjeros. For in this country where fortune, comfort, even life itself, depend on it, water is not a thing to lie at the mercy of the anarchist multitude. It must be measured to each man in turn, with care that none is wasted; and the hand that deals out must be unswayed by partiality or self-interest. Through every hour

of the twenty-four you may see the zanjeros skimming the miles of dusty road from ranch to ranch in lock-gate here and another there, where ever it is a man's "run," as they say. Then for the span of a day and a night the thirsty crops revel in the joy of it.

The veranda on which we sleep is very near the weir box. In spring and fall we are courting a last nap before sunrise when the zanjeros's horse gallops into our dreams. Deliciously half-conscious, we hear the heavy gate swing open on the hill, and come back to the waking world on the tide of a gurgling, joyous stream, that beats against the measuring boards a d dashes impetuously down to the parched land below. One comes to the day with new zest, accompanied by such music. However hot it is, however tiresome the task, our mind wanders into pleasant way, catching here some remnant of dreams, there the half-forgotten memory of days by other cool shadows and growing things.

It seems as if in this country the water had a thousand new and exquisite voices. There is the drip of it through the old boards of the weir, upon the eager little plants and flowers that fringe its borders the hurry and rush of it as it tumbles down the narrow flumes, its mimic roar as of cascades when it pours through the little gates into the plowed furrows of the level land. These, perhaps, are the voices of waters in all countries, and these chiefly speak to us during the day. But at night, when we steal out to take a last look at our possession, other voices rise, which, tho almost inaudible to the ear of the sense, are yet heard shaking in their beauty. That still, brown stream among the orange trees, so unruffled in its progress that it mirrors, with scarcely a blur, the drooping branch the slender rim of moon,—it has seemed silent enough all day, yet now it rustles like the silken garments of fair to the bending ear.

And down yonder in the alfalfa, where Ignacio with his shovel and lantern plods up and down like a Will-o,—the-wisp in harness, what a strange song the water is singing him! How it creeps among the tired, too-early blossomed heads of alfalfa with a low, pervading sign, a whispered protest against the reaper who waits the perfection of their flower. As it spreads in tiny wavelets over the field there is a mysterious stirring of the air, a murmur that beats with delicate

insistence upon the ear, penetrating even Ignacio's Indian soul with a vague sense of uneasiness. "The water talks," he said to us once. And he whistles softly to the dog, coaxing him to his side in a desire for companionship before the unknown.

♦♦♦♦

Honor Roll for February, Cottage No. 2

Name	County.
Edward Dezerne,	Cabarrus.
Bryant Whitaker,	Forsyth.
Hoyle Means,	Cabarrus.
George Moore,	Halifax.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Benjamin Carden,	Durham.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Sylvester Beach,	Burke.
Gilmer Miller,	Forsyth.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Bazolor Poteat,	Gaston.
Arthur Herbert,	Cherokee.
Dewells Nesbit,	Mecklenburg.

♦♦♦♦

Turning Judas to Good Account.

Richmond Dispatch.

Aptness in the Holy scriptures is a great accomplishment. Last week the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah, New York City, spoke of building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine as the "greatest scandal in New York Christendom." He declared that it is a "marble tomb," and he was shocked that "millions of dollars should be expended on that colossal structure built by one of the richest corporations in the State, while the societies of social betterment and for relieving the immediate needs of the poor cannot carry on their work because of lack of funds.

That seemed to be a knock-out blow for the Cathedral until the Rev. Dr. Stires, of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, retorted thuswise: "When Mary broke the alabaster box of ointment in order to anoint the masters feet, Judas exclaimed, you remember, 'might not this ointment have been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?'"

There has been nothing finer than that said by any of our brethren and with such a rebuke it would seem that Brother Holmes—strange enough minister of the Unitarian Church of the Messiah—should sing very low.

♦♦♦♦

Infant mortality is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare.—Newsholme.

Department of the North Carolina King's Daughters.

Under the Editorial Management of Mrs. Stephen Steele, assisted Mrs. J. LeGrand Everette of Rockingham, N. C.

It was with genuine regret that the State Executive Committee of the Order of Kings Daughters accepted the resignation of Mrs. Russell as editor of the columns set apart for their use in THE UPLIFT. Since Mrs. Russell's election as Dean of the Presbyterian College at Charlotte her time is not her own, and for that reason alone was she excused from her duties as Editor. Mrs. S. W. Steele and Mrs. J. LeGrand Everette, also of Rockingham have been appointed to fill the vacancy until the meeting of the next convention at Salisbury. These women are worthy successors of Mrs. Russell and are hereby commended to the readers of THE UPLIFT.

Member Ex. Com.

The Charity Circle at Midway Mill is the only mill circle near Rockingham that survives to tell the story of the changes that constantly take place in a village. There are still a few faithful members, held together by their efficient leader, Mrs. Frank Biggs, wife of the Superintendent of the mill, who look after the poor and sick of the village and report to the Silver Cross Circle at Rockingham when more help is needed.

While the circle is somewhat limited in number and means they do a good work and respond to every call of the Order.

The Silver Cross Circle makes an effort, always to look after the inmates of the county home from time to time, especially at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Last Thanksgiving a dinner was given and at Christmas the Superintendent was asked to find what each person most desired Santa Claus to bring them, and send the list to the Circle. As there were only twenty inmates of the home and as many members of the circle, each member chose one person for her special care. The list contained such things as a China cup, a pair of side combs, a "finger ring," a pair of suspenders, a mirror, handkerchief, doll etc. One little white haired woman over eighty years old, the oldest inhabitant said she "Wanted candy and always did." Each Kings daughter forthwith purchased a pair of stockings, filled one and attached the other and the gift with a bright card to it. The story

of their happiness Christmas morning was pathetic. How the man wept tears of joy over the half dozen handkerchiefs instead of one, how the little negro girl sang to her doll and another ran from house to house to show her hat with bright ribbons. It is useless to say that ever hereafter Santa Claus will personally visit the county Home.

The Silver Cross Circle of the King's Daughters, of Rockingham will celebrate its ninth anniversary on Monday afternoon, Jan. 23rd, at Golden Spring the home of the leader. This circle was organized by women of different religious denominations, characterized by their seriousness and earnestness of purpose to work together, in order to help those less fortunate than themselves. Industry, consideration, and courtesy for the views of others have made successful the work undertaken. In years past it might have been regarded as impossible that as many women having different points of view, should have held together so long in bonds of peace and harmony. Narrowness and petty jealousy, however have been conspicuously lacking, matters upon which the members sincerely differed have been discussed and voted upon, all without exception content to abide by the decision of a majority. The Charter membership of ten have increased to twenty-eight in number, and as many King's Sons have been added to the list. These sons are the silent members, paying the circle voluntarily twenty-five cents a month, and doing all that is asked of them. Since its organization the circle has cared for and comfortably supplied the needs of the poor of the entire community. Prominent in the work are the cases requiring hospital care and treatment. Twenty-five or more persons have been sent to hospitals. The greatest number to the private sanatorium at Salisbury. Only the kindness and generosity of the physicians in charge have made it possible for the circle to extend its efforts and accomplish a greater work than it could otherwise have hoped to do. Local charity has received first attention, and the Cottage at the Boys Training School at Concord, has come in for its share. It is said, however, that an army can not travel very far in advance

of its commissary, and indeed to such an extent has a work grown that six of the mills have generously come to the aid of the circle by paying a stated sum into the treasury each month. An effort is made to keep the work on a business basis. It is not claimed that the circle has discovered a perfect solution of the different problems of dispensing charity. Or that it is not often imposed upon, but careful consideration is given the conditions surrounding each case, and it is safe to say that more deserving than undeserving poor have been helped, and all needed help, whether they were deserving or not. The results may not have been wonderful, but want and suffering have been relieved. Some persons have been made happier, and it is hoped some better.

The "Inasmuch Circle of Kings Daughters and Sons" of Rockingham.

At the suggestion of our State Secretary, Mr. W. H. S. Burgwyn, at the Annual Convention which met in Rockingham in May 1910, a Junior Circle of "King's Daughters and Sons" was organized in June with an enrollment of enthusiastic girls and boys. We decided that our special work should be among the children less fortunate than ourselves, medicines and nourishment for the sick little ones, and clothing for the needy little ones, as far as our means would allow. So this motto suggested itself as a suitable one for us: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these; ye have done it unto me," and of course we are the "Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters and Sons."

In order to be of as much service as we possibly could, we know we must have money, so we decided that our dues should be the same as those of the "grown-ups," \$1.50 per year, and when we could, we would make our own dues, or save it from our spending money. To give us a little bank account to start with, we had two tag days, realizing quite a nice little sum, with \$20.00 which four of our most progressive business men, "King's Sons" themselves, gave us to advertise their business on our tags.

During the hot summer months

(Continued on Page 9.)

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

A unique feature of the Bill Nye offerings was a contribution made by the colored graded school at Concord.

The schools of Concord and Cabarrus hold the record for contributions to the Nye Building, and THE UPLIFT makes its best bow to Supts. Boger and Webb. In the absence of a likeness of Supt. Webb we print a picture of the Central School at Concord.

THE UPLIFT carries on its first page the picture of our good friend Supt. Boger of the County Schools, of Cabarrus. We do not know what he will say or do when he sees it. But when you look at the picture you look into the face of one of the State's best school men and one of the standbys of this school.

Mr. Charles D. Hilles who is to be President Taft's Secretary, was until two years ago Superintendent of the "Children's Village" at Dobb's Ferry, New York. This Institution is one of similar aims to the Jackson Training School. Mr. Hilles came to Washington two years ago to be assistant Secretary of the Treasury, which position he lays down for the arduous duties of the President's Secretary.

Cabarrus county has raised \$335 for the Bill Nye fund. The greater part of this amount was raised by Editor John B. Sherrill, of The Times, who started out to raise \$100. Mr. Sherrill has now placed his figure at \$500 and is going after this amount in earnest. The public schools of Cabarrus have contributed more for this fund than the schools of any other county in the State.—Gastonia Progress.

We may say that we do not in any way claim the credit for the nice sum raised through our paper and for that sum raised in the public schools for the Bill Nye. This is the home of the Jackson Training School and the home of Mr. Walter Thompson, superintendent, and of Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman of the board of trustees, respectively, of the school. Our people see the needs of the school and its great possibilities as no other people in the State can see them. Mr. Thompson was superintendent of our city graded schools for several years and the comparative large amount contributed by the pupils in the schools was due in a large measure to that fact. Mr. Cook has done much personal work among our people, which has had its effect on the fund as reported in The Tribune and Times. The splendid sum raised in our county schools was due in a large degree to the earnest and systematic effort of our popular and excellent superintendent of education, Prof. C. E. Boger.

THE UPLIFT reprints the above from the Concord Times for two reasons. First, it gives us an opportunity to express the thanks of the officers named for the kind expressions and second, and more important—it gives a chance to say that Editor Sherrill is far to modest as to himself and his efforts. He has been of the staunchest friends the school has had and has labored steadily for its growth, and stands ready to continue to do so.

HOME RESTRAINT.

The following by H. C. B. in the Biblical Recorder strikes the exact spot where lies the failure in the raising of the children. Our readers will do well to read and carefully consider.

Since it seems to be one of the most fashionable tendencies of the present day to let children exercise their own judgments as to what

they should or should not do, the question, "Is there enough restraint on children in the home?" is involuntarily brought to my mind. One afternoon this week while out walking, I met three little boys neither seemingly over nine years of age, who between themselves were smoking one cigarette—the one taking a pull at it and then passing it on to the other. The same old thought came darting through my mind accompanied by a painful wondering—what could be the home influences of the dear little ones?

They were not poorly clad; but were such boys as might, from outward appearances, have come from respectable and influential families. And yet, as one of them drew in the smoke and then sent it curling into the air, I couldn't help saying to him: "Little boy, you'd better mind how you smoke those things." He looked at me fiercely as if he were angry because I didn't admire the poisonous little column which went circling over his head, and made some taunting remark that astonished me—it was so rude.

Of course my remark to the child was not appreciated for the desire to be noticed favorably is natural to all, and especially to children. They love to act as they please, and think it is manlike to smoke and pace up and down the streets. They revolt at the idea of being corrected because they don't realize what kind of men unrestricted boys will make. As well as some parents, they can't, or do not, seem to realize that a boy reared in ease, boisterousness and do-as-you-please land must, with some rare exceptions, grow up to be the rowdy, unlovable man who cares only for his "good time," as he says, and is the source of many of the wrecks of humanity that daily confront us.

One of the greatest needs of today is a return to the old standard of home discipline where the parent were not too busy to know these children and were not afraid to use restraint and to demand obedience. And one of the greatest troubles of today is that for the first few years of a child's life, years in which seeds of evil can be planted and grown to maturity, years in which the mother ought to be the nurse and director of the little plastic life entrusted to her, the children are committed to the care of hired nurses who keep them on the streets as much as possible, and sometimes in questionable company where they receive many of their first impressions and where the life of the innocent

little child which should be sweet and pure, is cruelly polluted.

And who is to blame for the conduct of the children? Are mothers and fathers satisfied with the conduct of their boy and girls? If not, I beg you to look within and see who is responsible for the dissatisfaction. Take thought of your child. It will be worth far more to you than all the money you can earn and all the social functions you can attend. Make it your business to know your

boy—sympathize with him in his trials and teach him to confide and trust you by first confiding and trusting in him. It is a heartrending thing to see a child driven from home because the parents are too busy to care for and to make it attractive for him. And I bid you look carefully after the charge God has given you and be worthy of the God-approved epithet—mother or father—remembering it is a blessing to both God and man to raise a man or a woman.

find there, if he might, some joke worthy of his mirth. Pinned to the railing twenty feet forward of the loglight and flapping wildly in the wind, was a row of baby-napkins placed there to dry before sunset and forgotten.

Eight bells had struck and the faint sound of hammering that had been heard at intervals in the last half-hour continued. For some reason there was a delay.

At the quarter-hour past midnight, the door of the small steerage cabin was opened; the light from within shone faintly on the drying deck. Then the light was obscured; steps scudded, shuffling, muffled, and two sailors, bareheaded, appeared, with the little box carried between them. Behind came the captain, stepping briskly.

The doctor was there—as he came out of the door he flung a cigarette overboard. The third officer closed the door after him, and for a moment the procession was lost to sight. It reappeared in the glow of the log-light. Halting abruptly the sailors balanced the box on the rail. One end of it was obviously heavier than the other. Someone at dinner had remarked: "They put coal in to weight it, but it never goes to the bottom—the water's too dense."

The captain stepped up beside the railing, took off his cap and placed his hand on the balancing box. He was slightly bald and quite gray. In the feeble light his real face showed pale, ascetic, and the gold braiding of his uniform could not be seen. Shadows made him priest-like. The doctor's cap came off, the third officer uncovered, there was a moment of stillness, the captain muttered: "One, two, three, in God's name," nodded, and the two sailors slipped the box quietly off the rail.

* * * * *

"Ye Gods, its dark up here, Bess."

"Yes; mother would have a fit if she knew we'd been here for an hour—Cut it out Bruce; no, I won't kiss you!—Say! Listen to that." Up from the steerage deck rose a sane sentence of griet:

"He was my little-a baby; now he is in the great sea; God help-a-me."

o o o o

Every one has his weak point; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven.

DIVERSE TONGUES; A SKETCH.

By John Oskison In 1910.

"Yes, at twelve o'clock tonight."
"What's that, Bess? What's going to happen at twelve o'clock?"

At the Chief Engineer's table sat a young woman of eighteen; on one side sat her brother, a boy of fifteen and opposite to her sat a youth of twenty, the light of her eyes. It was the brother's shrill, impulsive, impatient question that had disturbed the table.

"Why don't you listen, 'Greedy'?" The last word was whispered, and as she spoke the girl's eyes were half turned to her mother, sitting beyond the boy.

"Oh, Bess, tell me what's going to happen at twelve o'clock." The boy had ignored the taunt.

"Well, if you must know, little 'Pop Eyes' (again she lowered her voice), they're going to bury a little boy in the sea—a little boy about your size." The girl's tone was supremely irritating; her brother shrilled: "Oh, Bess, you——!" But he got no farther. The mother, a powerful, blonde woman of forty, turned, and, wheeling the boy's chair, commanded, "Leave the table at once, Wendel!" When he had gone she turned to her daughter: "Were you teasing Wendel, Bess?"

"No, Mama. I was telling Bruce what the third officer told Grace Clarkson and me today. A little child died in the steerage yesterday, and it is to be buried at sea tonight at twelve o'clock. Then Wendel wanted to hear, and I told him he should have listened."

"Wendel is very quick tempered." The mother resumed her dinner placidly.

The third officer had spread his news well. After dinner, in the smoke room, it caused a little pause in the animated conversation of the groups into which it fell; on deck,

one couple of promenaders met another, the four talked together for a moment and went on a little less boisterously; over their office in the social hall, the older women discussed the possibility of anyone, young or old, ill or well, surviving a voyage in the steerage. Parties were formed and pledged one another to sit up to "see it."

The concert in the saloon was a good one that evening. A driving, mid-summer rain had sent all of the promenaders inside. Looking around at the crowded tables, the round-faced cornettist, leader of the orchestra, plunging into the opening spasm of the popular march. The "Turkish Patrol" was conducted to its post, the relief followed, and the weary soldiers were matched away to the barracks. With the final blast of "Silverheels," the leader packed his cornet away, music racks collapsed at a touch, and the deafening hum of two hundred persons talking rose to the decorated ceiling.

Outside, the wind was still blowing fiercely, the rain had ceased. The soft throb of the engines could be heard only when one walked past the open ventilators on the leeward side. Until half-past eleven occasional heads were thrust above the companionways and withdrawn at first blast of wind that sucked down storm above.

Except for the light beside the log at the very stern and two luminous windows in the little steerage deck cabin, the ship seemed as lifeless as a derelict, and as dark. The stern light shone clear on the out-curving arm of a life boat davit: one watching it for five minutes might see the white davit turn into the long neck of a peering, grinning monster, looking overside at the seething froth behind the screws to

BOB AND I AND THE BUTTERFLIES--NO. 12.

By Dr. J. C. Davis.

It was easy to see that Bob was highly elated at the beauty and value of his collection; and his mother was as much delighted as he was, for she saw that it had opened a new line for his thoughts and life. He invited a number of boys and girls—and grown folk too, for that matter—to come and see them. Among those that came, was an elderly gentleman, a warm friend of the family, and very fond of boys; he was very intelligent, and a little queer, it was thought, because he was very fond of gathering up all sorts of curios, even down to frogs and snakes. He put on his glasses—stuck his hands in his pockets, and stood before the collection inspecting them closely, and then said,—

"Bob, you scamp, you don't mean to tell me that you captured and prepared all these butterflies, do you?"

"No; Uncle Dan, I do not say that; only the most of them; the doctor gave me a few, and the schoolmaster a half a dozen, and the rest is my work; the work the doctor showed me how to do it."

"Well; look here, Robert; you know I'm fond of curiosities; I'll give you Twenty dollars for them—or I'll even make it Twenty Five; what do you say?"

The smile on Bob's face broadened considerably. The dozen or more boys and girls that were present looked astonished. And Bob turned his face toward his mother as if seeking her advice, when he saw her shake her head meaning, "No!" and he turned to the old man's inquisitive face, and said;—

"No; Uncle Dan, I can't do that: do you see that beauty" (pointing to it) "with brown spots and golden streaks?—the doctor says that one is worth \$50.00—its a foreigner—a native of South America: I'll sell that one to you for \$100.00 cash." The old man shook his head and smiling, said, "Extortion-extortion! you young scamp, and on an old man like me," and then turned away to chat with the mother, while the young folk had their fun.

Among the boys present were several of the old "Rob Roy Infants" who manifested a good deal of interest in Bob's collection. Standing near enough, I heard Bob say to one of the boys,—a red-headed, freckle face lad, whose eye was bright with intelligence and mischief;—

"Tom, don't you think that catch-

ing and preserving butterflies is better than having the police catching us, and chucking us in the lock-up.

"Look here, Bob: none of that: let by-gones be by-gones," replied Tom Atley: you know that most of us have given that devilment up. We were just talking the other day about forming ourselves into some sort of a butterfly club, if we could get the doctor to put us in the way: we want a real Club—a working Club: what do you say to that? Will you go with us?"

"That I will, Tom; let's ask the doctor to give us a name," said Bob.

"All right, boys; nothing would please me more: I'll give you a name, and work with you; but it isn't to be all work, but some fun mixed up with it: what do you say to that?"

"That just suits us," said Kelly, whose nervous temperament was just bubbling over for something to do: and swinging around on his heel just at that moment, he saw a big white cat coming up the porch steps,—gave a tremendous kick at it, and missed, and the force and momentum of the kick, brought him down on the seat of his breeches.

"See here Frank; we ain't organized yet, and it's too soon for fun; doctor, will you give us a name and organize us?" asked Bob.

"Suppose we call our club 'The Knights of the Butterfly,'" said I how will that do?"

"What's 'Knights' doctor," asked Bob.

"I've heard daddy tell something about the Knights of England" said the red-headed boy, but I don't know what he meant, except that they protect the ladies."

"Well," said I; "the first meaning of 'Knight' is 'boy' 'Youth.' That's as far as we need go just now, and according to this, it would be 'Boys of the Butterfly Club,' where every boy is thrown on his own honor, moral courage, and determination to do the right thing in play and work."

"That's honor bright," said one of the boys, and I'll vote for it, and I move that that be the name of this Club."

There were eleven boys present, and all voted for the name. So the "Club" was duly organized.

"A Club has Rules, hasn't it, doctor?" asked Harry Baker, a bright looking lad of about fifteen.

"Usually," said I; "but this club will be an exception; every boy is to be his own rule and ruler; as I said, every boy will be placed on his honor, to be a true boy: a morally brave boy; a boy not afraid nor ashamed to do the right things; a manly boy, who will not be ashamed of himself, or of what he does. As I said, we are to have fun and plenty of it, and I will join you in this. A boy without fun grows old too soon, and I want a piece of it to keep me young. But our fun must never interfere with our duties as honest boys. Every boy is expected to be an honor to club of, 'The Knights of the Butterflies'". Do you agree to that? Ready to vote for it, and then stand by it? All in favor of it, stand up!" I may give my experience with that class some of these days: but I may say here that I was never ashamed of one of them: but I am mostly concerned with Bob now, and must stick to him until I get through.

In mid-winter, Bob and I received our boxes of foreign butterflies, for which we had sent on our exchange, all marked, numbered, and classified. We opened Bob's box first, and Bob opened his eyes almost as wide as the box. These butterflies and moths were from Egypt, Africa, India, and several from Palestine. If I only had pictures of them, I'm sure my boy readers would be delighted. It was a jubilee for Bob. He ran off for his mother, who came, and was delighted—really more delighted at the joy of her boy, than with the butterflies. The balance of the winter would be spent in prepare these beauties for the cabinet.

I had had Bob under my care now, for two seasons,—He had faithfully gone through all the courses of study in the local school. He was now anxious to go to college; and his mother wished him to go; and so arrangements were completed, and he was finally sent to—College, where he entered with credit; and it was understood that we were to be regular correspondents. He wrote to me frequently: but several months had passed when I got a letter' part of which is as follow:—

"My dear Dr.—

"———I am still deeply interested in my studies.———You remember Andrew Jackson Wilson—the young mathematician you discovered in the woods, and whom you were the means of getting here well; he is just making his mark-going up—and his teachers speak very highly of him they say he is bound to win distinction. I went to church service

yesterday morning (Sunday) It was a very bright service—singing was grand; I never heard anything like it before.—Rev. Dr. — preached a fine sermon; he was so simple that any could understand him—he made me think of you and the butterflies, for he spoke of seeing and finding God through nature. Just what you told me. And now I want to tell you something. you remember telling me one day about God making a beautiful thing out of an ugly thing, if it would let him do it? Well, that went deeper than you knew. I saw and felt a new thing in me, although I said nothing about it. From that time I resolved to be God's boy, and grow up God's boy, and hope to grow up God's man, and live to be a credit to you, and an honor to God.

Affectionately,

Robert Robinson.

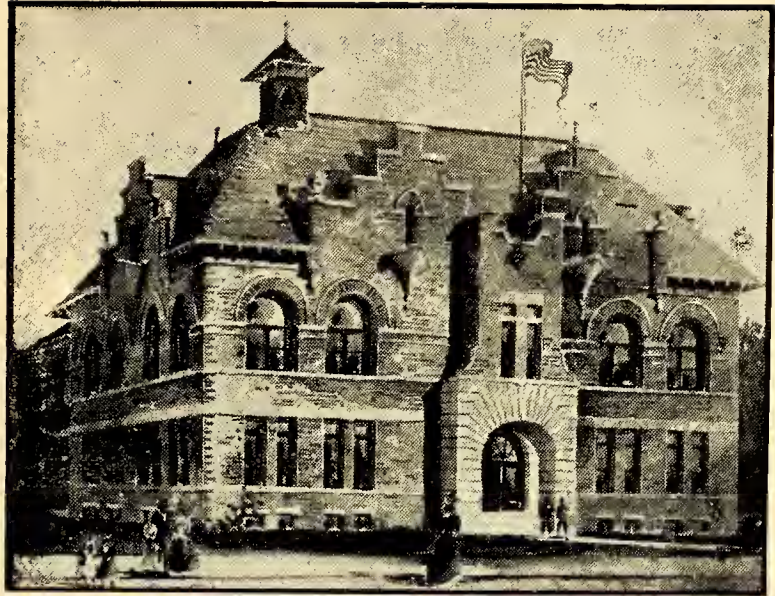
My Boy Bob—Robert Robinson—finished his studies—graduated with honor; studied law, and became very successful; kept up his love of the butterflies; collected a very fine cabinet—foreign and native; married a charming woman, and so became happy, prosperous man.

And here my story of "Bob and I, and the Butterflies" comes to an end, I hope that it has been a source of pleasure to some of my readers.

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True as Gospel.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch in commenting on vulgar plays pulled off recently in Richmond, asks three questions which we give below: "Why will men write nasty plays? After they are written why will actors play them? After they are played why will men and women go to see and hear them?" The answers to these questions seem to be easy. The whole bunch is extremely vulgar minded. A nasty play is the natural product of a nasty mind. Pure thoughts, like pure water, flows from a pure fountain; and nothing impure can flow from such a source. As to the men, women and boys and girls—what a pity that boys and girls with pure minds and thoughts are permitted to see these dirty and salacious plays and have their minds poisoned by them—these who see these plays get what they like best. Really the fault lies with those who patronize the plays. If the public did not demand these vulgar, salacious plays there would be no incentive to write them. The public demands this class of stuff and as long as the demand continues the filthy stuff will be written.—Elkin Times



CENTRAL GRADED SCHOOL, CONCORD, N. C. PROF. A. S. WEBB, SUPERINTENDENT.

Department of N. C King's Daughters.

(Concluded From Page

our leader and many of our members were out of town most of the time, so our meetings were irregular, but with the first September meeting we started out with renewed zeal and enthusiasm, to get ready for the Annual Bazaar, as the loved leader of our parent circle had promised us a place for our work among theirs, fancy work and candy, our specialties. We made at that time \$27.07, half of which we spent Christmas in baskets of fruit, nuts, candies and toys, shoes and stockings for some children whom Santa Claus could not remember so lavishly as he would remember us. One poor little afflicted boy we care for all time, furnishing his medicines and bandages, visiting him and carrying good things to eat, books and the "funny papers," which he enjoys immensely, and for a Christmas present we gave him a pretty warm, bright, dressing gown and slippers, with the basket of fruit and confections.

Since we organized, a number of new members have been added to our roll, most of us keeping "paid up." We hope to send delegates to the Annual Convention which meets in Salisbury in June, with a report which the older Daughters will not be ashamed of.

The International Order of Kings Daughters celebrated its twenty fifth anniversary on Friday January 13th. The meetings. as

simple or as elaborate as desired were held in almost every place and offerings sent to the Central Council at New York for the use of the Order.

Twenty Five years ago ten women met in a drawing room in organized the first circle. Others followed fast, until a great chain has been made that encircles the world.

Mrs. Margret Bottome, the first President and founder of the Order has passed over the river and rests from her labors, but her works do follow her.

In apology for having written so much of our own circle we wish to say that it was done at the request of the State Secretary Mrs. Burgwyn and since our appointment there has been little time to collect items from other circles and elsewhere.

Editor.

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Your thorn in the flesh is—what? Whatever it be that disorders, annoys, grieves you, makes life dark, and your heart dumbly ache, or wets your eyes with bitter tears—counseled Samuel Longfellow, brother of our poet—look at it steadily, look at it in the thought of God and His purpose of good, and already the pain of it will begin to brighten.

♦♦♦♦

Neglect of children is not criminal, it is suicidal.—David Watson.

The business of rearing a baby must be classified as an "extra-hazardous occupation."

The Commonplace.

God bless the commonplace! We
strain and fret
Through wearisome and unproduc-
-tive days,
Striving to carve new destinies, or
blaze
A trail through unaccustomed lands.
we let
The feverish years possess us, and
forget,
In our tense seeking for untrod-
den ways,
The common heritage, nor care to
raise
Altars to dear, familiar things—and
yet
When shadows lengthen and the
busy hum
Of Life falls faintly on half-hear-
ing ears,
With vision dimmed and feeble step
we come
Back to the homely joys of by-
gone years—
Love and a hearthstone and a dear
worn face,
And through our tears we bless
the commonplace!
—Blanche Goodman, in Outlook.

Lack of Obedience a Curse.

Rev. Dr. A. R. Shaw, of Charlotte, who conducted a meeting in Greensboro last week, is thus reported by the Greensboro News:

Dr. Angus R. Shaw preached a sermon to parents at Westminster church last night, touching vital questions in the light of Biblical authority and teaching. His text was Genesis, 44:20: "For how shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me?" The little child is God's gift to the home. If the Bible doesn't teach original sin it doesn't teach transgression. Ignorance, weakness, sinfulness must be overcome by teaching and training. The difference between teaching and training is that we teach by telling to others and giving out information, and we train by what we are and what we do. If training is deferred until a certain point in life, it may be too late.

Dr. Shaw emphasized the great importance of firm, united discipline in the home, and emphasized the word "united." If there be a difference of opinion between parents they should settle it without the children knowing it. The lack of obedience is cursing the world.

The speaker declared he had no patience with the curse of maudlin sentiment which says the children cannot be controlled. The place for a disobedient boy is at the busy end of a switch.

"I'll tell you, a convenient peach tree in the back yard is a great institution," Dr. Shaw declared with emphasis.

"When children dictate to their parents they have almost no father and only a fraction of a mother. Never deceive a child. I've heard some parents making threats in order to frighten their children into doing things. If you haven't moral backbone enough to control your children without lying to them it is unfortunate that you have any children. Dr. Dabney once declared that next to vice ignorance is our greatest opprobrium.

"Do not seek to leave your children a fortune—the result may be litigation, estrangement and ruin.

"A boy reaches 'fool's hill' when he finds out that his father is a dear old fellow but a back number, that his mother is a dear old soul but out of date, that the lawyers and doctors are not up in their profession, that the farmers don't know how to farm. Watch out for your boy when he reaches that hill—it is a dangerous place and he

may be ruined beyond repair before he reaches the summit.

"If you have cards in your home if you'll take my advice you will put them in the grate before you sleep tonight. A small boy went home from church under conviction of sin and ran to tell his mother, who was in a game of bridge whist. She heard a few words and waived him aside, indicating that she wanted him to keep quiet. Heartbroken, when he went back to church he declared it was no use for him to try. What a mother! What a despot! a companion for devils in hell!

Mark Twain's Tribute to His Daughter

In Harper's for January is printed the last thing that Mark Twain wrote—a touching and beautiful tribute to his daughter Jean, who died just one year ago. It was written on the day of her death. He says:

"Jean's dog has been wandering about the grounds to-day, comradelless and forlorn. I have seen him from the windows. She got him from Germany. He has tall ears and looks exactly like a wolf. He was educated in Germany, and knows no language but the German. Jean gave him no orders save in that tongue. And so, when the burglar-alarm made a fierce clamor at midnight a fortnight ago, the butler, who is French and knows no German, tried in vain to interest the dog in the supposed burglar. Jean, wrote me, to Bermuda, about the incident. It was the last letter I was ever to receive from her bright head and her competent hand. The dog will not be neglected.

"There was never a kinder heart than Jean's. From her childhood up she always spent the most of her allowance on charities of one kind and another. After she became secretary and had her income doubled she spent her money upon these things with a free hand. Mine, too. I am glad and grateful to say.

"She was a loyal friend to all animals, and she loved them all, birds, beasts, and everything,—even snakes—an inheritance from me. She knew all the birds, she was high up in that lore. She became a member of various humane societies when she was still a little girl—both here and abroad—and she remained an active member to the last. She founded two or three societies for the protection of animals, here and in Europe.

She was an embarrassing secretary for she fished my correspondence out of the waste-basket and answered the letters. She thought all letters

deserved the courtesy of an answer. Her mother brought her up in that kindly error."

Influence of Environment.

A duty every mother owes her children is to consider them when selecting the place in which the family is to live. When incomes are limited, the choice is necessarily restricted, but in making a decision she should weigh the effect of the surrounding upon the children and settle in the section which is least harmful if not wholly beneficial to them.

Children in cities spend the greater part of their leisure time in the streets. The thoroughfares are their play-grounds, the only ones that some little folks have. Such children, when out of doors, hear talk that their parents know nothing of, and could not prevent, even though they were aware of it.

The little ones, too, have speaking acquaintance with individuals whom the mother does not know, and which, when her children are much out of doors in the same environments, she is powerless to stop. Naturally, the strangers may have effects upon the children that are unfortunate. That the latter is true, any woman who is much associated with children who play in the street, knows beyond a doubt, for the little ones having an amazing way of suddenly speaking or acting in a manner wholly foreign to home training. Inquiry into this usually shows the undesirable streak was acquired in the street, or its equivalent.

The only way that a mother can control outside influences upon her children is by putting her little ones where they are least apt to be subjected to undesirable elements. Complete success is impossible and she trusts to the home to counteract that which she cannot prevent. In this she will be greatly aided by having the abiding place where the neighborhood is as good as she can afford. If she will bear this in mind before moving, she may save herself much anxiety later.—Exchange.

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social positions.

"Queen Nicotina."

J. W. Morgan in Biblical Recorder.

The first statement in the Recorder of February 15th is as follows: "King" Alcohol is losing ground. Queen Nicotina is also uneasy on her throne. Whatever may be said of the "king" in this case, it is certainly true, judging from recent statistics, that no sympathy need be wasted on the "queen." Uncle Sam's tobacco bill for the year just closed was in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000,000. The cigarette is the most dangerous form in which tobacco is used, and yet, notwithstanding the activity of the Anti-Cigarette Leagues, we learn from the United States Tobacco Journal that the output of these little "dope sticks" for the year just closed was 8,177,546,625—an increase over the preceding twelve months of 1,856,487,308. This does not include the cigarettes rolled by the smokers, or those imported from other countries. Someone has estimated that the cigarettes used last year in the United States would, if placed end to end, reach ten times around the globe.

The use of the cigarette by women in fashionable society is becoming disgustingly common. But why should our sensibilities be offended if our women smoke? Aside from our traditional prejudices, is there any reason why the woman should not smoke as well as the man? "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

The use of the cigarette among boys is becoming alarmingly prevalent. A close observer has estimated that in a certain prominent North Carolina town, 90 per cent of the boys above ten years of age are addicted to the use of the cigarette. It has been stated that more harm is being done among the young men of our country by the tobacco habit than by the liquor habit. They are twin evils. We have read of one drunkard who was not a user of tobacco—we never saw him. Horace Greely said: "Show me a drunkard

who does not use tobacco, and I will show you a white blackbird." It has been said that chronologically tobacco heads the lists of vices. An investigation at the State Prison, Auburn, N. Y., revealed the significant fact that out of 600 prisoners confined for crimes committed when they were under the influence of strong drink, 500 of them, according to their own admission, began their intemperance by the use of tobacco. At the time when heathen China is burning its opium pipes, we are breaking all previous records rearing a crop of young men, anæmic, neuritic, dwarfed in body and mind, to pass on to other generations the blighting, blasting effects of this tobacco habit. In the name of God and humanity is it not time for the church to begin to make some strenuous efforts to arrest the progress of this curse?

What can we do? I offer no sort of apology for the suggestion that the ministers begin a crusade by setting their own houses in order. We recently saw a pastor seated in his buggy, smoking, while around him stood not less than one hundred boys of the community. It is wasted breath to tell the boys that it is wrong to smoke cigarettes if their pastor smokes cigars. The problem need not be attacked till such stumbling-blocks are gotten out of the way. We have had much to say about Paul's not eating meat. It is time for us to make an application of this principle to the tobacco evil. Till we become willing to do this—we who are supposed to lead in moral reforms—there is little reason to fear that "Queen Nicotina" will lose her throne.

Henderson, N. C.

The Cigarette.

Charity and Children.

The Legislature should offer some protection to the rising generation by throwing some restriction around the sale of cigarettes. The confession of the young man in Goldsboro whose hands are stained with the blood of a woman, that the pernicious results of cigarettes are responsible for his deplorable condition, ought to make thoughtful men pause. He spoke the truth, we have no doubt in the world. If this is so, why should any law maker hesitate to give his influences and support to the McPhaul bill or some other bill to curtail the deadly influence of this habit that is out growing any evil in our day? It is true the American Tobacco Company manufacture cigarettes and derive much revenue

from the life destroyers, and the A. T. Co. is on excellent terms with us, having come to the rescue of the State in a certain bond matter a year or so ago. We cannot think however, that our law makers, as wise and patriotic men as they are proving themselves to be, would be influenced in their action by a great corporation, no matter how helpful they may have been in a financial strain, as against the young manhood of North Carolina. Near-beer is bad, supreme court liquor is worse, but cigarettes are the worst of all. We do hope that something may be done by the General Assembly to restrain the baleful and insidious influence of the cigarette which threatens to slay so many thousands of the best and brightest boys in the land.

Military Training in Schools.

Military training in schools and colleges is favored by President Taft. He has written a letter to that effect, to President James of the University of Illinois, Mr. Taft puts it on the ground of benefit to the students a substitute for athletics. He writes:

"We are all in favor of college athletics, but one of the defects of athletics is the tendency to confine work to those who are naturally best adapted to it, while the great student body takes no active part in the games. This is not true of military training that comes from the organization and maintenance of a school regiment."

Children are the capital of the state. Do you consent to the wasting of twenty-five per cent of our capital annually? Give us good motherhood and good parentage conditions, and I have no despair of the future of this or any other country.—John Burns.

Take a common daisy and train it and cultivate it by proper selection and environment until it has been increased in size, beauty and productiveness at least four hundredfold.

If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than

THE GUILFORD.

It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than

THE SELWYN.

It is the pride of the Queen City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

ANOTHER CONTEST.

One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Nine Prizes. Open to All White Pupils of the Public Schools, Country or Town, of North Carolina.

On the first day of May 1911, THE UPLIFT will give away One Hundred Dollars to nine pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes :

- No. 1.—\$25.00.
- No. 2.— 20.00.
- No. 3.— 15.00.
- No. 4.— 10.00.
- No. 5.— 10.00.
- No. 6.— 5.00.
- No. 7.— 5.00.
- No. 8.— 5.00.
- No. 9.— 5.00.

WHAT PRIZES ARE FOR.

To encourage the young while yet in the schools to learn to write, to think out a story, to put it into choice words. To encourage them to build up a mental picture, and then clothe it in words—a story, an essay, a little novel, a narrative, an imaginative or real trip. This story or essay must have running through it that which is elevating and pure, be striving for the good and the moral, in touch with a human interest that has a tendency to please and uplift. Must not exceed 3000 words.

THESE ARE THE RULES :

1. This contest is open to any and all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.

2. The story must be typewritten, and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by April 15th, 1911. No manuscript in pen or pencil will be considered; and a manuscript received on a date later than the fifteenth of April will no be considered.

3. The real name of the contestant must in no case appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume in every instance must be on the manuscript; and the said nom de

plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and placed in the large envelope containing the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or person or any paper or any source for information or advice.

5. No photographs or pictures are required, but if any contestant desires to illustrate the story with pictures they will be gratefully received.

6. Every contestant must be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT or have access to it. If any one living in the same home with the contestant is a subscriber, that will satisfy this requirement. This is done to avoid receiving so many inquiries, which can not be answered. We can not afford to keep a private secretary or a clerk to attend to any correspondence. All facts or rules governing this contest will appear in this paper.

7. You have the right to get any one to copy your story into a typewritten copy. But the copyist has no right to correct any errors.

8. In the envelope containing the nom de plume and the real name, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with the true name :

"The story signed _____
as a nom de plume, is original; was
constructed and written by me and
is in no wise corrected or changed
by any other person. I have access
to THE UPLIFT through the one
that comes to _____"
(name the subscriber.)
(Signed) _____ (Name)

A STATEMENT.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents, principals, and officers of city and rural schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by two or more contestants.

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company,
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
and Information.

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Prof. n. H. Walker

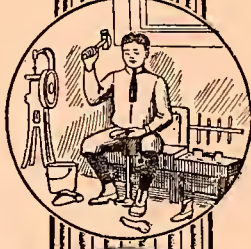
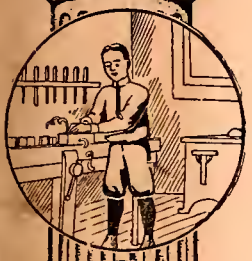
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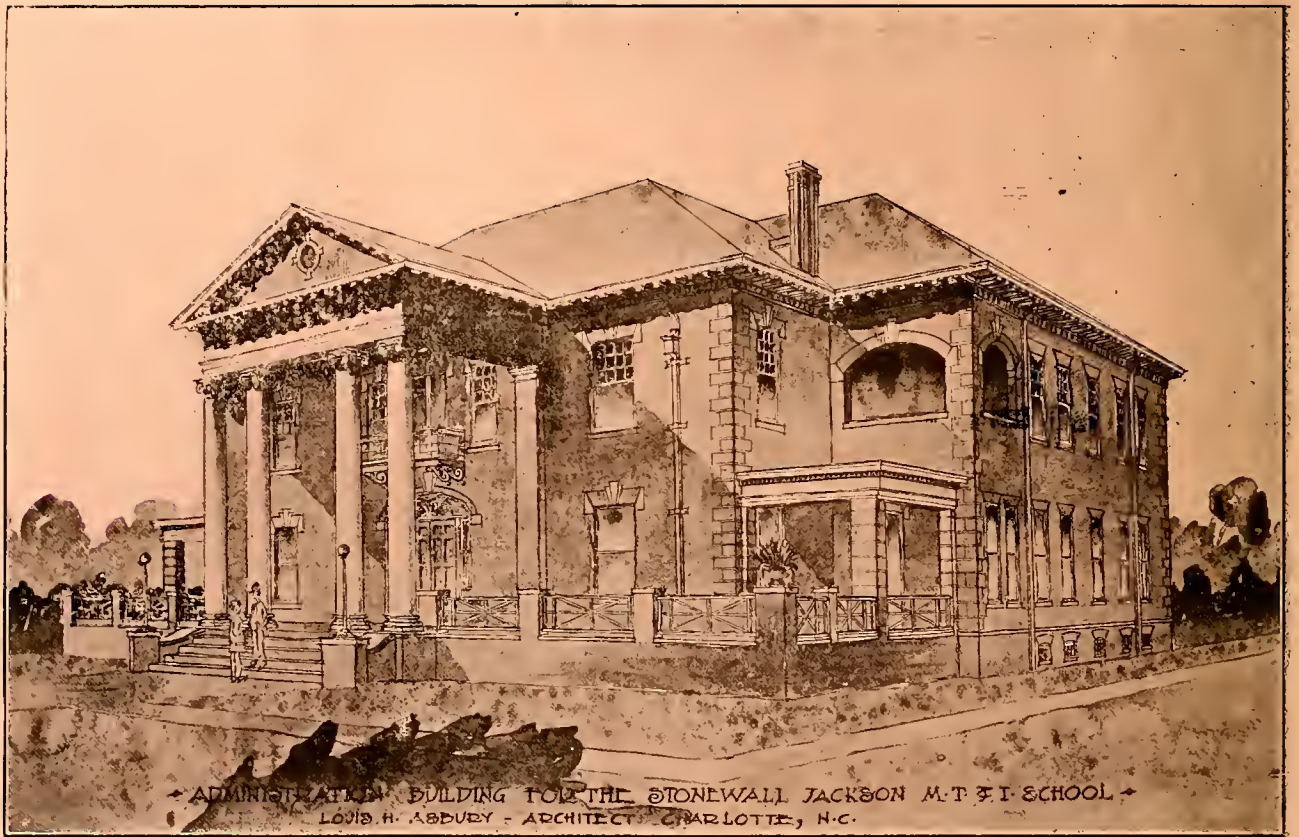
THE UPLIFT

“He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than a king.”

---Milton.



MARCH, 1911



Our Proposed Bill Nye Memorial Building.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. II.

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1911

No. 10,

A Monthly Journal Published by the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School

The School Boy and His Teacher

By Ella Flagg Young, Sup. of Schools, Chicago. In the Young Peoples Weekly.

I wish I could make every boy in this land understand that his school-teacher wishes in many ways to be a partner with him.

I will admit to many healthy, active boys I have known that there are teachers who do not understand boys, or girls, or even their chosen work, but there are also grocers, bakers, and bankers in the same predicament. Ignorance is not confined to school-teachers. But I would ask a great many, many boys of this land:

"Are you sure that you have tried to understand your teacher?"

The first teacher any boy has is the mother or father. From them he passes to the teacher who is to open not only some of the world of books to him, but to uncover a part, at least, of the heart of human nature. A boy makes a mistake who thinks his school education is only a matter of remembering what is in books set before him. He touches in school the little men and little women, and his relations with them and his teachers will show him, if he is discerning, many phases of the heart.

School is, therefore, one of the preparatory works in any boy's life toward laying the permanent foundations for his future character and work. Can a boy start out, then, on any better course than to cultivate the friendship and good will of his teacher?

I think some boys undervalue the worth of having companionship and trust of an older person like a teacher. 't is quite possible a number of people think:

"I can get through life without the aid of anybody—father, mother or teacher."

This is a pitiable mistake. No king, or president, or the most imperial business man can get along in life without friends who love and trust him, not for his wealth or his power, but because they believe he is worthy of trust and therefore give him the best of themselves to aid what he is trying to do. A boy is

no more exempt from this law of human nature than a grown man, and if he seeks to build up a life-lasting friendship through his teacher he shows the part of wisdom.

A school teacher cannot influence or help on a boy who resolves in his own heart he will not be helped. I remember the case of a boy who was quite bad in school and when reproached for it complained:

"I'm lonesome. Nobody tries to help me."

"But you won't let anybody help you," was the reply.

He thought over that for three days and then he walked to his teacher and said:

"I guess you're right. I want to be helped now."

That honest confession changed not only the entire mental or mind attitude of the teacher toward him, but his own attitude. Instead of being always in opposition he became receptive—willing to learn from the teacher as the latter was willing to learn from him. After that it did not take long for those two to form a profitable partnership.

Boys are a little inclined to think at the outset of school work that the mere words in an arithmetic, reader, history or geography represent all there is to a lesson. They will quickly get over this mistake and gain a deeper understanding of knowledge if they will cultivate their teacher and let him or her show them that words and figures are merely masks for deeper purposes.

Thus, on paper, two taken from two leaves nothing, apparently. But if there are four trees on a lot and you cut down the four, it is true no trees are left, but the fuel of four trees has been added to the world's supply, or the timber of four trees added to what is already in the lumber market.

Which merely goes to show that one of the most valuable lessons in arithmetic a teacher can instruct a willing boy in, is, that nothing is ever lost.

It is easy for a boy to remember that in 1815 the Duke of Wellington defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. But if he has the confidence and heart of his teacher he will soon realize that the date stands for far more—that it marks the final beginning of liberty of government, of speech and the press, in all Europe.

The date on which the Morse telegraph system first came into the use in the United States is easily remembered, but the date is worthless if a boy has not formed that kind of a respectful partnership with his teacher through which he gains the knowledge that was the beginning of the great newspaper world which now exists, of free communication between all parts of the world, and really the starting point of what is now the wireless telegraph system of the nations.

School books in themselves cannot unfold such facts to a boy, but the willing heart of a teacher whom he strives to in the best of his ability can and gladly will. Garfield, in one of his public papers, bore loving testimony to how his teachers had aided him to "open the mind and make it receptive to the great truths of life."

The inner heart of books and the work of life is mightily fascinating. No boy can wholly get to this inner heart by himself. He needs a helping hand and after he has left home to enter school, no hand is so ready to help as that of the teacher if he will but extend his own hand to it.

He will be learning something else, besides. He will be discovering how big, strong and sympathetic the heart of his teacher is, and how much it is willing to do for him without thought of other reward than that he shall make himself strong and helpful.

Life is uncommonly hard if we try to live it alone. We cannot begin too early in our careers making the kind of friends that endure. I think one of the earliest friends a boy can make with great gain to his character is his school-teacher. It is not only that he will have access to her superior knowledge, but the friendship he manifests will open up to him an understanding heart that will never waver in faith in him so long as he strives to serve the best.

NOT DOING OUR FULL DUTY.

From an Address by Judge Jeter C. Pritchard.

"I feel that we have not done our full duty as respects the moral and intellectual development of our boys while the most of them are educated, yet we have failed to give them that training which is so essential to the development of true manhood. The average parent contents himself with shifting the responsibility for the proper training of his child to his wife and the school teacher. That the mother exercises a refining and Christianizing influence over the child is undoubtedly true, and the average school teacher does all in his power to inspire a boy with an ambition to become a good and useful citizen is likewise true, but it must also be remembered that the average boy should have the constant care and attention of his father who, by his nature, is more capable of controlling and directing him. A parent is responsible for the proper training of a boy until he reaches manhood, but I fear that many of our people do not fully appreciate this fact. If we would only give the same consideration to the rearing of our children that we do our ordinary business affairs thousands of boys who are today leading lives of idleness and dissipation would become useful citizens.

"As an illustration of the idea which I seek to enforce. I call your attention to the fact the individual who is engaged in raising blooded stock exercises the greatest care and caution in securing the proper physical development of the colt. It is not permitted to eat any unpalatable food nor to do anything calculated to stunt its growth, and in order to insure its good health and proper physical development, a veterinary surgeon is employed. While on the other hand it sometimes happens that an individual thus engaged has a son whom he permits to engage in all kinds of dissipation. He allows his boy to frequent bar-rooms, clubs and other places of like dissipation, and the boy rarely ever goes to bed before 12 to 1 o'clock and he usually gets up at 9 or 10 in the morning, and if he attempts to do anything his nerves are so shattered and his mind so beclouded that he is incapable of rendering acceptable service. The parent in this instance proceeds upon the false idea that it is his duty to indulge the child in idleness and weakness all the time hoping that in the future he will be better but when it is too late he realizes that he has

made a mistake. The result is that he places upon the market a perfect specimen of horse flesh and turns loose upon the community, a drunken, worthless and undesirable citizen.

CONDITIONS HAVE CHANGED.

"With the development of our country and the accumulation of wealth have come evil agencies calculated to undermine and destroy the character of our citizenship. There is a disposition on the part of many to get as far as possible from the teachings of Christ and to do those things must inevitably destroy the body as well as the soul. Drinking, gambling and all manner of dissipation are considered in many sections to be very fashionable. As a result of this condition of affairs there a numerous divorce proceedings and the newspapers are filled with disgraceful episodes directly traceable to these kinds of dissipation.

"The young man just entering upon the struggle of life filled with the spirit of hope and ambition is often swept away by an indulgence in these things, feeling at the same time that this is the only method by which he can fix his social status. First, he acquires the habit of drinking; then by degrees he loses interest in his employment and unconsciously becomes an idler only to be told finally by his employer that he cannot longer give him work. All of this is due to the fact that, by dissipation and idleness his whole nature has been transformed, and while at one time a sober, clear-headed, vigorous young man, he has reached the point where his mind is unsteady, his brain is clouded and he ceases to be reliable. His condition has become such that no one respects him, he loses his own self-respect, and is turned adrift upon the world only to degenerate into that undesirable class of citizens who are practically without God and without hope in the world. The fate of such a young man is graphically described in the following lines:

"There is no remedy for time mispent;
No healing for the waste of idleness;
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or
guess."

BOYS OF TODAY NOT UP TO STANDARD

"We not infrequently hear the remark that the boys of this day and time do not possess the moral stamina that characterized the youth of the earlier days of our republic. I re-

gret to say that there is some truth in this contention, but we should remember that the questions presented to our ancestors in the early period of our history were of such a character that their consideration (by those who had fled to this country on account of the oppression that had been heaped upon them in foreign lands) kept the participants in a frame of mind where only the good of their country and the service of their Maker occupied their thoughts. In those days the hardy pioneer had no time for idleness and dissipation; he was not surrounded by the temptations and allurements that are now encountered on every hand; the head of the family held daily commune with God and Nature and the God of the universe; he drank deeply at the fountains of patriotism; and his soul glowed with the love of his country—his adopted land. But those times have passed never to return and we are now confronted with a condition which demands our serious and constant consideration.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS OUR MOST VALUABLE ASSET.

"Congress has recently passed a bill which has for its object the conservation of our forests and water power. While this is a meritorious law and one which means much for our material development and future prosperity, yet it is vastly more important that we should endeavor to conserve the young manhood of our State. The boys and girls constitute the most valuable asset of a community, but in the mad rush to accumulate wealth we have failed to recognize this truth. There is every reason why we should, above all other things, devote our time and energies in an effort to secure the proper moral and intellectual development of our boys and girls. The individual who recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being and is devoted to his family and his country must, from the nature of things appreciate the responsibility that rests upon him in dealing with questions of this character.

"In a representative form of government like ours, the individual is a part—an important part—of the government. We are governed only "by the consent of the governed," and in the last analysis all the strength, power and majesty of government is derived from and maintained by the people. Therefore, the government can rise no higher than the level of our citizenship.

♦♦♦♦

To be popular, be helpful.

What Becomes of the Lazy Boy? How Does He End His Days?

We are all interested in the lazy boy because he is expensive. Everything is expensive that is not productive. A diamond costs a great deal of money, but it may be sold for profit, and is therefore productive and of use.

A lazy boy costs much money, but no use can be made of him, says the *New York World*. He is non-productive, and therefore one of the most expensive things we have. In the United States there is now annually expended over \$20,000,000.00 for certain schools, reformatories, industrial farms and prisons, in which the lazy boy is solely kept.

That is, the lazy boy, assuming the population of the United States to be 90,000,000, takes a little more than twenty-two cents a year out of the pocket of every man, woman and child in the nation for his keeping, and, unless he changes and becomes a producer and a good citizen, he is a constant loss. After he ceases to be a lazy boy and becomes a lazy man he is to often a criminal, and the expense of keeping him is doubled and trebled.

Laziness is the worst disease any boy can have. It is a disease beside which scarlet fever, typhoid, the mumps, croup, etc., are mild in their expense and result. It does not start from outside causes. A cup of impure water may cause diphtheria. You are not responsible for that unless you knew when you took the water that it was poisonous. But unwillingness to work, to hustle, to do something hard to be something, that breeds in your own body and soul.

It seem to me that boys inclined to develop this disease should know something of what becomes of its unhappy victims. The society for the prevention of crime during a period of years, collected data about the fate of boys who:

Would not be honest, would not be clean, would not be helpful and therefore would not work. That is the disease of laziness.

The number of boys checked were 20,000, and their ages ranged from twelve to eighteen years. I will not give the exact figures because they are reduced to mystifying fractions, but use only round numbers. Of these boys:

Two thousand three hundred turn-

ed over a new leaf and became useful workers.

One thousand were sent to insane asylums.

Seven thousand went into reformatories with a chance to do better.

Four hundred disappeared altogether; classified as tramps.

Five thousand seven hundred will have to be permanently confined in state and private institutions as "hopeless cases."

Of the 50,000 boys who were investigated, over 17,000 had homes and reputable parents to start life with, so you must not fall into the wrong notion that lazy boys come from the slums. On the contrary (my investigations bear this out,) they seem to develop more rapidly in so-called "Good" homes than in homes where poverty constantly dwells.

As far as could be ascertained, 17,000 of these boys had opportunities to work and make themselves helpful. They were not situated so that they could not work if they wished to do so. Home duties, school duties, church duties were staring them in the face, and they had only to put on their armor and act to find plenty for the hand to do.

I have on my desk a list of 1,000 successful men of this nation. By "successful" I do not mean money makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity construction work, education, art, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as physical lives. They construct for better things.

How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study.

Two hundred started as messenger boys.

Three hundred as farmer's sons.

One hundred were printer's apprentices.

One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories.

Two hundred were newsboys.

Fifty began at the bottom of the railway work.

Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start.

Dr. Albert von Bergman of Berlin, one of the most celebrated students of boys Europe knows, has had lazy boys under the microscope. He has examined their hands, feet, eyes and

ears, stomachs and lungs. That is what he says:

"No one is born lazy. One born indolent and inactive is already diseased by some other cause than laziness. The chronically lazy boy is at the start as healthy as the average child, but as he continues to refuse to do his work in school, his duties at home, his labor in shop and field, a great physical change takes place in him. He physically becomes so that he cannot help being lazy except under powerful, curative treatment.

"The motor muscles and joints of his feet soften as do those of the legs and hands. The powers of perception of the brain are dull, and thought becomes sluggish and non-creative. The eye is dulled and only performs about half of the functions it should. The ear misses many sounds and thus weakens the strength of the processor. Although slower in its development, there is as much disintegration in a lazy boy's body as in the frame of one attacked with a malignant disease.

"Gradually this physical change passes into the soul, and the beautiful inspirations given by God to all new-born beings change under human influence into criminal instincts. Society receives then the boy beggar, the boy thief, the boy sloth. Nothing is left to do for him but to lock him up or drive him from town to town until death releases him from his uselessness."

Thus science analyzes the boy who will not make himself useful, pointing out ruin and his hostility to all that is good. When I see a boy eager to clean walks, to do chores about home, quick to take opportunities of learning and earning, I know that laziness has not attacked him. We shall hear something good from him somewhere in life. He may not become an Edison or a Marconi, but in his own particular place he will do good for those about him and therefore for the whole world.

When he begins to halt, when grumbling takes the place of cheerfulness, when he has a thousand excuses for not working, I would like to take him into our Juvenile Courts, the reformatories and asylums of the country, into the alleys of the big cities and to the corners of the streets in the small towns, and show him how the lazy boy started to his own sure ruin.

No wish of boy or man can be realized without steady, hard work. I never thing of this and the lazy boy but that the words of Grover Cleve-

land, addressed to a party of boys, come back to me:

"Work! Work hard! Learn to work intelligently, persistently, faithfully. Next to your honor, value your capacity to work. Preserve your health, but work. Amass enough to be a self-respecting man, but work. The joyous, producing, eternally helpful heritage of man, is to work—and work well."—Juvenile Court Record.

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Our N. C. Orphan Homes.

Charity and Children.

Our Methodist brethren, who made the mistake of holding on to the Oxford Orphan Asylum so long and trying to claim it as their own, have made wonderful progress with the two institutions they have established, and in the near future they are going to give the Baptists a race. They have shown wisdom, in the first place, in putting men of ability at the head of their Orphanage work. Rev. J. N. Cole of Raleigh and Prof. H. A. Hayes of Winston are sensible, well furnished men and by their strong personality they are bringing things to pass. The Methodists are also organizing their work wisely and well. They have a plan of assessing each church ten per cent of the amount it pays its pastor to the orphanage work. While this would not work in Baptist churches the Methodists can work it, and it is a very fair proportion of what a church ought to do.

The old Oxford Orphan Asylum is going steadily forward. It is under excellent management, and its affairs are administered with economy and discretion. A considerable portion of its income is furnished through the entertainment given by a travelling troupe of children. We are sorry they have to do this, but the concerts are well worth the money, and they seem to be managing the matter without demoralizing the children.

The Thompson Orphanage is a small institution, but Rev. W. J. Smith is devoted to his work and with the very limited means at his disposal, is doing an excellent work. The Episcopalians ought to be much more liberal than they are with their institution. They have plenty of money and it would help the brethren to part with a little more of it.

Barium Springs has been rather widely advertised. The Statesville Landmark and the Charlotte Chronicle served it a good turn. But it is a well known fact that our Presbyterian brethren are not doing

anything like their duty by their Orphanage. The equipment is poor, and the institution is now in distress on account of a lack of water. It is to be hoped that a good system of sewerage will be established at once.

The Odd Fellows Orphanage has recently suffered a loss by fire, but the institution is in good condition, and the Odd Fellows, like the Masons are reflecting credit on their order by their service to the orphan children of the state.

The Christian Orphanage at Elon College is very small, but it is well managed, and the work is growing. While it will never be in the class with the larger institutions, it is serving a gracious purpose, and helping to uplift the State.

There are other Orphanages in North Carolina, but these are the ones with the greatest promise of future usefulness. The work they are doing is not appreciated at its full value, but that is neither here nor there. Some time the seed being sown will bear their rich harvest.

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A Famous Back Woods Preacher.

Many years ago, before the great division occurred between the Northern old-fashioned Republicanism suggests a well known preacher in the Southwest named Peter Cartwright. Peter did not put on any frills. He went among the mountaineers, and wherever duty called him, wearing the homely garb of the frontier, his chief article of attire being a hunting-shirt and a girdle. He spoke from the heart, and he reached the hearts of those to whom he spoke. Wherever Peter Cartwright went the people turned out to hear him, because they felt that they would get the Gospel message from one whose simple, forcible words they could readily grasp. The time came for a Conference at Nashville, and Peter Cartwright, with his hunting shirt, was among the attending preachers. Henry B. Bascom, afterward bishop, presided, and was in personal appearance at least quite a contrast to Peter Brother Bascom wore a white shirt, and was gotten up generally in the style of a clergyman accustomed to the environment of a growing community, already at that time the civic centre of Tennessee. Bascom did not approve the get-up of Brother Peter, and showed his disapproval by omitting to ask Peter to deliver an address in the church as was customary in rotation during the Conference.

"While Peter was not a favorite

with Bascom, he was liked by nearly everybody else, and the fame of his rude, effective eloquence had got abroad among Methodists generally, and they wanted to hear him. The pressure on Bascom was so great that he was unable to resist but he sought to make it as uncomfortable as he could for Peter and Peter's admirers. So, one evening at the close of the daily session, Brother Bascom announced: 'Brother Peter Cartwright will deliver a sermon in this church at six o'clock tomorrow morning and all who wish to hear him are requested to be present.'

"The members of the Conference and others present were astounded. Peter arose, calmly and deliberately, 'Brethren,' he said, 'I hope everyone of you will be present to hear me. God's message can be spoken just as well at six o'clock in the morning as at any other hour, and I will do my best to deliver it.'

"At six o'clock in the morning the church was full as it could hold, and among the auditors was General Andrew Jackson, who was spending his closing years at the Hermitage near Nashville, and was quite religious in that period of his life. Peter Cartwright outdid himself in the fervor, the earnestness, the apostolic spirit that breathed in his every utterance. It was the most effective sermon of the Conference, and ministers and laity alike were inspired by it. When Peter had concluded, he was told that General Jackson wished to speak to him. With a hearty grasp of the hand the General spoke of the impression that the sermon had made on him, at the same time handing Peter ten dollars to help him in his ministry. And thus ended Bascom's foolish attempt to belittle Peter Cartwright."

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Child Labor.

A little law regulating child labor is alright, but when you keep a child in school about half the time and in idleness the other half until he reaches the age of 14, as some wanted it, he will, nine times out of ten not be worth the salt he eats, ever hereafter. The best method of rearing good honest men and women is to keep them busy at work about nineteen twentieths of their time when not in school. If you don't believe it look about you and reflect a little.—The Montgomerian.

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"No man is more to be pitied than he who can see no good in any of the daily actions of his fellow-men."

"Special Delivery Letter, No. 35,618"

By Ira M. Hubbell of the Post Office Department.

There are a great many boys now employed by Uncle Sam in the post office work to handle special delivery letters. They are hired to be swift in their work and loyal under all circumstances to their duty. If there is any one thing Uncle Sam is a stickler for, it is fidelity to duty. He operates his post office department much like his army, asking everyone of his servants to hold duty even higher than life.

In the special delivery work at one time there came under my notice a boy of fifteen whom I shall call Eddie Jones. He doesn't have to bother about letters of this character any more, or this story would hardly be worth telling. Eddie had been under my notice about six months, when the incident happened. He was a pale-faced, silent chap, living in an obscure part of the city, and I understood was caring for a younger brother and sister, the parents being dead. His earnings were not large and I often wondered how the three of them managed to live, but Eddie had little to say of his circumstances.

A special delivery is created by the sender placing ten cent's worth of extra stamps on a letter and writing "special delivery" across the face of it or by purchasing a special ten-cent stamp designed for that purpose and affixing it. For the additional postage the government agrees to get the letter to its destination many hours earlier than ordinary mail would be delivered.

One day there came to our office from an eastern point such a special delivery letter, but it was a puzzler. The address read like this:
"Missus Kristof Czjiznheczny.

Chaerfulle strate, number 6, betweene, Shykagoe, Elnoyse."

Now that is a pleasant sort of a problem for a busy post office worker to be thrust up against. Our city directory man could find no such street in the city's list, and anyway what did "number 6, betweene," mean? Under extreme circumstances we might have opened the letter and possibly have found a clue inside to the location of the addressee, but Uncle Sam is very scrupulous about that. He doesn't want you, under any circumstances, to open other people's letters, and he doesn't intend to himself if he can help it.

We puzzled over the letter for quite a time and then it was signed over to Eddie as "special delivery letter, No. 35,618" with instructions to use his best wits in finding to whom the letter belonged and getting it delivered as speedily as possible. Several of his associates laughed when they saw what he had got, but Eddie paid no attention to them. In a few moments he was buried in the list of names of the city's streets, a list covering over five thousand and these representing more than four thousand miles of thoroughfares. I could see him thumbing his pencil and wrinkling his forehead, but it was more than an hour before he came to my desk.

"I think the place must be one of these streets, Mr. Hubbell," he said, pointing to the list he had made out—Hope, Liberty, Comfort Court, Rest Avenue, Freedom Square, Morning Arcade, and so on.

"And why?" I asked.

"Well, I figure out whoever wrote the letter meant it to be Cheerful Street. There isn't any such street in the city, but it stands for something they had forgotten and were trying to hit on as near as they could. So any thing like Cheerful might be Hope, Comfort, Rest, mightn't it? That's the only way I get at it."

"Eddie," was my reply, "you've got the making of a good fox terrier in you. Go ahead and try those streets, I won't look for you until you come in and tell me you are beaten."

The day was a rough and stormy one, but the boy bundled into his gray uniform, took his pouch and book and was gone. I did not hear from him until the report reached the office the next morning that he had fallen and broken his leg and had been taken to the county hospital. The doctor who called said the boy was very anxious to see me. I went out to the hospital just as fast as I could, and in the accident's ward found Eddie, with his right leg in bandages and splints.

He didn't take any time to tell me how he was injured, but reached under his pillow, got out his official pouch, found his book and showed me that "special delivery letter No. 35,618" had been delivered at eleven forty-five the night previous to Mrs. Christopher Czjiznheczny, at No. 6 Hope Street, the house standing in

the rear of a grocery and in front of a lodging house, all on one lot. That's how the location came to be "betweene."

"It was the last street I tried, Eddie whispered; "and I was tired and the walks are bad over there, and I slipped as I was going away and then I didn't know anything until I found a policeman picking me up. But I got the right woman, Mr. Hubbell, and say, would you mind getting seventy cents that's in my clothes and sending it out to the brother and sister? They need it and don't know I'm here. They're just little shavers."

Not a word of complaint from his lips, no long story as to how he had trudged and searched the day previous in the effort to be loyal to the government, no pleading for help—just unadulterated gameness and fidelity. I had to walk away to keep him from seeing the tears in my eyes.

One of the nurses said to me aside; "When he was brought in he was clinging to his pouch. He wouldn't let us take it from him, and when we finally got him asleep he had it shoved under his pillow. The only other thing he seemed anxious about was that the post office should know right away he had made his delivery."

I returned to the office, and that day some men very high in the service of Uncle Sam heard Eddie's story from my lips, and their eyes got as wet as mine had. His brother and sister did not lack for care after that, and when he came back to us, better and higher work awaited him. He is no longer with Uncle Sam, but a coming on employe of a large company that is always in need of the boy who sees his duty clearly.

Success has not changed him. His duty is as strong and as paramount in his mind as the day when he proved his worth with "special delivery letter, No. 35,618."—The Boy's World.

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We Find What We Look For.

Good people are very likely to find this a good world. Cheerful folks are pretty sure to discover manifold reasons for being happy. Hopeful people wake to find the dawn pink, although the evening has been gray and threatening. We find what we look for. Our expectations are prophecies and revelations at the same time, for they show what we are, and promise what we shall get.—Young People's Weekly.

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Happiness is found in friendships.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

THE UPLIFT prints in this issue the farewell of Thad R. Manning of Henderson on his retirement as Editor of *The Gold Leaf*. The spirit in which it is written makes it worth the minute of time it will take to read it. Those who do not know Thad R. Manning in the flesh, will after reading this, think of him as every inch a man.

Parents everywhere should do all in their power to curb the restlessness among boys. This Institution is located near the railroad and the total of "hoboing" and tramping by immature boys on the main line of the Southern is a matter worthy of serious thought. These boys go from one station to another, from one state to another—often on the impulse of the moment—from a chance appearance of a freight train and a suggestion from one of the number, made at the psychological moment.

And that paragraph leads to this: These boys get away from home; get hungry; and steal. Then, having broken the law, they must have a weapon of defense. So they break into stores and steal pistols. A Superior Court Judge told the Su-

perintendent of this school that the white boy is taking the place of the negro boy as the sneak thief.

Though treading on dangerous ground, we venture to suggest that the question of child labor is not to be settled by sentimentalism on the one hand or greed and vampirism on the other. This sneaking thievery, this hoboing and these other iniquities are not the product of the schools or of honest employment. They are offspring of idleness.

On a visit to the State Prison near Nashville, Governor B. W. Hooper, of Tennessee, spoke a volume of sound sense and good policy when in an address to the convicts, he said: "I shall not pardon as many of you as some of my predecessors have, but I shall earnestly strive for the enactment of laws that will surround you with conditions that will make you better men."

And in this Governor Cooper is everlastingly right. Penal Institutions ought everywhere to keep before their eyes the hope of bettering the criminal under their care. That a man who has committed (or rather, been taken in) crime is not necessarily doomed and wasted, has been demonstrated in several cases recently. This writer is firmly of the opinion that the demand on Governors for pardon would be much less if the family and friends had reason to hope the prisoner would be bettered rather than worsted by his stay in prison.

From the Charge of Judge Boyd at Charlotte District Court.

After discussing the violations of the Federal laws by distilling, robbery, false entries, selling impure food, engaging in the white slave traffic and the like, Judge Boyd took occasion to commend most heartily to the people of North Carolina the Stonewall Jackson Training School as being worthy of all support. The most important problem before the people of this State today, said he, is that of securing suitable places to which youthful criminals may be sent so that the effect of their correction shall be helpful and uplifting, instead of degrading. No better investment could be made for the people of North Carolina today than for the

Legislature to provide that a fund from the general taxes should be devoted toward a reformatory for criminals. The money thus expended would be saved in court costs and in addition the value of the citizenship redeemed and saved would be incalculable. The United States government has recognized the importance of these institutions and has established several which have proven most effective instrumentalities for reform. In Washington it maintains a National Training School. Every youth convicted who is 16 years of age or under in sent to that school and not to the penitentiary. There is scarcely an element of imprisonment in it and if you were to visit it you would find an aggregation of healthy, happy young fellows who are learning valuable lessons amid wholesome surroundings. They are taught to work at useful trades, are given a homelife and are provided with Sunday schools and teachers. If you were not informed in advance, you would merely suppose yourself at an orderly school. The students are impressed with right principles of conduct and made to realize that they owe it to themselves and to society to engage themselves in some honorable and useful occupation.

COMMENDS TRAINING SCHOOL.

"There is a most creditable institution at Concord," said Judge Boyd. "It is known as the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It is struggling along, doing the best it can and it is the duty of every citizen of North Carolina to uphold and encourage it. The people of the State ought to take hold of this question. It is much more important than many that they have been discussed and some that their Legislature has taken in hand. The good that we do in this respect will be of untold value to those who will come after us."

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The Oldest Tree.

The oldest tree in the world is to be found in the Isle of Cos, on the coast of Asia Minor. It is a plantain, under the shade of which Hippocrates, the father of medicine, lectured to his pupils. Now, as the tree at that time must have seen many years, the tree, it would seem, is considerably over twenty-five hundred years old. The trunk has a circumference of thirty-two and one-half feet, and it still bears leaf, but decay is apparent, and two of the principal limbs have to be supported by brick pillars,—London Globe.

Honor Roll for March.

COTTAGE NO. 2.

Name,	County.
Thomas Saunders,	Perquimans.
Curtis Higgins,	Buncombe.
Sebastian Richardson,	Wake.
John Proctor,	Guilford.
Bryant Whitaker,	Forsyth.
George Baucom,	Harnett.
George Moore,	Halifax.
Volley Weaver,	Buncombe.
John Page,	Rowan.
Charlie Fisher,	Buncombe.
Alfred Jones,	Guilford.
Bennie Carden,	Durham.
Worth Hatch,	Alamance.
Sylvester Spaugh,	Guilford.
John McGinnis,	Wake.
Hobson Martin,	Durham.
Clarence Locky,	Sampson.
Gilmer Miller,	Forsyth.
Paul Benjamin,	Haywood.
Irby Waldrop,	Buncombe.
Harrison Byrd,	Wilkes.
Bezolor Poteat,	Waston.
Billy Newton,	Mecklenburg.
Dewells Nesbit,	Mecklenburg.

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A Plain Talk to American Boys.

By Wm. J. Bryan.

The boy is the same that he has been and he is not likely to change much in the years to come. His impulses are the same that they were centuries ago, the dangers that confront him confronted his father and his grandfather in their boyhood days. If I were suggesting a warning to the boys I wouldn't suggest a better one than that embodied in the text, 'The wages of sin is death.' That is the law and it cannot be repealed. The honest, truthful, industrious boy will succeed in proportion to his intelligence, but no intelligence can make up for lack of honesty, truthfulness or industry—especially it is impossible to substitute anything for honesty and truthfulness. Laziness will limit one's accomplishments whatever his other good qualities may be, but he can outgrow laziness but it is more difficult to outgrow lack of honesty or lack of truthfulness. Impatience has led many young men to ruin; the boy should 'learn to labor and to wait.' Character is built slowly, but it can be lost in a day. The farmer must wait before he gathers his crop, and so the boy must be willing to plant in the springtime of life for the harvest he will gather when he is grown.

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Don't Worry, Live Long.

Baltimore American.

The worry fatalities are not collected and tabulated by the health

the minds of others toward us; it renders us undesirable as friends or employees; it jeopardizes that which we already hold, and finally renders it impossible for us to receive any sort of substantial promotion. But this is not the worst feature which carelessness produces. It breaks down and finally bankrupts one's character. No one is safe in any sense after the spirit of "it makes no difference" possesses him. On the other hand, scrupulous carefulness builds character. It lays the foundation for larger life in that it carries, solidly, all the way through life's building, the strength that makes certain and sustains. Carefulness is, therefore, the watchword of character. Outlaw carelessness at every point, and inaugurate and sustain a spirit of carefulness, and it will not be long in showing its fruits both in your own soul and in the confidence of others.—Baltimore Southern Methodist.

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An Extraordinary Plant.

The New York Botanical Garden possesses a curiosity in a plant which supplies its own water from an eternal reservoir. It comes from the Sonora desert in Mexico, and is called the guarequi. It develops a thickened root and stem base, and in the short season, only a few weeks in length, during which it can obtain water from the soil, it supplies itself by means of short tendrils, which then dry up. After that it lies on the desert entirely detached from the soil. It is said that it can store enough water to last a quarter of century. The specimen in New York was obtained in 1902, and it has remained in the museum case ever since. Annually, at its wonted season, it puts out tubers, which, obtaining no moisture or sunshine, soon die; but the plant continues to live. For seven successive years, repeating its annual search for moisture, it has continued to send out its useless tendrils.

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Like a Warm Hearth Fire.

The consciousness that we have done the thing we ought to do, warms the spirit like a glowing hearth fire. And to choose pleasure rather than duty, indulgence in place of sacrifice, the ignoble way rather than the noble one means that we go through life shivering.—Young People's Weekly.

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"It is better to have to regret many a loss than to earn the profit of remorse."

boards along with the deaths from tuberculosis pneumonia and other maladies, and it is a pity that they are not. Worry undoubtedly runs into a good many ills that are given other names, and it is quite generally difficult to trace a fatal disorder back to the worrying state of mind in which it originated. Experienced physicians are in agreement in the conclusion that worry is the greatest of all producers of a receptive attitude for serious ills.

People who don't worry live longer—much longer upon the average—than people who do worry. In New York last week Mrs. Bella Goldberg died, after having been on earth 107 years. Her lifelong motto was "Don't worry," and she practiced what she preached—she never worried. At the age of 102 her lower extremities were paralyzed, but that didn't worry her. Up to the very moment of her death she maintained a bright and active mental attitude.

Don't preach to yourself the pessimistic doctrine that we are what we are—that is, that we are what heredity and circumstances have made us. Man by taking thought may not be able to increase his own nature, but by taking thought he can immensely influence his own mental attitude. By determinedly saying to himself, "I won't worry; I will be cheerful, he can gradually and surely banish the worry habit and establish the habit of cheerfulness. Try it. Keep on trying it. Stop worrying.

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Carelessness.

It is always painful to discover that a spirit of carelessness is slowly but certainly eating away the usefulness of those who, for every conceivable reason, should be cultivating carefulness. But this is often seen by those who are in positions which require close observation of the conduct of others. It is in the highest degree a breach of good faith to become careless in the performance of those duties which we owe to others. Carefulness, in even the smallest details, is a sacred obligation. It is a duty to superiors in office and character which circumstance can never modify, much less destroy. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. . . . And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's who shall give you that which is your own?" Carelessness leads to unfaithfulness, if, indeed, it is not that per se. It destroys confidence in

THE BIG BROTHER.

Mr. Strong found his name among the directors of the national brotherhood of his church, and in due time was officially notified that the directors would meet in Chicago in the middle of December. He was thoroughly interested in the movement, and was its leader in his own town; and he read with interest the literature on the subject as it came to him.

But what was this "Big Brother" idea? That every man in the whole brotherhood movement should find some boy to whom he could be a big brother seemed a fine idea, but was it practical? There doubtless were enough little brothers in the world to go round, but how were they to be found and distributed?

Ahead of him at the ticket window was a boy of fourteen, rather slender, but vigorous and self-reliant.

"How much is the fare to Detroit?" asked the boy.

The ticket agent told him. It was several dollars.

"How much is it to Chicago?"

It was about the same.

The boy moved on, but stood close by.

From that town in Michigan people go frequently both to Detroit and Chicago, but few of them come to the station at any one time inquiring about both; for they lie in opposite directions.

Mr. Strong bought his ticket to Chicago, and as he moved on he met the boy face to face.

"You going to Chicago?" asked the boy. "Take me with you."

"Come over here and sit down," said Mr. Strong. "What do you want to go anywhere for? You don't seem to know where you want to go."

"I want to go where I can get work" said the boy.

"Do you live here?"

"No, I live over in Indiana. But I had a straight tip of a job here. I came; but it was only a rush job before Christmas, and the Christmas orders are beginning to fall off, so the new help was discharged tonight. I sent one week's wage to my little brother, and what I have earned since won't take me to Chicago, or Detroit, either."

"Where's your little brother?"

"He's in Indiana. He does chores for his board, and I earn money for his clothes and books. I'm keeping him in school.

"Where is your father?"

"Dead, and mother, too. We're alone. But we've been near each other till just lately. The kid sort of needs me to look after him. I'm the only big brother he's got."

"You haven't any big brother of your own?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Strong felt in his pocket for a nickle and walked over to the telephone booth.

"Give me Main, 4-3-7," he said.

"Hello, Jennie! Yes, I got to the station all right and my berth and everything. Look here, Jennie, I'm sending a kid up to the house, a boy of fourteen. You look after him till I get back from Chicago. I'm going to find a way to be a brother to him and his little brother. He's been a big brother himself for some time, and I'm going to be a big brother to both of them."—Youth's Companion.

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The Doctor—A Toast.

Dr. H. T. Bahnson, Winston-Salem, in Bulletin N. C. Board of Health. Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

In assigning to me a subject so important, so interesting, and withal embracing such varied and diffuse ramifications, your committee must have been animated by the spirit of the little boy who set his brindle hen on two dozen eggs. "Why, my son," said his mother, "you don't expect one hen to hatch out all those eggs." "Oh, no," he replied, "I only want to see the old thing spread herself."

Doctors are men—"many men, many minds," so many doctors, many kinds, and more yet, if we include female doctors. I think I know them all—fat doctors, lean doctors, tall doctors, short doctors, optimists, pessimists, doctors with a mission, doctors trying to excuse themselves for living; the demonstrative doctor, the bluff, the hearty doctor with a voice like a fog-horn, who knocks the breath out of you with one hand, while with the other he squeezes your palm into a palpitating pulp; the modest doctor, who hesitatingly asks a hundred dollars for a life-saving operation and is rewarded by hearing his victim bless himself for being four hundred dollars richer than he thought he'd be; the hoggish doctor, who unblushingly demands from a brother physician a fifth of his yearly income for a call that only takes one working day of his time; the unsophisticated doctor, who tells of treating a case of opium poisoning with the physiological antidote, and con-

siders calomel too gastric a cathartic for a patient with a placid abdomen: the young doctor brim full of bacteriology, the opsonic index and assurance; the old doctor vainly striving to recover confidence from the conflicting experiences of a lifelong battle with disease; the literary doctor who, in filling out the death claim of a man killed in a runaway, gives as the predisposing cause of the catastrophe "a hard-mouthed fool of a mule;" the scrupulously honest doctor who sends in a death certificate with his name signed in the space reserved for the "cause of death;" the conceited doctor, who, to puzzle a negro preacher, asks him why he can't do miracles and swallow poison without harm like the apostles of early Christian days, and is properly rebuked by the old dorky replying, "Boss, I believe I kin. I know I'se took a heap of your medicine, and, bless de Lord, I'se livin' yit."

Then, there's the jealous, envious doctor, who begrudges everything that falls into the hands of his colleague; the doctor who criticizes the treatment of another's patient; the suspicious doctor, who thinks that his fellow practitioners are leagued against him; the garrulous, bragging doctor, the lazy, the cynical, the careless, the ignorant, the insincere, the dishonest doctor—I have known them all; but, gentlemen, they're not funny, or nice to talk about.

But the real doctor, the good doctor, aid de camp to life—thank God! I know him, too—studious, painstaking, patient, alert, observant, honest, humane, God-fearing, who regards his diploma and license not as a crown of glory, but as a spur to duty and self-sacrifice, and a burden of obligation to suffering humanity. Verily his reward is with him, and his works do follow him. May his years be long in the community he blesses, and may his like increase and multiply and replenish the medical profession.

♦♦♦♦

Had he been happy and faultless, I would not have loved him as I did. There is a degree of pity in all our friendships. Misfortune has an attraction for certain souls. The cement of our hearts is mixed with tears, and nearly all our deep affections have their beginning in some sorrowful emotion.—Lamartine.

♦♦♦♦

Much Christian service is unconscious. It is not given deliberately in return for heaven's joy, but is a spontaneous, unthinking expression of love that must find an outlet for itself.

Thad Manning's Farewell.

With this issue my connection with the Gold Leaf ceases.

The condition of my health compels me to give up active work—for awhile at least.

As already announced the paper has been sold and will be continued under new management, a stock company composed of representative business men of the town being formed for this purpose.

Mr. P. T. Way, late of the Waxhaw Enterprise, will be editor and manager, The Gold Leaf Publishing Company, proprietor.

It is hard to give up my lifework, and I do so with many regrets. Harder still to be forced out under the circumstances—and almost with a feeling as keen as signing the death warrant of my own child was the affixing of my signature to the paper confirming the sale.

Perhaps it is better so. Under the new order of things I believe Henderson will have a better paper. If this shall be the result no one will find greater satisfaction thereat than myself.

As I understand it there will be no change in the general policy of the paper, except to improve it in every way possible—make a more wide-awake, progressive, up-to-date paper—stronger and better—that will reflect higher credit upon the community it represents—capable of rendering greater service to its constituency and become a more powerful factor for good to the town, county and State.

I commend Mr. Way to the kindly consideration and earnest co-operation of the good people of Vance to this end. Give him your moral as well as financial support. He may deserve success but he alone cannot compel it without your friendly interest and co-operation.

Mr. Way is a practical newspaper man and knows the game. His success in the business in a small town, in a county with four papers, shows this. I consider the Gold Leaf fortunate in acquiring him as editor and manager, and Henderson as gainer in having him become a citizen.

I love Henderson and I love the Gold Leaf. Bound together by ties reaching back twenty-nine years and three months, my heart is in both, and I want to see the town and the paper—to which the best service of my life has been devoted—continue to grow and prosper.

These twenty-nine years and a quarter have not been without their

dark days and dreary—but sunshine and flowers have followed. Difficulties and discouragements there have been without number but with this came the pleasure of conquest and the joy of service.

The people of Henderson and Vance county have been good to me. Words cannot express my deep sense of appreciation and lasting gratitude to them.

To my brethren of the press it is hard to say the parting word. I will miss the daily and weekly communion with them—choice spirits and warm personal friends many of them are. This to me is the most regrettable thing about quitting the newspaper business—getting out of touch with “them editor fellows.” What will I do now without a pile of newspapers upon my desk or under my arm when I wend my way homeward? If I could afford the luxury I would enroll my name as a paid-in-advance subscriber to every paper on my exchange list. I might get along just as well without some of them, but the price might help them to get along just as well with it.

My record in the newspaper work is made up and the scroll laid away. That record is known to readers of the Gold Leaf. It is too late now for vain regrets at past mistakes or shortcomings—of which no one is more conscious than myself—and I have no disposition to indulge in such. I have tried to be fair and just, honest and truthful in the conduct of my paper, striving to make it a vehicle of good to the town, county and State. Its columns have been clean—I make for it no prouder boast than this.

I have played the game—how well I tried with good or poor success results cannot be altered now that I have reached the end. The following lines by Grantland Rice, entitled: “At the End of the Game,” express a sentiment that I adopt as my own:

When I have heard the Final Umpire's call
Ring out across the diamond of my strife,
That ends the little game which we call life,
I shall not care about the score at all,
How well I fielded, how I hit the ball;
Nor all the cheering and the tumult rife,
No shouts of scorn that once cut like a knife—
These shall not matter in the endless pall.

These shall not matter on that final day
When life game passes with the setting sun,
If I but hear the Mighty Umpire say:
“The records show no pennant you have won,

No brilliant average that brings you fame;
Yet you go up, because ‘you played the game.’”

Again thanking my friends and patrons for their goodness to me, and acknowledging with sincere appreciation the uniform courtesy and kindness I have always received from my brethren of the press, with every good wish to one and all for their more abundant happiness and prosperity and the blessing of good health, I have the honor to be,

Gratefully yours,
Thad R. Manning.

♦♦♦♦

It Does Pay.

“It doesn't pay,” said a young man bitterly, “all this struggle to do the right thing. Look at Brown, a man who is known throughout the country. He's rich, but no one pretends he made his money honestly. His private life wouldn't bear scrutiny. And yet he's respected and even held up as a model to young fellows just starting out in life. What's the use of trying to be square and decent when you can have everything without that?”

The chances are that on second thought this young man would have acknowledged the shortsightedness of his point of view. For a man who is rich and not honest has a greater burden than poverty to bear. To be respected without deserving it is the secret of humiliation.

Success is of varying degrees. But when someone has reached a point where his fellows are ready to show him honor. While deep down in his heart he despises himself, he has missed the best thing life affords. It does pay to struggle to do the right thing, not necessarily because this will put money in your pocket, nor because it will win for you the respect of those about you, but because it is in the condition of being at peace with oneself, the foundation on which all lasting satisfaction is built.—Richard Miller in the Young Peoples Weekly.

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A Safeguard.

The girl whose friends feel most anxiety about her is the one who is sure she knows enough to take care of herself, and resents counsel as if it were an intrusion. A knowledge of her own weakness and ignorance is a safeguard no girl can afford to dispense with.

♦♦♦♦

‘If thou thinkest twice before thou speakest once, thou wilt speak twice the better for it.’”

Ohio Working to Make Useful Men of Her Young Convicts.

[This clipping came to the Superintendent through courtesy of Dr. J. C. Davis, former Rector of All Saints Episcopal Church at Concord.]

The glory of an afternoon light falling through barred windows, searching out the corners of the white walls and falling on the faces of 1,000 men and boys in clean Sunday clothes, while, led by an orchestra and trained choir, the melody of 1,000 strong young voices rings beyond the walls and across the brown hills, chorusing "Count your many blessings, see what God has done." It is the Sunday afternoon service in the Ohio State Reformatory, and they who sing have already begun to count their many blessings and are realizing what has been done for them by the enlightened people of the state of Ohio. These have been worsted in the fight for existence. They went into life poorly equipped for the battle, under the handicap of weak character, ignorance, incompetency and untrained hands and were defeated.

That is why they are here. They are to be made fit for the fight. When they leave this institution to take their places again in the field they will not be weaklings, but men who have learned manhood and its responsibilities. The work is to reclaim the criminal and make of him a good citizen, fitted for moral and industrial life.

BRINKERHOFF AND LEONARD.

This is Ohio's method of dealing with her men criminals between the ages of 16 and 30. The idea was that of General Roeliff Brinkerhoff one of the world's greatest penologists. It might have been only an experiment had it not been turned over to J. A. Leonard, sometime school teacher, sometime special Indian agent. Men make institutions and he has made this. Born for such work, he has already proved in the eight years he has been in charge at Mansfield that three-fourths of the nation's criminals could be saved to citizenship if the nation would only go about it in the right way.

This is a jail with the conventional things—impenetrable stone walls, the high barred windows, the long ranges of brick and steel cells, and the unrelaxed vigilance of officials. But the lock step has given place to the military tread: the striped clothes are gone and neat military uniforms take their place; handcuffs, whipping posts and chambers of torture have yielded to a simple, bare "meditation chamber", where the of-

fender is sent to think out the matter for himself, and the guards combine with their oversight the additional duties of instructor in some branch of literary, industrial or agricultural education.

ALL CONVICTS.

These are all convicts, remember. Each has been tried by the laws of the state, has been adjudged guilty of some offense against society and has been sent here to pay the penalty under a sentence that may extend anywhere from one year to thirty years—according to the nature of the offense. The old way was to put these men at work, or place them in solitary confinement until the expiration of the time named, and send them out to become even greater offenders against society, bitter from confinement, with hands still untrained and still uncured. Modern philanthropy sees in the prisoner one who is morally ill and who has been downed in an unequal fight. It means to cure him. How is this to be done?

Three-fourths of the crimes committed in the United States are crimes against property. People covet property that other people have, and not being trained to earn it, and not knowing how to get it otherwise, they take it, or destroy it, and the commonwealth comes in, proves them felons and orders that they pay the penalty. The law-abiding members of society must be protected. At Mansfield, they mean so to teach and train the inmates that when each goes in the world again he will know that the property of another must be held inviolate, but that he can have like things if he will earn the money and buy them. And he will be able to work at some trade and earn for himself. As soon as a man or boy enters the Ohio State Reformatory the superintendent has a long talk with him, as man to man. The aims of the institution are outlined, its restrictions and its privileges defined, and a book of rules, regarding conduct, study and the way in which the parole may be earned, is given.

MUST ATTEND SCHOOL.

Each inmate must go to school whether he wishes to or not. Teachers from the best training schools are here, and the boys and men are taken through the eighth grade.

Each inmate must learn some trade, by which he can make his living when released. Each is given military training, and each is given spiritual instruction by a chaplain who left one of the biggest, best paying churches in the state to take up his work. Each inmate is committed on an indeterminate sentence. He must remain for a year at least. None is released on less time. He practically wins his own release by obedience to the laws of the institution, by good work and study and by learning the trade assigned him.

When he is released on recommendation of the superintendent he is given a good suit of citizen's clothes, his transportation and \$5 in money. This is the least of his gifts, for, best of all, a job has been found for him; he is going to it with all his reformatory record known. Two field agents of the institution will help him with advice, and get him a new job if he loses this one through no fault of his own. In event he fails again he is brought back to the reformatory. Three out of every four so far have made good.

NUMBERS NOT USED.

The thing that has astounded outsiders is that from the very beginning the inmates are treated as men, are shown the courtesy and consideration that man offers man in the world, and each is preserved and bettered. This is rank heresy in prisondom in general, for the old theory has been that an adjudged criminal is a beast and must be cut off from all things human. Superintendent Leonard's idea is that greater pains must be taken to develop every human characteristic.

"I never knew before that a fellow like me could really do anything that would count for anything," said a young man as he sat on the high chair before the state's commissioners waiting to hear if he was to be paroled, after having been allowed to state his own case. "Somehow; it had never seemed to matter to anybody what I did, and I had never learned to do any work that I could make a living at, and it wasn't until the first day I came and Mr. Leonard talked with me that I realized I could be as manly and as fit for life as anyone else. Do you know, I can't help but wish my brother could come. He has never had any chance, either." Might it not throw some light on this feeling of "nobody caring" when it is known that 75 per cent of the inmates here have come from homes where either the father, or mother is gone, that

50 per cent are from homes broken by divorce?

UNGUARDED.

What would you think to see the gates of a penitentiary open at 5 in the morning to allow a squad of unguarded inmates go out to the dairies or the barns? What would you think to see those gates opened after breakfast and 300 men and boys pass out to scatter over the 600-acre farm, to be gone until noon, only four or five teacher-guards in attendance? There are trains passing across the fields on which one could easily slip when they stop at the water tank, there are woods where one might hide until night and there are other easy ways of escape. Here is the reason: In each fellow's pocket there reposes an imposing document, which is a bond of trust signed by the fellow himself and by the superintendent as his "next best friend" and sponsor. Public opinion has been created, he has been treated as a fellow with honor, he has been trusted for, perhaps, the first time in his life, and he passes back and forth to work with a consciousness of new manhood. Of 2,000 men and boys who have carried these bonds of trust only five have broken faith.

Not long ago two boys—not yet invested with the spirit that distinguishes the institution from the superintendent on down through every instructor and inmate—tried to run away. The guard being fleet of foot, ran one down. He looked to see if the other had escaped. He found him a captive under a pile of his fellow convicts sitting upon him.

To all appearances the inmate of the Ohio State Reformatory has most of the privileges of a free person. He may write a sealed letter of complaint at any time to the superintendent, or go before him for a private hearing. He may appeal from the superintendent to the board of managers, and even to the governor. A most novel feature is the provision for bankrupts who have used up all their "points" of conduct and who get deeper and deeper in debt of this kind and further from parole every year. If a fellow who has failed in this way is really anxious to reform he may file a petition in bankruptcy, the old scores are all wiped away, and he may begin again on just exactly the same footing as the first day he entered the place.

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Faith-Cures and Faith-Curists.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in Brooklyn Eagle.
That Mrs. Eddy made millions,

and from a material point was successful, nobody can deny. So did Dowie, but from a different view-point. Of 80,000,000 people, 2,000,000 die every year. One million die suddenly, and another million given up by physicians, die with chronic trouble. When a man has a nervous breakdown, and then doctors give him up and his only hope is in God, and there are only two people who claim to represent God—Dowie and Mrs. Eddy. The poor paid Dowie \$10 for one prayer and two drops of olive oil on the forehead, while Dowie said: "Thou deadly disease, I command thee to pass out of him." The other healer charged \$100, and her formula was: "There is no disease." Meanwhile, the average life for her followers and for the Dowieites is no longer and probably is a little shorter than those who trust to the science of skillful physicians. Our physicians have already robbed smallpox and a dozen other diseases of their terrors. Dr. Ehrlich's "606" and his antidote for the sleeping sickness, and certain other new discoveries, tell us that all disease is a germ in the blood, and that these germs can be killed by injection of a chemical agent, and that for the first time, with Dr. Ehrlich's aniline test, physicians and chemists are able to determine to a nicety just how each chemical affects germs in the blood. Science and our physicians have increased the longevity of life seven years within the last forty years, and these scientists will ultimately destroy disease. Mrs. Eddy was the enemy of Pasteur and Jenner, with his discovery of vaccination; of Ehrlich, Dr. Morton and Simpson, with discoveries of chloroform and ether. Hypochondriacs and people that have functional disturbances of the nerves, are helped by bread pills, hypnotism and Christian science but a smallpox germ can only be destroyed by a physician who absolutely stays the deadly germ we must all hope much, not from the vagaries of people who want to play and make believe, but from men who deal with the exact facts in the case.

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Nothing Ventured, Nothing Have.

Successful people are not afraid of risks. The saying, "Nothing ventured, nothing have," is a bit of the world's crystalized wisdom, confirmed by every successive generation. One who wants to be sure is very likely to let all the opportunities pass unimproved. Take the risk and don't worry.—Young Peoples Weekly.

Spread of Local-tax in North Carolina.

C. H. Mebane.

During the spring months of 1910 we carried on a vigorous campaign and broke all records in the same period of time. We carried local tax in one hundred and thirty-five districts with in a period of ninety days—making a total of one hundred and seventy-two districts during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, located in fifty-seven counties.

These one hundred and seventy-two districts are located in fifty-seven different counties, representing all sections of the State.

FUNDS RAISED ANNUALLY BY LOCAL TAX.

The income from local taxes for the year ending June 30, 1910, was \$877,799.91, which is an increase of \$60,550.09 over the preceeding year. This sum will be greatly increased this year.

BONDS AND LOANS FOR SPECIAL-TAX DISTRICTS.

During the year ending June 30, 1910, there was raised by bonds and loans for special-tax districts \$294,077.49.

MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS IN LOCAL-TAX DISTRICTS.

We have, taken all together, for the year ending June 30, 1910, the splendid sum of \$1,171,857.40 raised in special-tax districts, showing an increase over the preceeding year of \$134,536.62.

SHOWING GROWTH.

Local-tax districts July 1, 1906	402
Local-tax districts July 1, 1907	504
Local-tax districts July 1, 1908	748
Local-tax districts July 1, 1909	900
Local-tax districts March 30, 1910	995
Local-tax districts January 10, 1911	1167

HOW SPREAD OVER THE STATE.

Number of counties in the State	98
Number having one or more local districts	96
Number having one local-tax district	6
Number having two to five districts	34
Number having six to ten districts	26
Number having eleven to fifteen districts	13
Number having eighteen to forty-seven districts	20

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The Value of Trifles.

If we appreciate sufficiently the significance of the small things, we may leave the large ones to take care of themselves. Make the most of the moments, and there is no need to worry about the success of life.—Young People's Weekly.

Trust Your Boy.

It takes a good deal of wisdom and insight to know when to let those whom we love alone, and in the case of an immature boy it call for a large amount of faith. Philips Brooks' mother understood this, wrote these words of counsel out of her own experience :

"There is an age when it is not well to follow or question your boy too closely. Up to that time you may carefully instruct and direct him ; you are his best friend ; he is never happy unless the story of the day has been told ; you must hear about his friends his school ; all that interests him must be your interest. Suddenly these confidences cease ; the affectionate son becomes reserved and silent, he seeks the intimate friendship of other lads, he goes out, he is averse to telling where he is going or how long he will be gone. He comes in and goes silently up to his room.

"All this is a startling change to the mother, but it is also her opportunity to practice wisdom by loving and praying for and absolutely trusting her son. The faithful instruction and careful training during his early years the son can never forget ; that is impossible. Therefore trust not only your heavenly Father, but your son. The period of which I speak appears to me to be the one in which the boy dies and the man is born ; his individuality rises up before him, and he is dazed and almost overwhelmed by his first consciousness of his self. I have always believed that it was then that the creator was speaking with my sons, and that it was good for their souls to be left alone with him, while I, should have my sons again, and there would be a deeper sympathy than ever between us."

Stopping Evil Report.

"Evil must stop at my door," is the favorite saying of a keen-minded woman who not only does a vast amount of positive good, but stop a great deal of mischief-making talk

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If you are going to Charlotte you will find no better place to stay than  
**THE SELWYN.**  
It is the pride of the Queen City, and an idea home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

that comes her way. Tale-bearers have learned to fear her, because she quietly and conscientiously insists that every evil story brought to her shall then and there be sifted down.

"It is to go no further," does not avail with her as a cowardly subterfuge for covering up the tracks of the noisome story-teller. So far as she is concerned, it not only does not go any further to trouble other innocent people, but it is traced back to its source.

This is only just dealing with those who are accused in the dark and have had no chance to answer for themselves. But it is disconcerting for the "assassins of character" who go about stabbing people surreptitiously, and who fear nothin so much as being called to prove what they say. It is a good motto if kindly and not contentiously held. Stop all the evil that you can at your door and kill it there, as you would a venomous snake.—Young People.

**The Test of Education.**

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated, in the best sense of the word, when they could say yes to every one of fourteen questions that he should put to them. It may interest you to read the questions. Here they are :

Has your education given sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them ?

Has it made you public-spirited ?

Has it made you a brother to the weak ?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them ?

Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself ?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye ?

Do you see anything to love in a little child ?

Will a lonely dog follow you in the street ?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life ?

Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing or golf ?

Are you good for anything to yourself ? Can you be happy alone ?

Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents ?

Can you look into a mud puddle by the way-side and see anything in the puddle but mud ?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars ? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator ?—Popular Educator.

**Come Apart and Rest.**

By H. A. Brown.

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." Dear Master, we would gladly come to Thee for rest. The day has been long and hot for us and the wildly rushing throng has bewildered us. Our feet are travel-worn and our eyelids are weary with waiting for the evening. Many are anxiously going through the long day "each with his burden of sorrow." It is sweet to know we may lay our burdens down and rest with Thee "awhile." Many of us are rushing along grasping for things that can never satisfy ; we would come "apart" and find in Thee the only things that abide—the true riches. We are coming "apart" to rest from labors done and victories won—to rest for the larger faith, for the greater work ahead—for wide patience like thine that we may wait and see thy "purposes ripen fast" in us.

Winston-Salem, N C.

**Things to Forget.**

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,

A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud,

Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away In a closet, and guarded and kept from the day

In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display

Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy ; That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy

A fellow or cause any gladness to cloy,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it!

—Exchange.

~~~~~  
Let us have faith that right will make might ; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

~~~~~  
If you are going to Greensboro you will find no better place to stay than  
**THE GUILFORD.**  
It is the pride of the Gate City, and an ideal home for the traveling man or woman who discriminates.

## ANOTHER CONTEST.

### One Hundred Dollars to be Given in Nine Prizes. Open to All White Pupils of the Public Schools, Country or Town, of North Carolina.

On the first day of May 1911, THE UPLIFT will give away One Hundred Dollars to nine pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, as prizes:

- No. 1.—\$25.00.
- No. 2.— 20.00.
- No. 3.— 15.00.
- No. 4.— 10.00.
- No. 5.— 10.00.
- No. 6.— 5.00.
- No. 7.— 5.00.
- No. 8.— 5.00.
- No. 9.— 5.00.

#### WHAT PRIZES ARE FOR.

To encourage the young while yet in the schools to learn to write, to think out a story, to put it into choice words. To encourage them to build up a mental picture, and then clothe it in words—a story, an essay, a little novel, a narrative, an imaginative or real trip. This story or essay must have running through it that which is elevating and pure, be striving for the good and the moral, in touch with a human interest that has a tendency to please and uplift. Must not exceed 3000 words.

#### THESE ARE THE RULES:

1. This contest is open to any and all white pupils of the public schools of North Carolina, city and rural alike; and of course the age limit is twenty-one years.

2. The story must be typewritten, and in the hands of the editor of THE UPLIFT by April 15th, 1911. No manuscript in pen or pencil will be considered; and a manuscript received on a date later than the fifteenth of April will not be considered.

3. The real name of the contestant must in no case appear on the manuscript, but some nom de plume in every instance must be on the manuscript; and the said nom de

plume together with the real name and address must be sealed in an envelope and placed in the large envelope containing the story.

4. Any contestant may read any book, consult any authority or person or any paper or any source for information or advice.

5. No photographs or pictures are required, but if any contestant desires to illustrate the story with pictures they will be gratefully received.

6. Every contestant must be a subscriber to THE UPLIFT or have access to it. If any one living in the same home with the contestant is a subscriber, that will satisfy this requirement. This is done to avoid receiving so many inquiries, which can not be answered. We can not afford to keep a private secretary or a clerk to attend to any correspondence. All facts or rules governing this contest will appear in this paper.

7. You have the right to get any one to copy your story into a typewritten copy. But the copyist has no right to correct any errors.

8. In the envelope containing the nom de plume and the real name, every contestant must in his or her own hand-writing give this certificate signed by the contestant with the true name:

"The story signed \_\_\_\_\_ as a nom de plume, is original; was constructed and written by me and is in no wise corrected or changed by any other person. I have access to THE UPLIFT through the one that comes to \_\_\_\_\_"

(name the subscriber.)

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_ (Name)

#### A STATEMENT.

THE UPLIFT will be grateful to all superintendents, principals, and officers of city and rural schools if they will give this contest the widest possible publicity, that every county may be represented by two or more contestants.



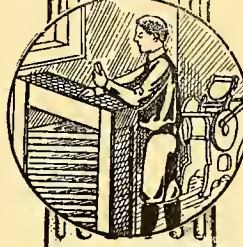
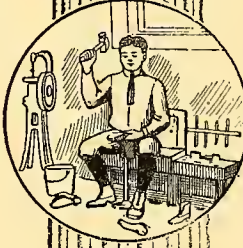
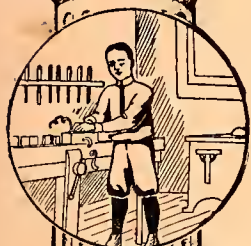
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# THE UPLIFT



I would rather be a healthy man at the foot of the mountain advancing steadily and with the upward look of hope and faith than to be a corpse on the peak, or the blase traveler who has gone over the entire road and is slowly descending while possessed with the delusion that he is standing still on the summit.

---Charles D. McIver.

May, 1911



## The Use of Your Hands.

By Judge Charles M. Walker In Indiana Boys Advocate.



OUR life has scarcely begun. Opportunity is still your friend. Learn to use your hands so that they help you and others. Idle hands reach out for that which does not belong to them, and eventually bring their owner into misery. Useful hands are a constant protection against evil.

Useful hands know how to work and are not afraid of work. Some hands work with shovels, some with pens, some with machinery. But whatever these hands do, they are useful only as they produce something that helps others. Your hands must be capable of helping others or the purpose of your life is worthless.

With the exception of the eyes and the tongue, the hands are probably the most important aids of human life that exist. Music is not possible without the hands, nor painting, writing, printing, and a hundred and one other useful and ornamental arts. How sacredly should their duties then be regarded! They should never be permitted to strike a cowardly blow, to pilfer from another, to do that which is unmanly.

Their God-given purpose is to help yourself and others—to always have two high duties to perform, that which improves your condition and that which makes life better for your neighbor. When hands are so considered they become instruments of vast helpfulness, not weapons of wrongdoing. In any walk of life, consider what your hands are doing.

## An Hour in a Juvenile Court.

By Josephus Daniels in News & Observer.

Washington, D. C., May 16.—The most noted man that Colorado has furnished to the public life of America, except the venerable Senator Teller, is Judge Benjamin B. Lindsay, Judge of the Children's Court of the city of Denver. He holds a very small office comparatively. It has no jurisdiction over any adult and its jurisdiction is limited to the children of the city of Denver, and yet so remarkable has been his administration of this new and small court as to give him national reputation and to make what he has done in Denver the model for the juvenile courts all over the country. His course and reputation again emphasizes the truth that though a man live in the backwoods if he shall do some thing, even a small thing, better than anybody else, the whole world will make a path to his door.

The problems of all criminal courts for years has been the youthful offender. Great charitable institutions and judicial officers, keepers of the homes of detention, and of prisons all have been studying this problem, and have made progress along more than one line of its solution, or, I should say, in reaching a better method of lessening the evil, but it remained for Denver to establish a juvenile court and put on the bench a man who had the heart of a boy, the mind of a man and the tenderness of a woman to make the court really reach and reform the children who have erred.

Judge Lindsay is not the only judge of a juvenile court who has done a work worthy of bringing him into national fame. There is a man here in Washington, not widely known, in the same line of public service who is quietly and conscientiously doing for this city what Judge Lindsay did for Denver, but with equal value because this is the national capital, and the population is less stable and fixed than in any Western city.

Some years ago Congress established a juvenile court here and President Roosevelt was wise enough to select as its judge, Mr. Wm. H. DeLacy, who for some years, had held

an important position in the Interior Department, and, as a devout member of his church, had taken deep interest in the orphanages and men's organizations of the Catholic Church of the district. Added to legal ability and executive experience, he had large knowledge and broad sympathies, and while this court here is little talked of and is overshadowed by the great Supreme Court on Capitol Hill, it is filling a need that long existed and filling it so well as to win highest encomiums, and those who pause a moment will see really how it is at work to end crime among youthful criminals without hardening and debasing the offenders.

It was my good fortune, while holding a small position under Mr. Cleveland's administration, to be closely associated with Judge DeLacy and to form ties of friendship which have been strengthened by the passing years and so yesterday morning I dropped down to see him in the old-fashioned building in the northeastern section of the city, where the sessions of the juvenile court are held. There is no pomp or circumstance connected with this court, there are no fixed rules, no hard and fast methods, no show of great authority. Many of the cases the judge hears in his own room when he thinks it is wise. Most of them, however, are held in his court room. When I dropped in yesterday morning, as soon as he saw me he invited me to take a seat with him on the bench while he was hearing two very interesting cases, which illustrated the need and usefulness of his court, and showed fine judgment and wise discrimination. As I left his court and went to the Capitol and entered the elevator and asked the man to take me up to the press gallery he addressed me as "Judge," the first and only time I was ever given such a title and the only time I came near being entitled to being so addressed.

But to return to the two cases that illustrated the workings of the juvenile court.

When I entered the room it was full, mostly with children and their

parents, the children having been brought in for some offence, mostly for stealing. That is the crime that appeals mostly to the children who have a hard time getting bread and butter and clothes. These two cases illustrate a phase of our life that is becoming more and more complex with the increasing immigration of Italians to our country. There are no better immigrants in the world than the best Italians of the type that come here to make good citizens and who rapidly win the confidence of the community in which they reside, but unfortunately the bulk of the Italian immigrants who come to America and stop in the big cities are not of the best class. They hive and live in cramped quarters, as they do in the bigger cities, and some of these hives are breeding places for criminals. Indeed, in some of them it is very difficult for a child not to grow up into crime. The first case before Judge DeLacy was called, and a tiny little specimen of the dirty and ragged and pale faced Italian boy, not big enough for six years old, and yet claiming to be ten, came up. He had a stunted and starved look, something of a hunted look, as of one who had not been well fed and well treated. He could speak a little English, had been to school some but seemed utterly destitute of any knowledge of the sin of stealing. It seems that he lived in a house crowded and packed with his countrymen. Some of the young Italians in the house, learning that his mother had over \$1,000 in money under her mattress, promised to give him a bicycle and other things if he would steal the money and give it to them, which he proceeded to do, and all of Judge DeLacy's questions seemed to elicit no ray of understanding that he had committed a crime. The best that could be gotten out of him by many questions was that it was no crime to steal from his mother, although it might be wrong to take another's, but even upon that point his mind was very hazy and it is doubtful if he understood anything about the crime of stealing. It was a pathetic little face that looked up to the Judge, one that called for sympathy, and yet he had acquired the habit of stealing and the policeman was forced to arrest him and bring him in although the policeman said that he did not think that the little

(Continued on Page 8.)



## A North Carolina Teacher.

By E. A. Graham in N. C. Review.

**T**O men in every profession now and then come doubts as to the real productiveness of their work. Prof. Barret Wendell said (or is reported to have said) sometime ago to a promising student that he should avoid the profession of teaching because "it is a sterile field." One virtue at least distinguishes this judgment of Professor Wendell's: It frankly avoids the cant that so often marks the talk about teaching and other noble and (consequently) poorly paid professions. A North Carolina teacher several years ago raised a small storm in the State by a judgment similar in frankness: that the teachers in the State need not be indignant at their small wages—that most of them got as much as they are worth. To judge a man's worth is often very difficult. In business it is fairly easy; in medicine it is somewhat more difficult; in teaching it is more difficult still. Effects there are not so quickly and obviously related to their causes. If it were possible to inoculate a man with the binomial theorem and Browning and have him break out the next day or the next week with dollar bills or a case of bankruptcy, judgment would be easy. And for better and worse teachers would get more accurately what they are worth. Straight-thinking teachers do well to find and to speak the naked truth about their profession, but he is a sadly astray guide who calls teaching "a sterile field." That will not be true until pliable humanity is worn down to a breed of barren metal. Experience reveals a different display of facts. Few of the achievements of men have been solitary triumphs. They were first laid with words of grateful discipleship at the feet of some teacher.

The sterility of a field depends as much on the husbandman as it does on the field, and a greater variety of conditions surround the fruitful cultivation of men than surround the successful cultivation of the soil. The productiveness of teaching in Massachusetts may not be as obvious, though it may be just as real as it is in North Carolina; it may not be as obvious in the work of one teacher in Harvard as it is in that of another. Professor George H. Palmer, for instance, a colleague of Professor Wendell's, has said that if

for any reason Harvard College could not pay him for teaching he would gladly pay Harvard College for letting him teach. This confession wakes a clear echo in the heart of every true teacher, and bears with it stimulating assurance of productiveness. The experience of Dr. Thomas Hume, Professor Emeritus of English Literature in the University of North Carolina, is an illuminating example of the somewhat puzzling rewards of the profession of teaching. For him all active work is done. At its finish he finds himself with no accumulation of wealth, nor other visible accumulation. His influence is not apparent from a casual glance at present educational work. Shall one say, then, that teaching was to him "sterile field?"

In 1885, when Dr. Hume came to the University, conditions surrounding teaching in the State were not so favorable as they are now. They were especially unfavorable to the teaching of English Literature. The State was to wait five years for the great educational campaign of the 90's. Melver was at that time a teacher of English in Peace Institute; Alderman had just begun his public school work in Goldsboro; Joyner was a teacher in the Winston school; Aycock's educational activity was entirely local.

And even when this awakening movement was underway the impetus of its enthusiasm was necessarily along fundamental lines. It was for a wider intelligence and higher intelligence among the people. Its message was primarily a message of efficiency. Its compelling work was to men as workers. It said to agriculture and commerce—your fight will end in tragic defeat unless you can use your head as well as your hands. To know in order to do was its winning battle cry. It put enthusiasm into many branches of learning, but it put less into literature than into any of the rest. Literature, as such, has nothing to say on this matter of the utility of knowledge. It deals with fine feeling rather than effective knowing, and views men not merely as capable of doing successful work, but as capable of enjoying the noblest emotions. In the face of the difficulties that confront every teacher of the aesthetic, and the peculiar difficulties that confronted him, Dr. Hume

wrought at his task of teaching the masterpieces of literature with the zeal of a prophet. Literature (when ever he wrote the word he capitalized it) was to him not a chance profession; it was a religious faith. The beauty he found there was not the sentimentalism of a cult; it was the gift of God, co-equal with truth and with goodness—the heavenly light that was the consecration of the monotonous struggle to get on. The prophetic earnestness with which he revealed his vision made him not a little absurd (a sure effect of greatly earnest men) to many of the absurd youths he taught; but under all discouragements he never faltered in his faith, and not one youth, however absurd, failed to take out into his life something of the divine fire that inspired Dr. Hume.

During most of the sixteen years in which he served the State, Dr. Hume in his field worked almost alone. Alone in what was by all odds the largest department in the University he placed but one limit on the number of courses he taught and that was the number of hours in the day. Day and night he gave himself to active instruction. In addition, he organized Shakespeare clubs out in the State, lectured in summer schools, preached in churches, in fact, put to reserve whatever upon his time or his strength. It was a matter of everyday wonder how so frail a man had the burden-bearing power of a superman. But here was the simple secret: To him it was not a burden, but a joy. It gave him the chance to teach! And now that weakness remorselessly holds him to his room when the long, long thoughts that are the heritage of age as well as the promise of youth, come to him, I question if thought of gratitude on the part of the State for the strength spent in her service ever crosses his mind. Gratitude to the State, on the contrary, no doubt he feels that he was given worthy work to do—that gracious benediction of a fruitful life no doubt he feels and nothing more.

Besides the influence that Dr. Hume exerted on all of his students, on the thousands of people with whom he came in contact in his extension work and through his preaching, he made other leaders of sweetness and light in whose work his influence is especially obvious. Many successful teachers, themselves makers of teachers, many successful preachers and lawyers have added a grace to their lives that was kindled at the torch that he bore. He was



never a writer of books, but he was a maker of writers of books. A half dozen books come to mind in which he was in this indirect way a joint author. On my desk lies Dr. Herman Horne's most recent hook, "Idealism in Education," perhaps the most notable book of the past year by a North Carolinian. Dr. Horne acknowledges another great North Carolina teacher as his master, but the style by which his scholarship is distinguished, he owes in large part to Dr. Hume, and much no doubt of the idealism that characterizes his thinking. Dr. Hume's mind is as alert, as eager, and as interested as ever, although his body under the whip of his spirit has paid barely less than full toll. From a material viewpoint, teaching has been to him "a sterile field;" but the fine thing is that he stands quietly and unconsciously above the material viewpoint. The cessation of work does not mark the end of his influence, nor do the four walls of his room limit its sphere. As a teacher of men it was given to him to subdue the petty tyranny of time and space. Is it not possible to say simply and with certitude about such a teacher that life gives to him her greatest gift; that even while he lives immortality becomes to him a visible, a realized fact?

"The stream which overflowed the soul was passed away.

A consciousness remained that it had left

Deposited upon the silent shore

Of memory images and precious thoughts

That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

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### Willingness to Work.

Attorney General Bickett recently made a speech in which he said that before any girl is allowed to marry she should have a certificate from some competent authority setting forth that she had learned how to cook. A lady of Monroe on reading this, remarked that it was not nearly so important that a girl have a certificate in cookery, as it was that she have one setting forth that she was willing to work after she knew how, that the trouble was not so much that girls didn't know how as it was that they were unwilling to learn how and then do it. Any girl coming through the schools with ordinary intelligence can quickly learn to cook or do anything else if she only has the desire and ambition to do it.

There is a great hue and cry now that our schools should teach this practical thing. There is no parti-

cular objection to this, but it will not take the place of the thing that must go before it namely the obligation that rests upon every human being to do some kind of useful labor in society. Whether that labor is cooking, keeping books, teaching school, keeping poultry or rocking a cradle, she must learn that there is a dignity and duty in doing some kind of work either for herself or for others, and doing it well—the best it can be done. The drone should have no more respect in human society than he has in a bee colony. No matter if one fancies that he or she is able to live without working, it must never be forgotten that the one who does it is living on the labor of some one else. Labor is the soul creator of value, and if you are not doing some useful work you are living on the work done by somebody else. So many persons are doing no work or useless work that the remainder of mankind is doing double or treble its share. If you are not working, you are riding on the back of somebody else, and surely that is an unworthy thing for anybody made in the image of a superior being to do.

Not only must the schools quit advocating short cuts to ease, and teach the value, dignity and necessity of labor—not necessarily with the hands, but something of use to mankind—but they must cease to hold out the idea that a little book knowledge is all that is required. They must go back to the fundamental idea that character is the first requisite. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"—did you ever think what that injunction really means? It means character formation. Our God is truth and justice and honor and righteousness, and a love of those attributes is what makes character, hence the youth is admonished to remember them early, that his whole life may be a success and a blessing.

Human character is the most important of all things, and the care of the body, the temple in which the spirit dwells, is the next important thing. Yet many of our schools are forgetting these things in the mad rush to teach how to make money quickly, to teach how to shine in society, to teach how to farm and manufacture and hundred of other things. Now these things are alright in themselves, but the point we are making is that if the school course is not broad enough to admit both sets of ideas, the latter and not the former should be curtailed.—Monroe Journal.

### Doing Your Best.

"I did the best I knew!" protested the dressmaker's apprentice sullenly, when she was sharply reprimanded for a piece of work that ruined a valuable dress and vexed a valuable customer. "I don't see what she's blaming me for!"

I'm not blaming you for doing the best you know how!" said the employer, overhearing and turning on her crisply; "I'm blaming you for not knowing any better! You ought to—you've been here long enough. You mean well, but good intentions aren't enough to carry on the dress-making business."

"They aren't enough in any business." It is an old proverb that good intentions pave a place of very disreputable character. "He meant well" is about the poorest thing one can say of a person, short of actual detraction; unless we except that other phrase of mild apology: "He did the best he knew how." Whenever you hear either of these you know at once that it is a case of failure on somebody's part to do the right thing at the right moment, and usually, if you look closely enough, there was fault behind the failure. To do the best we know is not enough when we might know any better.—Selected.

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### Boys in the Printing Office.

If boys must work and earn wages there are few places better than the printing office. Some of the greatest men the world has produced obtained the best part of their education while boys in printing offices. But the printing office is no place for the boy without brains or ambition, nor for a dolt, who simply desires to go there because the work is light, or seems light. It is an excellent place for an observing, thinking and studiously inclined boy. There are many printing offices where men will not be bothered with boys and will not give advice or instruction to apprentices or to young workers, whose competition they fear. In some respects a boy is in luck who has to go to a reformatory, especially a boy who wants to learn the printing trade, as in most of the state reformatories for boys there are printing offices where the boys are taught the printing business.—Our Companion,

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A good ambition is a tremendous force for righteousness, an unworthy ambition is an untold power for evil.



## Boyhood Struggles of Famous Men

Pluck and Perseverance Alone are Responsible for Success.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS—the name calls to mind at once "A Modern Instance" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," books that nearly all read with great pleasure. But how many know of the days of long hours that Howells put in as a "printer's devil." From "printer's devil" to world wide renown is a long step, not only a long step, but a succession of days and weeks and years of hard and unremitting toil.

Many a man has lain down at night unknown outside of his immediate circle of acquaintances and awakened in the morning to find himself famous. Not so, however, with the "printer's devil," that lad of all work around a printer's office. He must work hard and long, and his promotion comes slowly. His is not the cleanest work there is, for he must clean the type, sweep out the composing room, and do all the odd jobs that come up in a printing office every day.

None but a lad of sturdy material and possessing great pluck could pull himself out of this rut, for his hours were long, and whatever knowledge he obtained was gotten by study after his hard day's work was done. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, many a man whose name is now a household word has started in as a "printer's devil," and worked his way up to fame, and sometimes to fortune.

All walks of life have had men who have started in this way—statesmen, authors, and one even who was an aspirant for presidential honors, although failing to reach that goal. These same men look back with pride to the time when they stood at the side of the press and applied the moist ink to the type. Such a man is Howells.

William Dean Howells' early life was far from being an easy one. His father was editor and proprietor of the Hamilton (O.) Intelligencer, and later of the Dayton (O.) Transcript. Mr. Howells, senior, advocate the abolition of slavery, and in those days such views were not overpopular. His paper was a medium for the transmission of his views, and naturally appealed only to a small class; therefore the family pocketbook was very slim. His boys were unable to obtain adequate

schooling, for they were obliged to turn in and help get out the paper. William often set type until 11 o'clock at night and then rose at four in the morning to deliver the paper.

Although unschooled, young William read everything that came in his way that would tend to instruct, and very early developed literary aspirations. Naturally his first efforts were in verse of such high quality that James Russell Lowell accepted some of it for the Atlantic Monthly. It was a great day for the young man when he learned that his first attempt in verse, "The Pilot's Story," had been accepted by his favorite magazine. From this beginning Mr. Howells has climbed step by step until today he ranks among the greatest of the realistic writers.

In those strenuous times when Howells worked as a "printer's devil" there was one man who was more fortunate in advocating his views than Howells' father, and that man, William Lloyd Garrison, started in life in the same manner as the youngster. At fourteen years of age Garrison was apprenticed to the printing business in the office of the Newburyport Herald, where he served until he was of age, becoming foreman at an early date and displaying strong natural tastes and capacities for editorship.

If laughing is good for a man, then Mark Twain deserves well of his countrymen, for no man has done more to cheer the American public than this great humorist.

At twelve years of age Samuel Langhorne Clemens, (Mark Twain) was obliged to quit school on account of the death of his father, and it was then his education in real life began. Always having been a delicate boy, his father had been lenient in the matter of attendance at school, although he had been anxious that his children should have good education. His wish was fulfilled, although not exactly in the way he would have planned. Mark Twain's high school was the village printing office, where his elder brother, Orion, was conducting a newspaper.

The boy, then only thirteen, served in all capacities, and in the occasional absences of his chief revelled in personal journalism, with original illustrations hacked on wooden blocks with a pen knife. These "illustrat-

ed articles" riveted the towns attention, "but not its admiration," as his brother was wont to confess with a great deal of feeling. He, being the editor, had to take the consequences upon his return.

In 1853 Mark's adventurous disposition made itself manifest, and he disappeared from home to try his fortune. He became a veritable tramp printer, and wandered from one eastern printing office to another, supporting himself by setting type. Finally his wandering came to an end on account of lack of funds, and he returned to live with his family. It was at this period of his life that he induced Horace Bixby to teach him the intricacies of steamboat piloting.

It was while at Bixby that Mark made his first venture into literature, although this is sometimes disputed, and Gen. B. B. Bunker, of Canada, N. H., appears to have been the one that gave him the mental push which started his career. Gen. Bunker had played a game of cards with Clemens and during the course of the game had been much amused at the pithy observations interjected by the young man. Being called to Aurora on business, the general invited Clemens to accompany him, and a few days later was shown a description of the trip by the young man, and was astonished at the wit displayed in the composition. He suggested that it be sent to the San Francisco Union, but Clemens would have none of it remarking that they "wouldn't publish such nonsensical trash!"

After a good deal of persuasion he was induced to send the story along but nothing would induce him to sign his name to it. He did not want anyone to know that he was author of such "trash," and so decided to sign it with the Mississippi leadsmen's call for two fathoms, "mark twain." A few days later the San Francisco paper came, with the sketch, followed by a check for \$100. Of course the check for the order of Mark Twain, and great curiosity was manifested as to who this might be. Finally, however, the secret came out. Clemens got his money and an opening in the literary world that was just suited to his talents.

It is interesting to note that upon the publication of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," which is now considered one of the classics, one critic declared: "Were Mark Twain's reputation as a humorist less well-founded and established, we might say that this cheap and pernicious stuff is conclusive evidence that its author has no claim to be ranked with Artemas Ward, Sydney



Smith, Dean Swift, John Hay, or any other recognized humorist above the grade of the author of that outrageous fiction, 'Peck's Bad Boy.' "

Mark Twain came from the west, and the advice of one "printer's devil" who attained success was: "Go west young man, and grow up with the country." Every school-boy knows who gave that advice. Born in direst poverty, Horace Greeley was not able to obtain much of an education, as after his sixth year he was only allowed to go to school during the winter months. He and his brothers had to help their father eke out a miserable existence from the 50-acre plot which, with the ramshackle house upon it, was the elder Greeley's only possession.

In 1825 Horace Greeley entered the office of the Northern Spectator, in East Poultney, Vt., as an apprentice, and for the first six months' work, he received in addition the princely sum of \$40 a year for four and a half years. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he went to Erie, Pa., and thence to New York, where he landed with but ten dollars in his pocket. For days he wandered from one printing office to another, trying to get work, and finally through the aid of another printer who had come from Vermont, received work that had been refused by the other men. Here his perseverance and pluck showed themselves, and it was not long before his value was recognized and he was given steady employment. He rose steadily, and finally became editor of the New York Tribune.

Greeley was described by John G. Whittier as our "later Franklin." He was a candidate, although an unsuccessful one, for President of the United States. Everyone today knows of Horace Greeley's magnificent life, but few know of his early struggles and privations when he worked as a printer's devil" for nothing a month and his board.

When mentioning the "later Franklin," one should not overlook the fact that the first Franklin was a "printers' devil," and performed all the menial tasks about his brother's office. The youngest son of a poor tallow chandler, nothing but his talents and untiring industry would have enabled him to rise to distinction.

Walter Wellman, who tried to cross the Atlantic with a dirigible airship, and who failed, said after he had been rescued from the waves off Cape Hatteras:

"I know I failed, but that doesn't change my opinion. The Atlantic can be crossed by an airship. I shall

try again and I may fail again, but that will not count. If I do not succeed someone else will in the end."

This is the kind of courage that never surrenders. Defeat after defeat only makes it stronger. Feeling that it is right, that the principle of its work is correct, it forever shoves ahead, and if it does not win, gives honor to one who will follow and win.

Finley's father died, his mother was an invalid. There was little left in the home to support the boy. A neighbor gave him work, and the work enabled him to finish grammar school and take half a high school course. Then it was certain he must work if he would live.

He announced that he would make himself an electrician, and he began by digging post-holes for a light company. After a time the company made him a pole-man, then a wirer, and finally a repairer. Time and time again while he was creeping upward he suffered bitter defeats, but he never changed his expression: "I will be an electrician."

After a time those with him and the company discovered he was of the mettle that could not be defeated. He asked no favors but he worked and he mastered and when suffering came, he laughed, faced it, and gave his shoulder a new twist against the toil. Today he is an electrician, drawing his two hundred dollars a month, still confident, still hopeful, still perserving.

This "no surrender" spirit is one of things that win.—Juvenile Court Record.

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### The Kaiser's Maxims.

The Emperor of Germany has always before him the following rules when sitting at his desk in his work room:

Be strong in pain.

To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless.

Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything.

Rejoice in nature and in people, and take them as they are.

For a thousand bitter hours console yourself with one that is beautiful.

Give from your heart and mind always the best, even if you do not receive thanks. He who can learn and practise this is indeed a happy, free and proud one; his life will always be beautiful. He who is mistrusting wrongs others and harms himself.

It is our duty to believe every one

to be good as long as we have not the proof to the contrary; the world is so large and we ourselves so small that everything cannot revolve around us.

If something damages us, hurts us, who can tell if that is not necessary to the welfare of creation?

In everything of this world, whether dead or alive, lives the mighty, wise will of the Almighty and All-Knowing Creator; we little people only the reason to comprehend it.

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### Energy and Ambition the Best Capital.

Energy and ambition are the best capital with which a youth can start in life. To fall heir to a fortune which you have not earned is quite as likely to be an injury as an advantage; but the intense, earnest disposition which makes the most of the day's work, as well as the day's pleasure, gets all that is worth having in life. Cultivate ambition. Do not be satisfied to take what comes, but aspire to the best and the highest. Do your work, not listlessly, but with energy, as much and as well as your time and strength will allow. With such capital behind you, you need envy no one.—Young People's Weekly.

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### An Unique Scrapbook.

An East Side druggist is preparing an unique scrapbook. It contains the written orders of some customers of foreign birth, and these orders are both curious and amusing. Here are some that are copied from the originals:

"I have a cute pain my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"Dear doother, ple gif bearer five sense worse of Auntie Toxyn for gargle baby's throat and obeage."

"My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the inclosed girl."

"This child is my little girl, I send you five cents to buy two siteless powder for a goan up adult who is sike."

"I haf a hot time in my insides and which I would like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The inclosed money is the price of the extinguisher, Hurry, please."—New York Press.

♦♦♦♦

Judge Ben Lindsay, says: "The best hope I can have for any American boy is that he will have a hard time rather than a good time, infinite difficulties rather than ease."



# THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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Entered at the post office at Concord, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

## LAWLESSNESS.

The Statesville Landmark recently mentioned that boys in Statesville were shooting song birds. The Gazette-News says that in Asheville they even shoot mockingbirds, and that boys prowling around with guns and slingshots find game in every thrush, catbird, etc., now in the nesting season, whereupon that paper observes:

Lawlessness is lawlessness. If your son, Dear Sir, is guilty of these things, he is drifting into lawlessness. You may say that you shot birds when you were a boy, and nothing was thought of it. Well something is thought of it now, and your boy knows it; if he does not, he is lacking in moral perception. He knows that the value of birds as insect destroyers is recognized, and that the killing of songsters is regarded as indicative of viciousness and cruelty.

And to this the Landmark adds:

All of which is true. But the parent of the average boy who goes out shooting song birds—there are exceptions, but we're talking about the average—not only permits the boy to do as he pleases but he will resent any interference with the boy's conduct. Shooting song birds is not only cruelty which the boy should be taught is wrong of itself, but it is a violation of the law, and shooting inside the corporate limits of towns is an additional violation of law. Some

boys do this through ignorance or thoughtlessness and if they fully understood or appreciated the situation would desist, But even boys of this type should be instructed by their parents, just as they should be instructed in all matters of right and wrong. However, the main part of the trouble comes from boys not taught or controlled by their parents; and, as said, sons of a class of parents who not only do not control their children but indirectly encourage their viciousness by standing by them when complaint is made of their conduct. Lawlessness is lawlessness, and the boy who commits the minor offence and is allowed to go unrestrained, if not encouraged, by respectable people. The parents do their part by leaving the child to go to destruction unchecked, encouraging him to go by refusing to control him, but sometimes the boy comes to himself and saves himself through the influence of others, but he owes no thanks to the parents, who practically abandoned him to evil. The parent who suffers through the evil conduct of children in later life usually deserves to suffer. That is the punishment for neglect of duty in failing to train the child aright.

THE UPLIFT would add its approval to what these papers say. What North Carolina needs most is a season of firm enforcements of law. There has grown up within the memory of this writer a contempt for law and rightful authority which bodes evil to the state. While North Carolina is sparseley settled, it is too small for its population under the doctrine of personal freedom as now interpreted.

## MURDER UNPUNISHED.

The United States is becoming notable in an unenviable way on account of extreme disregard of human life. Out of scores of homicides, the extreme penalty is paid once. In the other cases, the prosecution, none too vigorous at best, is worn out and discouraged by delays, reversals, etc.,—all over petty and immaterial, technicalities. And he who takes the life of his fellowman emerges from the trial, poorer in purse, but otherwise unhurt. The multiplication of schools and colleges, the establishing of hospitals and orphanages—all—testify to the higher value placed on life and its capabilities.

Why conserve life by these agencies and permit its ruthless waste by red-handed murderers?

The trouble with us is that guilt or innocence is determined largely by the prosperity of the individual, who finds himself temporarily in the toils of the law because he has slain a fellowman. It is not the measure of his guilt but his ability to hire shrewd lawyers. Without expressing opinion we hand our readers this from the Saturday Evening Post:

Murder has been written of as a fine art. but it remained for the United States to treat it as a sport. In many of the states an indictment for murder contains nearly enough words to fill a column of this paper and sounds like the conversation of an idiot. Here is a sample:

"That the said J. F. G. a certain pistol then and there charged with gunpowder add leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said J. F. G., then and there in his right hand had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off to, against and upon the said F. M., with the intent aforesaid, and that the said J. F. G., with the leaden bullets aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said J. F. G. then and there discharged and shot off as aforesaid, him, the said F. M., in and upon the upper right side of the back of him, the said F. M., then and there——"

This isn't as idiotic as it looks, however. It is a part of our sporting theory of justice, which makes a murder trial a game of skill and finesse between opposing counsel. By the slightest deviation from statutory form one side may lose the game. Convictions for the most abhorrent crimes have repeatedly been set aside because of trivial verbal omissions in the indictment.

Had the murder referred to in the above quotation occurred in Canada, the indictment would have read simply: "The jurors of our lord the King present that J. F. G., on the sixth day of August, one thousand nine hundred and eight, at the city of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, murdered F. M." Canadian procedure concerns itself with the murder; ours, in many jurisdictions, concerns itself with the legal sport, whether the murderer is punished or not being a secondary consideration.



## The Battle of Bethlehem.

By An Eye Witness.

**B**ETHLEHEM is a small country town of about 600 inhabitants, situated near the Basuto and Drakensbury mountains in the north-eastern part of the Orange River Colony. The town is surrounded by large rocky hills, and on her eastern side thereof flows the Jordan river, a small river during the drought, but a very turbulent dangerous one during the rainy season.

When the late Boer war started in October 1899, the "burghers" of that country, were all "commandeered" to assemble in the city in front of the court house, on a certain day, armed, provisioned and mounted, ready to depart for the "front."

The scene of departure was always a very attractive one. On the day appointed, relatives, friends, and citizens of all classes made their way to the court-house to join in, or to see, the farewell services. The Boer warriors, of all sizes, ages, and description, from boys of sixteen to grey haired old men of sixty; side by side sat those dressed in overalls and old clothing, with the more fortunate who were able to afford hunting suits of khaki with leather puttees; the "mounts" varied in size and efficiency as well as the "mounted."

Rifles were carried or slung on the warriors' back, or on the saddle; bandoliers encircled the chest, waist or even hung on the horses' neck; food of all descriptions was carried in bags slung over the shoulders or saddle, or if possible, loaded in a cart.

The scene was a unique one indeed; the street in front of the court house was filled with the warriors, all mounted, and drawn up in regular file for inspection; the enclosure of the court-house contained the civic authorities, the "Predikant" or preacher, the choir, and whom so ever was fortunate enough to pass the guards and "squeeze in;" the friends, relatives and onlookers made themselves as comfortable as possible on surrounding walls, fences, or on the sidewalk.

The ceremony began with the reading of the President's Proclamation, by the "Land-drost" or magistrate, at the close of which the minister stepped forward and in few words impressed upon the brave burghers the fact that in obeying the call of the president they were

fulfilling the work imposed upon them by the Almighty in defending their country from the invasion of the hated "Rooi-neks" or "red-necks" as the English were nicknamed. The scene will never be forgotten, the lovely spring weather had finally settled, the surrounding trees with their verdure, blossoms and odors; the bright sunlight; the stern, sincere, tanned faces of the men who had left their farms and families to answer the call to duty; the civic authorities with their insignia of office; the police in their blue uniforms with yellow strapping; the flag of the Orange Free State, lazily flapping in the light breeze; the colors of the women's dresses; the voice of the preacher, now high in denunciation, now low in petition; the muffled sobs of those who were to be left behind; all united in making the onlooker convince himself that this was no mere ceremony, but a service of the most religious earnestness and belief. The address was followed by a prayer; the hymn "God be With You Till We Meet Again" and the final benediction. Horses were dismounted, last fare farewells said. Then, on an order issued by the "Veld-cornet" horses were re-mounted, and the men rode off. Where were they going? Will any of them ever return? How pitiful to see that young lad, a boy only turned sixteen, going off to slaughter! These and many other questions arose in the onlooker's mind, and the answers were very hard to find. Not one vestige of doubt arose in regard to the purpose and intention of these men, they were seeking no personal glory, they were offered no reward, they went forth simply and solely to defend the country for which their father's had shed their blood, and for which they, in turn would sacrifice their lives.

It was all so wonderful, all so sacred, all so pitifully sad. Predictions were made that it would not last more than a few months at most. England with all her wealth and resources would soon overwhelm them—even the "pro English" could scarcely help wishing these brave, untutored, unmilitary, earnest warriors success, as far as they deserved it; and pray that God in His infinite Wisdom would "make things work together for good."

The months rolled slowly by, reports of victories, and finally retreat reached the wailing ones—reports of battles fought had been received, they simply stated that Gen. so and so, at such and such a place, with so many thousand men had "met" the British, a battle lasting hours or days had been fought, the enemy or ourselves retired, "the enemy leaving so many on the field, the losses on our side being so and so." Not once, from Oct. 1896 to July 1900 did I see one list of men who were wounded, taken prisoners, or killed—we had merely to wait until some one visited, or returned from the front, or until one or more of the warriors were invalid home, to learn what had happened to relative or friend. The Boers had no system for keeping record of the names of the injured or dead, and those left behind had to depend upon a friend of the deceased for information, and in many cases the information was not received for some weeks or months later,

And so the months passed by, and with them the success of the Boers; the prayers and petitions of the "loved ones at home" seemed to prevail no longer, Gen. Cronje and his "loager" were captured, Ladepmith, Kimberely, and Mafeking were released, Lord Roberts with his enormous army had entered the state and was rapidly approaching Bloemfontein, the capital city; the President and government were settled first in Kroonstad, then Lindley, and were finally driven to Bethlehem.

Provisions had dwindled to a very low ebb, and ever the Boers wished that the end would come soon, and to live in peace again.

As the days and weeks passed, new reports of the capture of Bloemfontein, and other large cities in the O. F. S. were received; then that Roberts had crossed the Vaal River and was preparing to attack Johannesburg and the government seat Pretoria; that President Kruger had left Pretoria, and with a large sum of government money had crossed the border to Delagoa Bay and had sailed for Holland leaving his wife and family for the English; Johannesburg and Pretoria had been captured without one hours fighting, and both states had been annexed to the other British possessions in South Africa.

In the meantime, De Wet, Prinsloo and other generals with an army of about 15,000 were being driven into the north-eastern corner of the O. F. S. Bethlehem being the "last stand."

CONTINUED IN JUNE UPLIFT.



### An Hour in a Juvenile Court.

(Concluded From Page 1.)

fellow understood what he was doing and he seemed very dirty and hungry and sick. What could be done with that sort of a hoy? What ought to be done?

Judge DeLacy was kind to him, ordered him to be taken to the place where the the children are cared for, bathed and given clean clothes and put in a hospital for medical treatment, reserving judgment until the little fellow could be fed and gotten into fit condition. There may be the making of a man in this little street gamin by such treatment. I do not know what the Judge will do later on, but I take it that the little fellow will be put into an orphanage, where he will have a plenty to eat, companionship with orderly children, kept off of the street, and who knows but that in those hunted eyes and in those shriveled hands there may be the possibilities of a great artist or musician who shall charm the world?

The other case I heard had to do also with the Italian problem in our cities. A girl not over fifteen years old, I should think, was brought in upon the charge of entering the trunk of a woman in the same boarding house and stealing her diamond ring. The girl had large and glorious eyes such as one sees in the most beautiful Italian girls. She could not speak a word of English or understand it. Her testimony had to be given through an interpreter, and the judge had to interrogate her in the same way. But a bystander could almost tell from the play upon her countenance the nature of her testimony. She protested her innocence. She grew frantic with rage when she looked at the woman who had charged her with the crime, and she broke down with a tragic flood of tears when she was held until other testimony could be brought before the court. It seems that she was employed in a small theatre, but could not give bond. I never saw such a play of different emotions on the face of any person as in the few minutes she was being interrogated and trying to make the judge understand her feelings, knowing that he could not grasp her words. Deeper hate or greater vengefulness I never saw on a human face than the look she gave to the prosecuting woman who claimed she had stolen her diamond ring, nor a more pathetic appeal than when the interpreter made her understand that she must be detained and that her plea of innocence was not accepted. Her voice was

as musical and as soft as you would expect of an Italian actress of the highest class. But how it could change when she hurled defiance at her prosecutor! As these two cases were determined and I stopped to say good-bye to my friend on the bench, and went out, I began to reflect upon the problem in America of receiving this steady influx of foreign populations and assimilating it and making it American.

The little boy had been so starved and stunted that only careful guiding and direction can succeed in rescuing him, but in that girl, who could not speak a word of our language, there was the promise, if she could be rescued from taking what did not belong to her, of a fine woman. Our experience in assimilating foreign populations has been better than anybody could hope for or predict. When one thinks of the very flood of the ignorant and benighted people from other shores that pour into America, seeking a chance, who have risen superior to the blight of ignorance and poverty and made good homes and good citizens, there is no room to be unduly pessimistic, although I must confess the dominating feeling I had in this juvenile court was one of pessimism, and this would have been unrelieved but for the kindly wisdom of the presiding judge, whose daily study of these and other types of youthful offenders was helping to open doors hitherto undreamed of, whither they might enter into cleanness of life and usefulness and worth that will redeem and make these wayward youths worthy of American citizenship. It is a difficult and slow work. For the best life of the nations, as well as the best development of the immigrants who come here, we should limit the number of the ignorant and poverty-stricken, so only those who are more capable can come and have a chance to see a better day.

I did not stop to hear the pathetic stories of the native American children or the half a dozen colored youths brought in upon charges of stealing, I was familiar with all that because that is everywhere, but here this upright and kindly judge dealing with these cases with sympathy as well as with tact and judgment, was putting an end to the old cruel way of sending youthful criminals into the association with hardened criminals.

Happy is the city that has as its presiding officer of its Juvenile court a man like Benjamin B. Lindsay or Wm. H. DeLacy. It would be wise for every city to send a representative of its governing body to this city

to give a few days to the hearing of these cases that come before Judge DeLacy, noting his method of dealing with them. It is the duty of Washington city to lead in all governmental matters and in all judicial improvements because it is the capital of the nation and the lawmakers of every State have a voice in the laws that shall be enacted for the governing of Washington city. It is not the people who live here in Washington city who are alone responsible for the fact that it is the most beautiful and cleanest city in the world, for all America has a claim to a share in making this city so beautiful and so clean. The expenses of governing this city and building it up are borne in part by the people in every State of the Union, but none of the money that is expended provides a greater object lesson for the whole country than the Washington Juvenile court and, although it is housed in a humble and unpretending old-fashioned residence that has been converted into a court and it is a place that attracts only those who are seriously thinking about the problem of young criminals, it is an object lesson of the only proper and wise treatment of the young offenders.

There is many a story here of deep human interest, many a pathetic little face, many a little street waif who never knew a mother's care, who if permitted to roam the streets would be hopelessly lost to society. A wise government, sees to it that these children are looked after. Judge DeLacy, with a patience that is worthy of praise, goes into the minutest details and renders no decision until he has come into possession of all the facts and the history of the offenders. If I should call this Juvenile court, located in an out of the way place and never heard of by nine-tenths of the visitors, the most important institution in Washington, most people would think that I had no eyes for the beautiful and little appreciation of the great institutions that crown this city, yet when its influence upon the future citizenship and the saving of boys and girls is considered, I would not be putting it too strong to say that the most useful institution today in Washington city is the Juvenile court and Washington's most useful public officers is its presiding judge, who passes upon hundreds of cases that yearly come before him. But this court and this work are not confined to Washington. It has an influence that is causing other cities to establish similar courts.



## What Business Men Say of Boys

A Symposium on the Boy Problem of Interest to All Ambitious Boys.



RECENT number of "Good Housekeeping" devoted considerable space to a symposium on the boy problem. Leading business men and noted educators talking plainly and wisely of the faults of the average present-day boy, and pointed out some of the things that prevent the boy from measuring up to the business man's standard for him as a factor in the business world.

The following paragraphs, taken from this symposium, will be of interest to all sensible, ambitious boys, as well to those who have the responsibility of helping to prepare the boy for his place in the work of the world.

### NEED OF HOME DUTIES.

Mr. William Orr, deputy commissioner of education, State of Massachusetts, says:—

From my observation there is serious danger because, through the increase of wealth and the artificial conditions of city life, many boys are not given the every-day tasks in connection with the home that develop a right sense of responsibility. The duties set for boys of an earlier generation had an educative value in putting a youth upon his own resources to accomplish results with tools and means at his own command. Out of such experience came initiative,—ability to meet new situations,—and a determination to accomplish one's purpose. The virtue of thrift was inculcated, because he came to understand what it meant in the shape of time and labor to gain money.

The schools are, through various activities, undertaking to make up in some measure for the loss of such training and discipline; but the best, the schools can do but little to take the place of the home and of parental oversight and authority.

It is highly important if boys are to grow into men, vigorous in body and resourceful in mind, that this home training should once more find a place in the education of our youth.

### HARD KNOCKS ARE SALUTARY.

Mr. Herbert Myrick, president of Good Housekeeping, says:—

Necessity is the mother of effort. Experience is the great teacher. The poor boy or girl who is forced to struggle—not too hard, however—

has a certain advantage over the children of well-to-do parents. Emerson uttered a great truth when he wrote "Cast the bantling on the rocks." The youth so reared as not to be obliged to work finds it difficult to get work if he really desires it. He goes to school and college until he is twenty or twenty-four, only to find that he has to work. Under such conditions, this is not so as it would have been four or six years earlier. Such boys should have at least one year of hard work and varied effort between high school and college. The job preferably, should be one that will put them up against all sorts of people. Except in a few sensory pursuits, a boy or a man must know human nature and how to handle it, if he is to "get along."

A fond father brought his son of eighteen to consult with me about the boy's preparation for the ministry. The father did all the talking until I asked him to keep still and let the boy speak for himself. He was a guileless lad, had always been at school, had failed to get any experience to reveal his bent and his only predilection for sacred profession was that "Pa wants me to be a preacher."

"Young man," I said, "go peddle papers in the slums and in the back country districts. Learn how people live, love, hate, hope, trust, and distrust, their joy and sorrows, ups and downs—how to get next; how to earn their confidence. If you learn how to sell a good periodical, you will find this knowledge of practical value when you undertake to sell them religion, law, or medicine, or bricks, beads, or brocades. Go direct from school to college and theological seminary, and seven years hence you will issue forth long on theology but short on common sense. Get some 'ginger' and 'horse sense' in your make-up now, by hard knocks among all sorts of people. This experience will be the 'liberal education' you need to supplement your book studies. It will so broaden your comprehension, quicken your sympathies, enlighten your soul, as to almost doubt the value of any college course that follows, and this whether you come out a preacher, farmer, or mechanic."

Each boy is different, but all should get a variety of experiences

sufficient to develop their natural bent, then train along the line of special capacity. How frequent the awful tragedy—the man who barely exists in some vocation only to find, when too late in life to change, that nature endowed him with talents that would have won recognition in another field! I do not refer to mere money-getting, which, while important to a degree, is by no means the measure of true success.

Youth deprived of the chance to overcome obstacles, who do not have to struggle, must be exceptional being to make up in other ways for this lack in their evolution. The boy who earns his automobile, or builds it himself, is more likely to be a credit to himself, an honor to his parents, and an asset to the state, than the lad whose doting parents give him a gilded machine, with perhaps a too-much gilded chauffeur to go with it. Sugar-teats make babies, not men. The infant suckled by a virile mother, whose childhood is guided by a wise father, who learns to do by doing well as by studying books, who gets some knocks from nature at eight to sixteen, such a youth, boy or girl, has a tremendous advantage over the merely pampered.

### NO SENSE OF OBLIGATION.

The pointed words which follow are from the treasurer of a great manufacturing concern known to every reader:—

We have had hundreds of boys in our office, and have kept in close touch with them and their development; as a result, we have a pretty well-settled conviction that the average boy is not looking for an opportunity to succeed. He is looking the largest immediate money return, rather than for an opportunity to get a training that will increase his earning power for the future. Unfortunately, he frequently assumes that attitude under parental guidance.

We have also noticed that the average boy has no sense of his obligation to his employer. It seems that only one of every hundred has had any instructions of training at home as to what is due his employer when he enters a business office. He is lacking in application, in concentration, is jealous of his hours of work, and resents any necessity of remaining after hours as an encroachment upon his vested rights, so to speak. He seems to be controlled by one principle,—to give the least he can, and get the most.

We are sure there is room for im-



provement in many of the boys to-day who have recently entered business offices; and if they could be taught in their early years, while they are receiving their training, that the money compensation, we are sure their ultimate success would be greater, and their lives made richer and happier.

Of course there are exceptions. We do not wish to create the impression that all the boys fall short. We have some very excellent ones who have measured up to their own opportunities and to our expectations in a most satisfactory way; but we regret to be compelled to state that our experience has not developed a very high regard for the great majority of boys who are found in business offices today.

#### INDOLENT, INSOLENT TOWN BOYS.

The following words from the treasure or the Baird-North Company, of Providence, Rhode Island, are well worth considering by the boy who has a desire to make a real success of life:—

"What sort of boys do we like in our employ?" We like solid boys—boys who have at least a faint idea of what they are living for; boys who are frank and honest; boys who will accept responsibility; who can and will "deliver the goods."

We certainly find in boys a lack of responsibility and stamina. In short, the average town boy is indolent, insolent, and hopelessly care free. He will not work unless he is strenuously supervised.

The reason is traceable, I believe, to the home. The town boy has nothing to do, and busies himself about it always. About all he accomplishes is to develop sharp practices and a disposition to avoid anything that resembles work or responsibility. He becomes an artist in the finest of deceptive practices.

When we have work for boys, we hire men to do it, because it is cheaper and more satisfactory.

The only boy that we can employ with any satisfaction is the country-bred boy,—the boy who has had his chores to do, his responsibilities to carry from day to day. The country boy has health, strength, and courage. He has more manhood to the square inch than the city-bred boy has to the square acre. The very nature of his surroundings places upon him responsibilities. He must face situations and pass judgment upon propositions, and the responsibility, I believe, lies with the parents.

As a last word, take that from

Mr. W. L. Park, vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad, who says:

The essentials to success necessary to inculcate in a boy by parents and teachers are not numerous or difficult,—honesty, neatness, punctuality, and reliability with a training otherwise which impels involuntary submission to discipline. This, with a general ambition to succeed, is sufficient to carry a boy as high as his mental capacity and physical capabilities will permit.

He must make subservient to his own personal comfort the needs of the service he enters, go when and where he is sent, always cheerfully.

He will probably need to attract attention if he rises high, by a superabundance of loyalty and fidelity; a willingness to render more service than paid for; to do better work than others, and more of it. To bring himself to do that which is generally considered obnoxious by his fellow employees requires independence of character and self-denial.

Parents can well keep these things in mind in training their boys, as the difficulties they will encounter in this respect are becoming greater as our social conditions change.

#### Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little amusement along with the hum-drum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous point of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become so deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life as not to recognize its bright, and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good, but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little mirth is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes and regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it.

"Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed

a good, but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half-inclined to be provoked, then, with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess conundrums," and then she felt happy: and so what might have been an occasion for unkind feelings and hard words became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out of the surface.

Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved, it is just as well, oftentimes, to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more as it at home.—Unidentified.

#### Right Always Wins.

Right is the force that is meant to rule the world, says Canon Westcott. Wrong things stand out, bodily, perhaps, at times, seeming to overshadow the right things. The right, however, is working along quietly, but surely, all the time. Many men live honest, useful, upright lives, for the one who goes far astray. Crime makes a big noise; but the right, no matter how quietly it is done, makes the biggest and most lasting impression. Right wins in the long run. One wants to keep that fact in plain sight every day of life. Better yet, one wants to step into its ranks; to march side by side with its forces; to bear a glorious part in its battles and its victories, and to help in every way possible this rule of right.

Beauty of achievement whether in overcoming a hasty temper, a habit of exaggeration, in exploring a continent, or guiding well the ship of state, is always fascinating, and, whether known in a circle as large as the equator or only in the family circle at home, those who are in this fashion beautiful are never desolate.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards they simply unveil them. Silently and imperceptibly we grow wax and strong; we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows what we have become.

More than eight billion cigarettes were made and sold in the United States last year. Including those that were imported, something like a hundred cigarettes for every man, woman and child in the country were consumed. When one considers the millions who do not use them, the crusade against cigarette-smoking receives fresh justification.—Youths Companion.



## On Bright Angel Trail.

By Alice Miller Weeks in *Young Peoples Weekly*.



MOST rivers carry largesse to the lands through which they flow, shedding abroad with lavish hand their beneficent and fructifying influence. There is in our country, however, one which is an exception to every rule which a well regulated river may be expected to follow. The Colorado, plunging through the marvelous depths of the Grand Canon, which it has so laboriously through the ages been cutting out for itself, through hundreds of miles of solid rock, is far from being a blessing to the arid land through which it flow. The thirsty region through which the river passes sorely needs every drop of water drained and carried away. The river's gorge is too steep and the waters at the bottom of the precipitous walls tear along too madly to allow of navigation on the Colorado; fishes cannot live in the turbulent torrent; its inaccessibility precludes even the piping upwards of the water for irrigating the dry plains which the Colorado helps to make a desert.

But great genius is not to be judged by ordinary standards, and surely this wonderful river has earned the right to immunity from criticism. It is a wild, ferocious, wholly untamable river, casting aside every vestige of restraint; yet it is without a rival on earth in its majesty, magnificence, gorgeous coloring, and the vast array of sculpture forms which add sublimity to the Grand Canon of the Colorado. Hundreds of thousands of people have stood on the awe-inspiring brink of this stupendous chasm gazing downward upon the tortuous stream, deep and distant in its rocky bed nearly a mile below, and have learned an ineffaceable lesson from the wonderful river which has thus fought its way against overwhelming odds, and cut through sandstones, marbles and granites these great and glorious walls. What are difficulties in the way of human progress, when one spring-and snow-fed river can, by patient and persistent effort, accomplish these stupendous results!

The unique and unrivaled stream received its appropriate name of Colorado, or Red, from the Spaniards, because of the shades of red predominating so strikingly in its rocky wall. It has its rise far away

in the snow-clad mountains of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico, the Grand and Green Rivers forming its upper branches. The Green, which is the upper continuation of the Colorado, has its source in glacier lakes which the everlasting snows of the Rockies are constantly feeding. Among those distant craggy heights, thousands of these little lakes lie embedded. The streams formed by their cold, glittering green waters could tell a wonderfully eventful tale of their progress through gloomy gorges, over waterfalls and cascades, around massive boulders, and many a whirl and plunge before they finally reach the hot sun-baked plains.

Two distinct basins divided the Colorado into a lower third and an upper two-thirds. From the head of the Green River to the mouth of the river at the Gulf of California, the entire length of the stream is about two thousands miles, while the region drained by the stream and its tributaries is larger than the Middle States and all New England, with a couple of extra states thrown in for good measure. Its waters dashing and plunging through these bowlder and rock walls toward the ocean, carry great quantities of rock debris, which by erosion cut deeper and deeper into the rocky bed, till the banks of the river have become vast, impressive and inaccessible cliffs hewn through solid rock. Something of the work of the river may be imagined from the fact that from more than a thousand miles of its course, the Colorado has cut for itself a canon like this. Where it is joined by other streams, it is sometimes divided into a series of canons, many of them marvelous in themselves and bearing each its own name. One notable one, the Horseshoe Canon, cuts directly into the heart of a mountain, then doubles on itself and emerges into the valley but a half-mile below where it entered. It is in the Grand Canon, however, that the height of sublimity and majesty is reached. This vast chasm is more than two hundred miles in length, a mile deep, and from five to twelve miles across. Its effects on the visitor who first looks upon it is altogether different from what he has anticipated. It is by no means a single deep, dark gorge, but

a series of canons one below another in magnificent terraces, till the last one of black granite is reached, at the bottom of which the river tosses and pitches in ungoverned fury. On either side rise masses of red sandstone, capped with marvelous cathedral minarets and shafts and pillars of white. When the setting sun touches these cliffs, oceans of rosy light come sweeping across them, the flaming color, growing more and more brilliant as it climbs, till the whole canon is ablaze with jeweled flames of ruby, garnet and fiery opal. The sky itself, growing with gorgeous rosy glow, light up the pinnacles with still brighter gleams, and the whole effect is a thing not to be described and hardly to be seen, but to be felt through and through as one of the most marvelously beautiful, nature has ever dared attempt.

Indeed, the coloring of the Grand Canon is hardly less wonderful than the fascination of its majesty and sublimity. Everywhere the dry air quivers with heat. Blueblack shadows linger about the ascent of Bright Angel Trail, the most accessible and therefore the best-known trail to the Grand Canon, reaching the river almost directly opposite the spot where, on the north side of the canon, beautiful Bright Angel Creek comes tumbling into the Colorado. This trail is seven miles in length, and a branch of it ends at the top of the granite wall immediately overlooking the river and its majestic walls and palisades. This trail was first used by the Indians, long ages ago; in the heart of the transverse canon down which it climbs, you may still come upon the remains of rude irrigating canals, by which large quantities of water were brought from a spring near at hand, to water the Indian Garden, whose rich luxuriance and greenness form a great attraction still for the visitor to this charmed region, who stands looking downward upon its beauty. From the Bright Angel Hotel a new section of trail has been constructed, dropping westward for three quarters of a mile, then zigzagging back and forth in true mountain fashion till the rim of the sandstone wall is reached.

Standing on the brink of the canon, miles upon miles of indescribably majestic and glorious scenery extend on either hand, the stretches of stratified rock unrolling mile after mile of vari-colored ribbons before your fascinating eyes. Splendid colors of every imaginable hue dazzle



your sight; grays and soft gray, greens pinks, lavenders, yellows and reds innumerable, splashes and bands of blue, crimson, strawberry, amethyst and deep purple. It is a vision to dazzle the imagination; and with all its glorious beauty there is the overwhelming sense of majesty and grandeur. All the Alps could be swallowed up in this huge chasm; scores of Niagaras would become as rippling cascades. Lovely Yosemite and all our other scenic wonders would be completely lost, dropped into this abyss. The river would flow on, unheeding their presence, as it has throughout the ages in its war with seemingly unconquerable granite walls and mighty boulders. This stream of solitude and unapproachableness which has for nearly three hundred miles fought and wrangled its way through this prodigious chasm, to the music of perpetual roar of thunder and the melodies of singing waters in its canons, the plunge of rapids among the rocks and the laughter of tinkling cataracts, would hardly be disturbed by a few thousand feet more or less of boulder, mountain wall or dashing waterfall.

Bright Angel Trail may be left at the main trail, and a downward course followed from Indian Garden Spring, along the Indian Garden and Pipe Creeks; one of the thrilling features of this descent to the river far below the "corkscrew," which takes you by a spiral pathway down an almost perpendicular, and brings you into intimate realization of the great task this marvelous river has accomplished, in excavating this sublimity of gorges.

There is in all the world but one Grand Canon; nowhere is its stupendous panorama equaled. Yet even when you stand upon its brink you by no means appreciate its grandeur; not till you begin to travel down the winding trail are the massive, stupendous proportions brought home to you. All that music, painting and architecture have vainly tried to express are here set forth; the

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bold escarpments of rock, surmounted with exquisite towers and domes, numberless in extent and no two alike in form or coloring, the vast plateau, cleft in two for hundreds of miles, and over all the beauty of light and shade and the melody of moving waters makes the Grand Canon a place of wonder and glorious beauty, before whose blended harmonies and over-changing and fantastic shapes and colorings language fails, and adequate description becomes impossible. Our native land is the scene of this marvel; let us not neglect it for those other countries, for nothing they can offer can set forth the beauty and majesty of nature as this beautiful, gorges, marvelous Grand Canon of our own Colorado River.

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**Sixteen Rules for Working the Boy Problem**

Go after them personally, systematically, persistently. Never give up. Believe in boys. Don't call a boy a "bad boy."

Be interested in what they are interested in, whether it be baseball-pigeons, or electricity.

Know them by name. Get acquainted with them, but don't nickname them.

Don't "Don't" the boys. Teach positively instead of negatively. If he thinks he isn't wanted, he will go to the back yard and take a short cut to the devil. If the house is too good for your boy, it should burn.

Don't treat all boys alike, study them as a farmer does his soil.

Allow for animal spirits. Don't cram a four quart boy into a pint cup. Direct his activity into proper channels.

Be tactful with the boys, it is an art worth cultivating.

Keep close to them. Meet them during the week, invite them to your home.

Give them men teachers, but the right kind.

Sympathize with them. They need it, and miss it when it is withheld.

Love your boys. Dr. Sheldon says: "There is nothing in the world but what will yield if you push enough love into it." Get into their hearts and natures through the door of love.

Trust the boys. Judge Lindsey has proved the wisdom of this.

Be happy with your boys. Smile, there is no religion in a whine.

Confide in them, advise them, but don't scold.

In teaching, arouse interest and

curiosity to gain attention and don't wait to apply the lesson until the close of the class period.—Epworth Era.

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 The young man who enters life handicapped by bad habits is no better off than the man who hangs bricks around his neck upon entering a swimming race. "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us."

**Personally Conducted Tour to the Pacific Coast Under the Management of Rev. Wm. Black Operated Via Seaboard Air Line Railway.**

Arrangements have just been completed by Rev. Wm. Black, of Charlotte, N. C., for the operation of the most extensive Personally Conducted Tour ever operated from the South to the Pacific Coast. This Tour will leave the Carolinas about June 29th, going out through Birmingham, Memphis, Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, San Deigo, Paso Robles, touching Old Mexico, Del Monte, San Francisco, Portland, Vancouver, Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago, thence Home.

Every little detail for the comfort and pleasure of the party has been carefully planned by Dr. Black who has had several years experience in the handling of parties of this kind. Numerous side-trips have been arranged, taking in the most attractive in the West including Yellowstone Park, Pikes Peak, Catalina Island, Old Mexico, through the Great Rockies over the Picturesque Canadian Pacific, Lake Louise, and many others.

The total rate includes Railroad and Pullman fare, Meals on Dining Car, Hotel accommodations, side trips, etc. For full information address, Rev. William Black, Charlotte, N. C.

H. S. Leard, Division Passenger Agent, Seaboard Air Line Ry., Raleigh, N. C.

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## The House by the Side of the Road.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn.

In the place of their self-content ;

There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,

In a fellowless firmament ;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where highways never ran—

But let me live by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by—

The men who are good and the men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat,

Or hurl the cynic's ban—

Let me live in a house by the side of the road

And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,

By the side of the highway of life,

The men who press with the ardor hope,

The men who are faint with the strife,

But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears

Both part of an infinite plan—

Let me live in my house by the side of the road.

And be a friend to man.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*



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Water!  
If You Need  
Pure and  
Uncontaminated  
Lithia  
Water  
Write to  
The  
Lincoln  
Lithia  
Water  
Company,  
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and Information.