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THE

UPLIFT

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VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1925

No. 1

BLESSINGS AND OBLIGATIONS.

Thanksgiving! What does that magic word call up to our minds? A cheerful fireside? A reunion of loved ones? A table loaded with all the luxuries a mother's hand can prepare? A great nation bowing in humble gratitude to a kind Heavenly Father for the blessings of storehouse and garner, health, happiness, peace, prosperity, civil and religious liberty? We indeed have cause to be thankful every day that we live and we should not be unmindful of those who have no cheerful fireside and not even the necessities of this life.—A. S. Webb.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

"STARS!"

'Tis night,
And, one by one, the stars creep out
To show themselves to all below.
Some big, some small, some faint, some bright,
But each one has its lovely light,
Given by God Himself;
To make the sky a lovelier place
For mortal eyes to gaze upon.

So, on this earth
God's stars shine out.
It matters not how big they are,
If each one does his level best
To help along the way the rest
Of all his fellow-men,
And make this earth a holier sight
For God to look upon.

—Winifred K. Revell.

* * * * *

ANOTHER PUBLIC SERVICE.

Filling his engagement, through an invitation from the civic clubs of Concord, Dr. W. S. Rankin, director of the Hospital Section of the Duke Foundation, spoke in the court house, Monday evening, to a large and appreciative audience.

He most forcibly told the meeting the need for a public hospital, proving

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it by unquestionable statistics; pointed out the economy of planting a public hospital in our midst, proving that by figures that can not be gainsaid; and he made it clear that it is a duty organized government and modern society owes to its citizenship.

Such an address, clear and convincing, breathing the purest love and interest in suffering humanity, if delivered in every county of the state, we would have a citizenship thoroughly attuned to a service, which has not yet been sufficiently emphasized—that of taking care of the sick and suffering amongst us. Following his forcibly expressed needs of a hospital for Cabarrus county, Dr. Rankin made it clear what part the Duke Foundation will play in the maintenance of a county Public hospital. Here is where the magnitude of the provision Mr. J. B. Duke made for his fellows, after he has gone, stands out as a deed that can never die.

The meeting thanked Dr. Rankin for his superb address, appointed a committee to name a Central Committee to whom the plan and method of securing said Public Hospital for Cabarrus county will be entrusted. That committee will soon make announcement of its selection. This Central Committee is to be composed of one lady and one gentleman from each township and ward in the county.

‘No county can be classed modern, unless it establishes and maintains modern means for keeping up with modern progress.’ May Cabarrus county qualify.

* * * * *

A LOST CHILD.

He was just a little fellow, perhaps three and a half years old. He was not of much economic worth to the community. In fact outside of his own home scarcely anybody knew that he lived, and whatever happened to him day after day was of no concern to anybody. The traffic of the streets hurried to and fro, the pedestrians went their ways hither and thither, the persons of routine habits of toil continued on their courses without even the knowledge of this bit of a boy's existence. But something happened that brought him into prominence and stirred up the entire community. The city officers were told about him. Newspaper reporters hurried to his house to get a complete description of him, asking the color of his hair and eyes, the kind of clothing he wore, his height and weight. Neighbors who had never so much as thought of entering his house, came and with solicitous look rang the bell and asked what they could do to help. Automobiles were scurrying

over all the streets and eagle eyes were searching every nook and corner. What was it all about. Only this: The little fellow had wandered away from home. He was a lost child. His parents called him, expecting his familiar answer, but when it did not come they began earnest and frantic search for him. Hours, very anxious ones, passed and the careful search went on in vain. Sympathy ran high and friendly offers of assistance came from unexpected sources. Later the thankful mother remarked that she never knew there were so many friendly people in the community. The child in his play had wandered far away. He had been spared from physical harm. In his innocence he played with strange children, and then wandered on. But, at length, he was found and returned by friendly helpers to his almost distracted parents. There was fuller joy in that home that night than it had ordinarily known, and all because the boy that had been lost had been brought back in safety. So much for the real concern of everybody in the safety and welfare of a little child. What a fine world this would be if every agency of every community were always as eager to look after the interests of every child under normal times, as were these people in the restoration of this lost child.—Selected.

* * * * *

MAN'S MANNERS.

The young man that starts out into life to make his way, in any vocation or profession, will find, after all, his finest asset and equipment consists in good manners. There is many a man who carries within a good heart, a fine sense of justice and possesses a high order of integrity, but lacking in a cordiality expressed in what we may term "good manners," may live a life-time misunderstood and be classed in the gruffy class.

An unknown writer has given us a splendid estimate of good manners in the following statement:

Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all the rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes instantly his friend. The very tones in which he asks for a match to light his cigar are often more potent than those of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manner has often made hundreds successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coolness have done themselves an incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on.

his career through life would scarcely have been worth recording. Doves of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. It is a trait of character well worth cultivating. Never forget the value of true civility.

* * * * *

CRITICS AND CREATORS.

No special talent is needed to criticize. It is the simplest thing on earth to be critical—to tear apart that which someone has created.

But a creator is something apart. To create is to contribute something to the world; to add to instead of take from.

There is no fixed rule for creating. You don't have to invest a new machine to create. You might create pleasure for someone, happiness for your friends, better conditions in your home community, a better home for your family, a more pleasant atmosphere for those you work with.

Those who create are boosters. Communities are made by such people. They never lose an opportunity to do a good deed and when no opportunity presents itself, they make one.

The critic is the adverse of this. He sees no good in anything, particularly if it comes from one of a creative turn of mind. He may not know anything of the merits of the case, but that does not matter. It is his nature to be critical and he is not happy unless he is criticizing something or somebody.

An habitual critic is a detriment to the community. He and his like are a dead weight to carry.—Reidsville Review.

* * * * *

The Uplift has many assurances of appreciation for our Thanksgiving number, which was issued last week. Quite a number of thanksgiving sentiments reached us after we had gone to press, and, therefore, could not be used in that issue. But many of them are so splendid and will fit into our purpose from time to time. Why shouldn't we be thankful every day of our lives?

* * * * *

Wilmington, besides being our chief seaport, now lays claim to another distinction. It has been heralded abroad that the "City by the Sea," sports a two months' old baby boy that can walk about and eats food like a man.

MORERNISM IN BATHING COSTUMES.

Presbyterian Standard.

Dr. S. A. Steel, of the Methodist Church, has a most readable article in the Southern Christian Advocate of recent date. After discussing reports of heresy teaching at Junaluska, the Methodist summer Conference grounds, he makes the following criticism of the bathing costumes at this summer resort. As it will apply to the Montreat costumes also, we reproduce it:

"I did not hear any heresy at Junaluska, but I saw a lot of paganism disporting itself in the waters of the lovely lake with a shamelessness that might have suited a Roman watering place in the time of Paul. Men and women practically naked were bathing together and lolling together on the grass, all sense of modesty gone to the winds! What a mockery to talk about social purity when such unblushing exposure of the person is considered the correct thing at a religious recreational resort. The religious authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, from the Pope and Cardinals down to parish priests, have put their ban on such indecent dressing, and I give them my Methodist apostolic benediction. I wish our Bishops, instead of wasting their time on the hopeless task of uniting two bodies so different as Southern and Northern Methodism, would send out a circular letter appealing to the women, and especially the mothers, of Southern Methodism to put a stop to following the fashions of the

lewd women of Paris, and set the example of adorning themselves in 'modest apparel.'"

We wish our readers to know, however, that the management at Montreat has labored for years to correct this evil, but thus far without result. Some of the mothers are the strongest objectors to any restrictions, a fact that does not speak much for the modern mothers.

This growing display of the body at the bathing places of Church Summer Conferences is an evil that indicates a lowering of our moral standards, and also of social decency.

We read and hear many defences of the modern girl, and it may be, that, by a stretch of the imagination, the French phrase may apply, "Honi soit qui mal y pense;" but we believe that the evil is independent of the mind.

The young women of our day walk our streets with enough of their person exposed to arouse evil thoughts in the minds of many, and then when some brute commits the nameless crime, a mob, equally as brutal, proceeds to take the law into their own hands. The wiser plan would be to reform the social life.

It looks as if we are drifting along the same stream that carried Rome to her ruin. When we are disposed to criticise the management of our summer conferences, let us remember that the remedy for this evil lies at home with the mothers, rather than with the management.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I observe that leaves have their time to fall; and fall has its time to leave.

Many persons attribute automobile accidents to lasing control of the car. And many other lose control of their car by not paying up promptly.

There is many a word on the end of your tongue which should be allowed to remain there.

Of course there are workers and workers in this world. There wouldn't be anything accomplished if there wasn't. But the trouble is that one class makes a specialty of working the other class, and therein is the vexation of spirit.

Opportunities are as thick as the leaves on a tree. They are not rare. They are everywhere around us. What is rare, however, is the quick brain and strong will to make use of them.

All of us can learn much from our mistakes. If we do not learn in this free school, some one else must necessarily call a halt. Mistakes are the cheapest thing going—the first time. They are very expensive after the first time. A good rule is never to make the same mistake the second time.

A great deal of energy is wasted in this world by a bald-headed man slapping at flies that get away;

enough to run his wife's sewing machine.

This is the month of one day of general Thanksgiving. Every day should be a day of thanks to an All-Wise creator for His blessings to us as individuals—a grateful heart always, and under all circumstances. Let the coming Thanksgiving day be for each of us, not so much an occasion of festivity and merry-making, as it will be an opportunity to give expression of our gratitude to God for His loving care and tender mercies, and looking away from self, share our blessings with those less fortunate. In fulfilling this unselfish duty we receive an added blessing—that of a strengthened and beautiful character.

There would be happier homes, and sweeter dispositions, if husbands all over this land would go to their homes with the sentiments of Lydia Avery Coonley in their hearts, and her words upon their lips, and let their wives hear them repeating this stanza:

“Within the deeps of her dear eyes
The spirit of the sunshine lies,
And when she turns their light on me,
The shadows of a lifetime flee.
Spring, joy, and love become my part,
For she is sunshine in my heart.”

There are wives all over this land whos hearts are longing to hear some sentiments of this kind, as in the old days, when “love went a'wooing.” It would make so many

homes happier; and drive away many clouds which obscure the joy of life.

It seems to me that social life is changing wonderfully when a saxophone player kills a complaining landlord, and a taxi passenger robs its driver. When the bootlegger forsakes his way, and the cussing man his profanity, then will life have a golden gleam of improved change.

Did you lift your eyes heavenward last Sunday evening? Did you behold that gorgeous sunset? Wasn't it beautiful? It is certainly true that "heavens declareth the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiworks." The sun is the greatest painter in the universe. That sunset Sunday: my, my! Across a turquoise sky were bars of gold like rays from the throne in glory itself. The scene was ever changing. The colors of those bars were soon tempered with jasper, and sardonyx, and finally bursted into luxuriant crimson sheets like the flames from some Titanic furnace, and curtained the west about the "couch of the dying day" in royal splendor. Then the tints paled into the somber shades of evening, when the stars came out to catch a bit of the reflected glory as it followed in the train of the departing sunlight. The under side of heaven being so beautiful, what must the other side be? We shall see in glory.

Sentiment hath not departed from the land when my good friend, E. K. Powe, of West Durham, like myself

along in the years and settled down in the hearts of our families, tells me that in my little story last week about "a girl in a certain Florida city being told she is pretty, says, 'My, am I, (Miami,)' I should have added, 'Kissimee.'" To his suggestion I will now add, you should not Tampa with a young girl that way, if you wish to successfully pass St. Peters-burg.

"I dream my dream. Then I strike out to make it come true." Thus a great builder of railroads described his genius. Today the South is making its dream come true. The industrial horizon is tinged with the dawn of brighter days. Vast resources of cotton, tobacco, and oil and innumerable smaller articles of commerce add to the treasure chest of the South. Soil and climate offer a virgin field for new enterprises. A veritable mine of wealth is yet to be plumbed. The whole South is tuned to the key of success.

Armistice Day was becomingly and appropriately celebrated in Durham. There is not a more loyal city in the land to those who gave their lives that we might more fully enjoy freedom and liberty and the pursuits of happiness. Life is the most important thing in the world. When it goes away from us, as far as we are concerned, that is the end of the world. We pay honor to the dead because we respect the living. When a man dies it means that an immortal spirit has passed into the realm beyond. Respect for the dead is a keynote of civilization. The advancement of any people can be measured

by the honor they show to those who have departed.

Time is the asset of life. The secret is in the use of hours. Neglected opportunities will not bring success or glory to the most brilliant. Use of the opportunities brings the brilliancy. The mystery of it all is plain, honest, hard work. Want the joy of ripe scholarship? It begins with school days. Getting by with the least you can do will not benefit you in the end. Go deep into all you do. This is the foundation for tomorrow. The easy-going, neglectful, earn only for today. Friendships, too, play a large part in our success. Unless the crowd uses the minutes judiciously, the individual squanders them. Yesterday's toil makes today's time valuable. Minutes are the bricks we use in building our life structure for the future. Shallow lives will not float big ships of endeavor, and meet the tests that make men great.

While there may be "Nothing new under the sun," as the prophet of old said, still many new things are being brought out of the unknown, and revealed to us in this day of wonderful things. A remarkable invention has been perfected which makes possible the ordinary layman to produce his own movies, and then exhibit the film in his own home. No skill is required and no elaborate studio or screening equipment is needed to secure perfect results. The invention comprises a motion-picture camera and a projector so small as to be enclosed in a small-sized hand-bag, the combined

weight of both machines being only five pounds. They are declared to be marvels of scientific construction and engineering, technique, and represent the fruits of over 25 years of continuous study and experiment. Produce perfect results in the hands of the most unskilled hands. Well, sir; that is getting it down pretty fine. Now we can have our own, ownliest movie pictures, taken by ourselves, to suit ourselves, and served with our meals as a dessert. Won't that be something?

Heaven has its troubles as well as earth, only heaven does not worry about them so much as we do. This fact was revealed by a story of a little girl I heard of. This little girl was getting into bed when her mother, kissing her good night, said: "And did you ask God to forgive you?" she asked having in mind the little temper the little girl had shown during the evening. "Oh, yes, Mamma," came the reply, "and God said it was all right. He said he had many little girls worse than me."

The radio and the weather are running a race, which seems to be nip and tuck. It is getting so that it is really hard to tell which is to be trusted—the forecaster or the broadcaster.

It is told that a woman not much given to traveling went to a certain hotel, and when she was being shown up, she was heard to remark: "I tell you I won't have this room, young man," she was protesting. "But madam—" began the bellboy. "It makes no difference. I am not going

to pay good money for a little two-by-four cubbyhole like this. Just because—"Plase, madam, get in," the bellboy finally broke in. "This isn't your room. This is the elevator."

The streets of our cities are filled with cafes, restaurants, cafeterias, stations for gas, stations for air, garages, fruit stands and candy kitchens. They are all "filling" stations.

We are daily getting old age on the installment plan. And we can get most everything else on this plan but health and happiness.

I am thankful that I am able to be thankful. I am thankful for a few things I wanted and didn't get.

A Durham fish dealer in explaining why he could not sell deep water fish as cheap as those from more shallow streams, was the fact that the deep water fish had more over head.

One of Durham's most esteem, as well as ver yob-serving gentlemen is very much worked up over the doings in Washington. He says they have gotten so much in the habit of investigating things after they have happened, that they will now probe everything except the fellow who is "killing time."

You get life at first hands in some of the by-wals and alleys of a city. You learn that all of the real happiness is not on the stone front streets, nor all of the bleeding hearts where poverty stalks. Attracted by an un-

usual flow of delightful music from a little house on one of the out-of-way alleys in a city not far from Durham, a few afternoons ago, I stood and listened. It was not the usual jazz strains from the player piano, and the canner classics. You could tell at once that someone was letting their soul feelings flow through their fingers and the piano in thtt music. First, there was "Traumeri," followed by Burleigh's "Deep Waters." I listened on to the voluminous strains of Wagner's "Pilgrim Chorus and then came "Humersque." The impulse was to know who lived in those humble surroundings, playing these selections, got the better of me and I knocked on the door. Then came the story of a young woman reared in one of the best homes in the south; a struggle for a living, settling down in an humble position and life in these quarters. But there was also the story of supreme triumph. Grinding toil and broken holds had not dulled the noble impulses to be happy and cheerful, and thus she played her soul into a super-world as the sordid life of the alley passed on around her. What a hope for humanity when in this alley bootleg whiskey is sometimes wont to do its worse; where human passions sometimes run riot, and men and women exist instead of live, there can be found a human being, happy, hopeful and good.

Lamp chimneys, curling irons and baths. That is a curious combination, but it has a bearing on our present life. Electricity, since the building of Edison's first central station, has reconstructed man's whole

scheme of existence. The United States has the best electric service in the world, and makes the widest use of it. It is being constantly improved and as electric and gas appliances are more widely used in the home, our standards of living advance; household work becomes easier and the American wife and mother has more time to devote to study and her children. When I hear a lot about the wonders of the past, at a period when the family washing required two days of hard

labor; when the old wood stove, or coal furnace, kept someone busy shoveling in fuel and carrying out ashes; when the lamps had to be filled and cleaned every day; toast made over hot coals which scorched one's face; hot water for a bath heated in a teakettle, or wash boiler; and the curling iron covered with soot in a coal oil lamp; it is time to be thankful for the conveniences which electricity and gas have put into the modern home.

HOW THE FOOD TALKED.

It was Thanksgiving morn, very early,
When the cook was awakened to find
In the pantry a state of commotion,

All the shelves, heaped and loaded with good things,
For the Thanksgiving feast to be spread,
Were just creaking and shaking with laughter
At the queer, foolish things that were said.

For the Cranberry Sauce and the Turkey,
The Spiced Pumpkin Pie and the rest,
Each and all were quite loudly contending,
As to which one the family liked best.

"It is I," said Miss Cranberry sharply,
So angry that her face was quite red,
"They never could digest all your richness
Without aid from my sauce, so I've read."

Cried the Spiced Pumpkin Pie, "You're mistaken,
I am sure it is I they like best,
For no matter how much they have eaten
They take me on top of the rest."

"You both are quite wrong," said Lord Turkey,
Quite as proud as the head of a troop,
"For they eat all the meat from my body,
Then next day use my bones to make soup!"

—Exchange.

AFTER FORTY-FIVE YEARS.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

King Solomon's Temple, according to the chroniclers of that era, was completed and consecrated in seven years. The residence of the Governor of North Carolina, called—though not by statutory provision—the Executive Mansion, required exactly six times as long to bring it to a state that can be called complete, and made habitable throughout the cavernous expanse of its interior.

The Solomonic edifice was begun in the fourth year of the reign of the wisest of kings, and in the Zif, according to the chronicler. It was completed in the eleventh year of the reign. The Executive Mansion was begun in the third year of the administration of Thomas J. Jarvis, and completed in the first year of the administration of Angus W. McLean.

That is to say the Mansion was begun in 1883, and completed in 1925. Forty-two years have elapsed since the General Assembly, urged by Governor Jarvis, who, in turn was inspired by Mrs. Jarvis, authorized the construction of the Mansion. And now another Governor's lady determined to get the State's money's worth has given almost the whole of her first year in the Mansion to directing its completion.

Story Is Disjointed.

Pity it is that there was no chronicler to set down the consecutive phases of the construction of the Mansion. It is a disjointed record, to be read only by piecing together the disjointed pattern made up of

occasional fragments of an incoming Governor's message, an occasional legislative enactment, and an endless array of small accounts that bespangle the reports of the State Treasurer over a period of 42 years. But now it is complete, and the record may be closed.

The story is mostly the chronicle of the fine enthusiasm of one woman to have North Carolina erect a house that would properly embody the dignity of the office of Chief Executive, and the fine determination of another that at last the Mansion should be all that the first lady dreamed it might be. And now the dreams of the first have come into fruition in a year's work of the second, to whom, at last, the State had given enough money to finish the building.

Back in 1883 the Governor of North Carolina was a homeless wanderer among the houses-for-rent in the capital. The old Governor's Palace at the foot of Fayetteville street, built long before the War Between the States, had become a squalid house in a section of the city that became more and more undesirable. The town was growing away from the south end of Fayetteville street. The dreams of the builder of the city had come to naught. Raleigh would not be a second Washington, with the capitol at one end of the principal thoroughfare and the Governor's Palace at the other.

The Homeless Governor.

The Governor was homeless. Holden had not occupied the Palace,

but the house that stood where the new professional building now stands. His successors in office rented a house where ever they were able to find one suitable to their needs. One of them "put up" at the hotel, not having a family that would require a house. The State had been too busy with getting rid of reconstruction to bother much about where its Governors should live—and too poor to provide them a place.

In 1881 Thomas J. Jarvis was inaugurated Governor. He was tremendously popular, and equalling him in popularity was Mrs. Jarvis. She remains in the traditions of the capitol as a sort of Dolly Madison of North Carolina. She was possessed of unusual personal charm, and endowed with social gifts that needed a great house to provide a proper setting for them. She came to Raleigh, and moved into an inadequate, rented house, when she should have been established in a Mansion.

In that day Raleigh was growing—when it grew at all—in the direction of North Blount street. The first of the fine old houses that are to be seen along that street were being built. Mrs. Jarvis was often the honored guest in these new and splendid houses and as she turned away from them to her rented house she wondered why North Carolina did not provide its Governors with a place to live. It was in the statutes that the State should provide a house and require the Governor to live in it. But she lived in a rented house.

Mrs. Jarvis wanted a house, and she wanted it on Blount street, where the fine houses of her friends were. But how to get it. Simple enough

for a woman of her ingenious and active mind.

Fashionable Blount Street.

There was Burke Square on Blount street. There was nothing on it save the old academy building. The rest of the square was the brawling ground of Professor Morson's students. It was not a proper use for a piece of valuable property owned by the State. The disreputable academy building should be torn down and something put in its place. And why not a house for the Governor to live in? The question began to form itself in her mind.

By the time the General Assembly met in 1883 it had been implanted in the Governor's mind, and he immediately set about planting it in the 170 legislative craniums. It didn't propagate at all readily. The State was poor. It saw little of worth in Mrs. Jarvis' desire for a fine house. Perhaps she was a bit too enthusiastic with her lobbying among the members—discreet and wholly legitimate lobbying, but lobbying. The legislators shied away from her ambitious plans.

But a clever woman is never defeated. On February 17, 1883, the General Assembly ratified a measure approving the construction of a residence for the Governor on Burke Square. It made no provision in money whatsoever. It looks now as if it were intended for a subterfuge to get rid of Mrs. Jarvis. It said that certain lots owned by the State could be sold and the proceeds applied to the erection of the house, but nobody thought this money would build such a house as Mrs. Jarvis wanted.

But a clever woman is never defeated. She turned this defeat to her uses, and by her grace won an invaluable ally in Captain W. J. Hicks, then superintendent of the State's Prison. He could make brick. He could do all things necessary to the construction of the mansion, and the proceeds from the lots could be used to furnish the mansion after it was completed. Captain Hicks could furnish the construction. That much had been put into the bill.

They went to work. Captain Hicks was no ordinary prison warden. He was an architect, he was a construction engineer, and he was an indefatigable ally. Together they laid out the general plans for the mansion, Captain Hicks was then at work on the present "red brick" building that houses the Corporation Commission and other departments. He had just completed the feudal castle that is the State Prison.

Things did not go as the enthusiasm of Mrs. Jarvis had planned. Her dreams of opening the Mansion with a grand state ball before her husband's term expired died as first one obstruction and then another was put in the way of its completion. Politicians called the Mansion "Jarvis' Folly." Enthusiasm and convict labor could not build a house in a year. The money was pitifully inadequate and Mrs. Jarvis was doomed to disappointment.

Scales came in as Governor, and his first message contains a somewhat neutral recommendation that certain funds be made available for the completion of the Mansion. The legislature showed no enthusiasm but allowed the sale of more lots,

obscurely designated in the bill. It did include, however, authority for the sale of the old Palace property at the foot of Fayetteville street. It brought \$10,000.

Hicks Carried On.

Although Mrs. Jarvis was gone Captain Hicks maintained his enthusiasm for the building. His convicts labored and Raleigh looked on. Stone for the trimming of the sturdy walls was brought from Anson county's brownstone quarries. The same stone was then being used for the post office in Wilmington. It seems to have been neglected in these latter years.

Scales again recommended in 1889 that money be made available for the completion of the Mansion. He suggested, among other things, that money be voted for finishing some pink marble that had been brought from Cherokee county for the steps at the front of the Mansion. He suggested, too, that native woods be used for the interior finishing, as an advertisement of native products. The legislature grudgingly acquiesced.

Another election was impending and a new Governor. Captain Hicks began to rush construction, and to take short cuts. He could not spend a life time on it, and he had little money to spend. So he rushed. Plumbing fixtures of the cheapest sort were bought and installed hastily. Electric wiring was put in over the ceilings. Between the floors, he piled plain, undisguised dirt to deaden the sound of walking on them. He had begun with enthusiasm and quit in disheartened haste.

Fowle was elected and the Mansion

was declared ready for him. He gathered together the few stray pieces of furniture he could find and identify as belonging to the Mansion, and supplemented them with his own furniture. He submitted a list of his own and a list of the State's furniture to the General Assembly so there would be no row when he moved out. He went to housekeeping on a shoe string, insofar as furniture was concerned. The Mansion was not completed when he moved in, or when he was taken out dead not long after.

Outwardly the Mansion was then an impressive structure. Tastes in the late Victorian era were not as sensitive as they are now, and the building was generally admired. Its walls were sturdy and impressive. But the interior was a nightmare. It couldn't be heated by the inadequate open fire places and steam heat was yet to be invented. Now and then the General Assembly contributed modest sums for its furniture, and for a few kegs of paint, and such like improvements. It was papered occasionally, painted occasionally, cleaned occasionally and deplored by every mistress of the Mansion who became responsible for its keeping.

Altogether the State had spent on the Mansion a total of \$21,860 when Captain Hicks balanced his accounts November 30, 1889. It had a great hulk of an exterior, done on barbaric lines, but not out of harmony with the other mansions along Blount street in 1889, only it was about four times as big, and built to accommodate a court ball. The bed rooms and living quarters above were medieval in their appointments and fixtures.

Time didn't improve the Mansion. It became a monstrously expensive house just to keep clean. The dirt put between the floors to keep things quiet dried out. The floors shrunk, and when the Chief Executive walked across them a cloud of dust followed in his wake, coming up through the cracks in the floors. The plumbing was an abomination and the electrical wiring a constant menace.

Mrs. McLean Makes Survey.

This is what Mrs. McLean found when she came to the Mansion early this year. Both the Governor and Mrs. McLean know a good deal about houses. They had planned and built the best house in the section where they have been living. They know what a good house is like and how to build one. They knew that the antediluvian plumbing and such things in the Mansion were actually dangerous. They called in the experts.

The experts of the State Health Department immediately condemned the plumbing. The inspectors of the State Insurance Department condemned the electrical equipment. The McLean cook almost had apoplexy upon seeing the kitchen. In the meantime funds had been made available and contracts let for a general overhauling of the Mansion along the customary lines of procedure among professional decorators.

Here is where Mrs. McLean arrived to take up the work left incomplete by Mrs. Jarvis forty-two years ago. She and the Governor began at the beginning. They rebuilt the kitchen. They tore out the "outside" plumbing and heating pipes and put them in the walls. They put the elec-

tric wiring inside the walls. They removed the dirt from between the floors. They took the paper off the walls, finding in some rooms as many as seven layers of paper and paint, superimposed.

At this stage Mrs. McLean took personal charge of redecorating the interior of the Mansion. She has excellent taste in these matters, and her wide observation in the mansions of Washington stood her in good stead. There is not a corner of the Mansion that does not reflect her painstaking thought and supervision. The Mansion has been transformed. Instead of a bleak and barren house, it began to look like a place the people would expect to see their governors in.

Does Salvaging.

What she could she salvaged. She found, for one thing, many invaluable portraits of the State's great men and women hanging directly over radiators. The paint had been scorched until several of the paintings were almost ruined. She had them restored, and now they hang where they are out of harm's way. This much alone has made her work worth while. Another instance of her judgment is the gathering up of scores of discarded rugs from the attic and the floors and sending them to a company that re-works them into new rugs. For a modest sum she has new rugs for the entire Mansion.

In all things she has aimed at simple, substantial things. The new plumbing and heating plant and fixtures are such as would be found in any well equipped home. The hangings for the windows are substantial

but not elaborate. Old furniture has been brought and re-upholstered. With the Governor she has got out of it the joy that young married couples have in furnishing a new home with somewhat limited resources.

Like the Fowles the McLeans have found it necessary to bring their own furniture to augment the inadequate furnishings of the Mansion. Many old pieces they have brought out from the attic and had them refinished. The Governor's major delight is in the sideboard in the dining room, buried these many years, under successive coats of varnish, and the discovery of the silver service of the battleship North Carolina in the museum. It has been put to use in the Mansion.

And Now It Is Done.

This sideboard was built originally for the British steamer Lord Clyde, long in the blockade service and later sold to the State and rechristened the "Advance." The sideboard is of native Scotch wood, and intricately carved with all sorts of Highland devices—the rose, the thistle, fruits, vegetables, fish, game and in the center a fine ram's head. A mirror that accompanied it also is a source of pride to the Governor. It is in the reception room.

Minor alterations have been made in the interior that lend dignity to the Mansion. The whole house has been "done over" and this time permanently. Mrs. Jarvis' dream of a place that North Carolina can be proud of has come at last into fruition, and to these two women the State owes no little of gratitude.

GARDNER IN ARMISTICE ADDRESS.

Hon. O. Max Gardner, speaking at the Armistice Day exercises at Greensboro on the 11th, declared:

I am happy to be privileged to address this representative body of forward looking North Carolinians; for the opportunity it affords to lay upon the altar of your devoted head my tribute of respect and memory; for the occasion it seems to offer to summon the American Legion of this progressive community to the contemplation of the exacting demands of civil life and to the requirements of sustained and orderly constitutional government.

I stand uncovered in the presence of the hallowed memory of your comrades who "went west." I am humbled before the greatness of the supreme sacrifice they so freely paid proud beyond all words of those sons of North Carolina who held aloft the honored traditions of their native State and added a new lustre to her crown of glory. "Men who not for fame or reward, rank or power, but in simple obedience to duty as they understand it, suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all and died."

They will have died in vain if from the lesson of their supreme sacrifices you have not learned to love and serve your country with a more intense challenging and intimate devotion.

Living in Greensboro and Guilford County, you enjoy an inherited environment of community pride, community love and community service compelling in its appeal to your finer natures.

With such a background it seems to me entirely fitting that I should select for my subject today the title, "Live for Your Country," and I shall speak in no provincial terms

In God's divine economy you were not called upon to die for your country. While there is something sublimely heroic about dying for one's country there is something indefinably more courageous than dying, and that is living nobly for one's country. I appeal to you to prepare and train and strive and purpose and live for America in time of peace with the same consecrated zeal that you strove and fought and sacrificed for her in time of war.

Fought for Peace.

We are told over and over again that your war was fought for peace, that it was a war against war. If this was not true, then the period from July 31, 1914, to November 11, 1918, constitutes the blackest epoch in the history of civilized man. The world war was an economic, social and political crime unless for it you learned something more constructively enduring than the scientific knowledge of killing your fellow-man. America entered the war because the conscience of a nation was outraged and because the heart of the people believed it to be right. Now if it were right to enter a world war for the safety of America and the preservation of civilization, ask in god faith why is it not now right for us to enter into some contract of world covenant in order to garner the fruits of your victory and fore-

ever outlaw national and international murder. I was for Wilson with the League of Nations. I am likewise with Coolidge for the World Court. Let us confidently hope that out of the conference of Locarno there comes the dawn of an universal peace and the conservation of a world civilization. The horrible drama of death through which we passed, has surely taught many new concepts of life and brought you to more fully realize that after all you shall pass this way but once, and that whatever of kindly deeds, whatever of ministrations of mercy, as the tokens of friendship and helpfulness of the unfortunate, you would bestow, must be neglected or postponed, for with the closing of each new day the opportunities offered by it are gone forever and slip down the corridors of time and can only in a measure be redeemed by regarding the birth of each new day as a fresh invitation to crowd its busy hours with love and sympathy and help for your fellow-man.

I commend to you the study of the personality, principles, and policies of the man who walked the waters of Galilee, and of his flaming follower who at Troas heard and answered the Macedonian cry. The two most progressive men that ever lived were Jesus of Nazareth and Paul of Tarsus. They had no money and levied no taxes, but they possessed a spirit that has become the world's storehouse for warning human hearts and generating human sympathy from which has come a continuous stream of tax paid gold to advance and glorify human government and alleviate human suffering. If we enlist in the

army of these two powerful progressives and with an unconquerable spirit follow their flag there will never be occasion to call North Carolina a stand pat state or denounce its government as backward, parsimonious and unprogressive.

We have placed a high estimate on the word "progressive" in North Carolina. It is a comprehensive word and subject to wide and varied interpretations. La Follette was one sort of progressive and J. B. Duke another, but in terms of thinking they were not related by blood or marriage. The literal meaning is to go forward. I like to think of it, however, as a great spiritual movement. As applied to government, progress does not consist solely in the collecting and disbursement of public funds; although money is an essential element to the guarantee of the States' uninterrupted progress, to greater heights than she has ever yet achieved. It takes money and lots of it if we are not to lag in the march of modern civilization, and North Carolina is not a lagging State.

Taking Stock.

We are today taking stock after a big investment and tremendous expansion in order to ascertain our true bearing, harmonize our assets, inventory our resources, and prepare for the systematic liquidation of our obligations to the end that we may gather renewed strength to go forward. There must be no reduction in the potential horsepower of our engine, but the machinery of progress must have definite control as well as great power. We are running North Carolina with one foot on the accelerator and the other in close promi-

ty to the brakes. The machine is dead without the engine and dangerous without the brake. If we have too much engine we run away. If we have too much brake we skid into the ditch. Give us great power, give us safe control, give us wise operation on hard surface roads, and North Carolina will steadily climb the heights that lead to the final uplands.

The State's Pride.

We take pardonable pride in the marvelous development and material prosperity of North Carolina, but I declare to you that the crowning achievements of our State have not come from industry, insurance, real estate, agriculture and commerce. It has come from the awkward conscience of an aroused people. It is reflected in the lives of the redeemed boys and girls; in the unstopped ears of deaf children; in renewed strength to the ripped deformed; in the restored health of poor and broken bodies; in the blinded eyes made to see; in the hushed wail of the insane; in the brightened faces of nine hundred thousand school children; in the growth and enlarged institutions of every kind under State control; and finally in the outstretched arms of the mother State calling to her children to come up higher and higher.

The last eight years have been the golden age in North Carolina. In this period we have lightened the way with a policy of broad benevolence, unstinted charity, and splendid sacrifice which has so sweetened the life of the State as to smooth the rough places, relieve the sorrows, alleviate the sufferings, remove the disease,

save the erring, educate the illiterate and lighten the heavy load of care upon the conscience of progressive people. It is in this human current of the life of your state I urge you, young men, to enter, and to enter with powerful determination to give heart and hope and inspiration and yourselves, that North Carolina may be welded and cemented into a great and glorious civilization welcoming the dawn of a better day and the building of a finer and nobler state.

We must all move, but we must move together. No progress, which does not fit all, ever permanently lifted any.

Secret Election Law.

We shall not rest content with our material, social and educational programs. In a modern democracy the life of a people is expressed at the ballot box. The boasted scepter and crown of a free people if an untrammelled ballot. Our elections have been as free from corruption and injustice as human nature and partisan feeling will permit, but I am convinced that the time has come in our state when we should stand abreast of our sister commonwealth and offer to the electorate of North Carolina a secret ballot in conformity to the Australian law.

My feeling is that we should maintain and election law so fair and free and just that it will secure, beyond the shadow of a doubt, unchallenged expression of popular will. I therefore urge the American Legion to throw the weight of its powerful influence to the enactment by our General Assembly of the Australian ballot.

In conclusion, let us pledge each other that we will henceforth love and serve our country more devotedly, that we will abate none of our convictions, but that our partnership shall be without the sting of personal abuse; that we recognize a worldwide sorrow as having drawn us in-

to a clearer understanding at home and abroad, and that the heartfelt emotions of the American Legion will find definite expression in kinship with the race and membership in the immortal throng of God's children.

Hardships in war didn't shorten the life of Confederates in Richmond county, as is shown by a veteran of 83 who was married and is able to best the younger men at a plowing match.

THE STORY OF THE "GLORY SONG."

Homer Rodeheaver, in Advance.

It has been said that no gospel song in history ever attained the international popularity of "The Glory Song" in so short a time. It was written in 1900, and in less than five years it was sung around the world. The wonder of this, however, is not due to the song alone, but to circumstances and conditions that took control of it.

Many interesting incidents connected with it have been sent me from many countries, besides scores that have appeared in print, but to me the most remarkable fact concerning the song is that it stands today note for note and word for word as Charles H. Gabriel sent it to the printer twenty-five years ago.

It has been translated into more than twenty different languages and dialects, and over twenty millions of copies have been printed. I have heard it played by brass bands, German bands, hand organs, street pianos and phonographs; I have heard it num-

erous times sung by over ten thousand people, and again by the usual congregation; but the most impressive rendering I ever heard given was by a certain congregation of over one thousand men; these men were all dressed in steel gray suits, and sat with folded arms; the man who played the organ and the man who held the baton and led the song were dressed in exactly the same way. Down the right side across the rear and up the left side of the audience room, on high stools, sat a row of men in blue uniforms, holding heavy canes across their knees; these men seemed never for an instant to take their eyes from certain spots in front of them. Not a man whispered during the service—for it was a state's prison. Among that congregation of 1,077 men, 256 were there for life—there to live and die, and on each of their cell doors, where they would read it every time they left and re-entered, was the startling word

“life.” How stranglely their voices impressed me—these men without a country, without a home, without a name, deprived of every privilege accorded to all men by the Almighty, and known only by a number. As I sat before them, the prison pal-
lor of their faces against its back-
ground of gray within that frame of
blue, made a picture never to be for-
gotten. With few exceptions every
man sang; here sat one with down-
cast eyes—there another with mute
lips, while yonder near the center a
large, strong fellow was weeping like
a little child—but silently. They told
me he had been there but a short
time, and I wondered if he had

heard the song before, under different
circumstances—and where, for he
had a kindly face.

Softly they sang that last stanza:
“Friends will be there I have lov-
ed long ago;

Joys like a river around me will
flow;

Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I
know,

Will through the ages be glory for
me.”

The song ended, the captain said
a brief prayer, and that great crowd
of men, at signals from the guards
in blue, marched out squad by squad,
keeping step to the music of the or-
gan played by the men in gray.

The notion of courage as always combative is obsolete.

There may be as much courage in compromise as in conflict.

There is a folly of resistance as well as a folly of resignation.

The normal run of the day's work is forever bringing us face to face
with dilemmas that compel us to choose between conflict and com-
promise.

There is a kind of moral stubbornness that sometimes leads us to
choose a futile battle in preference to a fertile compromise.

There is a kind of moral spinelessness that sometimes leads us to
choose an easy-going compromise when we should stand our ground and
fight like men.—Glenn Frank.

A GREAT ARTIST AND A GREAT HERO.

By Archer Wallace.

One day during the Great War, a brilliant French artist named Jean Lemoidant lay wounded in a German prison camp. "Why does the night last so long?" he asked, "why does the daylight never come?" Then he was told that he was blind, and that he would never be able to paint again. "I thought I might be wounded or killed," he said, "but I never thought about being blind." This article tells what Jean Lemoidant, wounded and blind, has done since his great misfortune came.

Before the days of the Great War, there lived in Breton, France, an artist whose beautiful pictures had caused people to think of him as one of the greatest of French painters. His name was Jean Lemoidant, and he loved to paint pictures of the quaint villages of Brittany where lived the simple-minded fisherfolk who braved the dangers of the deep. Jean Lemoidant's first pictures were of fishermen mending their nets; of little children romping in the sun; of anxious women waiting for the return of the fishing boats, and sometimes of angry seas that in their fury hurled themselves against the rocks. Jean Lemoidant loved the simple people among whom he lived, and they in return gazed in wonder at his paintings and told each other that some day there would be a great artist in France and his name would be Jean Lemoidant.

Then the artist was given a task which occupied him every day for two whole years. In an old village hotel there were fine large panels on the wall, and he was asked to paint a suitable design for the entire wall, which was sixty feet long, thirty feet wide and fifteen feet high. So

exquisite was the design that Jean Lemoidant conceived that when it was completed admiring crowds came great distances to see it and the fame of the artist spread to Paris. He was given the contract to paint the interior of the magnificent municipal theatre at Rennes. He had almost completed this important task when the Great War broke out, and although he was thirty-seven years of age and could have remained in the Home Defence Corps, he enlisted in one of the regiments soon to go to the front, and before the war was many weeks old he was in the trenches facing the Germans.

Jean Lemoidant proved himself as capable a soldier as he had been a painter, and led his men in many daring engagements, where his courage was put to the test. He was badly wounded at Charleroi and in spite of advice he refused to go to the hospital at the base. Later he was wounded at the Marne, and a third time at Artois. At Artois his right arm was rendered useless; he was wounded in the leg, and his knee was smashed and the joint was made stiff so that he walked in a halting fashion.

In spite of these gruelling experiences he still refused to leave the firing line and insisted on staying with his men and joining them in the attack before Arras. In that attack he was struck by a bullet. Afterwards he said that it seemed at the time as if his head had been completely smashed. For forty-eight hours he lay unconscious, and when he came to himself he lay among the dead and the dying scarcely able to move; he heard around him the groans of dying men. Even then his great courage showed itself, for when he saw a Breton lad dying he crawled to him and comforted him in his last moments.

When, at last, Jean Lemoidant was found, along with others he was taken to a German hospital and placed among the serious cases. Then the darkness came—that terrible darkness which put an end to his fondest hopes. At first he did not know what was the matter with him. Anxiously he asked the nurses: ‘Why does the night last so long. It seems as if the morning will never come.’ When the bad news was told to him that he was blind, he was staggered. ‘I had thought of death,’ he said, ‘and even thought I might be maimed for life, but I never thought of having to live in the dark all my days.’

Then he showed that supreme courage which caused even the Germans to wonder and admire. He moved among his fellow prisoners and partly to while away the time and partly in order to help them, he began to give lecture on painting. Then a great hope came to him. His eyes were put back into their place and

he began to see a little—not much more than a glimmer at first—but great enough to make him radiant with hope. Each day he told himself that his eyesight was just a little better than the day before, then one day a terrible thing happened and his hopes were dashed to the ground.

He was in the midst of a lecture one day when something seemed to snap, and instantly every ray of light vanished. Then he knew that he was blind. It was a terrible disappointment, but he did not stop speaking. He continued his lecture. Those who were listening were aware that something had happened although they did not know what it was. At the close of the lecture they rushed forward, only to make the discovery that Jean Lemoidant’s hopes were vain—he was totally blind.

Blind, lame, and with all his hopes of even being a great artist now completely gone, Jean Lemoidant faced the world again. When at the conclusion of the war he turned his face towards his beloved France he began to hope once more. He thought that the instant the train passed on to French soil there might be a miracle and his sight would be restored. He became greatly excited and asked the nurses not to forget to tell him the instant that the border was passed. In one sense there was no miracle when at last Jean Lemoidant entered France, but in another way there was a miracle, for the courage and cheerfulness of this brave man became almost more than human. No sooner did he get settled down in his beloved France

than he began to lecture on the art he so much loved, that of painting. Soon he had large classes of appreciative students to whom he lectured daily on the subject, and the amazing knowledge and cheerfulness of this maimed and blinded soldier aroused his hearers to reverence and enthusiasm. As they gazed into his pale face with the sightless eyes, their hearts were strangely moved.

An English traveler tells of a visit he paid to Brittany after the war, and of a quaint village festival he attended. Hundreds of peasants moved around the village green clad in their spotless holiday attire. Among the laughing maidens and jovial men he saw one man who seemed to radiate sunshine wherever he went. Then he discovered that this prince of fun-makers was the blinded artist—Jean Lemoidant.

For several years now he has been lecturing on art, and in 1919 he visited the United States of Ameri-

ca in order to have conferred upon him a very great distinction, the Howland Prize. This prize is only conferred upon such as have displayed extraordinary skill in some branch of science. The condition reads that it can only be conferred on "The citizen of any country in recognition of some achievement of marked distinction in the field of literature, fine arts, or the science of government."

In years to come no doubt the Howland Prize will be conferred upon many great men; deservedly distinguished for their great gifts as authors, musicians, statesmen or soldiers, but one would feel safe in saying that it is improbable that the great honor will ever be conferred upon any braver man than Jean Lemoidant, who, although maimed and blinded, just when he seemed to be nearing the goal of his ambition, yet faced the world with a smile upon his lips and a song of hope and cheer in his brave heart.

THE BEGGAR BOY'S FORTUNE.

By Olive M. Bucher, Shenchowfu, Hunan China.

Day after day, for nearly four months, Gweh Fuh's father looked at the sky for some sign of rain. Sometimes promising looking clouds appeared, but only to disappear again in a very short time, leaving the ground and everything dry and hot as ever.

"Come, my lad," the farmer said one day, "we must go out on the hills every day, now and dig roots to eat; for the rice is all gone and the sun has burned up the new rice."

After the first few days every brother and sister of Gweh Fuh who was old enough to handle a hoe, went with him and his father to dig roots, for it took many roots pounded to shreds to produce enough of the flour-like substance which they contained for one meal.

By and by they could no longer find enough roots to satisfy the hunger of the children, and mother and father began to look pale. Then it was that Gweh Fuh's father decided to

take his family to town to beg.

"To beg?" questioned the mother sadly.

"There is no food here," answered the father simply; and the next day the family started for town.

Arrived in town, the father showed the children on which streets to beg, and where they were to meet at night before a certain temple. Then they went in several directions, the mother taking the youngest child.

After a long and tiresome day, the family met again at the temple, all expecting Gweh Fuh. They were all too tired to hunt for him very long, so they lay down on the temple floor to sleep, hoping to find him next day.

As for Gweh Fuh, he found that he was in a strange part of the city when evening came, and like many another wanderer in the time of famine, he looked about for a sheltered place in which to sleep. Finding an unusually large shrine, under the roof of which several other people were already sleeping, he crept into a small space that was left in one corner.

As Gweh Fuh slept he had a wonderful dream. A very old man with a long white beard, long white hair and flowing garments, walked smilingly toward him, offering him a bag of brass cash. As the child accepted the money he cried out with joy, "Thank you, kind Mr. Whitebeard, for this bag of cash. Now we need not beg for many days."

"Listen to what he says. He has a bag of cash," whispered one thief to the other four, for Gweh Fuh had gone to sleep with five thieves. Thereupon they searched Gweh Fuh's lit-

tle basket for hidden money but could find none.

The following evening, after a long day of begging, the child again found the shelter of the night before and crept into his corner for a much needed sleep.

Again as he slept he dreamed. The same old man seemed to come toward him, and with his kindly smile offered him a bag of coppers.

Kind Mr. Whitebeard," cried Gweh Fuh "when I find my parents and my sisters and brothers, how gladly I shall provide for their hunger with the bag of coppers."

"Aha," whispered a thief who had been listening, "he now speaks of a bag of coppers, and last night he spoke of cash. He surely knows where there is money. We must watch him and find the old whitebeard who gives money away so lavishly."

The next day one of the thieves followed Gweh Fuh about, but found neither money nor Mr. Whitebeard. "He has only been dreaming," said the thief disgustedly, and he wanted to beat the child for fooling him.

"Slowly, slowly, dreams are dreams," said a more superstitious thief. "Let him alone, and we may find the money yet."

That night in Gweh Fuh's dream the kind old man in the flowing robes came to him with a bag of silver. Tears dimmed the little boy's eyes as he said his thanks.

"Perhaps with this bag of silver," he whispered. "the family could return home, and live until the next rice crop.

The thieves were now convinced that Gweh Fuh had money somewhere, and were determined to find

it. They all followed him at a distance all day long. Finally one of them saw an old man hand him something in a bowl. Without waiting to see that it was a bowl of rice, the thief took the old man by the shoulder and demanded the bags of silver, copper and cash.

“What do you mean?” cried the old man, beating the thief off with his long cane, and showing at the same time that he was not as old as he had pretended to be. “If there is money to be had, I shall be glad to share it; but tell me first where the money is.”

The thief decided that this man was as great a rascal as himself and told him about Gweh Fuh and his strange talk about money, declaring that he should have a share if he could help to find it.

“Now you are speaking with wisdom,” said the other, “for I am a wizard. It is true that I could not get the money myself, for certain reasons, but I will help you to get it and things will go badly with you if you dare forget to share it with me.”

“And now,” continued the wizard,

when the thief had promised not to forget, “listen closely when the child seems to be talking to the white-beard and be sure to ask softly where the money is, being careful not to wake him.

That night none of the thieves slept, so much afraid was each one that the others might get all of the money and he be left out.

Gweh Fuh was scarcely asleep, when he seemed to be sitting on a grassy spot outside the city, and looking across the river. A boat drifted slowly toward him, and in it stood the kind old man of his other dreams. Silently the little boy watched until the man in the boat beckoned him to come to the edge of the water, and placed in his hands a bag of gold.

“But how can it help me?” cried the boy, weeping bitterly. “You are very kind to give me this bag of gold. You were kind also to give me the bags of silver, and of copper, and the cash; but when I am awake there will be nothing here. After all I would rather have my parents and no money than a lot of money and no parents.”

There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep, moral foundation.—Goethe.

“YOUNG MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.”

With only his German police dog for company, Paul J. Adams, “the young man of the mountains,” as he is known to those who in summer frequent the Great Smoky Mountains, has begun his lonely winter on the top of Mount Le Conte of his own volition Adams, who is 24 years of age and a former student at the University of Tennessee has selected this vantage point to continue his studies of the plant and animal life of the mountains, and to carry on work as a watchman for the Great Smoky Mountain Conservation Association.

When the ascent of Mount Le Conte, the crowning peak of the Great Smoky Mountains, was made possible to the average hiker two years ago, Adams upon his own suggestion and by arrangement with the conservation association, which is seeking to have the mountains set aside as a National Park, took up his abode on the mountain top. He is stationed there to watch out for fires in the immediate vicinity, and to act as host to those sufficiently intrepid to scale the peak which rises 6,680 feet above the sea level, and more than 5,000 feet from its base. He provides those who wish to spend the night on the mountain top with blankets and shelter, and furnishes hot coffee and tea to the chilled hikers at only a little more a cup than it would cost at the nearby village of Gatlinburg at the mountains' foot.

But playing the host to the infrequent hiker is only a means to an end. Adams' real objective is the

study of the birds that make their nests high above the foot-hills. His discoveries have been hailed by scientists, and he has been called on to present his findings to scientific bodies.

The young hermit has already found two new species of birds nesting in the heights of the Great Smokies, the golden crowned kinglet and the ruby crowned kinglet. He has observed species of the Crain's warbler, never known to nest higher than 4,000 feet, building their nests high on the rugged tops of Le Conte. Three other species of birds long lost to ornithologists, he has re-discovered on the virtually deserted heights of this mountain. They are the brown-headed nut hatch and the black-capped chickadee, and the olive-sided fly-catcher.

Adams has certain theories which he is seeking to substantiate by his life and observations on Le Conte. He believes that certain birds believed only to inhabit the Northern climes make their homes on the higher mountain peaks, and has discovered several species which serve to substantiate this. He has found a new species of field mice on Le Conte, and lately discovered the first raven's nest to be found in the Great Smokies.

The police dog which is his sole companion is more than a companion—he is an assistant. The animal carries packages weighing as much as twenty-five pounds up the mountain side, and is quick at detecting fire in the brush. He is able to put out incipient fires by snuffing out

cigarette butts. With his nose he digs up the dirt and throws it upon the offending weed until the danger is quite past.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Some boys, and Mr. Roy Long, cut wood several days last week.

Another carload of coal arrived at the institution last week.

The barn force had the job of hauling the trees which were transplanted.

The morning and evening school sections practised Thanksgiving songs last Saturday.

Dwight Queen, member of the tenth cottage, has been given a position in the laundry.

The Mooresville String Band, under the direction of Prof. Frank Williams will play a concert for the boys next Saturday night.

Ed Miller and Walter Morris, former students at the J. T. S. visited us during the past week. Morris was a member of the print shop.

Mr. W. E. Stanley, Durham welfare officer, visited the institution last Wednesday.

The boys in Mr. Johnson's room contributed enough money last week, to pay for the subscription of the Popular Science for another year.

Claude Evans, member of the

twelfth cottage, was permitted to spend a few days with his parents in Greensboro. Evans is also a member of the print shop.

Prof. W. M. Crook, officer of the second cottage, and teacher in one of the school rooms, spent last Thursday at the State Baptist Convention, which was held in Charlotte.

The Kings Daughters Convention Minutes have been printed and put up, and the big job is out of the way. All the printers are glad of that, it was a fifty-six page book.

A report of the Thanksgiving Day happenings, will appear in the next issue of the Uplift. As it came around too late for publication this week.

The carpenter shop boys with the aid of Mr. Frank Lisk, put towel racks in the cottages last week. They also painted the basements in several of the cottages.

It was decided that the program which was given several weeks ago, would be appreciated by the public, so on last Wednesday night, the program was held. A good number of people attended this, and all enjoyed it.

As the wind blew most of the lea-

ves off the trees, and this making a bad appearance, Mr. Hayden Talbert and a number of boys raked and cleaned these leaves up. After they were through it looked its natural appearance.

Base-ball has not been stopped at the institution yet by the cold weather. The boys chose their playing team for the evening, and had an interesting game, last Saturday evening on the big diamond. The rest of the boys played soccer, kicked

foot-balls, and played many other games, of which they liked.

Last Sunday the services was conducted in the auditorium under the direction of Mr. Thomas Shelton, from Charlotte Y. M. C. A. He brought with him two men, one was a speaker from Chicago. He made an interesting talk to the boys. It was enjoyed by everyone present. We hope that he will visit the institution again soon.

“ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?”

Some one sent me a paper a number of years ago containing an article that was marked. Its title was: “Are all the children in?” An old wife lay dying. She was nearly a hundred years of age, and the husband, who had taken the journey with her, sat by her side. She was just breathing faintly, but suddenly she revived, opened her eyes, and said, “Why, it is dark!” “Yes, Janet, it is dark.” “Is it night?” “Oh, yes! it is midnight.” “Are all the children in?”

There was that old mother living life over again. Her youngest child had been in the grave twenty years, but she was travelling back into the old days, and she fell asleep in Christ asking:

“Are all the children in?”

Dear Friend, are they all in? Put the question to yourself now. Is John in? Is James in? Or is he immersed in business and pleasure? Is he living a double and dishonest life? Say! where is your boy, mother? Where is your son, your daughter? Is it well with your children? Can you say it is?—Christian Budget.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35	A. M.
"	31	6:07	A. M.
"	11	8:05	A. M.
"	33	8:25	A. M.
"	45	3:55	P. M.
"	135	8:35	P. M.
"	35	10:12	P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00	A. M.
"	136	5:00	A. M.
"	36	10:25	A. M.
"	46	3:15	P. M.
"	34	4:43	P. M.
"	12	7:10	P. M.
"	32	8:36	P. M.
"	40	9:28	P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody, Ticket Agent

Southern Railway, Concord, N. C.



THE

UPLIFT

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U. N. C. Library

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 5, 1925

No. 2

MAN THE SUN.

All the power of nature depends on subjection to the human. Man is the sun of the world; more than the real sun. The fire of his wonderful heart is the only light and heat worth gauge or measure.

Where he is are the tropics; where he is not, the ice-world.—Ruskin.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

A BREAD MAKER.



Master James Beddingfield, a 13-year old boy, who came to the Jackson Training School a little more than a year ago. He is a native of Henderson county, but came to the institution from Spindale. His picture shows him larger than he really is.

Master Beddingfield, along with three other boys, entered a little contest, authorized and financed by Mr. John J. Barnhardt, who manifests a large and commendable interest in a proper entertainment of our boys on frequent occasions.

Mr. Barnhardt had pulled off a number of innocent and pleasing stunts, finally deciding to put on a more serious contest. Instead of proving a burden or a task to the boys, they entered the contest with a relish. Mr. Barnhardt wanted to give a prize to the boy in Prof. Crook's

schoolroom who could answer he most of the questions in the cathechism.

When the contest came the eagerness of the 407 pupils assembled, as they watched and listened, was impressive.

Four of the boys answered every one of the 148 questions promptly and accurately. But this youngster, Master Beddingfield, looking Prof. Crook square in the face, like a challenge of "lay on" I am with you, put the professor to believing that James knew the thing only mechanically and by rote. So Prof. Crook wore himself out in a test of the 13-year old youngster's knowledge of the catechism by jumping about among the questions. Never touched the youngster!

So master James Beddingfield, of Rutherford county, won Mr. Barnhardt's prize.

No danger of spoiling this boy by giving him public notice for his wonderful achievement—a thing that would give a severe test to us older ones. The boy has discovered himself—that's the first business of the institution to help a boy discover himself.

James spends a half day in school and the balance in the bakery, where he is becoming a fine bread maker. A knowledge of the catechism is no handicap in becoming a worth while baker, certainly not in becoming an upright citizen to which he is heading with great promise.

* * * * *

"ART" COMES TO TOWN.

In the language of a departed statesman, may we not inquire, as a community, "where are we at?"

By much hearalading and publicity, the city was notified of the approaching arrival of an aggregation of "artists," sponsored by an active and wide-awake local leader. They arrived on schedule time.

This production of "art" by famous artists was staged in the auditorium of the city's best school building, a contribution of the city to the youth of the city for their education and preparation for life in those things that promise fine manhood and womanhood. No finer purpose could a community have than to strive to surround its young with agencies of growth and preparation, giving heed to safe and sound influences.

The artists have pulled their stunts and departed with their wage. What has been the gain locally? Just a practical question in this day of fine book-keeping and the maintenace of a budget system in our affairs. Some say that the performance was raw and close to nature; some think it ap-

proached brilliancy; a small few classed it as the work of real artists; and others are pronounced in their belief that what was considered art in the school auditorium, if produced on the streets, would subject the performers to arrest for flirting with nudity. And here we see how opinions differ.

It does seem, however, that the time has arrived when parents, and especially the mothers, may find it worth while to personally censor the character of the plays and the tendency of the amusements that are arranged for their children. At the gait we are going, modesty is in a death struggle.

* * * * *

RURAL DEVELOPMENT.

Cleveland county is no laggard. Radiating out from Shelby, her county seat, for years have been an influence favorable to rural development. It is to the credit of that fine young city that its people sustain a fine and cordial relation with the rural sections. It would work charms in others if they but caught the spirit.

There are in use today ninety miles of electric lines in Cleveland county, carrying lights and power to the rural sections. Thirteen communities have organized community stock companies to pay for the erection of a power line from the nearest center to the community in question. Four hundred and seventy-three subscribers among the farmers have been secured, and the cost to each farmer is between \$90.00 and \$250.00, depending on the length of the line and the number of people served.

When two more lines are built there will be electric lines in every section of Cleveland county.

Other counties are beginning to see the light, and are moving to add this convenience and necessity to their rural homes. In Cabarrus county already this demonstration of its practicability by Cleveland county is convincing. There is in existence one small corporation that is furnishing a group of people between Concord and Kannapolis with electric lights and power. Another company of rural people, under a charter, is building an electric line of standard character out as far as the road leading into St. John's church, a distance of six miles from the city limits of Concord. With a few exceptions every farm and tenant house along this line will connect with the line, besides there is in prospect the establishment of certain manufacturing enterprises—all of which show the influence of having faith in one's self and moving towards a development of the rural sections.

The present Board of Water and Light Commissioners of Concord are show-

ing a most commendable spirit in meeting as far as they can all these projects in carrying light and power to the country. Within ten years, it is believed, every section of Cabarrus county will be electrified.

* * * * *

EDITOR BLEASE.

There is more or less excitement over the announcement that United States Senator Cole Blease, of South Carolina, has determined to enter the journalistic field. His is to be a weekly, issued from Anderson, South Carolina.

This movement for a United States Senator has its advantages and its disadvantages. Mr. Blease will have an opportunity to inform, in his own inimical manner, his constituency how he stirred up the animals in Washington; and then, the senator may take in too much territory and get himself on the wrong side—and then his conviction will be easily accomplished by his own utterances in his own album of song, which he purposes making a weekly contribution to his constituency.

“Oh, that my adversary might write a book,” has no weight with the South Carolina statesman.

* * * * *

SUCH IS LIFE.

The Greensboro News touches off the efforts of parents in this manner:

“Mother and father struggle and sacrifice from son’s babyhood, sustained by their dreams and ambitions. All through the long years, denying themselves the luxuries of life, the pleasures, and getting along on most meager share of the necessities, working hard, planning. And then son fails to make the football team, after all. Such is life.”

* * * * *

The Chapel Hill News Letter has been running a number of educative articles, telling of the distribution of electric energy throughout the several sections of the state. It is sowing good seed that will sprout and flourish. By the way, the News Letter is the worthiest publication coming out from the university. It leads—never confounds or scrambles a situation.

* * * * *

Gov. “Ma” Ferguson, of Texas, is tasting of state troubles. The public seems after her, but those who best understand the situation claim it is a

man and not a woman in the case. Men are always getting women into trouble, but how could they live without them?

* * * * *

Gov. McLean, by invitation of Association of Life Insurance Presidents, delivered an address at their 19th annual meeting, held in Hotel Astor, New York, on Thursday. The Governor chose as his theme "Improved Methods In State Administration."

* * * * *

With hog jowl, greens, rabbit pie, sausage, chine and spare ribs, pudding mush, persimmon custard and scores of other fine, "vittles," with which forms now teem, rural life is one grand joy after another.

* * * * *

A REMINDER.

To get the thing off our mind, we desire to call the attention of our generous readers and former helpers that there remain

Just 20 Days

Until our 407 boys have reason to expect the good things that go to make up Christmas Cheer.

Your check is awaited, and, in advance, The Uplift joins the boys in expressions of gratitude.

* * * * *



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Bobbed hair is the short cut to beauty.

One way of getting out of a tight place is to sober up.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The price of some liberty depends entirely upon the judge.

A man may feel certain that he is cut out to be a farmer when he finds as much pleasure in buying things to fix up his farm as in buying things and fixing up himself.

A good, old-fashioned mother was in the Washington Duke hotel. She stood for a while gazing on the three dials to the three elevators. Then she exclaimed: "Bless my soul; I've heard talk of such things, but this is the first time I ever saw clocks run to 14 o'clock. I reckon the "B" and "M" means breakfast and meals."

The rough places on the highways are mechanically smoothed by a contrivance on cars called shockabsorbers. They are a comfort to the travelers. Now wouldn't it be a fine thing if we would put shock-absorbers on our dispositions and tempers. It would make things so somewhat smoother, and save us from many regrets for hot words, hastily spoken, which have been like poisoned arrows and wounded sensitive souls.

A clergyman, just before services,

was asked to marry a couple. He explained that there wasn't time for the ceremony just then, but said he would perform it if the couple would be seated and wait until the end of the service. When he had completed his duties, he said, "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward." Whereupon thirteen women and one man proceeded to block the aisle in a rush for the altar.

A Durham young girl is telling it that her father has never spoken a hasty word to her mother. He stutters.

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the demure little newly-wedded wife of the clerk, as she was doing her morning grocery shopping. "Nothing but bananas, Miss," replied the fresh young newly installed grocery clerk.

Scientists are now talking about synthetic food—the mixing of things into something like a tablet. This kind of food is not much known or used. If the time ever should come when men exist entirely on synthetic foods many pleasures will have gone from human life. I do not hesitate to declare in spite of synthetic advocacy by scientists that I have not sufficient faith in science and the wonders it performs to believe it will ever duplicate the flavor of crisp sansage and buckwheat cakes; spare-

ribs and chine; the various delicious members of the pie family and angel-food cake; of peaches, apples, or any of the other natural foods which please the palate. The idea of a compressed little tablet, or pill, in lieu of the real thing, to be swallowed with water. Ugh! It might be that there would be no gluttony, no stomach troubles, no indigestion in an era of synthetic foods, I trust such a time will never be forced on the human race. As for me, give me natural foods and plenty of them, or give me death. If, this be treason to science, let the professors make the most of it.

—
Oh, woman, in seeking your ease,
Have you no thought for a little
cuss?

And not try to smother him, please,
When he's seated in a big line bus.

One of the big line buses rolled up and stopped in front of the Malbourne hotel. An exceedingly stout woman hopped in and plumped herself down beside a very small man. Her massive form completely obliterated him, save the crown of his hat. "They ought to charge by weight," came a weak voice from the depths of the seat. "Weight, indeed," snapped the woman; "if they did it would hardly be worth their while stopping to pick up a featherweight like you."

—
"Say it with flowers," has long been a popular slogan. An Irishman recently went into the building material game. My friend Harry G. Nye tells it that friends suggested to Mr. Irish that he ought to have a business slogan—a motto—something

like "Say it with flowers;" something nifty. Some time after there appeared over the Irishman's place of business, in large letters, "Say it with Bricks." That wasn't bad. Nye says there comes many times in every man's life when that is a good motto. I don't want to get rough. I wouldn't want anyone to think that I am a rude, boisterous fellow, oh, dear, no. I can be as nice as anybody when that is the nice thing to do. But when the time comes when doing nice things won't do, then "Say it with bricks." Don't say it with feather pillows, or silk cushions, or cream puffs, or even pies. That will only mess matters up, and won't do any good. Say it with flowers first; and then if that won't do any good, say it with bricks. Say what you mean so they will know what you mean, and that you mean what you say, if you are mean enough to do that. But you probably will never have any trouble with anybody about anything if you will use the aroma of flowers in your manner of speech, and swear by your friends and acquaintances, not at them. If all this fails, "say it with bricks." Not bats.

—
Civilization, like John Brown's body, "goes marching on." The house committee which is now revising our national scheme of taxation has decided to put a padlock on income tax publicity. If that is done the get-rich-quick slickers will have to get their sucker lists from some where else and the village gossips will hve to fall back on Mrs. Smith's last year's hat done over, instead of the measly little \$12 Mr. Smith paid

to Uncle Sam several years ago. Yet some people say the world is not getting better. I never did believe in this income tax publicity anyway. It never was fair and square with all. I paid Uncle Sam \$16 in good, hard-earned dollars for two years, and he has never even mentioned it along with the other wealthy people of this glorious country. That is discrimination, dire and diabolical.

J. J. Lawson is one of the most enthusiastic dog fanciers in Durham. He met a friend of his the other day and was singing the praises of one of his dogs, which he declared had an amazing sense of smell. While they were in conversation, the dog came to a pointing position at a man across the street. The friend wanted to know why the dog was pointing at the man. "Oh," said Lawson; "his name is Partridge."

Home and Christmas! These two words spell the same for a mansion

or a mud-hut. Either one can be a home. It is not wood, stone, steel, granite or marble that makes a home. It is relationship that either makes and unmakes homes. To one it may mean a place to sleep. He eats at a cafe, parks at the club, and does not stay in one place long enough to call it home. To others the family conversation is harsh, nagging, and sometimes abusive. Words used are barbed, and everything seems to be as unpleasant as possible. To others home is just the opposite. It means rest, comfort, peace, love. Experience is the only thing that can tell the difference. Instead of being a place to escape from, it's a heaven to flee the "good will" season in all homes and hearts. The magic wand that banishes all human foibles. The smoothing iron of life. Would that the Christmas spirit could be carried throughout the year by everybody. Wouldn't this be a happy world? "Peace on earth."

The more we do the more we can do; the more busy we are the more leisure we have.—Hazlitt.

Every one who loves you,
Loves to see you smile,
Loves to see you cheerful,
And happy all the while;
Smiling comes so easy;
Do not wear a frown;
If you feel one rising,
Always smile it down.

AND THE END IS NOT YET!

Across the wall at the top of my desk at home hangs a cartoon. It is by Raemakers, the Belgian. It depicts Death in the act of proposing a toast: "To your health, Civilization." In the bony fingers of the gray-robed skeleton is clutched a huge goblet, full of warm red blood, from which it drinks.

I hung the cartoon there in a simple black frame ten years ago because I wanted to be reminded each day that it was grim truth! God knows, it is hideous!

And so, each day, I have lived with the thought that Raemakers was not jesting when he penned this cartoon out of the anguish of his soul for his stricken native land.

It is so easy in these days, at this glad Christmas season, for us to forget and push aside the grim spectre that has hovered over humanity since the dawn of life! But it flaunts in our midst today, and will continue to menace our security and our future until we crush it for all time.

I see the price of war...the dead who have fallen before its withering blasts...the innocents who have carried its heavy burdens... mothers and wives who have gone down to their graves in bitterness and loneliness...little children who have listened for a father's footstep, and heard it not...orphans who have sunk into Starvation's grave... families scattered...home nests despoiled...ruin.

The dogs of war are not dead; they are but resting after their long travail. Soon they will come again, they will snarl with the fury of old and leap forward to destroy and to maim—the long roll of drums will echo back to us again. A beating of drums...the shrill whistle of the fife... the clarion bugles again. Once again we shall hear the measured tramp of the feet of our loved ones, and tear-stained faces will press against the windows of cottage and palace...

UNLESS we, the homemakers of the land, set our heads and our hearts to the outlawry of war; unless we pull the fangs and clip the claws of the war dogs; unless we be willing to unite with the civilized world in an honest effort to remove this menace from international thought. But to wait, to delay, is fatal. It is too late when War has marshalled its legions and is upon us! Now is the time to make of the Christmas spirit a living reality!—Editor of Better Homes.

To be humble and loving—that is true life.—F. W. Robertson.

FLORIDA!

By James Hay Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

America's leading indoor sport today is predicting when the bottom will drop out of the "Florida boom."

It is impossible to enter any club, street car, office, drawingroom, cellar, aeroplane, cafeteria or submarine without being accosted by a prophetic, paunched and polysyllabic gentleman who, suddenly and mysteriously filled with the acumen, vision and wisdom of Rhadamanthus, Justinian, Joseph and Gray Gorham, lays a heavy hand on your shoulder and orates to the wide, wide world:

"This Florida insanity can't last! It's bubble, bull and bosh. It's hokum and hallucination. It's fraud, fluke and flim-flam. What have they got there, I ask you, except climate? And where are the people coming from to fill all the new hotels they're running up overnight down there?"

"Take it from me and save your money: the whole business is going to blow up like a toy balloon hit by lightning; and the explosion will come inside of the next twelve months. It's as sure as death and taxes. You can't make real money out of sunshine, sand and simps! If you've got a lot down there, sell it and take the profits now, or your chance is gone forever!"

All of which is poured forth, with prodigious puffings, to the accompaniment of the brandished arm and the venomous voice.

And the individual who talks that stuff knows absolutely nothing about Florida. When it comes to a ques-

tion of what is, in fact, going on in that amazing State, he is the dot of insignificance over the "i" in ignorance.

Florida right now is a riproaring, uplifting, 24-hour mixture of the best features of the flight of the Tartan, the crossing of the Red Sea, the California gold rush of '49, Babylon in all her gilded glory, Athens under Pericles, the Chicago World's Fair, the capture of Granada, Rome under the Caesars, and Pompeii in her pristine and puissant prime.

Florida right now is full of men who went there dead broke and, having climbed into the upholstered lap of plutocratic ease, are putting their money back into the development game.

Florida right now is crowded, besieged and overrun by millionaires newly arrived there because the opportunities she offers for swift and monumental enrichment cause their calculating eyes to pop open and their closely guarded purses to disgorge to the last hoarded dime.

Florida is every day planning and constructing homes, apartment houses, hotels boardwalks, casinos, skyscraper office buildings, street railways, docks, roads and athletic stadiums.

The trains going into the State are so loaded down with people and freight that they run anywhere from three to eight hours late, but the millions of dollars she wants for investment get there on time to the fraction of a second, every hour in

the day and night.

In addition to the houses, hustle and hurry with which she is filled from coast to coast, she is long on color, brilliance and beauty. With all her wizard-like haste in selling lots, throwing up islands out of the sea and putting new subdivisions on the insatiable market, she has taken care to import, encourage and employ artists and architects.

Coral Gables, for instance, is a dream of loveliness. George Merrick, the man who built and owns the town, planned it with beauty as his highest ideal.

Not that money hasn't been lost in Florida. To every such miracle of wealth and development the crooks crowd and the suckers assemble. But Florida has waged a mighty war upon the grafters and warned the simpletons. In Miami they are asking a third or one-half as the first payment on property purchased.

It may very well be true that, within the next two years, the rash and avaricious man in Wisconsin or Maine who sinks his little and only \$150 in a Florida lot which he has never seen and about which he knows as much as he does about the realty on the moon, may lose his money.

When he buys, he doesn't know, probably, when or how or by whom that particular property will be developed.

Moreover, he doesn't buy with the idea of building on the lot or doing anything constructive for Florida. He is merely hoping that his lot will go up in value so fast that he can sell it at a big profit before he is called on to make the second payment which he hasn't got and can't borrow.

He belongs to the band of shoe-string simps who are always trying to get something for nothing, a picturesque impossibility. Such gentry are expected to lose and to learn nothing from the lesson.

But the man who buys land in Florida to own and to hold for a rise caused by the magic development of Florida, and the one who buys ground on which to put a home or any other building—they will not lose in our day and generation.

Florida is the land of everlasting summer. That alone insures her future. Today, at the very start of "the season," she is crowded, with hotel space at a premium and countless thousands more of people pushing in. The bottom will drop out of the Florida business when you can ride the cow that jumped over the moon.

Or, that men would praise the Lord for His godness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

FROM BOOKBINDER'S ERRAND BOY TO GREAT SCIENTIST.

By Archer Wallace.

At the early age of thirteen, Michael Faraday had to face the world with one of life's serious handicaps—a lack of education. His father was a blacksmith by trade, but owing to ill-health his earning ability was small, and as there were no public schools in those days, Michael rarely saw the inside of a school. When he became errand-boy in a bookseller's shop he could only read with difficulty and what he understood about other subjects was very little. This story of his struggle to gain knowledge and what he did with it when he got it, is an inspiring story that every boy should read.

One day in September, 1791, a boy was born in the heart of London to whom was given the name, Michael Faraday. The father, James Faraday, was a blacksmith, but he was in such feeble health that he could seldom work for a whole day at a time, and sometimes for several weeks was unable to work at all. This meant that he and his wife and their four children had to live on very little, and poverty often stared them in the face.

Michael was the third oldest child. In those days education was harder to get than now and most of what he learned was secured at home, and as neither of his parents had much education, Michael soon had to face the world with one of the most serious of handicaps, an almost total lack of education. Near Michael's home was a little yard known as Spanish Place; here the little fellow spent most of his early years playing marbles and romping around with other children who, like himself, were growing up, as most children of the poor did, without education. James Faraday, though poor and delicate, was a kind father and provided for his family

as well as he could, and his wife was industrious and devoted to her four children.

When he reached the age of twelve Michael was apprenticed to a stationer and bookbinder named Mr. George Rieban. One of the lad's duties was to take around the newspapers which his master loaned to customers, and then later in the day he called for them. On Sunday mornings Michael delivered these newspapers very early and then tried to collect them again before church time, although he did not always succeed for some people then, as now, did not like to be hurried when reading their papers.

During the days of his apprenticeship Michael worked hard and his hours were long, but he was not unhappy, for Mr. Rieban, his master, was kinder than most employers seem to have been in those days. Evidently his parents were pleased with the way in which he was getting along, for in 1809 his father wrote: "Michael is now learning to be a bookbinder and stationer, and is doing well. He has been the most part of four years out of seven. He has a good master and mistress and

he likes his place well. He had it hard for a time at first, but as the old saying goes, he has got the head above water, and there are two other boys under him now."

Whenever Michael had a spare moment at noon or in the evenings, he read some of the books that he was binding. When he was given the "Encyclopedia Britannica" to bind he eagerly turned over to the place where the subject of electricity was treated and read every word. He was very much interested in this subject and began to make experiments. He made a small electrical machine and although it cost only a few pennies, it afforded him endless amusement and gave him a start along the line where his chief interest lay.

One day he saw an announcement that a Mr. Tatum was to give some lectures on natural philosophy at his own home. The charge for admission was twenty-five cents. Michael was exceedingly anxious to go, but he did not have the money. His brother, Robert three years older than Michael, was so pleased to find Michael interested in such a subject that he gave him the money, and with eager steps Michael sought out Mr. Tatum's home at the appointed time. He attended all the lectures and made careful notes as the speaker went on.

One day a customer at the shop where Michael worked asked him to attend four lectures by Sir Humphrey Davy at the Royal Institution. This was an unexpected pleasure and Michael sat spellbound as the scientist talked and then made experiments. One day, soon afterwards, he wrote a letter to Sir Humphrey

Davy, telling his great interest in science, and enclosing the notes he had made of Sir Humphrey's lectures. The scientist replied to Michael's letter saying that he was leaving the city, but would remember him when he returned.

Meanwhile, the lad worked away at his experiments, and reading all that he could lay his hands on that dealt with chemistry and what was known then of electricity. He hoped that it would be possible for him to get some position that would give him more time to follow his beloved studies, but nothing offered and very often he spent long hours at the bookbinder's bench, when in reality his thoughts were elsewhere. One might as he was preparing for bed a loud knock startled him. He look out of the window and saw a fine carriage with a footman in livery who brought him a note from Sir Humphrey Davy who wished to see him the following morning. We may be sure he slept little that night, and early the next day hastened to see the great chemist. Sir Humphrey offered him a position at six dollars a week. It was to help in the work of the laboratory generally and especially to keep the instruments clean and move them to and from the lecture room. He gladly accepted the offer and said good-bye to bookbinding.

This was the turning point in his life. He had made such good use of his time that he was now fairly well educated, and no one to meet him would suspect that he had seen very little of the inside of a school. He joined the City Philosophical Society, which met each week, and he took a keen interest in all that went

on in the scientific world. Seven months after his engagement in the laboratory, Sir Humphrey Davy decided to travel upon the continent and asked Michael Faraday to accompany him. This was a great opportunity for the young assistant; he had never been more than a few miles away from where he was born and to travel in France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany was a rare treat and a liberal education.

He made such progress with his studies in chemistry that when he returned to England he was promoted to the position of laboratory assistant at the Royal Institution, with a salary of five hundred dollars a year. He delivered a series of six lectures before the City Philosophical Society on chemistry, which aroused much interest. He was continually making experiments, and in this way he made important discoveries. He found out that many beliefs regarding electricity were quite wrong and he drew attention to them. He wrote to some of the leading scientific magazines and soon the English people realized that a great scientific authority had arisen in their midst.

For twenty years he lectured at the Royal Academy at Woolwich and for all these lectures he made most careful preparation. It was his way never to undertake anything unless he could do it well, and he even took lectures in elocution so that he could make the best use of his voice. He delivered a great many lectures to boys and girls on scientific subjects and he spared himself no pains in order to make the subjects clear. Young people were naturally attracted to him and even if they did not

fully understand all he said, they certainly enjoyed seeing him perform his experiments.

He became scientific adviser to the government in regard to the erection of lighthouses and buoys around the dangerous coast of Great Britain, and his brilliant lectures on this subject drew great crowds to hear him, among them Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, and their children. He published a book entitled "Experimental Researches in Electricity," which established his reputation as one of the greatest scientists of the world. Concerning this book the famous statesman, William E. Gladstone, wrote: "It is one of the most marvelous monuments of intellectual work; one of the rarest treasure-houses of newly-discovered knowledge, with which the world has ever been enriched."

By this time Michael's mother was an old woman, but she was supremely happy to know that Michael was so much thought of and had become so clever. She used to call him "My Michael," and she so idolized him that Michael, who was now married, said to his wife one day, "Please do not tell my mother of any honors conferred upon me because it is not good for her." However, no doubt in his heart, Michael was glad that he had lived to make his hard-working mother comfortable.

Honors followed in quick succession. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, a degree conferred only upon very distinguished men; the Cambridge Philosophical Society, the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institution of British Architects and several leading associations of

Scotland made him an honorary member. In addition to this he received signal honors from similar associations in St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Berlin, Stockholm, Lisbon, Frankfort, Boston, Philadelphia and many other places. His important discoveries set many other men thinking, and it is safe to say that scores of inventions by other men were due in the first place to Michael Faraday's discoveries.

The British government conferred

upon him a pension of three hundred pounds a year for life, which, while it was not large, relieved him from anxiety over money matters. To the end of his life he lived very simply. He was a man of deep religious character and very often preached on the Sabbath with quite as much enthusiasm as he taught science during the week. From being a bookbinder's errand boy with little or no education, he rose to be one of the greatest and most honored men of his time.

VITAMINS.

Do you know that the use of butter, cream, whole milk, eggs, carrots and greens such as lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, etc., prevent eye disease, stunted growth, and mal-nutrition? All foods that prevent these diseases contain Vitamin "A."

There are three other Vitamins of which I will tell you. Vitamin "B" is contained in these foods: Milk, egg yolk, bran, nuts, whole grains, yeast products and vegetables, and are the foods that prevent polyneuritis, nervousness, and loss of appetite.

Vitamin "C" is found in uncooked foods such as lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, oranges, lemons, apples and grapefruit. These prevent scurvy, decayed teeth and sore joints.

Foods as greens and cod liver oil provides Vitamin "D" which prevents poor teeth, and bones, rickets and stunted growth.

Each person should eat food which contain these Vitamins every day. Did you notice that milk contains three vitamins and eggs contain two. but that green vegetables contain all four. Potatoes usually lack them all.

HOW ARMISTICE CAME TO THE FRONT.

(Quoted from *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the A. E. F.)

Early on the morning of November 11 from the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower in Paris there had gone forth through the air to the wondering, half-incredulous line that the Americans held from near Sedan to the Moselle the order from Marshal Foch to cease firing on the stroke of eleven.

All along the seventy-seven miles held by the Americans the firing continued, literally, until the eleventh hour. At one minute before eleven, when a million eyes were glued to the slow creeping minute hands of a million watches, the roar of the guns was a thing to make the old earth tremble. At one point—it was where the Yankee Division visiting, at the time, with the French Corps was having a brisk morning battle to the east of the Meuse—a man stationed at one battery stood with a handkerchief in his uplifted hand, his eyes fixed on his watch. It was one minute before eleven. To the lanyards of the four big gun ropes were tied, each rope manned by 200 soldier, cooks, stragglers, messengers, gunners, everybody. At eleven the handkerchief fell, the men pulled, the guns cursed out the last shot of the battery.

There followed then a strange, unbelievable silence as though the world had died. It lasted but a moment, lasted for the space the breath is held. Then came such an uproar for relief and jubilation, such a tooting

of horns, shrieking of whistles, such an overture from the bands and trains and church bells, such a shouting of voices as the earth is not likely to hear again in our day and generation.

When night fell on the battlefield, the clamor of the celebration waxed rather than waned. Darkness? There was none. Rockets in a ceaseless fountain of star shells made the lines a streak of glorious brilliance across the face of startled France, while, by the light of fires, the front in all its dancing, boasting, singing peoples was as clearly visible as though the sun sat high in the heavens.

The news that the Armistice had been signed had begun to spread across the front shortly after the sun rose. There had been more or less of an effort to send it forward only through military channels; but it had not worked very well. The word had been sped on the kind of wireless that man knew many centuries before Marconi came on earth. It had spread like a current of electricity along the shivery mess lines, hopping up and down and stuffing as they waited for the morning coffee. It had spread along the chains of singing road menders, along the creeping columns of camions. Driver had called it to driver, and runners had passed the word over their shoulders as they hurried by, bearing the news.

Probably the hardest fighting being

done by any Americans in the final hour was that which engaged the troops of the 28th, 92nd, 81st, and 7th Divisions with the Second American Army, who launched a fire-eating attack above Vigneulles just at dawn on the eleventh. It was no mild thing, that last flare of the battle; and an order to cease firing did not reach the men in the front lines until the last moment when runners sped with it from fox hole to fox hole.

Then a quite startling thing occurred. The skyline of the crest ahead of them grew suddenly populous with dancing soldiers, and down the slope all the way to the barbed wire, straight for the Americans, came the German troops. They came with outstretch-

ed hands, ear-to-ear grimaces, and souvenirs to swap for cigarettes, so well did they know the little weakness of their foe.

Meanwhile, on the roads below, the Engineers were working with a will. No time to celebrate, for the roads must be kept in shape. Here and there across the devastated land you could hear them bursting into song. And the burden of all their songs was this:

“It’s home, boys, home. It’s home we ought to be—
Home, boys, home in the land of liberty.”

So came to an end the 11th day of November, 1918—the 585th day since America entered the War.

YOUR REFLECTED SELF.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

Last week I talked to a human garbage can. I make the statement with care.

His outlook on life is this: “Everybody has his price. Honesty is only fear and caution. The church is a menagerie of hypocrites. Young people are rotten. Women are foolish and growing worse every day. The priests and the preachers are only after the money. Everything is a sham, and what’s everything? Nothing.”

Many things he said I would not be allowed to print.

He is an unhappy man, well on in years, who has filled his soul so full of foulness that when he looks at others, he sees only the soured garbage inside his own mind. I feel sure

that had we the eyes of Omniscience we would see that this man really is what he thinks others to be.

After getting rid of him I called to see a dear little lady who is 92 years old. She has been a Christian since she was 11. You can figure it up for yourself.

I sat beside her bed, and she talked of her life, especially of her childhood.

Her outlook on life is this: “There are so many good people in the world. Heaven has been kind to me. I have had so much more sunshine in my long life than shadow. The girls now are just as good as we used to be years ago. The church is more awake to the social needs of men. I feel sure that the world is better

now than ever before, for the different brands of Christians love one another more."

These two people live under the same stars, and walk the same earth, but they live in totally different worlds. Each one has made his own world!

You and I are doing the same thing. The color of a man's moral world is the hue of his own conduct. Whoever lives questionably will soon question the honor of others. He whose life is sincere and true will see the same thing in his neighbors.

I will stake my soul on the philosophy and religion of the little old lady. I refuse to doubt the honesty of other men. I believe that most

women are pure and good. I am willing to believe that many politicians make the attempt at honesty. I will not make my mind a receptacle for filth. I will not dwell upon the weaknesses and faults and sins of my fellowmen. I will not put on dark glasses and then curse the smoky landscape.

The little old Christian lady is right.

The wisest and best of men said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." He did not state the opposite truth, but it is equally true, "Cursed are the impure in heart, for they shall see only evil."

IN FREEDOM'S DEFENCE.

(Quoted from the War Address of President Wilson, 1917.)

We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the Nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundation of political liberty.

"We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves,

no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind.

* * * *

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

—Woodrow Wilson addressed the above words to our nation and the world in the War Message delivered before a joint session of the two houses of Congress on the evening of

April 2, 1917. Whether the high objects with which the Nation entered the Great War, were achieved, or were cast from us and forgotten, it is yet too early in the subsequent history of the world to say. As the malignant emotions of the war sub-

side, and as events test the settlements of the peace, the real meaning of that great sacrifice is being learned, and we have faith that the ultimate peace will be a lasting victory for all peoples.

“Always be careful. Carelessness can do more harm in a minute than carefulness can restore in a month.”

HERE IS A NEW ONE.

Questionnaires and intelligence tests, says the Winston-Salem Journal, are becoming as familiar as autumn leaves. But the Journal has discovered a new test sent out by a University of Chicago professor, who affirms that you are educated if you can answer all of the following questions in the affirmative, and you grade yourself on your answers:

1. Has your education given sympathy with all causes and made you espouse them?

2. Has it made you public spirited?

3. Has it made you a brother to the weak?

4. Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?

5. Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

6. Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

7. Do you see anything to love in a little child?

8. Will a lonely dog follow you in the street.

9. Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?

10. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?

11. Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?

12. Can you look out into the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

13. Can you look into the mud puddle by the wayside and see anything in the mud puddle but mud?

14. Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?

“A word spoken pleasantly falls like a large spot of sunshine on a sad and weary heart.”

PARROT TALES.

By Anne Guilbert Mahon.

Some people there are who consider parrots annoyng. Doubtless, their voices are sometimes harsh and screechy, and their monotonous way of repeating words and phrases at times "gets on one's nerves;" but the fact remains that they are a most interesting, curious and wonderful species of birds.

The parrot family is a large one, numbering about 500 varieties, from the large, brilliant-hued macaw, some of which measure as much as three feet, down through the cockatoo and parrakeet families to the tiny love-birds, no bigger than ordinary sparrows. From many countries they come: Africa, Australia, Asia, and our own America. One interested in the parrot family can find lots of material for study in the city "zoos," or even in bird stores; and there are a number of interesting books on the subject.

Each family of parrots have their different characteristics. The macaws live in large flocks in Central and South America. They are noted for the wonderful colors of their plumage, outrivaling the tropical vegetation with which they are surrounded in their native state. There are red and blue macaws, red and green, blue and yellow, and a number of other types. Their voices are loud and harsh. Seldom are they taught to talk intelligently, but they scream incessantly and sometimes bite unexpectedly. They can be bought for from ten to fifteen dollars apiece in the New York stores, the Director

of the New York Zoological Park, Dr. William T. Hornaday, tells us in his book, "The American Natural History."

The cockatoos come largely from Australia, most of them being snowy white. There are the slender-billed cockatoo, the roseate cockatoo, red-vented cockatoo, great white-breasted and rosecrested, and many other varieties. When they congregate in large flocks, their appearance is described as singularly beautiful, and their movements very peaceful. They are said to talk "with ease," and often live to a great age. Our cockatoo which died not long ago in the Philadelphia Zoo, was known to be at least ninety years old. One authority states that some parrots live to be nearly one hundred; another gives the average age as sixty years, so that the span of their lifetime closely approximates that of man.

The parrakeet is a small bird, not much larger than 12 inches—one-half of which is its tail. There is also great variety in this family: the Rosehill parrakeet, the pale-headed parrakeet, the black-tailed, and others. There is a zebra or grass parrakeet which comes from Australia. This bird is very small, of a green color striped with yellowish white lines bordered with black. This variegated coat makes it hard to distinguish from the grass in which it is usually found. There are also the ringnecked parrakeet, the blue-streaked lory, violet-

necked lory, and other graceful and beautiful birds, which come from India and Asiatic Islands.

The parrot family which furnish, perhaps, the best talkers, are the gray parrots from West Africa and the green parrots from South America. Of these, the gray parrot seems to be most notable. Parrots of these varieties retail from ten to fifteen dollars apiece in New York bird stores, Doctor Hornaday tells us.

The parrot appears in history, as it was first brought into Europe at Rome's luxury-loving period. They were considered great pets, also delicacies for the table of the epicureans of that day. It is also stated that the parrakeet was first brought to Europe by some members of Alexander the Great's expedition to India. This was claimed to be the first of the parrot tribe known to the Greeks and the Romans.

The strangest feature, however of the parrot family is its unusual imitation and possession of human characteristics. Besides acquiring the power of speech, the birds are known to possess many human traits. They are the only members of the bird family which eat their food from their claws.

The mischief-loving propensities and trickery of parrots are well known, and have been featured in many a story; but they are also docile and obedient, apt to learn, prone to remember, even to show association of ideas. Parrots love and hate. They are affectionate and docile, yet they can be jealous and sometimes vindictive. They show sympathy and sorrow. Sometimes their chatter seems meaningless. At other

times it is startling in its almost human understanding.

Parrots have been the means of warning people and procuring their rescue when in danger. A newspaper reported only the other day the case of a woman who had fallen into the water and was drowning. No one saw her, but the parrot's scream of "Help, Help!" brought a rescue just in time. Another case reported was that of a bedridden invalid alone in her apartment with her pet parrot. The house caught fire, but she was too weak to attract attention. Had it not been for the pet parrot screaming, "Fire, Fire!" and directing the firemen to her aid, the woman would have perished.

That parrots are remarkable for their intelligence and the exhibition of human traits, is established by George J. Romanes, in his interesting book, "Animal Intelligence." That a parrot can exhibit sympathy he proves in a case which he cites. A maid in the family had a sore finger. The bird showed its sympathy by "never leaving her sick room, and groaning as if itself in pain." As soon as the maid recovered, the bird grew cheerful again.

The same parrot manifested the power of association of ideas. He would ask himself for his own claw, holding it out as he did when others asked him to do so. This, Doctor Romanes states, came from the bird's associating the words and the gesture.

Another parrot showed the sense of association strongly developed. If it repeated one word picked up at a former home, it would instantly repeat all the other words and phrases acquired at the same place

and period.

Parrots not only remember, but they recollect, states Doctor Romanes. He cites the case of a parrot that would recite, "Old Dan Tucker." It would remember the beginning and the end, then try to recollect the middle. It would begin slowly, "Old—old—old" (then very quickly) "Lucy Tucker." Feeling that this was not right, it would try again, "Old—old—old—Bessy Tucker." On this plan it would substitute one word for another, striving for the desired one. If, while he was trying to recollect, someone suggested "Dan," immediately the bird supplied the word, "Tucker."

That parrots are capable of strong affection is evidenced not only by the devotion of the little love-birds for each other, but by the affection manifested by the larger variety of gray and green parrots.

An entertaining story of two parrots is told by a writer in the *National Humane Review*, showing their almost human characteristics. One of these birds, "Old Man Polly," was so affected by a certain disease that its owner sent to the Humane Society for someone to chloroform it. When the society's officer arrived, she found the bird such a fine one that she hated to kill it. Sitting down by the cage she asked it, "Polly, do you want to die?" Immediately the bird answered, "No, no, no," then began calling, "Fred, George, Brother, Mama—No, no, no." The owner asked if the lady would accept the parrot as a gift, whereupon the agent of the Humane Society took the bird to her own home. Its ailment was caused by

improper feeding, so with care and good nursing, the bird recovered, and is now a cherished member of the household.

The other parrot told about by this writer (H. H. Jacobs) is "a small green bird with a pretty red head," known as "Polly Shannon." At the death of her former mistress, Mrs. Shannon, a well-known worker for the humane cause in Kansas, "Little Polly Shannon" came to live with the society worker. At first she grieved sincerely for her lost mistress, and the writer states, "Parrots do not divide their affection;" but when she realized that Mrs. Shannon did not return, she "transferred her love" to her present owners.

Both birds are great talkers, according to the account, although "Old Man Polly" has much the larger vocabulary. He knows the name of every child on the street. At curfew time, when the mothers are calling the children, Polly calls, too, imitating first one mother, then another. At the end he says, "Is that all? Is that all?"

That parrots do understand and seem to reason things out, is evident from their answers to questions. One afternoon "Old Man Polly's" owner came home and said, "Where's Sarah?" Polly replied instantly, "Sarah—goody-bye!" Sure enough, "Sarah" was away from home.

"Polly Shannon" sings. She enjoys it immensely, her owner states, and while she sings she "rocks her little body back and forth." One piece in her repertoire is, "How are you going to keep 'em down on the farm?" She repeats the "keep 'em" many times, "laughing over

it until she can sing no more."

"They are weird, loveable little beings," the writer concludes. "Their talk is not mere chatter, but they saw words understandingly. They are very affectionate and very sensitive. They need much care as to feeding and cleanliness. We cannot pass them by—they do need us."

That parrots are fond of music is claimed by Doctor Romanes, which fact, he says, is evidenced by the "delight" they take "in hearing a piano played or a girl sing."

There are many more interesting stories illustrating the intelligence of the parrot; but I will cite just one more, to evidence the spirit of vindictiveness as displayed by a pet parrot.

A correspondent wrote Doctor Romanes that one day the cat and parrot had a quarrel. "I think the cat had upset Polly's food or something of that kind; however, they

seemed all right again." About an hour after that Polly was standing on the edge of the table. In a tone of "extreme affection" she called, "Puss, Puss, come then—come then, Pussy." All unsuspectingly, the cat came to Polly and looked up at her. With her beak Polly "seized a basin of milk standing by, and tipped the basin and all its contents over the cat; then chuckled diabolically, of course broke the basin, and half drowned the cat."

From these instances and from our own observation, we see that these "weird little creatures" are very human, after all—possessing many traits in common with mankind. A study of their characteristics and habits is most enlightening, and cannot fail to be profitable to nature lovers and all others who seek to know more about this wonderful world God has created and its many and varied inhabitants.

POOR JACK.

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father conscious of his poverty and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war, passing by,

discovered the plank and child; and a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During a battle, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and

thus addressed this kind officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of (presenting him with a Bible bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it, it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life, before the reception of his Bible; and among other enormities, how he once cast a little son three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for food!

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man, his father dying a penitent under his care; And judge of the feelings of a dying penitent, to find that the same stranger was his son—the very son whom he plunged into the sea; and had no idea but that he had immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the son's arms. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the Gospel.

CIGARETTES AND CHARACTER.

It is not true that all young people who smoke cigarettes are criminals, but it is true that nearly all criminals among young people do smoke cigarettes. Nicotine destroys the nerve forces upon which character is built. The first noticeable result of cigarette smoking by a young person is moral. The poisons of tobacco create a partial brain paralysis that makes the victim regard with indifference the finer moral distinctions. There develops a feeling of unconcern about most of the things that really matter. Such a person does not know that he is losing his moral character and it is almost impossible to convince him of the fact. He simply loses the power to comprehend such things.

Bob Burdette said, "A boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cipher with the rim knocked off."

President David Starr Jordan said,

"Boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples; they drop long before harvest-time."

Luther Burbank. "No boy would commence the use of cigarettes if he knew what a useless, soulless, worthless thing they would make of him."

Frank W. Gunsaulus said, "I do not believe there is an agency more destructive of soul, mind and body, or more subversive of good morals than the cigarette. The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization."

Henry Ford says, "You will find that almost any criminal is a cigarette smoker. Boys, through cigarettes, train with bad company. They go with other smokers to poolrooms and saloons. The cigarette drags them down."

Thomas A. Edison says, "I employ no person who smokes cigarettes."

Judge Griffin, of the Tacoma City Court, said: "A growing boy can't smoke cigarettes without warping his moral nature, and it is a fact that nine-tenths of the young cigarette smokers will steal. Cigarettes cause a boy to lose all self-respect, to be-

come listless, shiftless and less ambitious and start him on the road to the reform school or State prison."

These are all men who do not make rash statements. J. Sherman Wallace in *Young People*.

AN IMAGINARY TURKEY.

(Asheville Citizen.)

A giant gobbler which weighed fifty-four pounds, dressed, was the outstanding member of the flock of turkeys which have been handled by the Roberts Street warehouse of the Farmers' Federation during the pre-Thanksgiving season. They were all native birds, most of them raised on Buncombe County farms, and at dressed weight value represented about ten thousand dollars.

These are statistics and mere figures do not mean much to folks—they understand comparisons better, and so realizing this Manager Theron Holeome of the Federation used these facts to paint a picture which any child can understand. It shows all these turkeys combined into one gigantic bird weighing 15,000 pounds.

Gigantic? Why it is colossal, stupendous, tremendous. It stands as-

tride Pack Square with one foot at the postoffice and the other at the courthouse, and its housesize head is three thousand feet in air. Its eyes are as large as hogsheads and the Vance monument does not reach its knees.

When the turkey gobbles its compositive gobble people as far distant as Brevard would fear that the mountains had fallen down, Fairview folks would be convinced Old Rumbling Bald was about to make good its volcano threat, and the superstitious would be sure it was Gabriel's trump they heard. The feathers of this bird would make a pillow as large as the Vanderbilt hotel.

Oh yes, the Farmers' Federation does quite a business in turkeys as well as other farm products.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

The Thanksgiving Day rabbit hunt resulted in the capture of thirty rabbits.

and cleaned up the leaves about the institution last Saturday morning.

A number of boys under the direction of Mr. Richard Walker, raked

Roby Mullis, Paul Funderburk, Claiborne Gilbert and Johnny Wright,

former boys at the J. T. S., were present at the institution Thanksgiving Day.

Claude Dunn, member of the sixth cottage, received his parole last Friday.

Mr. C. B. Barber, officer of the second cottage, purchased a new Ford roadster last week.

We are all glad to know that Mrs. Chas. E. Boger has returned from the Charlotte Sanatorium.

A large number of trees were set out by the work force during the past week.

A barbecue dinner was held at the ball ground last Thursday afternoon. All the boys enjoyed this.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morris had charge of the fifth cottage, during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Alf Carrier.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, but still there is another holiday clinging close by, and that happens to be Christmas. All the boys are looking forward to it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Day, former officer and matron at the institution, were here during the past week. All the boys were glad to see them. While Mr. Day was here, he had charge of the carpenter shop.

Rev. L. A. Thomas conducted the services in the auditorium last Thursday morning. He talked chiefly

about Thanksgiving Day. Whitlock Pridgen recited the President's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Claude Evans and Jack Wilson, members of the twelfth and eleventh cottages, have returned to the institution, after spending a few days with their people in Greensboro and Charlotte.

Rev. T. L. Higgins pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist Church of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read from John 13 chapter. His text was "I am the vine and ye are the branches." Rev. Higgins preached a very interesting sermon everyone present enjoyed it.

The basketball season opened up last Saturday, with the Training School winning the first game from the White Hall School boys by a score of 8 to 5. Doy Hagwood proved a hero of the game, shooting all the goals. The team that played last Saturday, consisted of: James Long, Alwyn Shinn, William Case, Valton Lee, Doy Hagwood and Howard Riggs.

Messrs. T. L. Grier and Frank Lisk, who had been saving up marbles to scatter out to the boys, did so on Thursday afternoon. A race was held and a prize of five hundred marbles was given to the winner, two hundred and fifty for the second one and one hundred for the third. The boys winning first prizes were: Andrew Bivens, Valton Lee, James Long and Clinton Floyd. After the races, a large number of marbles

were scrambled among the boys, and some of the boys came out with a pretty good bunch of them.

We are very grateful to the Universal Film Exchange, of Charlotte, for letting us have a picture to be shown on last Saturday night. After the picture show, The Mooresville String Band, under the direction of Prof. Frank Williams, gave a short concert. The band consisted of 3

violins, 1 guitar, 1 banjo, 1 piano and a trap drum. The banjo player pulled a number of tricks with his banjo. Also Prof. Williams pulled a number of tricks with his violin, which consisted of playing on his head, under his legs, on his back, etc. He also made the violin sound like a quartet of violins were playing. Everyone present enjoyed this program, and we wish that they would come again, and that right soon.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Brevard Bradshaw, Howard Cloaninger, Jno. Keenan, Valton Lee, Chas. Loggins, Lee McBride, Cucell Watkins, Herman Goodman, Elwyn Green, Howard Keller, Hallie Matthews, Wm. Miller, Mack Wentz.

"B"

Isaac Anderson Russell Bowden, Wm Creaseman, Fleming Floyd, Albert Johnson, Whitlock Pridgen, Hurley Way, Bill Case, Doy Hagwood, Floyd McArthur, Richard Meekins, Louie Pate, Wassington Pickett, Aubrey Weaver.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Jno. Boyd, James Beddingfield, Harvey Cook, Ed. Crenshaw, Dave Driver, Walter Evers, Jno. Faggart, Arthur Hyler, Geo. McCone, Brantley Pridgen, Clyde Peterson, Wirron Terry, Bruce Bennett, Brevard McLendon.

"B"

Jeff Blizzard, Paul Camp, Buford Carter, Frank Hill, Paul Hager,

Robt. McDaniel, Sol. Thompson, Newton Watkins, Earl Wade, Nolan Woodford, Walter Williams, William Beaman, Lester Bowen, Bill Billings, Russell Capps, Len Floyd, James Long, Wenton Matthews, Alfred Mayberry, Neil Page, Fred Williams, Jno. Kivett, Henry Jackson, Paul Lanier, Sylvio Smith.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Russell Caudill, Delmas Stanley, John Creech, Pierson Hunsucker, Hunter Cline, Joseph Johnston, D. Nethercut, Lon McGee, Lum McGee, Herbert Floyd, Tom Grose, Sam Poplin, Clyde Smith.

"B"

Jack Wilson, Chas. Carter, Mack Henderson, W. Harper, Bloyee Johnston.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Calvin Hensley, Broncho Owens, Paul Sisk, Jack Stevenson, Lawson Beasley, Virgil Shipes, Hoyle Austin, Albert Smith, William Wofford, Theodore Teague, George Lewis, John

Taylor, Cecil Trull, Dan Albarty, Hewitt Collier, Marvin Kelly, Clay Church, Clarence Rogers, James Davis.

“B”

Harold Ford, Clarence Withers, Lemuel Lane, Maston Britt, William Rivenbark, Floyd Stantley, Roy Houser, Lionel Mc Mahan, Thurman Saunders, Roy Glover, Guy Haddock, Elias Warren, Bowling Byrd, Rex Allen, Ralph Wright, William Dunlap, Jack Thompson, Clarence Ballard.

Room No. 5.

“A”

Chas. Beaver, Eldon Dehart, Bennie Moore, Wendall Ramsey, Willie Shaw, Howard Riddle, Aaron Davis, Fessie Massey, Alen Cabe, Charlie Norton, Gerney Taylor, Herbert Campbell, Arnold Cecil, Lester Whitaker, James Williams, Wannie Fink, Claude Wilson, Paul Sap, Elbert

Stansbury, Hazel Robbins, Miller Leonard, Robert Hayes, Hallie Bradley, Reggie Payne, Lee King, Ray Brown, Colon Clapp, Earl Edwards, Andrew Parker, Earl Mayfield.

Earl Torrence, Al Pettigrew, Theodore Coleman, Carl Ballard, Otis Floyd, Turner Preddy, Ben Cook, Elmer Mooney, Chas. Carter, James Long, Marshal Weaver, Robert Cooper, Burton Emory, Dud Ellis, David Whitaker, Myron Tomison, Tom Tedder, Norman Beek, Nielo Bristow, George Bristow, J. D. Sprinkle.

“B”

Conley Aumond, Chas. Huggins, Chas. Tant, Fuller Moore, Waldo Moore, Roscoe Franklin, Levy Emmill, Robert Chatten, Tom Parsons, Hays Crary, Claude Whitaker, E. L. Bordou, Amos Ramsey, Ralph Clinard, Robert Sprinkle, Ray Brown, Luther Perry.

“We had three school trucks in 1916 and there are 2,500 in operation this year,” said State Superintendent A. T. Allen, yesterday. He was thinking of the big development because of his interest in the growth of the elementary schools.

“I find that the development of improved schools comes about largely by what you might call integration,” he explained, “or perhaps you would call it by example. When one school is established in a county there are sure to be others. This is the most encouraging thing about the school situation in this State. When our people see for themselves the advantages of consolidated schools, they do not stop to count the cost.—News & Observer.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody, Ticket Agent

Southern Railway, Concord, N. C.

THE

UPLIFT

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 12, 1925

No. 3

MY GIFT.

I have no wealth of wordly goods with which to help mankind, but I can give a word of cheer, a broken heart to bind, and I can give a brother's hand alike to rich and poor, and make the world a brighter trail for all who pass my door.—Arch Huneycutt.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Let the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

—Whittier.

THE COUNTY HOSPITAL.

The Committee, selected by the Mass Meeting of citizens of Cabarrus, to work out plans and methods of building a public hospital for Cabarrus county, met on the 5th organized. This organization is as follows: Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, Chairman; Mr. G. L. Patterson, Vice-Chairman; Dr. T. N. Spencer, secretary; and Mrs. H. S. Williams, Treasurer.

A number of expressions, favoring an active effort to secure said hospital, were made by Dr. J. C. Rowan, Messrs. D. B. Coltrane, G. L. Patterson, H. I. Woodhouse, W. R. Odell, J. P. Cook, and Madames H. S. Williams and G. M. Cress.

A Committee was appointed to whip into shape a proper petition to present to the County Commissioners, calling for an election on a bond issue to provide for the building of this much needed institution in the county.

Sunday, in his sermon at the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. J. C. Rowan gave his unqualified opinion of the duty confronting our citizenship and, using as a text, "There was no room for them in the inn," advocated

the proposed county hospital. In the course of his sermon he said, "The Christ was crowded out of the inn at Bethlehem because there was no Christianity in the inn. What man can lay any claim to Christianity who would not give up his room in a hotel or his berth on a train to a woman in travail. The people of today are crowding out the Christ and can lay no claim to Christianity, if they do not visit the sick. The visitation of the sick enjoined by Jesus and demanded by vital Christianity is not merely making social calls or paying social visits, but living a life of service and rendering assistance in the hour of need. I know of no wiser and better way of visiting the sick in Cabarrus county than building the proposed county hospital; and I want to be one of the ministers of this county to advocate from the Sacred Desk the building of that institution. To fail in this worthy and Christian undertaking, saying thereby to those who are not only poor but also sick, helpless and dying, we are going to see that you do not get any help even from the benefaction of him who thought of you and planned for you before he died, is to crowd the Christ out of Cabarrus county. He was crowded out of the inn at Bethlehem and to bring upon ourselves the judgment of Him who will certainly say, "I was sick, and ye visited me not, inasmuch as ye did not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

In connection with the proposed County Hospital Bond issue, a statement has been prepared by County Attorney L. T. Hartsell relative to the procedure before the election, taxes and method of running the hospital.

Mr. Hartsell's statement is as follows:

Petition presented to County Commissioners:

Signed by 200 resident freeholders, 150 of whom shall not be residents of Concord N. C., asking:

1. Annual tax may be levied for establishment and maintenance of public hospital.
2. At a place in the county to be named therein.
3. Specifying the maximum amount of money proposed in purchasing or building said hospital.

Election Ordered.

1. Upon presentation of such petition duly signed.
2. Order a new registration.
3. General or special election.
4. Giving ninety days notice in one or more newspapers published in the

county and posting in each township of said county the text of the petition and amount of tax to be levied.

Tax To Be Levied.

1. Not exceeing 1-15 of one cent on dollar.
2. Not to run exceeding twenty years.
3. Taxes levied and collected as other taxes.
4. Commissioners shall apppoint 7 trustees, 3 of whom may be women.
5. Not more than four to reside in Concord.
6. Seven trustees elected at next general election.
7. Cast lots 2 for two years, 2 for four years and 3 for six years, and at each general election trustees whose terms expired to be filled.

Method.

1. Trustees to elect a chairman and secretary.
2. County Treasurer shall be treasurer of funds.
3. No trustees shall receive any pay.
4. Trustees to make by-laws and regulations for government.
5. Select site and build hospital or purchase.
6. Appoint superintendent and assistants.

Persons Entitled to Benefits.

1. All persons of county and any person falling sick or being maimed in county.
2. Every person not a pauper must pay according to the regulations of trustees.
3. Charity patients shall be determined by trustees.
4. Equal privilege to all physicians. Patient shall have the right to employ his own physician who shall have absolute charge of his case and treatment.

* * * * *

SETTLED A GREAT QUESTION.

For some weeks the people of Mecklenburg county have been considering the question of a new court house and a new location for same.

A small minority of representative citizens appeared before the Board of County Commissioners protesting against a change. Again, the courtroom was crowded at another time by another representative gathering, clamoring for a court house, commensurate with the needs and character of the county, and insisting on a better location.

Mecklenburg folks are a wonderful people. They scrap and contend, but

when a matter is disposed of by the constituted authorities they all submit gracefully.

The Commissioners, in their wisdom, have decided to sell the present court house and build a modern one on East Avenue, hard by the Municipal Building.

* * * * *

ABOUT 1,000 YARDS.

The institution is grateful to Mr. Herman Cone, of Greensboro, for a bale of shirting, approximately one thousand yards. This gift is highly appreciated, and, for a season, all may wear shirts in the day-time and pajamas at night.

Nothing can outshine the influence and joys of a real kindly interest in action—that's Herman Cone.

* * * * *

GOV. McLEAN IN NEW YORK.

That was a great address which Gov. McLean delivered before the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, in New York, during last week.

The address has received from various outstanding journals high praise for its soundness and the ear-marks of a wise, business-like statesman.

You can't lose North Carolina—her representatives abroad always reflect credit on the great old State.

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Stonewall Circle, Sr., King's Daughters, Concord	\$ 10.00
Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Ward Grocery Company, Concord	50.00
Hoover's, Concord	5.00
A Friend	5.00

* * * * *

1925—FAREWELL—1926—ALL HAIL.

By Rev. C. F. Sherrill.

“A mighty Hand from an exhaustless Urn
Pours forth a never-ending flood of years.”

Time is the child of Eternity. Eternity is the child of God. God's sub-

limest name, next to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Father, is the Father of Eternity.

Back of us are millions of years in preparation of our coming. Millions and millions more in front of us for our likeness in the Father's love and holiness. Therefore it is not the part of wisdom, idly to watch the grains fall from the hour glass, or idly count the tick of the clock.

Every year is a call from God for some nobler deeds. When the bells at midnight ring out the old year and ring in the New Year, it is a time for retrospection, prospection, and introspection. "All hail!" we shout to the New Year. "Farewell, a long farewell!" to the Old Year.

"I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
And the future His mercy will clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near."

The heartbeats mark the going of the seconds. The sun records the days and nights. The moon measures the months. The seasons roll off the years. Time, how valuable when eternal Wisdom in so many ways tells us of its fleetness.

"Flitling away, flitling away
Hour by hour and day by day;
Never a break in the running thread
Never a pause in the solemn tread."

1925-1926. In passing from the one to the other the serious soul is conscious of a transition. The man of a great heart pauses. Backward and forward he casts the yes of his soul. How wise is he who can step into the New Year, carrying with him in memory and life the good things of the past and bidding good-bye to the things that have not wrought for our well being and that of others.

"Our lives are songs, God unites the words;
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad or sweet or sad
As we choose to fashion the measure
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever is rhyme or meter.
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is given out that the life of a dollar bill is only about one year. It has also been said that "money talks." I have seen several one dollar bills depart in my life time and their only expressions seemed to be "Good-bye." I have several friends who have buried quite a few.

A Durham lady was praising the child of a friend, which she had seen for the first time. After expressing herself on its good looks, remarked, on the smallness of the child for its age. "Oh, but you know," replied the mother, "it was brought up on condensed milk."

It was in the court house. A negro woman was on the witness stand, testifying against a negro man whom she claimed had stolen all of her clothing, and in winding up her testimony gave expression to this outburst of her indignation: "Yes, suh; Mr. Judge, dat nigger ober dar, stole my clothes; 'ceptin' what I got on he stole everything I had but my 'vocabulary'."

The whims of moods of human nature are past finding out. But it is human nature the world over. A Confederate veteran was going to a reunion in Richmond, on one occasion, and his family of several children seemed to be somewhat ashamed of him as their remarks implied before they started by what they said. They gave him this advice: "Now, dad, don't make yourself too

conspicuous. Don't try to show off. keep yourself kinda in the back ground." The old vet got there. He was dressed up in fine-looking regimentals, and was given a fine horse that was somewhat on his mettle and did a good deal of prancing about. The family was in the second-story of a building and waiting for the procession. When they saw "Dad" near the head of the column, in his uniform: his horse putting on all the airs necessary to give him prominence as one of the chief leaders, the family began to shout, at the top of their voices, "Here come father!" "Here comes father!"

Looking over a confectionery trade journal yesterday I was struck and interested in a machine for pulling candy. It was the new and modern way. But, shucks! It will never compare to the fun, the frolic, the joy and the thrills of the old-fashioned way of pulling candy, so much in vogue in the days of 45 or 50 years ago. With a pretty girl from your vis-a-vis, with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, all would wash hands, then dip them in melted lard, and you and your fair partner would get out of the stewing pan as much of the boiled sugar, or molasses, as you could handle and then begin pulling it, one at each end of the roll of sweetness. In doubling it over, in order not to let drop on the floor, your hands would meet hers, and some-how they would kinda stick together for a few moments, and in

squeezing the candy, the hands would come in for a squeeze, too. The more you pulled it, the more the hands got squeezed, and the whiter and more brittle became the candy, and there was a rivalry as to which couple would have the whitest twist of candy, as big as your arm. It was fun and merriment galore. It was an exhilarating kind of sweet performance that made you feel as if you didn't care if you pulled candy for a week. No mere mechanical machine can take the place of the old way of pulling candy. No siree.

Every citizen, whether he is a day laborer or a millionaire, is interested in three common problems. First, bread and butter for himself and his family. Second, business conditions throughout the state, the nation and the world which will permit peaceful and profitable operation of industry and farming. Third, the investment of capital in business enterprise which furnishes steady employment for labor. By an understanding of these questions on the part of the general public a sound business balance is maintained, and uninterrupted employment assured.

A question is going the rounds of the press to this effect, "One year to live, what would you do?" All sorts of answers are given. Each year teaches a man to number his days, and apply his heart unto wisdom. As for me I would lay out a plan something like this—and it is no bad idea to carry it out now: I would study the scriptures, for in them are the issues of life, and the

guide to eternal life. Like the tourist, packing his grip for summer travel, I would pack my mind with good deeds for the journey from which no traveler ever returns. Would try to have 365 percent days of more correct living, and each one a happy one to some fellow traveler. I wouldn't make money my god. Would try to go through the 365 days like a band of musci passing along the street, dispensing thrilling music to the populace, and scattering good deeds along the pathway of life. Would strive to forgive every enemy, and every one who spitefully used me, and cherish every friend. Be just, just now and not at some future time. Would be cheerful without morose sadness. Would get out in the fields with God and learn more of Him in forests and mountains, and by seashore. Would try to think more of others and less of self. Would try to be a cheerful exponent of life and not a wail unto death. That's my idea of how to live, whether it be 365 days—or just until tomorrow.

A correspondent wants to know, "What can be done for a condition where one eye is brown and the other blue?" I do not know of a thing that would permanently change them. You might dot them, and make both of them black, but it would not last a very great while.

I may be wrong, as I sometimes am, but it seems to me that the Texas woman who poisoned her four step-children because they were "unmanageable and noisy," acted too hastily. Why didn't she send them to school

and let the teachers bother with them?

—

A story runs that a negro preacher owned a mule that was notoriously easy on the trigger when it came to kicking. One Sunday morning while the parson was delivering his sermon the mule, tied close by, kept up such a racket braying the congregation was plainly annoyed. Finally the preacher interrupted his sermon to ask: "Brethren an sistren, is dar anybody in dis house who knows how to make dat mule shet up?" "Pahson," said a member of the congregation, "ef you will tie a stone to dat mule's tail he will keep quiet." "Well, den, breddren and sistren," said the preacher, "let him who is widdout sin tie de fust stone."

—

Some time ago several large organizations, composed of women, met in Washington to "determine the cause and cure of war." The cause of war (barring rebellion for freedom) is usually profit. The cure for such wars is to take away the profit. Drafting factories and dollars, the same as conscripting human bodies, would work wonders.

—

In an accident a fellow human be-

ing, of 20 years of age, lost his left leg and the other was so badly mashed it is useless. A jury awards him \$60,000. But he, formerly strong and athletic, sits glumly at the window and says, "What do I care for a couple dollars? They won't give me back my legs." Money is not all, though most of us never realize it until we have lost health or become crippled. If we realized, the goal of our work would be health and sound bodies, rather than pay.

—

It is told me that a Durham lady asked one of her friends the other day, why she did not have her hair bobbed. The friend replied that she could not decide on the style she wanted—whether to have it look like a whisk broom or a feather duster.

—

A city man out of work "hired out" to a farmer. At 4 o'clock the first morning the newly employed hired man was called to breakfast. A few minutes later the old farmer was astonished to see the man walking off down the road. The farmer hailed him, "Say! Come back and eat breakfast 'fore you go to work." "Ain't going to work," the man yelled back. "I'm going to find a place where I can stay all night."

Think this over: \$1.00 spent for a lunch lasts five hours. \$1.00 spent for a necktie lasts five weeks. \$1.00 spent for a cap lasts five months. \$1.00 spent for an automobile lasts five years. \$1.00 spent for a water-power or railroad grade lasts for five generations. \$1.00 spent in the service of God lasts for eternity.—Babson.

FOR TOWN PEOPLE, ONLY.

(Albemarle News-Herald.)

Have you who live in the towns and cities ever really stopped to think how absolutely inconsiderate most of us are of the rights of the rural dweller? We motor out in the spring time and, like so many vandals, we pluck his flowers, break up his native shrubbery and mar the beauty of his countryside. We go right on the land of the farmer, on which he pays taxes just like we pay taxes on our stocks of merchandise, office furniture or oak yards, and park ourselves for an all-day picnic. We make a big mess with our paper boxes, scraps of food, chicken bones and whatever else we may feel like throwing around his spring, and then go off without ever stopping to think that we should certainly show the landowner the consideration and courtesy of cleaning up. We trespass upon his land with guns and dogs in fall and winter, shooting his birds and even endangering his life and that of his family by our too often reckless and promiscuous shooting. We do all these things and then talk ugly to him if he orders us away, and we call him an old grouch, and every other ugly name we can think of. Are we treating Mr. Country Dweller right when we do this?

The farmer buys and pays for his land. And it is his and the trees and flowers and birds and water are his and everything on that land is his. He pays taxes on that property just the same as we pay taxes on our homes and front lawns in the towns

and cities. Have we any right to steal his flowers break and mutilate his trees and shrubbery or shoot his birds?

Suppose Mr. Farmer should get out his Ford, load in all the kids and the wife and the neighbors' wives and some of the neighbors' kids, and then suppose he should drive that Ford up in front of some of our beautiful city homes where we have well kept lawns and flowers and shrubs. And then suppose he should park his Ford in our front lawn and the kids should commence to run here and there, breaking up our flowering bushes and young trees and filling that Ford full of the flowers and parts broken away. Then suppose he should get out his lunch boxes, spread out his dinner on our front lawn, eat and leave a big mess of paper, boxes glass jars, tin cans melon rinds and other junk there, to mar the beauty of our place. How long do you think he would stay out of the hands of the local police? We'd tell Mr. Rural Dweller that that was private property, that we owned it and that we have to pay taxes on it and that we pay those taxes for protection against unlawful trespassers, etc. And yet that is not a bit worse than we treat country property owners and his rights. Folks, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

But you may think the country landscape—the great out-of-doors—is something on which no one has a

monopoly. That's true. The fields and water courses and woods and birds and flowers anywhere are ours—ours to see and love and admire—but not ours to trample and mutilate and waste. Our beautiful city homes, with their well-kept front lawns and gardens and flowers are the farmer's—his to look at, to admire, to enjoy—but not his to trample and destroy and carry away. It's all the same, brother. We have no more right to mutilate and trample and carry away the young trees and birds and wild flowers growing on the farmer's property, than he has to do the same with ours in the city. We have no more right to park ourselves on his property in the country and make a big mess and go away and leave it there, than the farmer has to come onto our front lawns and make a big mess picnicking and then go off and leave it there. It's all the same. Just a matter of representing the other fellow's rights.

Up in Pennsylvania the legislature has passed a law making it a fine of \$200.00 or imprisonment of not more than three years, to steal a farmer's vegetables, or apples, break and mutilate his trees and shrubs, shoot his birds, or otherwise trespass upon his rights, as a private property owner. In other words the Pennsylvania law forbids the stealing and carrying away of anything living or growing on the land of another. And that's

just the kind of a law we need right here in North Carolina. If we had such a law and it were rigidly enforced, all this tearing off great limbs of trees in order to get the foliage, or flowers or berries, would soon stop. But worst of all, we people who live in towns and cities need a keener sense of what is right and wrong. We need to learn to respect the rights of other people, and when we learn this, we shall stop shooting the farmers' birds, breaking and taking away his trees, flowers, etc.

We are approaching another Christmas season. Soon we shall all be thinking of Christmas decorations of holly, cedar, pine and mistletoe. This country has a plenty of holly and cedar and pine and mistletoe and other things to decorate our homes. This country has also a plenty of money too, but unfortunately for many of us, it is not ours, and we can't enjoy it unless it were ours. So with these things which are a part of the property on which the farmer pays taxes. We should, therefore, not try to steal our holly and cedar and mistletoe but on the contrary we should go to the owner of the land on which these things are growing and buy, or at least offer to pay for the decorations which we may want. Let's be fair with the land-owner as we expect him to be fair with us.

Each man is a hero and a oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.—Emmerson.

OUR CHURCH AND WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

The attitude of the Christian to worldly amusements has ever been the problem of the Church. Every since the Church was organized, the problem has been how can a Christian obey the plain injunctions of the Scriptures, "Be not conformed to the world," and yet yield to that natural craving of the mind for some kind of amusement.

When you come to dealing with the young, you are bound to recognize that they have to resist impulses that do not influence those that are older, and that they can be controlled more by example than by precept and that the surest way is to instill from childhood habits in keeping with the teachings of Scripture.

We find that at the present time there is a wave of worldly conformity sweeping over our land.

There are so few homes left, where a family can find entertainment within themselves, and therefore the young people wander off, and follow the prevailing customs.

Their elders, instead of setting a good example, are among the most persistent followers of worldly pleasures.

In view of this prevailing tendency, it may be well to state the position of our Church with regard to what is known as "worldly amusements."

The General Assembly, in 1902, thus defined "worldly conformity:" "By worldly conformity is meant

conforming to the sinful practices of the world." Rom. 12 :2: "Be ye not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," etc. 1 John 2 :15-16: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," etc.

In 1877, the Assembly took the following action: "the Assembly has uniformly discouraged and condemned the modern dance in all its forms, as tending to evil, whether practiced in public halls or in private parlors."

"The extent of the mischief done depends largely upon circumstances. The Church Session is therefore the only court competent to judge what remedy to apply."

"We further affectionately urge all our Christian parents not to send their children to dancing schools, where they acquire a fondness and an aptitude for this dangerous amusement."

Here we have the plain position of the Church. Then when you became a member, you replied in the affirmative to this question:

"Do you submit yourself to the government and discipline of the Church, and promise to study its purity and peace?"

Here we have what our highest court deems essential for the purity of the Church, and, on the other hand, we have the solemn promise of every member to study the purity of the Church.

Can any one hesitate as to what to do?

BECAME ENGLAND'S GREATEST SCULPTOR.

By Archer Wallace.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there was a little shop in the heart of London, England, where the owner sold antique plaster casts of famous people. Most of these casts were of persons written of in classic history such as Niobe, Venus, Hercules, Ajax and Achilles, but others were of more recent time as Lord Howe, Admiral Hawke and George II who was reigning at that time.

Visitors to this place saw at the back of the shop a delicate little lad, with a pale face, generally seated in a chair stuffed with cushions and propped by pillows. Never far from him was his mother, the shopkeeper's wife, whose greatest care in life seemed to be her sick boy who looked as though he would never grow up to become a man.

Little John Flaxman—for that was the boy's name—came into the world with so frail a body that few people thought he could live very long. For the first ten years of his life only the constant care of his father and mother kept him alive. He attended school for a very short time. His health made it impossible for him to take his place alongside other boys, and as to romping around and playing with them, of course it was out of the question. He hobbled around on crutches and often as he lay at home supported by pillows he could hear the shouts of other boys at play.

The plaster casts around his father's

shop never failed to interest John Flaxman. He asked a great many questions about each one, and questions which his parents could not always answer. He was anxious to get an education and as he was unable to attend school he depended largely upon the help his parents could give him.

One day a clergyman named Matthews visited the shop in order to get a little model repaired which his servant had broken. While Mr. Flaxman, senior, was repairing the figure, the clergyman noticed little John reading and when he saw that the book was a Latin grammar he became interested at once. The pale, delicate face of the boy greatly attracted Mr. Matthews and he promised to return the following day with a book of Homer so that the boy could learn about the classic heroes, concerning whom the lad asked so many times. The clergyman was as good as his word and next day put into John's hands a volume of Homer, which so fascinated John Flaxman, that soon he covered whole sheets of paper with sketches of scenes from Homer's works. He spent a great many hours trying to mould figures, using plaster of Paris, soft clay or wax. As he was only eight or nine years of age, his models were quite crude, but he labored away and as he seemed so supremely happy in doing it, his parents gently praised and thus encouraged his work.

After he passed his tenth birthday he began to grow stronger. He became well enough to go out without his crutches, and while he was far from being as robust as other lads of his age, he was able to take walks in the park and soon some color of health stole into his cheeks.

One day Rev. Mr. Matthews invited John over to his home so that Mrs. Matthews might tell him more about the heroes of Greece about whom he was so fond of reading. That was the beginning of a new day in John's life. He listened spell-bound as Mrs. Matthews told of the romantic careers of Hercules, Achilles and many others. He visited the Matthews' home a great many times, and tried hard to make plaster casts of these heroes of ancient times. There came to him a great ambition. He resolved to become a sculptor. At first it seemed ridiculous and almost impossible. He had scarcely been to school a day in his life. His parents were too poor to send him to any art school, but even what seemed to be a greater obstacle than either, was his own health which still prevented him from getting around as other boys did. But the more he thought about it the more determined he became that he would finally realize his great ambition.

About this time a gentleman asked him to make six drawings and when they were finished he praised John's work and paid him for it. This was the first money that John had ever earned and there was no happier or prouder boy in all England. He began to attend an art academy and when he was fifteen he won a silver

medal in the academy contest for a model he had cast. Two years later he tried for the gold medal award, and although it was expected by all that he would win, the prize was awarded to another boy. This was a bitter disappointment to John Flaxman, but in reality it was a good thing for him. He became more determined than ever to put his best into everything he attempted and to take absolutely nothing for granted.

About this time the great potter Josiah Wedgewood heard about John Flaxman's skill and visited him. He asked him to make some designs in pottery: tea-cups, saucers, jugs and tea-pots. Wedgewood did not know whether or not John Flaxman would think himself above doing such things but the young sculptor never hesitated a moment. He was glad to do the work, both for the experience he would get, and because of the money he could earn which he badly needed. Josiah Wedgewood was delighted with Flaxman's work and the two worked together for several years.

One day John Flaxman heard the great artist Sir Joshua Reynolds say, in a lecture, that no man could hope to become a great artist, either as a painter or a sculptor, who did not visit Italy and so study at first hand the great masterpieces that are to be found there. Flaxman left that lecture very much depressed. Just a short time before that he had married and he told his young wife what Sir Joshua Reynolds had said. She was not discouraged in the least. She said: "You earn what you can, and leave the saving to me, and per-

haps before many years are over, we shall have enough to take us both to Italy." So, for five years John Flaxman worked as hard as his health would permit. Even for fine designs he received at first only fifteen shillings each and later on, one guinea. But his careful wife kept putting away a little whenever she could, and at the end of five years, they had sufficient to take them to Italy.

It was in 1787 that John Flaxman went to Italy and he stayed there seven years, studying, and at the same time working to earn money. What he saw in Italy greatly astonished and delighted him. The marvelous workmanship of Michael Angelo and other great masters thrilled him so that he longed to greatly improve upon his own work. When he returned from Rome in 1794 he soon had more work than he could do. He executed a monument to Lord Mansfield which was placed in Westminster Abbey and when a noted sculptor of that time saw it, he said: "This little man, Flaxman, cuts us all out."

From that time until he died in 1826, John Flaxman easily took the leading place among English sculptors. He had studied carefully the works of other men, but he was constantly carrying out some new ideas of his own. When he went out for

a walk he often saw scenes which gave him ideas and he would return to his study and commence the work of making models of what he had seen. He found his subjects in the parks, the streets, and often even in the nursery, for he dearly loved children. As he walked along the streets he did not look as though he were a great man. He seemed very feeble, and his head appeared to be too large for his body. He hurried along with a peculiar sidelong gait and he gave passers-by the impression that he was more or less deformed. Still, in spite of all this John Flaxman became one of the greatest men of his day. His work may be seen at a great many places in Great Britain and even in India. He helped in the decorations for Buckingham Palace and many of the noblest monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are the works of his hands. Others are to be found in such places as the British Museum, South Kensington Museum and the Flaxman Hall at University College. He was made Professor of Sculpture at the Royal Academy and when he died in 1826, no one disputed what was said of him: "He was the most gifted genius in sculpture that England ever produced."

What we call real estate—the solid ground to build a house on—is the broad foundation on which nearly all the guilt of this world rests.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE AMERICAN MISTLETOE.

By Harriette Wilbur..

Ireland has her shamrocks, Scotland her thistle, Japan her chrysanthemum, and France her fleur-de-lis. The United States has not gone on record as favoring any particular blossom for its floral emblem, perhaps because it is impossible for the people to select any one flower among so many. However, all but eleven states of the union have formally, by legislative action or otherwise selected state flowers.

Oklahoma has the honor of being the first of our states to take legislative action in the adoption of a state flower. In January, 1893, the territorial government was considering the question of exhibits for the Chicago World's Fair, and a territorial seal. The ladies of Oklahoma had presented a petition asking that the mistletoe be made the territory's emblematic flower. A bill to that end was accordingly introduced and passed by a large majority.

In a way this seems a peculiar choice, since the mistletoe is not noted for its flowers, is of parasitic growth, and is so common in the southern states as to be quite a pest.

* But this small plant is in the nature of a flower itself at Christmas time when the evergreen leaves are set off by clusters of tiny waxy-white berries. Perhaps it was out of tribute to the plant's value as a Christmas decoration that the ladies of Oklahoma selected the mistletoe.

The leaves are as much ornamental as useful to the plant, which is not generally true of leaves, as a rule; they are primarily useful, after that ornamental. But the thick, fleshy, leather-like blades are almost veinless, and if examined under a magnifying glass and compared with one of the chiefly useful leaves, such as the lilac, it will be found that the mistletoe blade has only two hundred breathing pores to the square inch, while the lilac has two hundred thousand. This peculiarity of the mistletoe leaf is due to its parasitic nature; since the plant gets its nourishment by appropriating the sap of the tree upon which it grows, the leaves do not have to work so hard absorbing necessary elements from the air. The leaves of the host-plant do this for the mistletoe.

The way the mistletoe grow is interesting. It is supposed that the seeds become scattered by both wind and birds, chiefly birds that eat the berries, then try to wipe the sticky pulp from their bills and so work the seeds into the crevices of the bark on the branches where they sit. Of course, often the seed will be planted on the under side of a branch.

But this makes not a bit of difference to a healthy mistletoe seed. For whatever position the seed may be in, when its roots start they turn toward the perch on which the seed rests. Frequently a root must arch itself over to reach the bark. As

soon as the tip of a root touches the bark, the end spreads out to form a sort of disk, which gives it a firm hold. This disk proceeds to put out roots which pierce the bark of the branch, and connect the young plant with the sap-stream of its host.

A young mistletoe plant has the juicy, sappy look of a stalk of purslane, but it grows woody as it gets older. The branches are repeatedly forked, and form dense tufts a foot or two in diameter. The branches break easily at the joints, but the thick base of the plant itself is very strong and tenacious. It keeps up its connection with the wood of the branch where it grows, and becomes firmly ingrown so that nothing can pull or wrench it away.

The flowers are minute four-petaled little jugs of a waxy green-white, set in short catinlike spikes. The fruit is a berry with a single seed buried in glutinous pulp. This sticky substance was much used in the making of bird-lime.

There are more than four hundred species of mistletoe found the world over, most of them tropical. In the United States there are many varieties and they range far and wide, from the New Jersey coast west and south.

Mistletoe grows on a variety of trees, the favorite being the apple tree. In Europe it is a pest in orchards, as when once established it continues to grow as long as there is any life left in its host. The European mistletoe is not often found on the oak, but the American plants make no discrimination against the

oak. In Texas mistletoe is especially abundant on the mesquite, upon which it often grows in such quantities as to hide the proper foliage of the tree.

"Traveling through the south," writes one observer, "one may see thousands of trees literally festooned with mistletoe, now growing like witches' brooms, now in graceful array, but always calmly appropriating for its own development the life blood of the tree upon which its feeds."

Instances have been recorded of the growth of one mistletoe plant upon another mistletoe. It thrived at that, strange to say. Often the host does not, as Shakespeare wisely observes:

"The trees, thought summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe."

The superstitions and legends connected with the mistletoe are numerous, and, parasitic though it is, there is no blossom in the list of state flowers that has more romance clinging to it than Oklahoma's choice. Which may explain the reason for its choice.

Mistletoe figured in the superstitious rites of the British Druids. Perhaps they saw in the perpetual greenness of the leaves an emblem of eternal life; or in its ability to survive the rigors of winter, it symbolized to them the independent life of Deity. Therefore, it was esteemed as an antidote to all poisons and a cure for numberless diseases.

So this "all-heal," as they termed it, was gathered at certain sea-

sons with the most formal and pompous ceremonies. The English plant being more rare upon the oak than upon any other tree, as soon as a specimen was located on an oak, the Druids collected in crowds about the tree, a banquet was prepared, a sacrifice made ready, a priest in white robes cut the twig with a golden sickle, two other white-robed priests caught it in a white cloak, two milk-white heifers were instantly offered up, the twig was divided among the people to be preserved as a charm against disease and other evils, such as witchcraft.

“First come the Druids, who, I’ve been told,
The mistletoe cut with a knife of gold.”

—English History in Rhyme.

As a preventive of nightmare and other night scares, it is still held in high regard on the continent. In France, amulets formed of the mistletoe were much worn in olden times; in Sweden, a finger-ring made of the wood is considered a general antidote against sickness, while a branch of it is hung up somewhere about the home that the building may some through lightning storms untouched.

One legend states that the mistletoe, which is now a mere parasitic shrub, was originally a fine forest tree. But since the Crucifixion it has existed in its present degraded form because from its wood the cross was made. There is also a legend current in few countries that the mistletoe was the forbidden tree in the Garden of Eden.

The mistletoe is one of the chief

actors in one of the nature myths of the early Saxons. Balder, the god of light and peace, was the son of Odin, or Wotun, and of Freya, the goddess of love. One night he dreamed a dreadful dream that warned him he was in great peril. Freya no sooner heard of this than she determined to thwart fate. She accordingly exacted an oath from the four elements, earth, air, fire and water and all things springing from them, that they would do no harm to her son. This being given, the Scandinavian gods met in their hall at the winter solstice, and amused themselves by casting stones, darts, sticks and other missiles at Balder, to test the vows of the elements. In obedience to their oaths, these all fell off from Balder, leaving him unharmed.

Loki, the spirit of evil, mischief and discord, filled with astonishment and envy, resolved to find some way to neutralize Balder’s safety. Transforming himself into an old woman, he approached Freya, congratulated her upon her son’s inviolability, and asked if all things had taken the oath of protection. The goddess acknowledged that the mistle toe had not, but it was only a parasite and not a plant, and was besides too feeble and small to harm him.

Loki left rejoicing, assumed his own shape, and seizing the largest bough of mistletoe he could find, fashioned it into an arrow. On returning to the assembly he found the gods still engaged at the sport, a little way off being Hoeder, the blind god of fate, who could not share in the amusement. Loki begged him to join

in doing honor to Freya's son, placed the mistletoe dart in his hand and guided his arm for the throw. The arrow flew with fatal accuracy, piercing the hapless Balder and laying him dead before the startled gods.

When, at the urgent prayers of the gods and goddesses, Balder was restored to life, Freya took the mistletoe under her charge. Everyone who came under the branch received

a kiss, as atoken that in the future the mistletoe was to be a symbol of love, and not of death.

“Hail, hail to its leaves of rich green,
With pearls that are fit for a queen,
So pure and white.

Such emblems of innocent mirth
We'll value as blessings on earth,
In this season of joy, giving birth
To social delight.”

—Isaac Watts.

WINTER.

Autumn shades are fading fast
And the dead leaves rustle past,
And the bleak and barren season is before us;
Wintry clouds are in the sky,
And the chill winds moan and sigh
Like a doleful dirge that brings a shudder o'er us.

Autumn's gold has turned to gray,
And the birds have gone away,
And the flowers too have all gone into hiding;
Yet they have not gone so far
But that God knows where they are,
And His hand through death to life their way is guiding

After winter shall be spring,
With new life in everything;
Nature's smile is sweeter after winter's frowning;
Triumph follows after strife;
After death, the endless life;
After bitter cross, the glory of the crowning.

—A. L. Crawley.

A LUTHERAN INTERPRETATION.

(Charlotte Observer.)

Rev. F. E. Reissig is pastor of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, at Rochester, N. Y. In a recent sermon to his congregation he gave his views as to the church and the broadness of its mission, in which he made special reference to the class attitude. In the course of his remarks he outlined what might be called the church of service. It was his declaration that the church dare not exist on any one class of people. It must be, if it is true to its mission, a church for rich and poor alike; for the socially high and socially low; for the person in furs and the person in rags. The church must have as warm a hand of welcome for the laborer as it has for the business man and the more prosperous. There is no room for the cold shoulder in the church of Christ. No Christian will shrug his shoulders when an ill-clad person sits beside him in church. Much of the criticism of the poorer people concerning the church is justified. They do not feel at home in our churches, they say. If Jesus were in the pew

poor people would always feel at home there. This church dare never be ruled by any one class of people, or by any small group, or by any one man. It is the church of the people. They as a whole must determine its policy and work out its plans.

Having gone that far, Mr. Reissig got down to the real object of his talk. It was to raise money, and he maintained that a church of the kind he had outlined "deserves the support of the people of the community outside the congregation, for there is no limit, no boundary, to the church's limit." Then he delivered a concluding truth on which the people might be agreed. It was his view that "people who do not support the church are as bad as the man who will sit down to a meal at a hotel and not pay for it." And it is a further fact of demonstration in almost any community, that "many people thrive under the influence of the Christian church and never turn a hand toward support of the church."

THIS WONDERFUL PERIOD.

There never was such a wonderful period. We never before knew so much or could do so much. We never experienced an age of equal comfort. No part of yesterday was so glorious as this hour.

The hundred years behind us are jammed and crammed with achieve-

ments that outbalance the sum total of progress since the signing of the Magna Charta.

The average mechanic enjoys luxuries that Midas, with all his wealth, could not command. The college freshman has more real information in his little finger than the erudition

of the foremost scholar of the Renaissance. We have done more to put existence on a sane, logical, and definite basis than did all of our ancestors.

A mere hundred years ago even the scientist thought that the atmosphere was simply space, gas was only a smell.

The first microbe hadn't disclosed his identity.

Metchnikoff's announcement of battling hosts in every drop of human blood would have earned him a padded cell.

The best illumination George Washington could secure came from tallow dips, lighted by a spark from flint and steel.

Every piece of fabric was woven by hand.

The steamboat was still building on the ways of Fulton's brain, and the wheels of the steam engine had only moved Stephenson's head.

It took Benjamin Franklin two weeks to send a letter from Boston and get a reply from Baltimore.

Abraham Lincoln's angular frame

never reposed in a Pullman berth.

Garfield called a twenty-day liner an ocean greyhound.

Only recently the father of anti-septic surgery was gathered to his fathers.

Electric light, trolley cars, bicycles, automobiles, department stores, skyscrapers, ten-cent collars, tinned salmon, airships, penny newspapers, appendicitis, and power cranes are still infant ideas.

Such things as wireless telegraphy and radio and sending photographs by wire are still in the experimental stage.

Thirty years ago electricity had never been hitched to a wheel; gunpowder was the most powerful explosive; subways weren't considered within possibility.

Impossibility is now an old-fashioned word with a definition, but not a meaning. Almost every dream of the past is a reality today.

The magic cities and the fairy kingdoms of your grandmother aren't half so wonderful as the world in which you live.

PIZARRO THE ADVENTURER 1470-1521.

By A. C. Crews.

A young man who delighted in romances filled with exciting adventures, with plenty of fighting thrown in, was complaining that he was out of reading matter. A friend recommended him to try "The Conquest of Peru" by W. H. Prescott.

"That's history, isn't it?" he queried. And then he added, "History is always dry, and I don't care for it."

"Try this book," suggested his friend, "and let me know how you like it."

He did so, and returned the volume, a few days later, positively enthusiastic over its contents.

"That is the most interesting book I have read for a long time," said he. "That man Pizarro was a wonder."

The young man was right in his

estimate of the book and of its chief hero. Pizarro was indeed a remarkable man, although he would not be held up as a model in these times.

Francisco Pizarro was born in Spain in the year 1471, and grew up in ignorance and vagabondage. He had no education, and to the day of his death could neither read nor write.

When he was about twenty-one years old, all Spain began to ring with the discoveries of Columbus, and others in America, and the young Pizarro began to long for adventure. Leaving his occupation as a swineherd, he ran away to Seville, and joined one of the expeditions sailing for the new world. He accompanied Balboa in his famous march across the mountains to the Pacific, and shared with him the joy of discovering the great ocean. After many experiences of which we have little information, the great enterprise of his life was entered upon. Hearing highly colored accounts of the exploits of Cortez in Mexico, he had an intense desire to emulate him. Accordingly he formed a partnership with Diego de Almagro, a soldier of experience, and Hernando de Luque, a priest, supplied with some means. An old vessel was refitted and with a hundred adventurers, sailed from the port of Panama in November, 1524, leaving Almagro to follow in a smaller ship.

Everything seemed to conspire to make this expedition a failure. Pizarro and his men met with all kinds of difficulties, and returned rather cast down, but by no means disheartened. The Governor was not

very well satisfied with the results of the expedition, and had to be bribed to give his consent to another undertaking of a similar nature.

One hundred and sixty men were enlisted, and another attempt was made. They proceeded southward. The aspect of the coast became more and more inviting as they advanced. There were signs of an extensive civilization: fields cultivated with maize, cacao, and potatoes; many villages, and at length a town of more than two thousand houses, laid out in streets and with many inhabitants. The enthusiasm of the Spaniards was unbounded, but their spirits fell considerably when they noted that when they attempted to land, they were met with hostile demonstrations upon the part of the natives. Pizarro remained on a barren island, while Almagro returned to Panama for more men. Instead of affording assistance, the Governor of Panama sent out two vessels with orders that every Spaniard should return. Provisions were carried to the famished and emaciated followers of Pizarro, many of whom were eager enough to abandon their enterprise and return in the ships. Pizarro alone refused to obey the Governor's commands. A most dramatic scene followed at a place called Gallo. Drawing a line on the sand, he cried, "Comrades! on this side lie hunger and hardships; on this side, ease and safety. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panama and poverty. Choose every man for himself, like brave Castilians. For me, I go south."

He stepped across the line, and

twelve brave men followed him. They saw the ships containing their comrades sail away, and this little band was left as a forlorn hope. They had not even a ship, and their supplies were exceedingly scanty. Pizarro's friend, Ruiz, fortunately returned with a small vessel with provisions, but brought no reinforcement of men. In this frail craft the intrepid rovers put to sea and made some important discoveries along the coast of Peru, securing a number of trophies which indicated the fertility of the soil. Then he returned to Panama, carrying news of his discoveries. The Governor, greatly annoyed at Pizarro's disobedience to his orders, was not very cordial, and the adventurer determined to go to Spain and appeal to the sovereign. To his great satisfaction King Charles V espoused the cause, and even as Isabella had aided Columbus, so the Queen of Charles V came to the assistance of Pizarro, bestowing upon him the title of Governor of Peru, and a generous salary, to be drawn, however, from the conquered country. The document drawn up as an agreement also made provision for the conversion to Christianity of the country to be subjugated and plundered.

With his three brothers, and about a hundred other followers, he sailed from Seville in January, 1530, and a year later, after a solemn consecration of his enterprise in the Cathedral at Panama, he put forth from that port with 180 men, and 27 horses to undertake the subjugation of a powerful empire.

"That empire," says one histori-

an, "lay in the bosom and on both sides of the mighty ranges of the Andes, occupying thirty-seven degrees of the coast south of the equator, and extending eastward far over the valleys of the Amazon and its numerous tributaries. It was under the rule of the Incas, a parental despotism, which spread an iron network of laws over millions of subjects of different races and languages. Its mountain slopes, tablelands, sea coasts and plains comprised every variety of climate and almost every diversity of physical features. Its capital was Cuzco, where dwelt the adored Incas: there also was the famous Temple of the Sun, with its gorgeous decorations and gold gems. Canals, aqueducts, complete systems of irrigation for the rainless regions: magnificent mountain roads, built to endure for centuries: fine textile fabrics, utensils of clay and copper, vessels and ornaments of silver and gold: bridges, fortresses, and edifices of a rude but massy and symmetrical architecture, well adapted to the climate and the needs of the inhabitants: armies, magistrates, courts of justice—such were some of the tokens of a wide semi-civilized prosperity, which less than two hundred Spanish adventurers were proceeding ruthlessly to destroy."

Pizarro landed his small army and fell upon the inhabitants of a village, putting the inhabitants to flight, and pillaging their dwellings. A considerable amount of treasure thus obtained was sent back to Panama. Soon Hernando de Soto, afterward famed as the discoverer of the Miss-

issippi, joined Pizarro with one hundred men and a number of horses.

With this reinforcement Pizarro felt strong enough to invade the interior. The story of that invasion is one of the most astonishing in all history. It is told in detail very graphically by Prescott, and can only be very briefly sketched here.

The Inca Atahualpa had an immense army occupying an advantageous position from which he might effectively have disputed the passage of the invaders, but he seemed to be of a simple, trustful nature and sent to exchange gifts with the Spaniards making assurance of friendship. Pizarro made a visit of courtesy to the Inca, which was returned by the Peruvian ruler who came in great state borne in a gorgeous palanquin. Not a Spaniard was to be seen until a priest advanced to meet the monarch and at once proceeded to give him some information concerning the true faith and the power of Spain. Pizarro saw that his opportunity had come. He waved his scarf, a signal gun was fired, and with fierce battle cries the Spaniards rushed from all sides upon the unhappy Peruvians. The scene that followed is thus described by an old writer.

The shouts, the blaze and smoke of firearms, the terrible detonations, the sight of plunging horses and their riders, with the sudden fury of the onset, paralyzed with terror the multitude of unarmed attendants, who fell the victims of a horrible massacre. The Inca was seized and borne off a captive. And yet the pursuit

and slaughter did not cease until thousands of panic-stricken and defenseless Peruvians had been slain, and more prisoners had been taken than were required to provide every Spaniard with a retinue of servants.

Atahualpa was taken captive, but offered to fill a large room with vessels of gold as a ransom, if he were liberated. The golden treasure soon began to come in on the backs of the Indians—goblets, vases, salvers, massy plates, and tiles from the walls of palaces and temples. Some of these objects weighed several pounds, and many of them were very artistic. But they were all ruthlessly melted into ingots to be divided among the conquerors. Gold to the value of more than seventeen million dollars, measured by our modern standard, was thus secured, besides a vast amount of silver.

Pizarro proved himself to be absolutely faithless, for instead of freeing the Inca he caused him to be executed, after being tried by a military court of his enemies.

It would not be very profitable to follow further battles of Pizarro. He succeeded in subduing the entire country and became the autocratic ruler. He came to a violent end at the hands of assassins in 1535. His last word was "Jesus," and his last act was to stoop and make the symbol of the cross with his finger on the bloody floor.

It would seem that, according to the ideas of his time, he was very religious man, but it was a religion of forms and ceremonies only. There is danger of the same kind of per-

functory and formal piety today. He showed none of the spirit of Christ in his conduct. Greed of gold and ambition for power seem to have possessed him. The best that can be said of this extraordinary man is

that he was courageous, persistent and aggressive, but on the other hand he was cruel, avaricious and perfidious, exhibiting none of the qualities of a great ruler.

A LONG ROAD YET.

(The Citizen.)

North Carolina has advanced such a considerable distance on the road of Progress, has come so far in a short time after starting its journey, that it is justified in congratulating itself.

But there is potential danger in this self-satisfaction; the applause of others is soft music to our ears, but we need beware of the suggestion that we have arrived at the end of our journey, or that at worst it is but a few easy steps beyond. We have not reached our goal—we have a long way yet to go on the road of civic endeavor.

We must brace ourselves for a greater effort than we have yet made—there is a long stretch of road between us and the advance registered by some other States. It is wise to admit this fact; progress can be made only by facing stern realities and not ignoring them. In some ways we are emphatically not the most advanced State.

The University News Letters shows this in this brief summary comparing the home conveniences of North Carolina with those of Iowa:

Of the one thousand farm homes surveyed in North Carolina, six had washing machines, nine had running

water, nine had bathtubs, six had indoor toilets, ten had kitchen sinks, and so on.

In Iowa 760 out of one thousand would have washing machines, 450 running water, 530 bathtubs, and so on. Contrast the conveniences found in North Carolina farm homes with farm homes in Iowa.

No more important matter calls for North Carolina's consideration than bringing about a situation where the rural homes shall have such conveniences. Governor Locke Craig realized this need when he expressed the hope that he would live to see the day when the farm houses of North Carolina should have running water and bath rooms.

Governor Craig realized that such material things had more than a material value. They tend to make the home—in these days people regard a home as something more than a walled and roofed house which will protect them against rain and cold. They know a cave will do this—and they have passed the cave age. If their houses lack home adjuncts they are tempted to go where these are obtainable. Hence the exodus from country to city.

COPPER.

(Young People.)

Copper was first used five thousand years before Christ was born. The Romans found copper on the island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean sea. It was called *Cyprum* and our word copper was derived from that word.

The Indians used Copper in America before the White men came. They used Copper because it was easy to hammer into different forms.

Copper played an important part in the World War. The Germans even collected door-knobs and cooking utensils to make into munitions of war.

In the United States Arizona ranks first, Montana second, Michigan third and Utah fourth in the production of copper. Half the world's supply of copper comes from the United States or two billion tons which is valued at about \$500,000,000.

Different metals are made from Copper. Dutch metal for instance, is made from eleven parts of Copper and two parts of zinc. Bronze is made from copper and tin.

If you should go to a Copper mine you would notice a large shaft house in which is a small room usually about 15 by 25. The shaft is slanting downward so as to take off some of the pressure. The tunnels are about one hundred feet apart and every tunnel has a little room in which are little stations where there are five extinguishers and also first-aid kits and telephones.

The Copper is put into large bins with a small chute near the bottom

through which the ore drops on to a screen, through which the smaller pieces pass to a belt below. The large pieces go down between two large jaw-crushers which smashes it into smaller pieces which in turn falls on the belt below.

This belt distributes it on to another screen through which the smaller pieces pass into a desliming cone. The larger pieces go between another crusher of another type which is called the Roll crushers. From here it drops into the same desliming cone. The waste goes off into a pipe while the copper with some waste and rock goes down on to a table over which runs some water which takes most of the waste down into a waste pipe. The name of this table is the Wilfley table. From this the pipe containing copper goes down into the Flotation machine which is an apparatus which has water and oil mixed. The waste or non-metallic earth sinks to the bottom, the metallic sand thus obtained contains the last of the copper in the ore, and goes to be roasted with the concentrate" previously obtained. It is put through the Vacuum Filter and then into the top of the Roasting Furnace where there are hollow arms of steel in which is steam to burn out the sulphur from the copper. Then it passes out of the bottom of the furnace from six small tubes into a tank with pipes at both ends. At one end a blast of air blows over these tubes and carries slag into the pipe at the other end of the tank and the cop-

per which is heavier goes to the bot- stamped and laid aside for ship-
tom purified. It then flows into ment.—Selected.
molds where it cools quickly: It is

THE FULFILLMENT.

We have realized God's promise
 In the auburn of the corn,
 We have read it in the pumpkin's
 Priceless gold,
 We have seen it in the hazy,
 Misty, glory of the morn,
 On the hill-tops where the noon-tide
 Tints unfold;
 We have seen it clearly written
 In the heavy-loaded wain,
 We have read it in the overflowing hive,
 In the morning, in the evening,
 In the sunshine and the rain,
 'Til the heart declares 'tis great
 To be alive.
 We have heard it in the harping
 Of the frosty, bracing breeze,
 We have seen it in the nodding
 Golden rod,
 We have heard it softly whispered
 From the heavy laden trees,
 And the cracking of the milk-weed's
 Fluffy pod,
 We have felt it in the pulsing
 Of each artery and vein—
 Thrills of life with which no sorrow
 Dares to strive,
 We have read it in the sunshine
 And the clatter of the rain
 'Till the heart cries out, "'Tis great
 To be alive."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By **Stanley Armstrong.**

A number of hogs were killed last week.

Some of the boys on the work force have been cutting wood.

The boys had sausage for dinner last Sunday.

David Yorke, former student at the J. T. S., was a visitor at the institution last week.

Some of the boys on the afternoon work force, picked cotton last Thursday.

A number of boys have been practicing speeches during the past few days.

Some of the barn boys have been plowing and harrowing during the past few days.

New basketball goals were put up last Friday afternoon. These are of better quality than the old ones.

The boys in the afternoon school section have had a number of good soccer games during the past week.

We have had several good warm days during the past week. Some of the days were warm enough to keep the boys from wearing their jackets.

Alwyn Shinn, member of the eleventh cottage, was called away from

the institution on last Friday morning, owing to the death of his grandmother. He went to Concord.

Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, Assistant-Superintendent, spent the week-end in Whiteville. He is visiting his father-in-law.

Ernest Brown, Bill Billings, Frank Petus, Fleming, Clinton and Herbert Floyd, were made happy last Wednesday with a visit from relatives and parents.

Elmar Oldham, member of the eleventh cottage, was called away from the institution last Tuesday afternoon, owing to the death of his father. He went to Durham.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He took for his Scripture Lesson from John 4th chapter. He talked mostly about "God is Love." Everyone present enjoyed the sermon and would like to hear Rev. Lyerly again.

The officials of the institution are grateful to Mr. Herman Cone, of Greensboro, for the bale of Hickory Shirting Cloth, that he so generously contributed to the institution. This cloth will be used to make shirts for the boys. We thank Mr. Cone for the generous gift.

The Training School basketball

team, again came out the victor in the clash between the Winecoff School basketball team. The score for the afternoon was a large one, being 38 to 8. The boys played the game well. John Seagle was counted the hero of this game, shooting a total of 10 goals

for a total of 20 points, and Doy Hagwood shooting 5 goals for a total of 10 points. So far, it looks like we are going to have a good basketball team. The team is under the direction of Mr. G. L. Simpson.

INGRATITUDE.

Two brothers and two sisters were sent to a city prison by a judge in a neighboring state because they failed to contribute to the support of their indigent mother.

Each of the quartet appeared in court fashionably dressed. Each owns a motor car and all are prosperous, living well in comfortable homes. Yet none of them would take their 80-year-old mother into their home.

Last June the homeless and hopeless mother was taken to the county infirmary. And not one of her sons and daughters would contribute the small sum of \$2 a week to support her even in the poor house.

The judge reminded the ungrateful children of their mother's journey into the valley of death to give them birth, of her countless sacrifices and of her loving care to rear them to maturity. But they were stone.

Then he fined each of them \$25 and sent all of them to the workhouse for three months. Words almost failed him when he tried to tell the wretches what he thought of them. But he did manage to call them brazen and shameless. He might have gone much further and still not scratched the surface.—Reidsville Review.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

South Bound

No.	29	2:35 A. M.
"	31	6:07 A. M.
"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.

North Bound

No.	30	2:00 A. M.
"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody, Ticket Agent

Southern Railway, Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C.

1925

No. 4

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library

CONSISTENCY.

The weather-vane turns whichever way the wind blows. It is unfortunate when individuals and organizations are like the weather-vane. You can never tell what they will do, neither will they "stay put" when they have announced a certain plan or policy. The successful people are those who have been consistent for a long period of years. Consistency, of the right moral fibre, never lost a man either friend or position. Such a man can be counted on to do the right thing every time. The same is true of business organizations, having a policy that is right and just. In comparison, consider the weather-vane type of organizations, doing business one way today and some other way a short while later. In the words of Lord Byron—"As soon seek roses in December; ice in June; hope constancy in wind; or corn in chaff."—Old Hurrygraph.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,
N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate
of 4, 1923.

DECEMBER.

December's quite the happiest child
Who in the round year lives.
He carries Christmas in his arms,
And gives and gives and gives!

—Jewels.

“ZEALOT.”

Read “Zealot” in this issue. It is the observation and analysis of Mr. James Hay, Jr., one of the brilliant editorial contributors to the Asheville Citizen.

Just off-hand one may think of a zealot as merely a visionary and uncertain human specimen. When you have followed Mr. Hay's treatment of the subject, you will doubtless have an entirely different opinion of a zealot. Of course, George Washington was a zealot—he thought and fought for American Independence; Patrick Henry was a zealot, or else he would not have courted death rather than subjection to English rule; Woodrow Wilson was a zealot, or he would not have destroyed his physical man in fighting for a “World Peace;” Chas. B. Aycock was a zealot, or he would not have sacrificed his health and earning capacity to preach the gospel of universal education among his people; the late James William Cannon was a zealot, or else

there would never have been attached to his name the just credits in the terms, master builder, industrial captain, town and man builder.

Let us have more zealots.

* * * * *

THE THIN GRAY LINE GROWS THINNER.

This writer announces the death of his only surviving brother, John Cook, of the St. John's neighborhood of this county. He fell dead in his yard on the afternoon of the fifteenth.

He was in his 79th year; he answered the call of his state at the age of seventeen when the War Between the States was on; they say he was a fine soldier; he lived for over fifty years by the "side of the road"—leading out to the goodly village of Mt. Pleasant—and was a friend to his fellows; a systematic and successful farmer; his schedule in life was as regular as a clock; he missed only four times, during these fifty years, going to his market twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays, spending a few hours and back home; was interested in the things that enhanced living and the betterment of conditions; did his duty as a loyal member of the Christian church; and attended to his own business and left alone that of others.

Folks say that he was a good citizen, and it is not difficult to accept this estimate of the departed.

* * * * *

THEY KEEP FALLING.

It may be because men grow old that deaths about them strike them as becoming more frequent. In this year, however, it seems almost certain that more deaths among the aged and the important have occurred. The public press daily carries the sad news of the departure of some conspicuous figure in our state—conspicuous character, not from high office, high honors, or great influence, but just for honesty, uprightness and good citizenship.

In youth only the future with its potentialities and the joys thereof blind one to the possibilities and probabilities of death. But with the older ones there is a small voice that taps at our door, reminding us of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death.

* * * * *

SOME APPREHENSION.

There is entertained the fear that the United States government may want, under the inheritance law, to claim a tax of ten millions of dollars from the Duke Foundation, which, if the government's contention prevails, will divert

no little of the great fund from the glorious mission for which the Foundation was made.

Dr. W. S. Rankin, director of the Hospital Section of this Foundation, has interviewed Senator Simmons about the matter. Some congressional legislation may be required to clear up the question.

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Stonewall Circle, Sr., King's Daughters, Concord	\$ 10.00
Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Ward Grocery Company, Concord	50.00
J. C. Crowell, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
H. I. Woodhouse, Concord	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Jordon, Charlotte	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Alexander, Charlotte	5.00
George U. Overcash, Mt. Uta, N. C.	5.00
Mrs. Walter Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
F. M. Youngblood and Co., Concord	25.00
Hoover's, Concord	5.00
A Friend	5.00
Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Sr., Concord	10.00
W. J. Swink, China Grove	10.00
Silver Croce Circle, Rockingham	10.00
County Commissioners, Guilford County	25.00

* * * * *

A COMING EVENT.

His local friends and scores throughout the state are interested in an announcement issued from Marion, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Edwards Hudgins have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Sara Josephine, to Judge John Montgomery Oglesby.

Miss Hudgins is a most attractive and talented young woman. Judge Oglesby, himself a conspicuously strong character, a pleasing personality, and has made already a fine record in the state's judicial department, is congratulated in the manner which fortune has in smiling upon him.

* * * * *

State Treasurer B. R. Lacy has made another trip to and returned from

New York. His experience this time seems novel, in that he came back feeling gay over escaping illness. The genial treasurer is really becoming adjusted to that miserable atmosphere on Manhattan.

* * * * *

North Carolina has no trouble, it seems, in selling advantageously her bonds for road and school development. These bonds are no burden to the taxpayer. They carry themselves in increased advantages and opportunities. It is like eating your cake and still having it.

* * * * *

The Uplift is rejoicing over the contribution to our Boys' Christmas Fund. It has reached pleasing size, but not yet large enough to give 440 live, hearty folks a full and complete "Merry Christmas."



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A Durham lady said she admired a certain Durham gentleman, because he was such a "quiet dresser." Man, alive! She should hear him when he loses a collar button. Quiet dresser! A boiler factory is a quiet place when he cannot find that button.

I was asked the other day "what had become of the old-fashioned girl who wore her hair in a plat down her back." I guess she has gone to keep a date with the fellow who stuffed his trousers in high boots; wore a big red neck-tie, and rode around with a horse and buggy.

Before electricity came to be used so universally, a great many people lost their lives by blowing out the gas. Now-a-days people lose their lives by stepping on it.

Every young man starting out in life should remember that his job is as little or as big as he himself makes it. And, also, that no one but himself can put himself down and out.

The fliwer is more like a rattle snake than anything mechanical that I know of. It rattles before it strikes.

Of all the automobile accidents that take place on Sunday, I have yet to hear of one occurring due to people hurrying to church.

So many people talk about the "good old times." The old times

were good times, in their time. But these times are different from the fact that there are now so many more ways for a fellow to make a fool of himself.

Fashion is as whimsical as a kitten, or a young girl out the first time with her beau. Following the war of the states, there were the balloon skirts, and the balloon sleeves. Now we have the balloon tires, the balloon breeches and the balloon overcoats. If it should ever get to the stage of balloon heads, this will sure be a swell generation.

Were Patrick Henry living today, I imagine he would say something like this: "Give me liberty, or give me a place to park."

One of the most embarrassing incidents in my life, as I ruminate, and at the same time one of the most ludicrous, was when I resided in Oxford, in my youthful and "gossling days." Along about that time the late sheriff William A. Philpott, who lived on the southeastern edge of town, had several very attractive daughters. James A. Davis, of Flat river, a brother of the late W. A. Davis, of Oxford Torchlight fame, engaged me to take him over to the sheriff's home to meet these young ladies. We went over one evening. It had rained that day, and we wore overshoes in order to retain the shine upon our patten-leathers. We were cordially met by the younger daughter, who piloted us into the house.

In the hallway to the front door we proceeded to take off our overshoes. Facing the front door, in the hall was a door leading into the basement. It seemed, from subsequent events, that this door was not properly latched to make it fast. Jim Davis backed himself up to this door to steady himself on one foot, while he removed an overshoe from the other. Miss Philpott was agreeably entertaining her guests in jolly conversation, when all of a sudden that door flew open and Jim Davis was swallowed up in the darkness; disappeared like a phantom. All that was left of him upstairs was one overshoe at the entrance. Consternation seized us with horror. Davis rolled backward down the stairway to a landing like a ball going down a ten-pin alley. We expected to find him injured; but he was on his feet, coming up like a bucket out of a well, when a light was brought and we could penetrate the darkness of the basement. He came up smiling, and apologized for "Falling from (Miss) Grace," and said that he sometimes took off his overshoes in that way—but not often. Jim was a witty fellow, and that backward spring did not dim his scintillations. Sunshine and clouds. The sadness o'erspreading this episode, to me, is the fact that all of the actors and connected with it, except myself, have "passed over the river," and they live only memory.

The Christmas spirit of "Good Will" to give and help the worthy needy has already gripped the Christian-hearted people of Durham like the steel trap that snaps and holds whatever touches its spring. Charity

objects are being investigated in order that the gifts may go to the legitimately worthy ones. Some cases that have been reported have been looked into and while they acknowledged the needs of some of the necessities of life, they were found to have radios in their homes—reveling in the realm of the air; listening to the messages in the air, and the programs the world over—living on air as it were, while physical needs languished. Others had automobiles and rode about, while they confessed they were unable to invite Santa Claus to even look into their homes. The question with those seeking to help is: Are these cases really objects of charity and Christmas gifts? I won't say. But I do say this: Those who deserve the most should be given the most. Conditions, like circumstances, alter cases.

One youthful baseball fan's excuse has vanished. A teacher saw one of her boys sitting idle in school during the writing period. Said she: "Marellus, why are you not writing?" And Marellus replied, "I ain't got no pen." Then the teacher wanted to know, "Where's your grammar?" "She's dead," quickly replied the youthful Marellus, innocent of any wrong construction on the word 'grammar.'

As the toad said to the grasshopper: "Do your Christmas hopping early."

It is estimated that every half hour in this country someone is killed in an automobile accident, showing that cucumbers and mince

pies are not the most dangerous menaces flesh is heir to.

It is noticed that persons who don't even know whether or not it's going to rain or blizz tomorrow will declare positively about what's going to happen in world affairs months and years from now.

Bow legs, says a scientist, is a sign of courage. It certainly must be in these days of abbreviated skirts. It does not take much of a scientist to observe that fact.

Say what you please about a dog: run him down; regard him as one of the lowest species of a living thing, but there is one thing as sure as the sun rises and sets. He is one friend who will not desert you when your money is gone. In this characteris-

tic the dog is far ahead of some human beings.

A self-made wealthy man recently stated that the best receipt for getting ahead in the world was, "Learn to live on your last week's salary."

I am going to have a happy Christmas —am already having it. It comes from so many expressions, from different sources, from people in all ranks of life, who say they "enjoy so much your 'Rambling Around;'" "I get so much pleasure and help out of your 'Rambles,'" and many other such kind an appreciative expressions. This does me good. My feeble efforts are not in vain. If there is pleasure and help in my rambling thoughts to one appreciative soul, it is my reward. It makes me happy this Christmas.

SOFTEST JOBS IN THE WORLD.

A barber in Moscow.

Horse doctor in Detroit.

Killing the fleas on a goldfish.

Keeping flies off a snow man.

Sweeping leaves from a hall tree.

Digesting the hole of a doughnut.

Being nightwatchman on a sun-dial.

To be captain of the Swiss navy.

Keeping the dust off Niagra Falls.

Manager of an ice house in Africa.

Driving a street-sprinkler in Venice.

Assistant lineman for a wireless company.

Bathing suit censor on the Sahara Desert.

Keeping the grass cut at the North Pole.

Gathering the eggs that a rooster lays.

Running a clothes-pressing business for Zulus.

The Humorous Editor of the Congressional Record.

Coaching the Glee Club in a deaf and dumb school.

THE CRESCENT LIMITED.

*From the Land of the blue,
To the Land of the Gray,
She is speeding and greeting,
By the railroad Highway.*

*From the land of the gray,
Back again the same way though;
She's returning with yearning,
To the Land of the blue.*

*Thus this grand passenger train,
Makes the two way run;
From the Lands of snows,
To the Lands of sun.*

—Marshall S. Smith.

The Crescent Limited, the fine new Southern train, is now equipped from end to end with magnificent new equipment, the thirty-five cars making up the five trains required for this service which were built by the Pullman Company especially for it and given the names of honored southerners nominated by the governors of the seven southern states through which the train operates, being now regularly in service between New York and New Orleans.

The Pullman equipment of each train consists of five 10-section, 2-drawing room cars: observation car containing two drawing rooms and three compartments, women's lounging room with connecting lavatory and shower bath, and commodious observation salon, and club car containing men's bath room and lavatory, buffet, writing desk, tables for periodicals, smoking room provided with chairs, lounge and two sections giving a seating capacity of 28, and

30-foot baggage room.

These cars represent the newest attainment toward perfection in the art of car designing and building. They are of all-steel construction and equipped with the latest protective devices contributing to the safety of passengers. Their interior arrangements is such as to surround passengers with an atmosphere of beauty and elegance while many comforts are provided, appealing particularly to those traveling long distances.

Attractive Color Scheme.

The interior of all the cars are treated with solid colors in green tones, the line and scroll ornamentation being in gold and color. The panellings of the observation cars are in tan with gold line and multi-colored scroll ornamentation. In the club cars the panelling is in darker green with line and scroll ornamentation in brown and gold.

In the bodies of the cars, the compartments and drawing rooms the

floors are covered with padded carpets worked in greens, blue, tan and rose on a black ground. A large diamond pattern with central figure is used in the club and observation cars and a flowered design in the other cars. The aisles are floored with 3-inch rubber tiles in black and green.

The drawing rooms, compartments and sections are upholstered in mohair plush of green on a gold ground with a small depressed pile pattern. The sections seat-ends are of a new attractive design in green edged with tan and ornamented with gold lines. The bench-seats in the men's lavatories in the sleeping cars and the walnut frame chairs, the large overstuffed lounges and the sections in the smoking rooms of the club cars are upholstered in hand-crushed green tone leather.

The window curtains are faced with a green ground fabric patterned in gold and have a patterned fringe in harmonizing color. The center lighting fixtures have ornamental back plates, finished light statuary bronze. The bracket fixtures are of a similar finish in harmonizing designs and the bowls and shades of all the lighting fixtures are of iridescent glass. The lavatory equipment throughout the train is of porcelain. The shower baths for women in the observation car and for men in the club car have porcelain tubs and are ves for regulating the temperature equipped with improved mixing valves of the water.

Observation and Club Cars

The chairs and tables in the women's lounging rooms and in the main

salons of the observation cars are made of reed and are of varying designs, attractively colored. The chairs have soft loose cushions, covered with multi-colored flowered patterned fabric. The periodical tables have covers of the same fabric with ornamental braided edging and are equipped with bronze table lamps with silk shades.

The writing desks at the forward ends of the observation rooms are of walnut and are fitted with receptacles for stationery and provided with bronze combined desk lamps and ink stands. On the partitions above the desks are mirrors in walnut frames of attractive designs. On either side of each mirror is a bronze candelabra with ornamental half shade.

The periodical tables in the smoking rooms of the club cars are of walnut in an attractive design and are provided with braided edge leather covers and attractive metal lamps with mica shades. The buffet is completely equipped with refrigerator and other facilities for serving mineral waters and other drinks. Electric irons and other facilities for pressing clothes are provided for the use of the valets in charge of the club cars.

The names selected for these cars are those of five notables from each of the seven states as follows:

ALABAMA—William Wyatt Bibb, William Rufus King, Edmund W. Pettus, John T. Morgan, Joseph Wheeler.

GEORGIA—Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, Henry D. Me-

Daniel, Joel Chandler Harris, Henry W. Grady.

LOUISIANA — Francois Xavier Martin, W. C. C. Claiborne, John Slidell, P. G. T. Beauregard, Francis T. Nicholls.

MISSISSIPPI—George Poindexter, William L. Sharkey, Benjamin Grubb Humphreys, L. Q. C. Lamar, Edward Cary Walthall.

NORTH CAROLINA — William

Davidson, Thomas Ruffin, John M. Morehead, Zebulon B. Vance, Robert F. Hoke.

SOUTH CAROLINA — William Moultrie, Francis Marion, John Rutledge, Andrew Pickens, Wade Hampton.

VIRGINIA—George Wythe, Patrick Henry, John Marshall, Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson.

**Sing the little clouds away
When they gather near;
Frowns are never known to stay
When the smiles appear.**

AN ACHIEVEMENT.

By Charlotte S. Perkinson.

It is upon the very old but excellent formula of success of industry, thrift and faith in God that Mr. and Mrs. S. Gardner, of Warren county have chiefly relied in their fifty years of married life.

Mr. Gardner is the oldest son of Thomas P. Gardner and a great grandson of Rev. Thomas P. Gardner, first pastor of Gardner's Church from whom it took its name. Mrs. Gardner was Sally Egerton, of near Littleton whose father, Thomas M. Egerton migrated to Texas forty-five years ago. Her mother was Finetta Myrick.

And if North Carolina had more farmers who like Mr. Gardner are ashamed to buy a load of feed, our State's economic situation would be far brighter. Some of the problems at least which perplex Dr Branson

would be solved. For Mr. Gardner says that in the fifty years since he began farming on his own account he has never bought a load of hay and if he needs a piece of hay wire to mend anything with he has to go to a neighbor for it.

One time he said his feed was getting low and his brother Jim who ran a supply business in Warrenton offered to give him a load, but he told him he would be ashamed for folks to see him hauling it from town. Then the brothers offered to send it to Macon, a few miles from his home, but still he refused, feeling that some one would surely find it out and make him ashamed. Somehow he got through without buying any or accepting his brother's generosity either. Mr. Gardner is one of the few farmers in this section who raises

wheat. "The day we were married I bought a barrel of flower in Petersburg," said Mr. Gardner, and before that was gone my crop was made, and while I won't say I have never bought another barrel of flour, I will say that I have sold ten times more flour than I have bought."

In addition to wheat he makes oats, from 65 to 100 barrels of corn a year, cotton and tobacco, always has a good garden, raises all his meat, keeps from 8 to 25 cows and of course enough teams to work his land.

Never In Debt.

Mr. Gardner says that he has never been in debt for any amount, never mortgaged anything and never borrowed more than \$100 at a time but once, and that was when he stood security for a man and lost \$250 which he had to borrow. He says but for that experience, he believes he would be worth more than he is today because on account of it, he was afraid to take chances.

He did not inherit anything from his parents, but bought the house in which he still lives and 50 acres of land with money he had saved clerking for others and as time went on kept buying more land adjoining his first until he now has about four hundred acres.

He has never speculated or derived any income other than from farming, except from raising a few cattle, and selling a little timber both of which I should say belong to the pursuit of agriculture.

"How on earth did you manage to rear and educate all those children and not borrow any money or go in

debt?" I asked several times. "Just worked hard and trusted in the Lord" he would answer. "I notified myself in the spring what our needs would be and usually met them or they were supplied," he continued.

Plenty and to Spare.

He then told me that from the time when he first married and a barrel of flour lasted a year to the time when all the children were at home growing up and a barrel lasted less than a month, he saw no difference. "Always made a living and had something to sell. Always had a plenty and some to spare."

Mrs. Gardner makes all her own soap and says she has not seen the bottom of the tubs in many years. It is never out. And it is precious few times in fifty years that any butter has been purchased, I was told.

All the daughters, except one, Miss Myrtis, who has been for ten years employed in a bank at Cape Charles, Virginia are married. They are Mrs. T. V. Allen, of Warrenton; Mrs. Byrd Rawlings, of Richmond; Mrs. W. R. Bowers, of Littleton; Mrs. W. J. Parker, of Spring Hope; Mrs. H. B. Harris, of Macon and Mrs. Jesse Gardner of Churchill.

Steward 43 Years.

Mr. Gardner has been for 43 years a steward of the Methodist church and few quarterly meetings in all that time has he missed. Noting his strong faith, I remarked: "Then you really believe that the Lord has had His hand in it all?" "I most surely do," was his reply, and then just before I rose to go, after I had congratulated this devoted couple, on their successful fifty years together

the tears came to Mr. Gardner's eyes, as he said:

"I think she (meaning his wife) deserves as much as I do. She's been good help. We've worked together and more than half the mornings during these fifty years we've eaten our breakfasts together by lamp light."

And then as we passed back of Mrs. Gardner's chair he touched her head lightly and reverently, meaning for me to see that seventy-one years had brought no gray hairs.

I asked how much sickness fifty years had brought and how much had gone for doctor's bills to which Mr. Gardner replied that with the exception of helping one of his grown children defray a hospital bill rather recently, he had probably not spent \$5.00 for doctors' or drug bills since their marriage. "We have been a remarkably healthy family" he said "My wife has never had the doctor but twice in all these years, and then the old gentleman added, "I had my blood tested not long ago and the doctor said it was fine as silk." I had noticed a few minutes previously that he did not wish me to show any deference to his seventy-six years, upon insisting that I and not he take the most comfortable chair.

One real calamity has come to the Gardners in fifty years. It came in 1893 when a great forest fire broke out and the woods were on fire for miles around. The fire crept down upon them and it was doubtful at first if they could escape with their lives. All of the outhouses, corn, meat, flour and clothing of the family except that upon their backs was

burned. Even the furniture and bedding was burned which had been taken out of the house thinking of course it would go too. The house did not burn, but that was all there was left and it empty. Mrs. Gardner with a ten days' old baby managed to make her way through the smoke to a clearing where her uncle was waiting to carry her to his house where she remained until she regained her strength and her home was made livable again. Even then, Mr. Gardner was found smiling when he had learned that none of his family were lost.

"But how did you make out then?" I asked again. "Did you have to borrow money?" "No, he answered, and then the family told me of how wonderful the neighbors were in helping to put back the buildings and in giving and lending them everything they needed until another crop was made, and of course Mr. Gardner had some money. I guess he has never been entirely without it. Too thrifty for that.

Having seen a good many farmers with large families prosper considerably but rather on account of their children's labor and at the expense of their best interests, I noted that Mr. Gardner had not made this mistake.

"No." "We have never kept a child of ours out of school to work," he said "unless perhaps after they were grown and in college one would stay at home a year in order for another to take his turn."

At one time all eleven children were in school, either teaching or being taught.

Six of the girls attended Louisburg College. Two of the boys attended school in Raleigh. Simon, now Register of Deeds, spent three years at Trinity, and one at A. and E. The others who did not attend college finished at the old Warrenton Academy under John Graham which was a pretty good education in itself.

In speaking of educating his children, Mr. Gardner told of how he had three girls at Louisburg at one time and not enough money ahead to pay their board for one month, but

by the time it was needed it came. "The Lord always provided," he said again.

One son, B. W. Gardner is cashier of a Bank in Roxboro. H. M. Gardner is in the mercantile business in Georgia. Herbert is at home on the farm and Simon, already mentioned when only about thirty years of age succeeded in defeating J. A. Downtin for more than twenty years Register of Deeds in Warren County, and a man of large prestige, in one of the hardest fought battles in the history of Warren County politics.

MAKE TWO ATTACKS ON ABE LINCOLN.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.—The name of Abraham Lincoln was attacked for the second time Wednesday before the South Carolina convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Following close upon the declaration Tuesday by Mrs. St. John A. Lawton, president general, that the martyred President did not deserve the appellation of "emancipator" because his freeing of the slaves was not dictated by kindness, James F. Byrnes, former representative in Congress from South Carolina, asserted that the war between the states was brought on by Lincoln's disregard of the constitution.

"Had the Confederate government succeeded in arms," Mr. Byrnes declared, "Lincoln would have been known to posterity as a man who regarded the constitution as a scrap of paper, and who in utter contempt the decisions of the supreme court of the United States violated the guaranteed rights of the sovereign states and brought on a war exceeding in severity all that had preceded it."

GIVES HIS OPINION.

By Eugene Ashcraft.

It is not my desire to criticise any young man who is seriously preparing himself for life work and for self-support by attending high school or college, but are not all too many youth aimlessly pursuing a course that in the end may lead them to a blank wall or blind alley?

In Union county last school year 800 boys and girls graduated from high school—presumably 400 boys and 400 girls. Suppose these young people should graduate from our colleges, how many of the young men would want to enter the professions? Practically all, judging by the past

Would any desire to return to the old farm? None.

Does Monroe, the county seat, need any more lawyers? Could double the number of our doctors make a living at their profession? The harvest is great and workers few, but can we pay any more preachers? Do we need more and more school teachers? It takes lots of tax money to pay those we now have.

On the other hand this county does need workers—not entirely brawn—but gray matter located just under where we daily hang our hats needs a little exercise.

Every township in Union county needs its farm demonstration agent—an agronomist, if you please. And this is no reflection on our present splendid county agent who has entirely more work than he can possibly do.

Then, why O why, have not some of our young men taken a course in

the science of cold storage? It is related that a poultry farmer in an adjoining county has a profit of \$3,000 in eggs placed on cold storage since last May. Eggs then were 22 cents a dozen; now they are worth 40 cents.

Then, there is the lowly sweet potato. These soon will be selling at 50 to 75 cents a bushel. Next spring they will bring \$2 per bushel. Dry houses for the keeping of this vegetable are simple—if one knows how it is done. How many of our young men know how to preserve yams?

How many know how to properly cure hams?

Raising of poultry is an art if not a science. If one knows how there's money in chickens and eggs.

The past summer has been exceedingly dry and hot. Suppose a young man had irrigated an acre or two of productive land along some running stream and grown vegetables? A dam placed in some of our Union county streams would have cost but little and furnished all the water needed. Several hundred dollars' worth of vegetables could have been produced on a very small plot of

And there are many, many other callings open to a young man with vision. Should he not perfect himself in some one thing he likes?

It is not possible for a person to become an expert in any line of endeavor and not have acquired a liberal education in other lines as well.

But all too many young men ap-

pear unwilling to pay the price of learning a trade or calling. They want jobs which will tide them over temporarily. Then, too, work should be avoided that is distasteful.

Only recently a likely young fellow asked for work in our print shop. "Do you want to follow the printing trade?" I asked him.

"Why, no," said he, "I want a job at something in order that I may earn some money. What'll you gimme?"

"Can't use you at all," I told the young man.

"Why not?"

"Because you'd be wasting your own time and mine as well."

But if the young man had had a good common school education, and really liked the printing business he could have made good. And that is the case in most lines of endeavor.

To succeed in the coming years a young man must needs learn how to do at least one thing well. A hit and miss plan will get him nowhere. This is the age of the specialists.

Look around you, young men, There never were in the history of the world so many fine opportunities—if we could only see them.

LITTLE PRINCESS SLEEPYHEAD.

By Florence Isaacson.

Little Princess Marie didn't like to go to bed, and sometimes she was very cross to nurse when nurse came to put her to bed.

"Oh, if I just didn't have to go to bed," said the princess. "I would have so much time to play. I wish some good fairy would come and say that I could stay up all night, some night."

When it was time to go to bed the princess was very much surprised that her mama did not send for nurse to come to put her to bed.

Then, from out a dark corner, there came dancing a happy little fairy. She had a dark-blue dress all trimmed with gold stars. She came softly up to the princess and whispered, "I'm the all-night fairy, and I've come to let you stay up all night."

The princess was so happy that she danced up and down. She and

her fairy sang and danced around the fire, and the princess said she had never been so happy before.

By and by, when they had been playing hard for a long time, the princess became tired and sleepy and couldn't dance as well as the fairy, so the fairy called her a sleepy-head and laughed at her.

The princess didn't like to be called a sleepy-head, so she roused herself and danced again. But pretty soon she became so sleepy that she could not dance any more.

"Well, sleepy-head," said the fairy, "we'll sit down by the fire and I'll tell you a story, but you must listen and promise not to get sleepy."

The princess promised that she wouldn't get sleepy and that she would listen, for she just loved stories. So the fairy told a lovely story and then started another, but when she looked at the princess, the

princess was nodding just like a grandmother.

"Wake up!" said the fairy, giving the princess a good shake. "I don't believe you were listening to my story at all, and you were going to sleep, you sleepy-head."

"Oh, I'm so sleepy!" yawned the princess, "but I'll try to listen."

So the fairy went on with her lovely story, but in a moment she noticed that the princess was nodding again.

"Oh, Princess!" exclaimed the fairy indignantly, "I think you are very impolite. You said you wanted to stay up all night and play, so I came to play with you, and then you keep going to sleep."

"But I'm sleepy!" cried the princess. "I can't wake up. I want to

go to bed."

"Well, if you don't wake up and stay awake," said the fairy, "I'll send for my servant. He stands behind sleepy-heads and pinches them when they nod, and if they don't stay awake then, he sticks a pin into them every time they nod, and that always keeps them awake."

"Oh, dear fairy," sobbed the princess, "please go away and let nurse put me to bed, and I'll never ask to stay up all night again."

"All right, Princess Sleepy-head," laughed the fairy, "I'm going out to play with the crickets. They never get sleepy."

The next thing the princess knew, nurse was putting her to bed. Oh, how good it was to be able to go to sleep.—Selected.

"OUR NEWNESS."

By S. A. Ashe.

Civilization seems to move in cycles three generations making a cycle; and four hundred years a great cycle. While a thousand years bring a catastrophe.

One cycle appears to have been completed in Massachusetts when Emerson was a young man and The Newness was idealized. An association, it is said, took possession of the Puritan state. The movement was at first only a revolt against some rigorous church doctrines of that community. But when it got well under way, the momentum carried it into fields of new thought, The Newness became a revolt against all the regulations instituted by the experi-

ence of man. The laws, the Constitution, the restrictions of civilization were all wrong. Cooks and chambermaids along with literary ladies and high-browed philosophies adopted the new cult. Among the adherents were Emerson and Thoreau—and particularly is mentioned a lady whose name I forbear to repeat.

An account of The Newness will be found in The Century Magazine, published during the summer of 1903.—as I recall.

While the association permeated the entire State, there were only about half a dozen "farms" where members assembled. Of these the

most noted was Brook Farm; and although the bars of human experience were thrown down in all, yet at Brook Farm the men and women did not practice entirely what they preached. They did not practice Free Love!

But there, as elsewhere, it was held that the Constitution, the laws, regulations, marriage, all were against natural reason, and the simple life.

Three generations have passed, and again we hear that the bands that bind society have loosened.

As Emerson and his Massachusetts friends in a few years abandoned The Newness and returned from their

wild excursion back to the realm of established custom so we may expect that second thought will have a similar effect at the end of this cycle.

As the old song has it:

“Let them alone and they will come home” all right.

Yet one cannot but regret any sacrifice by the fair sex of their maidenly modesty wherever that is a consequence of our present “Newness.”

Woman’s crown of glory, the delicate flower of perfect purity of thought—should ever adorn womanhood.

“PUT ON THE CHECK REIN.”

This was the heading of a trenchant article from the pen of Dr. Theodore Cuyler, which read some years ago. If that preacher, who was a master in the art of driving truth home to the heart and the conscience, were living today, when discipline in the homes is fast passing and libertinism on the part of children in their teens is in full swing, he would have to double and treble his vigorous efforts to offset the ungovernable passion for personal liberty. It is foolish, if not absurd, to expect the youth of today, amid surroundings and advantages which the fathers and mothers of two generations ago could not have dreamed of, to be and feel and act as they did in their youth. We are living in a world wonderfully new and tremendously enlarged, and conduct and customs which were suited to times and conditions two generations ago would seem about as

much out of fashion as the garbs worn by women in that day.

But character is a fixed and certain quantity, however different the fashions in which it expresses itself. Obedience, respect and reverence for parents and superiors, modesty, temperance, purity, sincerity and truthfulness are just as essential to Christian character today as they were then. A self-willed son or daughter, who gives free rein to desires that are out of harmony with the will of God, is turning liberty into license and undermines what is essential to good character. The definition which many elders even give of personal freedom is the liberty to interfere with another’s freedom. That sort of freedom is very much in the ascendant and what it will lead to it is easy to foretell. There are not a few who apologize for the prevailing libertinism when they should cast

the weight of their influence againstroad where the precipice is, not on the it. A bishop recently spoke of Amer- side where the hill is! People as ica as being "beastly rich" and pre- they move along life's pathway are dicted that our libertine and luxurious not in danger of falling up, but the living was leading the nation to moral danger always is that they find it and spiritual ruin. That was putting easier to fall down. Too many peo- the matter strongly enough, but it was ple, both young and old, like wild horses on the prairies, do not take to libertinism. It is, of course, easier to bit and bridle. They love to run hith- follow the line of least resistance and er and yon, and to choose a course of excuse popular dangerous tendencies. of life that knows no such word as restraint. It still holds true: "He But it only aggravates the evils that should be boldly exposed and check- ed. Opportunities are only too num- erous.

Build the wall on the side of the

WANTED--A REMEDY.

(Exchange.)

A reader sends us a clipping from the Wall Street Journal, an editorial in fact, which is a uniquely frank appeal. We omit a paragraph instancing two hold-ups and a \$600,000 burglary in which the police department is accused of complicity. President Coolidge is quoted as follows:

"Not the police power of the government must be looked to as a remedy. All the efforts of the police power will be wasted if there is not a determination on the part of the people to observe the law. But laws cannot furnish that determination. It can come only from religion, upon which even government itself rests."

The editorial continues:

"It is a far-reaching statement to say that our liberties, government and whole social fabric rest upon the principles of the Christian religion. But President Coolidge is not alone.

Many of the greatest of public men and writers have expressed the same thought, and from them a few selections are here given:

"Of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supporters. A volume could not trace their connections with private and public felicity."—Washington.

"Our ancestors founded their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Whatever makes a man a good Christian makes him a better citizen. * * * If the people do not become religious I do not know what is to become of us as a nation."—Daniel Webster.

"Religion is the * * * foundation of society, and basis on which all true government rests, and from which power derives its authority, laws, their efficacy, and both their

sanction. If it is once shaken by contempt, the whole fabric cannot be stable and lasting.—Burke.

“‘No society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion.’—Laplace.

“‘Civilization, law, order, morality, the family, all that elevates woman, blesses society or gives peace to nations, are the fruits of Christianity.’—Tyron Edwards.

“‘We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws and forget how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man’s history and what would his laws have been—what his civilization?’—Sir A. Park.

“‘The great comprehensive truths, written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these: Human happiness has no security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue has any vigor or immortal hope except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.’—Quincy.

“‘Independent of its connection with human destiny hereafter, I believe the fate of republican govern-

ment is indissolubly bound up with the fate of Christian religion and that a people who reject its faith will find themselves the slaves of their own evil passions or of arbitrary power.’—Lewis Cass.

“‘And then we have the scene of a great criminal lawyer, himself an atheist, not long ago pleading for the lives of two youths who by their own confessions were guilty of murder. ‘They had no religious training at home,’ he said.

“‘That lawyer unconsciously put his finger upon the sore spot. A large proportion of the crimes of today are committed by young people, the generation just coming on the stage of action. Perhaps they, too, ‘had no religious training at home.’ Upon whom, then, rests a share of the responsibility of their crimes? The Scriptures say: ‘Let them learn first to show piety at home.’ We have our choice between more religious training around the family fireside or still more crime that may ultimately endanger our government. We must make the choice for ourselves. We cannot shirk it. Which shall it be?’”

PROFANITY.

In your paper recently you discussed what constitutes profanity.

The darkey preacher gave the clearest distinction between profane words. He chided a white friend who was using the words, damn, hell and their usual expletives. His friend replied that every word he had used was to be found in the Bible and he thought to justify on that ground. The answer of the preacher cleaned him up when he said, “I know them words is all in the good book, but they ain’t mixed up there like you use them.”—Francis D. Winston.

THE ZEALOT.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

What sort of people are these few—and what are they thinking about, and in what long-dead, dusty and discarded age do they move—who sneer at Colonel William Mitchell as a "zealot" and "a fanatic?"

According to the dictionary, a zealot is "an enthusiast; one absorbed in devotion to anything; one who engages warmly in any cause and pursues his object with earnestness and ardor," altogether a charming and forceful individual, one who has good red blood coursing through his veins and a punch in each hand.

That, we submit, is a detailed and convincing picture of this Colonel Mitchell who, because he knew that American aviation was in rotten condition, went out to assail the military organization of his country and risked his soldier's career on the outcome of his fight.

Such a performance appeals strongly to the average American. It is valor, color, dash, adventure and defiance. It is the stuff of which warriors are made. It indicates self-abnegation, a hot and final resolve to stake all on the belief that one's convictions, being right, are bound to win in the end.

There is a type of human being to whom the zealot does not appeal, to whom in fact the zealot seems a jolting and discomfiting person. Such a fellow is of a slow and crawling personality, congenitally opposed to the new and up-and-coming, in love with the customs of the past, fearful of the new, the novel and thundertied, with a mind fortified against

argument and a heart strange to tolerance.

—

And to such a lukewarm and hesitant make-up a man like Mitchell is a dangerous character, a meddler to be jeered out of court, an arch enemy of all that is staid, fixed and festooned with the moss of precedence.

But consider the valiant colonel on what he has accomplished thus far—he still being under trial before an army court martial on the charge of insubordination, and exceedingly liable to be found guilty.

In a few remarks so well phrased that they captured the attention of the country and the wrath of the grayheads of both Army and Navy, he declared that military aviation in the United States was a **joke**, the victim of mismanagement and incompetence.

Ten days ago the board appointed by the President to inquire into these aspersions, attacks and criticisms denied the colonel's claim that the air fighters should be put under a unified command; but it submitted the following recommendation:

Appointment of additional assistant secretaries of War, Navy and Commerce, to devote themselves, under the direction of their respective heads, primarily to aviation (which, taking it by and large, skirts close to the Mitchell assertion that there should be more co-operation and similarity of method between the departments in developing aviation).

The President's board also recom-

mended that officers with experience in actual flying command all flying projects and equipment (which Mitchell demanded); that the air reserves be better trained (which Mitchell demanded); that aviation have special representation on the General Staff of the Army (which Mitchell demanded); and that naval aviators be given representation in the office of the Chief of Naval Operations and the Bureau of Navigation (which Mitchell demanded).

The board, it is true, found no fault with the type of planes, used by the Army, in this contradicting the colonel's claims; but, taking the result as a whole, it is clear to the observer that they uphold the Mitchell charge that aviation in the United States needs a whole lot of renovating, jacking up and improving.

All this has been brought to light for the benefit of the country and the Congress because Colonel William Mitchell was, is, and always will be a zealot. All this stands forth as something on which the graybeards of both Army and Navy may reflect with what composure they may have remaining—because Colonel William Mitchell was, is, and always will be a zealot.

Thus he belongs to a brave and eminent band. Civilization's advance has come on the heels of the zealots. Socrates was a zealot. So

was St. Paul. So was George Washington. So are Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford and all those conquerors of the impossible who, "pursuing their objects with earnestness and ardor," have contributed gorgeously to the peace, convenience and happiness of the world.

Unless a man is full of zeal, he is a bizarre combination of satisfied placidity and bull-headed negation. But for the zealots there would be no gaiety of nations, and life would be all skimmed milk and sluggishness. But for them, we should go through life looking over our shoulders.

The more we have of them, the better this world will be as a place to live in, and the more inspiration, stimulus and ambition will take hold of our hearts and minds which, as a rule, are all too fond of slippered ease and the habit not thinking.

Colonel Mitchell has charmed the imagination and won the applause of the great body of our people because they realize that he has done what so many of them have refused, at some time in their lives, to do: leap into the arena, let loose a broadside at fortified error and, with a splendid gesture, risk rank, fame and career in one last appeal to all the gods of justice.

It takes nerve—upstanding, two-fisted and unwinking nerve—to be a zealot.

Daybreak in Central Park is an hour of enchantment, for not only do ten thousand warblers send up their spontaneous morning hymn, but several artists belonging to the Metropolitan Opera come here to listen to the songsters, whose maestro is no other than the Composer of the Universe.—Selected.

TAPESTRIES.

By Ella Shannon Bowles.

The atmosphere of ancient worlds surrounds the word "tapestry." It brings up pictures of Greek palaces and of baronial English castles with walls decorated with coverings of wool-embroidered with figures of various colors. It conjures up visions of the faithful Penelope waiting the return of the wandering Ulysses; of Matilda and her maidens passing long hours at their work.

Tapestries were first made by the people of eastern countries at a very early date. Like other forms of needlework, the invention of the art is attributed to the Phrygians, and the women of Sidon were celebrated for their tapestries long before the Trojan War. Homer sang of them. Once he said:

"Far as Phaeacian mariners all else
Surpass, the swift ship urging
through the floods,

So far the tissue-work the women
pass

All others, by Minerva's skill en-
dow'd

With richest fancy and superior
skill."

You see, Minerva, as the goddess of the liberal arts, was invoked by craftsmen working in wool, embroidery and painting. Possibly you will remember the old myth of Arachne who was so skillful in working tapestries that she challenged the goddess to a trial of skill. But, alas the unfortunate woman was defeated by the goddess and was changed into a spider! The results of her weav-

ing may now be seen by any housewife who does not exercise constant care in her house!

The art of tapestry making was carried from the East to Greece and Rome. With the exception of the famous Bayeux Tapestry, we find few examples of the work in Europe until the time of the Crusades, and it seems that, after the fall of the Roman Empire, the art was lost for a time.

"This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan
hands,

While she assay'd with rage the holy
war

To desolate their fields: but old the
skill:

Long were the Phrygians' pict'ring
looms renown'd:

Tyre also, wealthy seat of art, ex-
cell'd,

And elder Sidon, in th' historic
web."

Dyer's words well explain the return of tapestry making to Europe.

But the women of Anglo-Saxon days were famous for their needlework and embroidered the deeds of their husbands and sons upon the hangings of their chambers. In the tenth century Edelfreda, widow of Brithned, Duke of Northumberland, presented the church of Ely with a curtain upon which she had pictured the deeds of her dead lord, and Witalaf, king of Mercia, gave a golden curtain, embroidered with the siege of Troy, to the abbey of Croyland.

I have spoken of the Bayeux Tapestry. It is one of the oldest specimens of needlework in existence, and was made by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and her maidens, for the cathedral of Bayeux in Normandy. The web of cloth, two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length and twenty inches in width was worked with worsted to represent the incidents of the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. Strange figures of birds and animals were shown in the borders at the top and bottom, and in the part picturing the battle of Hastings the lower border consisted of the bodies of the slain. Exclusive of the borders, about five hundred and thirty figures were shown. Few colors were used—dark and light blue, green, red, yellow and buff, and no thought seems to have been given in regard to the correct colors of the objects. For instance, horses were worked in blue, green, red and yellow and some times different colors were used for the legs and bodies. The passing of so many hundreds of years has dulled the colors and given the cloth itself a dull brown tinge.

The tapestries which I have been describing were worked with needles filled with worsteds or silks and sometimes intermixed with gold and silver threads upon a groundwork of canvas. The method was very different from the species of weaving used in making the Gobelin tapestries or those of Flanders.

The first weaving of tapestry which gained reputation in Europe was that of the workers of Flanders. There were manufactories at Antwerp, Brus-

sels, Bruges, Lille and Tournay and at Arras and some of the products of these looms were so exquisite that they were scarcely inferior to paintings by great artists.

The art was introduced into England during the reign of Henry VIII, but did not gain any great reputation until the time of James I. He was a patron of tapestry weaving and gave the sum of two thousand pounds toward the establishment of a place for its manufacture.

France, however, led in perfecting the craft. Let me tell you something that I read in an old book on needlework.

“Henri Quatre first established a tapestry manufactory at Paris, about the year 1606, which was conducted by several clever artists whom he invited from Flanders; but this, like many similar institutions founded by that monarch, was greatly neglected at his death, and would probably have been entirely so, had not Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV, with a view of providing the costly and magnificent furniture for Versailles and the Tuilleries, again remodeled it upon a more secure foundation, and from that period the royal manufactory of the ‘Hotel des Gobelins dates its origin.’ ”

Jean Gobelin was a dyer of wool who lived about the year 1450 in the Faubourg St. Marcel at Paris. He amassed considerable wealth, and his descendants filled various offices of state. The Gobelin family was succeeded by the Canaye family, who added the art of tapestry weaving to that of dyeing. Later came a Dutchman, Glueq, and Jean Liauson,

who was a most proficient workman. But the gardens and buildings still were owned by the Gobelin family. At the suggestion of his minister, Colbert, Louis XIV purchased the estate, and established a royal workshop. The building was called the "Hotel des Gobelins," and, in this way gave the name "Gobelin Tapestry" to the products made there. The king ordered that artists, weavers and dyers should be hired from Flanders that their knowledge might be used to perfect the tapestries.

The celebrated artist, Le Brun, was appointed in 1667 as the chief director of the establishment. Here he painted the series of the battles of Alexander, and the tapestries developed from the designs were among the finest productions made at the "Hotel des Gobelins." Other designs by the artist were the history of important episodes in the life of Louis XIV and "les quatre elements et les quatre saisons de l'annee" (the four elements and the four seasons of the year.)

During the reign of Napoleon the art of tapestry making was again revived. Historical subjects were usually portrayed and from two to six years was usually required for the completion of a single piece.

In describing some Gobelin tapestry owned by the Duchess of Portsmouth, a famous Englishman said, "Here I saw the new fabriq of French tapissary, for designe, tenderness of worke, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Ger-

main's and other palaces of the French king, with huntings, figures and landskips, exotiq fowls, and all to the life rarely done."

A form of tapestry weaving used by women of the Middle Ages to pass the hours while the men of the household were crusading was known as "Petit Point." Lovely bits for wall decorations, for table covers and for chair backs were made by these needlewomen and those of succeeding generations.

Catherine de Medicis was an adept at making these exquisite pictures in needlework; Mary, Queen of Scots, passed many hours of her long years of captivity at the work, and some examples of her faded "petit point" still remain. During the reigns of the Stuarts many needlework pictures were made, and the subjects were chosen from the Bible, and from pastoral scenes. Mary, wife of William of Orange, was an enthusiastic and ambitious needleworker, and conceived the idea that she and the ladies of her personal retinue should cover the chairs of the palace with pieces of "petit point." The unfortunate Marie Antoinette covered many pieces of furniture with examples of her own needlework and is said to have made a carpet.

To quote the words of John Taylor:

"Thus is a needle prov'd an instrument
Of profit, pleasures, and of ornament,
Which mighty queens have grac'd in
hand to take."

THE HUMAN BASEMENT.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

My Ash man was born in Russia where he went to school for two months. Keeping his eyes open here in America he has picked up a pretty good education in the High School of Hard Knocks.

I learn a good deal from him, as I can from every man. He has dust in his hair, but it has not gotten to his brain. Since we all learn to see life from our own occupation, this man has a philosophy of life gathered from visiting basements.

Last week he said, "Doctor, why is an ash man like God?" I gave it up. "Because they both see what is going on in the cellars of Christians," he replied.

Then he went on, "If you really want to know how people are living come and help me for a day, and you will have your eyes opened. I see but never tell just what I find in basements."

A wiser than my ash man said, "If the thoughts of the best people were written across their foreheads, most of them would pull their caps down to their eyes."

The world's greatest psalm writer, King David, said, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults, keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins."

The cellar door of silence may be closed ever so tightly, but the eye of God sees and despises in us the shameful things in our lives which we try to hide and cover up.

The Book declares, "That which is done in secret shall be declared upon

the housetop."

Blessed is the house whose basement is not at war with the Constitution. Blessed is the one who hides in his soul no motives which God condemns. Happy thrice happy, are those who would not be shamed by a revelation of their inner lives.

My ash man says, "The basement and the parlor sometimes tell a different tale." In other words, he means that we give more attention to that which is seen than that which does not show.

This is not a new tendency in human beings. It is as old as the story of the Garden of Eden.

Jesus saw a good deal of religion that was dressed up for the temple and the street. Outward parade seemed to vex his holy soul. He said, "Beware of the scribes... who love the chief places at the synagogues, and upper seats at the feasts, who for a pretense make long prayers, but devour widow's houses."

He was looking into their soul-basements, and saw hypocrisy.

At another time He said, "Ye make clean the outside of cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion."

He was simply describing what he saw in the basements of their hearts.

The world has too much profession that is not based on possession. Emerson wrote, "What you are rings so loudly in my ears that I cannot hear what you say you are."

Let's watch our basements!!

BEDS OF FORMER DAYS.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

The evolution of beds is interesting. The ancients slept on skins, and the Romans were the first to use feathers. The Egyptian beds were in the form of couches.

Many beds have become famous in history. For example, there is the bed at the Saracen Head, at Southwell, England, in which Charles the First slept his last sleep as a free-man in 1646. It is a picturesque four-poster.

The most famous bed, however, is the "Great Bed of Ware," so famous that Shakespeare mentioned it in "Twelfth Night." It is a huge four-poster of black oak, richly carved, and is now twelve feet square; but once it was three feet longer. A former owner had it cut down

The story of the "Great Bed of Ware," is so interwoven with legend that no one can unravel the facts or find the reason for a bed of this size. It afforded sleeping accommodation for twelve persons. Some people think that the "Great Bed," was only made for a curiosity. But we have the record of an even larger bed in Norfolk, England. This was a round bed and could hold forty persons. This bed was broken up in 1801.

The history of the "Great Bed" is quite uncertain. It is said to have

come from Ware Priory and may have been intended as a bed for the accommodations of wayfarers seeking shelter there. It was removed from the Saracen Head Inn to another inn, Rye House, in 1869, and there it may be seen to this day.

At Penrith Castle, Penrith, England, one may see two famous beds: one dated 1472, bearing a carved portrait of Anne Neville, and the other with a portrait of Richard, Duke of Gloucester.

At Newstead Abbey one may see the bed in which Lord Byron slept. It has two baron's coronets carved on it. It is a heavy four-poster.

The old Duke of Wellington's bed is a little iron truckle one and is in Walmer Castle, where he long resided.

The state beds in the stately homes of England are a remarkable series of gorgeously appointed sleeping apartments in which the beds are of a monumental character, carved and gilded and hung with great, massive curtains.

The first beds made in America were many times six feet high, and children had to climb into them. They were made after the four-poster styles brought from England.—Selected.

CORN CUP WON.

Willie Pat Boland, corn club boy of Pomaria, Newberry County, S. C.,

has been awarded the handsome silver cup, offered by the Southern

Railway System to the grower of the best ten ears of corn, produced in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee or Kentucky and exhibited at any one of eighteen state and district fairs this fall, and thus qualifies as the ace of southern corn growers.

The award was made by a committee of experts consisting of John R. Hutchenson, director of extension. Blacksburg, Va., E. B. Ferris, director South Mississippi Branch experiment Station, Poplarville, Miss., and C. A. Cobb, editor, the Southern Ruralist, Atlanta.

Young Boland's exhibit which had won first prize at the South Carolina State Fair, held in Columbia, was one of twenty-four which had qualified to compete for the Southern's cup. His name will be engraved on the trophy and it will remain in his possession until the winner for next

year is announced. In announcing their decision, the judges said:

"The committee of judges feel that the exhibits assembled in the Southern Railway Corn Contest were very creditable throughout and that the Southern Railway itself, especially its Agricultural Service Department, is to be heartily commended for this forward step it has taken toward the development of southern agriculture.

"We felt that offering the trophy is distinctly in the interest of the farmers generally throughout the entire Southeastern section of the country and are of the opinion that the contest is worthy of the continued support of the farmers and agricultural leaders in the South. We were pleased to find so large a number of exhibits representing so wide a territory, indicating the wide-spread interest in the contest."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Two hogs were killed last Friday morning. These were cut up for sausage for the boys.

Mr. Jesse C. Fisher has returned to the institution after visiting his father-in-law, at Whiteville.

The boys in the school sections have been practicing Christmas Carols during the past week.

Alwyn Shinn, member of the eleventh cottage, has returned to the institution, after spending a few days

with his people in Concord. He went to attend the funeral of his grandmother.

The barn boys are still plowing and harrowing. They have a good number of acres plowed and harrowed.

Messrs M. C. Alexander, L. D. Jordon and F. T. Pearce, of Charlotte, made a business visit to the institution last Tuesday.

Some of the larger boys on the

work force are still cutting wood, and the smaller boys are piling up brush wood.

The chicken raising is again coming into its own, for during the past week an incubator with 600 eggs has been set.

The boys have been committing to memory part of the second chapter of Luke. This selection will be recited in concert during Christmas.

The boys all received a haircut during the past week. This work was done by Mr. A. J. Horton and Clarence Torrence.

The carpenter shop boys have been busy making fire screens for the different cottages during the past week. They also made several stepladders.

Buford Carter, member of the eighth cottage, was called away from the institution last Friday morning, owing to the illness of his father. He went to Monroe.

Mr. G. L. Simpson and some of the boys have been building a new basketball court at the ball ground. After this one is finished there will be two courts, and will give an extra number of boys a tryout for the team.

Conley Almond, member of the first cottage, was permitted last Friday afternoon to spend a few days with his people in Albemarle. He went owing to illness in his family.

Lee McBride, Cuccell Watkins, Albert Smith, William Goss, Troy Norris, Herbert Apple, Leary and Ernest Carlton and Jack Steavens, composed the "Happy Squad" last Wednesday, because of a visit from friends and relatives.

The Training School's basketball team was defeated both times in the two games that they played last Saturday afternoon. The White Hall School boys defeated the School 27 to 20 the first game. Then the Roberta Mill team won the second, the score was 16 to 12.

Rev. J. C. Rowan, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His selected reading and text was from the Gospel according to St. Luke second chapter. He also talked about the "faith" and the "belief" of a person, how anyone had "faith" and how they "believed." Rev. Rowan preached a very interesting sermon, and everyone present enjoyed his sermon.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

North Bound

"	11	8:05 A. M.
"	33	8:25 A. M.
"	45	3:55 P. M.
"	135	8:35 P. M.
"	35	10:12 P. M.
No.	30	2:00 A. M.

South Bound

"	136	5:00 A. M.
"	36	10:25 A. M.
"	46	3:15 P. M.
"	34	4:43 P. M.
"	12	7:10 P. M.
"	32	8:36 P. M.
"	40	9:28 P. M.

For further information apply to

M. E. Woody, Ticket Agent

Southern Railway, Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 25, 1925

No. 5



The Unbroken Song

By Henry W. Songfellow

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play.
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

— PUBLISHED BY —

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



Christmas Long Ago

By E. A. Wingard, D. D.

It was long ago that the angels sang
To shepherds who watched their fold,
And the lowly hills of Judea rang
With songs that are never old.
When they told of a Saviour born that day
In the town of Bethlehem,
Of the manger bed where the Christ-child lay,
Who came as the Lord of men.

And the mighty dome of the vaulted sky
Their rapturous songs did fill,
As they sang of glory to God on high,
And to all on earth good will.
Then the wise men came with thier strange glad news,
Like guests to a royal feast,
Saying, "Where is He, the King of the Jews,
Whose star we saw in the east?"

By its radiant light divinely led,
They brought him offerings meet;
And worshipped Him then in His manger bed
With their gold and incense sweet.
They gave Him the gifts of loving hearts,
And the gifts of loving hands;
They had labored to gain in distant marts,
And brought from their native lands.

(Concluded on inside of last cover page.)





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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

A SEASONABLE THOUGHT.

Only God could have thought of Christmas. Its beauty is beyond the wit of mortals, so simple in its sublimity, so homey yet so heavenly. On a tapestry woven of a stable-straw and starlight it unveils a picture to soften and purify the heart. Man would have made it a pageant, but God works in slower and more secret ways. He blows no trumpet; He rings no bell. He begins within, seeking His ends by quiet growth, and by a strange power that men call weakness, a wisdom mistaken for folly. Man has one answer to every problem—force; but that is not the way of God. He did not send an army to conquer the world; He sent a Babe to make a woman cry. It is a scene to sanctify the world, as if to teach us that God enters the life of man by lowly doors, attended by starry ideals and simple shepherd sentiments—"one of the children of the year." They are wise men who bow at such a shrine, linking a far-off pilgrim star with the cradle of a little Child. By such faith men are truly wise, knowing that no hope is too high, no dream too holy to be fulfilled—even the hope and dream of peace on earth among men of good will."—Joseph Fort Newton, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

* * * * *

THIS ISSUE.

In a small way this issue is our contribution to the spirit of the season—It is a Christmas and a New Year combined. It is, also, a respect to the Old Year about to pass and a welcome to the New Year, just around the corner.

The King's Daughters have assembled kind hearts to care for the needy in

our midst; other kind folks have made it possible for the over four hundred under our care to enjoy the season as other children have a privilege to do.

But what of the Old Year? Its accomplishments are written down into history—with all the successes and all the failures. There has been an average of prosperity. There have been an unusual number of deaths of fond ones: some by natural death, others by violence—these have caused us to sorrow, but none to murmur for it is Thy Will Be Done.

With hopeful hearts and keen interest we welcome 1926, resolved to strive to make it better for mankind, trusting in the goodness and mercifulness of a Divine Providence.

* * * * *

WHAT DID YOUR FIRST CHRISTMAS STOCKING CONTAIN?

To look back on one's early life, experiences and acts furnishes a fine means of observing changes that have taken place in a series of years.

What have you gotten for your special remembrance at this Christmas? Compare it with what you received years ago. Isn't it a wonderful change? These thoughts are suggested by Old Hurrygraph, who tells, in the following entertaining manner, how he fared in his early Christmas experiences. It seems that he is describing the experiences of us all. But let him tell his story—

“There's so much joy in Christmas. The thrills to the youngsters, and the joyous memories to the older ones. Right now I recall the first Christmas stocking I emptied—six years of ago. Out of it I drew a painted monkey on a stick reared his tail aloft, his four legs on hinges that permitted mirth-provoking antics. Then came a little china dog; long loved. Next came candy and popcorn balls stuck together with molasses and wrapped in greased paper. This was followed by a flexible cloth pictorial Mother Goose, and in the toe of the stocking was a hollow sugar apple, a work of art with blushing cheeks. It was too hard to bite, but could be licked, and was during the week following until it fell to pieces. That was one great and never-to-be-forgotten Christmas.

Another came with war-like toys. There was a little pistol called a pop-gun, whose ammunition was a cork tied to a long string. It gave a resounding report and seemed to terrify everybody about when it was shot. A company of little lead soldiers, brightly painted, that could be sucked clean when they were soiled, and a lead cannon. There were cream nuts and filberts and a new confection—peanut candy, along with a tin fife and a Barlow

knife, a dangerous thing, hard to open. And best of all a Noah's ark. In it were Noah and his wife, with Shem, Ham and Japeth and their wives, and a bewildering company of strange animals in pairs, whose mating two by two occupied many hours on rainy days. They were all done in wood and painted.

Another red-letter Christmas, a year or so later, comes to mind. It was the most bountiful of all, with much candy stuffed in the stocking along with dates, figs and an orange. The durable gifts were too large for the stocking—the real riches were stacked under a Christmas tree. I cannot recall which brought the greatest joy. Perhaps the red-topped boots, long desired. There was also a pair of red mittens, and a red sled. My! what joy. Six inches of snow outdoors! Was there ever such a blissful combination for a boy—red-topped boots, red mittens, a red sled, and abundance of snow—on a sunny Christmas morn? I trow not. Anyhow its memory abides as the greatest of all. On succeeding anniversaries came Robinson Cruso, skates, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and the like, but never such a harmonious grouping of immediately available gifts. Do boys today, with numerous and costly presents, get as much out of them as their fathers and grandfathers got out of theirs? I hope so, but I wonder."

* * * * *

LITTLE VIRGINIA O'HANLON ANSWERED.

Of course there is a Santa Claus. Years ago the New York Sun carried at its head, "if you see it in The Sun, it is so." Somebody made little Virginia O'Hanlon entertain some misgivings about the question, so she wrote The New York Sun to find out the truth about it. The Uplift has carried this story in a former issue of this magazine, but it is so good and fine, and fits into the season and our purpose of this special issue that we here reproduce Virginia's inquiry and the answer it brought from the editor of The Sun.

"Is There a Santa Claus?" originally was printed in the New York Sun in 1897, when Charles Dana was editor. It follows:

"Dear Editor—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'"

"Please tell me the truth, Is there a Santa Claus?"

"Virginia O'Hanlon.

"11 West Ninety-fifth Street.

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a sheptical age. They do not believe except what they

see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of our, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alah how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, not even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view the picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond! Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus? Thank God he lives, and he lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

* * * * *

STARTING THE YEAR WITH IMPORTANT ENLARGEMENT.

The public has come into a knowledge of a further enlargement of the immense manufacturing plant at Kannapolis. Another mill of large proportions is planning, the same to have 50,000 spindles and to give employment to 1,000 operatives.

Already the largest towel factory in the world, with this new mill, which is to represent an outlay of two millions of dollars, Kannapolis will be the

largest manufacturing plant in the South. Kannapolis is a wonder, the largest place in the South for its age, and it is all a substantial growth and on a firm foundation—nothing mush-roomy about it.

His many friends are rejoicing over the very able management of this immense manufacturing plant by Mr. C. A. Cannon, who has demonstrated the business genius and captaincy of his father, who conceived and built Kannapolis, besides numerous other important agencies in the industrial and business world.

This \$2,000,000 addition to Kannapolis will make it the most populous unincorporated city in the wide world. That sounds like a lot of territory, but it is a fact.

* * * * *

KIND HEARTS.

The response to the Boys' Christmas Fund make glad our hearts. They insure a reasonably full, rich Christmas treat. Many of them will have their first experiences in the joy of an orderly and well-observed Christmas holiday period. Others, in the past, have suffered and paid the penalty of too much Christmas and too much liberty. But it is our purpose and aim to see that every boy gets his right/due and have no occasion to feel that he is forgotten, even though he has no parents or parents who cannot provide for what a growing, hopeful youth has a perfect right to expect on occasions like this.

With these contributions, which kind friends have sent us, the management strives to take the place of parents and do the Santa Claus stunts for the little fellows entrusted to our care and keep. To be enabled to do this is due to the thoughtfulness and interest of others who share, by their money contributions, the joy of ministering and not being ministered unto.

* * * * *

A SHORT VACATION.

To give our Printing Class an unbroken opportunity to enjoy the Christmas period to its fullest extent, The Uplift will skip one issue. It may prove, after all, as a pleasing rest to our fine, good friends, the subscribers. Our concern for their pleasure is only second to the little fellows, who assist week after week in making this little journal.

The next issue of The Uplift will bear date of January 9, 1926. In the meanwhile there will abide with us a strong hope that every one of our pat-

rons may have a Merry Christmas and enter upon the new year with fine prospects that will unfold themselves into actual realities.

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

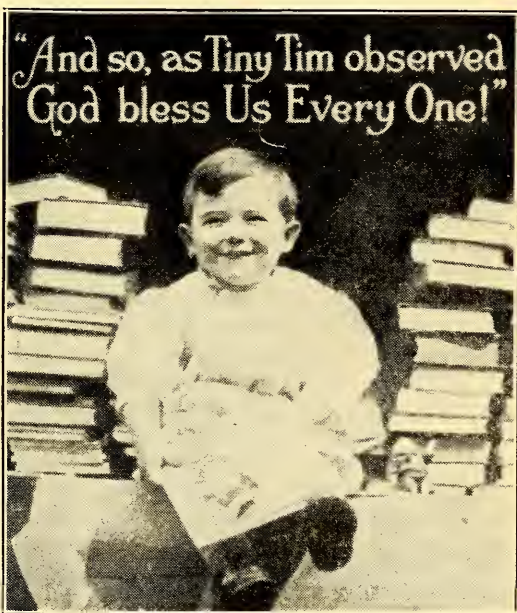
Stonewall Circle, Sr., King's Daughters, Concord	\$ 10.00
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THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS.

By Charles Dickens.

Old Scrooge was a rich and grasping business man; Bob Cratchit was his underpaid and overworked clerk. On Christmas Eve three spirits in succession appeared to Scrooge: Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Yet-to-Come. The second showed him, with other visions, this Christmas feast in Cratchit's home. The lessons the spirits taught him so influenced Scrooge that he set out early next morning to spend a real Christmas; and he was a changed man ever after.—Selected.

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boys and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire until the



Tiny Tim

slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

“What has ever got your precious father, then?” said Mrs. Cratchit. “And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn’t as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!”

“Here’s Martha, mother,” said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

“Here’s Martha, mother!” cried the two young Cratchits. “Hurrah! There’s such a goose, Martha!”

“Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!” said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

“We’d a deal of work to finish up last night,” replied the girl, “and had to clear away this morning, mother!”

“Well! never mind so long as you are come,” said Mrs. Cratchit. “Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!”

“No, no! There’s father coming,” cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. “Hide, Martha, hide!”

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

“Why, where’s our Martha?” cried Bob Cratchit, looking around.

“Not coming,” said Mrs. Cratchit.

“Not coming!” said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim’s blood horse all the way from church and had come home rampant. “Not coming upon Christmas Day!”

Martha didn’t like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door and ran into

his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

“And how did little Tim behave?” asked Mrs. Cratchit when she had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart’s content.

“As good as gold,” said Bob, “and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.”

Bob’s voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it

was something very like it, in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—

es—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Halloo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half or half a quarter of ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted

and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelfull of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden gob-

lets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!”

Which all the family reechoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—A Christmas Carol.

THE SECRET OF CHRISTMAS.

What does Christmas mean to you,
 My pretty lass, with the eyes so blue?
 A doll, a book, a ribbon, a ring,
 That this day of gifts is going to bring?
 A feast with games and song and fun,
 Where you are ever the foremost one?
 A time when all is merry and gay—
 Is this the meaning of Christmas Day?

What does Christmas mean to you,
 My frank-faced lad, with brow so true?
 A holiday full of gifts and toys
 And jolly fun with the other boys?
 A frolic the freest of all the year,
 A table heaped with the best of cheer,
 And skating or snow or hearty play—
 Is this the meaning of Christmas Day?

Ah, bright are the hours of this happy time,
 And gay is the ring of the Christmas chime,
 Yet through it all must whisper still
 “Glory to God, to men good will;”
 And in every heart, of girl or boy,
 Must be the holy Christmas joy
 Before we can gladly and truly say,
 “I have learned the meaning of Christmas Day.”

—Priscilla Leonard.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

By Mabel Ricker Butler.

On the twenty-third day of December Buck Evington was sitting at his desk in the rude office of his construction camp when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," he yelled ungraciously.

The big burly fellow on the other side of the door paused to pull himself together both figuratively and physically before venturing to enter. He smoothed down his sandy hair, dusted off his mud-caked shoes with his cap, then shook himself all over like a big dog. Dave Heath wished to put his best foot foremost that morning, for he had come on a errand. He had come to ask a favor! It was rarely, indeed, that Dave descended to such a level, preferring, to use his own words, "to owe no man nuthin'," and to stand on me own two feet."

The coldly austere man at the desk certainly looked very unlike a donor of favors. A huge black cigar was at the present time clamped tightly between the narrow lips, while his truculent chin was thrust out at a more than usually aggressive angle, and a half scowl of impatience at the delay in obeying his summons contracted the heavy brows.

"Come in, I said! What's the delay?" At this rude urge, throwing back his shoulders, Dave strode, in his usual sturdy fashion, into the room. However, as he met the cool, piercing gray eyes, which seemed to be probing into his very soul, his courage again oozed away. Dropping

his own eyes, he stood there nervously fumbling his cap without speaking. Pray, do not decide from Dave's actions that he was a coward, for that he most certainly was not. When engaged in his legitimate work about the dam, he could meet Buck's eye, or any man's, full on without a quiver. But now having placed himself in this queer, unnatural position, he was as uneasy as a fish out of water, and about as nervous as a debutante at her first party.

"Well, Dave, what-che-want?" demanded Buck, letting the big cigar skid down to the corner of his mouth to facilitate speech.

"Well, boss, I came to see—. That is, you see, I want to ask you—. It is like this, you know. I—I——"

"Well, go on. Go on. Can't you talk, man? For land's sake spit it out. Then get out, and give me a chance to go on with my work."

At Buck's impatience, Dave threw up his head proudly, got another grip upon himself, then burst forth into speech.

"It's like this, then, Mr. Evington. I want to know could I have tomorrow off, so's I could get home for Christmas. By walking all night I could reach my home tomorrow noon. And if I left there Christmas noon, I could get back on the works next morning. You see, boss, there's a new baby at our house what I hain't never see, and—and—of course—," blushing he began to stammer.

"Never mind family affairs now, Dave. I'm not interested," snapped

Buck. "No, you can't have tomorrow off. Give you the day and every other Tom, Dick and Harry on the job will want it, too. And I can't and won't have the morale of this camp broken up, just for a lot of sentimental rot. Is that all you want?"

"Yes," answered Dave, shortly, as he started for the door. His brow was dark with humiliation at the ungracious refusal of his request, which had required more courage for Dave to make than would have been needed for him to tackle a bear empty-handed.

Buck watched the departure of the disconsolate figure, then with a shrug of his broad shoulders returned to his work.

As Dave was marching angrily back to his men, he met on the way the young Easterner, Ruddy Ashford. Dave had befriended the boy ever since his arrival, and although still somewhat of a tender-foot, Ruddy was fast developing into a real man.

"Is he going to let you go, Dave?" eagerly demanded Ruddy.

"No," answered Dave shortly.

"Say, isn't he the meanest, hardest guy unhung!" blazed the young fellow.

"No, not mean, boy," objected Dave. "Just hard. Hard and stern. I can see his point though," added Dave, who was an unusually fair and just man.

"But there isn't a fellow here that doesn't hate him," ejaculated Ruddy feelingly. For the lonely, sensitive lad had suffered sorely under the lash of Buck's bitter, sar-

castic tongue.

"No, they don't like him," Dave acquiesced "But they can't help respecting him. For he's just, even if he is stern and hard. And he don't have no pets. He treats every man jack of us alike. He ain't no tightwad neither. He pays us well, and so keeps his men.

"Better be getting back to your work now though, kid, or the Big Boss will let loose on you again," warned Dave.

Later in the day Buck Evington received another caller, a salesman. At the conclusion of his rather lengthy visit, the young fellow, as he gathered up his possessions, announced with a very broad grin:

"Well, now, I'm all set for Christmas. I don't suppose you'll get home for the holidays, will you, Mr. Evington?"

"No," responded Buck curtly.

"Well, thank God, I will. I wouldn't miss it. I'd throw up the job first. I've got three kids home there, and tomorrow night and next day there's going to be high jinks, let me tell you. The kiddies and I set up the tree and trim it. Then after we've got the kids to bed the wife and I load it for them. They think Santa Claus does it," he snickered. "I've got a lot of junk for the tree here now, and I wager the Missus has as much more. Well, so long, Evington. Wish you a Merry Christmas."

The spirit of Christmas must surely have unloosened the salesman's tongue. Otherwise he would not have ventured to take the liberty of wishing Silent Buck anything.

"Thanks," responded Buck sarcastically.

After the fellow had gone merrily on his way laden with his Christmas parcels, just as Buck was settling down to his work, he spied on the floor a small bundle. When he picked it up the wrapper slipped off, disclosing a smiling Christmas angel, the kind used for decorating the top of a Christmas tree.

Buck started towards the door with the ornament in his hand, but suddenly he paused. Returning to his desk he sank slowly into his chair, gazing intently at the object in his hand, as if hypnotized by it. Perhaps he was. At any rate, as he gazed, the rude walls of his office seemed to fade away, to be replaced by those of a small kitchen. The savory, spicy smell of the day before Christmas pervaded his nostrils. From out of the dim past floated the spirit of the small boy, Buck. Around the kitchen table trotted this happy, little urehin, poking an inquisitive nose into everything, filehing a raisin here, a fig there.

"Don't touch, Buckie, boy," cautioned the sweet, motherly woman at the mixing bowl, smiling at him with soft, tender eyes.

Suddenly the back door opened, and in came a heavily laden grocery boy, the feet of a huge turkey protruding from his basket. Little Buck punched the monster with his tiny forefinger, then tried to lift him to test his weight, almost dropping him in the attempt. As the mother was laughing merrily at his endeavors, again the back door opened, and a thin man and a laughing

older boy entered, pushing before them a gigantic green tree just cut from the forest.

Into the living-room they all noisily stamped, cheering and shouting. Soon the tree stood erect in that corner sacred to Christmas trees ever since little Buck's remembrance began. How excited were Buck and the bigger boy, Tommy, when they went to bed that night—THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS! How impatiently, after the rush for the big stuffed Christmas stockings, they waited for breakfast to be finished in order that they might hurry into that enchanted front room. Here the tree, now a blaze of glory, bearing upon its branches strange, knobby fruit, welcomed them. And at the tip-top smiled down upon the boy Buck and the others a Christmas angel, one almost identical to the one the man Buck was now holding in his hand.

"The Spirit of Christmas, little son," explained the gentle mother, pointing to the shining angel.

And all through Buck's boyhood this same angel had greeted him with her smile of welcome every Christmas morn.

Then another Christmas flashed across the vision of the man Buck. The Christmas the boy Buck did not get his gun! All the presents surrounding him were as gall and wormwood to him because the thing he wanted was not there. Turning his back upon those other gifts so lovingly prepared by a thoughtful mother, he sulked the bright morning away, a sullen, unhappy, little chap. The bigger boy, Tommy although

Buck saw the book Tommy had so longed for was missing, bravely hid his own disappointment. After admiring and exclaiming over the ones that were there, he rushed over and gave the wistful-eyed mother the hugs and kisses for which she was so aching. With arms outstretched she turned towards her other little son, but he held himself aloof and would not obey their summons of love. Sighing unhappily, her kind eyes full of pain, she turned back again to her other appreciative lad.

“Selfish little beast,” groaned the man Buck.

Later that day a repentant little boy threw himself into his mother’s arms to say he was sorry. After forgiving him, she led him again into the front room where the tree stood in all its glory. Again pointing to the Christmas angel, smiling down upon them, she said:

“You know, dear, I have told you before that she was the Spirit of Christmas, but I’m afraid you do not quite understand just what that means. The Spirit of Christmas, my little son, is the Spirit of Giving. Christmas should not mean receiving, but giving. Of things? Yes. But mostly of yourself. You are only a little boy, now, and cannot give many things, but you can give, oh, so much of yourself. You can give affection, gratitude, and thanks for the love and thought which made the preparation of your Christmas such a joy to your father and me. You can give good temper, thoughtfulness. Oh, little boy, you can always give so much to make a happy Christmas for those who love you. Never for-

get, little son, the lesson our beautiful Christmas angel teaches.”

Before the man Buck’s eyes floated yet another scene, such a very painful one. When a mother in black tried to explain to an angry big boy Buck just why father’s insurance money should be invested in Tommy’s musical education rather than in purchasing the shop of Buck’s desires. The shop could come later, but the talent must be cultivated now. Buck passionately refused to accept this decree. He resentfully accused her of unfairness, of favoritism, of possessing a far greater love for her older son. Then Buck strode furiously away from his mother from his home to seek his own fortune.

Two whole years had rolled by before this Buck repented and wrote to confess his wrong-doing, and plead forgiveness for his cruel, unkind words. Reaching down into his pocket, the man Buck now drew out his wallet, from which he extracted a sealed envelope. Although the words on the back of this unopened letter were engraved on his heart in letters of blood, yet once again Buck read them: “Mrs. Evingston died on November 17th, 1915.” Just six months from the day Buck left her.

From that moment Buck had suffered one of life’s bitterest agonies: the desire to confess and receive forgiveness when the lips which could grant this boon are stilled forever. Never, no, never could he now take back those wicked, unfair words. Never could he tell her that he was sorry. Never could he be enfolded in kind mother arms, and receive

her sweet kiss of pardon. After ten long years so poignant was his pain at the thought that the stern, cold Buck almost groaned aloud, while big slow tears welled up in the hard eyes.

Suddenly Buck was aroused from his bitter retrospection by the sound of approaching steps. Quite regaining his composure, he wrapped up the little angel in its paper, and shoved it into his desk-drawer. He was tucking the letter back into his pocket when one of the workmen appeared at the door to request his presence at the dam.

On his way to the works Buck encountered Dave. As they were about to pass, Buck hesitated, then stopped.

"Dave, I've changed my mind. You can have tomorrow off. Take the rest of the week if you want to, only be on hand Monday morning."

Dave's eyes shone with gratitude, as he gasped out a delighted "Thanky, boss."

Buck cut short his embarrassed thanks with a curt nod, and continued on his way.

The next afternoon, when the workmen had finished for the day, Buck went out to make a brief survey of the dam. This finished, he sat down on the end of a planking to examine a blue-print. All at once directly beneath him he heard the sound of a suppressed sob. Getting up, he peered under. In a dark corner he spied a huddled figure, and reaching in, with his strong right arm he hauled out the boy, Ruddy.

"What's the trouble here?" Buck demanded.

"Nothing, sir," gulped the boy, striving to stifle the sobs. It had been to hide his unmanly tears that Ruddy, when he had seen Buck approaching, had taken refuge under the planking. For he dreaded Buck's sarcastic ridicule.

"Nonsense, of course there's something the matter. Out with it," Buck commanded, but in the gentle tone Ruddy had ever heard him use.

"I guess, I'm kind of homesick, that's all, finally faltered the lad. I'm so far from home, and its Christmas and everything. And now Dave's gone, and I kind of guess I want my mother."

As Buck looked at the boy the sharp eyes suddenly softened.

"All right, then, you shall have your mother. I'll give you a week off. You may go home tonight."

The boy slowly shook his head.

"I thank you, Mr. Evington, but I can't go. You see, I haven't the money for fares. I send about everything I make to mother. After father died I had to be earning while getting practical experience and a chance to work up. That's why I came West to you. I really can't go, but I'm grateful to you, sir, just the same." The boy had regained his composure and was able to talk up in the straight manly way Buck approved.

Buck drew out his watch.

"You've got just time, by hurrying to make that Eastern express. Come on, Ashford, I'm going to send you home, all expenses paid, and a week's vacation with full pay."

"Mr. Evington, I can't take all that from you," gasped the boy.

"Oh, yes, you can and will. Come, you must get a move on, or you'll miss that train. Clean up, pack up, and meet me at the railroad station. I'll have your tickets all bought. Now, hurry, for you have just three-quarters of an hour to do it in."

"But——"

"No agruments. I can't visit my own mother tomorrow, but I can make a kind of visit pro tem through you!" Buck explained in a sadly whimsical way.

When Buck was returning to camp after seeing a bright-faced, excited boy off on the Eastern express, he met Tony, the water-boy. Something unusual in the face of the man caught the Italian lad's eye. Almost without thinking he ventured to offer with a flash of white teeth, "Mer-ree Kreesmusa, Boss!"

"The same to you, Tony," the man quickly responded. "And her's the werewithal to make it merrier for you," he added, handing the delighted fellow a dollar.

Tony with a pleased "Tanka, Boss," ran happily away to regale his skeptical comrades with the almost incredible tale of Buck's friendliness.

Just outside the office Buck met another of the men an old fellow, staggering along under the weight of a gigantic tree.

"What are you planning to do with that, Sam?" inquired Buck.

Sam paused, greatly astonished at an interested question concerning his own private doings from the Big Boss.

"Some of us fellows are going to rig up a tree for Black Joe's kids,"

he answered. "They won't get much on it, I guess, but then a tree's better'n nuthin'. You see, they're the only kids in camp," explained Sam, a trifle sheepishly, for he knew how Buck despised sentimentality of any kind.

Black Joe and his brood, Buck suddenly remembered, lived in an old tumbled-down cabin half a mile or so from the camp.

"Just wait a minute, Sam," ordered Buck.

He went into his office, quickly returning with the bright Christmas angel in his hand.

"Here, take this and put her at the top of your tree, Sam. And buy some toys in town for the kids with this," he directed handing him a ten dollar note.

"Thanky, thanky, boss. Boy, but wont them kids have some Christmas now!" gasped the amazed and wholly delighted old fellow. Then off he went again with the great tree.

As Buck, from his office window, watched the figure, bent under the weight of the tree, disappearing into the gathering darkness, his cold face softened until it was hardly recognizable.

He stood there a very long time in the window—thinking. He thought of Dave plodding happily homewards to see his new baby. He thought of lonely, homesick Ruddy pounding along towards the loving motfler arms, aching to enfold him. He thought of Italian Tony, happy in his extra dollar, and in his brief second of fellowship with the Boss. And then he thought of Sam carrying his load of Christmas cheer to a cabin

full of little pickaninnies, and rejoiced, as he remembered that soon the spirit of Christmas would again be smiling down upon happy childhood. As he thought all these happy thoughts, a part of that bitter remorse which had filled his aching heart ever since the day when he had received back an unopened letter left it forever.

CHRISTMAS VOICES.

When snow is on the garden gate
 And frost is on the laurels,
 And clear upon the Winter air
 Arise the Christmas carols,
 Between the hosts of silver stars
 And meadows bleak and hoary,
 I think I see the angels pass
 In their immortal glory.

The jeweled gates of Paradise
 On golden hinges swinging,
 Must open when the seraphs hear
 The childish voices singing;
 And when the chimes begin to play
 On Christmas morning early,
 I look for rows of haloed heads
 And folded pinions pearly.

Though all the world is dim with storm
 And bitter winds are blowing,
 I dream of flashing wings between
 The shining or the snowing;
 And with the music of the bells
 From every steeple pealing,
 I listen for the sweeter notes
 Of angel voices stealing.

—Minna Irving.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

By Clement C. Moore.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
 He had a broad face and a little round belly,
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump, a right polly old elf,
 And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose;
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
 "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

THE LOST STAR.

By Carolyn Traffinger.

The Lost Star as it was called had been lost for many, many centuries. It would appear in the heavens here and there and again it would travel long weary miles; weeks and months and years to find the place where it really belonged; but always there was no place for it, not room enough for it to stand.

At last it grew weary of searching so hopelessly for a place in the firmament and lay down on the rim of the world until it should find its true place; at least until it should be rested from its long, weary travels.

The Lost Star however did not stop twinkling, for stars always laugh and twinkle unless they are dead, and the star on the rim of the world was not dead. It laughed now as the shepherd boy on the Syrian hillside pointed to it, away down on the horizon rim.

"That star looks like it might be on its side, resting," said Josie.

His father laughed too. "Perhaps

stars do get tired—just as we do when we watch day and night. No doubt they sleep in daytime like the little desert owls," said his father "The sun shines so brightly they cannot see and come out under cover of darkness to keep us from being lonely."

"It would be lonely without the stars, wouldn't it?" said the brave shepherd lad. "Father, in many ways I would rather care for the sheep by night than in the daytime. Everything is so soft and beautiful and the stars are always out with us—only the wolves are more terrible at night."

"Yes," said his father tenderly, "things we love seem more beautiful and softer in the soft gleam of the stars; but dangers seem bigger and harder to meet than in the daylight. Have you noticed the lion's roar at night! how much louder it sounds?"

"Yes father," said little Jose, "but

it really isn't is it?"

"No, my lad," said his father. "Always remember my son, that dangers and troubles at night only seem bigger because we cannot see clearly. After the night mists have cleared away we can laugh at our fears of the night."

"The Star, father!" exclaimed Josie, "it is gone. What happened to it? Did it fall over the edge of the world, father?"

"No, it has only gone to meet the morning light, and perhaps to take a rest as we are about to do—so soon as your brother and Renan come to care for the sheep."

Faint rosy tints appeared in the eastern sky, gradually driving away the purple shades which hovered low in the valley and on the slopes to the high mountains.

"Do you suppose the Star has sheep to look after too?" asked Josie as they gave them bits of rock salt to lick.

"Yes, that Star helps to care for many, many sheep all over these hills and mountains," said the father.

"He holds the lantern doesn't he?" Josie was so happy he danced a hip-pertoy-hop around the circle of the sheep. Over the hillside he could see brother and Renan coming toward them with their tall aspen staffs.

"Father, I should like a tall staff like my brother's, then I could jump farther! and too, I'm most a grown shepherd," said he, viewing his brother's long strides over the rocks and boulders.

"You shall have a tall staff as soon as the Lost Star finds its home," laughed his father. "You are a fine

shepherd lad."

Night after night they watched the Lost Star as it twinkled on the rim of the world. It was a beautiful star with a diamond twinkle; it had a brighter twinkle than any star in the sky. Josie, as he watched it, longed for it to be set higher up in the sky. It was so lovely to view.

Josie sat holding a glowing torch as his father was shaping an aspen staff. The sheep were asleep round about them—it seemed like a great field of snow at their feet, only that it was not cold.

Suddenly, Josie's hand gripped his father's arm as he saw two gleaming eyes among the rocks. He made no sound, only pointed with his finger. Quickly his father's eye followed his finger and in a moment more a stone from the sling followed the same pathway.

There was a loud shriek—then silence. The sheep jumped to their feet and shivered: huddled one against the other.

"Run Josie, and let them know you are there; then they will lie down again."

Josie ran to the frightened, bleating group. He called softly a few words in the Syrian tongue, patted some of them on the head and came back again to hold the torch.

"Father, those sheep are just like me," said Josie wistfully, watching the long staff taking form.

His father looked at him. "Why do you say that, Josie?"

"They are afraid of the dark when no one is with them just like I would be if you were not with me," replied Josie.

"But when you are big like your father, Josie, you will not be afraid of the night (even when you are alone; for you will know that God in heaven is with you—near you," said his father. "You see that big ewe over there Josie, with the two lambs?"

"Yes, father," said Josie thoughtfully.

"She is as big and about as old as she will ever be; but she is as much afraid of the wolves coming tonight as she was when she was a little lamb. She will never outgrow her fear of night. She is not as brave as my little shepherd lad."

"And I have no fear of night now, father," said brave little Josie. "The song says, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and so He watches over me."

"Indeed He does, my lad!" replied the father.

"The Star, father, look!" cried Josie jumping up and down with delight. "It is moving from the rim

up into the sky!"

And so it was. A bright glowing star it was, moving slowly but surely up into the sky. All night long they watched it and finally it settled in the eastern sky. It shone brighter than any star in the heavens and with a strange light.

The hillside and valley were silent—not even the breezes or birds astir. There came through the stillness, singing as of an echo.

"Glory to God, Glory to God!

And on earth peace,

Good-will towards men!"

"It is the Star of Jesus!" whispered little Josie through the stillness when the music ceased.

"Yes, Josie," said his father, wiping a tear from his cheek. "It is the Star of Bethlehem, which the wise men seek!"

And this is the story of the Lost Star which became the Star of Bethlehem as it was told to me by the stars of that warm southern sky.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

For fear one waif, this winter night,
Should lack a garment's fold,
Bring forth fair vesture, warm and bright,
Lest the dear Christ-child go cold!

Nor let one hungry from your door
Fare, sorrowing unfed,
The whitest loaf bring from your store,
Lest the Christ-child faint for bread!

Hush mirth, to hark, this bless'd eve,
The wanderer's weakest cry—
The homeless at your hearth receive,
Lest the Christ-child pass you by!

—Edith Hope Kinney.

FIGHTING IN THE DARK.

By Frank Dorrance Hopley.

“Close your eyes for five minutes! What would it mean never to open them again, but to have your active brain thinking busily, unable to express itself, caged in a dark trap without any hope or outlet?

“Think of your active body, its fearless motion, the freedom with which you walked and encountered even, perhaps the traffic in crowded streets where you watched the policeman’s signal, or the changing lights which warned you of danger. What would you do in blindness? You would hesitate at first to walk across your own room. The very tables and chairs would be perils in your imagination. You would feel with your hands to ward off some menacing obstacle. The fear of the unknown hurting you in your blackness would dog your every footstep.

“Think what it would mean to you to have some one come to you in your darkness who had met all the perils and the new horrors which haunted you now; who would teach you that in your blindness you would ultimately find compensation.”

This is what Winfred Holt Math-er, the founder of the Lighthouse No. 1, writes in the Log of that organization, telling of the work it has done for those who fight in darkness.

And they do fight, these men and women, boys and girls; they do not resign themselves to black despair at their fate. After the first shock that comes with the knowledge that they will never see again, they straighten their shoulders, grit their

teeth, and declare that even in the dark they will fight on. “It Shall Make No Difference” is their watchword, and they live up to it.

Lighthouse No. 1 of the New York Association for the Blind, was founded nearly twenty years ago to help those who could not see. From a small beginning it has grown, until today, it ministers to the physical and spiritual needs of nearly 3,000 men and women each year, who are condemned to live in darkness.

The objects of the Lighthouse are stated as:

To prevent unnecessary blindness.

To help the blind to help themselves.

To succor and relieve the ill, needy and aged blind.

To give to the blind work, recreation and comfort.”

In the Lighthouse proper in East 59th Street, the activities are many and varied. Class and individual instruction is given in silk, linen and rug weaving, basketry, cooking machine and plain sewing, rug braiding, cane seating, typewriting, stenography, switchboard operating, music and in many other branches of handicraft.

The instructors and teachers who compose the crew of the Lighthouse are, in many instances, blind themselves, and find deep satisfaction in being able to help others. Listen to what one of them, writing in the Log of the Lighthouse says:

“Mr. Scandlin, who has the leadership of the Social Service, was one

day showing a visitor, whose imagination was short of his, over the Lighthouse. Together they journeyed to the swimming pool in the basement. There the sight of boys diving and splashing like joyful porpoises first began to open the eyes of the novice. Then he paused to hear the blind organist and the choral class at practice; next past the blind switchboard operator, the blind typist, stenographers, cooks, teachers—until in a daze the visitor arrived on the roof, where a flock of blind Blue Birds (the youngest girls) were circling like swallows on their roller skates.

“The blind guide let the marvelous guest rest for a moment to watch the children. Then her habit of mind—to think of the blind as unimaginative dependents returned and she said to Mr. Scandlin, ‘Any way I don’t see why you call this a Lighthouse,’ and he laughed his triumphant laugh, for he had seen things in his blindness which had been, until then, hidden from the seeing woman. ‘What—what—, you are not blind, too,’ she gasped. ‘Yes I am called blind, too,’ responded the teacher.”

Believing that the only way to emphasize the maximum, “It Shall Make No Difference”, is to make it literary true, the Lighthouse crew insists that the blind shall act, dance skate, bowl, swim and sing, in fact do everything that seeing persons delight to do.

The Dramatic Club and Dancing Club are the most popular organizations. This year the Lighthouse plays have been considered important enough to be taken into the

Little Theatre Movement, a distinction which many players who can see would be glad to have shown to them.

Then there are the French conversation classes; the Glee Club, the Current Events Class, the Music School where instruction is given in piano, violin and choral singing; and the physical exercise classes which play so important a part in maintaining the health and activity of the pupils. The Recreational Director for women and girls says in her report:

“The idea of recreation being educational has been accepted at last by our Lighthouse industrial workers. It was very hard at first to make a girl, tired from the long busy day, willing to take physical exercise when all she thought she needed was a bed. To laugh, to play, to dance, to sing for health is our creed at the lighthouse and we are growing in mind and body because of it. At noon our roof is used, no matter how cold the weather, and we feel better all the afternoon in consequence.

“Our Recreation Department is active every night as well as afternoons, and our Saturdays are full to overflowing. Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls, Dramatic Girls, Dancing Girls, Social Girls, each with its own leaders, keeps Saturdays very busy.”

Another ray shed by the lighthouse is the summer camp for girls, at Camp Munger, on the Hudson, which was opened a year ago. There they live under the same conditions as their seeing sisters, making no concessions to their handicap.

Listen to what the director of the camp has to say:

“For years we have dreamed of such a life for our girls—feeling sure that sleeping out of door, in fact, living out of doors, drinking in the fresh air, getting brown and strong, would do more toward making our girls normal and wholesome than anything else in the world, and our dream has now come true. Our girls are better, bigger physically and mentally. We have our setting-up exercises at 7:30 A. M., and from then we alternate with physical work (gym, hikes, swimming), and hand work, quiet games and reading.”

And the boys are not forgotten, in fact, they are as important as the girls. They have their swimming club. The pool is the most popular place in summer, and for nine months of the year the bowling alleys are crowded, with a waiting list for each of the clubs. There is a troop of Boy Scouts which each year camps on Bear Mountain under the supervision of a trained scout master, and do everything that boys with two good eyes can do.

One of the most important rays which the Lighthouse sheds is that of the Bourne Workshop for Blind Men, situated on East 35th Street, where an average of over six blind men are constantly employed.

“The business has increased to over \$200,000,” says the manager, “and we have been hard pressed for space to meet this increased production. The average weekly output has been: Brooms, 5,000; mops, 2,000; mop handles, 600. The spirit among the workers is extremely good and the men are very appreciative of the opportunity offered to become,

in most cases, self-supporting.”

For the shop men who have no home, a small boarding house is run nearby, where they have three nourishing meals a day and a comfortable shelter. This boarding house is run at a loss as many of the men are beyond the age where they can become productive workers, and is an institution worthy of the highest praise and support.

On the second floor of the Lighthouse is the handicraft shop, where articles of every description, made by blind men and women, are offered for sale. Here are to be found brooms, mops, carpet beaters, baskets of every kind, dust cloths, aprons, children's clothes, porch dresses, smocks, garden sets, furniture, toys, knitted and crocheted articles, curtains, cushions, bags, etc., which find a ready sale among the friends of the Lighthouse. Charity is not asked for, good value is always given in return for the money expended.

Still another bright ray that comes from the Lighthouse is the Social Service Work, which lends a helping hand to any one who need it.

A typical and interesting case is given in the Log:

“An officer from one of the police stations recently telephoned the field agent that they had taken in an old blind man who was wandering about the city unattended. He stated that he came from the South but would answer no questions, or give any information as to his intentions.

“On urgent appeal from the police sergeant in charge, the Lighthouse undertook to relieve the police of his care, and the man was according-

ly brought down in a police auto.

"It then developed that he was a typical mountaineer of West Virginia, leather leg boots and all, without exception one of the most striking individuals that the Lighthouse had seen in a long time. It turned out that he had traveled north to interview a physician with reference to having a pig's eye inserted in his own anatomy, and had by chance gotten into New York, where he said he had been held a prisoner from the time of landing till the moment he reached the Lighthouse. He insisted that all he desired was to be conducted to the train for the nearby city, where he would confer with the doctor referred to. We arranged that one of our guides should see him aboard the train, and as he was so unused to city travel and so difficult to help, he was sent to the ferry in a taxi-cab."

The printing of a magazine for blind children in the Braille type, which is raised, has produced much joy among the little ones. The magazine is called *The Searchlight*, and is sent out quarterly, in March, June, September and December, throughout the country. Each number contains from twenty to twenty-five pages and the material used is gathered from the best books and periodicals available.

One little girl in her delight at receiving the magazine wrote:

"Dear Searchlight:

"When you found me, I was so lonely. Now that you come to me

regularly, I wait with gladness. I read you, then I wait more. Dear Searchlight, I love you. I wish you would come oftener."

There are many other rays that shine forth from the Lighthouse in addition to those already mentioned. The fresh air work for adults at the River Lighthouse at Cornwall, N. Y., where last year were entertained 261 guests for two weeks each; the regular entertainments, musicales, dances, including smokers and garden parties on the roof during the summer; the work among the colored blind; the piano tuners' guild; the home work department where a large part of the wholesale orders are executed, the giving by friends of theatre and concert tickets for the best plays, which the blind may enjoy by hearing if they cannot see the actors. Since this delightful mode of giving pleasure to the Lighthouse people has been in vogue, over 27,000 tickets have been distributed.

Fighting in the dark! Yes, but into this sea of blackness there have penetrated a few rays from the Lighthouse, which have helped to make more bearable the eternal night.

In the Lamp Room of the Lighthouse is one of their most treasured possessions. It is a large photograph of President Coolidge on which he has written:

"No Earthly Power Can Blind the Spiritual Light."

And the crew of the Lighthouse know this to be true.

Some people do not believe in Santa Claus, but at this season of the year the jolly saint always has a working majority.—Greensboro News.

THE NEW YEAR'S DINNER PARTY.

By Charles Lamb.

The following essay is a humorous treatment of the days of the year, with emphasis on the holidays and special days in the English calendar. You should read it with a sharp lookout for the play on words. Each day supposedly acts in keeping with its character, and so the New Year's dinner party is kept in high mirth. But you cannot appreciate the humor until you understand what each day stands for.—Selected.

The Old Year being dead, the New Year came of age, which he does by Calendar Law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body. Nothing would serve the youth but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days of the Year were invited.

The Festivals, whom he appointed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and cheer for mortals below: and it was time that they should have a taste of their bounty.

All the Days came to dinner. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February.

I should have told you that invitations had been sent out. The carriers were the Hours—twelve as merry little whirligig foot pages as you should desire to see. They went all around, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Moveables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they were all met at last, four Days, five Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of

it. There was nothing but "Hail! fellow Day!" Well met, brother Day! sister Day!"—only Lady Day kept a little on the aloof and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said that Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came in a silk suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost cake all royal and glittering.

The rest came, some in green, some in white—but Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and Sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery. Pay Day came late, as he always does. Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool (as my lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests. And wild work he made of it; good Days, bad Days, all were shuffled together. He had stuck the Twenty-first of June next to the Twenty-second of December, and the former looked like a maypole by the side of a marrowbone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in betwixt Christmas and Lord Mayor's Day.

At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth, which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a pheasant. The Last of Lent was spring-

ing upon Shrovetide's pancakes; April Fool, seeing this, told him that he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

May Day, with that sweetness which is her own, made a neat speech proposing the health of the founder. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the Quarter Days said there could be no question as to that: for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favor of the Forty Days before Easter; because the debtors in all cases out-

numbered the creditors, and they kept Lent all the year.

At last, dinner being ended, all the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a Mist, as usual; Shortest Day in a deep black Fog, which wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog.

Two Vigils, or watchmen, saw Christmas Day safe home. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol called the Eve of St. Christopher—escorted Ash Wednesday.

Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion some in another, took their departure.

—Last Essays of Elia.

FRANCE'S DEATH RATE.

We read a great deal about the inability of France to increase her population. The low birth rate is usually given as the reason.

According to statistics recently published the cause of the depletion of population is not so much in its birth rate as in its death rate. In comparing figures with England it is found that France's birth rate is even a trifle above that of England. For every 1,000 population in England there are 19.4 births, while in France there are 19.7. But in the death rate it is found that for every 1,000 population 11.6 die, while in France the rate is 17 to every 1,000. Whether the cause of depletion in population is birth rate or death rate, the primary cause is likely the same—the mode of life.

Christmas decorations sent to them; and, most of all, the club's good wishes for the Season.

Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He took his text from Luke 1:31: "And His name shall be called Jesus." Everyone present en-

joyed the sermon by Rev. Higgins.

Santa Claus is getting pretty popular with the boys of second cottage, as they have heard him several times over the radio, during the past two weeks. One good thing about him is that they won't have to wait long to see him come around, for he will be here on the night of the 24th

THE NEW YEAR.

By Lucy Larcom.

There's a New Year coming, coming
 Out of some beautiful sphere;
 His baby eyes are bright
 With hope and delight;—
 We welcome you, happy New Year.

There's an Old Year going, going
 Away in the winter drear;
 His beard is like snow
 And his footsteps are slow;
 Good-by to you, weary Old Year.

There is always a New Year coming;
 There is always an Old Year to go;
 And never a tear
 Drops the happy New Year
 As he scatters his gifts in the snow.



—Christmas Now—

In the quiet hush of this Christmas night,
The song of the angel band
Seems wafted down on the tremulous light,
That shines from the heavenly land.
As we join our notes to the angels' strains,
They sang in the "Long Ago;"
As the songs, which rang o'er Judea's plains,
Ring now as they did before.

Let us bury our strifes in love to God,
And let peace our bosoms fill,
And giving ourselves to the blessed Lord,
To each other give good will,
As the wise men brought to the infant King
Their gifts with their prayers and praise,
Let us our richest offerings bring
With the songs of love we raise.

As hungry, as needy, as sick, as poor,
Or stranger in sorest need,
He is not on earth as in days of yore,
How then can we do this deed?
There are men and women in want tonight,
And children who cry for bread.
There are homes where is neither warmth nor light,
And hearts filled with dread.

In His name let us seek each needy one,
And to them His offerings bring;
For such deeds of love to His poor thus done
Are done unto Christ our King.
So, during the whole of the Christmas tide,
With His love we will be blest,
An ent'ring our homes, He will there abide
Forever a loving guest.



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C.

1926

No. 6

Carolina Collection,
U. N. C. Library.

THE FUNDAMENTAL THING.

Let me get at it this way—if, when you were born, you had been taken to a beautiful island and there every wish you had ever had were gratified, you had never seen a thing suffer, you had never felt pain, you had never known sorrow, you had never seen want or distress or despair, you would not know sympathy. Lacking sympathy, you would not know love. The fundamental thing that makes you a part of life would be lacking in you.—Dr. W. S. Rankin, Director Hospital and Orphan Sections, Duke Endowment.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,
N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate
of 4, 1923.

A small ship launched on an unknown sea,
A small seed planted from an unknown tree,
Such is this strange New Year to you and me;
Whither the vessel goeth,
Or how the seed groweth,
God only knoweth.
But sail the ship and plant the seed;
What's done in faith is done in deed.

—Exchange.

* * * * *

CAN IT BE TRUE?

Elsewhere in this number we print an editorial expression from the Greensboro News, citing a statement of an alleged historian, who claims to have discovered that the Confederacy failed not because of a lack of food, rainment and amunition, but because of a lack of interest on the part of the governors of the several states constituting the Southern Confederacy.

This historian (?) undertakes to prove his position true by citing the alleged fact that Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, had stored away 92,000 soldier outfits and refused to give them out. Is there a single man or woman or child in North Carolina, who is familiar with the patriotism and sincerity of Zeb Vance, as has been handed down to us by word of mouth and the printed records, that will give credence to this statement?

The News, by calling on a local historian of its own selection to take

notice of this statement, manifests a considerable doubt of its accuracy. But having, if the statement be true, 92,000 pieces of soldier outfits does not remotely prove a lack of sympathy on the part of Gov. Vance. It is historically claimed that Gov. Vance exercised more effort and interest in the welfare of North Carolina's men at the front than was given by the governor of any other state to his men.

If this new historian has no better proof of his contention than that he alleges in the record of Vance, he is in for a deserved fall. But, after a second thought, we cannot keep from wondering just what General Baldy Boyden, Mrs. Bettie C. Gibson or any other real Confederate soul thinks about this reason for the failure of the Confederacy?

* * * * *

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In perhaps every town and city in the state there was a concerted effort to see that poor and needy children in their midst were not deprived of some Christmas cheer. No doubt in every such case there were impositions. Families called for help, placing themselves on the eligible lists for remembrance, when the head of the family should have assumed the obligation and was amply able to do so.

We have heard of several cases similar to this reported in this section. Such conduct is dishonest, but there are two sides to the proposition. It is reported that one man gave the head of a certain family twenty-five dollars to supply the Christmas cheer for his family, and, it is alleged that the head of that family on the following Monday purchased an automobile. Another case is reported where the children of a certain man appeared in an "Opportunity" and it was ascertained that the father rides about in taxies and busses, enjoying himself like a little lord. This report has been run down; and the facts are as represented. But the children of the sporting father did not have shoes, poorly and thinly clad, and no hope of receiving Christmas cheer such as a child is entitled to do in a civilized and prosperous country.

Was a mistake made in this manifestation of charity? Certainly not. The mistake, if any, lies in the fact that some officer has not done his duty. Such a father should be yanked up and made to take, what Judge Bryson declares to be a remedy, a cure such as may be received by a personal association with a county chain gang. Neglect the children, who are in need, because they have been sired by a sorry daddy and forced to exist under an unwhole-

some environment! A child with a sorry daddy, and what a pity there are so many, is in a worse fix than an orphan; and the Good Book, in which we have absolute faith, defines what true religion is and the exercise of this grace certainly includes the needy children of a good-for-nothing father.

As long as time exists, kind hearts will be imposed upon, but the fact that this is possible does not excuse the skin-flint from playing Santa Claus to the needy child.

* * * * *

JUDGE BRYSON.

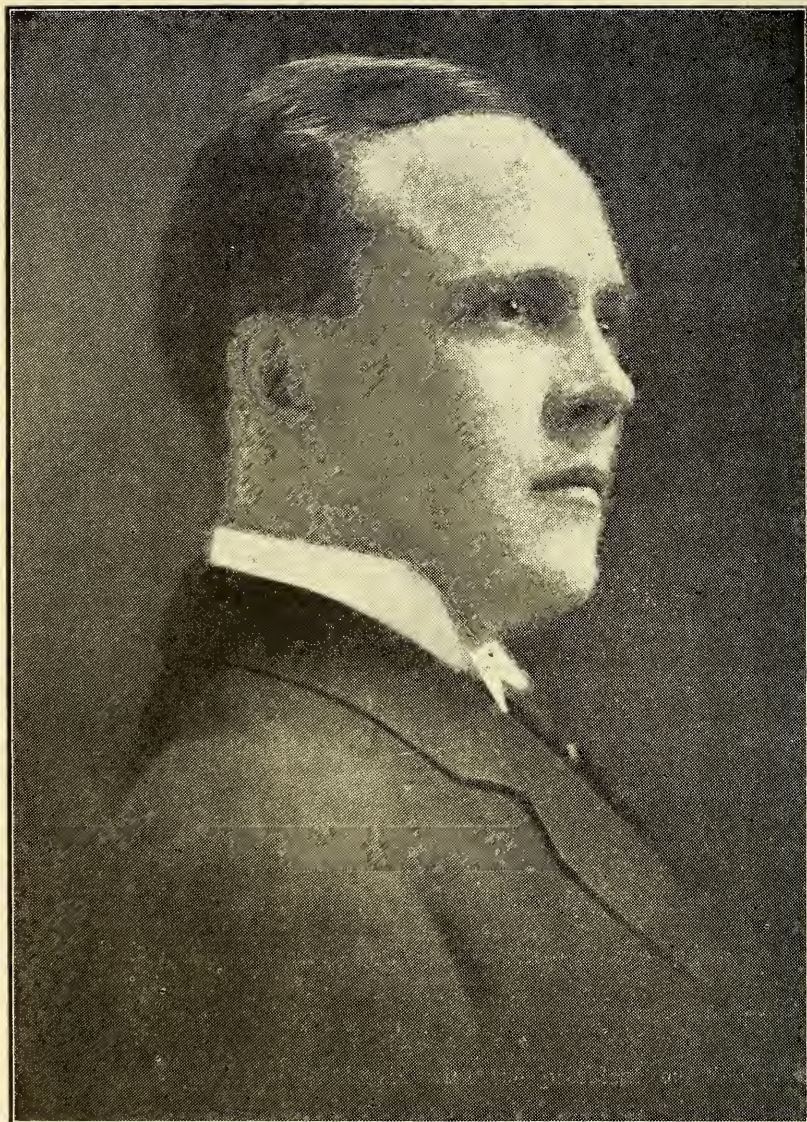
Would that every man, woman and child in the state could hear the admirable and sound charge as delivered to the grand-jury of Cabarus county on last Monday. In substance it was sound law, given so every one could understand; it was a treatise on good citizenship; it breathed an abiding, child-like faith in Christian morals; it manifested a growing fear that fathers and mothers were not exercising that control of and interest in their offspring as their future requires: and the whole address was logical and eloquent—in fact, it was a classic.

He paid a high compliment to the officers of the law in this section in that they seemed trying to do their duty in the enforcement of the prohibition law. Judge Bryson gave utterance to the fact that the man who patronized a bootlegger was guilty before the law and every whit as bad. A sober thought leads one to an endorsement of this position. It is just as bad to encourage lawlessness as to conceal stolen goods. But Judge Bryson spoke a parable when he declared that a county is just as dry as the public wishes it to be. It is not expected, as the Judge indicated, for the officers to make a clean sweep of this lawlessness without the aid of the public.

Vagrancy came in for a severe and merited condemnation; and one wonders how some able-bodied people in every section really live—no evidence of employment or means of support—unless it is by boot-legging, maintaining gambling and unholy joints. Some of these today are being watched, the circle is daily growing smaller, and sooner or later they will be introduced to a chain gang cure. Fines are not effective—they are considered licenses; service in building good roads for honest people to ride on is the only cure.

* * * * *

It is not given to many to celebrate their 100th anniversary of birth; but this distinction came to Rev. J. W. Wellons, D. D., of Elon College, on Thursday last.



Dr. W. S. Rankin
Director Hospital Section of the Duke Foundation See page 13.

APPRECIATION OF DR. W. S. RANKIN.

Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer.

Over the desk of Dr. Rankin, where he has sat in the red brick building where he has worked for near two decades to the end that the world has made a path to his door and made him to walk up it into new fields, there hangs a picture of Napoleon. Yesterday I think he must have had it packed up to take with him to his new office in Charlotte. It was not there as I talked to him.

Looking at Rankin, and then at Napoleon, there is an inescapable similarity between them, a physical resemblance. It must be deeper than that. The biographies of the Little Corporal that I have read tell of a man whose sentences were crisp, whose voice was incisive, whose processes were direct, but who, when the situation demanded, could be swiftly adroit. They are alike in these things, too. There is, too, an unfathomable quality about Rankin that must have been characteristic of Napoleon.

I wonder how much further the analogy might go. Rankin has fought an indomitable fight through these years, never as a spectacular leader, but shrewd—in the better sense of the word. He has gone out at the age of 46, with a vision the like of which I have not encountered anywhere among men. Elsewhere in the paper today there is a woefully inadequate, I fear, story of what he has gone to do, and with what spirit he has gone.

Rankin is 46. He is an earnest disciple of Dr. Osler. He gives himself fourteen years, in which to do the tremendous task that has been given into his hands. Napoleon was not much older when he died an exile. Rankin has done already a phenomenal work, that reaches into every continent on the globe. It may be that his influence has saved already as many lives as the Napoleonic lust cost his generation.

Sometimes I have seen him gaze at the picture of Napoleon above his desk, but I have never asked him what his thoughts were. But his talk is always of saving men's lives.

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR CHRISTMAS FUND.

Stonewall Circle, Sr., King's Daughters, Concord	\$ 10.00
Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury	5.00
Mr. A. W. Klemme, High Point	5.00
Ward Grocery Company, Concord	50.00
J. C. Crowell, Charlotte	5.00
Mr. Herman Cone, Greensboro	25.00
H. I. Woodhouse, Concord	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Jordon, Charlotte	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Alexander, Charlotte	5.00

George U. Overcash, Mt. Uta, N. C.	5.00
Mrs. Walter Davidson, Charlotte	5.00
F. M. Youngblood and Co., Concord	25.00
County Commissioners, Guilford County	25.00
Silver Cross Circle, Rockingham	10.00
W. J. Swink, China Grove	10.00
Mrs. J. W. Cannon, Sr., Concord	10.00
A Friend	5.00
Hoover's, Concord	5.00
A Friend	10.00
10-13-8	50.00
Concord Kiwanis Club	10.00
John R. Query	5.00
Prof. C. L. Coon	5.00
Silver Cross Circle, King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
Jas. D. Heilig, Salisbury	10.00
Junior King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
G. B. Caldwell, Monroe, Barrel Apples	
Ed Hecht, Charlotte	10.00
Ritchie Hardware Co., Concord	10.00
Mrs. Chas. E. Boger	10.00
Leakesville-Spray Rotary Club	5.00
Mrs. J. A. Barnhardt, Concord, 3 vol. fiction, 30 vol. Dickens' Christmas Carol	
Sparta Grain Co., Spartanburg, S. C.—4 boxes apples	
Men's Bible Class, Second Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, 400 neckties, 400 handkerchiefs, 100 music rolls.	
Rev. T. W. Smith, Atlanta, Ga.	2.00
Madison Rotary Club	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Pait, Lumberton	5.00
E. B. Grady, Concord	10.00
Mrs. J. M. Odell—1 box oranges	
Welfare Dept., High Point—1 barrel apples	
Greensboro White Christmas Com.	22.00
Hardaway-Hecht Co., Charlotte—4 buckets candy	
Mr. Shelton, Boy's Work Secretary, Charlotte—4 boxes apples	
T. M. Shelton, Charlotte	5.00
J. H. Separk, Gastonia	25.00

* * * * *

Exactly 3,130 people shook hands with the president on New Year's. Just a punishing function that has become a habit. Bet the whole crowd was glad when it was over.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A favorite topic of conversation with many persons is the question of making money last, and regard it as a hard thing to do. It is. But the hardest thing about it is, making money first.

—

When you shake hands with Old Man Grouch, and begin to tell him that there is something wrong with this fellow, and the other fellow, it would be well for you to investigate and see if you are not both of these fellows.

—

It is always best to rejoice over, and do the best you can with what you have. Your lot might be worse. Just suppose you were a germ and it took a million of you to make a man sick?

—

If there is anything that parents have not learned from experience, in their past careers, it is more than likely that they can now learn from their children. The old saying that "The child is the father to the man," is nigh about true.

—

In the "good old days" back yonder, it was usually the case that one girl turned one man's head. Now-a-days, all the girls turn the heads of all the men.

—

The reason some people do not use their own advice comes from the fact that they give it all to other people, and have none left for their own use.

The type of disposition and the mental attitude each one possesses is the result of mental training, to a large extent. The hatred and bloodsheds of the Middle Ages were mostly the result of ignorance and its brother bigotry, due to lack of mental training. The door of the mind was deliberately kept closed. The more one knows the less one hates. Wise men are the most humble; ignorant men, the most prejudiced and conceited.

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My old friend J. P. Richter says, "Cheerfulness like spring, opens all the blossoms of the inner man." Rich is right.

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Carelessness and cussedness cause about ninety per cent of the troubles people meet with daily. These troubles ought not to happen. People don't stop long enough to do some sensible thinking. In too big a rush. It is better to be safe than sorry.

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Most of the folks who lose money in investments are folks who are not satisfied with the usual rates of returns. Every promoter of a fraudulent scheme deliberately appeals to the spirit of greed as well as to the spirit of credulity. When the two are united in one person he usually finds a victim. The person who is willing to work and save, and receive a reasonable rate of interest on his money is seldom fleeced by sharpers. They are on the lookout

for the man who is trying to get something for nothing.

The honk of the automobile makes you feel;

And its nearness scares you nigh out of breath;

Your fears you can't conceal, as in the street you reel,

For the strike of the car is often death.

Lots of folks will ask you, "How is the world serving you?" It seems to me that is kinder putting the cart before the horse. Why shouldn't folks ask, "How are you serving the world?" If you treat the world right, its mighty apt to treat you all right, too.

Dr. W. K. Boyd, of Duke University, in his admirable and accurate "History of Durham," just off the press, gives this writer liberal and honorable mention, among the newspaper workers of Durham, in the past and in the present, which is most highly appreciated, "Old Hurrygraph" hopes he deserves the complimentary things said of him. If there is one thing I am proud of is the fact that for thirty-eight years I have been preaching the gospel of progress for Durham, ever having faith in her future as a great metropolis. When Duke university, then known as Trinity college, was first carried to Raleigh, and then brought to Durham, my humble little afternoon paper was in the hottest of the fight, defending Durham's "moral, social and healthful environments," against the attacks of those who were opposing this move. Then, too I am

happy in the thought that I published a daily paper in Durham for twenty-three years, without missing an issue, when the folks said, when it first started, when so many papers had gone down before it came on the scene, they would give me six months to run it. It ran 23 years, is running now, going on 35 years, and I am still here, pulling for a greater Durham, praise the Lord. I certainly appreciate the fact that Dr. Boyd remembered me as a thread woven in the history of Durham. Along in 1889, when Durham was flat, upon her back, from a knockout blow of wholesale failures, and the clouds the darkest she ever knew; when hope was in the throes of commercial despair, I held high the torch of faith, and kept the fires of encouragement burning. They were days that tried a community's heart. But faith in Durham never did flicker out. Behold, what a great city, a little spark hath kindled!

I have often wondered why some of the people who manufacture men's undershirts do not cut the sleeves out of the same piece of cloth; in other words having the warp in them to stretch the same way. It is almost invariably the case that when a fellow gets some of the undershirts that one sleeve, in time, will draw up and the other draw out. One will crawl up your arm, and roll up like it was getting ready for a fight; and the other one will string out and run down like a man's coat sleeve dangling down from the arm of a small boy. The sleeves never travel the same way. To the arm it feels like one's coming and the other going.

They shrink and they expand. It's reduce on one side, and produce on the other. I never could understand how there could be such a difference in one garment. But it's the fact.

We never hear any more the expression, used some forty or more years ago, of a man "hiding behind a woman's skirt." No, sir; they can't do it these days. The skirt isn't there. It will soon be the fad for the women to hide behind the men's ballon pants.

A hobo, very much begrimed from his travels, appeared at the door of a residence and requested a "bite of a little something to eat as he hadn't had a mouthful since yesterday." The lady of the house instead of providing him with something to eat, remonstrated with him on his appearance, and suggested that he use a little soap and water occasionally. The hobo told her that he had considered that question quite frequently, but it was like this: "You see, lady, there are so many different kinds of soap these days, that it is hard to tell which is and which is not injurious to the skin, that I don't like to take any risks."

Most beef eaters rave over "sirloin steak." Do you know the origin of the name given to that particular cut of the beef? One romantic legend says that King Authur, pleased with the flavor of his favorite cut of beef arose from his dinner table, on one occasion, drew his sword, and in a regal manner knighted the meat, dubbing it "Sir Loin!" Now, doesn't your beef taste better?

A great many people hug to their bosoms the fallacy of getting something for nothing. People who lose money in wildcat speculations lose it primarily because they are hoping and trying to get something for nothing. The idea is to get money without earning it; they want returns from money beyond all reasonable expectation. Swindlers, as a general rule, excuse their operations by saying that the people they swindle are just as bad as they are because these people are trying to get something for nothing. That is not altogether true; but it has some elements of truth in it. It is the man who hopes to get ahead of somebody else in a quick fashion, that listens to the tales of the man who promises great wealth without effort. The desire to get something for nothing is dangerous in any walk of life; it is a desire that usually leads to disaster in things financial.

Passing along Roxboro street the other morning, a little tot some four or five years old, came out of a house with high steps in front. She carried a muffler in one hand and an empty milk bottle in the other. When she reached the bottom of the steps she undertook to put the muffler around her neck with one hand, and in doing so she let the bottle slip and it smashed to pieces on the pavement. Her look was of terror for a few moments; apparently not knowing whether to scream or cry. I spoke a few words, in an effort to console her in the loss of the bottle. She then faintly smiled and said: "I broke it; gimme a nickle." In one so young she had the idea to make

sympathy pay. Well, there's wisdom in the mouth of babes. Sympathy that will not materially help a fellow when he is in distress, doesn't amount to much.

The philosophy of life is gained day by day from among those around us, if we will but observe closely and meditate upon our observations. A farmer, on one occasion, went into a bank with a check for \$1,000. He wanted it cashed. The cashier was exceedingly anxious for him to deposit the money in that bank, and told him so. The farmer went to one side and counted his money. The cashier, smiling and as pleasing as a May morning, followed him over, and stood by his side interceding with him to make a deposit of the money in that bank. Finally the farmer said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will smile as much, and look as pleasing when I draw my money out as you do now, asking me to deposit it in your bank, I'll deposit it here." The cashier agreed, and the farmer made the deposit on those terms. There is a great deal of human nature and practical philosophy in this incident.

Like the little boy, with the first money of any amount he had earned, was given one dollar's worth of nickles and dimes, said, "He didn't know there was so much money in the world." I am tempted to make a similar expression. From the numerous presents kind expressions of good wishes for cheer and happiness, by word of mouth, beautiful cards and sincere letters, from home

folks and all over this state and other states I didn't know there was so much good will in the land to stir the melodies of life in one's heart. All of these good people are the projectors of cheer and the true spirit of Christmas. Now, if all of us will make the anticipation of our yesterdays pass over into our tomorrows, day by day, our lives will be enriched and blessed beyond our conception. Life enriches itself fast when it projects happiness. In the language of Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one."

Our likes and dislikes are a strange commingling of our feelings. Haven't you seen people that completely fascinated you on the first sight, and after a more intimate acquaintance your first impressions turned to disgust? Then haven't you seen strangers, and without knowing why, you take a great dislike to them? The only reason you can give is, "I just don't like his looks." Then it turns out on longer acquaintance, you become to admire them. This state of affairs comes from the fact that you don't know them. A hasty judgment on first appearances, which are not always a safe criterion. Some people wear well, some don't, like a suit of clothes too large for the wearer. Then in judging it is a mighty good rule to be slow in judging, lest we ourselves be judged. Oft times these likes and dislikes, hastily formed, are prejudices, without good reason, and the blame for them are on ourselves and not the other fellow. Let us be charitable with our judgments before we pronounced them in words.

OBJECT OF THE DUKE FOUNDATION.

By Ben Dixon McNeill.

Every day in every year 100,000 people in the two Carolinas are sick in bed. Ten thousand of the 100,000 are so seriously ill that they ought to be in hospitals. The two states, in all their hospitals, have beds for 6,750 patients, but actually only 3,510 of these beds are occupied. The other 6,490 men, women and children, many of them sick unto death unless something can be done for them, are not in the hospitals.

In remote rural homes, in cottages along the poorer streets of the towns, in lodging houses where live the man or woman who works for a nominal salary these 6,490 people who ought to be in hospitals fight their fight with death. Before sunset tonight fifty of them will have been lost and tomorrow another fifty, and so through the pageant of tomorrows. Before them has gone a great company, and behind them comes another to fill the ranks.

These 6,490 men, women and children are not in hospitals, and these fifty have died today because they are without resources with which to obtain hospital treatment. They were sick—they are dead, because they were poor. The thousands of beds available in the hospitals stand vacant because it costs too much for the sick to lie in them. Forty-eight per cent of the hospital beds in the two states are unoccupied.

In the 3,510 beds that are occupied in the hospitals of the two states, one-third of the patients are char-

ity patients. They pay nothing. The two-thirds who occupy the other beds pay the three thirds for the operation and maintenance of the hospital. First a patient who is able to pay must pay the debt of the charity patient before he himself can be treated. He is penalized for his ability to pay.

Upon him who is able to pay is placed the burden of a few of those who are not able to pay. Upon the two states is imposed the frightful economic loss of a hundred thousand people who are taken from productive places in the social structure. Care of some sort they must have, and the burden falls upon those who are nearest to the man who is sick. It is a heavy, sorrowful burden upon the hearts and upon the shoulders of the five million people who are the citizens of the two states.

Picks Up the Burden.

Yesterday a man lifted the burden to his own shoulders and went away to find a solution for it. On his shoulders he carried the great weight of a hundred thousand people who are sick. In his hands he had great wealth, the gift of a man but lately dead, dedicated to making light the burden. And in his heart he carried with him a truth gotten from a little book. With the wealth in his hands and the truth in his heart, he found strength to bear lightly the burden of a hundred thousand sick.

The man is Dr. Watson, S. Rankin. The wealth is the gift of James

Buchanan Duke, forty million, perhaps fifty million, possibly sixty million dollars, set up in the Duke Foundation for the creation of hospital care and treatment in the two states. The truth in Dr. Rankin's heart he got from three stories in the New Testament—the story of the Trial in the Wilderness, the story of the Blind Beggar, and the story of the Samaritan and the Priest and the Levite.

More formally the story could be told in a few brief sentences that would read about as follows: Dr. W. S. Rankin left yesterday for Charlotte where he will open offices of the hospital section of the Duke Foundation. Within the next year Dr. Rankin believes that the Foundation will be able to distribute \$250,000 toward the maintenance of charity beds in hospitals not operated for private gain in the two Carolinas. The hospital section has completed the plans under which it will distribute the funds made available in the Duke Endowment.

Under the regulations adopted by the board of directors of the hospital section, appropriation of \$1.00 per bed per day will be made to hospitals for charity patients. The only condition attached to the gift will be that the hospital maintain charity beds. They will be required to submit to the board a statement of their operation at the end of each month on a form prepared by the board. These reports will be tabulated and a digest of them sent to each hospital with which the hospital section has relations.

For the present no appropriation will be made for hospital construc-

tion. If at any time the resources of the endowment are greater than the needs for maintenance of charity beds in the hospitals of the two States, appropriations for hospital construction may be made from time to time. At present the interest of the hospital section is primarily in maintenance. Until the estate of the late James B. Duke is appraised and settlement made of the several bequests, the exact amount of the endowment will not be known.

Makes Hospital Survey.

For the past 10 months Dr. Rankin has been actively engaged in making a survey of the hospital resources in the two States in which the Duke endowment will operate and for purposes of information a comparative study of the hospital resources of the country at large. Voluminous statistics have been assembled and will be made the basis of the board's plans for administering the Duke Foundation. Dr. Rankin's experience as State Health Officer has been invaluable to him in making the survey.

Within the two States to be served by the Foundation he found that 20 to 30 peopt out of every 1,000 population were sick in bed every day in the year, and that 10 per cent of them should be in hospitals. He finds that the proper hospital equipment should provide two beds for each 1,000 population. In the larger centers of population, due to abnormal conditions, th bed equipmen should be five beds to the 1,000 population, while in more rural areas one bed per 1,000 may be regarded as adequate.

In the two States Dr. Rankin finds that there is an average of 1.35 beds per 1,000 population. In order that the fixed overhead charges may be met, a hospital should have 75 per cent of its beds occupied at all times. In the two States in which the Foundation will operate, only .67 of the beds are occupied, or in other words, the available hospital facilities are used only to the extent of 52 per cent when 75 per cent is normal.

One-third of the patients in hospitals pay, or able to pay their bills. The other two thirds pay the entire cost of maintaining the hospital. Private hospitals, while they have a lower percentage of charity patients, take them in large numbers because there is no escaping them. The most restricted private hospitals, take charity patients, and the others pay their way. It is the only method under which they can continue to operate.

Ninety five per cent of the troubles of hospitals are with finances. The one third of their resources absorbed by charity cases keep them constantly in financial difficulties. They try to do charity work when they are not prepared for it, and have only the most inadequate resources for taking care of such situations. It is this situation the Duke Foundation will try to remedy. It will try to lift the burden of caring for ten thousand off the shoulders of the 2,350 who can and do pay.

And it will try to bring hospital facilities within the reach of the 6,490 who do not go to hospitals because they are not able to go.

The Duke Foundation will ap-

proach the problem from the standpoint of the charity patient. It will appropriate \$1.00 per day per bed to 60 hospitals in the two states, and will have available for the next year approximately \$250,000. That will be the primary aid to the thousands who have not now any hospital facilities available because of their economic limitations. The money will be given without any strings tied to it. There will be no trading with the hospitals. It will, however, be made to help and not a substitute. The hospitals themselves must find a supplementary or complementary income.

Hospitals having this relation with the Foundation will be required to submit monthly reports of operation costs. Items of overhead will be listed separately and made available for comparative purposes. One hospital may learn from another of more economical methods of operation, and thus reduce the cost of operation. On the other hand of the ledger will be kept a per-patient cost, carefully itemized. One hospital may learn from another how economies may be affected.

On the professional side of the subject another report will be made. Hospitals will report how many operations of the various types were performed, by whom and with what results. For instance, a hospital will report that in a month 50 gall bladder operations were done, with a death rate of 2.4. Another hospital may report that 50 were done with a death rate of 4.2. The report will be analyzed and sent back to the governing board of the institution.

It may be seen that Dr. Smith

operated on 18 of the cases with no deaths. Dr. Brown operated on 12, with one death. Dr. Jones had 10 operations and one death. Dr. Black had 10 operations and four deaths. These facts will be called to the attention of the board for whatever action they may deem proper. Incompetent, careless or inexperienced surgery will be weeded out of the hospital. And on the other hand the highest commendation will be given to men who are deserving of it.

"These things are tremendously important, and their value cannot be easily over-estimated," said Dr. Rankin yesterday. "We can bring hospital facilities within reach of the mass of the people, and we can bring the standard of service rendered them to a high degree that we have as yet only dreamed of. But it is not the highest good that will come of this bequest that Mr. Duke has set up here among the people from whom he came."

The Spiritual Side.

"What higher thing have you dreamed of?" he was asked.

"The spiritual side of this thing. So far you have seen only the material and the physical side of it. We have money and we can get brains and skill. We will have in the organization resources for organizing local and group interest in the general plan of hospitalization of the entire people of these two States. We will enlist their interest in this ideal of service to humanity, and that is, after all, the great thing.

"Let me get at it this way—if, when you were born, you had been

taken to a beautiful island and there every wish you had ever had were gratified, you had never seen a thing suffer, you had never felt pain, you had never known sorrow, you had never seen what was distress or despair, you would not know sympathy. Lacking sympathy, you would not know love. The fundamental thing that makes you a part of life would be lacking in you.

"A man lives in proportion as he is able to project himself into the lives of those around him. If his character is big enough, he can project himself into the whole world. He sees its joys, he sees its sorrows, he feels its pain, he is moved to compassion. Character is two things, or it has two qualities. It has strength and it has size. It can have great strength and little size. Both come from exercise.

"And here we exercise it. We can give it strength by projecting ourselves in sympathy outside our own interests. We can give it size by reaching out to see bigger horizons than our own interests or the interests of those who are nearest. Dr. Rankin would illustrate by going back to the stories from the New Testament. Their practical application is in relieving the distress of the world, the Wilderness for the growth of character and the others for the expansion of its size.

"When I used to lecture on pathology at Wake Forest I told my students that disease is always the result of the violation of some physical law. Now I doubt that. There is a spiritual side to it. One day I read the story of where the

Master with two of his disciples saw the blind man in the gate. One of the disciples asked him, 'Master, who hath sinned—this man or his parents?' And He told them that neither had sinned but that the man was blind in order that the works of the father might be made manifest in him.

"Look now at our problem in the light of that fact. Here are the sick among us, not because of their own sins, nor for the sins of their fathers, but that in them and through them and for them we might make atonement. Through them we may come into the possession of our own souls and the fulfilment of our destinies as men and women. I believe that sickness will be here until we have learned that lesson.

"I don't want to sound sentimental, but this thing has a tremendous spiritual significance to me. Too much has been preached about the Samaritan and too little attention has been paid to the Priest and the Levite that the Master put into his story. The church never preaches about them, but they are too typical of those of us who are

hastening to preach and us Levites who are in so great a hurry to go and sing the Psalms of David that we have no time for the traveler from Jerusalem to Jericho.

"Make the practical application of it yourself. Here we have these thousands of sick and afflicted. To provide a vast charity out of this fund to care for them would be ruinous, and it would rot our souls. They are the wards of us all, and we must help them. Incidentally, this Foundation has a large fund but it is something that will merely head up a vast working of interest and responsibility that stirs us all.

"When churches, communities, counties and groups realize their responsibility, spiritual and material we will supplement their funds. To that end the great work of Mr. Duke's indenture will be directed. It was not his idea that a colossal charity be set up, but that leadership and help might be provided for the mass of the people. That is what I will concern myself with primarily. Local hospitals, locally supported, and augmented by this fund, is the ideal of the Duke Foundation."

HOWE'S IDEA OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

It is said that Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, made his great discovery as the result of watching his wife make garments with her faithful needle often until far into the night, and wondering if something could not be done to relieve her of the drudgery. The first devices he made were simple and crude; they were ineffectual and he was poor; and his neighbors both laughed and denounced him. But he kept on, clinging to his ideal and tugging at his task. And at last, the sewing machine started on its career as an emancipator of woman and a blessing to the race. The seeing eye, the dauntless heart, the persevering hand—all are necessary to bring good things out of the land of dreams into the realm of reality.—Selected

NERVE!

By James Hay Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

These are the resounding days when ten thousand times ten thousand people are making cast-iron, nickel-plated, double-studded, Yale-locked resolutions to achieve success and come closer to the stars during the new and highly promising year of 1926.

And, to get anywhere at all, each one of them has got to realize that, if he does not possess or does not develop a plentiful supply of nerve, he might as well quit his resoluting today.

If he lacks nerve—though he be equipped with an imagination that douses Shakespeare's, a financial genius that beggars J. Pierpont Morgan's, and a gift for organization that makes Henry Ford look like a dub—if he lacks nerve, he is collapsed, out of the running, done.

What I mean here by "nerve" is the stuff that never quits.

One of the grizzled old generals who courtmartialled Colonel William Mitchell remarked the other day: "A man may be afraid while going to the discharge of perilous duty, and yet may do that duty splendidly."

That is one kind of nerve, the kind that refuses to quit though terror has it by the throat and the unknown clamp its heart with ice.

Another kind, laughing at danger because it loves that sort of a thrill, takes a header into the high sea of menace, comes to the surface with a whoop, and, shaking the water from its eyes and ears, strikes out for

that shore which is the home of even greater threat.

There is the nerve which with bands playing and guns roaring and men yelling and flags flying, strides through barrage and bombardment to heroic victory.

There is also the nerve which, alone, in the dark, without the spur of competition or the panoply of inspiration, comes through to conquer a condition or a situation whose existence not even its most beloved suspects.

A man, so desperately ill that physicians said he had no chance to live, was brought to Asheville some years ago. He was accompanied by his wife and little daughter. His money gave out. They were in a strange town without friends.

His wife had been trained for no sort of work. She was by nature retiring if not actually averse to meeting people in the mass. But her husband lacked and her child was about to go hungry. She went out and built up a business, a business of displaying hamples and securing orders for the goods direct from the factory.

She built it up while keeping house. She built it up by lugging a heavy suit-case of the samples from door to door in this town. She built it up so well that it took prizes in competition with other branches throughout the country and brought in a handsome income.

In doing it she went against and

overcame the incredulity of the people; they did not believe she could succeed. She got the better of her own tastes and temperament. She conquered her inexperience. She got away with two big jobs: the selling business and the business of keeping house for husband and daughter.

She did it because she had the sort of nerve that would make a stir in Valhalla itself, where only the bravest of the brave set foot. She did it because, confronted by terrific necessity, she wouldn't quit and wouldn't whine. She made good on her own queenliness. Because she knew she could beat the world, she did beat it.

There is the story of the blind man who, because he has an unbeatable and bejeweled nerve, is today a Senator in the United States; of the bandsman who, when he lost both arms, learned to play the cornet with his toes; of the professional dancer who, laughing at the doctors' stories that nobody with a broken back like hers could ever walk again, kept on laughing through two years flat on her back, and finally got up and danced her way to as great an ovation as ever shook the walls of a New York theater.

There is, too, the glamorous tale of a high army officer risking his rank and career to warn the country of the rotteness in its military avia-

tion; of an aviator toying with death to prove that an aeroplane could be dropped from a dirigible in flight; of a bishop defying his church for his beliefs; of an artist inventing a new school of painting because he despised the old methods as insufficient.

Nerve! Gorgeous, unlimited, god-like nerve! The world is full of it because it is the stuff of which civilization is woven, and because, without it, man is a pathetic and cringing creature kicked into the mud of mediocrity by the ordinary run of circumstance.

"Courage!" Hugh Walpole says in one of his books, "Courage! It the only thing that matters."

The man who lacks it and refuses to cultivate it need expect nothing from 1926. The one who has it need put no limit to his desires, no boundaries to his dreaming. Nerve is the great and irresistible magician. It beats down competition, snaps its fingers at physical ailment, laughs at difficulty, whistles impossibility to heel.

Nerve—the sort that fronts all comers, refuses to bow its head, however bloody, and has the light of laughter in its eyes, however bruised—nerve is the thing that is going to climb the heavens and stride from star to star in 1926—and forever.

Don't look for the flaws ah you go through life
 And even when you find them
 It's wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
 And look for the virtue behind them.

VANCE AND THE UNIFORMS.

Greensboro News.

Frank Lawrence Owsley associate professor of history at Vanderbilt university, has written a book entitled "State Rights in the Confederacy" in which he sets forth the thesis that "the late Confederacy was not undone by the Union blockade, or by lack of industrial resources and transportation, nor even by the military superiority of its foes, but by gross incompetence and lack of national spirit at home." The emphasis of the Owsley researches appears to fall on the word "national." He has arrayed a body of information pointing to the fact that the very doctrine of state rights "put into practice in the face of an enterprising and powerful enemy quickly turned out to be fatal. The Confederacy collapsed because the Confederacy states distrusted one another, and because all of them distrusted the central government."

To bolster the thesis Owsley brings forward facts: He lights on Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, for instance, and recalls the appointment of 15,000 so-called officers for the Georgia home guard, "all of whom escaped active service, and General Howell Cobb was told that there were more able-bodied draft-dodgers, between 18 and 45, in Georgia in 1864 than had gone into the Confederate service from the state during the whole war." There is more about Governor Brown with relation to the withholding of supplies from the Confederate armies. When headquarters protest-

ed, Governor Brown could and did reply that the Confederacy was founded on the theory of state rights. A review of the volume continues with reference to Governor Brown:

He withheld supplies as well as men and so did most of his brother governors. Vance, of North Carolina, had 92,000 uniforms in his warehouses at the close of the war, and large quantities of blankets, shoes and tents. At that very moment the survivors of Appomattox were straggling in rags and bare feet. As Dr. Owsley says, Vance had enough uniforms "to give every man in Lee's army two apiece."

Here is an item on which historians in the state could supply information—such a historian, for instance, as R. D. W. Connor. Did Governor Vance have 92,000 uniforms in his warehouses at the close of the war, and did he withhold them from Lee's army, and was there at that time need for those uniforms or any uniforms in Lee's army? And if Governor Vance did have the uniforms and did withhold them, why did he?

With the general outline of the Owsley thesis many of the historians are in agreement, although not many (if, indeed, any) lay as much emphasis on the state right theory as a major cause of the Confederate collapse. Unquestionably transportation was a serious problem within the Confederacy. Moving supplies from the interior to the fighting units was a difficult and at times an impossi-

ble task even with excellent general staff organization, and the Confederacy was lacking in such an organization. Sherman's troops in Georgia could find food when prisoners at Andersonville were suffering from lack of it. Eggleston in his recollections tells of a Confederate battery stationed in South Carolina with rice available in the country around but put on short rations be-

cause bacon and flour could not be transported from a distance.: There is much other such evidence.

But the story of the 92,000 uniforms in North Carolina at a time when Lee's army was in desperate need of clothing is a matter of too general interest and importance to North Carolinians to leave untouched. The Daily News will welcome information about them.

“BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF SOMEWHERE.”

There is a beautiful Isle called Somewhere. Each of us holds clear title to it, although its location is a personal and profound secret. A man wearied by the day's work or discouraged by its result slips away to his Beautiful Isle, and the irritating concerns of the day fade into nothingness, the load of duties drops from his galled shoulders.

Once afoot in that delightful place, a man tarries blissfully, restoring his soul. There everything is as he would have it; everything is touched with a transcendent and mysterious beauty. His tread is airy, and his heart is light. He carries no weight who travels on his Isle of Somewhere. And he tastes sweet peace.

The most successful man is the one who has a well-marked road to his Beautiful Isle. The neighbors, of course, know nothing about it. All they know is what happens after he has been on a prolonged visit to the secret place. They see him after he has breathed deep of its inspiring air, after his foot has touched the magic soil. All they know about it is that here is a man who sees farther and more clearly, who does more

completely, more surely, more happily than other men. By these signs he is a practical man. Well he is. He is drawing on his inheritance. There is stored within each of us some of the wisdom and the power of all the men of all the ages. The wisdom of Solomon and patience of Job, the spirit of the Crusaders and daring of the Masters of the sea are ready to our call. Out of the past their voices speak to us, their spirits fire our own. But only in the silence.

Only on the Beautiful Isle of somewhere can we close out the nagging of the hour and call the deep hidden forces within us to our aid. To each his own place, his own way. Cleveland went a fishing, Roosevelt sought the still forests, John Finley walks all night under the stars, Cardinal Mercier kneels at the foot of the altar. Your grandmother reads an old Book that speaks of a peaceful land where there shall be no tears, no more night, no more sorrow, a place all beautiful and bright; and from that promise she draws strength to go on for another day.

A day of working under the sun

sends the most practical of us to seek rest and renewal of spirit. Only the very, very young and untaught have not the secret of the Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

—
“SOMEWHERE.”

Somewhere the sun is shining,
 Somewhere the song birds dwell;
 Hush, then, thy sad repining,
 God lives and all is well.

Somewhere the day is longer,
 Somewhere the task is done;

Somewhere the heart is stronger,
 Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
 Close by an open gate;
 Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
 Somewhere the angels wait.

Somewhere, Somewhere, beautiful
 Isle of Somewhere,
 Land of the true, where we live anew;
 Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

—By Angelo Patri.

AUTHORS' ECCENTRICITIES.

Authors, it would appear, are more prone to eccentricity than any other class of men. Count Tolstoi always went hatless and barefooted, no matter what the weather. Sir Arthur Cohan Doyle never wears an overcoat, even in the coldest weather, and has a trick of unbuttoning his vest when he is lecturing in a heated hall.

James Fenimore Cooper could not write unless he was chewing gumdrops, of which he ate large quantities as he evolved his famous novels.

Robert Browning was unable to sit still when writing, and always holes were worn in the carpet at his desk as the result of the constant shuffling of his feet.

Edgar Allan Poe always took his cat to bed with him, and was very vain of the size and shapeliness of his feet.

The late F. Marion Crawford used one penholder for the whole of one novel, and would not dream of chang-

ing it for another until that particular story was finished. He always carried his own pen, ink and paper with him wherever he went and refused to write with any other. Disraeli had a pen stuck over each ear when writing.

It is recorded of Thackeray that every time he passed the house in which he wrote "Vanity Fair" he lifted his hat; and Hawthorne always washed his hands before sitting down to read a letter from his wife.

A peculiarity of the younger Dumas was that every time he published a novel he went and bought a painting to mark the occasion.

When Bjornson went out for his daily walk he had his pockets filled with seeds, which he scattered in little handfuls, on the road as he went along.

Peculiarities of dress in authors are remarkable. Disraeli wore corsets. Dickens had a weakness for flashy jewelry. Bacon was so fond

of fine clothes that he spent his odd time trying to design new styles and fashions. When he could not persuade any one to wear them, he got

what satisfaction he could by hiring men to don his grotesque creations and premenade the streets in them.

SIMMONS' SPAN OF LIFE.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

Not for many months had there been such a dangerous-looking fire as a New York fire chief found on reaching the corner of Bleeker Street and Broadway, in New York City, one election night. The flames were leaping across Bleeker Street from the tinder-dry old Empire Bank on the south side, and licking up the window-frames in the tall Manhattan Savings Institution building on the northeast corner.

Second and third alarms had been sent in by the first battalion chief on hand, and these the cautious chief soon followed with a fourth, and then a fifth. So the streets near the fire were filled with apparatus. The noise of twenty-six steamers rose, like the purring of a gigantic cat, over the roar of the flames and the din of shouted orders, and afar off the siren of a fire-boat hooted its raucous warning to the crowding North River craft, as the big fire-boat raced up the river from her berth at the Battery.

It was early in the evening, and the great tide of the curious was just setting toward the bulletin-boards of election returns. The clanging bells of the hurrying engines warned the crowds that the bright light came from no old-fashioned election-night bonfire, and they surged after the firemen.

The streets filled up, and traffic

was blocked. Still the crowds came. The reserves from three police stations were ordered out to help the men on post. They forced gback the eager spectators and got the fire-lines sufficiently extended, so that the firemen had plenty of room to work.

And they needed room. A strong southeast breeze beat the leaping flames down, and drove them in level jets of fire across narrow Bleeker street against the tall Manhattan Building.

Work as they might, the firemen could not check the fire. The chief saw that, in spite of the best his men could do, the flames were likely to take the Manhattan Building. Calls went out for special apparatus, and then the alert operators, watching in fire headquarters, heard the little wheels of the register begin to buzz, and, listening intently, marked "two nines," the desperate call for help that the chief had sent out only once before in his career.

An instant later the heavy gong in every station-house in the city was hammering out the "two nine," and in ten seconds every engine not previously called for had started for the fire, while part of the farthest-up-town system hurried down to take station in vacant houses and redistrict the city.

It was when the fire was at its

worst that the crowd in Bleecker Street, well west of Broadway, saw the wonderful rescue.

The men of half-a-dozen engines had taken their hose up into the Manhattan Building to fight the flames across the street, but in spite of them the fire got into the top floors of the building they were occupying. So they had to turn their fight against the flames above their own heads, and the men of the insurance patrols began to cover up everything in the building with their big rubber blankets. Assistant Foreman Simmons, of Engine Three, with half-a-dozen men of his company, worked on the fifth floor of the Manhattan Building. They were so intent on the fight they were making in Bleecker Street that they did not notice what was going on over their heads until, with a great crash, the seventh floor fell in at the rear. It carried the rear of the sixth floor down with it, and the ruins tore down down the stairway, carrying a dozen men with them.

Then Simmons saw that he was cut off. His hose-lines had been broken by the wreck of the stairway, and he was helpless against the flames that flew into the room from the rear.

He ran to a window on the Broadway side, and shouted to some of his fellows in the street. Flames were bursting out of the windows behind him on the Bleecker Street side.

The men in the street had heard of the wreck in the stairway. They had seen some firemen run out into the awful heat and get away, and they had seen one battalion chief carried out so badly injured that he would probably never respond to an-

other alarm. They understood what Simmons' call meant.

In a twinkling a great extension ladder began crawling up the Broadway face of the Manhattan Building. The crowd in Bleecker Street saw that the fight for life had begun, and became silent with anxiety.

The fire was near the men at the fifth floor window when the top of the long ladder came in sight. One by one they went out. Simmons waited for his men to go first; but the last went through smoke and flame, and the assistant foreman knew that he could not follow. The men in the street had made a mistake. The ladder had been erected to the southernmost window nearest Bleecker Street side.

Simmons ran to the window farthest north. The men in the street knew that before the big ladder could be shifted the fire, working through the building, would have reached Simmons. The crowd saw, too, and a deep, desperate shout boomed out above the roar of the fire.

Then the great deed was done. On the fifth floor of the building adjoining the Manhattan Building the men of the fire patrols One and Two were at work. They heard the shout of the crowd, and looked out of the window. In an instant they comprehended the peril of Simmons.

The building they were in was older than the Manhattan, and the floors were not on the same level. Simmons, at his window, was three or four feet above them, and the Manhattan Building projected out front of their building almost a foot.

The window ledge was too narrow

to furnish footing, even for those steady-headed men of courage.

Under Simmon's window was a ledge five inches wide. By this he could reach the corner of his building if he had anything with which to steady himself; but after that—what?

It took but a fraction of a second to decide. Under their narrow ledge, and wired stoutly to it, the insurance patrolmen saw a huge sign that ran across the face of the building. Out on that sign crawled John Rush of Patrol Two. Close behind, with his arms clasping Rush by the legs and steadying him, came James Barnett of Patrol One. As they inched along the big sign, their mates followed, each clasping the man ahead, and each steadied by the man behind. Thus the span of life was formed that reached at last the corner of the Manhattan Building.

The angry roar of the fire behind him grew steadily louder, but above it Simmons heard the voice of Rush calling to him. Then he saw the head and shoulders of Rush appear around the corner of the Manhattan Building. Rush had risen to his feet, and, steadied by Barnett, crawl-

ed up to the ledge under Simmon's window.

Simmons stood out on the windowledge, leaned forward and caught the outstretched hand of Rush. Then began the backward passage. Steadied by Barnett, Rush and Simmons reached the corner. Around the corner down to the big, heavy sign, and slowly along it the brave fellows crawled. It seemed to the crowd in the street as if it would never be ended.

Desperate fear was in the watchers lest the sign should not bear the strain. If that gave way, no power could have Simmons and his mates from terrible death on the flagging 60 feet below. But the sign held. Man by man they reached the window; Barnett was in, Rush was in, and at last Simmons. For an instant the assistant foreman stood at the window and bared his head.

A roar, like the thunder of an angry surf, rose up to him from the street. Then a long hungry, red tongue thrust out of the window he had just left, curled around the corner of the Manhattan Building and leaped at the sign that had bridged his way to life.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

All the cottages were decorated for Christmas, and most of them looked very nice.

Messrs. Paul Owensby and Ralph Penninger, former officers at the School, were visitors here during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodman, of Mooresville, visited their daughter, Miss Vernie Goodman, during the Christmas holidays.

Howard Keller, member of the ninth cottage, has been given a position in the shoe shop. We wish him

all success toward making a good shoemaker.

An oyster dinner was a thing to start the New Year off with, at least that is what the boys at the Jackson Training School started the year off with.

Ernest Brown, Elvin Carlton, Jimmie Steavenson, Leon Allen, Robert Hartline, Calvin Forbush, Doy Haggwood Alwyn Shinn, Buford Carter and Ben Stubbs, were paroled during the past two weeks.

Christmas has come and gone, and it is now far away, but the next good thing is that the Easter holidays will be here before long. All the boys will be glad to see them come around.

Last Saturday was a warm day, and as there was no basketball game scheduled, the boys had a baseball game. If the weather continues warm the baseball games may continue.

The Year 1926 is here, and the old year of 1925 is gone, never to return, we wonder how many of the boys here made resolutions New Year's day. Not many, we would guess, but we wish all who made these resolutions all success to keep them.

Claude Coley, James Dalton, Ernest Browning, Chas. Beach, Parks Newton and Oler Griffin, former boys at the institution, visited the School during the Christmas Holidays. Coley who was a member of the printing office force while here,

is now running a linotype in Norfolk, Va.

The religious services on Sunday December 27th, were held by a delegation from Charlotte, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Shelton, the Boy's Work Secretary, at the Y. M. C. A. After the services Mr. Shelton treated each boy to an apple, for which all the boys thank him very much.

The menu for the Chirstmas Day dinner consisted of: Baked Chicken with Dressing, Cranberry Sauce, Rice, Gravy, Boiled Ham, Candied Yams, Pickles, Chocolate Cake, Mince Pie and Milk. This certainly was a good dinner, and we are sure that each boy disposed of a full share of it.

The Training School basketball team was defeated Saturday, December 26, by the Newell High School boys by a score of 22 to 6. The School boys did not score a point after the first quarter of the game, although all the boys played well, but could not keep the visitors from scoring. After the game the visitors gave a yell of victory. This makes the School a total of losing 4 and winning 2.

Lee McBride, James and Zeb Hunsucker, Ralph Hollars, Hewitt Collier, Lonnie and Lummie McGee, Clarence Davis, Howard Riggs, Ernest Brown, Robert McDaniel, Willard Gillilan, Lester Staley, Robert Whitt, Sam Poplin, Louie Pate, Tom Grose, Frank Pettus, Walter Williams, Bill Billings, James Beddingfield,

Otis Dhue, Robert Hartline, Hurley Way, Nolan Woodford, Ernest and Leary Carlton, Calvin Forbush, Leon Allen and Doy Hagwood, composed the "Happy Squad" during the Christmas holidays.

The Christmas holidays get in everyone's bones, at least they got into the bones of Mr. Brant Means, owner of the Star Theater, of Concord, for last Saturday, December 26, he made it possible for the boys at the institution to see "The Pony Express," this was a picture about the early mail in the west. We certainly thank Mr. Means for letting us have that good picture. Again, last Wednesday morning, he made it possible for the boys to see "Hearts of Oak," and a news reel. We again thank him for his kindness.

The auditorium was decorated very nicely, especially the entrance which was decorated with cedar and electric lights of red and green were strung out, and this made a very pretty sight. The electrical work was done by Mr. H. D. Spaugh, officer of the twelfth cottage. The interior of the auditorium was also decorated very neatly, with a large Christmas tree in the center of the stage, and several smaller ones on the side, wreaths were hung up in the windows, with a red bell in the center of them, holly was spread on the window sills. Above the Christmas tree was a large star, which looked very pretty, when the auditorium was thrown in darkness.

Rev. W. C. Lylerly, pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, con-

ducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His Scripture Reading was from the first and third chapters of the Book of Revelations. He selected for his text the eighth verse of the third chapter of that Book, which reads as follows: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it: for thou hast a little strength. His sermon was about John being imprisoned on an island surrounded by the sea, with no means of escape. John thought all the doors were shut upon him, and that he could not preach and go among the Christian people. But God said: "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Not even the emperor of Rome. John was everywhere with Jesus, he was with Him at the last supper, and sat next to Jesus and when Jesus said that one of His followers would betray Him, John leaned over on the breast of Jesus, and heard the whisper of the name of the betrayer. John was also one of the youngest disciples. Rev. Lylerly preached a very interesting sermon, and it was enjoyed by all that were present.

The usual Christmas program was rendered Thursday evening, December 24th, at 7 P. M. The program is as follows with a few details: The program was started off with the singing of a Christmas Carol "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," after which the boys recited in concert part of the second chapter of Luke, and a prayer led by Zeb Trexler: "Greetings," Arnold Cecil; when declamation was completed all the lights in the auditorium were turned

out and the star above the Christmas tree was lighted and the boys sang the next Christmas Carol with it shining, then Rev. R. M. Courtney, pastor of the Central M. E. Church, of Concord, delivered the Christmas Sermon, in it he talked about what Christmas was for and the happy time people have celebrating the birth of Christ. Rev. Courtney preached a very interesting sermon, and it was enjoyed by all present. Then the program continued with "Story of the Nativity,"—Six Boys; after their declamations were said the boys sang a song which was enjoyed by all present, "The Candle in the window,"—Cucell Watkins; then the boys sang a song, "Come Hither Ye Faithful"—"Christmas Everywhere," — Broncho Owens; "Old Aunt Dinah's Christmas"—Virgil Shipes; this was very good declamation and the boy saying it was dressed like an old negro washer-woman and gave all a good laugh. "An Important Waiter"—Johnny Glenn; "Santa's Age"—Guerney Taylor; then a Song "O, Little Town of Bethlehem"—School; "Bill Jones' Neighbors"—William Case, "Mr. Brown Returns Thanks"—Carl Henry; "A Christmas Stocking"—Lonnie McGee; "Christmas A. D. I."—Claude Evans, then a song "Joy to the World"—School. Then came the great big thing that was the main attraction on the program, and it was the distribution of the Christmas bags, the bags consisted of oranges, apples, nuts, candy, figs, tangerines and several other things. Then the Program was concluded with the singing of the Doxology and the Benediction. The program was en-

joyed by everyone present, and there was a large number of visitors here that night.

—

Have you ever made a boy happy by an act of genuine thoughtful kindness? Have you watched his shoulders straighten, his eyes sparkle, and his lips curve upward with that expression of good feeling that comes only "when a feller meets a friend?" If you haven't, we direct you to the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian church of Charlotte to prove that you have missed a pleasant sensation.

The Training School has a rich endowment of friendships, and for many years members of this church have been among those whose names led all the rest. But this past Christmas time the members of the Men's Club decided that they not only wished to remember the school as a whole, but that they wished to give each boy a gift, a suitable gift, and to present it in such a way that it would bear the stamp of an individual "Merry Christmas." The necessary funds having been subscribed, they did not deem it too much trouble to send a committee to the school to discuss the best possible way to go about this business of being Santa Claus for four hundred boys, and a suitable time for the occasion to take place. Accordingly, a delegation from the Club, headed by Mr. McNinch, Mr. Russell, Dr. Alexander Graham, and other members of the Club arrived at the school on the afternoon before Christmas Day.

The big tree and other Christmas decorations were in place in the audi-

torium, and the boys assembled upon short notice. After the singing of a carol and the recitation of a Scripture lesson by the boys, the visitors were introduced and attention was directed to the hundreds of Christmassy-looking packages piled beneath the tree. There was nothing cut-and-dried about those packages. Each holly box, tied with tinsel and stamped with appropriate greetings from the Club contained a handsome tie and handkerchief, and they were

personally presented by men who seemed to enjoy it all quite as much as the boys themselves. Nor was this all. A hundred new rolls for the player piano were presented amid loud applause from youngsters who like music quite as much, or more than the average person.

Lots of nice things happened to the school at Christmas, and this especially fine spirit of the men of the Second Church is esteemed as the "finishing touch."

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Russell Bowden, Joe Carrol, Fleming Floyd, Hiram Grier, Albert Johnson, Jno. Keenan, Valton Lee, Chas. Loggins, Wm. Case, Herman Goodman, Elwyn Greene, Doy Hagwood, Carl Henry, Hallie Matthews, Wm. Miller, Ralph Martin, Louie Pait, Washington Pickett, Will Smith, Zeb Trexler, Mack Wentz, Robert Ward and Irvin Cooper.

"B"

Isaac Anderson, Brevard Bradshaw, Howard Cloaninger, Wm. Creasman, Lee McBride, Homer Montgomery, Herbert Poteat, Donald Pate, Whitlock Pridgen, Jimmie Stevenson, Cucell Watkins, Jas. Alexander, Leon Allen, Ernest Brown, Geo. Howard, Howard Keller, Floyd McAuthur, Richard Meekins, Willie Odom, Clyde Pierce, Roy Rector, Delmas Robertson, Alwyn Shinn, Jno. Seagle, Archie Waddell, Aubrey Weaver and Graham York.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Clyde Brown, Dena Brown, Harvey

Cook, Dave Driver, Jno. Faggart, Abraham Goodman, Roy Lafon, Brantley Pridgen, Teachey Rich, Wirron Terry, Newton Watkins, Bill Billings, Vance Cook, Jas. Long, Jas. Mayberry, Clarence Maynard, Jas. Henry Jackson.

"B"

Wm. Beard, Jas. Beddingfield, Jeff Blizzard, Paul Camp, Ed. Crenshaw Alton Etheridge, Walter Eevers, Carlisle Hardy, Frank Hill, Robt. Hartline, Jno. Johnson, Geo. McCone, Clyde Peterson, Joseph Stevens, Nolan Woodford, Albert Buck, Bruce Bennett, Russell Capps, Otis Dhue, Calvin Forbush, Byron Ford, Vernon Hall, Roy Johnson, Ralph Leatherwood, Bill Rising, Geo. Stanley, Paul Lanier.

Room No. 3

"A"

Russell Caudill, Chas. Carter, Garland Rice, Lonnie McGee, Lummie McGee, Delmas Johnson, Joe Johnson, Robt. Whitt, Simon Wade, Troy Norris, Clyde Smith, Ralph Hollars, Herbert Floyd, Felix Moore.

"B"

Lawrence Scales, Carlton Hegar, Jethro Mills, Bruce Sprinkle, Austin Surret.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Calvin Hensley, Walter Culler, Paul Sisk, Jack Steveson, Virgil Shipes, Albert Smith, Langford Hewitt, William Wofford, Theodore Teague, Clarence Withers, James McCoy, John Taylor, Chas. Murphy, Hewitt Collier, Clay Church, Woodrow Kivett.

"B"

Elias Warren, Broncho Owens, Lawson Beasley, Ralph Wright, William Dunlap, Jack Thompson, Louis Pleasant, George Cox, Harold Ford, Lemuel Lane, Dan Albarty, Thurman Saunders, James Davis, Chas. Horne, John Tomison and Maston Britt.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Earl Torrence, Al Pettigrew, Theodore Coleman, Carl Ballard, Otis Floyd, Turner Preddy, Ben Cook, Elmer Mooney, Chas. Carter, James

Long, Marshall Weaver, Robert Cooper, Burton Emory, Myron Tomison, Tom Tedder, George Bristow, James Williams, Claude Wilson, Paul Sapp, Elbert Stansberry, Brunell Fink, Hazel Robbins, Hallie Bradley, Reggie Payne, Lee King, John D. Sprinkle, Bill Goss, Willie Shaw, Tessie Massey, Howard Riddle, Gerney Taylor, Conley Aumond, Chas. Huggins, Andrew Parker, Chas. Tant, Robert Munday, Fuller Moore, Chas. Beaver, Roscoe Franklin, Emmitt Levy, Ben Chatten, Charlie Norton, Munford Glasgow, Herbert Campbell, Arnold Cecil, Eddie Lee Burdon R. A. Stancel and Robert Hays.

"B"

Earl Edwards, Johnnie Glenn, Earl Mayfield, Dewey Walker, Eldon DeHart, Bennie Moore, Wendall Ramsay, Aaron Davis, Allen Cabe, Vernon Jernigan, Perry Quinn, Pinkie Wrenn, Claude Whitacker, Amos Ramsay, Dubb Ellis, Ralph Clinard, Norman Beck, Nicola Bristow, Robert Sprinkle, Leonard Miller, Ray Brown.

Since there is so much tax-slashing enthusiasm among congressmen, let us remind them that by reducing expenses further they can slash and slash still more.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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**SCIENCE HAS ITS OWN
FIELD.**

The very essence of Christianity is light; its very life-blood is truth; error and ignorance are among its greatest foes; and all true knowledge, however misconceived and misapplied for a time, is in reality its friend and helper, and sooner or later will be so acknowledged. . . . Physical science has its own field, its grand achievements and a possible future which no man can now imagine; but there are facts of existence which its processes cannot explain or even detect. . . . But physical science necessarily fails to account for our sense of right and wrong our quenchless longings after immortality, our invincible belief in the Almighty, All-wise and All-loving. Our loftiest thought remains always a fragment till it finds completeness in the thought of Him; and our hearts—strange hearts, so strong and yet so weak, with joys so sweet and grief so bitter—our hearts can know no rest save as they rest in Him.—John Albert Broadus.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

KNOCKERS.

If you can't catch the step; if you don't want to play the game; if you are so self-centered and so satisfied with yourself and can't see any good in others and their deeds and efforts in trying to serve others less fortunate, you can, at least, put up your little hammers and let the busy bees in your community alone.

* * * * *

WILL IT "BE SUFFICIENT?"

A grand jury in Spartanburg county, South Carolina, went after certain of the county's public school teachers. They delivered themselves as follows:

"It has come to our attention that some of the young lady teachers in the county forget the influence they exert over the young people under their care in the communities where they are teaching, and lack modesty in their dress and are not circumspect in their conduct. The practice of taking automobile rides at night, attending public dances and keeping late hours is not what is expected of one engaged in developing future citizenship. We hope that a mere reference to this will be sufficient."

"Sufficient"—it is absurd. The grand jury of that South Carolina county will not qualify as prophets. As long as certification for teachers is based on a mechanical principle and no regard is taken for those other fine qualities that every teacher should possess in order to become effective leaders in preparing children for citizenship, the school room is liable, at times, to in-

herit as a teacher that is a fashion copy-cat, and who lacks the fine qualities that are born in her that promises a wholesome influence upon pupils.

Grand juries cannot remedy the evil by such pronouncements, neither can the press bring about a reform that contemplates a young woman wearing enough clothes to conceal her person—it is a matter for the mothers and fathers; they alone may issue orders of consequence.

* * * * *

A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

That's an inspiring story and an object lesson, which the reader will find in the account of the life and efforts of John Williams. It shows just what one man may accomplish, if his heart and soul and talents are combined in an undertaking. We do not deny that man is called of God to undertake a task—but, somehow or other, we are inclined to believe that God moves in a mysterious way. Men may be called to start a proposition, but the call may not involve a completion of the job.

Some things are too big for one man alone to put across to completion. This brings us to a notice of the unusual comments of Mr. C. W. Hunt, who contributes for this number an observation on the Baldwin Southern Institute, which has gone upon the rocks at Charlotte. No reason can supplant faith. As sure as there is a God there comes from Him a call, an impulse to some particular piece of work that has in view the uplift of humanity. We are aware that there are illusions in the lives of people, who claim they have had a call—possibly it is a call but not a spiritual call—but a call for personal aggrandisement, either socially, politically or financially. That kind of a call goes down in defeat.

We make no doubt that Rev. Baldwin had a spiritual call, a call that involved the love of humanity. We must not pass judgment; because the school is closed and the faithful brother declares that he "is through with it," do not warrant the conclusion that his efforts were altogether without fruit. Possibly the seed sown in fertile minds, the mind of some one person, Baldwin came in contact with, will continue to show itself in some phase of humanitarian work that would never have been realized without the influence of the Southern Institute, the creation of Baldwin's call, or dream if that suits your views better. There can be no failure if even one soul is saved and brought to a higher and finer realization of the magnitude and purposes of life.

It is a mistake, we take it, if one feels that he has a call from the In-

finite God, not to answer it and trust for results. Failure as reckoned by a business mind differs widely from that by one who is prompted by the love of God and a love for his fellow man. Can it not be that God—if the brother was not mistaken in the call—used Rev. Baldwin just to this point for some specific purpose—remember, the field is the world, and, in the parable, your faith is likened unto a grain of mustard seed.

John Williams accomplished a great work, but died at the hands of those whom he wished to serve; Rev. Baldwin, too, accomplished a great work, but failed, in the eyes of some, among those whom he served.

* * * * *

MAKING A RULING.

Pardon Commissioner Hoyle Sink has had a conference with Gov. McLean over a situation that has come to light before him in the investigation of applicants for pardons. It developed that certain lawyers, employed by private parties to prosecute a defendant, after securing his conviction, appeared later as his attorney to secure his pardon.

Gov. McLean and Mr. Sink regard this performance as unethical—and it is. A fine-tooth-comb lawyer may always be depended upon to do those things that make the upright and real lawyers uncomfortable, because the average man thinks a lawyer is just a lawyer and all alike. And this is a woeful mistake.

A fair warning has thus come out from the pardoning department of the state that establishes a policy—a fine-tooth-lawyer need not appear. And it is at the same time to those who wish favors at the hands of the authorities a beacon light.

* * * * *

A MORNING PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father:

The day returns and brings us the petty rounds of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform these duties with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness and forbearance abound with industry.

Enable us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds weary, content and undishonored.

And when the closing of this day fades in the West, and the stars in Thy firmament open their holy eyes, give again to us Thy priceless gift—refreshing sleep. Amen.—*Ellwood Ivins, a business man of Philadelphia who amidst*

his large business affairs, finds time to recognize the needs of Divine guidance and aid. What a world this would be, if all likewise sincerely and daily approached Providence?

* * * * *

A FOND FRIEND NEVER FORGETS US.

Rev. Thomas W. Smith, who left us last year to make his home with a daughter in Atlanta, took occasion to write us on December 22nd as follows: "Please find enclosed check for two dollars for the Boys' Christmas Fund. Give my love to them. Wish you and Mrs. Cook a very Happy Christmas. Also that there may be good cheer, without alloy, for every officer and helper at the J. T. S."

This old Confederate soldier, while a resident of Concord, gave to the institution a loyal devotion and contributed a valuable service, without price, to the institution in providing for years a minister to hold our Sunday services. Though absent, sometimes, he never overlooked making provision for our Sunday's proper observance.

Though absent in the flesh, this most worthy and faithful gentleman, cheers us on occasions with his pleasant and thoughtful remembrance. Oh, what a jewel is this thing we know as thoughtful friendship.

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A WELCOME VISITOR.

The institution was favored by a visit from Judge Schenek, of Hendersonville, on Sunday last. He came to see one of the boys and to mingle with the student body during the day. Judge Schenek sat with Supt. Boger's Sunday School class and was deeply interested in the conduct of the lesson and the manner in which Mr. Boger's pupils entered into the spirit of the lesson. We like to have visits from the judges, the solicitors, statesmen, preachers, lawyers, doctors and all other good people, whose hearts are attuned to an interest in their fellowman and have a living knowledge that each of us are, in the final analysis, "thy brother's keeper."

* * * * *

Some of the stuff that is being turned loose in the "Raleigh Forum," if permissible or necessary at all, would be more at home in a theater or a dance hall than it is in a Christian church. What will men and women, sometimes do for a sensation! The genius that conceived that monstrosity appears to be an importation and is living off the tax money of the state. Come among us to show us a few things, and people fall to it.

WAGS TAIL AS NATURAL SIGNAL.

Why does a dog wag his tail? Not by accident. It is part of an ancient signal code, a veritable wig-wag with a white flag. For we must remember, every dog that has any white on him at all has a white tip to his tail, at the least a few white hairs, says Ernest Thompson Seton in *Colliers*. We know, too, that the wild ancestor of the dog also had a white tail tip. We know that this wild ancestor was a small yellowish animal with light spots over the eyes, that, he was indeed a kind of jackal.

Suppose our wild dog jackal sees a strange animal coming. The first wise thing to do is hide and watch the stranger—that is crouch in the grass. The stranger comes nearer. The crouching dog sees now the newcomer is one of his own kind—and maybe even a friend therefore not desirable food.

The stranger is now so near that concealment is no longer possible. So the first wild dog rises and walks stiffly and guardedly forward. Then seeing no threats, the first dog raises his tail, so that the white flag it bears is above the level of his back,

and waves it from side to side. The other, not desiring war, responds with the same wig-wag signal. They are now friends.

These things happened continually in the wilds long ago. Today you may see them in our towns every day where there are roaming dogs.

No creature has any habit through freak or accident. There is a reason back of every established practice.

The wild dog, for instance, usually slept where bedtime found him. His blanket was on his back. He selected a dry, sheltered spot. Then he smoothed the grass or moved the sticks and pebbles by turning around two or three times.

And this town-bred cousin does the very same today. The wild dog had his bushy tail for a final wrap. His nose and his four paws, his only thinly clad parts, he huddled together, and around them he carried the wooly, warming tail. So do chow and mastiff yet. If the terrier does not hide his nose with his wig-wag it is because his tail has been cut off.

WHY PARK?

(Tampa Telegraph.)

But why park anyway, If our goal is worth attainment, keep moving toward it every moment of the day, keeping constantly in mind the fact that while the other fellow is "parking" the gates are open, the fences down, the field wide open for development—and it's your business to do the job.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

SPARKS BEATEN FROM

THE ANVIL OF THOUGHT

Electricity, for some time, has been put down as one of the "current" expenses.

Few persons wish others to know them as they know themselves.

Many an old book has been to bound over to keep the piece.

A prescription is something the druggist puts up and the patient puts down.

Woman's "crowning glory" is fast becoming merely a head band.

It is better to laugh at one's enemies than to hate them. If you must hate, hate hatred.

A negro man and his wife were standing in front of a "cash and credit" store. The dusky wife was urging the ebony husband to go in and get her one of the dresses displayed in the window. "You doesn't have to pay but a \$1 down," she argued. "Don't less do dat," replied the hard-hearted husband; "Dese yer 'stallment men hab a new pray'r now, child, dat goes like dis:

"When I lays myself down to sleep—

"A dollar down; dollar a week;"

"If I should die a'fore I wake,

"De 'stallment man my clo'es will take."

I hear it whispered around that there is an educator in Durham so absent-minded that when the nurse, some time ago, in announcing to him the new addition to the family, told him it was a boy, remarked: "Ask him what he wants."

Did you ever think of it—a lot of people eat with their eyes? They do. They see things and imagine how good they would taste. Then they long for them and are not satisfied until they have devoured them. That's ' life, and most of us take advantage of life. So many live to eat, and not eat to live.

We satisfy and over-indulge our appetites with things we crave, meat and drinks. And then dispepsia and sickness is abroad in the land, and we wonder why the good Lord does not bles us with good health, like others enjoy who are more guardful of their stomachs. Eating to live is one thing. Fulfilling one's life plan is everything, being life itself, and individual success.

I have been thinking for some time that it would be a good idea, if our city schools could find a little crevice in their program of exercises, to squeeze in a few minutes, and have read to the pupils the ordinances of the city, to acquaint them with the municipal laws under which they live, and thus instill a respect for "law and order." This idea is born of observation in "Rambling Around." At times children under sixteen years of age may be seen driving automobiles. That's against the law. Then on some of the streets, boys and girls, too, use the pavements for speedways in riding bicycles. That's against the law. Last Christmas even and day children were allowed, by their parents, to fire pop-crackers which was against the ordi-

nance. If they do these things, and their young minds are not coached as what is right, it will no doubt encourage them to look lightly upon other laws and treat them with contempt. Keep the young informed on the laws and there will be less infractions.

In my rambling around, on a certain street, I see almost daily a four-ply optimist. On another street I see a four-ply pessimist. Both are business men. About the only difference I can see, other than their natural temperaments, is that the optimist appears to be doing the bigger business.

When you face a crisis it is necessary to think quickly and to the point. Quick thinking is largely a matter of practice. It is possible to train the mind just as it is possible to train the eye, or the hand, or to acquire skill in any line of endeavor by constantly applying one's self to

the task. It requires a daily program and a determination to stick to it. Trained thinking leads to resourcefulness — and resourcefulness leads to success. This reminds me that I am a living example of quick thinking. When a small chap, not knowing how to swim, I was on an old tree trunk which bent over a river. It was pretty slick from the many freshets that swept over it. I slipped off in water about 15 feet deep. That was the quickest thinking I ever did in my life. My whole 12 years were before me in about two seconds. I happened to think I had two legs and two arms, and I used them vigorously. The paddling and kicking kept my head above water, and learned to swim right then and there. I had to do it, to get out. It was a life or death matter with me. But I would not advise persons wishing to learn to swim to take that method of learning. It is fraught with too much danger.

There are more Johns in America than any other name. After John comes William, then James. This has been ascertained by a check-up of a large number of telephone directories.

It is apparent that religious names, from the Bible, are most generally considered when it comes to naming boys. Just why John should be the most popular is a question not yet answered, but there is no doubt of the fact that it indicates a very definite preference admiration, or interest. Bible names are another proof of the great influence which the Bible exerts upon the American people.—Selected.

INTRODUCING OF SORGHUM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By G. M. Lore, Concord, N. C.

About 1856 or 1857 I was a boy nine or ten years old and was in Lincolnton, N. C., with my father. About 12 o'clock we started across the Court Square towards our team, when going in the opposite direction a friend of my father, Charles Coatsworth Henderson, called to us to go with him to dinner. My father asked to be excused, as he was in a hurry to get home. Mr. Henderson said, come on I have something for you at the house, so my father decided to go. After the meal was over we went into a room and Mr. Henderson went out a few moments and came back with something wrapped in a paper, and took a chair, then said: Mr. Lore, I went to New Orleans on some business a few weeks ago and was lucky enough to get through with the business quicker than I expected, and as I had not seen my brother Pickney for fifteen years decided to take a stage and go to Austin, Texas, and spend a week or so with my brother. When I reached Austin, about 11 o'clock in the morning, I was tired and dusty from travel. I went to my room in the hotel and prepared to meet my brother. Coming down into the lobby I inquired of the clerk where I might find Governor Henderson, as he was called. Some gentlemen spoke up and said, Governor Henderson is in the Senate Chamber addressing the Senate on some matter. So I went to the door and the door-keeper gave a direct look and said,

you must be a brother of the Governor. I told him I was but that my brother had not seen me for fifteen years and would not know me. He took me down the aisle and gave me an end seat. As I sat down I noticed my brother halt in his talk and give a look in my direction, and in a few words told the Senate he would finish what he had to say later. He picked up his hat, and when he got to me caught me by the ear and led me out saying, "Even a Henderson can't get lost in Texas." This incident caused me to remember all that followed.

Mr. Henderson said on opening the package, Mr. Lore, Brother Pickney gave me five head of what he called sorghum seed and further said we are making a fine quality of molasses out of it, take it home and see if you can grow it in the Old North State, we got it here a few years ago from some island and find it a valuable plant. Now Mr. Lore, I can't look after my farming interests very close and I am going to give you three heads and ask you to give it a fair trial, which task was gladly accepted by my father who planted it in good ground and had nearly an acre of as good cane as you ever saw grow. When it was ripe the molasses making started and a great many people from all over the State, and other States, got seed enough to plant a patch the next year, and from this started the cultivation of this valu-

able plant all over the South. When the war came on a few years later it was a great boon to the South, as sugar was not obtainable except in a small territory near Louisiana.

I am almost sure this was the first

seed of this plant that came East of the Mississippi River, and Charles Coatsworth Henderson and his brother Pickney were alike responsible for its being brought here.

We think of Mexico as a sparsely settled, desert region, but it is interesting to note that its population (14,100,000) is mere than half as much again as Canada's although its area is but one-fifth that of our northern neighbor.—Boy's Life.

HOW FAR CAN WE ANSWER A CALL BY FAITH?

By C. W. Hunt.

Announcement of the closing of Southern Industrial Institute as a finality, made me think; produced a line of thought. Some who read this do not know, but the general reading public knows of Southern Industrial Institute, and of the grind that Rev. J. A. Baldwin has gone through, to make it a success, for more than 20 years; all the while feeling and telling his friends that he was following a call of God. Often one finds an ignominious telling that he has seen a vision and is laughed at, but here is a college bred man, in the itinerant Methodist ministry, feeling that he had a distinct call to take up industrial education, as he ever had to preach a simple gospel. By laboring in the ministry in cotton mill sections, this call grew upon Baldwin, that he must make a place where the less fortunate could get an education while they labored part of the time, and by this make men and women better

citizens, with a better understanding of the call to a better and brighter life. Acting on the faith that was in him, he set out, with faith only at his back to build a school founded on industry, believing friends would rally to his aid, with money as God led him(?) to build a school and a small mill attached, (The mill was never built) which would furnish the place to labor and study, fifty fifty, and thus becoming men and women trained in industrial pursuits and in mentality for better citizenship. Could you imagine anything finer than such a work?

Baldwin has testified in print and in the public congregation of the distinctness of this call, and how it has possessed him soul and body, as he has struggled against all kinds of odds that would have killed a less earnest man, years ago, to do a work set out to do. A debt that grew with the years, made him work all

the harder, though he must have lost faith in friends that could not see as he saw and did not respond to the needs for cash to carry on; and which brings us face to face with an everlasting question: How Far Can We Answer A Call By Faith? "The arm of God is not shortened." But do not men allow a sentiment, an attempted implicit trust to take the place of good judgment and business sense? God created man a rational being; gave him power to think; a thing He gave to none other of His creation. There are recorded instances of men and women taking up the work of caring for Gods afflicted and deserted children, in the flesh, and the means flowing in as from higher up; but there are few instances where God took the business sense of the average man away, that He might have His way with an otherwise intelligent creature, to do wonders.

In giving up the struggle, and asking the court to appoint a receiver and close it out, and if possible pay debts of approximately eighty thousand dollars, Mr. Baldwin is reported, in a daily paper, as saying:

"The property value is here as it lies beautifully in the suburbs of Charlotte, but one cannot always tell what will happen under necessity. I can only say that any material or personal sacrifice any one may make will be small compared with that which comes to me and mine."

Gave up an unequal fight, after years of unceasing grind, and announcing, "I am through." The question is: If Baldwin had a call

of God, why did not such a magnanimous spirit to serve have God's miraculous help? Did any man, in modern times, ever have a distinct and unresisting call by a higher power, to do a work and made a failure of it? Here is food for thought. How far do our tastes and personal desires go in a call to any work? Have not as many men made successes at what they, at first, had no inclination for, as ever went out under a call to specific work?

A case in point: The leaders of the Methodist Episcopal churches of the nation voted last Summer and failed on the matter of uniting into one church, on a plan worked out after three years by a commission of 25 each from each church, 47 of whom voted for what they had figured out of a three year deadlock. When all hope had been, in a manner, abandoned a few claimed to be led of God to a compromise plan, and it was heralded to the world by wire that God had led them out. The Northern wing voted 95 per cent for the merger, but the Southern wing lacked more than nineteen hundred votes of the necessary three fourths majority of ratifying the plan. God called men, claiming to be doing God's special work, yet God allowed a minority to overrule and kill the plan. If God had sanctioned the plan would He not have overruled the opposition?

How far can we answer a call by faith? Only so far as God given ability to be rational, to have common sense and discretion leads us.

MR. ABERNETHY'S MIAMI ADDRESS.

(From Greensboro Record.)

Representative Charles L. Abernethy, of the Third North Carolina Congressional district, on Wednesday rendered the state a very real and valuable service in an address at the Deeper Waterways convention at Miami, Fla., in which he vividly and succinctly revealed to representative men of many states just what North Carolina is, what it has and what it is destined to be. Miami and all Florida are now in an era of unparalleled development, a phenomenal one, indeed, and the time and the place and the audience combined to provide an ideal setting and a valuable opportunity for just the type of speech Mr. Abernethy made. It was in no sense boastful nor idle; rather was it a simple, clear convincing demonstration that even Florida had no more to offer the home-seeker, the investor and the builder than has the state of North Carolina.

Such a compilation of facts, unassailable as to truth and accuracy, as is embodied in the Abernethy address can hardly fail to impress thoughtful people who hear their promulgation or read them. The preparation of this address meant patient and painstaking labor, but in promulgating the facts no less than in their collation speaker warmed them with his own pride in and for the state and its people. Nor was it inappropriate, for the gathering was one in the interest of deeper waterways and the stimulation of coastwise traffic in which this state has a great and even vital interest. With an ex-

tensive coast line magnificent harbors and a great and rich tributary country, the development and maintenance of deeper waterways is matter of vital concern to North Carolinians, for upon its the state's own development, its access to the markets of the world and its present era of unequalled expansion and development in a large measure depend.

We can conceive of nothing better calculated to enlist the interest of home-seekers and of capitalists than the facts packed into this address. Indeed, we feel that they are worthy of perusal and perservation by our own people, many of whom are unaware of the manifold primacy and leadership of North Carolina. We have no envy of Florida; to the contrary, we rejoice in all the prosperity which comes to her, but our first thought and interest are as to our own state. If we have as much and more in the matter of resources, opportunities and prospects of profitable investment and homes amid ideal environments, why should we not tell the world? Many of the capitalists who have visited Florida or who spend a portion of the winter there may to their own interest and advantage be given a glimpse of what North Carolina is and what it has to offer investors and home seekers. Should the Florida wave begin recession, many who have gone thither will doubtless visit or stop in this state. Such an address as that of Mr. Abernethy at Miami should be powerfully persuasive upon many

to investigate the opportunities of North Carolina and its claims.

If we do not speak for ourselves and let our opportunities and achievements reinforce our words, how can

we expect others to do this? We need more such awakening addresses, this, if we would broadcast our message to a restless wealth-pursuing, home-seeking world.

Aid to Housework.—"Guess my girl in college has changed her mind about basketball. She is evidently going in for something more useful."

"How so?"

"Now she writes that she has made the scrub team."—**McKendree Review.**

I WAS HUNGRY AND YE GAVE ME TO EAT.

By **Eva R. Baird.**

Feeding the hungry in China is ceasing to be a matter of doling out rice to the starving. The constantly recurring famines and floods have forced the relief workers to seek means to alleviate those conditions which lead to starvation. Scarcely a mission group but what makes its contribution in men to superintend the employment of refugees in work which shall serve to protect them against future calamity, while it pays them a living wage through their present need.

The building of dykes to protect the farm lands from devastating floods is one method used. A concrete instance helps to visualize this type of work. A district of about a thousand square miles was flooded by the Yangtze River's breaking through the dyke in two places. The crops for that year were ruined, and by the following spring the farmers were begging. The Famine Fund came in to relieve the situation. One

of these breaks, three miles in length, was turned over to a group of missionaries, with funds for its reconstruction, while Chinese coped with the other.

Word was sent out to the farmers that the dyke was to be rebuilt, and that men were wanted for the work. With a late start in the season, there were only three months until the certain rise of the river would again flood the district. It was a race with time.

Seven thousand men speedily responded. With many of them came wives and children, destitute and hungry. Their town of little mat sheds was quickly built, and the first rice had to be paid in advance to feed the hungry. But the work began, and the workmen and their families began to put on flesh.

The work consisted of two processes, carrying dirt and pounding it down. The distance of carrying varied from a hundred yards to a quart-

er of a mile, and was done mostly with baskets on carrying poles. The pounding was with stones about a foot and a half in diameter, to which were fastened ropes, with a man at the end of each rope. Singing a work song, they lifted together, bringing the stone down upon the loose dirt. The dyke was a hundred and ten feet broad at the base, eighteen feet high and thirty feet wide at the top. It extended for the three miles that the river had broken through. Seven thousand men working by hand could do it before the river should rise, but for the missionary who superintended the men (he had come to China to preach the gospel) it was something of an undertaking.

When the workers were fed, up and had reached their normal strength, it became evident that the work would not be completed at the rate they were then going. So a new system of pay was instituted. Instead of a standard wage for a day's work, the whole thing was put on the basis of payment for work done. The men worked in sections, and each was marked with a stamp which indicated the starting place of the work. In

addition to pay for work done, money prizes were offered to those groups of men who should do the most work from one pay day to the next. By this time the refugees had become so prosperous that the prize money usually went in fire crackers. Boys and even women joined in the work. The dyke grew day by day.

There were complications. Men, seeing the work was going through, became anxious about getting home to plant, none of them would harvest. With good wages, men who had not been able to feed their families found enough for gambling. The government of the colony was in the hands of a military official. If his methods seemed severe at times, the situation seemed to justify it.

The dyke was finished, there is a stone which tells of the faithfulness of the missionaries in charge, who were the Middlemen between giving America and starving China. They even received medals and government recognition. But their chief reward has been in the protection of the farm lands and the livelihood given to the Chinese of that district. They have fed the hungry.

Two negro women live in the same house on "Jeems" Island, one up stairs, the other down stairs, says the Charleston News & Courier. The other day Dina, who lives upstairs, heard a noise down stairs and asked "Who dat?" Nan, who lives down stairs, answered, "What dat who say, "Who dat?" Nan, who lives down stairs, answered, "Who dat who say, when I say, who dat?"

A REAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

A little more than a century ago an English boy, after a few years of very simple schooling, went to work in the office of an iron shop. "Some day," the neighbors said, "he will probably come to be master of the shop, for he is a good worker for a boy." And they thought this all the more when they began to hear that after the iron workers had left the shop in the evening the boy who was expected to do only office work would slip into the shop and try to do all sorts of things with the iron and the forges. It really seemed a sthough he had magic in his hands when it came to work with metal, for he soon learned to do the most difficult things with the iron.

So it happened that when an order came for a very hard piece of work they used to call the boy from the office in to turn out the tool or casting. And then his friends were all the more sure that he had been born to be a fine iron worker, and probably to build up a great business and get rich from it. And very likely even the boy, John Williams, planned to live that kind of a life. At least he did 'nt think he was going to be a real Robinson Crusoe some day and become master of bigger things than an iron shop.

Strangely enough, it all happened through the iron shop, for it was the wife of his employer who met John on the street one day and asked him to go to church with her. This was the last thing in the world that John intended to do that Sunday evening, for he was on his way to

meet some young friends who only made fun of church. But this invitation was so urgent that he finally went with her, and he came out again with a very different thought in his head, for the minister had talked very simply, but strongly on the worth of the soul. John decided that the minister was right, that men and women and children were of more account than the mot interesting iron work, and that if he could do anything to make the world happier and better he was going to do it.

He began doing the things he could in his little home town, and part of his time he spent in studying, too. But it was after he had decided that he would be a minister instead of an iron worker that he heard of a savage king on a far-away South Sea Island, who heard of Christ's wonderful life and teachings and had turned Christian. This King Pomare had been a cannibal, as all his people were, and his dark-skinned subjects were murderers and thieves and robbers. Everywhere there was cruelty and sufferings, until the king became a Christian, and then there was a great change as he taught his people this new way of living.

When John Williams heard about this Samoan king and looked at a map to see the Island of Tahiti where he lived, he found it was only one of a great many groups of little islands down there in the South Sea. In fact, the map was fairly sprinkled right there with islands. And when he asked the missionary socie-

ties who knew about it, about these other islands, they replied that every-one of those tiny dots on the map of the South Pacific represented an island where the people were still complete savages and cannibals, where life was unspeakably cruel because the people had never heard of anything better.

So young John said, "That's where I'm going." And that is where he went. It was a long journey, taking a whole year on the sailing ship from the English port before a landing was made on the island of Eimeo, where some missionary work had been started not far from Tahiti. But John Williams was busy enough these long months on shipboard. For one thing, he had never been on a boat before, and he studied that boat from stem to stern and from its mast to its tight bottom. He thought it as interesting as making iron tools and castings, and later he was to use every bit of knowledge that he picked up on that ship.

But first on this island he built a house for his wife and himself, for he had been married to a brave young woman just before he left England. They would need buildings from which they could work among these brown people. And they could do no better work in the beginning than to teach the savages something about how to make comfortable homes for their families. And before long on this one island which had had a little Christian teaching before and which was therefore not so savage or dangerous as the others there was a row two miles long along the beach of homes that the natives had built, copying the missionary's. Williams

built all the furniture, too, with his own hands, chairs and tables and beds, and all the time he was doing this he was learning from the natives their queer language so that he could talk to them.

Already he was beginning to plan that he would not work simply with the 1300 people on this one island. As soon as he knew the language and had built himself a boat he would go sailing around that part of the Pacific and go to the islands on which no white man had ever landed, and tell them his Good News about a God who is Father of all mankind.

But the people of Eimeo wanted a chapel and he built that, almost two hundred feet long and a fourth as wide. Part of it he partitioned off for a courthouse. He wished he might have some of the fine ironwork from his old shop in England for chandeliers to light it with, but it was no use wishing that, and so he made with his clever hands a chandelier of wood and used cocoanut shells for lamps. And all the island people stood around and admired this big building and its strange fittings.

All the time that his hands were busy with this, his head and his tongue were just as busy, for he was teaching many of these Eimeo men and women about the gospel so that when they had boats they could go with him. He planned to go to one savage island after another and start the work there until it was safe to leave some of his black friends there as native teachers. So he was training as many teachers as he could while he built houses and the chapel and finally boats.

The natives were very short on nails, because nails had to be brought by ships from Europe, and they thought they couldn't build boats shiph, I would not leave one island in without nails. But John Williams experimented until he found a way that he could tie the planks tightly together with a sort of cord made by the natives, and the brown men were full of joy to find that boats could be built this way.

In these small boats the missionary and his native teachers went to all the nearby islands, but there were others farther away over the rough ocean that he wished to reach and he said, "If I only had a fleet of ships, I would not leave one island in all this Pacific Ocean without someone to tell them what we white men have had the privilege of knowing so long, the way to happiness and the road to heaven."

The Missionary Society in London wanted to send him a ship, but ships cost a great deal, and they could not. But John Williams, who had been known as a boy for his cheerfulness and the fun he could get out of work, said, "Well, if we can't get a real ship from the homeland, we'll build one ourselves down in these South Seas."

He had nothing but a stone for an anvil, and he made his own charcoal to use in his forge. And then he was a real Robinson Crusoe in finding other materials on the tropical island for making that boat which he had already named in his mind "The Messenger of Peace." The ropes were made from the bark of a native plant, the hisbiscus. The sails were of rushes plaited together like the

weaving of the mats that the natives slept on. For oakum he used dried banana stumps and cocoanut husks. From the breadfruit tree he got gum to coat the hull with. The worst of it was to get any iron, for the parts that ought to be iron, for these savages when the missionaries found them were living in the stone age and had only implements of stone.

But John Williams had brought from England a few garden tools like a hoe, and some carpenter tools. He sacrificed his precious hoe and one of his pick-axes and a cooper's adz to get enough iron to make the hinges for the rudder, and shaped them on his stone anvil. In a little less than four months the seaworthy ship of eighty tons was ready for service, and the natives saw with amazement that a ship sixty feet long and strong enough to withstand the sea's buffetings had been built out of just the materials from their own island and a few scraps of iron by this eager, kind white friend who had come so far to help them all.

So John Williams started out in his new boat to reach farther islands, and he found on them more suffering and wrong than he could have imagined. In some places many of the babies were cruelly killed by their own parents, in others there was constant warfare so that only a handful of people were left. Everywhere the women and little children were not treated like human beings. When a chief died, many women were killed to go with him on his spirit journey so that he would not be lonely. On every island he found the brown people doing things that it made his heart sick to see, but he knew that

it was simply because they had learned that way of living from their fathers and grandfathers and that knew no better.

Sometimes the natives wanted to learn the new way and welcomed the white man when he came in his boat but many times they threatened to kill him if he came ashore and interfere with their worship of idols and evil spirits. But he was never afraid, and went to dangerous places, sure that some day God's love would win these savages to be gentle and honest and kind.

Many days John Williams in his journeys was cut off from food supplies and lived on only the native roots that he could dig, and he slept out in the open where at any moment some treacherous native might club him to death.

But through it all he often said that he wouldn't trade his work for any other job in the world. He went about it with such a joyous heart and with a courage that couldn't be broken, and after a little while the folks far across the sea in England and America began to hear about whole islands that had turned Christian in the South Seas, about schools and chapels and printing presses that John Williams had started. But best of all they heard of brown people who no longer ate human flesh and who lived at peace with each other and who treated their children kindly and cared for the aged people instead of killing them off, and all because they knew at last they were all children of a loving Heavenly Father.

And John Williams seemed to think of everything in his plans for mak-

ing life more comfortable for these island people, after they had given up their cruel way of living. They had no horses or cattle, so he imported these useful animals, and brought pigs from over the seas, too, that the people might have food. The natives were delighted, but they called all the animals pigs at first, the horse "the pig that carries a man," and the donkey "the pig with long ears." And when they saw the first dog, they called it "the barking pig."

He sent home, too, for axes and knives and scissors and chisels and nails and farming tools so that the natives might be able to earn an honest living and never go back to stealing and warfare. No doubt his experience in the iron shop as a boy helped him many times, but he seemed able to turn his hand to all sorts of things. He taught his native friends how to grow sugar cane so that they harvested fine crops.

He had the joy of seeing wonderful things happen, like the sight of a fierce chief who threw away his muskets and clubs and said, "I will use no weapons like that any more. This Gospel is the only thing I will strike men with." And the black man, who had been a cannibal, held up his little copy of the Gospel of Matthew. Another native said, "Let us have no more cannon balls, but let the word of God be the only balls that we shall shoot to other lands."

And they did that very thing. These islanders were splendid generous Christians, and no sooner had the good word themselves than they wanted to help send it to other places.

As John Williams traveled around to all the great number of places where he had started the work, one and another would say to him, "See, our church is going fine, and we have our school for the children. And no one is stealing any more. We can leave our property now, even on the open beach, for weeks and no one will take it. So we would like to help other islands to know the same good way. See, we have planned that each family will give a pig or some sugar cane or some other gift, and the missionary can sell them and use the money to send teachers to other islands."

On one island, when he came for a visit, they had collected from the sale of their possessions a gift of over five hundred dollars to be spent on missionary work for places that had no John Williams to love them and teach them.

For eighteen years John Williams was too happy and busy to spare time to go back home for a furlough. But when he did go and told his story of the islands of the South Seas, where in that comparatively short space of time he had taken the Good News to 50,000 of the 70,000 people of the islands of the three groups where he was working, he set folks fairly on fire with his wonderful story. And new help was promised for going forward with his work, so that other groups of islands could be reached that were still as savage as the Society Islands and the Herveys and the Samoans when he first reached them.

He was glad in one way to go home and tell the story, but he was far more joyous to be returning south

to try to win new islands for Christ's Kingdom. He was only forty-three years old, and some missionary workers have lived to be twice that age while they worked in strange, wild places.

On his return he planned to go to the new island of Erromanga. White men had been there, but not missionaries, and unfortunately the people of Erromanga had suffered much from those first white visitors. They were traders so greedy for gain that they had landed on Erromanga in order to cut down the valuable sandalwood trees to carry away on their ships: they built a fort and killed many of the natives who protested against the cutting down of the sandalwood trees. Naturally the natives were very angry and plotted revenge against the white race not knowing that there were men like John Williams who were giving their lives to helping the brown men.

John Williams tried to land on savage Erromanga, as he had landed on so many other wild islands, and the natives stayed hidden on shore giving the missionary and his companion, a young missionary who had just come to share the work in the islands, no idea of how filled they were with revenge for the wrongs they had suffered from the white traders. So the two brave white men landed from their little boat, but they did not get far up the beach when the people of Erromanga set upon them and clubbed them to death, not knowing that they were killing the best friend the brown men of the South Sea Islands had ever had.

But even in that short lifetime

John Williams had lived so richly and done such wonderful things that he will be remembered as one of the great heroes of the world. And he himself would have said, "I am facing the danger of death constantly,

but what does it matter, just so that I have started the work in these dark islands and that the world knows now that these brown men can be changed from cannibals into the truest Christians."

It has been wisely said that spite and ill nature are the most expensive luxuries of life.

SOME SNAKE MYTHS.

(Asheville Citizen.)

The most hated of all creatures on earth are snakes in every country they have been feared from time immemorial, and wherever the religion of the Bible has gone the snake is the symbol of evil.

And yet there is less definite information about snakes than any other creature, and far more misinformation is prevalent even among experts, while people generally credit unnumbered myths and fables concerning snakes. Thousands, millions perhaps believe that there is a hoop-snake which takes its tail in its mouth and speedily rolls after its victim like a hoop.

This and other beliefs are characterized as myths have been studied by Dr. Howard A. Kelly, a Baltimore physician well known to doctors here, and he interestingly tells the results of his searches, we learn from The Greenville Piedmont. It is demonstrated that it is a fable which credits snakes with power to charm birds within their reach; the bird is merely defending her nest and young.

Do snakes suck milk from cows? We do not doubt that many of our readers can tell of people who say they have seen snakes milking cows.

Dr. Kelly says no snake was ever a milkmaid, and that no snake has a poisonous breath such as is attributed to the puff adder. Some may reluctantly concede the right in this to Dr. Kelly but will say he is asking too much from credulity when he says that the puff adder is "one of the nicest, most interesting, most gentlemanly of all our snakes."

"What!" they will exclaim, "This horrid snake swelling with venom when approached, a real gentleman?" It will be vain to argue with them that that the adder is a big bluff and no more dangerous than an angry rabbit. In fact there will not be lacking those who maintain that no matter if the snake be beaten to pulp it does not die until sundown.

Do snakes swallow their young to protect them from danger and eject them when it is past? Many say so because they have killed snakes and found the young alive in the stomach, but this no proof, says Dr. Kelly. Many snakes lay no eggs but are viviparous, producing their young alive. The Doctor further says that "No reputable scientific man" has ever seen young snakes crawling either in or out of the mother's mouth.

But here Dr. Kelly encounters an expert who does not agree with him. Dr. J. Percy Moore, now or formerly professor of zoology in the University of Pennsylvania, in discussing the "Rattlesnake" in the Americana Encyclopedia states that it "is pretty clearly established" that the ground rattlesnake does swallow its progeny to protect them. He does not say he ever saw an instance of this however.

The most dangerous snake in this country is not the rattlesnake but the Elaps, the American cobra, or "coral snake" a small creature which is often mistaken for the harmless kingsnake or gartersnake and is sometimes kept as a pet. It may be handled freely, seeming of kind disposition, but if hurt it strikes—and so deadly is the strike that Dr. Kelly says he

has never known a victim to survive.

What are people to use as remedies for snake-bite now that whiskey from snake-bite remedies than from snake-bite. Kerosene "so often given, is, of no use and is fatal when taken in large quantities." Lay off gasoline, too.

"Whiskey has buried many a victim who would have survived; alcohol does no good but acts as a depressant," says Dr. Kelly. He characterizes as absurd the idea that one bitten by a snake cannot be made drunk. Permanganate of potash is presumably indicated as the best remedy—at least for poisonous snakes of this country, although it seems that in India there are snake poisons it does not neutralize.

GET A TRANSFER.

If you are on the gloomy line

Get a transfer.

If you are inclined to fret and pine

Get a transfer.

Get off the track of doubt and gloom;

Get on the sunshine train, there's room—

Get a transfer.

If you're on the worry train

Get a transfer.

You must not stay there and complain

Get a transfer.

The cheerful cars are passing through,

And there's lots of room for you—

Get a transfer.

If you're on the grouchy track

Get a transfer.

Just take a happy special back—

Get a transfer.

Jump on the train and pull the rope

That lands you at the station HOPE—

Get a transfer.

VANCE AS QUARTERMASTER.

S. A. Ashe in Greensboro News.

I am asked by Mrs. Anderson, of the Daughters of the Confederacy, to throw some light on the subject mentioned by Professor Owsley, and discussed in your recent editorial—why Vance did not supply uniforms and shoes to Lee's ragged soldiers at or after Appomattox.

In the winter of 1863-4 Lee's army needed shoes and clothing and provisions. In the winter of 1864-5 the army was at Petersburg, Virginia, south of Richmond, and while they suffered many inconveniences, they were not barefooted, half-clad soldiers—not ragged. Their condition as to food and clothing was not so distressing as to call for particular comment. If it had been, particular efforts would have been made by the Confederate quartermaster to supply their necessities in that regard. There was, however, continuous battle, day by day, for months—and the men suffered terribly.

Although on April 2 General Lee found it necessary to abandon Petersburg, and ordered a train load of provisions to be left at Amelia Court House. The train, however, did not stop there, but carried the provisions to Richmond. So when Lee fell back to Amelia Court House, there were no provisions. That led to disasters—and a march towards Appomattox without provisions, in which there was fighting every step—one day ten thousand of his men being taken prisoners. This was kept up for a week. During that horrible week of hurried retreat, pressed daily by the enemy, many soldiers may have lost clothing and

shoes, although I do not recall having heard of those distresses being emphasized.

Now do I understand Professor Owsley to suggest that Governor Vance ought to have forecasted these conditions, and had a depot of supplies at Appomattox?

Had the army not been adequately supplied at Petersburg during the winter there might be cause for adverse comment, but not at Appomattox.

As for Vance, from September, 1863, to the end of the war, he probably did more than any other man, except alone General Lee and President Davis, for the individual soldiers, for the army and for the cause of the South. Originally he was not a state's rights Democrat, but a Whig. He took steps to secure supplies not merely for the army but for the people. In wisdom, as exemplified by his measures, by his operations, who surpassed him?

1885 he proudly called attention to the fact that during the war he had procured and distributed 250,000 uniforms and 250,000 pairs of shoes—and had spent 36 million dollars for supplies—and, looking forward to a continued struggle, he had on hand when the war unexpectedly ended uniforms and cloth to make into uniforms, amounting to 92,000 uniforms. He never withheld anything the Confederate authorities desired, if he could supply it. What he had on hand in April, 1865, was for use when called for. Vance is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Brown of Georgia.

MUST CHURCHES COMPETE WITH VAUDEVILLE TO ATTRACT?

(News & Observer.)

Are churches established where the gospel of Jesus Christ is preached and for worship and for feeding the flock? Or are they to fall from their high estate and to become rivals of vaudevilles and theatres and dance halls?

A little while ago, when a New York preacher was rebuked by his bishop for introducing questionable dancing in his church on the Bowery, the North Carolina people were shocked at what seemed a profanation of the use of a church dedicated to worship. And yet, in the so-called "Religious Forum" in Raleigh last Sunday night Rev. Mr. Shacklette, State Prison chaplain, went further than has been before suggested in North Carolina when he was thus quoted:

"Young people are saying the church is oldfashioned, and to reach them we must bring the influence of the church into their amusements," the speaker said. He pictured a parish house which was the center of amusement for the young people, with dancing and other forms of amusement carried on. He realized that this was different from the ideas of the past generation, but declared that religion was a growth and a progress.

Without passing upon the character of hospitality a minister may give to the guests in the parish house—that is a matter for each minister to decide for himself—here seems to be advocated a plan of amuse-

ment and pleasure as a means of inducing church attendance. We do not believe people attracted to the church by vaudeville or dancing or other amusements however unobjectionable in themselves, will be reached by the gospel message if such is their purpose in attending such pleasures. There is a time for all things and a place for all things, but the church should call people to COME UP. It should not COME DOWN. Its mission is holy and divine and men are saved by faith in preaching the Word.

A Baptist preacher in Erie, Pa., on Sunday night gave vaudeville acts a place in the service by actors and actresses from an Erie theatre. Explaining the departure, the preacher said "in the past the church has held an attitude of aloofness and condemnation with regard to the stage. I will not say at this time whether that was right or wrong, but I thought a little experiment of co-operation between church and theatre might not prove amiss. I hope the congregation of this church will receive the actors and actresses as human beings like the rest of us."

The theatre, when it lives up to the best traditions, has a large place in interpretation, in entertainment, in recreation, in amusement. Actors and actresses are "human beings," many giving their talents to the presentation of plays that instruct and drive away dull care. But the mission of the theatre and the church

are separate. The theatre does not undertake to lead men into the Christian faith and Christian life; though such plays as "As A Man Thinks," "The Servant in the House" and others are powerful sermons in themselves.

It is the mission of the Christian church to "make bad men good and good men better" as defined by Dr. Conwell. It is to do this by holding up the Perfect Man, to induce faith, to give strength in the hour of endurance and to give comfort which the world does not afford in

the hour of trouble, and point the way to a glorious immortality. There is nothing comparable to it, no message so much needed, no other Light that brightens the pathway of men and women. The preacher with a divine message, with soul on fire with zeal and faith, who pours his heart into the truth he proclaims will need no vaudeville stunts to attract to the church. People will be drawn to church only by an appeal to things holier and higher than vaudeville or dancing (old or new fashion).

THE MONEY BREEDER.

Asheville Citizen.

Money breeds money as sure as a hen hatches chicks. If it were not for the banks and other predatory causes the world would be full of chickens and money. The hen lays ten eggs and each of these turns into a hen which lays ten more eggs which become hens—four more settings and there are a million hens.

Money does not breed that fast, it is true, but give it a thousand years hatching period and it will attain amazing results. The ten dollars, for example, which an American has placed in a South American bank to remain there a thousand years at compound interest, will at the end of that period be so great that the annual interest it earns will be more money than there now is in existence.

Does any one doubt this? Then take a look at the interest tables on a 5 per cent. basis which are calculated for 100 years—the statisticians appear to have stopped there:

At the end of ten years \$10 has become \$16.20, and some may thoughtlessly figure that therefore at the end of 100 years the \$10 would have become \$162. But this forgets the interest on interest; the \$10 would then have become \$1,315. After that it gains amazingly.

At the end of the thousand years, if the money is distributed, there will be three million dollars as the share of every human being on earth. No one will have to worry about making a living; as the end of the thousand years comes in sight fond parents will cease to lay by anything for their children and let life insurance policies lapse. The future will hold no concern for them—each child will get three million dollars.

The calculations are all correct in theory—they are mathematically error proof—but in actuality there is no possibility of the result we have indicated. The Greenville Pied-

mont has an imagination it sometimes lets soar in the clouds, after the manner of all bright-minded persons, but it keeps its feet on this old earth and shows why theory cannot be fact.

Consider, says The Piedmont, that for this fund to increase to prodigious proportions people must borrow it and pay interest in what they borrow; this is necessarily so. A little calculation will show that in the last ten years of the thousand-year period every person on earth would have paid a million dollars in interest.

Think of it—a million dollars paid in interest by every child at the time it becomes ten years old! The grown

ten years something like two hundred million dollars. How would he invest it—who could be found to borrow money when he already had a hundred million or so to loan himself?

And, at, the end of the thousand years, everybody would of course have to pay the bank, so it could end its trusteeship. Pay? Pay with what? Why, the entire world, it is calculated, would be worth **only one five-thousandth part of the fund.** Theory explodes; as a matter of fact, the world would not benefit by the mere accretion of that fund—it will create no more food, make no more wealth.

PICTURES WE NEED.

Asheville Citizen.

“Do you know the greatness of the corn crop in the three leading corn States in the nation—Iowa, Missouri and Illinois?” inquires The New York Commercial, and then illustrates it by saying that, if you would place it in wagons ten abreast, to each of which is hitched a team of horses, and back of these place another row of ten and start the procession from Chicago, it would move as a continuous line, ten wagons broad, to New York City, thence across a pontoon bridge to London, then over another bridge to Paris, then to Moscow, and across all Siberia, over another bridge across the Pacific to San Francisco, and from there across the Rockies back to Chicago, “and when the first ten teams reached Chicago, the last ten would just be leaving.”

That makes a vivid and compelling picture. It tells more than any juggling with mere figures and bushels could ever make plain. North Carolina would profit much if similar illustrations were applied to her manufacturing and agricultural production. If all the flat-topped desks and tables manufactured annually in North Carolina were placed end-to-end in a single straight line, how far would they reach? If all the cigarettes made in a year in North Carolina were laid down end-to-end in one straight line, to what far reaches of the moon would they extend?

Governor McLean, we are informed, is having much publicity material assembled to throw the spotlight of wonderment upon what North

Carolina has accomplished and is doing. He can achieve his purpose admirably, advertise the State picturesquely and give the nation a new thrill if he will put some Tarheel Euclid on the job of calculating in yards, miles, depths and heights the things North Carolina is giving to the world.

For instance, if all the yards of cotton goods made in the State in a

year were flung forth in a straight line from a giant hand, how many times would that colossal streamer wind itself around the earth; and, if it were tied in a bow, against what distant stars would its end flap when blown about by winds uncharted by man? The answer to that would make good reading. It would be potent stuff to nourish State pride.

HOW TO CURE 'BAD' BOYS.

If anybody is in a position to learn what is wrong in many homes, it is the probation officer in our courts. He sees the inside of family life as few others ever see it. In Philadelphia alone, there were 17,374 juvenile cases disposed of last year. There were 4,515 cases which involved the non-support of wives and usually at least of one child, often more. The probation officer, Mr. Bennet, is convinced that the fault lies more with the parents than with the "bad boys." He says, "If we could only have a school for parents, to train them in the art of rearing children, life would be one sweet dream and Philadelphia would have no need for its present elaborate and efficient court system." "When parents are constantly quarreling, how can any one expect the youngsters to be decent? We certainly ought to have some sort of school to tell their dads and mothers how to train their children."

He calls attention to the vast number of husbands who are cruel to their wives and fail to support them and their children. The court is doing

good work in compelling such brutes to support them, and it has handled over \$2,000,000 of their wages last year for such purposes. Another distressing experience this court has is with young boys and girls who run off to get married and return to get into endless troubles and difficulties because they do not know the first thing about what is involved in marriage. Mr. Bennet says, "it is heart-rending to see girls and boys come into court with a lot of trouble in their hands. When they ought to be playing, they have to attend to their babies." Truly one-half of the world does not know what is going on in the lower world. No wonder this officer thinks that the great need is a school for parents to teach them how to train their children. There are indeed such schools today. There cannot be too many of them.

But before even such schools can do much that is worth while, living conditions in the congested sections of the cities need to be changed. Conditions as they are allowed to exist in the great cities are scandalous. They

should be forbidden, and people who are responsible for them should be taken in hand by the authorities. If the police force could be employed to cleanse the stables (for they are not homes) in the downtown sections and compel cleanliness and decency in

those parts, so far as outward conditions are concerned, a great burden would be removed from our nation in large measure removed. Secourts and a menace to our civilization.

HE DIED FOR HIS BROTHER.

Two brothers there were who went out one day and by chance met a friend. In the conversation the friend inadvertently uttered a word that angered one of the brothers who was hot-tempered. He struck his friend who fell to the ground. To the amazement of the angered brother, the man did not rise. He had killed his friend. He had not meant it so.

At the sight of the dead man, the brother who struck the blow fled.

Men came by and found the other brother with the dead man. They accused him of the murder. It seemed incredible that such a charge should be made, because he had no thought of murder in his heart. He loved the dead man.

Then he thought of his brother, and he loved him. He was tried in the courts for murder, was condemned, and hanged. Before his execution he confessed to his mother the whole situation, and bade her go to the ends of the earth to find the runaway

brother and tell him that he had died for him.

After a time the guilty brother came back and went to the court to confess his crime. "There is no crime charged against you," the court informed him. He told of the crime and the court record revealed that his brother had been executed for that crime.

"I am guilty. My brother died for me. Alas! What shall I do?" contritely confessed the guilty man.

"The crime has been punished, the law has been vindicated, and the only thing I can advise you to do is to go forth and live worthy of the sacrifice your brother made for you."

This is the substance of a story related with great effectiveness by Miss Gladys Ward in a recent address. Christ, the innocent, died for his guilty brother. What can I, the guilty brother, do when I recognize what he has done for me? One thing I can do—live worthy of the sacrifice of love that has saved me.

Now comes an orchestra director with the announcement that he has developed a species of jazz that even the deaf may hear, and all the time we had felt that here, at least, was one compensation for being deaf.

News & Observer

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Some of the boys have been cutting wood during the past week.

Letter writing day came around, and all the boys wrote a letter home.

The past week is considered as a "wet week," for when it quit raining it started to snow.

Judge Schenk, of Hendersonville, was a visitor here last Sunday. He was well pleased with the School.

Frank Pettus, member of the seventh cottage, was permitted to spend a few days with his people in Charlotte.

The shoe shop boys have been pretty busy during the past week, repairing the boy's shoes. The shoes are being worn out pretty fast now.

Jennings Freeman and George Bristow, members of the second and ninth cottages, have been given positions in the printing office. We wish them all success to become good printers in the near future.

Albert Garrison, Charles Nichols, Jeff Blizzard, Leonard Atkins, Lawrence Scales, John Seagle, received their paroles during the past week. We wish them all success toward making good while away from the institution.

Some of the roads about the institution were scraped during the

past week, this work was done by Messrs. A. J. Horton and Roy Ritchie. While scraping the roads, they had a little excitement, for the tractor which was pulling the scraper turned over, but the good thing about it was, that no one was hurt, and the only damage done was the steering wheel broken.

All the boys are always glad to see the months of January and August come around, for these two months are considered as the "parole months," of the year, for always during these months a number of boys get to go home. So far this month a large number of them have been paroled.

The Cook Literary Society, of third cottage, elected the following officers for the ensuing three months: Willie Smith, President; James Long, Vice-President; Cuccell Watkins, Recording Secretary and Program Committee; Douglas Williams, Brit Gatlin, Lester Love, Critics; George Stanley, Query Committee; Theodore Teague and Boyd Fowler, Appeal Committee.

The fourth quarter of the Sunday School lesson ended with the last Sunday in December, and therefore, the old quarterlies were discarded and the new ones were put into use. In the study during the fourth quarter, the boys studied mostly about the Apostle Paul and the early Christian Church. The new quarterlies are about the Gospel According to John.

Already the two lessons that we have studied, have proved very interesting, and we know that the whole quarter will be the same way.

Rev. T. W. Smith, of Atlanta, Ga., conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He selected for his Scripture Lesson from the nineteenth Psalm starting with the seventh verse. His talk was based mostly on the laws, rules and regulations of the institution, how you would come out if you walked in the right way, and then he told about how you would fare if you disobeyed them. Rev. Smith preached a very interesting sermon, and it was enjoyed by all hearing it.

Rev. Smith is an old friend of the institution, though now he lives a long way from the School, he still takes interest in what the boys do here, and although his visits are not as frequent as they were while he lived in Concord, he is always a welcome guest at the Jackson Training School, and all the boys would like to see him visit the institution more often. He now lives with his daughter in Atlanta, and he was in the county visiting his friends and relatives, and he didn't want to miss the School, so he came out and preached a sermon to the boys. Come again, Rev. Smith, for we are always glad to have you with us.

All the boys at the institution went to bed last Thursday night with little or no idea that the next morning, when they would wake up, they would find the ground covered white, instead of its original color, but that is the way they found it. There was about three inches of snow covering the

ground that morning, and each boy knew that the winter season, the best of all the seasons, was here, because winter, is not considered that, unless it snows, so that all the people, young and old, would have their fun, and the boys at the institution certainly did have their share of it. That morning as they came out of the cottages to assemble at the big tree the fun started, for as soon as they were on the outside, they started sliding and playing, and it was not long, before someone hit the ground with a loud thud, and all looked in his direction, and then they started laughing, for it is pretty funny to see someone hit the snow, and then after awhile another one would do the same, and the fun continued on and on, till the command to straighten up the lines was given. After that the school section separated and the boys in the work lines went into the cottages, they had some more sliding sleeting, and while around the cottages, they still had some more sliding on the snow. Then Saturday came, and at three o'clock all assembled on the lawn, and then the big event started, for some of the boys went rabbit hunting, and some stayed at the cottages, and there they entertained themselves with sliding, snowball fights and all things like that. The boys returned from the rabbit hunt, two of the boys having captured rabbits, these boys are Daniel Nethercutt and Robert Munday. All the boys reported having a fine time. The snow is still here, and the boys are still sliding and having a grand time, and most of them wish that it would stay here for a good while yet.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

p364

THE LIFT

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VOL. XIV CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 23, 1926 No. 8

START AT THE BOTTOM.

Young men not a few desire to start life at the top. It seems to be their ambition to begin where their elders have reached after a long, hard struggle. These youngsters with inverted ambitions seem not to know that about the only successful man who begins at the top is a well digger. The ambition of a whole lot of young men, and young women too, appear to qualify them for nothing more than well digging. On the other hand, the builder must begin at the bottom. Warehouses, skyscrapers, monuments in stone arise from the foundations. In like manner the builders of great fortunes, the leaders in all great constructive enterprises, the builders in every department of human life start with the foundations and there is generally a great amount of hard, heavy work in laying the foundation, whether it be in building a house or a career. And only he who is willing to do this hard work from which there is no escape will ever succeed in a large way. If proof should be desired study the life history of every great and good man.—Christian Advocate.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE TWO POTS.

Two pots, one of brass and one of earthenware, had been left on the bank of a river. When the tide arose, they both floated off with the current.

The earthenware pot tried its best to keep away from the brass one, and the pot of brass cried out, "Come, let us go together, I will not strike you." "But," answered the earthen pot, "I may come in contact with you, and whether I hit you or you hit me, I will suffer. You know the saying, 'If a jug fall on a stone, woe to the jug; if a stone fall on a jug, woe to the jug.'"

Moral: The strong and the weak cannot well keep company.

* * * * *

SIGNS &c.

With many people February 2, in each year, is an outstanding event. It is Candlemas with the authorities, but the everyday designation is "Groundhog Day" or "Woodchuck Day."

Candlemas, according to the Century Dictionary, is an ecclesiastical festival in honor of the presentation of the infant Christ in the temple and the purification of the Virgin Mary. It seems to have been instituted in the first half of the fifth century, and first observed in the East.

The feast takes its name from lighted candles in procession in memory of Simeon's words at the presentation of the infant, "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." On this day Roman Catholics consecrate the candles and tapers to be used throughout the ensuing year; it is also retained in the Anglican Church, and is also observed by the

Lutherans. In Scotland the date of this festival, as observed, is one of the quarter-days for paying and receiving rents, interest, school fees, etc.

There are folks absolutely certain that the conduct of the ground hog on February 2 regulates the weather, for the ensuing forty days; that is if his hogship sees his shadow, through fright, he will return to his hole and remain there for six weeks, thus assuring bad weather and more winter; on the contrary, if the little beast does not see his shadow, he will remain out and this course is taken as proof that Spring is just around the corner. It sometimes "hits" just right, but the idea is punk and bosh.

Faith in this ground hog theory is akin to the idea that the first twelve days of January foretell the weather if the several months of the year: that if you cut six onions into halves, place them in a dry place and sprinkle salt on each half, naming the twelve pieces after each month, that those on which the salt feely dissolves will be wet months, and where the salt fails to thoroughly melt, that month will be dry. But the worst theory among a civilized people finds expression in the belief that if the first visitor on New Year's day is a male the great majority of the unhatched chickens for the year at that home will be roosters: and if a lady is the first guest, the house wife is certain that when she sets the faithful motherly hen the result will be mostly pullets.

Rank bosh, but nevertheless, some mighty otherwise good and intelligent people have faith in these theories. These superstitious notions were inherited from and have come down from the old-time negro who was largely governed by signs.

* * * * *

WHAT THEY KNOW.

In recent issue The Uplift made reference to a theory of why the Confederacy failed, as advanced by a certain newly discovered historian in Tennessee. It was alleged that the governors of the several states embraced in the Confederacy were unsympathetic and were shot full of personal jealousies. The name of the late Zeb Vance, whose memory is kept bright in North Carolina up to this very day and who stood high in other states and the nation as an incorruptible public official, was used by the said historian in such a manner that it left an unrighteous reflection.

The Uplift asked two of its best friends, who had lived through that period, to tell us what they thought of the new theory advanced as to the failure of the Confederacy. Their statements are here given.

It is of record that in the Confederacy store-room of North Carolina there

were at the close of the war considerable supplies and clothing, being estimated that there were 92,000 uniforms. This is a record of Vance's forethought and effort in keeping for emergencies the necessary supplies for the Confederate soldier. Vance did not go to sleep at the switch—the records show that this beloved North Carolinian had an abiding thought for the welfare of the soldier at the front.

Mrs. J. C. Gibson Writes:

Mrs. J. C. Gibson writes:

If the history (so called) from which the quotation in the last Uplift was taken is in our public schools I think the Daughters of the Confederacy will do as they did with Muzzey's also so-called history—institute a campaign to have it removed. If not it seems scarcely worth while to notice a thing so absolutely puerile. However I feel impelled to say a few words. If written by a southern man, one is almost disposed to pity his ignorance—if it be ignorance.

If deliberate misrepresentation—to use a mild, lady like term—one can but regret that he was born south of "The Line." If the author is a northern man we can only wonder at the compliment paid to the manhood of the South, though it comes through a false charge against the governors of the southern states. Of course I can speak, of my own knowledge, of only one—our own Zebulon Baird Vance! Spotless southern gentleman—brave soldier and "best war governor" of the South! I knew him personally from the beginning of his first campaign for Governor of North Carolina until the close of his splendid life and challenge any one to prove that I have said a word too much. Challenge any one to prove that he ever failed in any duty or responsibility to his State or the nation for which he fought so bravely and served so faithfully, The Southern Confederacy. If there are any doubters let me refer them to the addresses made at the unveiling of the statue of Vance in the Statuary Hall in Washington where men from North and South united in bearing testimony to his character and his achievements.

Col. A. H. Boyden Writes:

Editor of The Uplift: In your last issue of your splendid Uplift, that I read with more pleasure than anything that comes into my home, I find the question, "what does Baldy Boyden think about the matters?" In reply, as much as I dislike to state, it is true, and I refer you to Clark's Regimental Historian, vol. 1, page 35, you will find the following statement: "At the surrender of General Johnston the state had on hand ready made and in cloth 92,000 suits of uniforms with great stores of blankets and leather goods, etc."

About the failure of the Confederacy, I am unable to answer. The report was made by Major John Deveranx, Quarter Master General of North Carolina.

Col. Boyden, in a telephone statement says, "Vance's whole effort was

in the interest of the welfare of the southern soldier, in so far as lay in his power; and that none of the soldiers in his regiment lacked clothing, shoes and blankets. I do not know what become of all these supplies, but I guess the Yankees carried them off.

* * * * *

GOV. McLEAN'S EXPERIENCE THAT OF OTHERS.

Ice cream makers of the State had their annual meeting, last week, in Raleigh, Gov. McLean made them an address, which The Uplift carries in another column.

He gave by way of introduction, his first acquaintance with the delicious product of milk, flavoring and ice. Hundred of boys had to do some smart financing, in the early days of ice cream, to make connection with it. But this the way the News & Observer reports the Governor's experience:

"My most embarrassing moment in my life occurred many years ago, when I bought the first ice cream I ever ate," declared Governor A. W. McLean Wednesday night in the course of the speech he was delivering before the State Convention of the North Carolina Ice Cream Manufacturers' Association, which came to an end with a banquet at which Governor McLean made the principal address.

"I had heard for sometime about the new thing they called ice cream," continued the Governor, "and I determined to buy some of it. But back in those days on the farm, money was hard to get. However, I finally got ten cents and journeyed to the nearest place where I knew I could get some ice cream.

"Going into the store, I told the proprietor that I wanted some ice cream. He gave me a saucer of cream and I ate it. When I asked him how much it cost, he said twenty cents. There I was left with the realization that I only had ten cents.

"The propietor must have sensed the fact that my supply of money was insufficient and he said the big saucers cost twenty cents, but he believed he gave me a smaller one and it would cost me but ten cents.

"I have never believed I got a small saucer, but I do believe the man did that to relieve my embarassment. About ten years ago I had a chance to do the same man a favor and I think it did me as much good to help him as anything I have ever done."

"And," concluded, Governor McLean, "the impressions you make on a child will remain stamped indelibly on his mind throughtout his life."





GENERAL R. E. LEE
Born January 19, 1807

GENERAL T. J. JACKSON
Born January 21, 1824

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

O, the times; O, the changes! There is an old saying from time immemorial, "That a child should be seen and not heard." The reverse has come with age. When the child is grown up and become a radio announcer he is heard and not seen.

A friend of mine told me the other day that he had just heard of the meanest man extant. He did not tell me where he lived, but I was glad to know that he did not reside in Durham's domain. This friend told me that this man told his little son that if he would saw some wood he would let him have the sawdust to play circus with. Can you beat that?

A correspondent writes me that he had the misfortune to break a mirror since the new year came in and wants to know if he will have "bad luck for seven years." I know nothing about the breaking of a mirror having anything to do with the destiny of a person; but a lot of bootleggers and crazy motorists, all over the country, break the laws and seem to get away with it, so I see no reason why my correspondent shouldn't be able to break a mirror without any horrible results. He just did away with a reflection on himself.

A Wall street man, who deals in and keeps a record of "sour securities," a name descriptive of stocks that have gone to the bad or are obsolete, has no telephone. He was one of the first ten men who sub-

Have you ever observed that most of the men who sit on the front seats in a theatre, sit on the rear seats in a church? It's funny, but see if it isn't so.

scribed for a phone when the invention came into use, but found it "interrupted business." He still clings to that idea. I have heard of a man who would not have a phone in his home because it subjects him to the will of anybody who might wish to talk to him. "A phone robs a man of his privacy," he used to say, and would not tolerate its power to distract his attention from his reading. And I know a man who hasn't a phone in his house from perfectly natural causes. He's deaf.

There has been disclosed, in another city, the devotion of a little group of school teachers toward a dying woman who was their friend and colleague, who had met with misfortune, and for three years was kept alive and comfortable by the combination of these friends. Now the friend is gone, and the labor of unselfish love is ended. But how many other similar dramas of lasting friendship are being enacted in our own community, by people we know and meet every day? Nobody can say. Most of the world's kindness is done silently and "under cover." Most of the hard burdens and long trials are endured by people who never cry aloud, whose best friends know nothing of the tasks they are quietly giving their lives to fulfill. Some such thought

as this comes to us all at times—though all to infrequently—and bolsters up flagging faith in what we are pleased to call human nature. Crime and failure and deceit are apt to be writ large in the ephemeral and enduring records of the world's affairs. Charity and sanity depend upon remembering that the courage and beauty of human nature are kept secret—but that they are all about us. No man capable of a brave love is a man to parade his emotions. The scorner and the vengeful man flaunt their purposes, and are proud. The hypocrite enacts his mean pretense where all may see—and where most can penetrate it. The honorable qualities are more obscure.

There is a saying long in vogue to this effect, "Never put all of your eggs in one basket." I never fully agreed with that sentiment. It made too many baskets for you to watch. It has grown to such an extent, and people have divided up their interests and scattered them around to the point that they have more baskets than they can carry, and consequently they suffer more than from having them in one basket. There is such a thing as overdoing things—and some people will do it.

This week has been designated as "Thrift Week," and it was selected because of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, one of the greatest exponents of thrift in American history. Thrift is either a gift or a science. With some it is a gift. They can seemingly pile dollar upon dollar, and seemingly, never have a thought about spending it. Others are hardly able

to allow one loddar to come to rest upon another so intensely eager are they to spend what they have. Some one has coined an expression that a dollar burns a hole in the spender's pocket. It is a matter of fact, however, that a great many of us are in this burning business. Somehow or other when we have a dollar we like to be a good fellow with it. But, spending with the average person is a habit; and some people are not particular about what they spend their money for. What's the use? One says money was made to be spent, so there you are.

I went to Chapel Hill Thursday and spent the day in the Newspaper Institute, with the press boys. If the 75 or 80 editors present didn't get a haversack full of editorial rations it was their own fault. It was indeed, thought, word and truth, a friendly discussion of the editorial department of papers. Heretofore the publishers and managers of papers have had the day. But the editor, and his assistants, came in for their own this time. The speeches of Ole Buck, field manager of the Nebraska Press Association, Robert W. Maddery, of University Press Bureau, Robert Lathan, editor News and Courier, of Charleston, S. C.; R. H. Wettach, associate professor of law at university; Dr. D. S. Freeman, editor of the News-Leader, of Richmond, Va.; Prof. Frank H. Graham; President H. W. Chase, of the university; all bearing on different phases of editorial work and its relations to other interest, were highly instructive and threw many new lights in the theme. The address of Mr. Lathan alone was

worth the trip of any editor to Chapel Hill.

I have been a member of the North Carolina press association for 52 years. I have seen many changes in the personel of that organization. I was more than usual, on this occasion, impressed with the passing of time, and the passing also, of the members. There was but one present who was a member forty years ago; only a few who were members thirty and twenty-five years ago. All other new men who have come upon the newspaper scene of action. It was, however, a body of young and lusty young fellows; full of journalistic enthusiasm, and modern ideas of newspaper making. It was as fine a looking body of workers for the up-building of the state and their communities as I have seen in my long connecton with the press asso-

ciation. There were women there, too, not as many as I have sometimes heretofore seen, who are doing their part in the journalistic awakening of the state. I take it, upon the whole, the Chapel Hill Newspaper Institute was a large and lasting success, with a two-old accomplishment. The editors were benefitted and gained new inspiration from the wisdom of experienced men on decided policies; and the university was benefitted by the editors of long standing making known what kind of men were most acceptable from the schools of journalism and most useful in the work on papers. It was an understandingly understanding between the two. The meeting will have its beneficial effects for many years to come. The gathering lit a new torch in the journalistic realm. I bagged a generous supply of sparks, from this torch.

AN ARGUMENT.

A bright silver dollar and a little brown cent,
 Rolling along together went;
 Rolling along on the smooth sidewalk,
 When the dollar remarked (for dollars do talk)
 Your poor little cent, you cheap little mite,
 I am bigger and twice as bright.
 I am worth more than you a hundred fold,
 And written on me in letter bold
 Is the motto drawn from a pious creed,
 "In God we trust" which all may read.
 Yes I know, said the cent, I am poor cheap little mite
 And I know I am not big nor good nor bright
 And yet said the cent with a meek little sigh,
 You don't go to church as often as I.

—Monroe Enquirer.

ICE CREAM.

Speech delivered by Governor Angus W. McLean before the Annual Convention of the NORTH CAROLINA ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION, held in Raleigh, January 13, 1926, at the Sir Walter Hotel.

Any man of middle age will recall of his boyhood the red-letter days when ice cream was served as the climax of the exceptional dinner.

What a difference today, when ice cream is everywhere available, a daily diet of thousands on thousands of our people, served enticingly, quickly and in any quantity at remarkably small cost!

Then, ice cream was an adventure and a luxury; today it is one of the more important and wholesome of those necessities within the reach of all which yet have the quality of luxury in everything except their cost.

In North Carolina in 1924 the manufacture of ice cream reached a total of 1,512,000 gallons and in 1925 it is estimated that this figure was increased to 2,000,000 gallons.

It is not my purpose to go into the figures of your activities in the production of a wholesome, appetizing product marketed under sanitary conditions and already fixed in popularity as a sweet, high in food value and in health-producing results from its use. These things, a part of your business, you will know better than I. It seems to me, however, that the ice cream manufacturers of the State can well afford to consider how in the conduct of their business they can encourage and promote in North Carolina a better and more efficient production of the raw material which enters into their product.

I refer to the need that large sections of our State are feeling for a diversification of farm activities which will establish dairying as an important occupation upon the land. In a number of counties of the Piedmont and in western North Carolina the problem of, first, a sufficient number of dairy cows and then a ready market for their product has been solved by some sixteen creameries, co-operative and otherwise, to which farmers who have begun to understand the economics of milk cattle deliver their product for sale. In 1925 these creameries produced a total of 1,677,000 pounds of creamery butter. Six cheese factories produced 80,000 pounds. In or adjacent to every city and many of the large towns there are, of course, local herds of dairy cattle which supply the immediate needs of the people for a daily milk supply. But in the light of our use of milk and dairy products these activities are woefully negligible, spelling one of the sharpest economic losses suffered by our people whenever they import raw material which they should produce at home or fail to manufacture home products into the finished article which multiplies value. I have not the figures at hand to show the amount that North Carolina pays out annually for imported dairy products, but a simple deduction will show that it is an immense one. For instance statistics show that in 1924 the people of the United States con-

sumed of all dairy products 106 billion pounds. This would make the consumption of North Carolina, according to its population, 220,000,000 pounds annually. These figures not only reveal the immense financial drain sustained by the State in sending abroad for these products, but suggest even more strongly the economic loss arising from our neglect in establishing dairying as one of our major industries in connection with our use of our lands. Ice cream manufacture in the State is beginning to keep at home a considerable amount of wealth which we once sent abroad and promises to do an increasing work in establishing sound values and increasing employment, but even here, I understand, that you are forced to send to other States for much of the material out of which you produce your products. As in the case of butter, cheese or other dairy products manufactured, to supply ice cream under the best economic conditions for the industry itself and for the people of the State, it will be necessary that it draw its supplies of raw material from home instead of foreign markets.

That North Carolina has not long since become a State in which dairying provides one of the most valuable instead of a relatively negligible land uses has been due to a number of causes, the lack of large cities, indifferent means of transportation, want of markets and a lack of cooperative facilities. At bottom, however, the real cause of our lack of initiative in this respect has been an adherence to ancient farm practice depending on the hit-or-miss method

of one or two stereotyped crops, often without regard, even, as to whether the prices obtained were or were not greater than the cost of production. There is not a section of the State in which there are not, generally speaking, the conditions on our farms which suggest dairying as a profitable economic pursuit. Any livestock undertaking is based on economical feeding which requires fertile soil and suitable weather conditions, including plentiful rainfall. These essentials North Carolina possesses in remarkable degree, especially in the eastern part of the State, where dairying as a farm occupation is, practically speaking, unknown, and where there is yet to be made a beginning of the creameries which have begun to establish the example of success in the Piedmont and western sections.

In the eastern counties a failure to develop a dairy cattle business on the farms is more than a mere neglect to make the most economic use of natural resources of a fertile soil especially adapted to the corn, soybean and pea-vine hay, soja and velvet bean, millet, rye and oats. It is more than a disregard of a climate so mild that pasturage is possible for practically every month in the year, in contrast to the six months in such great dairying States as Iowa, Michigan and Minnesota in which cattle are kept in winter quarters. Such a failure to establish the markets afforded by creameries and to put dairy cattle on the farms means in that section the disregard of one of the most important methods of diversification absolutely necessary if the farm is not to fall

into hopelessness. No longer can the East depend on cotton. The increased cost of production, the uncertainties of a speculative market, the scarcity of labor and the invasion of the boll weevil make a change in method immediately necessary, if this great, fertile and potentially rich section is to avoid an economic disaster reacting severely on the prosperity of the State as a whole.

The North Carolina Bureau of Animal Industry estimates that a good average grade cow, priced from \$75 to \$100, will produce in eastern North Carolina 600 gallons of milk, the fat of which brings \$111.36, to which must be added the value of 4,300 pounds of skim milk at 40 cents per hundred, \$5.00 for the calf and \$30 for manure, making a total income of \$163.56 per year. Subtracting \$110 as the cost of feed, the profit remaining per cow is \$56.56.

To introduce eastern North Carolina to dairying, it will be necessary first to assure a sufficient supply to support a market for quantity production; next to secure transportation by collections by truck to nearby creameries. And, as an essential basis of a profitable industry, an improvement of the grade of stock on the farm.

Recently there was in Raleigh a visitor from Mississippi, Mr. Kenneth Wishart, who a few years ago began advocating diversified farming and dairying in his county of Monroe. He finally succeeded in getting a small dairy in operation. Of him the Wall Street Journal said editorially:

"In less than a decade a wonderful change has been wrought in that country. Corn and other grain, alfalfa,

soy and velvet bean and other crops are growing on every hand. Herds of pure-bred dairy and beef cattle, droves of hogs and flocks of sheep and poultry are to be seen on the farms. Big red barns and silos are comfortable to look at. Aberdeen, the country town, has some of the finest hard roads in the country, new schools, new hotels, swimming pools and other civic improvements. In its stores the farmers can be seen buying goods for cash while the banks are showing increased deposits. Cream checks have wrought this change."

Not only has diversified farming and dairying brought about the prosperity described, but as a result of increased soil fertility and intensive methods of cultivation, agriculture in general is bringing in far greater returns. In a county that a few years ago felt itself ruined by the boll weevil, it is not an uncommon feat for farmers to produce two bales of cotton to an acre!

Agriculture along old lines has been for several years unprofitable. It will continue unprofitable until our farmers learn diversification is not a fad but a business habit. Stock, especially dairying, is, wherever suitable conditions obtain, the most profitable method of getting out of old and uneconomic ruts. We need in the State at large and especially in the East a constant preaching and encouragement of this common-sense gospel. Manufacturers of ice cream, the aristocrat of dairy products, can do a public service as well as helping materially in their own future expansion by doing everything possible to bring to pass the day when

every gallon they distribute will reflect the employment of a North Carolina cow.

YESTERDAY TODAY AND TOMORROW.

By W. O. Saunders.

There isn't a more upstanding fellow in our town than Blucher Ehringhaus. But he had a down-cast look when I met him on the street the other morning. He had just come from the auditorium of the Elizabeth City High School where he had looked an audience of nearly a thousand youths in the face and tried to tell them how to become successful men and women.

Ehringhaus is mentally honest. He told those youngsters the simple honest-to-God truth that the only known sure way to acquire position, money, name, fame and all the rest of it is to work.

And a thousand pairs of young eyes looked upon him with undisguised suspicion and mentally set him down as a platitudinous liar. And Blucher Ehringhaus, being a wise and sensitive soul, knew that youth was calling him a liar in its heart and he was whipped. He knew that his speech had fallen flat. Youth does not want to be told that the only way to success is thru work. Youth wants a shorter, easier way and when a plain sincere chap like Ehringhaus comes along and tells them the simple truth they think he is giving them what they call "apple sauce."

Youth always likes to think that there is a short cut to all the good things of life, an Open Sesame that

will throw open the doors of some great treasure house to them when they have but acquired the mystic password. Never was there a boy who didn't dream of an Aladdin's Lamp, the mere rubbing of which would bring him every luxury. Never was there a girl who didn't dream of a Cinderella's slipper, the wearing of which would make her beautiful and rich and desired of some Prince Charming.

But Aladdin's Lamp and the Glass Slipper belong only in the land of make-believe. Blucher Ehringhaus told the high school boys and girls the truth: the man or woman who achieves success in any field of endeavor must work for it. Luck plays an important part in most big successes but Luck, after all, is only Opportunity and those who profit by Opportunity are those who are prepared to grasp, to wrestle with, to throw and hog-tie Opportunity when it comes.

The late J. B. Duke was a lucky man. Opportunity came his way. The same opportunity had passed by the way of millions of other men, but they were not alert and eager for work as Duke was. Henry Ford is a lucky man. Opportunity came his way and he became the world's richest man. He worked for it. He labored for years on his invention of a low price automobile when other

men would have given up in despair or have sold their patent rights for a bauble.

I don't know of a single notably successful man in America who hasn't achieved his success by simple down-right plugging. Years ago there went from our neighbour town of Hertford a boy named C. W. Toms. He taught school in Durham N. C., attracted the attention of the Dukes, was taken into their business and in a few years became vice-President of what is now today the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Clinton Toms was a lucky guy" said the hotel lobby loafers in Hertford. "He knew how to get next to the Dukes and they shoved him along." The truth is that Clinton Toms, teaching schools in Durham, didn't call it a day's work when the school day was over. From his regular school room where he taught for pay he went out into the factory

settlements at night and put in hours of work in night classes to help the working folk who worked in the tobacco factories of Durham. And there's where the Dukes found him and took him for themselves because they wanted men like him who were not afraid of work and not working merely for the money they get on Saturday.

The way to get the best things in this life is to work for them. And when you make up your mind to work you will find that work itself is the most interesting thing in life and a man who loses himself in his work isn't half so tired at the end of the day as the fool who wears himself out chasing rainbows; he never knows the discontent that is forever eating at the heart of him who wastes his hours in envying the successful ones and wishing for things for which he is too indolent to work.

LIP-STICK HER UNDOING.

A young lady of pleasing appearance, pretty of face, and attractive walked into one of our stores a few days ago and asked for a position. The proprietor of the store had a vacancy which he was ready to have filled. Duly impressed by the young lady, he observed that her face was artificially treated for tints and color; but this was passed upon without prejudice. But the lip stick had turned the trick. It lost the girl a good job. She had smeared on the carmine a little too heavily. The merchant may have been harsh in his judgement, but he was lord of the opportunity that had knocked at the door of this especial young lady. He acted within his rights—he wanted no lip-stick clerks. The moral is to be inferred. But this incident is a real one and is told without garnish.

—Albemarle Press.

SERVICE.

By Russell Allen Hoke.

"What is it you don't like about Homer Martin, father?" Bob Farrell inquired, at dinner, the evening after his graduation from the Arlington Preparatory School.

Carter Farrell, owner of the Farrell Department Store, the largest of its kind in Arlington Heights, glanced across the table. "Phil'll tell you," he said.

Philip, the older of the two Farrell sons, looked at Bob, six years his junior, a trifle superciliously. "Martin's all right in his way," he declared, "and I've got nothing against him personally. But in business I doubt if he'd amount to much."

"Why not?" Bob wanted to know.

Philip reflected. "For one thing," he observed, after a moment, "he's an incurable optimist. He thinks everything's always for the best."

"Umm!" murmured Bob. "What's another thing?"

"An even bigger fault. He busies himself too much thinking about 'the other fellow,'" Philip continued.

"He's not selfish enough you mean?"

"Not selfish enough for business success," amended the other.

"I thought you said business was based on service," Bob said to his father. "'Thinking of 'the other fellow,' and all that!'"

Carter Farrell turned to his elder son. "How do you answer that, Phil?" he demanded.

Philip smiled easily. "Nothing difficult about it," he assured them. "You make the public think you're serving them, and you do, to a cer-

tain extent—but you look out for yourself first!"

"Is that your attitude, too?" Bob looked again at his father.

The latter's reply was cautious. "I believe in serving the public," he declared. "No one amount to anything until he does serve in some way or other. However, as Phil says, and as everyone knows, one does have to think of his own interests."

"But Homer Martin thinks too much of other people's interests, eh?" Bob remarked.

"What are you standing up for him for?" Carter Farrell changed the subject.

"He and I are thinking of going into business together," Bob replied.

His father looked surprised. "To serve the public, I suppose?" he inquired, his voice faintly tinged with sarcasm.

"Service will be the keynote of whatever we decide on," Bob agreed.

"Where are you going to get the money?" the elder Farrell pursued.

"From me?"

Bob nodded.

His father slowly shook his head. "I don't think so," he disagreed, with disturbing finality. "And I fancy you can forget about joining Martin in business," he added.

"Why so?"

"We'll make a place for you in the store," Carter Farrell proceeded, "as long as you're so anxious to begin work."

"What kind of a place?" Bob demanded.

"What kind of a place, Phil?"

Mr. Farrell passed along the question.

Philip, the general manager of the store, reflected. "We'll let him begin in the information booth," he decreed, after a minute. "It'll be good training for him in learning to serve the public."

The next day Bob stood in the information booth of his father's store. In the evening he hunted up Homer Martin and explained the situation. "It's tough Homer," he commiserated. "It means we'll have to postpone our business for awhile. But I couldn't borrow a cent from father. So it's work until I can save up some capital."

Homer nodded, understandingly. "I couldn't make a loan, either," he confessed. "However, father did offer something."

"What?"

"A vacant office down on State Street. We can use it as an office whenever we get ready."

"That's a start," Bob enthused. "And while we collect some capital, let's keep our eyes open for ideas."

"Right," Homer agreed. "But will you be able to go into business with me later on?"

"Why not?" Bob inquired. "Father?"

Homer nodded.

"He won't mind getting rid of me," Bob declared, a bit wistfully. "Or Philip, either. So long as I don't need money from them."

Homer felt uncomfortable. "How's it come Phil always stands so high with your father?" he asked. "I've always known he seemed to get the best in everything, but I never knew just—"

"I don't know either," Bob confessed frankly. "He always agrees

with father in everything. And he's older than I. Possibly——"

"Bah!" Homer exploded. "Your Father'll find out some day which of you two has the right stuff in him. And it won't be Phil!"

In the information booth Bob settled down speedily to mastering his first lesson in the art of serving the public. The days brought him hundreds of inquiries. In times of stress he found strength in the poise and imperturbability of Stubby McGann, who occupied the other end of the booth and answered questions with a rapidity and certainty that was inspiration itself.

"How do you do it?" Bob asked him once. "Your general knowledge, your——"

"I've been in the game longer than you," Stubby reminded. "You will get on to it."

In time Bob did "get on to it," to a certain extent. But he realized his limitations. "I'm not up to you yet," he said one day to Stubby in response to the latter's query about his progress.

"What do you mean, not up to me yet?" Stubby grinned back.

"If some one said, 'Do you carry Regal stoves?' I'd know we didn't," Bob explained. "But I wouldn't know what store did, the way you do."

"That's a matter of experience, too," Stubby declared. "Occasionally people even ask what stores carry goods we don't sell. Some think we ought to know everything. What time trains go. What day of the month certain magazines come out. Everything!"

For the remainder of that afternoon Bob meditated on Stubby's words

with ever-increasing excitement. After the store closed at five o'clock, he called up Homer Martin on the telephone.

"Listen, Homer," he said, speaking hurriedly, "is that office room of your father's still vacant?"

"Empty as a vacuum," Homer returned promptly.

"Got a job yet?"

"No, I haven't. Why do you ask?"

"Be prepared to start work with me tomorrow, then," Bob flung back.

"What?" incredulously.

"Absolutely," Bob reiterated. "I've got an idea for our business, and some money saved up for capital. So meet me in front of that office tomorrow morning at nine and I'll tell you about it."

That evening at dinner Bob formally tendered his resignation to his father and had it accepted. The next morning he met Homer. The latter immediately led the way to the seventh floor of the building, opened the door of the vacant room and said: "Now, then, let's hear what you've got on your mind."

Bob recounted his experiences in the information booth, including the words of Stubby McGann that had first set him thinking.

"Well?" Homer asked, still unenlightened.

"It brought me to the conclusion that people desire a source of information where they can learn what store—anywhere in town—sells the particular brand of article they are looking for," Bob replied. "And there's a way, I think, of selling that information."

"How?"

"Suppose we knew the firm in town that sells Pentathlon suits for men, for example. Suppose someone telephoned us for that information. We supply the name of that store, take the name of the man telephoning and find out, later, if he bought a suit there. If he made a purchase we'd be as responsible for that sale as an advertisement in the newspaper. Stores pay for publicity. Why couldn't we charge for our form of advertising?"

"We could," Homer declared.

"I think so, too," Bob agreed, "and I believe there are enough stores here in the city that'd use our service to make the idea financially worth while."

That afternoon, when he sounded out Stubby McGann on the proposition, the latter began nodding his head before Bob was through speaking. "Great stuff," Stubby finally approved: "I believe you've got a real idea there."

"Would you join Homer and me?" Bob inquired.

For a bare second Stubby hesitated, then: "I sure would," he burst out.

In that way Stubby McGann became a partner with Bob and Homer, adding his slender savings to their meager capital. One hundred and fifty stores eventually contracted to try the new service, and Bob began the expenditure of a portion of their funds for advertising in the Arlington Heights Morning Herald.

On the first of a new month Service—as they named their enterprise—opened for business. By the end of the day over one hundred and thirty inquirers had been directed to one hundred of the stores taking the

service. On an investigation, later, of actual, resultant sales, satisfaction was found to be the attitude of the subscribing stores.

"I reckon we're making good, all right," Homer vowed at the end of the first fortnight. "The stores have found that the people who inquire of us really do buy."

But in less than forty-eight hours his enthusiastic prediction of success seemed to open to question. Service was summarily cut off the advertising pages of the Morning Herald. There was scant explanation; merely a curt statement that the paper had changed hands and a new policy begun.

"That sounds like your brother Philip, Bob," Stubby McGann declared kneely. "It's a big price to pay, but he's jealous of us!"

Bob nodded slowly. "If he is, he wouldn't care how much he'd have to pay," he agreed. "Just so long as he could put something in our way."

"Undoubtedly he's the one back of the change," Homer interposed, "but let the Herald go. It might be for the best, and, anyway, we can use another paper."

They diverted their advertising to the Daily Sun, the city's next best newspaper(but they soon became aware that it was not the medium the Herald had been. It didn't reach as many readers; nor was it taken by the portion of the public apt to patronize Service.

At the end of a month the three were facing approaching failure. The purchase of the Herald had been definitely traced to Philip. And he had not ended his inimical activities with that. In the Farrell store he had in-

stituted a duplicate service—identical with theirs—which he was extending to the public free of charge.

"No wonder we're going under," Bob fumed. "Phil's putting all his money against us."

Nevertheless, they fought on. One morning, two weeks later, Homer checking up their advertising in the Sun, came across an item of news fraught with serious import. He cut it out and passed it over to Bob.

"Something we might look into," he suggested.

"Another landslide over on Thunder Mountain's predicted. If it'd come, blocking up both the road and the railroad and tearing down the telegraph wires, as it did two years ago, we'd be in a bad way, here in Arlington Heights, with our doctors attending the medical convention over in Windsor, thirty miles away."

Bob looked serious. "It'd cut us off!"

"Until the slide stopped rolling and men could get down into the Pass to start clearing out," Homer nodded. "Last slide rolled, off and on, for over a week."

The next morning Homer answered a ring on his telephone to hear an anxious voice ask: "Can you tell me where Dr. Sanderson can be found?"

"He's attending a conference in Windsor," Homer responded.

"Is there any way of learning when he will return to Arlington Heights?"

"Just a minute, please," Homer requested.

He went to a branch telephone and called up the Daily Sun. "Service speaking," he said into the mouthpiece. "Any way of learning when the medical convention in Windsor will adjourn?"

The reply was a jumble of excitement, from which he caught but one fact—but one that set his heart racing.

He returned to the first telephone. "Sorry," he said, his own voice excited. "Landslide just a little while ago over on Thunder Mountain. The Pass is blocked; wires are all down; no one can get through."

Something like a cry came to Homer from the other end. "I've got to get Dr. Sanderson," the woman declared. "It's a matter of life or death. He's a specialist; he's the only one who will do."

"Who's sick?" Homer demanded.

"Carter Farrell."

"What!"

The name was repeated so clearly that Bob, across the room, raised his head.

"What was that about father?" he demanded.

"We'll try to get Dr. Sanderson," Homer promised into the telephone, and hung up. To Bob he said: "Your father's very sick."

"And there's a landslide?" Bob queried. "And Sanderson's needed?"

Homer nodded.

Bob picked up a telephone. "Daily Sun," he told central.

When he was put through he explained who he was, and plunged at once into the business on hand. "Any way of getting through to Windsor?" he demanded.

"Not a chance," came the reply. "We're sending a speed boat to the Pass with two of our reporters. You can go that far if you want to go along."

"Coming right over," Bob declared, and hung up.

"I said taking the Daily Sun might turn out to be for the best," Homer murmured to himself, as Bob hurried from the office.

At the Sun building Bob joined two men and ran riverward with them to a speedboat that took them swiftly over the ten miles to the Pass.

There they saw the ruin the landslide had accomplished, and the tons of rock and gravel balanced above the river, waiting for a further tremor to start them grinding down.

Bob didn't bother to ask for the use of the boat. When the others got out he restarted the engine and sped for the narrow reach of river yet untouched by fallen rock or earth. He mistrusted the reverberations of the engine's exhaust, but no additional slide began its thunderous descent, and with his heart in his mouth he won through.

He got Dr. Sanderson in Windsor and negotiated the perilous waters of the Pass once again in safety, though occasional rocks were dropping into the river as they scurried through.

He drove the physician to Arlington Heights, and Carter Farrell's life was saved.

A fortnight later a heavy-set, efficiently-looking man entered the Service office and walked up to Bob's desk.

"You don't know me, son," he began. "But I've heard of your business here and your trip to Windsor and back. I'm Joseph Carmiller, of Carmiller, Carmiller & Fitzhubert, New York."

Bob nodded and waited.

"We want your Service in our store," Joseph Carmiller continued. "What do you say?"

Bob shook his head. "Sorry, Mr. Carmiller," he replied, "but I'm afraid we can't accept your offer. Service is going into another store."

"Which one?"

"The Farrell Department Store of this city. It's owned by my father."

Joseph Carmiller's eyes softened. "I withdraw my offer," he declared. "That's the place for a son."

That is where Service eventually went, and where it prospered. Bob and Stubby McGann returned to the establishment in which they had individually begun their business careers, and with them went Homer Martin, the incurable optimist, the one

who thought too much of "the other fellow."

He had a talk with Bob one morning shortly after their removal to the Farrell store. "I suppose you know Philip's resignation's been accepted," he began. "He's no longer general manager. Incompetent, they say. When your father was sick Phil didn't know enough to think up a way of getting Dr. Sanderson over from Windsor. He didn't have the nerve to go for him himself." He paused a moment, then grinned with quiet satisfaction. "I told you your father'd finally find out which of you two had the right stuff in him!"

A BETTER JOB.

James A. Garfield was nominated at Chicago to be candidate for the presidency. Many ballots were cast before he gained the decision. Through many ballots his name was kept on the list by only one vote. This vote was cast by an old-time friend and schoolmate, a preacher who had been chosen as a delegate to that convention. If this man's (Milton Wells was his name) vote had failed, Garfield's name would have been dropped. The day after President Garfield's inauguration, he sent this telegram to Milton Wells: "Will you accept the governorship of Arizona?" Mr. Wells replied, "I have a better office that I cannot leave. I am preaching here for \$600 per year. Milton Wells.

—The Way.

THE CHINEESE PEDDLER.

By Katharine R. Green.

To us of America "Chinese laundryman" is a more familiar term than "Chinese peddler." There are some Americans who seem to go even so far as to think that China is a nation of laundrymen and judge the whole people by the weird personality of "Hop Lee" on the corner. It is somewhat of a shock to them, therefore, when one affirms that in seventeen years of sojourn in South China one has seen not more than a dozen laundrymen and one is also strongly inclined to doubt whether the "gentleman" who calls for the clothes is the one who actually does the washing. He probably has a wife and several sisters-in-law who kneel while, with thick wooden paddles, they beat the dirt from the wet garments wadded up on a flat stone by the riverside.

Although at present the Chinese soldier and bandit, both roles often alternately adopted by the same warrior, seems to occupy the most conspicuous place in our landscape, still he is but a passing phase—at least so we hope. In spite of the military disturbances and the unsettled condition of the country, the great bulk of the population goes on its peaceful way, cultivating the fields, carrying burdens of produce, and buying and selling. One is inclined to call China a nation of farmers and merchants. The farmer holds an honorable place in the public regard. According to Confucius' teachings, he is to be esteemed above the soldier and merchant, because he is a creator. Indeed his place is next the high-

ly honored profession of scholar. The merchant, however, as always, is the fellow who gets rich, and, although theoretically the farmer is his social superior, as a matter of fact, the merchant is usually the more imposing figure in the social fabric.

The Chinese who go abroad almost invariably become shopkeepers and merchants and such perseverance and sound common sense do they bring to their business that a large percentage of them prosper well and return home wealthy men. Most Chinese seem to have a peculiar genius for business, and although they are, as a rule, strictly honest, still they are able to amass considerable fortunes without a large outlay of original capital.

There are some hong-merchants in China whose yearly business is immense and who are themselves worth millions, but these men of big business are not nearly so picturesque as the petty merchants who do a little business in an open faced shop or the peddler who, on either end of a long burden pole, carries baskets of merchandise to your door for inspection.

One cannot walk along any well-frequented road in South Fukien without bumping into a Chinese peddler. I say "bumping" advisely, for the paths are very narrow. Most important of them is the vegetable man who brings to your door his large flat baskets stacked high with fresh onions, crisp celery, white cucumber-shaped egg plants, long heavy stalks of mustard plant, and health-giving bunches of green spinach. There you may take your choice of his stuff,

while he carefully weighs out the amount you desire. The fish peddler is sometimse the fisherman himself, and his fish, so shiningly fresh, look so cool and clean that they tempt the housekeeper to buy. The vender of pork usnally heralds his whereabouts on a hollow cow-horn, which gives forth a far-reaching foggy bellow. With his sharp knife he will cut off and weigh for his customers the pork so dear to every Chinese heart.

In a lighter vein, so to speak, comes the candy man advertising his progress by snapping together his long shears with a penetrating jangle. On his tray are temptingly arranged frsh roasted peannts, peanut candy of various sorts, taffy and perhaps cigarettes as a side line. The children watch for him eagerly and do their first bargaining for his wares. The cake man attracts your attention with a high ringing cry inviting you to partake of his delectable fresh cakes. Chinese cakes are of many sorts and when bought fresh at the shop are delicious. The peddler will often have his cakes arranged in a flat glass-topped box which he opens at the first suggestion of a customer. One of the greatest deterrents to a foreigner's buying his wares lies in the fact that he seldom separates his money from his merchandise, and coppers and dimes are mixed up with his crispets and cakes.

There are in the peddler group those who might facetiously be called "professional men." There is the vender of fortune who, for a consideration, will tell you all you desire to know about the future. He is always preceded by a small boy who walks directly in front of him tolling rhyth-

mically on a brass disk with a little brass clapper. The fortune-teller walks slowly with one hand clasped firmly on the shoulder of his small guide, for he himself is blind.

Another of the "professional men" is the public letter writer. For his convenience, he usurps a wind-sheltered corner of some busy street. There, settling his large bone-rimmed spectacles comfortably astride his nose, he picks up his ink slap and rubbing it energetically on his ink stone prepares to write the letters of the ignorant. Imagine going to one of these letter writers and pouring into his ear the tale you wish sent to your husband abroad in Singapore or elsewhere. One is tempted to speculate over the wide range of human secrets which flow from the brush pen of the professional letter scribe, and wonder if he ever gossips about all he must know of other people's business.

The medical profession has also its adherents in the peddler class. There is the traveling pill vender, who will scarcely ever confess that he lacks the proper panacea for every ill. There is the wayside dentist, who advertises by a display of teeth which he has extracted from former victims. He is ready either to sell you a black gummy plaster "warranted" to ease the aching face or he will extract your tooth, just as you say.

Another semi-"professional" man is the barber, who, with all of the implements necessary to his trade, wanders along the main streets of the town or village, inviting the eustom of the wayfarer. From one side of his burden stick is suspended a charcoal fire-box upon which he rests a

brass basin so that he may have the hot water needed in his work.

The pork man, the vegetable man, the fish man, and the vender of cakes and candies, each makes his rounds daily. He has his usual customers whom he serves faithfully. The families along his route depend upon him for their daily supplies and he seldom fails them.

The fortune-teller however, the barber, the pill man and the dentist all wander over a wide range of territory. There are fewer of each of them and their "wares" are more rarely needed and yet every one of them seems to make a comfortable living. Another peddler who also covers a wide field is the cloth merchant. One does not buy a new dress every day, but the cloth peddler

will call periodically to remind you that every self-respecting Chinese woman must have a new garment "every so often." In this respect they are strangely like their American sisters.

The Chinese peddler is a well respected member of society. Indeed we have several friends who peddle for a living and they are as good citizens and as well thought of as those who do business in a shop. Indeed, the Chinese peddler is by no means viewed with the good-natured and half contemptuous tolerance with which we Americans look upon the Italian or Greek peddler who tries to sell us every sort of vegetable and fruit when the only thing we really wanted was "banana."

"WOMAN'S LOVE IS LIKE THE DEW"

Just the other day we said to a friend who has a very beautiful and charming wife, a woman who becomes the center of every circle she may chance to enter, "How did you manage to get such a wife as you have."

The gentleman very promptly replied, "I have been asked that before and this is the explanation. A woman's love is like the dew from heaven; it falls alike upon the briar patch and the rose garden."—Greensboro Advocate.

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

By Anne Guilbert Mahon.

"Chance for you, Bea!" was Sara Nichols' greeting, as her chum joined her on her way to school.

"You're the best essay writer in our class," added Sara, reading from the newspaper in her hand:

"The Civic Club, in connection with its Anniversary exercises, will award a prize of \$200 for the best essay written by a student in any of the schools in Ridgewood, giving the best account of the history and development of the town. Essay not to exceed 1000 words."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Bea, her eyes shining. "You better believe I'd like to win it. What wouldn't it mean to us now after mother has been so ill and the doctor says she ought to get away for a change; but we can't afford the money! I need some new clothes, too. Mine are threadbare," she glanced down at her worn coat. "I certainly would love to win it, but——" she hesitated ruefully.

"But what?" queried Sara. "Aren't you the best in English in our whole class?"

"I could write it, I think," reflected Bea, "but it is the data I need. We've only lived in Ridgewood for a year, you know. Some of the contestants belong to some of the oldest families in town. They will know lots of the past history that I don't."

Sara looked dubious. "Can't help you there, myself. We've only lived here six months. I don't know a thing about the history of the town. Can't you look it up at the library, or ask

some of the old inhabitants?" she suggested.

"I might," answered Bea. Mentally, she was visualizing all that the two hundred dollars would do for them. Mother could have the much needed change and vacation, for an old friend had been writing her for some time to visit her home, and the only thing that prevented mother's accepting was the money for the railroad journey—a considerable item in the Phillips' household, where every penny had to be counted since father lost his position two months ago with the failure of the firm in which he had been employed for so many years.

"The whole family needs clothes," thought Bea, "and the roofer said that the roof wouldn't stand another rainy spell, it would come down on our heads. Oh, what would I give if I could win that prize!"

When the two girls reached school they found everyone talking of the offer of the Civic Club. Each and every girl was determined to try for the prize.

"I've always lived in Ridgewood," declared Nora Barnes, at recess, "and my father and grandfather before me. It will be a cinch writing up all its history." Nora looked as happy as if she had won the prize already.

"My folks have always lived here, too," Lois Waite tossed her head. "I guess that I can write enough about Ridgewood."

Other girls said the same.

"Not much chance for me," sigh-

ed Bea, as she stopped at the library on the way home from school.

"Not a single book or pamphlet on the subject," smiled Miss Hastings, the librarian. "There were one or two magazines and old newspapers on file which referred to certain events in the town's history, but they've all been snapped up. Everyone is trying for the prize, you know."

Bea made her way home slowly and dejectedly.

"What's troubling you?" asked Bob, as Bea entered the living-room and threw her books down on the table.

"Bob, what wouldn't it mean to us if I could win that two hundred dollar prize?" asked Bea, desperately.

"Go in and win," answered Bob lightly. "You're a winner at that sort of thing."

"But you can't make up something out of nothing, Bob Phillips!" Bea reminded him hotly. "Do you know anything about Ridgewood's past history?"

"Past?" laughed Bob. "No, ma'am. I live in the present—'The Golden Present'," he quoted grandiloquently.

"Don't be silly!" snapped Bea. "It's the past that's wanted now. I don't know a thing about it, and I can't find a thing about it, so I just can't write the essay."

"Make it up," suggested Bob, light-heartedly.

Bea cast a withering glance at him, not deigning to answer.

"What is troubling you?" father looked up from his desk in the corner

of the room, where he had been poring over his account-book, trying in vain to make the ends of the family exchequer come a trifle closer together.

He shook his head when Bea told him.

"Ridgewood is an old and a new place," he said. "The older part is very, very old—hundreds of years old; but the new part, where we live, has been built up within the last ten years. Its growth has been remarkable. You can give an account of that——"

"Yes," replied Bea. "I can find out, I suppose, how many houses have been built, how many new churches and schools, and all that; but it is the past history that will count most. The historic events which center around those old buildings in the lower part of the town. I wish now I had learned more about them."

"Live and learn!" laughed Bob.

Bea went up to her room and sat down at her desk.

"At least I'll write something," she determined. "I'll write as much as I can."

She took a sheet of paper and wrote the heading: "Ridgewood—Past and Present—A History of Its Growth."

For several moments she wrote steadily, then surveyed her work in discouragement. She could write down the number of schools, of churches, about the new library, the recreation center. She could describe very attractively the pleasant, shady streets, fine houses, beautiful gardens, for which Ridgewood was celebrated; but, with the exception of the old

Quaker Meeting House, riddled with bullets, which had been used as a hospital in the days of the Revolution, she could give the history of nothing. She sighed and tried to rack her brains for the remembrance of any stories she might have heard; but not one came to her aid.

"Bea!" father put his head in at the door. "I hate to disturb you; but Miss Hyer is downstairs to see mother. You know the last time she came she wore your mother out. She will stay all afternoon, and mother isn't strong enough to entertain her. Won't you go down, daughter, and say that mother is not well——"

"That means that I'll have to listen to her rambling all afternoon," exploded Bea, "and here I have that important work to do—I'm trying to write that essay."

Father looked sorry. "If you don't go down, I suppose mother will have to——" he hesitated.

Bea knew what that meant. She knew that in mother's weak condition she must be spared all effort, and it surely was an effort to sit all afternoon and entertain Miss Hyer, from the Old Ladies' Home. Her tongue went like a mill-wheel. If she asked a question she never stopped to wait for an answer. Bea could not imagine a more tiresome way to spend an afternoon—and Miss Hyer would stay for hours, she knew. Bea felt a lump rise in her throat. Why must all disagreeable things fall to her lot?

Feeling herself much ill-used, Bea dragged unwilling steps down to the living-room and greeted the guest none too warmly.

"So your mother's worse again?

Just worn out, I guess! And your father still out of work? Misfortunes never do come singly." The old lady, once started, rattled on, and Bea, with a sigh, settled herself to listen as complacently as she could; but while Miss Hyer's stream of talk continued, Bea began to feel sorry. She noticed now the quick, nervous way her caller talked, the apologetic little laugh, with which she punctuated her rapid sentences. She was trying to be as agreeable, as entertaining, as she could, Bea saw. After all it was not her fault that she was such a bore. She had few friends. It was a real "event" to her to spend an afternoon at the Phillips' home.

"It always does me so much good to come here," she continued. "You are such a happy family—even when you have sickness and trouble. It's the atmosphere of the house, I guess—warm, friendly, hospitable, happy," she went on in an endless eulogy.

"Hospitable!" The word reproached Bea. She had not been hospitable. She had not been "warm" or "friendly." Suddenly she excused herself. Going to the kitchen, she fixed a tray with snowy napkin and the very prettiest china, and in a few minutes she brought in a cup of steaming tea, some toast and jam to the caller.

"If that isn't kind!" ejaculated her visitor: "but it's just like you Phillipses. You always were the kindest, most hospitable people. I do enjoy visits——" on and on she went; but Bea felt she could stand it now. She forced herself to listen and almost found herself enjoying the chatter of her guest.

"I hear there's to be great doings, Anniversary, and all that," went on Miss Hyer.

Bea managed to sandwich in between her guest's rapid-fire sentences the news of the contest and that she was trying to write an article, but could not get the historical data.

Miss Hyer's eyes opened wide. "My sakes, child," she exclaimed, "I know Ridgewood and its past and present history from A to Z. What do you want to know? I can tell you anything, everything——"

Bea brightened. "But," she hesitated, "I thought you were a stranger here, too. You've only lived in Ridgewood as long as we have——"

"My dear child, isn't the Home just chock full of old ladies who have lived here all their lives, and whose parents and grandparents have lived here? And don't they know every stick and stone and everything that's ever happened or is happening or ever will happen in Ridgewood? Why, if you could hear some of them talk, you could fill a book on the history of the town!" She started in and this time Bea drank in every word.

"I'd better jot it down," she exclaimed, delightedly, snatching up notebook and pencil and writing just as fast as her visitor poured forth the details.

Names, dates, events poured forth so fast Bea could scarcely write them down.

"I'll have hard work to keep this within the thousand-word limit," she exclaimed joyfully. The hours passed unnoticed.

"Dear me," Miss Hyer rose suddenly, "the sun's going down! I'll have to hurry to get back in time

for supper. I've had the nicest afternoon I ever had here," she added. "I always tell them at the Home that I'd rather come to your house than go any place I know. I always have a good time, but I think I've enjoyed this afternoon better than any I ever spent here—and that's saying a good deal."

"Oh, I can't thank you enough for all you've told me," Bea's eyes were shining. She was feeling very contrite under Miss Hyer's praise. "You must come again soon," she invited, "and spend the day. I'll get you up the nicest lunch I can, and we'll have a good time." That was little enough, she reflected, to promise, after all she had received from the old lady.

"Now, if you'd like to verify any of those dates, names and such, if you come to the Home tomorrow afternoon, I'll put you in touch with a lot of old ladies who can give you even more data than I have," said Miss Hyer, as she bade Bea an effusive good-bye at the door.

Mother greeted Bea as she returned to the living room. "You poor child," she sympathized. "What a siege you have had all afternoon."

"Oh, mother!" Bea's voice told volumes. Then she poured forth, in sentences almost as rapid as the departing guest's, the history of the afternoon.

"I think I shall go to the Home tomorrow, to verify all this data; but, mother, I have pages of it. I have all I wanted. It was a piece of good fortune that Miss Hyer came here just this afternoon—and such a surprise, for I never thought I could get anything from her."

"It always pays to be kind," reminded mother. "I think you are glad that you gave that old lady a happy afternoon, as well as learning so much that you wanted to know, are you not?"

"Yes," acknowledged Bea, "I certainly do feel happy 'all-around'."

"But where did you get all your data?" asked Nora Barnes and Lois Waite and the other girls who had always lived in Ridgewood and who felt so sure of winning the prize, when the award had been made and Bea was not only flushed with happiness over the check in her hand, but

over the praise accorded her essay by the judges of the competition.

"Not only well written and expressed, full of vivid, interesting description, but accurate to the last detail," was the verdict of the judges.

Bea laughed happily in answer to the girls' query.

"I didn't get it from the library or from books," she acknowledged. "It came to me most unexpectedly, and when, I'm afraid, I didn't really deserve it; but, I hope, after this I'll be kinder." Then she told her friends all about it.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Some of the boys are repairing the roads about the institution.

A number of hogs were killed during the past week.

Mr. Jay Cope, former officer at the institution, was a visitor here last week.

Robert Poole, former student at the J. T. S., visited the institution last week.

Last week was known as "promotion week," for a good number of boys were promoted to higher grades.

Herbert Floyd, member of the sixth cottage, has been given a position in the print shop. We wish him all success to make a good printer.

George Howard, Delmas Robertson,

Irvin Cooper, Maston Britt, Toby McMahan, Herman Cook, Hallie Matthews, Edwin Crenshaw were paroled during the past week. Howard was a member of the print shop.

To the sorrow of all the boys, the snow that so nicely decorated the grounds, has all melted away with the recent rains and the warm weather. All the boys will be glad when it snows again, for all remember the good times that they had while it was here.

We are very grateful to the management of the Star Theatre, of Concord, for the picture that they let the boys at the institution see last Saturday morning, it was: "The Vanishing American." It was about a story by Zane Gray, and was a very interesting picture. We certainly do

thank them for letting us have that picture.

Dr. Frank D. Wesley of Atlanta, Ga., representative of the Colgate & Co., visited the institution last Friday, and along with him he brought a picture showing how to care for the teeth. This was a very interesting picture as well as educational, he also made several little talks during the picture and one after the picture. We wish to see all the boys do as it showed in the picture, so that their teeth may never have to be taken out and false ones put in. We thank Dr. Wesley for bringing out the picture and we would like to see him come again.

Rev. T. F. Higgins, pastor of the Forest Hill M. E. Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His selected reading was from John fifteenth chapter. His text was selected from the eleventh verse which is as follows: "These things have I spoken unto you, and that your joy might be full." His sermon was mostly about the power of doing a thing, and the joy of doing it. One of his illustrations was about a blacksmith who didn't belong to the Church. In his blacksmith

shop he began to make a powerful chain. During the time he was making it his friends came in his shop to watch him make the chain. They would ask him why he would take so long to make one link, while he might make a long chain in the time it would take to make several links. But as the blacksmith toiled at his labor he had the "joy" of making he links strong and true, so that not one would weaken. When he finished the long chain he put it away in a corner. Not long afterward the blacksmith died. The chain by chance was carried from the blacksmith shop to a ship, bound for sea. One night during a storm the captain and the crew were in despair, "What are we going to do?" "If we only had a chain long, and strong enough, we could cast anchor and be safe from the storm." A sailor remembering the chain taken from the blacksmith shop went and got it, fastened it to the anchor and cast it into the sea. The chain the blacksmith had toiled to make, the one that he had the joy and power to make strong and true had saved the lives of the passengers on board the vessel that night. Rev. Higgins preached a very interesting sermon. It was enjoyed by everyone.

A SURE SIGN.

Father was utilizing Saturday afternoon to widen Norman's sphere of knowledge.

"Just fancy, Norman!" he said, pointing around him. "At one time these fields were covered by the sea and fish were swimming about on the very spot on which we stand!"

"Yes, dad," said Norman. "Look, here's an empty salmon tin!"

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

7067

THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 30, 1900

No. 9

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A FAINT GLIMPSE.

On the blest January evenings, when the west is broken into bars, and Caesar-like the golden sun gathers his robes about him before he departs for the day, we have a faint glimpse of the beauty of the Creator of such loveliness. When night, the sable goddess, from her ebon throne, stretches forth her leaden scepter, and the stars, the images of love, quick to obey her command, gather by millions in "the infinite meadows of heaven," we get some idea of the glory, power and majesty of God. On the bright, crisp mornings, when all the earth is bathed in the glad sunshine, and when it is a pleasure to live and a joy to breathe, we have some faint conception of His everlasting goodness and His infinite mercy to the children of men. Is it not proper that we render thanks unto Him daily, from whom all blessings come?—Old Hurrygraph.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

WHY ONE BOY LEFT HOME.

I left my pa, his farm, his plow
Because my calf became his cow;
I left my pa—'twas wrong, of course,
Because my colt became his horse
I left my pa to sow and reap
Because my lamb became his sheep;
I dropped my hoe and stuck my fork
Because my pig became his pork;
The garden truck I made to grow
Was his to sell and mine to hoe.

Why Another Boy Didn't Leave Home.

With pa and me it's half and half—
The cow I own was once his calf;
No town for mine, I will not bolt,
Because my horse was once his colt;
I'm going to stick right where I am
Because my sheep was once his lamb;
I'll stay with pa—he gets my vote—
Because my hog was once his shoat;
It's fifty-fifty with pa and me—
A profit-sharing e-o-m-p-a-n-y.

—Ervin (Tenn.) Magnet.

* * * * *

A SERVICE THAT EXHAUSTED.

Death, under normal conditions, carries in its wake sorrows to loved ones

and friends. There are, however, deaths that touch the hearts of whole communities, even carrying their stings beyond the immediate neighborhood to acquaintances and even strangers.

Such a death has occurred recently in our midst, when Miss Constance Cline, a teacher for many years in our public schools, was found dead by an act of her own volition—no! not a volition, but by an impulse of a mental midnight that had overcome her. From early childhood Miss Cline had been a well-known and well-esteemed individual of the community; she planted herself into the hearts of scores and scores of people by the manifestation of a choice spirit, by her superior abilities in the school room, by devotion to Christian duties and all the while holding herself modestly and with great dignity in her approach to the affairs of the world.

Miss Cline was always busy—no one ever saw her idling away her time. She was obsessed with an understanding that life was real and life was serious, and she was consumed with a desire to serve. Her thought and her whole life was attuned to a constancy. These qualities wore away her physical vitality, degree by degree, until a mental midnight silently involved her being, and she ceased to be her own self and saw in the future no further service within her powers; hope vanishing, life's spark flickered and went out.

In this terrible affliction that has reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cline, most honorable and highly worthy citizens of this section of the state, and themselves facing an approaching sunset without fear, there is unstinted sympathy for them and deep grief that a life that has left such an ennobling impress upon so many people should pass out so tragically.

* * * * *

HEART INTEGRITY.

There may seem that there is no difference between intellectual integrity and heart integrity. There is. Intellectual honesty may fit into the requirements of law and social demands—and yet fall short of a heart honesty. And, again, there is a possibility of a heart sense of integrity being in error and not complete.

This thought is suggested by an article under the title of "Honor and Honesty," reproduced in this issue from Miss Cobb's paper, the Morganton News-Herald.

This article brings to mind a story we heard thirty-nine years ago, upon our taking up citizenship in Concord. We were standing on the public square

with a prominent citizen, long since gone to his reward, who remarked, "There goes the most honest man I ever knew," pointing to another citizen crossing the square.

The story told then is as follows: "He made an assignment, and the law stepped in and concluded a winding up of his business and estate, which paid only a certain number of cents on the dollar of his indebtedness. He had, in law, fully met his obligation and owed the public nothing."

"That man," said the citizen, "started in business again; and as he accumulated something over and above his careful living he began to take up the balances of his debts which his assigned property did not fully, dollar for dollar, discharge."

Few men have a record like this. The first transaction, under the provisions of law, was an act of intellectual integrity; the latter an act of heart integrity—and yet the man had, during his life, considerable experience in the lumber business.

* * * * *

A LITTLE FLURRY.

An expression of county enterprise and county pride is about to become a real thing in the form of a most splendid hotel building, which has taken form in our midst. It's a credit to the town and county.

A little flurry has started, arising over the proper naming of this hostelry. Some have even become alarmed and excited. The women are asserting what they conceive to be their rights and insist on naming the new hotel in such a way as to emphasize some history connected with the county. They are right. Hotel Concord, Concord, N. C., lacks variation and becomes monotonous.

One correspondent, meeting the argument of another who insists on saving the foreigner the torture of trying to pronounce "Cabarrus," is certain that foreigner would call it "Konk-ord" were it named Hotel Concord. Were this fine new hotel named Stephen Cabarrus, it would not be long before everybody would learn to pronounce it correctly and learn to know the patriotic act, which required some courage, of this distinguished gentleman whom we should be glad to honor.

Meet me at The Stephen Cabarrus for a conference, or, better, for lunch!

* * * * *

ALFRED LUTHER BROWN.

The Uplift takes much pleasure in the privilege of reproducing the appre-

ciation of Alfred Luther Brown, by Mr. Wm. M. Sherrill, associate editor of the Concord Tribune.

Among the hundreds whom this writer had the privilege of numbering among his pupils in the long ago, none stand out more conspicuously in that mental picture than A. Luther Brown. The little 8-year old fellow in knee-pants sometimes bare-footed, was always prompt and tidy—just an expression of an ideal home training, not the miserably faulty modern delegated training now so much in vogue—and he gave promise of success by the manner in which he applied himself to his duties. We can see young Luther yet as he wrestled with the multiplication table—but the ginger and pep then revealed what his attitude would be in wrestling with manhood's problems.

The Uplift reproduces this appreciation of Mr. Brown, richly deserved as it is and pleasing to a long standing friendship, for the chief reason to point to the efficacy of fine home training, the wisdom and profit in beginning at the bottom, the necessity of a courage to tackle hard problems, the disposition to accept the advice of superiors and the quality of dependability—these were Luther Brown's hand maidens.

* * * * *

GOOD FOR JOHN SMITH.

Governor Smith, says the News and Observer, has honored the requisition from Governor McLean for Hayes and Anderson, the prime movers in the organization of the Fisheries Products Company. It was this company that induced many farmers to invest their all, and, in some cases to mortgage their farms, to buy stock in that now defunct company. One well-to-do farmer went to the poorhouse and another died from the result of the losses sustained.

The exposure of the doings of that fly-by-night corporation aroused the indignation of the people of the State, and the last Legislature directed action looking to protect the men who had purchased the stock. Governor McLean acted promptly and wisely and Attorney-General Brummitt has been diligent. It is the duty of the State to go to every possible extent to compel restitution and punish the slick dealers whose glib-tongue and rosy representation caused farmers to lose their savings and their farms. Criminal prosecution will be pressed.

John Smith may yet come into his own.

* * * * *

WANTED: REAL ORATORY.

The trustees of the University of North Carolina yesterday turned down with practical unanimity, according to the Raleigh News & Observer, the sug-

gestion of the faculty that the time-honored custom of having a commencement orator be honored in the breach. The faculty felt that the exercises on commencement day are long drawn out and, in the interest of shortening them in time for an early mid-day meal, they suggested that the usual oration be omitted. The trustees enjoy oratory more than the professors, though it often happens that the oratory they expected is something more hoped for than received.

"I vote against shutting off the opportunity of having a man like Glenn Frank to come to the University," said one trustee. In fact, it would be better to omit some of the other features than abandon the hope of a real message. Sometimes the orator does not have a great message. Sometimes he cannot put it across. But when he does it is an inspiration to the graduates, a delight to the alumni and a pleasure to all who attend.

Oratory has not "played out" even if it a scarce commodity.

* * * * *

A Cabarrus citizen, who has been following that monstrosity they have in Raleigh, which they call The Religious Forum, wherein all kinds of fool theories, and occasionally something worth while, are exploited by shining lights, wants to ask the genius who is at head of it to explain something that occasionally puzzles him. He is of the opinion that any one who can fathom all the details of the beginning and growth of a human being (not the Bible way) could tell why a Minoera hen (black, you understand) lays white eggs. It does appear that the great evolutionist could explain this just as easy as he explains the origin of man.

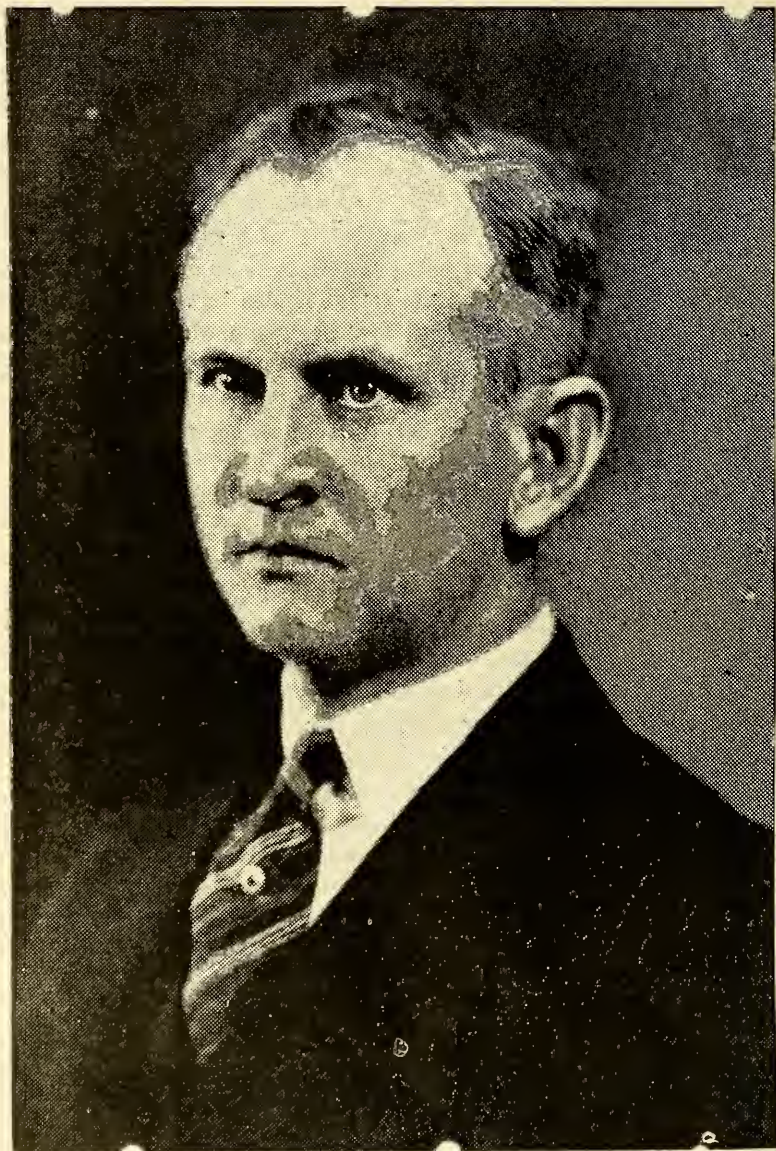
* * * * *

A "Sunday Gang" society, composed of 8 to 14-year old youngsters, would find much better meeting place in their several homes, under parental direction and training than anywhere else. Every agency seems to be conspiring to break down home-life.

* * * * *

Burbanks has announced that he "is a real infidel," having no faith in the incarnation and denies the immortality of the soul. That's where all real-to-goodness evolutionists finally land; the others, who are seeking a little publicity and notoriety, may repent of their utter foolishness.





ALFRED LUTHER BROWN
Concord and Kannapolis.

ALFRED LUTHER BROWN.

In the bustling town of Kannapolis, seven miles north of Concord, I visited recently one of the largest and most modern textile plants in the world. For several hours I wended my way through the various structures that house the plant, situated on land that was nothing but barren fields, with here and there a farm, fifteen years ago; a plant now composed of six mills capable of turning out 50,000 dozen towels a day; a plant recognized throughout the world as the largest manufacturer of towels in the world.

I saw factory buildings that cause one to gasp at their size and equipment; machinery as spotless and as faultless as the day it came from the factory; great buildings flooded with modern lights that gave them the appearance of being in the great out-of-doors; and everywhere a precision and nicety that spoke of efficiency worthy of the ten and a half million dollars invested in the mills.

Although born and reared in a community which has as its sweetest music the hum of the spindle and as the clatter of the loom, I had not for years visited one of the modern cotton mills that surround me, so I determined to learn something of the man whose duty it is to keep in running order such a gigantic manufacturing plant. Here is the story I found.

From cotton opener to general superintendent and vice president of the Cannon Manufacturing Company is the story of Luther A. Brown, who entered the textile plant of the Cannon chain here 27 years ago at the

age of 22 and who today is a commanding figure in an establishment that challenges the rest of the world in cotton manufacturing, with plants at Kannapolis, Concord, Rockwell, North Carolina, and York, South Carolina.

Born in Concord 49 years ago, Mr. Brown spent the greater part of his youth in tasks connected with a livery and sale stable in which his father was interested. Concord at that time was recognized as a textile town, for already seven mills had been erected within its borders and as a youth young Brown visioned himself as a commanding figure in the industry that has revolutionized the South, and particularly the Piedmont section in which Concord is located.

"During the summer many boys sought employment in the mills," Mr. Brown related, "and I too, took up the work. When I was 21 I had definitely made up my mind to learn the mill business and I accepted my first steady job from the late J. W. Cannon, textile pioneer in the South and one of the ablest executives that ever headed any business enterprise.

"Mr. Cannon was just beginning then to make his real mark as a manufacturer, but he had visions and ability to make these visions workable plans. He started me at the bottom, opening cotton, with wages that were almost negligible. Seventy-two hours a week I worked, beginning my daily tasks at 6 a. m. and working until 6 p. m. In the winter months I went to and from my work under stars that seemed frozen to an icy sky.

"From my first job as cotton opener I started up the ladder that finally landed me a superintendent's place. Nine years I was with the Cannon Mills, serving in every capacity in the routine from the humblest job to the best within the plant. When I had worked myself up to the job of overseer in the Cannon Mill Mr. Cannon offered me the position of superintendent of his Cabarrus Mill, sister plant of the mill in which I had started."

Mr. Brown pointed out that while Mr. Cannon was his friend and a friend of his family, he was of necessity exacting and no favors came his way. Hard knocks there were in abundance but having started in the business he stuck. "There were many drawbacks, many dreary days when I saw nothing in the future," went on Mr. Brown, "but I got accustomed to the disappointment and I steeled myself to take punishment without whimpering.

"At the Cabarrus mill my work was more remunerative but at the same time more exacting and more tiresome. It was my job to keep the plant running and this often required manual labor as well as knowledge to be imparted to my assistants. We still started the mill at 6 a. m. and I was always there when the first wheel turned." Mr. Brown remained with the Cabarrus mill until 1914 when he was promoted to the superintendency of the Cannon Mill at Kannapolis, a plant than not nearly so large as the present one, but big enough to be classed as the largest towel mill in the world.

"Several times while I was working at the Cabarrus Mill I planned

to make a change in my work," Mr. Brown continued, "but Mr. Cannon advised me to stay. 'We are going to have the biggest towel mill in the world,' he advised, 'and you can grow with it.' Bad conditions never discouraged him; always he planned for bigger things and by hard work and taking advantage of his advice I have been able to reach the position of general superintendent and vice president of the world's greatest towel plant."

"And you attribute your success to what?" we interrupted.

"To hard work and plenty of it, and advice from Mr. Cannon. The mills which offered me jobs when I was at the Cabarrus mill have grown but not as we have grown. I know I could not have learned enough of the mill business to hold my present position if I had not given my work untiring effort and long hours.

"I was an up-town boy, schooled in mannerisms and habits different from those of the average mill laborer, and I first had to overcome their prejudices before I could gain their sympathy and support. I had to know how to do the job better than they could do it before they respected me. I had to know not only how, I had to do it. Hard work, carried on over long hours each day, gained for me experience necessary in my rise. Too, I watched those men over me so that I would know what to do and how to do it, should I ever have an opportunity to 'carry on' in their stead.

"In my work at the Cabarrus mill, and for that matter in my work with the Cannon mill today, it gives me peculiar pride to be able to meet

my overseers, second-hands and other bosses on their own business level. I have been through the same problems that confront them. I have had the same temptations to bolt the job. I try to impart to them the same optimism that Mr. Cannon gave to me.

"And in the Cannon mill today we are following the same policy that he adopted in naming our bosses. We train our men. Every day I get applications from men wanting jobs as overseers and bosses. I just write back that we engage no overseers or bosses outside our own family of mills. By promoting our own men we repay them for their fine work and at the same time keep within the plant men accustomed to our way of doing things."

As general superintendent of the Cannon mills, Mr. Brown makes weekly visits to the Cannon and Franklin mills at Concord; the Barringer Manufacturing Company, at Rockwell, and the Cannon mill at York, South Carolina. At the Kannapolis plant there are 130,000 spindles and 4,500 looms; at the Cannon mill in Concord 31,000 spindles and 750 looms; at the Franklin 30,000 spindles; at the Barringer 10,000 spindles and at the York plant 15,000 spindles and 500 looms.

In addition to his duties at the mills, Mr. Brown looks after all mill construction work, has a part in all plans for schools at Kannapolis since the mill donates generously to the

school fund; looks after leases covering buildings owned by the mill company—and most of the business houses are owned by the mill—has general supervision of the cotton gin operated by the mill company and is a conspicuous figure at conferences looking to enlargement of the equipment and buildings of the company.

Plans are now being drawn for another mill at Kannapolis, the new plant to house 50,000 spindles and 250 cards. Looms will be added later. Recently when a large addition was erected at one of the plants the work was done by the crew of carpenters hired by the mill, under direct orders from Mr. Brown. This same crew is at work now building 150 homes to house some of the new employees to be engaged when the new 50,000 spindle mill is completed. General supervision of the work on the houses rests with Mr. Brown.

Superintendent Brown doesn't do labor with his hands when machinery halts for repairs in the big mill now, but he knows right where to get man to do the labor; he doesn't open the 40,000 bales of cotton used at the mill each year, but he knows where every bale goes. He is superintendent of the largest towel mill in the world, yet he still goes to work at 7 a. m. and he gives to the work the same pride, ambition and effort he gave when he applied for a job at the bottom of the ladder twenty-seven years ago.

Doctor—"Have you taken every precaution to prevent the spread of contagion in your family?"

Rastus—"Absolutely, doctah. We've done bought a sanitary cup, an' we all drink from it."—The Baptist.

CHARITY AT ITS BEST.

(Asheville Citizen.)

When it comes to giving money to feed and clothe the poor, the American public is the wonder performer of the world. But handing out cash to the needy is in no way creative or constructive. It does nothing to abolish the poverty or to create opportunity by which the needy can accomplish their own permanent relief.

Now comes Governor Smith of New York with a proposal to provide decent homes for the poor of New York City by lending some of the taxpayers' money to limited-dividend corporations which will use it to construct the homes; and immediately opposition arises with the cry that this is paternalism. What this opposition forgets is that paternalism is no new thing for the States or the Federal Government. Times have changed since we became a nation, and one test of a nation's virility is capacity to cope with changing conditions. As *The New York World* observes, the object is to do away with

the terrific tenement house conditions; and a little paternalism is preferable to failing in that commendable campaign.

It is, in a sense, "paternalism" when the Federal Government employs inspectors to see to it that the health of the farmers' cattle is looked after. Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely. And it is certainly as important to have humans properly housed as to insure the good condition of cattle.

The man who builds houses to rent for a profit can not put up decent homes for the very poor. The rent they can pay can not give him a return on his money. Governor Smith's plan, if it works, will point the way to housing the poor properly all over the country and thereby securing social profits that will be immeasurable. There is no reason why the State at large and especially in the it should not work. Other countries have tried it with gratifying results.

"I am less concerned over the enforcement of prohibition than I am over the enforcement of the Ten Commandments," wisely says Mrs. Catt, who said little could be expected of "women who smoke all day and drink all night." If people keep the Ten Commandments most laws will be enforced without the need of policemen.—*News & Observer*.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Vision is the ability to see Tomorrow today; With it, all things are possible; without it, nothing is accomplished. Today's activities are the fore-runners of Tommorrow's achievements. This is why the prophet of old said that "a people without a vision perish."

The other evening I was re-reading an old boyhood copy of Robinson Crusoe—being one of the Robinson family, in fact the Robinson that 'grew so,' I wanted to refresh my memory with boyhood excitement. In looking over the well thumbed leaves I came across this sentiment: "After he had finished his meal he lit up his pipe and sat down on his chest." What a wonderful contortionist old Robinson must have been. Too bad he died before vaudeville became so popular.

A certain small church was sadly in need of general repairs and a meeting was being held in it with a view of raising funds for that purpose. The minister having said \$500 would be required, a member well off in worldly goods, and equally stingy, arose and said he would give a dollar. Just as he sat down, however, a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him on the head, whereupon he again arose, hastily, and announced that he had made a mistake; he would give \$50. This was too much for an enthusiast present, who, forgetful of everything, cried out frevently, "Oh, Lord, hit him again."

My, my! Doesn't the odor from the fry of old-fashioned ham delight the olfactory? It makes you feel good all over. Old-fashioned ham, like so many other good things, threatens under prevailing conditions to be added to the lost arts. Farmers by the thousands, instead of curing their bacon, as in the past, have actually got to depending exclusively for their meat supplies upon the packing houses. They buy the saltpeter-burned, creasote-doped bacon and hams that are put through by the patent process in a few hours, and are no more like the old, slowly cured, carefully smoked meat of the country smoke-house than fresh-picked fruit is like the hand-painted variety. Who calls for ham nowadays in a dining car, or cafe, or at a hotel table? Only the man that has never tasted the kind we used to have at home, where time was taken to cure and smoke them right—the kind that makes you hungry to smell the cooking. This is a serious question and not merely one of sentiment, for the poor suring in the packing houses has a disastrous effect upon the demand and consequently the prices of hog products. All farmers should resume curing their own meats, at least enough for home consumption; and it will also pay to put properly cured meats on the market and let the people have the benefit of the sweet savor of the old-fashioned cured hams.

We are witnessing marvelous changes in this day. The women are

bobbing their hair short; and the men are allowing their to grow long and comb and paste it back from the forehead. Then, too, women are taking to mannish walking sticks, and men are adopting womanish umbrellas. The latest style umbrella for men has abbreviated handle and ferrule. The implement is attached to the wrist by a thong and is carried much after the fashion of the tiny feminine umbrella and its consort the huge pouch-bag. I do not care what the style may be but the kind of umbrella I like to carry is the umbrella no one will take the trouble to steal. It is not expected that the younger generation, now entirely blinded by yellow slickers, will buy umbrellas that cost more than a new rain coat, but the older men, who have no love affairs to advertise with free hand drawings, are expected to assist in making a bigger and better range of selections for the restaurant bandits.

There are a lot of people in this world who have good intentions but who are always getting themselves into "muddles" because they do not think before they speak. One may see a friend's faults and yet not speak about them at all. If the friendship is real, if there is a deep affection back of it, the mere matter of a few faults will be overlooked. It is all well and good to want to help people to lead finer, better and fuller lives, but one must be very careful not to carry this desire to reform oth-

ers to a point where it becomes a nuisance. Too frequently the reformer grows so exacting that he cannot endure the even trifling faults that are found in most persons. So eager is he to have others become perfect that he loses sight of the fact that he, himself, has many faults that might be corrected.

If there is one thing that "brings home the bacon" in these days of low salaries and high groceries, it's money. The average man wears out three pencils a month trying to figure a way to split the contents of the modern pay envelope fourteen ways, and still keep three jumps ahead of bankruptcy. He spends the day following payday, exchanging his hard earned cash for numerous pieces of paper marked: "Paid"—and goes to bed wondering how in thunder he can get a better job. This is the reason so many people jump at the alluring "get-rich-quick" advertisements in the magazines and papers, because they look so tempting; so easy; for the reason that they concern money, hard, round, smooth paper, spendable dollars—the kind that buys what you want when you want it; and which are "will-o'-the-wisps" when you are caught in the fraud net "which is laid for the fowler," or the unwary. The best way is not to brood, but pursue your work, or calling with diligence rope "old hard times to a fence post, and walk away and forget him.

"Failure to help others when opportunity offers not only means a loss to them; it means a greater loss to oneself."

IS HIGHER EDUCATION IN DANGER?

(Presbyterian Standard.)

According to the Washington correspondent of the Charlotte News, the friends of North Carolina in the Capital City are much alarmed over the danger of higher education in North Carolina being sacrificed, in the attempt on the part of the common people of the State, to check the teaching of unproved theories, that seek to contradict the Bible and undermine the religious beliefs of the people. We quote from a recent letter:

“Among a few men of whose genuine interest in the educational growth of North Carolina there can be no doubt there is a growing fear that the cause of higher education in the State is imperilled now by the threat of the fundamentalists, or—more accurately—those opposed to anything smacking of evolution, to make a fight in the primaries next June in order to nominate for office men who are opposed to the teaching of evolution in the schools.”

All of us are apt to take ourselves more seriously than facts warrant. This is especially true of many of the Capital City correspondents. They pronounce opinions with the gravity of a Solomon, upon any subject possible, and that opinion is too often based upon a five-minute interview with some person from the scene of action.

This report also is often colored by the personal opinion of the correspondent.

Boiling down the letter, we get these facts: that the friends of the University see a fight brewing, in

which there is a twofold danger to the University, the State Colleges and the North Carolina College for Women, a reduced appropriation, so as to cripple all State institutions of learning, “unless the powers that be agree to help in passing a bill in line with Editor Poole, Miss Julia Alexander, and John W. Eurpees (the Trinity of Home Saving Democrats, Forward Looking Women, and Insurgent Republicans) want passed,” and also the dwarfing of the intellect of the young people.

We give these quotations, without pausing to comment on the animus of this attack upon a lady.

We do, however, pause to say that if such a crippling of the educational work does result, the men who are responsible for it, will not be the so-called Fundamentalists, but the college and school authorities.

This is a Christian State: yet these institutions allowed articles to be published and lectures to be given by members of their faculty that held up the Old Testament to ridicule and reduced its teachings to myths and fables.

These officials are men of discernment, who know the sentiment of the rank and file of the people of the State: yet they have ignored public protests and church appeals, and, with a pride of intellect that was almost insulting, they have despised these protests as the empty vaporing of an ignorant mob.

We shall try to guard against taking ourselves too seriously also, or being wise above what is written; but

we are confident that there is an undercurrent of indignation that has been growing since last spring that will eventually burst forth and demand that these imported teachers be sent back to the place from which they

came, and that the heads of our educational institutions must learn that they are the servants of the people, and must recognize their right to decide what their sons and daughters shall learn.

French experimenters have been successful in producing automobile bodies made from fabric. The advantage of the new type of body is that it does not rattle, and that it costs only about a tenth as much as a metal body. It is said to be fully as durable as the metal.—Exchange.

FUN WITH CATERPILLARS AND COCOONS.

By Jennie E. Stewart.

You can get a lot of enjoyment from a collection of caterpillars and cocoons. Right away after we have our first frost in the fall, you may begin collecting. Perhaps the first thing you find for the collection will be the fuzzy, red, brown, yellow and white caterpillars, some striped and some plain colors. They will be seen creeping sleepily about on the trees, fences and ground looking for a place to spend the winter. Some of them may be rolled up in a round ball and looking as if they were dead. Some will be found hanging head down on the under side of fence rails or tree branches.

Gather one or two of every kind and place them in a large glass jar of a pasteboard box with a glass laid over the top so you may see what is going on inside. Some little twigs and leaves should be placed in the

box to make it seem home-like. Keep the box in a cool room. The attic or a storeroom where there is no heat will be best.

Soon you will be able to watch some of the caterpillars spin cocoons. They will be like wads of black or gray hair or a bunch of tangled silk or a roll of gray paper. No two will be exactly alike. Some of the worms will fasten themselves to the side or cover of the box and change into a chrysalid instead of spinning a cocoon. The chrysalids will be green or black or dull gray and more or less glisteny like beads.

In the spring or in mid-winter if you choose to bring them to a warm room you may watch all these sleeping creatures wake up and change into butterflies and 'moths.—Boys' Weekly.

The part of an auto that causes more accidents than any other is the nut that holds the steering wheel.—Lineville Headlight.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH THE EXPLORER.

By A. C. Crews.

With the possible exception of the reign of Queen Victoria there never was a period when so many great men lived in England as in the time of Queen Elizabeth. There were gallant soldiers; great poets, wise statesmen and scholars, enterprising discoveries, and profound philosopher. One of the most striking and picturesque figures in this remarkable galaxy of talent was a courtier named Walter Raleigh, who was known as soldier, voyager, statesman, poet and historian.

As a boy he was greatly interested in tales of adventure, and especially delighted in the exploits of Sir Francis Drake, and other sea pirates. Like most boys of his time, he longed, above everything, to go to sea.

After his college course he joined a company of soldiers who went to France to fight for the persecuted Protestants of that country, but little is known of this part of his life, more than the fact that he remained there until after the death of Charles IX in 1574. It is said that he then took part in the wars in the Netherlands, where the Protestant burghers were fighting against the tyranny of the King of Spain.

About this time Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother to Raleigh, was preparing to make explorations along the Atlantic coast, and Raleigh was so interested that he joined the expedition. The two adventurers sailed for Newfoundland with eleven ships, intending, if opportunity presented, to found a colony. The expedition was not very successful, but

another was undertaken later. Raleigh gave two thousand pounds to fit out a ship called "The Ark Raleigh." Two hundred and sixty men accompanied this little fleet of five ships, including masons, carpenters, miners and those of other trades. In the latter part of July the fleet reached Newfoundland and Gilbert took formal possession in the Queen's name.

Meanwhile Raleigh was fighting in Ireland. With others of his time he believed that "the Irish were like nettles, sure to make those smart who gently handled them, and must be crushed to prevent stinging." This severity bore bitter fruit in Ireland during the years that followed.

The story of how Raleigh became the favorite of Queen Elizabeth has often been told. We have all heard of how the young courtier spread his new plush cloak on the muddy ground that the Queen might not get her shoes soiled. This tale may or may not be true. A more probable reason for his popularity with the Queen was his wit and manly bearing, and his accomplishments as a scholar and soldier. His personality certainly had a wonderful charm.

Raleigh was a man of fine appearance, six feet tall, dark hair, a face usually bright and alert. His clothes were of the richest materials and much covered with gems. He spoke with a broad Devonshire accent which added to the fascination of his fluent speech.

He often addressed Parliament, and was said to have been a master

of eloquence. "His speeches were full of close clear argument, and cool discriminating judgment." He took a remarkable interest in art, music, science and literature, possessing a cultivated and correct taste. He was one of those rare men who seem to excel in everything they touch.

In 1585 Raleigh obtained a commission from the Queen for an expedition to the new world with a view to colonizing it for England. Two ships were fitted out and sailed on April 27th, reaching the West Indies June 10th. They sailed along the coast for one hundred and twenty miles before they could find any entrance or river. They entered the first one that appeared and Raleigh took possession of the land in the name of the Queen. The Indians were peaceful and received the Englishmen kindly. One member of the exploring party wrote: "We found the Indians most gently, loving and faithful, void of all guile and treason."

Raleigh carried back to England the news of his discovery and the new country was named Virginia after the virgin queen. The discoverer was knighted. The city of Raleigh in North Carolina commemorates the colonizing zeal of this great Englishman.

In 1588 England was invaded by the Spanish Armada and Sir Walter Raleigh was one of nine commissioners appointed to consider the best means of repelling the attack and he also took an active part in the fighting, for which he received great praise.

Not long after, he suffered the displeasure of Elizabeth by falling in

love with one of her maids and marrying her. If the Queen could not marry Raleigh, a subject, she did not desire anybody else to marry him. The young lady whom Raleigh espoused seems to have been beautiful and charming. She proved herself to be a true wife, and a good mother to their two children.

Raleigh was imprisoned in the tower in 1592 for not consulting the Queen's wishes in this matter. That such a thing could be done shows what an autocratic old dame Elizabeth was.

After a time he was released, and being in a measure forgiven by the Queen, retired to his beautiful country estate where for two years he set out trees, orchards, gardens and groves and enjoyed a quiet home life with the woman he loved. It is believed that he was the first to bring the orange tree into England, and the first to plant the potato on his estates in Ireland.

The fever for explorations seems to have seized Sir Walter every now and again and the year 1595 found him setting sail for Guiana with five ships and one hundred officers beside many sailors. Raleigh and some companions explored Guiana, suffering severe hardships. He treated the native Indians with great kindness which contrasted with the cruelty of the Spaniards who had preceded him. The Indians never forgot Raleigh and enquired tenderly about him after he was in his grave.

In his communications with the Indians he told them at length about the greatness and goodness of his sovereign lady. It was thought that the Queen would have shown some

sense of appreciation of her adventurous courtier when he returned to England, but she had a jealous nature, and could not forget Sir Walter's love affair with her maid of honor, and he remained in seclusion with no word of approval from Elizabeth, but the brave soldier found solace in some lively fights with the Spaniards.

Queen Elizabeth died in 1603 and James I, son of Mary Queen of Scots, came to the throne. He was prejudiced against Raleigh for various reasons, and when the latter was accused of treason, the King lent a ready ear to the charge. The trial of Sir Walter was nothing but a farce. Those who appeared against him evidently bore false witness, and he was practically condemned before the trial began. The Chief Justice in giving sentence was positively brutal, and was hissed by the people.

Raleigh in writing to his wife after the sentence said: Let my poor child know that his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence for God, to whom I offer life and soul, knows it."

For twelve long years Raleigh was imprisoned in the tower, finding employment as best he could in books. For a man of his active temperament the confinement must have been very trying. During this period he wrote his famous "History of the World." This book was suppressed by King James because it was "too saucy in censuring the acts of Kings." The prisoner wrote other books but the King would not allow them to be published. One of the best known of Sir Walter Raleigh's works is his "Instructions to His Son and to

Posterity" which was published fourteen years after his death.

For a time Lady Raleigh and her son Walter were permitted to remain in the tower, but when the plague broke out in 1604 they were obliged to go away for safety. She was, afterward, only allowed to see her husband a few times, and his health became very poor.

At the earnest solicitation of some friends, James consented to the release of Raleigh from the tower that he might undertake another expedition to Guiana. He collected several vessels and sailed in April, 1617. Young Walter Raleigh went as captain of the "Destiny," the largest ship of the fleet, but unfortunately was killed in some skirmishes with the Spaniards while going up the Orinoco River.

Upon his return to England Sir Walter was re-arrested on some stumped-up charge of disloyalty when in Guiana and on August 10, 1618, went back to the Tower, and he was informed that he was to be executed on the old charge of treason in 1603.

The parting from his wife, the night before his death, was very pathetic. Lady Raleigh came at dusk to take farewell, and they conversed together for several hours. In a burst of grief she told her husband of the one concession she had been able to obtain from the Lords of the Council, that of obtaining his body after death. As the hours of midnight struck she bade her brave husband "good-by."

When the time came he walked cheerfully to the block and manifested the greatest fearlessness. On

the scaffold he spoke eloquently for nearly half an hour, asserting his innocence and declaring that the world would yet be persuaded of it. After he had prayed, he said: "I die in the faith professed by the Church of England. I hope to be saved and to have my sins washed away by the precious blood and merits of our Saviour Christ."

The executioner was very much affected and asked to be forgiven. Raleigh laid his cloak aside and requested to see the axe, remarking, "it is sharpe medicine, but it will cure me of all diseases." When asked which way he would lay his head upon the block, he replied, "So the

heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies." Two blows and the tragedy was over.

This was the way England rewarded the man who had done so much to carry her flag abroad and who had made North America English instead of Spanish, one of the bravest of Englishmen and one of the most remarkable men of his time. The words of Shakespeare, applied another might very well be applied to Sir Walter Raleigh. He.

"Had the elements
So mixed in him that nature might
stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was
a man.'"

A RETURN TO FUNDAMENTALS.

Here are assembled the executives of important business concerns and the leaders in various professions. Here are congregated those who represent an aristocracy of culture and character, and if we fail to add our force to the efforts to metamorphose an age of high-living and low-thinking into an era of plain-living and high-thinking, we shall have failed, at least partly, in our mission. Too many people today speak triflingly of serious things and seriously of trifling things; too many people today live too long in the dining-room and not long enough in the library; too many people today wear jewels on their clothes and have no gems in their brains; too many people today are dancing the Charleston rather than the minuet. The dictates of reason demand a return to fundamentals.

THE OLD FASHIONED HOME.

By Rev. J. D. Hunter.

Text: "For I know him that he will command his children and his household after him."—Gen. 18-19.

"I should not have preached the sermon last Sunday evening on 'What's the Matter With Our Boys and Girls?' without following that message with this companion sermon on 'What's the Matter With Our Fathers and Mothers?' Our conclusion reached in the former message was that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with youth. The answer to the question, 'What's the Matter With Our Boys and Girls,' is fathers and mothers. So I am beginning where I left off on last Sunday evening.

"Dr. George R. Stuart, than whom there is no greater preacher in America, never uttered a greater truth when he said that the downfall of every character can be traced to some defect in the home life. It took me some time to comprehend this statement and its wonderful reach, but I say tonight that I am in sympathy with this statement and believe it to be the truth.

"The home is the greatest educational institution in the world. In the question of morals, social ideals and religious development there is no other institution comparable to the home. It is the home that sets the standard and fixes the destiny of human character. I am surprised and overwhelmed at the seeming indifference of our fathers and mothers of today, how little serious thought and attention is given the modern boy and girl by his parents in the great

critical hours of life. When a boy or girl left the oldtime home it was after prayers were said and after the mother, about the wide-spreading fire place, had given her last loving word of instruction and counsel to her boy or girl. Modern fathers and mothers prepare their children for journey to college by continual round of the dance and the giddy social whirl. It is a very discouraging sight, indeed, to see the modern youth board the train for college after the dissipation of the social swirl, not satisfied with a package of cigarettes but with a whole carton. What can be expected of a generation of young people who are receiving such frivolous and low conceptions of the great mission of life. And who is to blame? Not the youth, but the father and mother. No more beautiful picture has ever been painted than that of a happy family with the father and mother holding the hands of their children journeying on the way of life to the highest and best; and no more horrible picture can be conceived than the father and mother holding their children's hands and leading them into the broad pathway of hell."

"Some has said, 'The Christian home is designed to be the first Christian sanctuary and the heart of the Christian parent the open doorway through which the child ascends into the highest fellowship with God. Blessed is the child who finds in his father and mother the way to his Heavenly Father.'

"In the bill of charges which I am

bringing against the modern father and mother in answer to this great question, there are three important answers; there is a woeful lack of authority, example and consecration. Across the land today comes the cry of 'criminal youth.' In the great wave of crime sweeping over our country, youth takes the leading part. The records of the courts in Chicago, New Orleans, Mobile, New York, Philadelphia and Washington bear out the truth of this statement. Ninety-eight per cent of the crimes committed, according to Judge Smathers, of the criminal court of Atlantic City, is being committed by youths from sixteen to twenty-four."

"In a questionnaire sent out by one of the great bonding companies of America, asking their representatives to state the cause of crimes, the following statement is given: 'Family infidelity seems to be more general and religious training has been put on the shelf in many households.' One of the oldest judges in Alabama who presides over a court of misdemeanors and who has had, perhaps a wider experience than any other judge in the state said in a recent address 'that the criminal can not be reformed by education, as it is a question of ethical training.' An editorial in a great daily, discussing the judge's charge, makes this statement. 'That is where the present civilization is deficient. The old-fashioned home is largely a thing of the past in the cities, at least. The pace is too swift, there are too many outside interests, diversions and calls. The youngsters get away from their parents at too early an age, if indeed, the parents have had time to devote much atten-

tion to the careful training of earlier years, and if further, the parents are competent to train the children or fit for the responsibility of parenthood.'

"I seem to be in a pretty good company in this charge. I am not asking you to take alone the statement of the preacher, but when our leading criminologists and men of high position across the land say that back of the great crime wave is the lack of authority is the home, fathers and mothers had better take notice. It does not avail us to attribute the crime wave to the back-wash of the war. It is not there but because the upgrowing youth has not been taught to respect authority in the home we are raising a generation of criminals. 'Uncontrolled at six, outlaws at twenty,' has become a truism, but not often enough recognized by our parents. If we would have fewer criminals, let us discontinue raising them. Too many boys and girls are like the little mountain boy when asked where he was brought up replied. 'I wasn't brought up anywhere, I just came up on the raft with dad.'

"Children are great imitators. We have no reasonable expectation that they shall be different from us. When we are not loyal, when we are not reverent, when we are profane, when we are loose in our morals, when we are lacking in religious convictions, what else can we expect but that our children shall follow in our steps? The highest right of a child is to a true home where he may receive training, inspiration and preparation for the great game of life. Certainly our children owe us a great obligation but there is another side and

we are obligated in a wonderful way to our children."

"Abraham, God's friend, recognized his obligation to his family and God knew that he could depend on him to discharge the obligation and therefore, he could make him a founder of a great race and a benefactor of the world. The modern father and mother is unwilling to pay the price in consecration and to set the right example and to lead the way to life's highest achievements.

"It is overwhelming to see the thoughtlessness and indifference of modern parents. The issues of life and death are at stake. The character of son and daughter is the goal and we stand hesitatingly by unwilling to pay the price of real father and mother, who is able to command his household after him. There was a man in the western country who has been offered high political position and he was assured of success in reaching the coveted goal. His friend and advisers in council assured him of success provided he com-

promised his convictions on a certain question just a little. In relating the story to a preacher some time later, he said, 'Preacher, I almost yielded, they almost swept me off my feet, but when I thought of a fine boy in my home, who calls me father, the lure of the office and political achievements vanished. I looked my counselors square in the eye and said Gentlemen, I have never yet done a dishonorable thing and God of my fathers helping me, I shall hand down to my son an example unsullied by compromises. I had rather be able to look my son square in the eye and say, 'Follow my honorable example' than to have the highest office in the land.'

"God give us fathers and mothers in this land of such high character that they shall be able to command the respect and loyalty of their sons and daughters. The salvation of civilization depends upon the character of the fathers and mothers in the home."

THE USE OF POWER.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

The search for and use of power are the chief ambitions of men.

No sooner does man find a new source of power than he proceeds to load it down with added burdens.

The conveniences demanded by modern railway passengers have loaded the great mogul engines until they can barely take a little grade. Present day trains carry every convenience of the luxurious home. If some one learns to explode atoms and

multiply 10 times the drawing power of motors it will not be long till the increased power will be overloaded again.

All life, today, is carrying a terrific overload. Suicides are the results of broken down or stalled personal motives.

Our bodies feel the strain of pulling unnecessary loads. Heart disease is the medical name for an overburdened heart. The thousands of men

and women dropping down in middle life are so many warnings to lighten our burdens.

Our brains are in a whirl of pleasant excitements amid the increasing volumes of knowledge. So many facts are being added to life that the question, "What is Truth?" is more and more perplexing. The future man will have to develop greater brain power, or break under the added strain of theoretical baggage.

Our moral natures seem at times inadequate for the demands put upon them. Our fathers had Right and Wrong—black and white—in conduct to determine. We have a multitude of greys, in which good and bad are blended till the wisest man hesitates what to choose. Greater motive power is needed today, or the economic loads of civilization will make of the sons and daughters of steadfast Christians, a pack of crafty pagans.

Moral instruction has a thousand theories of right and wrong. We carry the theories of it in our heads, but the passion to do right is out of our hearts.

Civilization is staggering, like a dazed man, on the highways of the world, and we need moral courage to bank in the purposes of the will.

A quarter of a thousand of differing creeds in America is what we have to offer to a sinful generation that is trying to find spiritual freedom. Perhaps, at bottom, we all mean the same things, but the bickering and arguments by which we attempt to bolster up an inherited idea, are often at variance with the power of God's Spirit which works by love.

Everything material and intellectual which lifts us above mere animals, waits on spiritual power. President Coolidge, Secretary Hoover, and other great seers are saying that to us every day.

God is Spirit. In God we are also Spirit. Where God dwells in a heart there is purity. Where men are pure they have power enough to pull, without breaking down, the tremendous burdens of modern life.

The Bible is the best book on earth because it is a book of man's search for spiritual power, and the tale of how he may attain it. When we come to our Bibles, not to find arguments to prove our fellows wrong, but to find the God in whom dwelleth all power, we will write a new chapter in the moral advance of the race.

MORAL, DIGNIFIED SIDE IGNORED.

A mother and father turning over the training of their children to the schools, the schools with a lot of silly giddy girls to do the training, as is often the case, is it any wonder that we have an increase of crime among young white people?—Catawba News-Enterprise.

OLD FORTS IN FLORIDA.

By **Lelia Munsell.**

"You can fly along the gulf course," said an aviator, "and see the ruins of any number of old forts, grim testimony to the fact that the early settlers carried their racial feuds over to the new world, where there was room for all to live together in peace."

Florida has some of the best preserved of these old forts.

Fort Marion, at St. Augustine, is a place of great interest to tourists who visit it all day long to renew their historical memories and examine the many old relics grouped in the different rooms. A card in the entrance states that there is no charge, but that if visitors care to reimburse the guides for their trouble a small gift will be accepted. Thus the expense of providing guides and caring for the old building is taken care of easily and tactfully.

There were the beginnings of a fort where Marion now stands from shortly after the settlement of St. Augustine, but the present structure was a hundred years in the building. Its final cost was \$3,000,000. Louis VI exclaimed, when they told him: "What! Was it built solid of gold dollars?"

The first fort was of logs, and was called San Juan Pinos. The present fort is built of coquina, a soft-shell rock quarried from the neighboring island of Anastasia by forced Indian labor. Coquina means "shell rock" and it is literally made up of millions of tiny shells. During the bombardment attendant upon Oglethorpe's siege, in 1740, this soft shell would

close over the balls without receiving any apparent injury. The marks of that bombardment may be seen yet. During this siege of about three months duration, the garrison, together with 2,200 citizens, and their cattle, were crowded in the court of the old fort, a space approximately one hundred fifty feet square. A dug well in the corner supplied water. There is still plenty of water in that well.

The walls of Fort Marion are twelve feet thick, the corner towers twenty-seven feet thick. In 1844 two secret torture chambers were discovered by Lieutenant Tuttle, who fell through into one of them from above. These had been sealed up and the English, who had taken the fort finally from the Spanish, apparently knew nothing about them. Instruments of torture and human bones were found in them, and on the walls of the outer chamber are to be seen the marks of five crucifixes used in the punishment of malefactors. The United States took over the fort in 1821. It was then that it renamed Fort Marion.

At the corner of the fort green stand the old gates. The rest of the protective wall has been destroyed, and the old moat is practically filled up, though it can be traced by a slight depression and corresponding ridge, on which trees are now growing. The first mention made of these gates was in 1727. Colonel Palmer, of South Carolina, with three hundred men, laid waste the country and pushed up to the

gates, which proved so strong that he could not force them.

At the present time Fort Marion is a museum of interesting relics. All sorts of things, from models of whaling vessels to old haircloth trunks and milady's feather fan are gathered here and cared for.

One room is given over to Osceola, and to Indian relics. In another room, which was the courtroom of the old fort, they show you where this Seminole chief was held a prisoner, and the niches he cut in the wall that he might pull himself up and look out through the transom over the door. Two other chiefs who were shut up with him starved themselves that they might grow thin enough to squeeze between the horizontal bars of the single small window high up in the outer wall. These bars were only eight inches apart. One Indian got through. The other stuck between the bars, but he wrenched one of them loose and fell to the moat below, breaking a leg and a collar bone. His companion managed to carry him out of the moat and get away, but both were recaptured at the Appalachicola. Osceola was too proud to attempt escape. He said he had done nothing wrong, and the government should release him.

The chapel used by the Spaniards is preserved much as it was then. Over the door to this chapel are the royal arms of Spain. Some fifty years ago our government sent to Spain for the original plans and rebuild this door, which had fallen into decay. White oyster shell lime, the kind used by the Spaniards, was employed in the rehabilitation, so

that the new door is a replica of the old. The inside walls of the chapel are overgrown with maiden-hair ferns.

Another point of interest is the keystone arch in the inner court. It is the oldest in the United States. There is not a crack in it. Only one other specimen of the keystone arch is known on the American continent, and that is in Panama.

The old fort of San Carlos, on the sandhills back of Pensacola, is equally well preserved with Fort Marion and might be made a center of historical interest as is Marion. No use is made of the four massive brick buildings except that one small house shelters two lonely naval recruits whose business is to train a glass upon Fort Pickens, across the bay on Santa Rosa Island. Fort Pickens is in present-day use and commands the entrance to Pensacola Harbor as did Fort San Carlos in the days of Spanish occupancy. Except for these two lonely recruits the only other indication of human presence was the click of a typewriter through one of the portholes in the two-foot thick walls of the largest of the large old buildings.

San Carlos was built by the Spaniards in 1696, of brick brought over from Spain. The present Fort Barrancas lies between it and Pensacola and it is only by chance that the visitor stumbles upon the fact that the old fort still exists. In one of the buildings a labyrinthine passage leads down, down, over brick paving to what was the ammunition magazine. It does not take a vivid imagination to imagine some of the scenes enacted there. The visitor is cau-

tioned not to go down this passage without a guide, as there is danger of getting lost.

Fortifications of more modern date are the old earthworks in the center of Pensacola. This pile of dirt covers several blocks. Back of one corner is a fine house. Two tourists met at this corner. "There," remarked one, "is an illustration of the man who evidently did not count the cost before he began to build. He put up that big house and evidently didn't have money enough left to even haul away the dirt from the excavation."

The other laughed. "I had the same thought. But I learned that that is the redoubt thrown up by General Jackson, about a hundred years ago, when he hauled down the Spanish flag and ran up the Stars and Stripes. I hope you didn't make the mistake I did. Thinking that the house was a public building, I calmly walked in and appropriated a book

I found lying on the table. You can imagine my embarrassment when a lady came into the room and informed me that it was a private home."

Going back to St. Augustine we find the ruins of another military building, though not exactly a fort. The St. Francis Barracks was built for the Franciscan monks in 1580, and occupied by them for a time. Later it was put to military uses and even now houses a few United States troops.

There are many smaller forts along the coast, but most of them are in ruins. About halfway between St. Augustine and Daytona is the second fort built by the Spaniards to guard the settlement. This commanded one of the two approaches to the land. It is almost gone, only a part of two or three walls remaining. At Smyrna they show you where there was once a fort. Now there is little but a pile of stones.

HONOR AND HONESTY.

(Morganton News-Herald.)

The daily newspapers last week carried a story that is of more than ordinary interest because it is out of the ordinary. A man by the name of Jacob Bunn managed a bank at Springfield, Ill. It had difficulty in weathering the financial storm of 1873 and the succeeding years, and in 1878 Mr. Bunn voluntarily closed the doors, believing that out of the bank's assets and his personal fortune he could liquidate the institution without loss to depositors. There were debts of about \$800,000. Cer-

tain real estate which Mr. Bunn had thought would enable him to gather enough to pay in full was disposed of at a forced sale and did not bring as much as had been anticipated. Of the \$800,000 due them, the depositors received \$572,000.

Mr. Bunn's idea when of his own accord he closed the bank was that he could pay every cent he owed. When he found that he could not do so immediately, he determined to devote the remainder of his life to accumulating enough to make good his

intention. He became a manufacturer of watches and for 20 years sought to build up the business until he had obtained the money. He was partly successful, but died without reaching his goal. His children carried on the same business and branched out into other forms of business but always with the same idea. The bank debts of their father were their debts. A trust was created, called the Bunn Memorial Trust, for the handling of such sums as they could contribute to the one object which they had in mind.

A short time ago the attorney for the Bunn Memorial Trust announced in a matter-of-fact statement that, "Now, after 48 years, they (the children) are prepared to carry out his purpose and propose to pay in full the balance remaining unpaid, together with interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum, or approximately 240 per cent." It has been decided to make the interest to cover an even 50 years, so as to bring the total to \$800,000, the amount on deposit when the bank failed. Each depositor or his heirs therefore will receive the amount of his deposit in addition to the 71 1-2 per cent paid at the time of liquidation.

A story like that is one that de-

serves the publicity the papers have been giving it, and teaches a lesson in honor and honesty that the present-day world needs to learn.

There may have been other outstanding local examples of scrupulous honesty, but we know of at least one man in Morganton who believed that when he made a debt, even though the law relieved him of the payment, he still considered himself morally obligated. Years ago the late J. G. Mabe, who for years conducted a general merchandise business near the Morganton depot, ran into financial straits that forced him into bankruptcy. He weathered the storm, paid what he could, as many another has done, got started again and as far as the law was concerned was free to go his way. However, Mr. Mabe did not consider himself free; the law absolved him from obligation, but his own conscience did not. He resolved that he would not rest until he had paid every cent he owed. He did—and when he died a few years ago there was not a person who could say that J. G. Mabe owed him and did not pay.

Such examples as this are worth more than special mention and the great pity of it is that they are so few and far between.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Stanley Armstrong.

Some of the barn boys have been hauling coal during the past week.

given positions in the carpenter shop.

Chas. Wood, Langford Huett, Lloyd Flower and Robert Whitt have been

Patrick Templeton, Vass Fields and Irvin Moore, former students at the

J. T. S., visited the institution during the past week.

The boys on the work force are still cutting wood.

A number of the old plows were repaired by Mr. Roy Ritchie and some of the boys.

Four hogs were killed during the past week, and therefore the boys have had plenty of sausage.

Some of the roads about the institution have been scraped and repaired during the last week.

Mr. C. B. Barber, officer of the second cottage, spent the week-end in Kings Mountain. He visited his parents there.

John Kivett, Dwight Queen, Mack Wentz, Joe Wilkes and Glenn Walker, received their paroles during the past week.

We had a number of warm days during the past week, but to end it all the cold spell again started in last Saturday.

Mr. Paul Owensby and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cloer, former officers and matron at the institution, were visitors here last Sunday afternoon.

The months are getting around pretty fast and it won't be long before the baseball season comes around. We would like to have a good baseball team this year.

Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, wife of the

superintendent, is undergoing treatment in a hospital at Charlotte. We wish her a speedy recovery and return to the institution.

A spelling and history examination was held in Prof. W. W. Johnson's room last Monday morning. The evening school section in his room took an examination in spelling, civil government and geography.

Leonard Miller, Mack Wentz, Zeb Trexler, James Peeler, Huett Collier, Walter Evers and Joe Wilkes, composed the "Happy Squad," last Wednesday, with a visit from friends and relatives.

We did not miss the snow very long, for last Sunday night it snowed again, and the merry time that comes with each snowfall is still going on, one thing we know, is that it will continue while the snow is here.

Zeb Trexler and Clarence Hensley, members of the tenth cottage, have been given the pump job. They have already made good on this job, for on last Friday afternoon the water tank ran over, and that has not happened in a good while.

Though the month of January is considered as the "Parole Month," it also is the month, when a large number of new boys come, for during the past month a good many of them have arrived to fill the places of the boys that have been paroled.

The Training School basketball

team was defeated last Saturday afternoon, by a group of boys representing the White Hall School, by a score of 30 to 10. This makes a total of games come to seven, with two won and five lost, or for a percentage of .286.

The Stonewall Literary Society, of second cottage, elected the following officers for the ensuing three months. Russell Capps, President; Whitlock Pridgen, Vice-President; Herman Goodman, Secretary; Roy Lafon, Censor; Fonzo Wiles and Newton Watkins, Reporting Critics; Lonnie Lewis, Sergeant at Arms.

We wonder if the people outside of the institution get the laughs when they see a real good comedy, like the boys at the Jackson Training School do, at least the way they did last Thursday night when the comedy, "Stop, Look and Whistle," was thrown on the screen, for it seemed at times that the roof over the auditorium would come off, when the great thrills came in the picture. Well, we are again indebted to the management of the Star Theater, of Concord, for letting us have that good picture, and therefore we thank them very much for their kindness. All

pictures like that are certainly welcome at the institution.

The religious services were conducted last Sunday afternoon by a delegation from Charlotte, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, at the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Shelton brought with him some friends, among them Mr. Fred Helms, a lawyer, of Charlotte, who made the talk for the afternoon. Mr. Helms did not have a text, but he talked with the boys. First he asked the boys a question to see if they had any faith in him. He asked "All the boys that believe that I can show you something that I haven't seen, nobody else nor you have seen, then I can fix it that you can see it, hold up your hands." A large number of the boys were puzzled, some held up their hands. Mr. Helms then took a peanut from his pocket, "See it?" "No you don't." He then took the shell from it, "See it?" he again asked. "No you don't yet," he then took the last fine shell from the peanut. "Now you can see it, watch and I will put it where you can't see it." Everyone present enjoyed the talk that Mr. Helms gave, and all would like to see him come again.

"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."

"What is it?"

"I just told you."—Boston Transcript.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C.

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MAY 6, 1926

No. 10

BY THE DAY.

“My house was well built,” said an aged citizen to me the other day, “for it was built many years ago, by the day.” That is the way in which the best, and strongest, and happiest lives are built; by the day. They are not constructed “by the job.” One attainment in grace is laid upon another, like blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done; its temptations to be met and conquered; its burdens to be carried; and its progress to be made heavenward. There are 365 days in every year, but really there is only one working day—and that is today. Sufficient to each day is the evil thereof.

—Old Hurrygraph.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Got any rivers you say are uncrossable?

Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?

We specialize in the wholly impossible

Doing the things that no one can do.—

The spirit that built the Panama Canal.

* * * * *

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE IDEA.

Lots of things used to be sold by the measure—the gallon pot or the yard stick. Innovations have occurred with the years, and practices today are entirely different to what they used to be. For instance twenty years ago nobody ever thought of buying a hen, rooster or a turkey except just so. Today the fowl must go upon the scale.

We even find manufactured cloth sold in some stores by the weight—formerly such a thought would have been considered ridiculous. A thing that looks downright foolish, as one of these modern innovations, is the selling of tomatoes by weight. But the selling of hen-fruit by weight has come in now for serious consideration. A Sumter, South Carolina, paper has just discovered a demand that the sale of eggs should be by weight and not by the count.

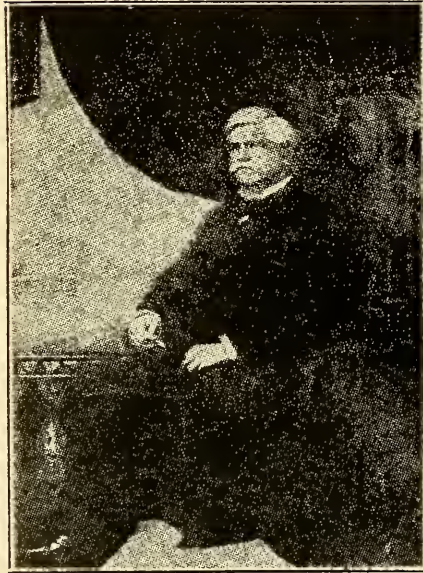
That idea originated more than fifty years ago in Mt. Pleasant. Whenever company arrived at Mr. Jones' house, he proceeded to the near-by store to make some purchases. When the store-keeper was measuring and weighing up other items of his desire the customer busied himself counting out as many eggs as he wished but it was noticed that he invariably picked out the

the big eggs most carefully. The storekeeper remonstrated and suggested that hereafter "I will count your eggs, Mr. Jones (but that wasn't his name at all), or I will have to sell you eggs by weight." Mr. Jones bought his eggs elsewhere after this.

The Game Cock city of Sumter shall not run away with this idea. It belongs to North Carolina and the village of Mt. Pleasant, where the notion to sell eggs by weight first originated. And yet in those days eggs sold for five cents a dozen, or six dozen for a quarter.

* * * * *

THE JEW.



Governor Vance.

This wonderful race of people, where but few are found, are subject at times in not receiving their dues. This is entirely due to ignorance of their achievements and contributions to the affairs of men, or to ungrounded prejudice, and oftentimes to both ignorance and prejudice.

The Uplift would have its readers to read and consider the appreciation of "The Jew," an article by James Hay, Jr., one of the editorial writers on The Asheville Citizen. The Uplift is proud to reproduce this engaging article, because it expresses so fully our own opinion, which is founded on a close observation and intimate knowledge of the mental and moral attitude of this great people.

It brings to mind the admirable oration of the late Governor Vance, who took great and commendable pride in delivering it before hundreds of Jewish organizations in the land. He introduces his lecture in the words of another great statesman and scholar, Commodore Maury, who said:

"There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. The Gulf of Mexico is its

fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts are of an indigo blue; they are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of a vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

And from this physical fact, Senator Vance, began his lecture in these words: "This curious phenomenon in the physical world has its counterpart in the moral. There is a lonely river in the midst of the ocean of mankind. The mightiest floods of human temptation have never caused it to overflow and the fiercest fires of human cruelty, though seven times heated in the furnace of religious bigotry, have never caused it to dry up, although its waves for two thousand years have rolled crimson with the blood of its martyrs. Its foundation is in the grey dawn of the world's history, and its mouth is somewhere in the shadow of eternity. It too refuses to mingle with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its restless billows from the common waters of humanity is also plainly visible to the eye. It is the Jewish race."

* * * * *

"WHY, WHO IS SHE?"

In our hurry, we are liable to move too fast to know even our own neighbors. Classification of citizens is a peculiar method we have in placing people, or rather the measure by which we class people is one largely dictated by the money standard. People have been known to remove to another part of a community, or change their church relations, for the alleged reason to get into what they regard "society" and to enhance their business opportunities.

That kind of aspiration and attitude towards religion are what give the worldly minded its excuse to criticise the church and what it stands for.

This thought was suggested the other day when the affability, earnestness and devotion of a certain individual for her fellow beings were being commended. Whereupon, another just around the corner from poverty and wickedness and vulgar living, rejoicing in the contributions of "a ship that had

come in," arrogantly inquired, "Why, who is she?" We all have family trees—some have lots of limbs that in pride we name; and in the family trees of us all there are limbs that somehow or other we have conveniently lost the data and the story and the limb, if it appears at all, is leafless and unnamed.

It is not the money: the social position or the family name that gives one the enduring excellence that should be craved—choice things in life to possess, it is true—but how we use these possessions in life to make the world a better place in which to live.

The question that should present itself to all of us in making our inquiries should read something like this, "Who am I, and what am I accomplishing?" rather than "Who is she?"

* * * * *

THE QUARTERLY MEETING

It had for years been the custom to hold our annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, and such called meetings as the affairs of the institution demanded. Upon the request of Gov. McLean that boards of state institutions meet quarterly, the Jackson Training School Board met on Friday, January 29th, in the James William Cannon Memorial Building.

Seven of the eleven members answered to the roll call. They were: Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Misses Easdale Shaw and Katharine Robinson and Messrs D. B. Coltran, Herman Cone, C. A. Cannon and J. P. Cook.

The Board, after hearing reports from the several officers, all of which were received and approved, proceeded to effect an organization for the next four years. This is the result:

Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman.

Miss Easdale Shaw, V. Chairman.

Miss Katherine Robinson, Secretary.

Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Treasurer.

The Executive Committee is composed as follows: D. B. Coltrane, C. A. Cannon, J. P. Cook and Supt. Boger.

The several reports indicated a prosperous condition of the institution. Instructions were given the Executive Committee to proceed with perfecting plans for the erection of the Receiving Cottage, which will be a unit of the hospital, which it is proposed to make a memorial. Plans are making to find hospital, which it is proposed to make a memorial. Plans are making to find

for the building and equipment. Fifteen contributors to this fund have been reported, and one of whom is Mr. Herman Cone, who asked at the meeting to be numbered in this happy group of helpers and well-wishers.

The Board fixed its quarterly meetings for the months of January, April, July and October.

* * * * *

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

Though an institution, with a proud record of service to afflicted humanity, what we have come to think of as the County Doctor is passing. But few remain. Years ago he was in the majority and the most beloved man in the whole county. That story elsewhere printed in this number gives the younger generation a glimpse into the life of the country doctor and refreshes the memories of the older ones. The story of the experiences and observations of the average country doctor, if written, would read like a romance, though the tender side of the ministrations of this beloved individual would show that pity, kindness, sympathy and a charitable heart are no new things since doctors stopped filling their own prescriptions and making their own pills.

What a sensation was created among the people when the little capsule made its first appearance into the medical world!

* * * * *

Judge A. B. Palmer, of the Police Court of Concord, has the proper slant on law breaking in his jurisdiction, especially the violation of the prohibition law. The fines he is imposing are calculated to bust this nefarious business or bust the operators—either result will be fruitful of good. The blind tigers were getting mighty close to the seat of justice, and an astounding arrest of one was recently made. A three hundred dollar fine will take some, at least, of his unholy profits.

* * * * *

Farmers surely have a hard time. The Tobacco Co-ops had made considerable progress in bringing about their chief aim, the securing of fair prices. Some exhibits recently proclaimed indicate that a large number of higher ups were making little fortunes at the expense of the organization. Every time farmers attempt co-operative organizations, it is sure that some outsider will want to plow their heifer.

* * * * *

Judge T. D. Bryson, one of the ablest judges in the history of the North Carolina judiciary, is reported as contemplating resigning. The Judge is

profoundly interested in the success of the Smoky Mountain Park, and to it he is giving valuable aid by his clear and forcible speeches, here and there, in favor of the proposition and to secure the interest of the public.

* * * * *

That plucky little woman at Brevard, the wife of the sheriff of Transylvania county, became a heroine in the twinkling of an eye. Several mobbish men called while the sheriff was away, demanded the keys of the jail in order to regulate(?) a prisoner sentenced to the penitentiary for thirty years. The little woman, refusing their demands, told the boys where to get off, and they got.

* * * * *

They are throwing down judgeships, by resignations, in North Carolina every few days. The changes are quite frequent. The latest is the resignation of Judge Dunn, and the appointment of his successor Judge Nunn, of New Bern. The call to the practice and the commercial world seems irresistible.

* * * * *

Virginia now has a Byrd for Governor. People around Kings Mountain could very easily believe that the Raleigh News & Observer used the picture of one of her distinguished citizens, William A. Ridenhour, to pictorially show how the new governor looks.

* * * * *

TAKES HIS FRIEND'S PLACE.

Editor The Uplift:

Some one, I know not who, has been sending me The Uplift for about two years, and I want to say that this weekly journal is too good to be sent out and receiving nothing. I notice the price is two dollars the year in advance

I am enclosing you my check for \$4.00 for last year and this year (1926), and when my time is out send me notice and I will forward you check—there is more good reading matter in The Uplift than any paper I get.

(Statesville, N. C.)

Yours very truly,
N. B. Mills.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Confessions of a Cynic.

I don't understand all this muss about evolution, and I don't care "a tinker's dime" who sprang from monkees, and who didn't.

I believe poets are born and not made, but I often wonder why.

I believe a street car conductor, or bus driver, has it on a column conductor, because these two conductors can leave their cars at night and go home and forget it.

I notice that most of the friends from the old home town call up about lunch time, I wonder "how come." I am convinced that a diploma from a school of journalism makes a newspaper man, when it is augmented by fifteen years of practical experience.

I meet very few interesting people, because very few coincide with my ideas on various subjects.

I love to work, but not in a miserly way. I never try to take it away from other people.

February is the shortest month in the year, when people eat less that month than any other, yet it has four red letter days, and more important events than most of the longer months. In February are the birth day of Washington and Lincoln; Saint Valentine's day; and Ground Hog day. Patriotism, sentiment and superstition mingled to a remarkable degree. We revere the natal days of the two great Americans. Instinctively we look out the first thing on the morning of the second day of February to see whether or not the

ground hog will see his shadow. Some times the old tradition works, and sometimes it doesn't. But I never did believe the Lord entrusted the ruling of the weather to such an insignificant little quadruped as a ground hog. Some people do; so I let them revel in their superstition, if it gives them pleasure. It does me no harm. Then on the 14th we fall in love and send missives, and some get the comic ones that make them fretful.

This Sunday two weeks is the day set apart to commemorate the good Saint Valentine, the man of great love. The day is one when sentiment in this age runs riot. When the bashful use missives to express their tender feeling for one distinct object; when the wicked, who never cease from troubling, use the occasion as a cloak for their petty animosities and spites. But Saint Valentine's day is a day of love. The lesson of this particular anniversary day is the lesson of love—the big love—love for the unhappy and the weak, and the down trodden. Love that gives us tender sympathies and broader understanding. Love that has the power to help spiritually, and to shape things and which will bring from the ashes of grief and sacrifice a beautiful flame of unselfishness to light the way ahead for those coming after, just as a beacon from afar guides a ship home. Never before in the history of the world has humanity been so poignantly the link between the dead and the great un-

born. The dead cry to us to carry on the things for which they died—to complete the sacrifice which they began; and the unborn challenge our hearts by the eknowledge that our sowing shall be their reaping—tears or rejoicings—just as we plant with despair or hope. When the harvest is over with us, we of this generation, if we have sown in faith, love and hope, will find the sheaves thick and stately to our hands, and the Master of life's field will say, "well done, thou good and faithful servant."

So many persons worry over things that "might happen" and many of them often don't. It is running down the road to meet old "Man Trouble," whereas if you had remained at home he would have gone the other fork of the road and passed you by without even a "Howdy-do." The person who faces facts as they are and makes the best of circumstances is the successful one. By ignoring facts that are distasteful, or thinking or saying they are distasteful—a so-called optimist—will get one nowhere. If you are handed a lemon, don't suck it and say it is sweet, because you think it is your duty to do so, but get some hot water and sugar and make it into a lemonade; or in other words, make the best of things as you find them.

Everybody in Durham, or who has been here for any length of time, knows Raleigh Floyd. He has been blind from his youth up. But he is a genius. He goes where he pleases, without guide or hindrance. He turns his hand to any sort of work.

As a piano tuner he is an expert. He writes on a typewriter when he wants to. Sometime ago he was tuning a piano in the home of John A. Dennis. Some one in the home, not thinking for the moment, suggested that the lights be turned on, as it would help him. "No, thanks," said Raleigh, "the light and the darkness are all the same to me. I can see in one as well as in the other."

People who work in banks say that the money they handle from 9 o'clock in the morning until 3 in the afternoon never seems quite the same to them as the money they receive in a little envelope bearing their name. Never having had any experience "inside the cage"—and very little outside—it is difficult to appreciate an attitude. But it's simply human nature to attach a minimum of significance to those things with which we are most familiar, and which play a constant role in our lives. It is doubtful if the diamond cutter sees anything besides the stone he is working on; or the goldsmith anything but the possibilites of the piece of metal on which he is engaged. The intrinsic value, the wealth represented by the diamond and the gold, are not considered.

There is no telling just what we shall see and hear in the years to come. Radio is one of the latest, wonderful things. A learned professor in one of our big institutions gives it as his opinion that the broadcasting of heat by radio is only a matter of years. The president of a heating engineers society believes

that "it is no more improbable to broadcast heat waves than it was to broadcast sound waves." The problem of sending heat to consumers via the air is now the problem of research men and laboratory workers. If this gets to be workable and satisfactory those who are squabbling over the coal strike will have nothing on the American people. After all it does look like the good Lord will provide and be "an ever present help in time of need." The time may come when we can sit back in our comfortable homes and have nearly all of our wants supplied through the air. Don't believe it? Well, a great many other things have come to pass you didn't believe in.

Do not forget that every newspaper treasures up in its memory the name of its friends, and likewise its enemies. It seldom, if ever, overlooks the opportunity to assist the former, but never goes out of its way to boast the latter. Human nature is much the same everywhere. People who show the newspaper man a kindness never make a better investment, or one that more surely pays them a hundred fold sooner or later. As has been truly said, "there comes a time in the life of every man when a word said or unsaid by a newspaper either makes or unmakes the individual mentioned." It's a poor fool that don't know it.

Does God love all his children, or does he love only his obedient and dutiful children, while his wayward and disobedient children are beyond the reach of his father heart? The editor of the *Methodist Recorder* got an answer to this question through the leadership of his little child. How often do little children lead us! Listen to his story: "There was a little tap at our door at ten forty-five last night, as we sat by the fire reading peacefully, and a little voice was heard that said: 'I want to come in.' It was my little daughter awakened by the barking of the neighbor's dog, who had left her bed and come to see what we were doing, though oftentimes forbidden so to act. She climbed on to my knee, and put her fat little arms around my neck, and said, 'I do love you, daddums, dear.' 'And I love you,' I said, 'when you're a good girl; but you're not a good girl when you come downstairs like this.' And then she wound her arms still tighter round me, gave me a lot of kisses, and then said, 'But I love you, daddums, even when you're vewwy naughty.' And then I hugged her very tight, to prove that I too loved her, though she had transgressed a famiy law; and ever since I have been hoping that she will forget my ill-advised remark. Of course I love her, even when she's naughty, even as the heavenly Father, whom I try to copy, loves me spite of all my waywardness and folly, and loves me most—if 'most' be there a possible word—when I deserve it least. I should not deserve the name of 'father' if I loved my children only when they are good. I hope she will forget my words."—*Christian Advocate*.

SINK TELLS HOW IT FEELS.

Interview in News & Observer.

How does it feel to hold within your hand a human life?

How does it feel to know that your recommendation on an appeal for clemency will almost surely mean either life, with all the roseate possibilities life holds for one condemned to die—or death?

How does it feel to experience within your consciousness the battle of conflicting emotions: the great, surging sympathy all normal men experience in the presence of suffering, and death, and pleas for sympathy and help and mercy; and on the other hand, your duty to the State upholds its laws—laws which, in some instances, demand the death penalty?

A man is convicted of a capital crime. He is sentenced to die. An appeal to the Supreme Court of the State is lost. As a final, desperate hope, he appeals for executive clemency. Possibly he has been convicted largely upon circumstantial evidence; almost certainly a wife and innocent children, or a mother—heart-broken, but still faithful—come with upraised, pleading eyes to beg for mercy.

On the other hand, out yonder in some little cemetery, perhaps, lies the victim of the condemned man's crime. And always there stands the figure of justice—stern, even handed—demanding a penalty for the violation of the law and for the blow to the dignity of the State.

How does it feel to be Pardon Commissioner of North Carolina, and to face, not once, but many,

many times such situations?

H. Hoyle Snik has told the Associated Press something of how he feels about his task as Commissioner of Pardons.

True enough, the Legislature gave the Pardon Commissioner no final power. His only duty is to investigate, analyze, and recommend. Final action in all cases of appeal lies with the Governor.

Governor Has Always Agreed.

But since Mr. Sink took office nearly a year ago, the Governor has never failed to follow his recommendation. Or rather, as Mr. Sink phrased it, "the Governor and I have never disagreed." The commissioner knows, therefore, that his recommendation, in all probability, will be followed by the Executive.

"And I feel even more responsible, said Mr. Sink, "for the very reason that I am given no authority by the Legislature. I know that someone else is depending upon me for a recommendation as a basis for his action. I am not acting for myself, with the responsibility resting finally on my shoulders, hence I feel even more keenly my responsibility in making recommendations to the Governor.

"I appreciate now," continued Mr. Sink, "what Governor McLean meant when he said he wanted a man for Commissioner of Pardon whom he could consider as his alter ego."

But Mr. Sink's job is not confined to recommendations in appeal for clemency in capital cases. All appeals for clemency, from capital

convictions down to the man sentenced to a few weeks on the county roads, come to his office of investigation, decision and recommendation to the Governor.

The Most Difficult Case.

And strangely enough the hardest case he has ever had to decide was not in a capital case. He described it thus:

"In a little mountain community in the western part of the State there is a man whom I have pictured, from any information about the case, as the community money-lender. There is such a man in every community. There is another man in the same community, a young man, poor as can be, uneducated, but considered a good citizen. He has given a chattel mortgage on a log to the money-lender.

"Time comes for payment, and the money-lender, without due process of law, seizes the animal, and starts to his own home with it. On the way, he passes a church where a community meeting of some sort is in progress.

"Outside the church are the owner others. The wife attempts to take the hog away from the money-lender. He knocks her down. Three shots are fired, and the money-lender lies dead-

"Who fired the fatal shot has never been conclusively proved to my mind. The presumption was that the husband of the woman did. I would probably have done the same thing, under the circumstances—any other man would. But it was murder.

"The man was tried, convicted, and sentenced to serve a long term in State prison. That was several years ago.

The Women and Children Suffer.

"Since I came into office, the wife and four children came to see me. The children, bright looking little chaps, were ragged, every one of them, but clean—clean eyed and clean of body. You could see they had character back of them.

"They made their plea quietly, without a lot of fuss and emotion. I told the woman I was sorry, but that I saw no way I could help her, unless new evidence was presented. She took my answer and left the office, without breaking down, without abusing me, as some women do.

"Sometime later, I went out into the corridor, and there the five were. One here, one there, faces buried in their hands, quietly sobbing. When they got out of my office, privately, they gave vent to their emotions.

"That stirred my sympathy. It always does to see women and children suffer for a crime they are innocent of.

"I would not recommend a parole for the man, because of my sympathy, but I did allow my sympathy to prompt me to make a very thorough investigation.

"I became convinced that there was serious doubt of the man's guilt. I found he had made an excellent prisoner. That man ate Christmas dinner at home!"

Sees All In Death Row.

That was the hardest case in which the commissioner has had to decide upon a recommendation. But he dreads to hear of a murder anywhere in the State, for he knows that, if conviction follows, the case will almost certainly reach his office. Nearly every capital conviction finally does come to the pardon commis-

sioner's office with an appeal to executive clemency.

And the commissioner personally sees and talks with every man before he is allowed to die.

"When I hear of a conviction in a capital crime, I cannot say I am sorry. For I believe in capital punishment. But there does pass over me a certain shudder. For the case is pretty likely to come to the Governor sooner or later."

But however seriously the pardon commissioner may take his duties while he is at his office, he forgets them when he leaves.

"I made up my mind, when I came here, that this job would break down the strongest man in North Carolina, if he took the worries and responsibilities of the office home with him—if he lived with them 24 hours a day. And, by using every particle of will power I possess, I have been able, as a rule to forget them when I leave the office and go home. There has been one or two cases that I have lived with, day and night, but with those exceptions, I have been able to leave the job when I leave the office."

Not Hardened By Experience.

The commissioner was asked if he found that his sympathies played havoc with him at times. If his sympathies indicated one course of action, and his duty seemed to lie in the opposite direction; or if his task tended to harden him.

"No, I have not lost my sympathies," he replied. "I hope I never shall. And, as I have said, I sometimes allow my sympathies to lead me to make investigations I might not otherwise. But I have

seen so much suffering that I have learned not to let my sympathies bet in the way of my being of service.

"I have seen a famine in China, I was in a disastrous earthquake in Japan a few years ago, I have been shipwrecked at sea. And I have seen death and suffering and disaster on other occasions, and have learned that if you give way to your emotions you lose your opportunity for usefulness."

When the pardon commissioner has an appeal under consideration, he goes about making his investigations in various ways. Sometimes he goes to the sheriff of the county for information, sometimes the county welfare officer, sometimes some private individual in the community he knows to be of outstanding integrity and veracity, and thus gets a local slant on the case. He studies the court records carefully. And sometimes he goes himself to the scene of the crime and conviction for a personal investigation.

Filed Rules of Officer.

At the time of a trial of any considerable consequence, he reads the newspaper accounts very closely, and he has found that a retentive memory serves him in good stead in the task he is engaged upon.

"It is rare that a case of any consequence comes to my attention that I am not familiar with at least the main facts."

In appeals for paroles, the record of a prisoner, since his incarceration, generally has a great deal to do with shaping the final recommendation made in the case.

"This office has just two fixed

rules. It will not recommend clemency for a man convicted and sentenced to die for a capital offense, who has previously had his sentence commuted. This, of course, does not apply where new evidence is discovered. And it has no disposition to help a prisoner who has escaped, or tried to escape.

“And when one man is paroled, one condition always imposed is that the prisoner shall secure employment. Each of employment is considered sufficient reason for revoking a parole.”

Idleness at Base of Crime.

In this connection, Mr. Sink explained that idleness was at the base of a large share of the law breaking in the state, he had found.

The men who are most to be trusted in the State Prison, his experience has shown him, are those convicted of murder. And the major portion of those serving sentences for murder had never previously been indicted. In fact, a larger percentage of murders are serving their first terms than any other class of criminals.

On the contrary, those serving time for larceny deserve the least confidence. When a man under sentence for larceny comes up for a parole, his record and character are scrutinized very carefully, before his appeal is given favorable action, Mr. Sink stated.

Since the office of pardon commissioner was created by the last legislature, quite a number of temporary paroles have been granted. This usually occurs in the case of a death or a serious illness in a prisoner's family.

In most instances these prisoners are allowed to go to their homes, on their honor—without guard or bond. And not one has failed to return. Some of them, too, have had long sentences hanging over their heads, but they always come back to finish serving their time.

The commissioner told of one instance where a young chap was given such a parole, and returned 12 hours ahead of time. He feared otherwise, he explained, that he might miss a train connection and be late.

His Finest Piece of Work.

The finest piece of work the commissioner has done since he has been in office, in his opinion, was in connection with the Stewart case. C. W. and Elmer Stuart, father and son, were convicted of the murder of two prohibition officers, on circumstantial evidence. They were sentenced to die. The case attracted widespread attention at the time, and appeared to have given both Mr. Sink and Governor McLean considerable worry. It was Mr. Sink's first capital case.

The murderers were condemned to die on Friday. On Tuesday, Mr. Sink secured the confession of both father and son. Thus justice could take its course, and any fear that two innocent men were being made to suffer was removed.

Statistical Records.

During the first eight months of his tenure of office, the commissioner handled a total of 1275 cases—an average of about five a day. Two hundred twenty paroles were granted, and 44 men were given temporary paroles. There were eight

pardons, 15 respites, and in 11 cases the sentences of prisoners were commuted to lesser punishment. Sixteen paroles were revoked during the period.

The office also makes a strong effort to keep in close touch with prisoners paroled. The first of this year, the commissioner's office sent a letter to the welfare superintendents of all the counties in the State, requesting detailed reports of prisoners paroled. As a result of these reports, some paroles are going to be revoked shortly, the commissioner indicated.

Benevolent societies and individuals, however well meaning, would better serve the cases in which they are interested and society by rendering their assistance to the families of prisoners themselves, Mr. Sink believes. The prisoners, he explained, have everything they actually need, as a rule, whereas their families—entirely innocent—frequently suffer and are in want of actual necessities,

In this connection, his experience

has led him to feel that, in instances of poverty, where the trial judge so recommends, the state should provide an allowance for families of prisoners, in return for the labor in prison of the breadwinner of the family.

Only State Having Office.

The very hardest cases to pass upon, he repeated, are those where the prisoner undoubtedly is guilty, but where it is equally certain that his incarceration means dire want for innocent women and children.

The office of pardon commissioner in North Carolina is unique. Not another state in the union, investigation has shown, handles its pardon and cases of appeals for clemency quite like North Carolina. In most of the states pardon boards act, either independently or with the approval of the Governor. Maryland and West Virginia have systems most closely resembling that in this state, but in those states, even, part of the responsibility and duties of the office are performed by boards.

Money does not make the wheels go around. Money is only the score of the management's ability.—A corporation is nothing of itself—it may be of any size but it can never have more brains than the total of the brains put into it. Business success gets down to men and ideas. Men are not born full grown. Neither are corporations.

Few powers in this world have been more exaggerated than the power of money.—Samuel Crowther.

THE JEW.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Let us here and now reveal certain indisputable facts for the instruction, lifting up and improving of those who, for some muddy and mysterious reason, prolong the patriotism, that he is not a community builder and that he is inferior to the Gentile.

Let us accomplish the laudable business by considering what the Jew has done for the South.

Let us review matters pertinent to the subject as set forth in "The South in the Building of the Nation," a history in twelve enlighten volumes which should be in the library of every Southerner who pretends to know his native land.

Our ambition, that the Jew in the South has covered so much territory, gone so fast and topped so many spires on the tower of our fame that, with our limited space, we can touch only the biggest personages in this story of unsullied patriotism, brilliant statesmanship and distinguished service--this story of the Southern Jew.

Attend!

Two Virginia Jews accompanied Washington in his expedition across the Alleghanies in 1754. A Charleston Jew was a commissioned officer in the war with the Cherokees in 1760 and 1761.

Francis Salvador, a Jew, was one of the most liberal money-givers and most influential planners for the Revolutionary cause in South Carolina. A member of the first and second provincial congresses, he was also

in the first General Assembly of South Carolina, and died from wounds received in a battle with Indian allies of the British.

Such Virginians as Authur Lee, Theodore Bland, Eden Randolph and John F. Mercer in the Revolutionary struggle were given unlimited supplies and money by Hayman Salomon, the Philadelphia Jew, whose liberality to the colonists without hope of or wish for repayment astounded and compelled the admiration of all the leaders.

Judah Touro, the wealthy New Orleans merchant, entered the ranks as a private soldier during the defense of his city and fought under Andrew Jackson until laid low by wounds.

A Charleston Jew made the biggest money contribution ever received by the Confederacy. Jewish women made the first contribution in reply to the surgeon-general's appeal. Jew served the Confederacy in the noles of attorney-general, secretary of war, secretary of state, its first quartermaster-general.

It is on official record that 2,000 Jews took the field for the South, and it is certain that the number would be larger if the official lists had been more accurately kept. If the Jews had given to the Confederacy nobody but Judah P. Benjamin thier contribution would stand today as of incalculable worth. He was the most intimate friend and most influential adviser of Jefferson Davis.

His ability as a lawyer, diplomat and financier, says Mr. Pierce But-

ler, "gave him a greater share in directing the destinies of the South than fell to any other man, save the President alone."

It was a Southern Jew who drafted the first Australian ballot law ever adopted in the United States.

A Jew founded the indigo industry in South Carolina. A Jew introduced vineyarding into Georgia and a Jew started the silk industry in the same colony.

A Jew founded and built the first city of Montgomery Alabama, and built the first cotton gin in that State. A Jew colonized 5,000 people in Texas and a Jew led the movement to make resources of that State known to the rest of the country.

In 1809 Issac Harby, a Jew, was educating in his school many of the boys of Charlestown, and later a Jewess did the same for its young ladies. In Maryland and Georgia both before the civil war it was a Jew who was most framed as a successful and beloved physician.

In philanthropy, from New Orleans to Baltimore, the Jew has been an ornament to the South, giving to many other causes than his own and never allowing the unfortunate of his race to be charges on the

public.

Most of the Jews who came to the South in the early days and from whom the great body of Southern Jews is descended, were originally from Portugal and Spain. They were a noble people, highly cultured, proud, taking prominent in the social life of the colonies, particularly in such cities as Charleston and Savannah. They were men and women "whose ancestors had banqueted with sovereigns and held the purse strings of kings."

From time that a Jew acted as interpreter for Governor Archdale of South Carolina in 1695 to the present day, the Jews have held high office in government, state and national. In every war the South has fought, in best literature, arts pioneering and professions, the Jews have added to the glory of their long established fame and hers.

When our dolts and dunderheads undertake to belittle them, the result is as sickening as it is absurd. The Jew remembers Josephus at the defense of Jotapata. He Akiba, who defied the Roman Turnus Rufus. He is the son of Maimonides and Mendelssohn. His ideas and his achievements have enriched and ennobled the South.

Mrs. Jones—Be careful walking over the floors, they have just been oiled and polished.

Ice man—Oh, don't be alarmed. I've got sharp nails on my shoes. I won't slip.—Boys' Life.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

By Lucy Cherry Crisp.

Much has been written and more has been said concerning the toils and tribulations that constantly beset the life of a country doctor. And it is because of this manifold toil and tribulation that the time will come, and that very soon, when there shall be no more country doctors, their place in the scheme of modern existence having been filled by expert specialists in their highly efficient hospitals.

To say that the life of a country doctor is one of great hardship is to tell but half the story, for as he makes his rounds from patient to patient, listening to their heart beats and ministering to their needs, unconsciously the doctor is taking the pulse of his community—he feels its tragic heartbreak, knows its deepest joys, sympathizes with its weakness, laughs at its idiosyncrasies, and comes at the last to find in his own life the joy of a man who knows and is a part of such things.

I had always believed that this was true, but my belief was strengthened into absolute conviction when I talked for a while with a man who for more than a quarter of a century has traveled the roads of Pitt county to bring to the sick and suffering country folk the minister of healing.

Thirty-six years ago a young man from Pitt county was graduated from the Medical School of the University of Maryland. Returning to his native state, Dr. Jenness Morrill began his practice of medicine in Farmville,

a few miles away from his old home. After one year in Farmville, he moved over to Falkland, a little village in the same county, and here it is that he has lived ever since and faithfully followed his calling among a wide circle of people to whom he has come to be not only physician but friend. As we talked one evening recently, he told me of some of the experiences that come back to him most vividly as he reviews the 36 years of his practice.

“There are some things that I can never forget,” he said, “some of them exceedingly funny, some of them exceedingly sad. I remember quite distinctly one night when I came very near losing my life on my way to see a patient. Tar River was up and out of its banks, and I was called to come to a woman who was very ill across the river. I drove my horse and buggy as far as I could, and then the woman’s husband took me in a boat and we paddled down the road through the low grounds, and on across the swift current. In the low grounds on the other side the canoe suddenly lodged on a stump, and for a long while we worked at it, expecting at any moment to be dropped down into the deep water. We finally dislodged the boat and came safely to land, but I promised myself then that never again would I attempt such a trip at night, and needless to say, I didn’t come home until morning.”

As I was considering the perils of

a doctor's life, the Doctor suddenly began to laugh.

"One of the funniest things that ever occurred in all my practice was the time when Tilly had the colic," he said. "And that was the time when I fully tested the theory of the power of suggestion. One cold, rainy night somebody came and said that I was wanted at Mr. Tilly's, that he was in a terrible fix and that his folks all thought he was dying. So I got in my buggy and drove six miles through the rain. When I reached the house, I heard the man groaning before I had tied my horse, and he certainly sounded as if he were in the last stages of something, I couldn't imagine what. Tilly was a huge man, about six feet three and when I entered the room he was lying across a child's crib, groaning and swearing and praying with every breath, his feet and arms swinging and writhing out in space. It was a most ludicrous picture, though the man was evidently very ill.

"Finding that the pain was located in his stomach, I immediately decided that a hypodermis of morphine was the only thing for such pain as that, so I told his wife to heat some water as quickly as possible, then reached in my pocket for my hypodermic needle—to find that I had left it at home. For a moment I was utterly at a loss—six miles from home, the rain pouring in torrents, and the man in agony here before me. Then a sudden thought came. I had been reading an article that day concerning the use of the power of suggestion, and I thought 'well, it's a long chance, but I'll take it.' I took from my medical case a little

bottle of glycerine, dropped it in the water Mrs. Tilly had heated, and bared that part of the man's anatomy in which the pain was located. Then I said, 'Mr. Tilly, I'm going to try a new treatment for that pain; it's something that was just discovered for cases like this, and I'll be willing to bet my last copper you'll be feeling all right in ten minutes.' Then I poured some the hot glycerine on his stomach and began to rub, talking as I rubbed.

"After a few minutes I began to suggest that he was feeling better, and he agreed with me, so I continued to rub and to make the hot applications, keeping up an encouraging line of talk all the time. In ten minutes Tilly was out of the crib declaring the pain was absolutely gone, while I was practically speechless at the marvelous success of my treatment.

"'What's your bill, Doc,' asked Tilly, and I told him I guessed five dollars would be about right.

"'Well, that's one five dollars I certainly don't mind giving away,' he said, in token of his gratitude for the wonderful relief.

"After I was in my buggy, he came to the door and called me back.

"'Say, Doc,' he said, 'I wish you'd leave me a bottle of that damn stuff. I might have that pain again.'

"Wish as straight a face as I could command, I told him I was sorry but I'd used the last drop in the bottle."
Little Nigger Caught On a Fish Hook.

There have been other cases in Dr. Morrill's experience, however, that required more than psychological treatment. One of these was the little negro boy who proved himself, as we say it in slang, a 'poor, poor

fish.' One day as the doctor sat in his office there appeared an irate negro man with his two pounge sons, eight and twelve years of age. Tom, the younger of the two, had a string hanging from his mouth, while Will, the older, was of very sad countenance. The father angrily told the story of how the boys had "played lak dey was fishing," with Som the fish and Will the expert fisherman. The hook was baited with corn bread, and when Will dropped it before him, Tom, a willing "fish," caught the bread, hook and all, in his mouth, and when the line pulled tight the hook was embedded in his tongue and Will had made his "catch." With the help of the angry and frightened father, the doctor was able to remove the hook from its resting place in the tongue of the suffering little black fish.

An Emergency Operator

Another case requiring emergency methods was that of Simon Hopkins the negro man who imbibed too freely of the so-called "Christmas spirits" and as a result lost for a time his power of thought and, incidentally, a part of one arm. Simon lighted a big cannon cracker, and waving it in his hand, gave a loud cheer for Christmas. When the smoke cleared away, his companions saw that Simon's hand was gone and that he was bleeding profusely. The doctor, upon his arrival, realized that part of the arm must be amputated and bandaged immediately, or Simon would die from loss of blood but he had brought with him only a little hand case containing a few small instruments, and, fortunately some chloroform. Calling for a com-

mon hand saw, the Doctor handed the chloroform to Tony Sharpe, who had imbibed almost as freely as Simon of the fiery spirits, and directed him how to administer the anaesthetic. And there, with a hand saw as chief instrument and drunken Tony to give the anaesthetic, the Doctor performed an emergency operation of which and surgeon might have been proud for Simon appear in Falkland soon afterwards with an arm that surgeons, in the strange and wonderful language of their tribe, would term "a beautiful stump."

It was not often that the Doctor had to resort to such methods, however for whenever possible he took his surgical cases to the nearest hospital for the necessary operation and treatment.

Back in the early days of his practice the ambulances in which these patients rode for 25 or 30 mile were wagons drawn by horses or mules—and Pitt county roads had not then known the smothering influence of the modern hard-surfacing.

"There has been a complete revolution in everything medical," said Dr. Morrill, as he told of the methods of 35 years ago. "I remember that when I was in college there was a great discussion as to what the new diphtheria antitoxin might eventually prove to be. Fifty per cent of the diphtheria cases at that time were fatal. When I began to practice, I had to roll my own pills; I usually made up a thousand at a time—and the majority of them were what we called anti-bilious pills, made of calomel and blue mass. There were no compressed tablets, and hypodermic tablets were absolutely unknown."

The experience gained in those early days of pill rolling proved valuable later on, for there came now and then a case for which the doctor was compelled to make his own medicine. Of two of those he spoke, each one a vivid dance into the inner life of a race with which the Southern country doctor is frequently called upon to deal.

Pizened By His Sweetheart.

The first of the two was Joe, the man whose sweetheart had "pizened" him.

"One morning as I sat at breakfast," said the Doctor as he began the story of Joe, "I had a call to come to the office at once. I found there a negro man who was evidently in great distress of mind and soul and body. Great beads of sweat stood out on his face and hands; he moaned and rocked to and fro, and at intervals stuck out his tongue, much as a snake might do. 'Lawd, Doctor, or suppin fer me quick,' he began as he saw me come in: 'I'm dyin' I knows I'm dyin'. After a time I was able to get some quieting medicine in him, and then he was able to tell his trouble. 'I's pizened, Doctor, May Liza she pizened me kase she saw me wid ernudder gal.' 'Well, what did she poison you with?' I asked. 'Wid deff dust, Doctor, rattlesnake deff dust. I bought sum uv it dere in dat tin can fer you ter see, but don't touch none of it, Doctor, kase it's presunt deff. I got drunk an' went ter sleep, an' May Liza she crep in dere an' sprinkle it all on de bed. Do suppen fer me, Doctor, or I'm sho gwine ter die.' I looked into the can, and there sure enough were the unmistakable re-

mains of a snake, burned to a crisp and powdered. Realizing the state of the man, I decided on my treatment. Giving him another dose of the quieting medicine, I said, 'Now, Joe, you're not going to die. I've always heard that the thing to do for snake poisoning is to take a dose of this medicine, and if that doesn't make you feel entirely well again, to take a knife and slit the end of your tongue, so all the poison can come out; they say that's where a snake's poison always is, in the fork of his tongue. Now this medicine will fix you all right, I think, but if it doesn't you come back tomorrow and I'll slit your tongue for you.' The next day Joe appeared, grinning, to say that he was all right, and didn't need to have his tongue slit. He left the community soon afterwards, however, fearful lest another such experience should overtake him."

Sam Was Sessed Of The Devil.

And then there was the case of Sam the man who was "sessed uv a devil." For two weeks a revival had been going on among the colored brethren of the community, and Sam had been attending "riggler" every night.

"He's a good man," said Sam's employer, meeting the doctor at the gate, "and I hope you can do something for John, who was having a spell for last 24 hours, and it takes five men to hold him down."

The Doctor found him lying on the floor with five strong men around him.

"Turn him loose," said the Doctor.

"Lawdy, Doc, he'll bust his brains out if we does dat," they answered.

"Let his bust 'em," the Doctor

said and they did as they were told. Then the Doctor questioned Sam:

“What’s the matter, Sam?”

“O pray for me, Doc, please pray for me, fer I’s sessed uv a devil, dat’s what’s de matter, I’s sessed uv a devil.”

Then the Doctor, realizing that the trouble with Sam was religious hysteria, began to deal with him accordingly. He gave him something to make him sleep, and then began to talk.

“Now, Sam, I’m going to pray for you, all right, and know something that will drive that devil out of you. You just see if I don’t get him out and that in a very short time.”

As he talked, he was heating a piece of wire. Suddenly he picked up the wire, and bending over his patient quickly burned a cross in the middle of Sam’s chest.

“The treament worked,” the Doctor said. “I had burned the devil out of Same and he was satisfied again.”

There are other cases that have in them no trace of the humorous and these, too, the Doctor recalls as he reviews the years of his practice.

Sat Up All Night With The Dead.

“I shall never forget the death of Mrs. Burns,” said Dr. Morrill, as he talked of the tragedy hide of a country doctor’s life. “She was young, and a fine woman, and the mother of a ten-day-old baby, when she was

taken ill with pneumonia. I was called to see her, and went back on the second day to find her alone in the house with her baby. Her husband, she said was drunk and had left home. She knew that she was going to die, and asked me if I would sit by her and hold her hand until the end came, for she hated to die entirely alone. I did as she requested, and after the end had come, I closed her eyes, wrapped her up, and sat by her corpse until morning. The memory of that night has often come back to me; it is one of those experiences that we do not forget. I have, of course, seen many deaths, yet only in a very few instances have I seen death claim one unwilling to go. It seems that there almost always comes a certain resignation before the end.”

“I have been looking over old records,” the Doctor continued, “and I find that in my 36 years of practice I have prescribed more than a quarter of a million times; ridden more than half a million miles visiting patients; I have been the first person ever to shake hands with 1,400 brand-new Pitt county citizens.” And yet, in the face of all these things, there still are those who pity the country doctors. They waste their pity, for in spite of all their toil and tribulation, there comes to these men a fullness of life that could not be found elsewhere.

DR. JOHNSON SPEAKS.

The Uplift continues to furnish tip top matter to its readers. It is a wholesome and helpful publication to have in the home.—Charity and Children.

“COLEY.”

By Laura Wade Rice.

Who does not know what baseball is—or football! But cricket—well, someone may say, “Oh, that’s an English game.” Right. And there are “hits” in it and “runs and cheering and just as much noise and pride when “Our side wins” there, as here. And the hero of a game is just as much of a hero in England as in America.

John Coleridge Patteson was one of the Eton eleven. No one expected very much of him before the game, but afterwards they went wild over him and elected him captain. “Why, without Coley it would have been all up with us,” every fellow knew.

Then came the banquet; eats, songs, yells, stories. Not always had these been nice songs, not always clean stories. This night the new captain, Coley, had something to say.

“Fellows, thank you for the honor you have given me. Now let’s have fun, but it must be clean fun, if anyone starts any other kind of a song or a story I’ll have nothing more to do with this.”

He looked as if he meant it, though it was hard thing for a boy to say to boys. Perhaps he was only trying put some goody-goody stuff over them. Well, it was an honor to be captain of the Eton eleven, and no man in his senses would really think of losing it. Let’s see!

So one of the usual old songs was begun. Instantly Coleridge Patteson was on his feet. “If that doesn’t stop, I shall leave the room.” The song went on and Patteson, the captain, rose quietly and the door closed

behind him before the fellows quite understood that he had really gone. Not much real fun in the rest of the banquet—but no more of that sort of songs.

To their amazement they learned next morning that their captain’s resignation “was in.” They gathered in little knots. “He’s right,” every man owned. “Say, we want him, we need him. Why, if he goes this way, nobody’ll have spunk enough to win next year.”

They crowded into his room. Apologies were made and under Coley Patteson Eton won next year’s contest with Harrow.

But under Coley Patteson Eton won more than a cricket game. Never since then has the annual school banquet gone back to its old low levels. A new heroism was that night given to the boys which the school keeps to this day.

What became of Coley? One day a boat drifted away from South Sea island. In it lay a quiet body pierced with five arrows. Five natives had been stolen by white men, and the black men sought revenge on anyone they could find with a white skin. Now at the spoton shore where a missionary had landed and fallen there rises a beautiful cross which faces the sea. It was erected by the native people for whom he lived and died, and bears these words:

“In memory of
John Coleridge Patteson, D.D.
Missionary Bishop

Whose life was here taken by men

for whom he would have gladly given it."

Between the days of the boy cricketer and the man missionary stretched hours of study and years of preparation for the lifework he had chosen to do for his Master. Brave deeds, loving acts and great kindness was the record he left behind him written on the hearts of

dark-skinned people whom he found heathen and left Christians. But one wonders if ever he was more of a hero than he was that night, a boy among boys, one boy alone against the custom of years when he quietly risked popularity and a position of honor by standing up for cleanness and the right.

YOU ARE ONLY WHAT YOU THINK.

By Rev. F. Swindell Love.

Solomon, thinking for the good of the people was an entirely different person from Solomon, the husband of a great company of women gathered from the ends of the earth, women who were strangers to the ideals of Israel. In the first attitude he is a man of wisdom ready to serve the people; in the last he would rob the nation to gratify his vanity and his lust. Solomon in one of his serious moments made the very obvious statement that as a man thinketh so is he.

Paul, the Apostle of Jesus, was a wiser and better man than Solomon. Paul saw the truth more clearly and offered it to the church at Philippi as the law of growth. Chershi the thought of whatever is true, whatever wins respect, whatever is just, whatever is lovable, whatever is of good repute. For thoughts are the basis and essence of character.

thoughts conveyed to our minds from day to day, here and there, through the things we hear, the things we see, the things we read. There is no more obvious law than this. Each hour of the day the character of every man and woman is being subtly formed by the things that enter into their minds.

Frivolous reading, frivolous music, frivolous pictures, frivolous occupations, all produce frivolous minds. The character of every individual is formed largely by the nature of the home and the community in which he lives. A selfish ungodly, uncultured community will produce a generally selfish, ungodly and uncultured citizenry.

Every man is the product of those subtle forces dominating the life and spirit of the community in which he lives. I am anxious for us to answer to ourselves the measure of our community contribution to the character building of our future citizens.

The words that go out of our mouths to-day are but the thoughts we put into our minds yesterday. All of our thinking is the result of impressions made upon our minds by

What are we offering to the boys and girls in our homes? What kind

of art? Is it the type that we get on a calendar advertising Coca-Cola or Smokeless powder? I have seen the room of a college boy lined with pictures of chorus girls and found homes where the only expression of art was the cover of some sorry magazine.

What is the character of music that is heard in your home? Your victrola will bring you the best of the worst. It will play with equal readiness the great productions of Beethoven or the latest perversion in the form of jazz.

What are the books in your home? What papers and magazines are being read? Have you a place in your home for books and selecting them in a way to get the highest in values for your children?

What is the atmosphere of that home? No child can escape so intimate an association and, though in future years he may rise above it, there will ever be the pull of it robbing him of something he might have attained.

Recognizing these things Paul was saying to these Philippians, bathe your life in the finest things; have constantly in your presence those things that elevate in character and lure to such thinking as will make a richer life. Philippi offered many diversions and evidently some of Paul's members were not reflected credit on the church.

In art and music, in books and in friends we build the atmosphere that is to make or mar life. Some of these may not be possible for your home, but some certainly are and the dividends in life will be such

as never came from factory, bank or store.

As a man I must accept my heritage in blood, for about that I have had no voice; but no man can force me to live in an impoverished esthetic, moral and spiritual atmosphere. For the first God will not hold me responsible, but the second is my business and my answer is in the man I present to the world.

Life is changed by its associations. We may have no natural love for great music but that love can be aroused by association with the best music only.

We may have naturally no joy in the presence of the beautiful and the lovely, but we can by living in the presence of the beautiful come to hate all things that are crude and ugly.

Perhaps we have never liked to read and a good book is a difficult thing for us to get or enjoy, but following the thoughts of men who have said things that should live we will come at last to love their creations and rejoice in their companionship.

But there is another phase of this call that I am most anxious for us to see. Not only are we to build behind the doors of our homes an atmosphere that will make for the best in manhood and character but we should offer this to the community.

We need to recognize that we can never rise far above the environment in which we live. Our task is to make such for our children that they may not lose that which we offer them in our homes.

As a community we are scarcely able to bring to us the great artists and it would not be easy to get often the great literary and nation-leaders, but we can lift from us the shame that rests upon nearly every small southern city, its poverty in books and reading.

In Elizabeth City there are hundreds of homes where the money to buy books cannot be had. There is a larger number where they would not be able to select reading

for their children, and more still where the parents are not willing to give the time to the supervision of the reading of the children. Can we answer this with a library that will put books wisely selected, in the reach of every child in our town? In no way can we give a more appreciative hearing to the exhortation of the Apostle. In no way can we do a finer thing for the town we live in and believe in. Elizabeth City Independent

"I tried eighteen people before I could find one who knew the design of the North Carolina State flag," said James F. Hatch, "and the nineteenth man proved the exception to the rule. He knew it. I was asked to make a design for a fellow who wanted to use the North Carolina State flag in connection with the United States flag. Not being sure of the dates on our State flag myself, I began to make inquiry. The situation became interesting when, one after another, all the far those I asked got was to scratch their heads. It worried me all night and I could not sleep. Monday morning, however, I found the nineteenth man. He swore if I quoted him he wouldn't tell me. I promised and swore; then he told me—Ah! April 12, 1776 and May 20, 1775!" Mr. Hatch said that two who failed to give him the desired information were ex-State officials and one was a former school teacher. "I believe it would be a good thing," he said, "for our folks to give the State flag at least the once over. School teachers might try teaching its lettering to the kiddies.—News & Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The boys were all glad to receive a hair cut last week.

Prof. Crook's room received a set of new books recently.

All the fire extinguishers have been refilled during the past week.

The sewing room received five bolts of cloth last Saturday afternoon.

Some of the boys have been cutting wood in the past few days.

The road from the eleventh cottage to the Dairy barn is under construction.

There were several rainy days last week. The work force went to the cottages.

The boys are learning to sing some of the hymns from the new books that we received not long ago.

Letter writing day came around last week, and all the boys were glad to write a letter to their home folks.

Howard Riggs, Richard Meekins, Wm. Beard, Robert Ward and Wm. Johnson received an honorable parole last week.

Capt. T. L. Grier and a number of the larger boys have been building a stone wall in front of the Roth building to keep the water, gravel, and dirt from washing down in front of

the building. The building is lower than the level of the road. Mr. Grier has also been repairing the road near this building.

The barn force hauled gravel from the gravel pit last week. They have also been hauling the stone that is being used for the construction of the stone wall in front of the print shop.

Alwyn Shinn, Judge Brooks, and Ralph Martin former boys at the J. T. S. visited the institution last week.

David Seagle, Roy Houser, and David Queen have been given a position in the Laundry. Queen fires the boiler in the evening section.

The boys in Mr. Johnson's room are putting all their spare time into studying Geography. The boys are getting ready for the contest in April.

Stanley Armstrong, a member of the second cottage and also a member of the print shop, received his parole and left for Greensboro to work in a printing office there, last Monday evening.

A year ago last Christmas the boys from Greensboro were all treated to a nice little Christmas gift that would last through the whole year, it was, to give each boy from Greensboro a subscription to the Greensboro News, which was certainly a very nice gift,

but the papers would not always come, for the subscription would give out some time, and when the subscriptions gave out during Christmas week, all that was done, was, Mr. York, the Boys' Commissioner in Greensboro wrote the officials at the institution to get the names of every boy from Greensboro here. He stated in the letter that he was going to give each boy a subscription to the paper. Pretty soon after he received the names of the boys a bundle of papers reached the institution when the mailman came around, and there were the papers for the different boys. It certainly was a very nice Christmas gift, and if some of the other towns would follow suit, the boys at the institution would soon have plenty of papers coming to them. We certainly do thank Mr. York for his great kindness in doing this very nice thing for the boys, for all the boys like to know what is happening in their home town.

Rev. Mr. Hansel, of Concord, came to the school last Sunday afternoon, bringing with him, Doctor Harding, Davidson College, who conducted the religious services in the auditorium. His selected Scripture reading was from the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Judges. His sermon was

mostly about the life of Sampson. He told how Sampson married a heathen woman, how Sampson told her where his strength lay. She cut off his hair when he was asleep, and the waiting Philistines put out his eyes with red hot irons, and cast him into prison. He was made to work at the grinding mill. When the time for the feast came the Philistines asked for him to be brought up for them to make sport of. He was brought up from the prison led by a lad. The Philistines were in the temple worshiping their god Dagon for delivering into their hands Sampson, their enemy. Sampson said to the lad that was leading him: "Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth that I may lean upon them." The lad led him to these pillars. And then Sampson called upon God saying: "O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes." Sampson then put his arms around the two pillars and 'bowed himself with all his strength' The temple crashed in "so the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life." Doctor preached a very interesting sermon. It was enjoyed by everyone present.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"B"

Herbert Apple, Edwin Crenshaw, Howard Cloaninger, Bill Case, Hiram Grier, Edwyn Greene, Herman Goodman, George Howard, Bazel Johnson, Floyd Matthews, William Miller, Lee

McBride, Bill Odum Whitlock Pridgen, Louie Pait, Washington Pickett, Roy Rector, Howard Riggs, Delmas Robertson, John Seagle, Zeb Trexler, Cucell Watkins, Rob Ward, Mack Wentz, Graham York, Valton Lee, Irvin Cooper, Albert Garrison, Wil-

ton Terry, Douglas Williams and Jas. Mc.Daniel.

“B”

David Brown, Claude Evans, Brochie Flowers, Frank Hill, John Keenan, Howard Keller, Chas. Loggins, Richard Meekins, Ralph Martin, Clyde Petterson, Clyde Pierce, Bill Smith, Frank Stone, Archie Waddel, Aubrey Weaver, Issac Anderson, Paul Camp, Herman Cook, Russell Capps, David Driver, Gordon Ellis, Paul Petipher, Brantley Pridgen, Richard Petipher, Donald Pait, Donald Scroggs, Geo. Stanley and Newton Watkins.

Room No. 2

“A”

Bill Billings, Jno. Boyd, Clyde Brown, Andrew Bivens, Olie Bredgers, Harold Crary, Alton Etheridge, Clinton Floyd, Britt Gatlin, Carlisle Hardy, Henry Jackson, Roy Johnson, Alfred Mayberry, Sol. Thompson, Earl Wade, Jas. Long, Luther Mason, Lummie McGhee, Raymond Richards, Glenn Walker, Robt. Whitt, Olen Williams and Elwood Webb.

“B”

Chas. Almond, Bruce Bennett, Vance Cook, Chas. Carter, Paul Edwards, Jno. Hurley, Ralph Leatherwood, Jethro Mills, Cobren McConnell, Milton Mashburn, Troy Norris, Garland Rice, Alfred Stanley, Sylvio Smith, Jno. Wilson, Dena Brown, Lorry Carlton, Otis Dhue, Jennings Freeman, Byron Ford, Clifton Hedrick, Carlton Hager, Paul Lanier, Jeff Letterman, Wenton Matthews, Geo. McCone, Clarence Maynard, Bill Risin, Jesse Ross, Fonzo Wilés and

Fred Williams.

Room No. 3

“A”

Sam Poplin, Russell Caudill, John Creech, Joe Johnston, Hunter Cline, Felix Moore, Don Nethernt, Ralph Hollars and Clawston Johnston.

Room No. 4

“A”

Calvin Hensley, Walter Culler, Paul Sisk, Clarence Hendley, Jack Stevenson, Bowling Byrd, Langford Hewitt, Elias Warren, Lester Campbell, John Watts and John Tomaisin.

“B”

Everett Cavenaugh, Ralph Wright, Elmer Pickett, Al Pettigrew, Woodrow Kivett, William Dunlap, Chas. Murphy, Jack Thompson, Louis Pleasant, Roy Glover, Edward Futch, Robert Dean, and Broncho Owens.

Room No. 5

“A”

Earl Torrence, Theodore Coleman, Robt. Cooper, George Bristow, Jno. D. Sprinkle, Paul Sapp, Elbert Stansberry, Hazel Robins, Leonard Miller, Hallie Bradley, Lee King, Willie Shaw, Fessie Massey, Howard Riddle, Gerney Taylor, Earl Edwards, Andrew Parker, Chas. Taut, Earl Mayfield, Eldon Dehart, Bennie Moore, Wendall Ramsey, Aaron Davis Herbert Campbell, Arnold Cecil Amos Ramsey and Chas. Beaver.

“B”

Waldo Moore, Emmitt Levy, Allen Cabe, Robt. Chatten, Eddie Lee Berdon, Reggie Payne, Robt. Hayes, Bill Goss, Robt. Sprinkle, Myron Tomison, Sam Ellis Chas Carter and Ben Cook.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

U. N. C. Library

TALE BEARER.

If every person would adopt and strictly practice the rule of not saying anything derogatory to others, only when truth and justice positively require facts to be told, there would soon be an era of good feeling and a joyous atmosphere of peace over every community, church, school and family. The tale bearer and the gossip monger are more of a curse to a community than the small-pox and scarlet fever. The latter can be quarantined, but who can coral the former? The good book tells us where they get their start of fire from.—Old Hurrygraph.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

NO UNIFORMITY IN FUNERALS.

Death and the grave, so far as earthly matters go, level all. But in funeral services there is a wide difference in their conduct—even among the same dedominational practices.

We have grown up with the well-defined belief that funerals are largely for the benefit of the living, using incidently the life, career and character of the subject to drive home the lessons of warning, hope and encouragement to the living to continue steadfast in righteous efforts, or, perchance, a modest exhortation to mend our ways.

The Uplift has attended several funerals of late, and it saw a number of people that had probably not been in church for a year or more; it has also attended some funerals that the subject of the funeral occassion was not mentioned, either in a brief obituary or even directly referred to in address or prayer. Again, we have attended funerals where the other extreme was too painfully emphasized.. The point we have in mind that there is in the life of every person some one thing that merits a recognition, which if pointed out may leave an impression for good on some of the audience, even on those who seldom darken a church door.

We need to recognize in a serious and thoughtful manner that none of us are wholly good and none of us are wholly bad. A Virginia preacher some years ago, recognizing the truth of the relative goodness and badness among

men, came to preach the funeral discourse at the burial of an individual who bore not a savory reputation, and after reading a short statement as to birth, date of death etc., the preacher remarked that the subject of this funeral occasion had "the reputation of being a good whistler." It is recorded that that simple observation brought a whole family to a realization of the unworthy and empty life it was leading and which was led to change their habits and became useful citizens in their community to society and the church.

A few days ago a respected citizen, one who had made a good fight, J. LaFayette Stafford, passed away at his home in Cabarrus. This notice appeared in the Charlotte Observer:

J. LaFayette Stafford, one of the most prominent citizens of Cabarrus county, died Monday morning, at 5 o'clock, at the home of his son, Zeb Stafford, at Harrisburg, his death terminating an illness of several years' duration.

Mr. Stafford was 86 years old and is survived by four children, Zeb and James Stafford; Mrs. Sam Cochrane and Mrs. Aaron Quay, all living in Cabarrus.

Mr. Stafford made a notable record as a Confederate soldier, having entered the war at the beginning and serving throughout. He was wounded in battle under circumstances he was fond of relating.

He carried a Testament in his breast pocket. The bullet that wounded him struck this Testament and was deflected from a direct course to his heart into an arm which he carried in crippled condition the balance of his life.

Mr. Stafford was in times past active in county affairs and was universally regarded as a man of sterling character. His death is regarded as a loss to the citizenship of Cabarrus."

These facts in the life of a christian man, who had lived in a community for eighty-six years, would tempt The Uplift to preach a funeral discourse that would reach the hearts of a number who had forgotten or never realized their duties as citizens and probably strengthened those who had made a pass at fine citizenship.

Funerals ought to reach the living. It is not necessary to call out the whole synodical force to bury an individual, or hold the people two hours, but too many inspiring facts are being buried with the dead. Let them stand out for the inspiration of the living.

* * * * *

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED PERCENTUM

There are some very fine bankers up on the Western North Carolina railroad. There is one in particular that has an outstanding record for thirty

years, that is the length of his service as president of one bank. During all these years his fine knowledge of character and trustworthines of his clients has made a wonderful record, nearly one hundred percentum.

In thirty years he has lost just eighty-seven dollras by customers. One merchant made an honest failure, and in the wind-up he lost by him thirty-seven dollars; the other fifty dollars was lost by a bank examiner, who borrowed fifty dollars, saying "I'll send you a check for it." He didn't send the check. That habit of the high financing of the certain bank-examiner was successfully tried out on other banks. That's the tale, anyway.

No doubt that there are other bankers, who can boast of records approximately as good, and maybe better, but it speaks well for not only the banks and bank officials but is a high compliment to the integrity of the general run of our citizenship.

* * * * *

DEATHS WITHOUT MEDICAL CARE.

Elsewhere in this number The Uplift carries an article of considerable interest taken from the State Health Bulletin. It concerns death statistics in North Carolina for the year 1924.

It is a distressing situation in a community where a person lies sick unto death, unattended by physician or nurse. Yet over the state in 1924 there were 5,515 such cases.

We all know that the doctor with average practice does an immense amount of charitable services, often making personal sacrifices and even foregoing for the time a service to a good-pay case in order to appease his own milk of human kindness.

With all the machinery that has been legislated into law, it should not be necessary for a person to die unattended by medical service. Of course there yet prevails at points in the state certain ones that employ "users," superstitious ideas, quacks and grannies; but the 5,515 are not all in the class.

It might be alleged that neighbors should respond and give assistance and furnish as a neighborly act medical service for the sick poor in their neighborhood. This is often done. Neighbors have undergone expense and great inconvenience in providing for wounded individuals, sick persons in want even providing for the payment of the fee for a service in cases of the twilight zone. This should not be necessary, except in extreme and sudden cas-

es, for the state has set up machinery, as the public understands, that includes a medical service to attend to such cases. The public contributes, by way oftaxes, the salaries for a number of people in each county who are qualified to render such service. We take it that the state did not have in mind the setting up of a statistical bureau alone, but had in mind also providing a service in cases such as we have mentioned.

The County Welfare departments and the Health departments, with the physician and nurses and stenographers, in the several counties, ought to be able to handle the situation without a record of 16 1-2 per cent. of its deaths unattended by medical service. If the law does not cover this service, it should be made so even to enlarging the force.

Somebody in authority ought to be charged with and qualified to render the duty of saying where and when this public medical service is due. This is necessary to avoid impositions on the tax payers who provide the service, and to prevent the too frequent misunderstandings the public has as to what the responsibilities and duties of the departments of welfare and health are.

* * * * *

“THE HOLIDAY GRABBERS.”

“Because the State Salary and Wage Commission made rules requiring them to do some of the work they are paid by the taxpayers of North Carolina to do, work-shirkers in the State departments at Raleigh are seeking to discredit the Commission by claiming that it is unpatriotic. It wants them, they say, to desecrate certain legal holidays by working.

The work-shirkers object and call on the tax payers to aid them in resisting the disloyal decree of the Commission—to uphold them in their patriotic resolve not to work when any possible excuse offers for not working. Shall they desecrate a “legal holiday” by working for the State instead of honoring it by playing golf, or going hunting or to the movies? No, never—at least not so long as they can delude such well-meaning men as Representative Neal with their fake claim.

And it is a palpable fake which a recital of the facts at once exposes. The Legislature, at the suggestion of Governor McLean, investigated and found that gross inequalities in the pay and working conditions of State employes prevailed in the various departments. One department was giving more holidays than another and paying its employes more or less than

men and women doing the same work in another department were receiving.

This condition cried out for reform and so the Legislature created the Salary and Wage Commission to provide equal pay and working conditions. The Commission got busy and found a surprising state of affairs. Employees generally, it appeared, were enjoying twelve legal holidays; twelve vacation, half holidays on Saturday, and unlimited "sick leave"—besides the fifty or fifty-two Sundays of a year."—Editorial Asheville Citizen.

* * * * *

CARRYING IT INTO THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Within fifty miles of Concord a classified teacher, recently, got herself into a dilemma. Enamored by the lip-stick, short-skirt habits that seem to have taken possession of some thoughtless and motherly-neglected girls, this teacher fell victim. Soon her pupils began pulling out their equipment for disfiguring, while on duty, and the teacher was helpless in stopping the disgusting practice.

But when that certified teacher, certification her only qualification, found her shoe untied, she realized at once her own foolishness. Her skirts were too short and too tight to give her leverage enough to relace her shoe—She had to call on a snickering boy in her room to tie her shoe. If her dilemma teaches that school teacher a lesson, It will result in a reflected good in that alleged modern system of a graded school.

* * * * *

We had hoped to take the first dinner served at Hotel Stephen Cabarrus, but we will have to defer that joy until that hotel is conceived and built. Not to be disappointed The Uplift will content itself and be satisfied to take the first dinner served by the unhistorically baptised "Hotel Concord."



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

THE LAY OF THE HEN

“The old hen sat in a leafless tree
and said: ‘Nobody cares for me,
My food is what I find about, I don’t
for it till I’m frazzled out;
My owner says I do not pay, and that
I ought to sing and lay;
I wish he had to sit out here and live
on pickin’s all the year,
I’ll bet a half a cent, by jing, he
wouldn’t lay from now till spring.’”

As they have tried electric lights and music on cows and found that it has a wonderful effect of making them give more milk, I suggest that the poultry people try electric lights on their hens and see if that will not make them lay more eggs. If that will not work, put in a phonograph and give them music. If that will not operate satisfactorily put a radio in the henhouse and try them with the air sounds. If the music and messages will not have the desired effect, it is pretty certain that the static will stir them up to the increased poultry duties of the henhouse household family affairs.

By way of adding a little more seasoning to our fancies let those of us who believe that “God created the heavens and the earth,” under which, and on which we “live and move and have our being,” turn for a moment to the newly chartered “American Association for the Advancement of Atheism.” Their first application for a charter was refused by a Supreme court justice of New York state, because it was set forth in the petition that one of the

purposes of the organization was to “abolish belief in God.” This was left out of the one that won success. But the idea is there just the same. Advancing atheism—which is unbelief in the existence of God, or a Supreme Being—is nothing more less than abolishing belief in God. In other words, these belief abolishmentists, for the present, are going to allow God to rule and direct His own creation as He has done from the beginning; and will continue to do long after the dust of every member of this cult is helping to carry out God’s plan with more success, than when it was animated with the spirit of disbelief. After all, the association may serve a useful purpose in its misguided aims. It may move those who do believe in God to keep their belief a trifle more forward and give atheists fewer opportunities to attack that belief.

I see where a westerner had a strenuous time in New York. He spent a week in a hotel in that city. He tipped the boy who carried in his grip; then tipped the elevator man; then the water boy; then the chambermaid; then the head waiter who ushered him into the dining room; then the waiter took his order. He paid the hat girl a dime for his hat three times a day after meals; he tipped the bell boy who brought him a paper; the barber who shaved him; the shrine artist who gave a lick and a promise to his shoes; the boy helped him put on his coat, and handed him his hat; and the doorman who

called a taxi for him. He wound up by tipping the scales and found he had lost five pounds. He said he knew the world was "tipping" up on one side.

—

All sorts of pretexts are given for divorces these days. I see out in Indiana a man is suing his wife for a divorce because she did not make the coffee strong enough. I should judge that he would not have sufficient "grounds" for divorce on this plea. In Michigan a woman is suing for divorce because her husband wouldn't hold hands. She's entitled to it. A man who wouldn't hold a woman's hand is a subject for a bughouse. Self protection, you know, is the first law of nature, but this boob actually seems to welcome a biff in the eye.

—

A New York lawyer tells this interesting incident: "The other day I asked my stenographer to call up the Internal Revenue office. After looking for a few minutes in the directory, she reported that the name was not listed in the telephone book. I told her to look under 'U. S.' After looking again for a few minutes she reported that it was not listed under that name. I asked her to hand me the telephone directory, and I pointed out that the name was listed." She replied: "Oh, I thought you said 'Eternal' Revenue office." She must be a prophetic girl.

—

Too much talk, thinks Judge Elbert H. Gary, is responsible for most failures in life. "The average man talks too much," he said in addressing a group of university students,

"especially if he has a good command of language. It is well to let the other man talk half of the time." Judge Gary gave many other excellent precepts for success and specified many other preventatives for failure, but it was all stereotyped stuff—except that the average man talks too much. And how true it is. The "blower" rarely is anything to anybody—except himself—and the man who can listen as well as talk is a valued friend. Besides, when one is talking one is not listening, and when one is not listening, one is not learning. Obviously the successful man should listen more than he speaks and thus jump on the other fellow.

—

Have you ever observed a man or a woman walking along the street at night, and in the daytime, as to that matter, looking in windows the while? As you watch them notice that the clothing store and the department store windows attract the woman like a magnet. Usually the man—possibly having visions of first-of-the-month bills—isn't keen to examine the displays. Regarding furniture he is a little less reluctant. Good furniture suggests comfort and he is willing to inspect. But there is one kind of window display that invariably gets the attention of both men and women. It is that featured by modern groceries. Food, attractively displayed, invariably receives attention. Its appeal is primitive, human. Every one is interested in it, and every one enjoys looking at it, provided it is well presented. I like to look at it myself: and what is better enjoy eating it.

“DRUMS.”

By James Hay, Jr.

One of the beloved and deathless myths skipping lightly from mouth to mouth all over America is the tale that, while the youth of the families of average means may sometimes be guilty of slight misconduct, the young people of the rich fairly wallow in dissipations, beclouding their minds and wrecking their physiques.

The idea is that rich youngsters, because they are rich, are unable to behave themselves.

Nothing could be more misleading. The young of the rich families take the best care of themselves. Having the money to pay for the costuming and equipment of all manner of outdoor sport, they go in for it. To be proficient in it, they frequently practice faithfully, diet scientifically and deny themselves all softening luxuries.

The rich youth knows how to sail a yacht or an ice-boat. He has his polo ponies and plays a hard-riding, hard-hitting game. He belongs to country clubs and plays golf. He can afford to travel anywhere he chooses to attend tournaments. He is keen on his physical fitness and on the excellence of his “form.”

He has a withering contempt for the rich boy who, letting money go to his head, makes an ass of himself, gets unpleasantly into the newspapers and the police courts and so gives occasional excuse for the oftold story that the children of the plutocrats are invariably like him.

age or skimpy means? Their idea of a rousing good time is twenty-five-cent poker in a hot, stuffy, smoke-choked room, the session lasting from eight p. m. until two a. m.; and, by way of adding to the festiveness of the event, they lug in home-made beer or corn liquor and delight in the idea of breaking the law.

There are, of course, exceptions to both statements, but, in the long run, it is a certainty that the rich youth leads a healthier and more vigorous life than the poorer brother. The rich youth does this because he can afford it, and because there is no greater attraction for clean-minded and strong-mused youth than the rush and contest of big outdoor sport.

But there is always some excuse for a fallacy or provocation for a myth. The masses of today are so distrustful of the morals of the rich youth because, perhaps, a hundred and fifty years ago, and more recently than that, the gilded lad cut a wide swathe in forbidden meadows and had his tongue in his cheek when he did it.

In fact, he hung up such a record for gambling, guzzling and other gumptionless pastimes that the poor believe now that reform of his kind is sheer impossibility.

How brazenly and brutally he kicked the ten commandments to smithereens is excellently told in James Boyd's “Drums” in that part in which the author describes the life of the London youth in the

And the sons of families of aver-

clubs. After a perusal of these chapters, the reader is not surprised that in the cosmic consciousness of the race lingers a picture of wealthy youth irreverent, dissolute and depraved.

“Drums,” by the way, is the best novel that has come out of North Carolina or from the pen of a North Carolinian. James Boyd, its author, now a resident of Southern Pines and on the sunny side of forty, has put into it an authentic and gripping picture of the North Carolina and London of Revolutionary times.

Along with that he has told a lively and moving story. Located chiefly in the Piedmont and Edenton, the characters take the reader through every phase of the existence of those days.

How men traveled, taught school, danced, drank, traveled, put up at far from luxurious inns, took their politics seriously, loved and fought—it is all there, a narrative that catches up the reader and carries him spellbound from the start to the finish of the book.

John Galsworthy, on a tour of this country, stopped for a few days at

Southern Pines, and while there he met young Boyd who had sold a few short stories but was still doubtful that he had in him the makings of an author.

Galsworthy insisted on reading some of his stuff and, as a result, advised him to write more. Returning to New York, the English author told a publisher: “Watch James Boyd! He’s going to arrive.”

Boyd was born in Pennsylvania, but his ancestors had come from North Carolina, and when he was thirteen he was back in this State. He went to Princeton. Ambitious to write, he decided that he did not know enough about the work to make a start, and by way of education took a job in a publishing house.

Then came the war and Boyd’s injured health. He returned to North Carolina, got completely well, and, steeped in the tradition and lore of the State, finally produced “Drums,” which was immediately hailed by the critics as a work of art and one of the best “first” novels of the time.

Incidentally, it is a novel that every North Carolinian should read, for its entertainment and its history.

HE GOT THE JOB.

A sign “Boy Wanted” was placed one morning in a shop window. During the day twelve boys applied to the shopkeeper for the job before he found one to suit him.

“Do you love to sweep and dust?” he asked the number twelve, as he had asked the eleven who came before him.

“No, sir, I do not,” answered the boy with a straightforward smile.

“All right, then,” said the storekeeper, “the job’s yours. You’re the only one that will tell the truth. The rest of them said they just loved it and if they’ll lie about one thing to get a job, they’ll lie about another to keep it.”

THE DECLINE OF DEBATE.

The Citizen.

Time was when debating societies at a college—there were generally two of them—were regarded as important educational adjuncts and their meetings were well attended. The society halls rang with oratory and nearly all students who hoped to become lawyers or distinguished public speakers considered debating as essential training.

Now we learn from *The Tar Heel* that at the University of North Carolina conditions have changed, as they have at most other colleges—the debating societies are languishing and have scant reason for existence. They are neglected by the great mass of students and the weekly debates are perfunctory affairs.

The *Tar Heel* mentions the matter incidentally and so gives no reason why debate has failed, but others volunteer to name contributing causes—college politics, competition of other activities, a lower grade, of students than in the old days, and then finally the suggestion that debate, as inculcated by the societies, is out of date. Correct, this last, we think—it is the real reason.

The old-fashioned debate has faded out of fashion elsewhere than in college. Its societies only reflect widespread conditions now as they did in the days when the issue of whether the pen is mightier than the sword was argued with rotund oratory, a wealth of classical quotations and a display of gestures like those supposedly used by Daniel Webster.

In those days the same style of debate prevailed in Congress.

But no longer. The convincing speaker no longer relies on mannerisms or artificial exposition, but on well-presented expression often in a conversational tone. Why the change we will not undertake to assert. Perhaps it is due to a change akin to the change of fashions in other ways, or perhaps to a growing appreciation of 'simple methods. Time-saving, the zeal for effectiveness, may be a factor; the aim for concise and clear expression has certainly found expression in writing.

But it does not follow that the debating societies need perish—they need only modernize. They are needed to give the students opportunity to practice in the art of effective expressions. At the time the *Oxford* debaters were at Chapel Hill *The Tar Heel* expressed admiration for their ability to present their views clearly, conversationally, and with a readiness which showed a thorough study of the subject. Debate, argument, has far from ceased outside college—it will never cease—and surely it must continue at the University. But it will be in a form which will call for hard thinking, logical thinking, and study of clear expression—there is no place for the old style which masked lack of knowledge or sham reasoning with a wealth of florid language and many gestures.

FIVE THOUSAND DEATHS WITHOUT MEDICAL CARE.

(Health Bulletin).

During the year 1924 there were in North Carolina 5,515 persons who died without medical care. That is, there were this number whose death certificate show no doctor attended them. In addition to this number there were many more for whom the doctor was called only at the last moment. In this case he signed the certificate but actually had not attended the patient during the illness.

Many of these deaths could have been prevented by the aid of a physician. And this is the lamentable thing. What does it avail for medical science to be efficient in the curing of disease if medical science has no opportunity to exercise its skill?

We cannot believe it was physically impossible for some physician to have reached practically every one of these unattended deaths. As a class, no profession is more liberal with its services, therefore it is hardly probable that any one of these unattended deaths could not have gotten a physician had an effort been made to do so, however poor the patient may have been.

Furthermore, society is generally awake to the needs of its fellows and provision is quite frequently made to care for those, at public expense, who are themselves unable to bear the expense. The only actual reason then for these unattended deaths is a matter of ignorance—or carelessness. Ignorance on the part of the family—or carelessness on the part of society.

Public sentiment throughout the state should be aroused to the degree that those responsible should be held in disgrace if they allow any person in the state to die without every effort being made to secure adequate medical care.

Privilege brings responsibility and every person who is granted the privilege of wielding an influence in his community is held morally responsible for that influence. These are the persons—these intelligent persons with influence—who are responsible for these five or six thousand unattended deaths each year in North Carolina. “Am I my brother’s keeper?” is a question that must have an individual—a personal—answer. But privilege is never given except with commensurate responsibility.

An incident comes to mind, of which the fact of every detail can be vouched for, which illustrates an almost universal situation. The mother of nine children was taken seriously and mortally ill. The father was an honest, hard-working man whose every effort and every penny of earning was devoted to his family. They lived in a rather densely populated and wealthy county. The sick mother was taken to a hospital where she remained until it seemed impossible for the father to raise more money to pay hospital bills. The physicians attending her were the best in the country but her malady could not be cured and she was taken home. One of the physicians who had seen

her in the hospital, along with the other physicians, undertook to attend her at home, although he knew he could not in any possible way expect any pay, and knew that her illness would be prolonged. None of the surgeons who had attended here in the hospital had received any pay and did not expect any. This physician visited her in the home 83 times. He took with him in consultation, at different times, six different physicians. He did, at the house, three minor operations which required the assistance of his office nurse. The minimum total fees this doctor should have received for his services to that home would have been at least \$300, yet he did the work as willingly and as efficiently without receiving one penny as if he had known the money was forthcoming. This case is no exception. Doctors are doing the same thing everywhere.

In this case the responsibility was no more on this doctor as a citizen of his community than it was on every other citizen. The doctor pays his city, county, state and federal taxes, and is charged by his state a special tax of \$25 per year for the "privilege" of practicing medicine. The burden is a community burden and in this one case this doctor paid, in services and expense, the equivalent of \$300 tax, over and above all the other taxes which the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker had to pay. And he paid a special tax of \$25 per year for the privilege of doing it.

Today the doctor called ten miles in the country to see a deserving, but poor patient, will usually go, (doctors are human and there are

some who would not go) but first he must drive by the filling station to get gas for his automobile. This he pays for in cash. Then he remembers that his medicine case needs filling, (for this is ten miles in the country) so he drives by the drug store, and some way even drug supply houses have a habit of insisting that drugs be paid for. Finally after taking two or three dollars in cash out of his pocket he goes to his patient. He returns with a clear conscience but wonders where he will get the price of a beefsteak and a loaf of bread to carry home for his supper.

There were very few of these five or six thousand persons who died unattended in this state in one year who could not have got medical aid in some manner. There is no spot in the state where you, who read this, could not have very soon got medical aid had your child, your wife or husband, or your parent been sick unto death. "Where there is a will there is a way" and YOU would have found a way.

The responsibility is yours and mine to see that unattended deaths do not occur. As the matter now stands, the charity of the medical profession, (freely offered to the needy individual, but NOT to the well-to-do city, county or state) may have to be accepted. As soon as arrangements can be made, the burden should be distributed to the shoulders of those whose duty it is to bear it. The county hospital is one plan advocated by many, and is a plan which deserves the most serious consideration.

The following table is appended

purely as a statement of facts. There is no intent to make comparisons and no need of further comment.

(1) Number of physicians; (2) total deaths, and (3) number of deaths unattended.

	(1)	(2)	(3)			
Alamance	30	400	26	Granville	12	303
Alexander	5	98	19	Greene	6	176
Alleghany	8	60	18	Guilford	90	1,176
Anson	13	330	95	Halifax	24	580
Ashe	15	140	69	Harnett	18	327
Avery	5	64	22	Haywood	16	221
Beaufort	22	521	92	Henderson	18	217
Bertie	13	338	121	Hertford	10	241
Bladen	7	248	122	Hoke	7	185
Brunswick	2	196	57	Hyde	5	98
Buncombe	112	1,311	80	Iredell	26	456
Burke	19	375	61	Jackson	8	132
Cabarrus	24	393	24	Johnston	25	580
Caldwell	13	214	46	Jones	4	97
Camden	4	58	9	Lee	14	201
Carteret	12	164	16	Lenoir	25	423
Caswell	5	164	38	Lincoln	14	184
Catawba	20	358	44	Macon	7	161
Chatham	13	268	50	Madison	14	210
Cherokee	14	131	29	Martin	11	279
Chowan	4	130	32	McDowell	8	176
Clay	3	48	13	Mecklenburg ..	111	1,195
Cleveland	23	392	51	Mitchell	10	99
Columbus	15	389	129	Montgomery ..	10	132
Craven	23	435	87	Moore	25	219
Cumberland	24	510	45	Nash	33	619
Currituck	4	86	18	New Hanover ..	37	698
Dare	3	43	20	Northampton ..	11	247
Davidson	21	438	51	Onslow	7	190
Davie	7	150	24	Orange	17	216
Duplin	13	372	71	Pamlico	3	96
Durham	44	791	20	Pasquotank ...	13	284
Edgecombe	14	545	75	Pender	4	210
Forsyth	77	1,388	168	Perquimans ...	4	141
Franklin	9	337	41	Person	9	235
Gaston	44	683	59	Pitt	34	614
Gates	3	97	45	Polk	7	93
Graham	3	29	11	Randolph	19	367
				Richmond	21	342
				Robeson	29	619
				Rockingham ...	23	479
				Rowan	37	484
				Rutherford ...	19	406
				Sampson	18	430
				Scotland	12	214
						49

Stanly	17	283	58	Warren	10	290	61
Stokes	14	215	34	Washington ...	9	151	52
Surry	30	320	50	Watauga	11	129	65
Swain	9	128	33	Wayne	39	674	70
Transylvania .	9	72	15	Wilkes	14	360	125
Tyrrell	1	67	23	Wilson	36	591	145
Union	23	373	45	Yadkin	8	154	24
Vance	16	333	57	Yancey	8	105	24
Wake	81	1,243	107	Totals ..	1,900	33,234	5,515

WHICH ARE YOU?

The bones in the body
 Are two hundred or more;
 But for sorting our people
 We need only four.

WISHE-BONE PEOPLE:

They hope for, they long for,
 They wish for and sigh;
 They want things to come, but
 Aren't willing to try.

FUNNY-BONE PEOPLE:

They laugh, grin, and giggle,
 Smile, twinkle the eye;
 If work is a joke, sure,
 They'll give it a try.

JAW-BONE PEOPLE:

They scold, jaw, and splutter,
 They froth, rave, and cry;
 They're long on the talk, but
 They're short on the try.

BACK-BONE PEOPLE:

They strike from the shoulder,
 They never say die;
 They're winners in life, for
 They know how to try.

—Barney Coan, in Port Sunlight News.

THE GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD LAW.

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

We all know better than we do. If any doubt that, just ask your husbands or wives.

Doing well by ourselves is the law of earth; doing well by others is the law of Heaven. Who keeps only the first law will develop like a tiger. Who keeps the second law will grow a soul like Christ's. "In God We Trust" is read more often from the face of silver dollars than from our conduct. ...

A good neighborhood is founded on the Golden Rule. It is the highest possible statement of correct living. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," is the end of the matter of getting along with people, either in our homes, our neighborhoods, or other nations.

Do you know that every religion has a Golden Rule somewhat similar to ours?

The Hindoos: "Avoid everything calculated to injure others."

The Chinese: "He who strives to treat others as he would be treated by them will not fail to come near to the perfect life."

The Greeks: "He commits injustice who is always more unhappy than he who suffers it."

The Romans: "Let not another's guilt make you sin."

The Jews: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy self."

David Harum said, "Do others as they do you, only do them first." That is, not Christian. It is a wise observation based on how so many people act.

All men desire honor. I know that is only one-way to get it. Be kind. If you treat your children like dogs they will snap at you. Love them and throw kindness about them, and they will return your caress with large interest.

Neighborhoods can be set on edge by just some unkind or selfish action, and it will take years to change the atmosphere of hatred. Give me to live in the place where men treat me as they desire to be treated, and I will settle there and stay.

All men desire honor. I know that is true. I admit it for every one else, and include myself. Honor is simply being well thought of for our sincerity. Honor others and they will honor you. The larceny is stealing from others the honor that is due them. If your soul turns green at the honor that comes to another, you belong still in the cradle. Your mind is unorganized pulp.

All men desire love. Love is a bread that one casts upon the waters of life, and the tides bring it back to him. I often think of life as a valley of echoes which repeats to us again that which we speak forth. Then who sends out love will have his ears filled again with the echoed melody.

No soul is so faint that it cannot send out Love, and Honor and Kindness. These will kindle true flames in others, and we will be re-warmed as the same things are brought back

to us. follow in His steps only when we
 Jesus said the final word when do it.
 He gave us the Golden Rule. We

WHEN JENNY LIND SAW NIAGARA.

A piece of verse by Elizabeth Phelps Stuart Ward records an incident which happened when Jenny Lind, the sweet singer, was visiting America.

After the Swedish nightingale had won the hearts of a vast public, and not only praise for the singer but friendship for the noble woman had grown strong among the Americans, it was asked: "How honor her? By what fair sight or way? Show her Niagara on a rainbow day."

So she was shown among a curious multitude approaching this marvel of marvels—the voice of the waters, the voice of the woman, meeting, as it were, in happy praise of God. She gazed awe-struck, and then sank on her knees in prayer. The people prayed with her, moved by her example and the majestic splendor of nature to worship the Infinite, and no doubt for many a day thereafter those who saw the world-famous singer thought of God and of Jenny Lind kneeling humbly there.—Selected.

CAN'T FOLLOW THE HOUNDS.

By D. D. Dougherty.

To the Editor:

For many years a respectable colored man has occasionally been seen on the street riding a small horse and followed by some faithful hounds. This colored man, Boone Coffey by name, has always been highly respected by all who knew him. His home is on the Blue Ridge in the Blowing Rock section. A neighbor tells me this little story when I asked him about Boone Coffey.

He told me that Boone had sold his little place where he has lived all these years remote from any colored neighbor, for the sum of \$1,600. He is to live on the place the remainder of his natural life. He never married and has, since the death of his moth-

er, lived alone. He now has a colored boy with him. This boy takes Boone on his little horse out on some high ridge and leaves him. The boy then takes the five faithful hounds and searches for red fox. The man told me that a fox seldom escapes and that he had gotten several this season. This neighbor added in a pathetic way to this little incident, "Boone, now nearly eighty years old, sits hour after hour on some high peak and cries because he can not longer follow the hounds."

There are many, on account of age, sickness, and other things who cannot follow longer their loved occupation.
 Boone, N. C.

FOR BIGGER AND BETTER LIVES.

By Uthai Vincent Wilcox, In *Holland's Magazine*.

Perhaps some psychologist will say that the reason that John Brown has founded a college where the first requirement for entrance is extreme poverty is because, when he was passing through the impressionable years, he was denied educational advantages. He had to work twelve hours a day (for seventy-five cents) in the back-frying sun of an Arkansas limekiln. Also, it may be that in the day when psychologists will be able to guide us through the anfractuosity of the mind, they will say that, as his name was John Brown, it was inevitable that he should appeal to the million whose lot in life is so often described by such unornamented appellation.

John Brown having been lifted from the monotony and heat of the lime-kilns by the base drum of a wandering Salvation Army captian, later becoming an evangelist on his own account, might be well expected to stick tenaciously to certain religious fundamentals when laying out the work of an educational institution. Thus do we glimpse the effect of early environment.

The John E. Brown College ("E" stands for Elward, later discovered to help make the first and last cognomens slightly distinctive), at Siloam Springs, Arkansas, now in its fifth year, appeals only to those who are "broke." If, after investigation it is found that they have no way of obtaining an education at any other institution, because of lack of money, they are then safely

past the first and chief barrier admitting them. After matriculation, it is required that they work four hours of each day at some trade. The trade chosen is the one best adapted by inclination and previous life.

Pay by Work

Thus John Brown claims that he is operating the only wholly-pay-by-work college in America. There are other institutions of learning that teach the trades—they undoubtedly have more expensive equipment. There are other colleges where students have to do a certain amount of work. There are other schools where there is little or no tuition expected or demanded, but the John E. Brown College makes the combination of requiring the learning of gainful trades by those who attend, whether they are young or old, who have previously been unable to get ahead financially, or who have no moneyed friends to help them. This school is for the down-and-outer to salvage him and put him in the way of being prosperous financially and otherwise.

The college has an enrollment this year of three hundred, not a one of whom pays a single cent in money for his education, nor can they pay a cent. There were some five thousand others who were denied admission because they did have money or friends who could help them, or because the college facilities were unable to care for them.

To understand the story of this

college, is necessary to know John Brown, who is now an evangelist interdenominational and nonsectarian operating through a federation of Christian workers. John Brown is something more than two very common names in the broad sections of the South and the West. He has come to be a most successful conductor of evangelistic services, working in cooperation with the local churches. He is successful in adding many names to the church books. He is successful financially, for those who work with him as well as for himself. At one time he attracted some attention as the youngest college president in America when he connected with the Scarritt College founded by the Kansas family of that name to give the children of the Middle Western hill country educational advantages. You see, somewhere along the route, Brown acquired various degrees and titles, but he prefers not to use them. He'd rather be just "Brother Brown."

The Equipment Counts—Count It

Having a dream that recurred to intrigue his slumbers, of a college for the poor, he showed his sincerity by contributing his property worth at least \$60,000 toward a plan for a wholly-pay-by-work school. This was six years ago. To-day this institution has a six-hundred acre farm, sixty head of Jersey cattle, eighteen head of horses and mules, farm machinery of various kinds, such as thresher, binders, tractors. There are gardens and poultry yards, Poland China hogs, and other fancy-named articles. There is a well-equipped printing plant with four

linotypes, several cylinder presses and all that make a modern publishing outfit. There are other industries, such a blacksmith shop and garage, plumbing, carpenter, and electric shops. There is a brush-making department, basket making, sewing rooms, and canning factories. There is a general department store, a lumber yard, and a successfully operated hotel.

John Brown has gone about the task of making a wholly-pay-by-work college, a self-supporting institution. Business men, bankers, and educators have said that it couldn't be done. Brown does not say that it can, but only that each year finds him nearer the ideal.

In reaching for his goal, he has put his educational institution on an eight-hour basis. The school gets up at 5:45. There is breakfast at 6:30 and then there are classes from seven until 11:30 for those who work in the afternoon. For those who work in the morning, there are classes in the afternoon. It is a two-a-day affair for the teachers. Four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon give the eight hours for the industries that make attractive time sheets for the garage, for the printing plant, and the other trades that cater to the general public.

To Carry the Ideals with Them

Brown himself put it this way: "While our students are being educated from books—and we set the highest possible standards intellectually—they are being trained in hand, so that when they graduate they will graduate as successful farmers, stock raisers, journalists, lino-

type operators, pressmen, automobile mechanics, electricians, plumbers, bricklayers, home-makers, and so forth. Pouring out into these various trades, they will carry with them the highest ideals of living for God, respect for the church, and devotion to their country."

Brown believes in his country and in the success-if-you-work ideal, even if he does admit that circumstances are sometimes mighty obstinate, routs Ill Luck.

Brown, being an evangelist by trade and profession, believes that a good Christian should be a good citizen and contribute something to the prosperity of his country. He further believes with Secretary of Labor Davis that ninety per cent. of the young people in our colleges and universities are training for white-collar jobs, and that there is a place for only ten per cent. of these. He quotes Davis to this effect and adds: "In the main, our educational work seems to be to educate our young life away from—rather than back to—constructive toil."

Speaking apparently with the easy freedom that characterizes politician, pulpit orator, and reformer, he goes on: "Already the world is cursed with an overcup of parasites, and unless there is a place for these added tens of thousands who are being educated for so-called professions, inevitably so, multitudes of them will become drifters, leaners, failure.

For those who are called to the professions, let them have whatever honor the professions bestow, but after all, the foundation stone—yes, the very foundation of the republic—rests back in the minds and hearts

and hands of those who pass into the 'aristocracy of hard labor.' In the professions men are starving to death. In the trades there is often a dearth in the matter of efficient help, and too often the leadership is wrong—often anti-church, anti-God, unpatriotic, and, in a most radical sense, un-American.

Do We Train Them for Idleness?

If half of our schools were wiped out to-day and half the students enrolled in colleges and universities could be sent back to the farm, or back to productive toil, the nation would gain and gain tremendously. When we take our young people and keep them in the school room for eight or ten years in the formation period of their lives, denying them the privileges of systematic, continuous, constructive labor, we have trained them in eight or ten years of idleness. Our young people are creatures of habit, and if in the formative period of their lives they are not trained in some department of constructive labor, the chances are that but few of them will ever have the courage, stamina, and desire to throw off their coats and intelligently get under the load that humanity is compelled to carry."

These are the words of Evangelist Brown, but the acts are the acts of a practical man suiting the material sent him to the need as he sees it. With cost systems evolved by the ultra-professional efficiency engineer—a whitest of white-collar man,—he has founded and keeps running a college where a hearty farm worker's meal—not cafeteria-helped—costs on the average of nine cents; where student salesmen scour the countryside

looking for prospects for popular-priced cars and tractors, where school dormitories are turned over for summer-resort purposes and advertised with the slogan, "A Christian summer resort without puritanism."

Evangelist Brown, Business Man Brown, and Dreamer Brown, all have their innings when it comes to the conduct of the John E. Brown College. Evangelist Brown holds aloft the value of regular Christian exercises conducted for all students, Bible teaching in the traditional way, and a desire to make all students Christians. There is, however, this four-wheel brake, when he says, "We want it definitely understood that we will not try to force Christianity upon any student, and that extremes in the matter of radicalism and fanaticism—religiously—will be barred."

All Things in Common

Now Evangelist Brown sliding easily over into the character of Business Man Brown, helps to support the college by very real money donations while he is on his evangelistic campaigns. He himself continues to contribute heartily. He interests those who have money to turn it into the school for buildings and equipments. He knows the cost of each student educated. "Beyond the productive labor of the students, it costs us," so says Business Man Brown, "to carry a student through this school for one year. The cost per student has been reduced until today one hundred dollars will take care of a scholarship. This means that each student is making a contribution to his upkeep and education sufficiently large that one hundred

dollars cash will finish paying the actual cost of his board and tuition." In all fairness, it must be admitted that those who contribute are buying with their one hundred dollars a large bundle of practical and theoretical education for the students who go to the John E. Brown College.

As Dreamer Brown, he does his best to make social equals of all the down-but-not-outers who enter. There is a sort of communistic system that by fiat, as well by example, promotes the all-things-in-common, equality-for-all ideal. Of such is Inter-Mural Day, that comes once a month, when faculty and instructors take over the work of the students in shop and farm and kitchen while they one and all have a good time. There is the regulation that prohibits fraternities and the arrangement through the business office that makes it impossible for any student to have more spending money than another. (All overtime work is paid for extra, giving a chance to leave the institution with money in hand.) The girls make their own clothes, but must wear a uniform that eliminates social distinctions—the sort that go along with what you wear. The men are given a chance every other Sunday to invade the kitchens and try their hands in cooking, waiting tables, and washing dishes. As reported on a girl's page of their monthly magazine:

Did you ever see real, husky fellows enjoy working in the kitchen! Maybe not, but some of ours actually beg to be allowed to work. It is the truth. They are very desirous of making success of their meals, and in fact, always do. They "com

pose" menus which would make a perfectly respectable and sober horse double up in mirth, if he could not get wind of some of the items thereon, but all of the food is cooked and seasoned as it should be. Things are usually so good that we eat until we're sorter cross-eyed, or almost. Yes, girls know how to handle a frying pan, but give the J. E. B. C. boys a half a chance, and—

Now Making Fifty Dollars a Week

The graduates of this school in the Ozarks learn to fit themselves more successfully into the ways they tackle it, judging by the letters and the work that they do. The college, having a well-nigh perfect follow-up system that wishes them success and sends them the school's magazine (one dollar a year, cash in advance, please) asks for contributions to assist other students to learn "as you have learned."

It is a paying proposition this follow-up. One young man wrote in: "I am making considerably over fifty dollars a week here. You taught me the value of tithing, and I decided to send five dollars a week to my home church and then I thought that it would be better to divide it between the church and the college. I am truly prospering." This is fairly typical, for this young man learned the printing trade while working his four hours a day. He had absolutely no knowledge of the work before attending the college.

John Brown, interested in young folks—interested in all people who want to live better and brighter lives and get ahead in the world—having found his college at Siloam Springs an institution that justified his

dreams, discovered that it was all right to say that he would admit only those who were "broke," but what about those who could afford to pay? There were many asking him such questions who had the money in the bank and certified checks, who wanted the brand of education fostered by Brown and his associates. It is hard to deny money offered by well-to-do farmers and those who want their young people to learn "how to work" and who believe Secretary of Labor Davis and others concerning the stacked cards against the man who goes into the professions.

Brown found it easier to enlarge his experiment. So last fall there opened at Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, the John Brown University. It sprang fully formed and ready to go on the same general pattern as the college, except that tuition is charged. The faculty standing was such that immigration authorities were instructed to accredit it for foreign students who came.

Two hours a day at the trades are demanded of all, but otherwise the same restrictions that include no intercollegiate athletics, are the same as found at the college. Interclass contests are permitted and intercollegiate debates fostered. Recreational development encouraged by tennis, baseball football, and horse back riding.

Sulphur Springs though not far from Siloam, is summer-resort city. It was purchased by Brown and the buildings adapted for school work. These same buildings serve for the "Christian summer resort that is without jazz," to quote from the lit-

erature. A great Bible conference is held each summer for evangelists, singers, and Christian workers. These undoubtedly are able to attract a large and paying patronage. Their word-of-mouth advertising contributes in no small degree to the success of the summer-resort idea that has thus so far helped to finance these schools.

Thus Arkansas steps into the spotlight with these experiments. A wholly-pay-by-work college that honestly endeavors to give collegiate training in the arts, the science, in music as well as in a large number of trades. The effort to help students prepare themselves to make their way in the world should obtain a large moral support.

SETTIN' ON DE FENSE.

Honey, see dat jay-bird dere,

Settin' on de fense?

First he look dis way, den dat,

Like he ain't go no sense.

Flap his wings an' crane his neck—

Ain't no use to try

Figurin' from de way he acks

Where he's gwine to fly.

Lookit how dat squirrel's perched

On dat top-most rail.

See him, how he turn his head,

How he flip his tail?

Watch him close as you can watch,

Den you ain't begun

Findin' out which way he's gwine

When he stars to run!

Settin' on de fense muh boy,

Wonderin' what to do,

Ain't gwine bring no bacon home,

No, suh! Not fo' you.

Know yo' mind an' go ahaid;

Do de very best you can—

Dat's de way you proves yo'self,

An' shows yo'self a man!—Selected.

THE STORY OF THE BATH.

Mr. Lewis W. Britton, associate editor of the Domestic Engineering Publications of Chicago, recently prepared for the New York State Department of Health "The Story of the Bath," which relates in semi-humorous vein the history of bathing from early times to the present.

"This is not a bedtime story," said Dr. Britton. "It is a bathtime story. Do you ever think, as you slip gracefully on the soap, that the history of your bathtub reaches back into the days before people had soap on which to slip? There are, of course, stories of the bath that aren't true. I refer to the stories young boys tell of baths they take when not under a watchful eye.

"When Egypt wore the crown of civilization, the Egyptians were frequent bathers; when Greece was the glory of the world, her bathing was the glory of the Greeks; when all roads led to Rome, all feet led to the Roman baths.

"In Japan where everybody takes a bath a day and apologizes for not taking two, progress moves at a swift pace. In Russia, where millions of people get only three baths in their whole lives—one after they are born, one before they are married, and one after they die—there is stagnation, poverty, misery.

"So far as we know, the first bathroom was in the city of Cnossos, on the island of Crete, four thousand years ago. The ruins of a much later model, dating back only twenty-five hundred years, have been found in Tirgus, which is in Greece.

"The Greeks were the first to use bath tubs, though the tubs they used

were not tubs at all. They were bowls—overgrown punch bowls, you might say, which rested upon pedestals three feet high. They were large enough to hold the water for a bath, but not large enough to hold the bather. The bather stood on a stone slab, dipped water from a bowl and poured it over his body. The Greeks regarded warm water as weakening—'effeminate' I think they called it—and so they took their baths cold.

"Among other things, Moses taught hygiene, sanitation and the fine art of living. He knew that to keep clean is to prevent disease, and to prevent disease is to build a strong race of people.

"The Roman bath was called Therma, meaning heat, from which we get thermos—thermos bottle. The Thermas did not have canned music, electric lights nor ash trays, but in magnificence, they outshone any club of this year of peace and plenty.

"Rome knew only two classes of people—the washed and the unwashed. And then, as now, the unwashed were crowded beyond the pale of polite society.

"The largest Therma covered a square mile of ground. The huge Diocletian could take care of thirty-two hundred bathers at one time, while the Caracalla, the finest of them all, had room for half as many. Besides hot and cold baths, the Thermas were provided with perspiring rooms, dressing rooms, swimming pools, athletic fields, gymnasiums, lecture halls, and places for rest, refreshment and conversation. And there were Thermas for women as well as for men.

“In those public baths the Romans exercised, kept their bodies clean, stimulated the circulation of their blood, rested, enjoyed the companionship of their fellows and fed their souls with beautiful carvings of ancient sculptors—all for one quadrans, which in Uncle Sam’s money, would be one-fourth of one cent.

“For six hundred years, so Pliny, the historian, says, Rome used no medicines but her baths.

“A real Roman cleansing consisted of a sweat, a scrape and a shower. Or, as the invention of the shower was yet to be, perhaps ‘pouring’ is a better word. That is, after a sweat and scrape, water was poured over the body until it was washed clean. Then came a message or rubdown, followed by a good rest. Thus from Rome, by the way of Turkey, arrived the Turkish bath, which finally reached America in 1865.

“A clean nation is a progressive nation and a progressive nation is a rulin nation. But alas, alack, the thirst for power—the spirit of conquest reaching out and out for more and more—and Rome crumbled, and progress crumbled with her. And the world went to sleep and slept for a thousand years, or to say it in another way, a thousand years without a bath.

“A thousand years without a bath. Surely those were Dark Ages—dark with dirt. But wait:

“The Order of the Bath, from whence emerged the Knights of the Bath, was a little pleantry set agoing my Henry the Fourth of England in the year thirteen hundred ninety-nine. But was it a pleantry? One can never tell about an Englishman. Henry may have been

serious. He lived in a serious time, and serious times make serious people. Europe was beginning to run its eyes and creep out of the filth of ten mouly centuries. Perhaps King Henry thought it time to wash up, which is to wake up.

“In days of old, the knights were bold,” so the poet wrote—but not bold enough to take a bath. Henry knew this. He knew that a knight shied at water like an elephant shies at a mouse. Hence the Order of the Bath.

“Candidates for this order were selected by the King. But, before a candidate could be initiated, he must take a bath. Ah! there was the rub!

“Having been led into the bath, and having survived the shock, the knight became a shining example to others, who though less favored were equally in need of water.

“More than three thousand years after Moses went up into the mountain and forgot to come back, another teacher, John Wesley, the first Methodist, was riding along a road in England when he came to the dirty little village of Burslem.

“It so happened that in Burslem there lived a poor, lame potter by the name of Josiah Wedgwood. This potter was to become the richest man in England, who up to that time had made his own fortune; also, he was to become the grandfather of Charles Darwin, the world’s greatest scientist.

“Now Wedgwood was a worker who mixed much teaching with his work. John Wesley drew rein as he saw Wedgwood trying to teach his potters the lesson Moses had tried to teach—that keeping clean increased

health, which increases energy, which increases efficiency. And there, sitting on his horse, and seeing what he saw, Wesley spoke for the first time the now famous phrase: 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.'

"And Wedgwood looked up, smiled and added: 'Yes and sometimes it is next to impossible.'

"Great as we are, and smart as we are, we Americans have not moved so fast, sanitarily speaking. It is only a hundred years since the first pumping station in this country started to pump. Chicago was our

first city to have a real sewerage system, and that was not until 1855. We had no public baths until 1891. Even today some families think so little of their bath tubs that they use them for coal or vegetable bins.

"The science of living, or sanitation—they mean the same—has to do with heat, light, water, cleanliness and ventilation. And these have to do with five most important things of life—comfort, health, ambition, efficiency, happiness. Where sanitation is a stranger, sickness is a constant guest."

WITH A CAPITAL "S."

"Florida Society Chuckles Over Snub" reads the headline. It is a type of newspaper story that requires no effort to believe. It is so like Society! There is honor among thieves, there is charity among the poor, there is sincerity among plain folk, but Society has never claimed, has never been credited with even the elementary social virtues. There is nothing social about Society—it is anti-social as regards itself, and it represents the anti-social elements with reference to human society at large. Society is not a coterie of congenial souls; nor the natural assembly of the cultured; it is not the meeting-place of kindred tastes, purposes or principles. It is not in any sense social. It is full of jealousy, dislike, resentment, vicious antagonisms, insincerity, vulgar ostentation and nervous apprehension. Of course Society will chuckle over a snub!—if someone else has courage enough to administer it. Those with courage enough to administer snubs for cause are not found in Society.

There is need for a new name for that crowd which meets around in one corner of the town and calls itself society with a capital "S." It is not society.—Dearborn Independent.

“YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.”

By Dr. J. W. Holland.

A troubled mother writes me, “How can I keep my children away from bad company?” “How can I get them interested in staying home nights?”

In the first place, it is impossible to keep a normal child away from contact with evil. Children have to grow their characters as did their parents. We are born innocent, but we all fall, and have to achieve our characters. Children have to see evil in order to hate it and choose the good.

The fact is, this is a dangerous world to live in, anyhow. Physical perils lurk on every hand.

The souls of children are the same. Deadly perils lurk within them and their companions. Our only protection is in filling them with Good. We can set before them a Christian example: keep a happy outlook; give wise advice; be pals with our children; put into their minds the warnings of the Word of God; these, plus the fortification of the soul by prayer, are our chief helps.

We may surround our children with the best influences, and even then there are some things they will do about which they will not tell us, just as we did when we were young. Above all, we should not nag and scold our children for choosing companions that are inferior, but keep such ideals before them that will make them naturally shun that which is evil. We should let our boys and

girls know our prayers follow them.

The other question needs almost the same answer. Most parents are lonesome nowadays. I feel sorry for the children as well as the parents. We have given them so many attractive things; so many places to go; automobiles to take them quickly; it hardly becomes us to blame them for wanting to go. Young people like young people. Our only hope is in keeping young ourselves.

I suppose we will have to allow our children liberty earlier than our parents allowed us. That is hard to do, for so many fine souls go down into the filth of things. I sailed the ocean once in a steel ship. But I noticed that the decks were lined with life-preservers and life boats. Any boat can sink; any soul can sin. Our best hope as parents is in making home just as attractive as possible. If we do that, though our children may seek the companionship of other young people outside the home, they will be ruled eventually in their choice by the love, prayers and guidance of the Old Home Nest.

Let us never forget that we who are worrying about our children were once the cause of anxiety to another set of fathers and mothers.

The Bible says, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”

I believe it. Let us do our best and leave the result to God.

A recent estimate places the cost of the World War, in money alone, at eighty billion dollars.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow

James Gillispie and Louie Pait former boys at the institution were visitors here last week.

Mr. Groover's shoe shop boys have been kept pretty busy mending shoes during the past week.

The barn force has been kept very busy during the past week, hauling sand, coal, stone and gravel.

A number of boys unloaded a carload of coal during the past few days.

Elwyn Greene a member of the eleventh cottage, received his parole last week.

The officers of most of the cottages took their boys for a walk last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Poole taught Mr. Simpson's room during his absence last Tuesday morning.

The barn boys have strewn the lawn with manure. This will help the grass to grow, very much.

The incubators were again set with about 850 eggs. We hope that most of these turn out to be fine chicks soon.

David Fountain, member of the tenth cottage, who was permitted to spend a few days at his home in Tarboro, returned to the institution last week.

Prof. Crook's Sunday School class went to the second cottage last Sunday morning and heard the Sunday's service broadcasted from a radio station in Charlotte.

Last Wednesday was a bad and rainy day but the following boys received a visit from their parents or relatives, Lee McBride, J. C. Gilbert, Ralph Hollars and Roscoe Grogan.

The following seven boys, Donald Pate, Russell Bowden, Hurley Way, Joe Carroll, David Williams, Mike Mahoney and Albert Johnson were promoted to Mr. Johnson's evening section last week.

Mr. Carriker and the shop boys placed a rail around the three trees at the school building, to keep the boys, when they would come out for recess, packing the dirt around them.

As there was no basket ball game scheduled last Saturday afternoon, the boys chose their teams and began to play the game between themselves. Some of the boys watched the game, while others played soccer, shot marbles and many other interesting games to amuse themselves.

The boys had a very interesting Sunday School lesson last Sunday. The lesson was taken from the book of John, the subject of the lesson was: Jesus Heals and Saves a Blind Man." The Golden Text was: "I am the light of the world: he that

followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Mr. Grier dynamited the rock that was partly in the way of the new road near the school building last week. Mr. Simpson's and Mr. Johnson's rooms removed most of the rock out of the way. Now Mr Grier and Mr. White have the barn boys hauling mixed sand and gravel to finish the road. When they get through we will have a good road from the tenth cottage to the gate near the Administration building.

Not long ago, Dr. Frank Wesley, of Atlanta, Georgia, visited the institution, and as he was leaving he told some of the officials at the school, that as soon as he reached his home town he would send some samples to the institution to be distributed to the officers and matrons. The package arrived the other day, and the samples have been distributed to the different officers and matrons. Each box contained a small cake of soap, a tube of tooth paste. The men's boxes contained shaving soap, while the ladies box contained cold cream. This is a product of the Colgate & Co. We certainly thank him in behalf of all the officers and matrons. But Dr. Wesley did not stop at that, for he also sent toothpaste for all the boys at the institution which has not, yet, been distributed among them, but will at an early date. We certainly do thank Dr. Wesley for his generous gift.

Rev. W. C. Lyerly, pastor of the

Reformed Church, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He selected for his Scripture reading the fourth chapter of James. He took his text from the fourteenth verse which reads: "Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." He then told the boys that you can't value a man's life by his wealth and how much salary he makes. One of his illustrations was: "Once a man and a minister was standing upon a hill looking over the fertile fields and at the large buildings not far away. The man who accompanied the minister said: 'see those mills yonder in the distance? They belong to me.' The minister who had been listening to the man boast of his wealth said: 'hold on they do not belong to you.' The man that had been talking before the minister said: 'What!' 'They do not belong to me!' 'Why I have my papers to show that—.' The minister continued to say: 'where will you be fifty years from today?' The man knew well that he would be dead even before the fifty years would elapse. The minister then told the man that: 'those buildings, mills and fields do not belong to you but to God.' So you can't value the life of a man or by the wealth he has nor by the salary that he is worth. This question is still asked: "For what is your life?" Rev. Lyerly's sermon was interesting. It was enjoyed by all that were present.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE HILL BEFORE US.

The Hill, tho' high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way of life lies here;
Come, pluck up, Heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, tho' difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

—John Bunyan.

PRACTICING TRUE AMERICANISM.

The other day, at Syracuse, New York, the probated will of a veteran of the War Between the States, on the Northern side, revealed the fact that a wealthy gentleman, after providing for certain bequests, authorized the payment of the residue of his estate to the Daughters of the Confederacy for the purpose of perpetuating the memories of Lee, Gordon and others, shining lights in the firmament of the Confederacy.

There was no malice in the heart of this great soldier, who felt as all patriotic citizens must feel that it is no crime, but rather an honor, to sustain the contentions of one's country, even to offering up his life. The Uplift is proud to make note of this generous act of love and esteem.

About the same time this unique will was being made public, another com-

mendable act was being performed. It was at Wilmington, N. C., where a veteran of the same war, and a Union soldier, had fallen upon death. He had lived in the community for some time; he was unfortunate; he was poverty stricken and went down to his death with no relative in sight or within reach. In such cases, in all sections, the practice is for the local government to provide for the burial, and that is in the potter's field. Not so, in this case.

The local Circle of King's Daughters, whose moving spirit is to do good to one's fellows, all In His Name, came forward and changed the usual order of disposing of a penniless stranger in death. They gave the dead Federal Soldier an orderly burial and that in a spot, their own, in cemetery, and that spot is unadorned by such shocking title as the Potter's Field.

Little by little we are all learning what is true Americanism and that we "are our brother's keeper."

* * * * *

LITTLE BEN COOK.

During the existence of the Jackson Training School there have been no deaths among the student body, except when influenza made its ruthless swing through the institution several years ago. We had a death last week. Master Ben Cook, of Pamlico county, made a brave little fight, but death overcame him. He was given a fitting burial in a cemetery near the institution.

Elsewhere in this number is the story of the sad event, written by Miss Vernie Goodman, a most valuable attache of the institution, and one who atea a little sister with all the boys when trouble comes to them, and whose influence upon all, in their joys, their studies, their plays, their school work and their Sunday programs, is beautifully effective.

This is the first funeral ever held at the institution, and the boys were visibly affected by the passing of their little comrade, as were we all.

* * * * *

DR. HARRY CHASE HAS ANOTHER CALL.

Dr. H. W. Chase, president of the University of North Carolina, has been out on the Pacific coast investigating the tender of the presidency of the University of Oregon. It is said to be a tempting offer. There is some little excitement over the publication of this news. In certain quarters a pessimistic view of the results to our university is being voiced should Dr. Chase ac-

cept this call and leave the North Carolina institution. The Charlotte Observer does not fully subscribe to this fear. It is so level-headed as to give utterance to the belief that should this vacancy occur that the University of North Carolina will not be wrecked. That position seems sound. No institution depends on any one man for continued life and prosperity. The vision and constructive ability of Dr. Graham, whose untimely death was deplored by the entire state, simply blossomed out in its fullness under the direction of his successor, Dr. Chase. The university did not become wrecked at Dr. Graham's passing; and it will not be wrecked should Dr. Chase accept the larger position with a larger remuneration.

Tom Bost reports, in the Greensboro News, Mr. W. N. Everett, Secretary of the State, as follows:

"Mr. Everett will advise the committee to raise the salary of Dr. Chase if it is necessary to do this to retain him as president of the University of North Carolina, as he was recently offered the presidency of the University of Oregon at salary understood to be far in excess of that he now receives at the University of North Carolina.

Dr. Chase's present salary is \$8,500, according to Mr. Everett. He also receives his house with heat and light from the state. However, he has to do a great deal of entertaining.

A salary of \$10,000 a year or more will be recommended by Mr. Everett. Mr. Everett declares that in his opinion the executive committee has the authority to make the increase.

Loss of Dr. Chase would be almost a death blow to liberalism in North Carolina, according to Mr. Everett, who thinks the present president of the University of North Carolina is needed longer on the firing line against the forces who are seeking to make education in North Carolina conform to certain religious beliefs."

No institution's prosperity and usefulness and fame rests solely on one man. We think so momentarily when death or removal takes away a leader, but only for a time. But, in the face of all this, there is no reason for Dr. Chase's going West unless the enlarged salary attracts him. According to Mr. Everett's statement the Doctor now has a pretty good berth.

* * * * *

THE GOVERNOR APPLAUDED.

The fifteen men of the Asheville mob are now in prison; they are there because the majesty of the law so declares. They stormed the Buncombe county jail, seeking an accused colored man, who had been arrested for the nameless crime. Not finding him, they proceeded to do violence to the property.

A few months since their conviction in the Superior court and now serv-

ing terms in prison, there comes before the governor a petition, six thousand strong, asking Gov. McLean to pardon them. A less regulated man, and without sense of justice and respect for the upholding of the law, would have surrendered before this mighty petition. Gov. McLean is rightly coming in for much deserved praise for his courageous and just stand.

When courts are fearless in meeting out just punishment for the violations of law, and for such terrible conduct as this Buncombe act, and the Chief Executive does not interfere by stepping in with a pardon, without a worthy reason, the public will come to have a greater faith in the efficacy of executed law.

* * * * *

MOST WORTHILY NAMED.

Salisbury's new high school building costing a half million dollars and named for Col. A. H. Boyden, was occupied yesterday for the first time. The school was named for Col. Boyden because he has been for years chairman of the school board and one of the most active workers for education in the Rowan capital. There are twenty-six class rooms on the first and second floors and the third floor is given over to special departments. The library is on the second floor, is 78 feet in length by 32 feet in width and is supplied with all modern library facilities. The building has a tower, the two floors of which above the main structure will be used, one for special activities as may be desired and the other as a radio room.

* * * * *

A POLICY OF CIVILIZATION.

Taking notice of the statement that the families of some of the imprisoned mob that broke down the Buncombe jail face suffering and want, Gov. McLean writes Mayor Cathey, suggesting that he invoke the kindly services of local relief organizations in behalf of such as are in need. Should this appeal fall upon deaf ears, the governor asks to be informed to the end "that I may undertake to aid you in securing whatever outside aid is necessary."

Concluding his letter, Gov. McLean gives utterance to a great principle in these words: "I am sure you will agree with me that society must exercise the same diligence in taking care of the innocent as in the punishment of the guilty."

* * * * *

MARDI-GRAS.

The Mardi-Gras is the festival preceding the first day of Lent, or Ash

Wednesday. Most of the distinctive ceremonies now annually performed in New Orleans were originally introduced by the French population as early as 1827. The day is a legal holiday, and the entire city is for the time ostensibly placed under the control of a king of the carnival, the great "Rex."

The Mardi-Gras is held on Shrove Tuesday (which occurred this year on the Tuesday of this week), a day of pleasure in most of Roman Catholic countries. It is the carnival of the Italians, the Mardi-Gras of the French, and the Pancake Tuesday of former times in England.

Among many people throughout this country the habit is to have pancakes for breakfast on Shrove Tuesday, and others have a bread made in the form of tangle legs. Just what fortune this practice brings them, outside of some good "vittles," The Uplift is not informed.

* * * * *

It matters not whether somebody else is better than I am, or possibly not quite so good. It matters not now so much whether my work was good yesterday, last week, or last year. What should concern me the most is whether I am better than I have been in the past, or whether my work today is better than any previous effort of mine. It matters not so much whether I was not quite successful in meeting my problems yesterday, but rather am I meeting them better today? That is the standard by which my work and efforts will be measured. From day to day am I better?

* * * * *

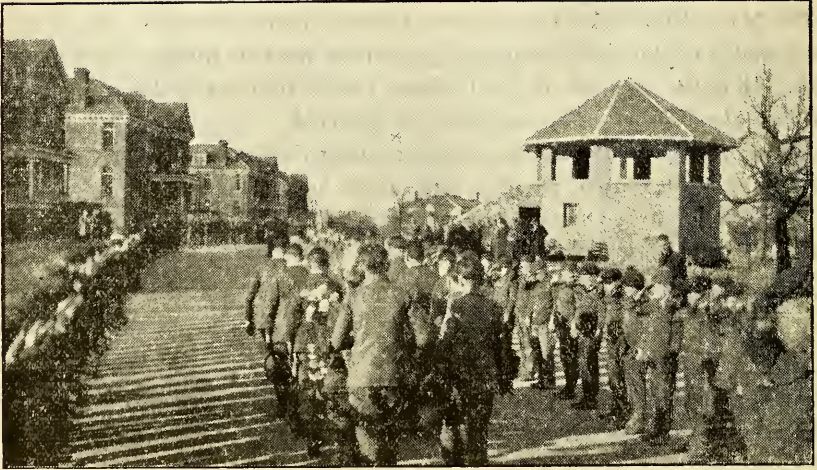
It goes without saying that he who has no girl respect will have no self-respect; the two are bound together in the character bundle of a boy.

* * * * *



“TAPS.”

By Miss Vernie Goodman.



A great square of khaki-clad boys, standing quietly and gravely in double lines, surrounding a plot of level ground. In the center of the plot, a new grave, a carefully fashioned mound covered with fragrant blossoms. On either side of the grave, three boys who had lowered the body of their comrade into this white lined resting place. Near by, an individual group of some thirty boys, with heads bowed and bared in sincere sorrow for the passing of one who had been a member of their particular cottage. And gathered around, groups of kindly faced men and women who turned aside from all duties to pay this last tribute to a lad who for a year and five months had lived under their care and guidance. Standing erect, with the sunshine of the crisp February after-

noon flooding his face as he lifted his cornet, a boy.....playing “Taps.” Clearly the notes sounded, lingered, and died away in a silence that was broken by the voice of a minister as he pronounced a final benediction over all that was mortal of Ben Cook, of Pamlico county. For the first time in its history, Jackson Training School was burying one of its own boys.

Ben Cook was just one of the boys. A rather wistful-eyed, twelve year old youngster, who had learned to go to school, and to church, and to Sunday School, and to attend to his duties as did all of the other boys. A week before, he had become suddenly ill. Medical skill could not save his life, though he was removed to the Concord hospital and everything possible done for him. Circumstances

at his home made it impossible for his relatives to come to him or to have him brought home. During his brief illness, the men with whom he had been associated visited him, offering anything that might contribute to his comfort, and he lacked nothing that human hands might do to save his life. And when he passed away, the flags of the school flew at half-mast, while hundreds of boys, with subdued manner, went about preparation for bringing him home for burial. The funeral service, held on Thursday afternoon of last week, was one that was impressive and ditinctive, and spoke eloquently of the spirit of the school. In the auditorium there were growing plants, and flowers—beautiful lilies, carnations, sweet-peas and hyacinths, sent by the boys themselves, by friends at the school, and by friends from the outside who share with the boys the joys and sorrows that come to them. There was nothing bleak and bare about the place. Only a beautiful quietness and peace. And when the appointed hour arrived, each boy was in his place, to rise instantly as the flower laden casket was borne down the aisle, the school monogram in flowers of glowing red standing out from a blanket of greenery, sweet peas and narcissi. While they were yet standing, a boy stepped to the front of the platform. He, too, was just one of the boys, and Ben Cook had followed his voice often as he led the boys in the recitation of the Scriptures. This time it was the twenty-third psalm that they read, and then every head was bowed as they prayed together the Lord's Prayer. And then another boy came

forward. He was smaller than the boy who led the Scripture, but his demeanor was that of one who is unafraid and who is sure. Without a tremor, his voice as clear and as sweet as on any other occasion, he sang the familiar old hymn of childhood—"I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." No trained choir sang a funeral dirge for Ben Cook, but a chorus of nearly four hundred fresh young voices sang softly the hymns that they knew and loved—"Blessed Assurance" and "Precious Jewels." In the pulpit was Rev. Thomas Higgins, the pastor of the Forest Hill Methodist church of Concord. He too, was not a stranger. Each month he comes to bring a message to the boys, and on Easter Sunday morning he comes with the message of new hope and new joy in a risen Christ. Now he spoke to the boys of necessity of preparation in this life for the life to come, and prayed with them as one who understood.

When the service in the auditorium was concluded, Ben Cook's body was carried through a long column composed of all of the boys at the school, standing at salute. He was followed by boys who carried the flowers, by the minister, the officials of the school, and by the boys who filed silently into place and marched to the cemetery. Had a great man lain in Ben Cook's place, he could have been accorded no greater honor so far as the Jackson Training School was concerned.

And all this is as it should be. There are those who build castles, and they crumble into dust. There are those who dream dreams, and

they vanish in the cold light of the every-day world. But those, who by any chance, are able to plant in the heart of a child a vision of the better and the truer things of this life, and a hope for the life to come, have builded for eternity. Ben Cook rests in peace.



Suppose your father owed a sum of money. And when the time came to pay it he did not have it. Suppose he took you to some strange man and said, "Here is my little boy or girl. Let me have three pounds (\$14.40) and you may keep the child until I come for him." Suppose the man gave your father the money and he went to pay the debt, leaving you to stay with the strange man. Maybe he will be good to you as much as he knows how, but that will not be very good. Suppose years and years passed and your father did not come for you because he had been getting into more debts and perhaps had been taking your brothers and sisters or perhaps even your mother and pawning them. Suppose you remained the slave of that strange man until he had a debt he could not pay and he pawned you to some other man to pay his debt and you did not know just where you would end. This is what happens to hundreds of children in Africa.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A woman's club recently met in Durham and there wasn't a "single" woman at the meeting. See? All married.

A lawyer tried to tell me the other day that many divorces are caused because a man loves his wife too much—so much that he is jealous of her. I don't believe it. The troubles lies in the fact that it is loving his wife's husband too much that makes a wreck out of the average man's home.

I have noticed that an old-fashioned man will worry about a suspender button giving way, but a new-fashioned specimen of the genus homo holds his trousers up with any unreliable old belt and never seems to give a whoop what may happen.

It does look as if the world is going ride crazy. From statistics recently gathered it seems that people would rather ride than talk. An electric company has discovered that there are more than 17,740,236 motor cars in the United States compared with 15,369,454 telephones, or about 100 cars to every 86 phones. But there is such a thing as a person getting along without a telephone.

But speaking of riding and automobiles and such things I am reminded that a clergyman in New York City, caught speeding, was sentenced to preach a sermon on speeding. A Pueblo, Colo., speeder

was ordered to write an article on the "The Sin of Speeding." A Detroit judge sends all speeders convicted to hospitals and morgues to view cripples, or victims of reckless driving. In Miami, Fla., one reckless must spend every Sunday in jail for 10 weeks. An so the hunt for a cure of criminal carelessness on streets and highways continues. The question is, is it incurable?

It is told that a certain woman always made it her business to visit the poor patients in the hospital. On one occasion she approached a much bandaged individual who was sitting up in bed, and after a little preliminary talk she said to him, very sympathetically, "I suppose your wife must miss you a good deal." "No, mum," came the prompt reply, "she's got a wonderful aim for a woman."

I hear it said, how true I do not pretend to say, but it sounds reasonable, that a certain Durham wife dates her letters several days ahead. When asked why she did this she said usually gave them to her husband to mail. How many husbands see the moral in this?

The fellow who keeps ahead of his work and the game of life has some time to spare, while the other fellow, who drags along, is digging himself from under the pile of his slothfulness. It pays well to brush down the cobwebs, clean up and and pep up. If you will work your head as

hard as you try to make people think you do, will make a great deal better showing. It is one of the natural causes of effect that the more you work your head the less you will have to work your hands. But you have to keep going, or else the moss will begin to accumulate on you, or you will be run over. You must keep ahead and out of the way of modern progress. It's action that insures reaction. If you don't clear for action you will get cleaned in action. It is a case, as we lawyers say, when you want to accomplish anything, *si fa capias* issue; which means in other words, "go fetch 'em."

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The color scheme is being worked in every thing these days. It is a fad in dress, with both men and women. Some people go so far with this new craze, that they actually look like crazy quilts walking about. Vari-colored fountain pens and pencils are now in vogue. For years practically all fountain pens were black in color. Recently, however, a new style in color scheme has swept to the front, and now we have pens of red, orange, green and other hues to supplement those of the conventional black color. The only advantage I see in this multiplicity of colors is that they are easy to recognize and hard to lose. However, the good "points" of fountain pens are not in the color.

—

I have three or four umbrellas doing business about Durham, but just where I do not know. They left my employ without rhyme or reason. They are gone but not forgotten. Speaking of umbrellas,

antiquarians say that the umbrella was invented shortly after the flood, and has been least improved upon of all appliances for human comfort; the shape being now as it was in those youthful days of the world. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession—the last one who gets it owns it. I have observed a few things about an umbrella which may be of interest to you, reader. To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage. To carry it at right angles, under your arm, signifies an eye will be punched in the one following. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one, signifies "exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella, indicates that "I am a fool." To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats, signifies "I am a woman." To go without an umbrella in a rain storm is an invitation to Old Rheumatism to help himself and feed on your anatomy. So, the umbrella has its ups and downs in this world like the rest of the folks.

—

Maybe you don't think a honey bee can wreck a Ford. Well, it can. Up on the Haw River-Graham road the other day, a busy honey bee flew into a Ford, and lit on the hand of the driver. He in trying to brush the buzzing visitor aside, let the car swerve, and it collided with another Ford which was on the road at the

same time. Flying glass cut some of the occupants, including a young baby. The busy bee, in improving the shining hour, is not conducive to safety in cutting up shines in a Ford car.

Of all the sad surprises

There's nothing to compare
With stepping in the darkness
On a step that isn't there.

I reckon there were more thoughts on love, and more words spoken on the subject, as well as written and sent last Sunday than any other day since that day one year ago. It was St. Valentine's Day, and that always opens the flood-gates of sentiment—some and some pretense for the fun of the thing. But it is well to love for one day at least.

The song of love is the melody of life. Since the dawn of literature, love has been the one predominant subject about which man has attempted to sing, to write, to paint, to give form and being. From the shadowy past, when a slab of stone or a layer of soft clay received the first feeble efforts of the human race to express itself, to the myriad writings of this

more enlightened age, this theme has been paramount to all others. Poets, writers, sculptors, artists of every age and every clime have sought to interpret it for us. It has been the motif in song, in story, in drama, in music, in books, in statuary, on canvas—in every conceivable way man has devised to transmit his thoughts to his fellows. Love has been given a hundred interpretations, a thousand meanings, a million tributes. Read them study them, philosophize over them. Then, when you are tired of the thoughts of yourself and of others, turn to that wonderful conception of Love—perhaps the greatest ever recorded by man—in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians:

“Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not, is not provoked, thinketh no evil.

“Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.”

Wander where you will through the field of literature, you will never find a finer, truer, more comprehensive, interpretation of this age-old theme than in these simple words of St. Paul.

JUST SUPPOSE.

Suppose you were sick and someone offered to get a doctor and some medicine to help you, and your mother said, “I will ask the child's father,” and the father said, “Let me talk to the child's grandmother about it,” and the grandmother said, “I must ask the child's grandfather,” and the grandfather said, “I must talk to the child's uncle,” and so on all around the family until you were either well or dead. That's what happens in Africa.

FOR YOUNG BOYS AND MOTHERS.

Albemarle News Herald.

We are all familiar with that story in Arabian Nights of the wonderful lamp and the equally wonderful ring of Alladin. But the wonderful things which Alladin did as possessor of that wonderful lamp and that marvelous ring are the creations of imagination recorder in a story book. These are entertaining and always appeal to the imagination of the reader, although one reads with the knowledge that they are creations of fancy. But Editor Josephus Daniels relates an experience which he had last week in Jacksonville which is not only equally startling, but the story is about a real boy, a North Carolina boy, and what that boy has actually accomplished. The story is one which is so likely to fire the imagination of young boys and encourage mothers who are working and sacrificing their boys, that we are going to give this space for reproducing it, believing that we could use it today for no better purpose. Here's the story as told through the editorial columns of the News & Observer of a few days ago:

"I had just gotten off the train, coming into the metropolis of Florida, when there stepped from the private car on the Seaboard track coming in from South Florida an alert and business-like young man, who was met at the depot by his charming wife and happy young son. The boy was so overjoyed to greet the father, returning home for the day, that he had eyes for nothing else. It was a picture good to look upon, this evidently prosperous young man

and his little family. I stopped to cast a glance at them as, unconscious of all about them, they made way for their limousine standing in front of Jacksonville's fine depot.

The sight of such happiness among perfect strangers always cheers a traveler far from home, and I started for my hotel feeling better for what I had observed. This is a happy old world in spite of all the troubles and the lowering of standards in some circles. As I was about to enter a taxi, the young man I had observed, rather casually, recognized me, stopped and said:

"How do you do, Mr. Daniels!"

For the first time I then looked directly at the young man and the wife and bright-faced lad. It was Eugene C. Bagwell, a Raleigh man, who had stepped off his private car, for he is now superintendent of this division of the Seaboard Air Line Railway. His good-looking wife is from Raleigh, too—Miss Vera Phillips, before her marriage.

"This is the gentleman," said Eugene, introducing me to his young son, "who gave me the first job I ever had as a boy. I was a carrier boy for Mr. Daniel's paper, The News and Observer."

I do not know what the boy thought, seeing his father was superintendent of a great railway division and traveled in a private car, while the older man to whom he was introduced was trudging along on foot to a taxi. It looked more like the young Bagwell could be giving me a job.

"Let us take you to your hotel,"

said Mrs. Bagwell, after I had told them of my destination.

When their limousine had turned the corner and I had reached my room my mind traveled back something like a quarter of a century, maybe a little more, when Eugene Bagwell was a carrier boy on The News and Observer. It proved that those who say the day has passed of opportunity for young men of real stuff are wrong. I have seen nothing in many months that gratified me so much as to observe the steady and deserved promotion that has come to Eugene Bagwell. It all came from demonstrated merit and efficiency. But I was not surprised. Never was a morning too cold or dreary when he was a boy for him to show up at "the Old Reliable" at 5 o'clock and take the papers on his route. He was on time all the time and it was a rare thing if any complaint came from a subscriber on his route. He was there with the goods as a boy. And that is why he is meeting the emergency in the most difficult period of railroading in the history of Florida. The rush has been so great that embargoes had to be put on freight, and the congestion has taxed to the utmost every railroad running into this State.

"I have never worked so hard in my life," this fine Raleigh man said.

"Not even when you had to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning to carry The News and Observer?" I asked.

"The hours were not so long then," he said, "and the responsibility was not so great."

He has done the big job as well as human capacity permitted just as

when a boy he did that job the same way nearly 30 years ago. The boy was father to the man.

My mind went back, too, to the day when Eugene's ambition prompted him to go to college. He did not have the money. His parents could not send him, for going to college is costly and they were not well-to-do. It did not look like he could make it except one thing: he made up his mind to go. That's the main thing. He knew what he wanted to do and was ready to do anything to carry it out. His father, who was an alderman from the Third Ward, in Raleigh, helped as he could; his good mother sewed to help. That was not enough, but Herbert Jackson, then cashier of the Commercial National Bank, arranged to loan him the balance. He had the best security ever given for a loan: pluck, ambition, character and youth. College ended, he secured a railroad job at the bottom, I think in the engineering department, and step by step has ascended the round of promotion until he has reached the rung where he has a private car and is trusted with large responsibility. It is of such stuff leaders of men are made and most of the real leaders have come to leadership with little outside help and owe their rise to capacity and character. I am writing this of Bagwell because as one who lived near as neighbor and knew him in days when the road ahead looked rough I knew he had the stuff in him to come to the top if he had half a chance. He didn't, in fact, have more than half a chance. He made that half a chance a whole chance.

My mind went back further. As

Eugene and his family dropped me at my hotel, I wrote my wife of the pleasure his prosperity gave me, and I added:

There was only one regret. I only wish his mother had lived to this day and could have gone with him on his private car. He looks like her and she lives in him. She knew he would make good. She would not be surprised at his promotion. She saw it in him when she used to get up before day to give him breakfast before he went out to carry his papers. And I have no doubt his cup would be full if he could repay all her devotion

and inspiration.

Behind almost every man who wins position in usefulness is a mother of like spirit, who fired his ambition and trained him in the ways that lead to success. So I fell to thinking of that mother, a near neighbor, and her indomitable spirit and faith, and reflected that if it be given to those who have gone before to know what transpires on this earth, the mother of Eugene Bagwell has her cup of happiness, filled to the brim and running over, and she says to herself: "It is what I expected he would do." Such is the faith of noble and unselfish mothers.

A TRAGEDY.

We read from an exchange last week about a prominent physician whose home was in a city in a neighboring state. He paid the penalty with his life because other men had violated confidence.

The doctor's auto became disabled in the country. After trying in vain to start it, he hailed passing autoist for a ride back to the city. But none of them would stop. Every one stepped on the gas and speeded past, afraid to stop because they apparently suspected an attempt at a hold-up.

The doctor was forced to walk seven miles in zero weather while scores of autos "honked" him off the road and sped past. As a result of the severe exposure, he contracted pneumonia and died.

Had he been recognized by any one of the motorist whom he hailed, the unfortunate physician would have been picked up and today he probably would be alive and well.

Thus are the innocent often compelled to suffer for the sins of the guilty.—Reidsville Review.

GERMANY AND EUROPE.

Asheville Citizen.

Germany's machinery of government is not yet turned up to easy running. Like a new automobile the moving parts are still a bit stiff and perfect coordination is still to be attained.

All this recent row with Mussolini, for the Germans, at least in solini, for instance, seems to be due to the fact that the Germans, at least in their conduct of foreign relations, haven't quite gotten used to living under their new regime. The question of the rights and duties of the German inhabitants of the South Tyrol—former Austrian territory and now a part of Italy—was in process of friendly adjustment through negotiations between Rome and Berlin when the Bavarian Premier, Dr. Held, butted in and spilled the beans with a fire-eating speech. Bavaria apparently did not understand—she probably does now—that foreign affairs are the exclusive prerogative of the central government in Berlin, and Mussolini for his part went off half-cocked under the impression that Held wouldn't have spoken as he did without the knowledge or consent of the men higher up. Here were the makings of a pretty kettle of fish, but the incident now happily seems to be diplomatically closed.

We say happily, because Europe at this writing cannot afford too many incidents of this kind, and the steps taken by other nations of Europe taken by Germany and the other nations of Europe in the next two

or three months may conceivably have far-reaching effects. Following the Locarno treaty Germany has made formal application for admission into the League of Nations where by a gentleman's agreement she is assured in advance of a permanent seat on the council of the league. The present permanent members are England, France, Italy and Japan, the four so-called great powers outside of the United States and Russia, and the admission of Germany to this exclusive circle is more than a gesture, it amounts to an acknowledgement in the face of the world that the war is over and that Germany once more sits as an equal at the diplomatic table with her conquerors. But also unfortunately it means more than that: it has raised the question of a still further increase in the number of permanent seats on the league council, and that is a thorny subject. The permanent members are practically the league's executive committee and Germany's contention is that at Locarno she was promised a seat in this small and select body and that if Spain, Brazil and Poland—all of whom are candidates for the proposed additional seat or seats—or any of them is admitted at the same time, then the value of Germany's prize for good behavior will be proportionally reduced to her obvious detriment and against the spirit if not the letter of the Locarno agreement. Can or will Germany enter the league under these conditions, and if she does not what becomes of the Lo-

THE CAPTIVE'S DISCOVERY.

By G. E. Wallace

The shore was drawing nearer with each stroke of the oars—its towering rocky tree-topped cliffs mounting from near the water's edge.

James Murray eager to be at his fishing scanned the water's edge with anxious eyes, looking for some break in the shore line, some cove into which he could pull.

Down the river far below him the guns of the English fleet roared intermittently. From the shore, opposite the fleet, could be seen the flash of a hidden French battery as it replied at intervals.

"Wolfe will be glad to learn where that battery is posted," the boy thought absent-mindedly still intent on the fishing grounds he hoped to find.

Suddenly he pulled to the right. A small inlet dotted the shore line and towards that James rowed.

"Now," he thought, "I'll soon be fishing."

The mouth of the cove was gained. Perfectly James scanned the shore. All was quiet and peaceful. Trees descended to the water's edge. No sound could be heard save the lap, lap of the wavelets.

Making his boat fast to a dead tree that protruded above the surface of the water, James stooped to get his pail of bait.

Boom—the big guns of the fleet roared.

James frowned. Fighting! he was sick of it. For weeks now the fleet had lain before Quebec—unable to do anything of note. When he had enlisted, one of the regiments of

Colonials raised in Boston, he had never imagined war could be as monotonous as this campaign had become.

Again the roar of the cannon—then silence.

"Well," James, bending over his bait can, spoke aloud, "today at least I'm free from it. My, but I was glad when I was told I could go. Until evening I'll have nothing to worry me."

He sat up in alarm. It seemed to him he sensed something wrong.

A quick survey of the shore line disclosed nothing. All was still.

Then turning to glance at the open river behind him, he gasped.

Cutting off his escape by water, two canoes were stationed in the mouth of the cove while a third containing three men, French, was bearing rapidly upon him.

There was no time to untie or even slash the rope and free his boat. They would be upon him in a second.

Without thought James arose and dove swiftly into the water. Striking out for the shore, he made rapid progress. Then suddenly he thought, "And if I do make it, what then? The unscalable cliff that has blocked our forces for months will bar my escape."

Drawing a deep breath, he dove again and turning under water he struck out away from shore, away from the cove, towards the open river.

Finally he could stand the pressure on his lungs no longer.

He came to the surface.

At the same instant a canoe dart-

carno treaty and, more important still of the Locarno spirit?

The league assembly is to meet at Geneva next month to admit Germany to membership, to give her a permanent seat on the council and last but not least to take up this question of further additional seats.

What is then and there decided will have an important bearing on the future course of events in Europe, and we shall watch the proceedings with uncommon interest. All over Europe wheels within wheels are turning and turning and turning, out of sight but not without effect.

FAITH AND DOUBT.

Faith's a stronger prop than Doubt,
Lean upon it; it is stout;
Doubt will break and let you fall,
Be you big or be you small.
It will not sustain your weight,
It's the broken reed of fate;
But in Faith you'll find a friend
To sustain you to the end.

Faith you'll find along life's way
Vindicated, day by day;
In the passing of the rain,
In the sun that shines again,
In the glow of health returned,
To the cheeks once fever-burned,
In the blossoming of trees,
You can see Faith's victories.
Doubt's a handicap to you,
Faith is strength for all you do;
Faith, when all is sifted out,
Sticks right closely by your side.
Doubt's a traitor, Faith's a friend
True and loyal to the end;
Faith, when all is sifted out,
Wins more battles here than Doubt.
—Detroit Free Press

ed alongside and James found himself seized and dragged protestingly aboard.

The man who seized him was smiling broadly and unable to converse with the boy pointed behind him towards the water.

James looked and saw the cause of his quick capture—a line of air bubbles marked his under-water flight.

For an instant after his capture James considered an attempt to escape. A kick would pierce the shell of the canoe or a struggle would overturn it. In the water he knew he was the equal of most. But a backward glance showed him the other canoes approaching the scene and he decided that the attempt to escape would only lead to his receiving a musket ball. So quietly he submitted.

After tying him hand and foot, yet gently and smiling the while, his captors turned their craft down the stream and, helped by the current made their way towards the distant city of Quebec looming indistinct on the cliffs.

The English fleet came abreast, but if any on the fleet saw the three canoes, no attention was paid to them. The ships lay as usual in midstream and only at intervals poured forth a broadside at the towering cliffs and the fortifications upon them.

A landing was made. The bonds around his feet loosened, James was led by his captors through the lower town along the waterfront—a town of roofless houses and battered walls, a town devastated by the English shells. Up ever up they went through streets that twisted and turned towards the upper town—a town brist-

ling with guns and grim fortifications, a town unscathed by the shells.

Sentries passed, James found himself on the flat summit of the rocky citadel that for months had defied the English force. He gasped as his eyes swept over the scene before him—the broad river, the Isle of Orleans with its green hills!

Not much time was given for meditation. Urged by his captors, James was conducted into a small stone building.

The door opened into a room—a long room, filled with officers.

At his entrance one arose and turning to the men who had James asked them a question sharply.

They answered.

“So!” the officer spoke turning to James, “so you were sent to spy out a way up the cliffs?”

“Indeed not,” James stammered.

“Then explain”, the officer continued sternly, “how it comes you were found near the shore at Three Mile Cove. Your place, ‘twould seem, would be on yonder distant fleet.” He pointed towards the English fleet that could be seen from the windows.

James told his story. He told of his request to be given leave to fish being granted, of his capture.

As he spoke the officer turned to the men that had brought him captive and questioned them.

They seemingly confirmed what James said, for after a slight pause the officer proceeded.

Well, Monseieur, ‘twas ill fate to have lost your day’s fishing. As for us, however, we can hardly do less than hold you as a prisoner. How-

ever," he glanced at the boys, "your youth seems to plead that you be lodged in other than the military fortress. I therefore will place you in the home of friend of mine—a Madam Desplein—where you will at least be comfortable."

"But, sir," James exclaimed, "although I thank you from my heart, yet I cannot promise not to escape."

The other interrupted. "Escape! We will risk that. Your good sense will keep you from risking your neck on the cliffs when to attempt to scale them or to descend is an impossibility."

Then bowing, he turned the boy over to his captors after having given them some orders.

They turned and, beckoning to James, conducted him through the streets to the house of Madame Desplein.

The next few days passed rapidly for James. The family with whom he stayed treated him as a guest rather than an enemy. Freedom of movement was allowed him save in the evening. Evidently all believed that escape was impossible. And James himself, gazing from the top of the level plain to the river shore below, judged that any attempt to clamber down would result in broken bones.

A week passed by. It was late in the afternoon when James, who had spent the day roaming the fields far from town, turned his face towards Madame Desplein's residence. Beside him trotted a little black dog of Madame's.

As they walked along James tossed into the air a ball and watched the dog frantically chase it.

Time after time the active little beast would race madly forward and seize the ball when it struck the ground.

"You will not get this one," shouted James to the dog, and threw the ball with all his might.

It sped across the field, the dog tearing along behind it. It sped on and on and on then, hitting a stone on the ground, bounded high in the air and disappeared over the edge of the cliff that bordered the river.

"Ball's lost," cried James to the dog still racing forward. Then in alarm he continued, "Come, boy, come!"

The dog, however, paid not the slightest heed to the boy's command. Tearing to the edge of the cliff, the dog disappeared.

Fearing his small companion had leaped to his death and grieving because he knew that Madame Desplein would mourn, James ran rapidly to the cliff's edge.

Peering over, he exclaimed in amazement. Far below—following a hidden path, the dog was clambering downward searching as he went for the ball.

Breathless, the boy watched the dog's descent. At times it seemed as though he could not help but fall, but each time he turned and after a moment's estimation proceeded downward.

Finally the bottom was reached. "Well," James spoke slowly, "if General Wolfe only knew of that path. If——" Then he suddenly straightened. "Why," he said aloud, "why, it is my duty to tell him if possible."

Leaning over, he whistled shrilly.

The dog, the ball not found, cocked his ears, then slowly remounted the cliff.

Eyes intent on every twist and turn, mind centered on the plan of the path, James watched him as foot by foot he struggled up.

When the dog reached the top James reached over and patted him. "Good dog," he said, "you don't know the value of that climb."

Then quickly he broke a bush, leaving it to mark the spot so he could find it when he wished. That done, he again peered over the side of the cliff and mentally traced the path, turns and twists that the dog had made as he descended.

During the rest of the walk back to town, James was quiet. No longer did he romp and play with the dog. He realized the value of the secret that he had learned.

"If," he said to himself, "if the path can be climbed by me, then the city is ours indeed."

The question of escape, however, bothered him. Freedom indeed was allowed him in the day time, but a daylight escape, although it would simplify the clambor down the cliff, might be discovered. And James knew that once caught attempting to escape, no more chance would be given him.

And so, mentally marking out the path with its turns in his mind, he resolved to attempt to escape that night.

From the evening meal till darkness time dragged heavily for James.

Finally he arose and turning to Madame Desplein, said, "Well, the dog and I put in a strenuous day."

"Tired?" questioned the lady.

"Well, go to bed and sleep."

"I think I will," responded James and turned towards the stairs.

Mounting them, he entered his room. There he dropped his shoes and sat down upon the bed, making it creak. Then rising softly, he rolled up a blanket and placing it lengthwise in the center of the bed drew up the bed coverings over it.

Stepping still quietly, he crept along the upper hall till he could see down the stairs and view the front entrance. It was clear. In the rear of the building Madame could be heard talking to her husband.

Heart pounding, James softly descended the stairs, stepped boldly out into the ill-lighted street and rapidly made his way along it towards the open fields behind the city.

People passed him and once several soldiers came tramping by, but none stopped the boy who, half hidden in the gloom, went his way.

The open fields were reached. In the darkness it was quite a task to find the broken bush that marked the path. Once indeed he thought he had found it and only missed a fall from the edge of the cliff to the rocks below by quick action.

Finally the bush was reached. Pausing a moment, James mentally reviewed the dog's descent.

Then, praying he would make no mistakes, James lowered himself over the edge of the cliff. Down and down he went. Lower and lower he calumbered, helped here by a projecting rock, there by an overhanging shrub.

His goal, the river bank, seemed to be reached, for close at hand James heard the murmur of the river.

In his eagerness he stepped forward without thinking. A stone slipped and James was thrown forward.

How long he lay amid the rocks at the river's edge James never knew. When consciousness came back he felt himself to see if he could determine the extent of his injuries. A slight cut, a bruise or two, and a swollen foot seemed to be all.

It was not till he attempted to bear his weight on his foot that James, almost screaming aloud with pain, knew that in falling he had badly sprained his ankle.

Unable to walk, the youth dropped to his knees. Then doggedly he set out to pull himself to the water's edge.

"I've just got to get to the fleet now," he muttered to himself. "By tomorrow my escape will be discovered and when they find I am gone they will know I found a way down the cliff."

And so inch by inch over the stony ground he drew himself forward.

The water's edge was gained. Glancing around James found a small log tossed ashore by the current.

Grasping this, he pushed it into the river. Using it as a support he kicked out vigorously from the shore, heading down the stream towards the lights flickering in midstream that marked the English fleet.

The water was cold and chill, but James kept steadily at his work.

The ships grew nearer—they loomed just ahead.

Then in answer to his cries came the yell of a lookout and James knew that his task was about over.

It was a day later. James, who had been ordered to bed by a commanding officer, suddenly sprang up with a cry. All his hurts were forgotten. The day had been filled with the rumble of guns, but now as James looked across the river from the war vessel, at the top of the Citadel he could see waving the flag of England and not the banner of France.

THE LINCOLN LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY, OF BOSTON.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you th consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguished of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom—Dearborn Independent.

A WELSH MAID'S QUEST.

In 1792 there lived in a small village in Wales a little eight-year-old maiden named Mary Jones. Her father was a weaver, and their home was indeed humble compared with the homes of today. The furniture consisted of a bench or two, three stools, a rude cupboard, a kitchen table and a loom. There was no stove, just a fireplace, and at night they burned a rushlight, which threw its uncertain brightness upon the loom where the weaver was at work. Mary's parents were Christians, but they had no Bible, because Bibles were very scarce, and the weavers' trade, though honest, was one by which riches were not made, so they could not afford to purchase a Bible. They had taught Mary all the Bible verses they could remember, also all the Bible stories, and they took her to every religious meeting they could attend to hear the Word read. Every time Mary heard the Bible read, she longed to hear more, and longed for the time when she could read it herself. In the homes of the poor the children learn early in life to be useful, and at an age when children of richer parents are amusing themselves with their dolls and picture books, Mary was sweeping, scrubbing, digging, weeding, caring for their few hens and the hive of bees, and learning to mend her own little garments.

One day a neighbor, Mrs. Evans, came to the house and told Mary that when she could read she would be welcome to come to their home and read and study their Bible. Two years later Mary's father was

in a village two miles distant, disposing of the woolen cloth they had been making, when he learned that a school was to be opened in three weeks' time. When Mary knew that she was to attend this school, imagine her joy, which she expressed by saying, "Now I shall learn to read the Bible." Not long after the commencement of the day school, a Sunday School was opened, of which Mary was a member. She quickly learned to read, and went every Saturday afternoon to her neighbors, to study the Sunday school lesson from their Bible. This made her resolve that some day she would have a Bible of her own, if it took ten years to earn sufficient to buy one. Six years went by in this way, and sometimes Mary could commit to memory a whole chapter of the Bible on a Saturday afternoon, and repeat it to her parents round the fireplace in the evening. Every penny that she earned was dropped into a little box, until the day came when there was sufficient to buy a Bible.

No Bibles could be purchased in their little village, so Mary walked twenty-five miles to Bala, where lived the Rev. Thomas Charles, who might possibly have one in his possession for sale. When she told him her story, Mr. Charles' bright face overshadowed and he said he was indeed grieved that the consignment of Welsh Bibles received the year before from London were all sold out, except a few copies for friends he must not disappoint, and the society which hitherto supplied. Wales with the Scriptures declined to print any

more. When Mary began to understand the full import of his words, the room suddenly darkened, and dropping into the nearest seat, she buried her face in her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Suddenly Mr. Charles arose from his seat, placed a hand on the drooping head of the girl before him, and said: "My dear child, I see you must have a Bible, difficult as it is for me to spare you one, but it is simply impossible to refuse you." Needless to say, Mary went home a happy girl.

This incident made a deep impression on the heart and mind of Mr. Charles, and made him yearn to some way supply Wales with Bibles. It was while revolving the matter in his mind one morning that the idea occurred to him to form a society having for its sole object the publi-

cation and distribution of God's Holy Word. In the winter of 1802 he visited London, addressed a meeting of the Religious Tract Society, and made his appeal on behalf of his countrymen. Rev. Joseph Hughes arose in reply, and said that surely a society might be formed for that purpose, and if for Wales why not for the whole world? A committee was formed to take up the matter, and two years later, in March, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was established and at its first meeting about \$3,500 was subscribed. This society laid fast the hold of the public mind in Great Britain. At first the Scriptures were printed in less than fifty languages; today they are printed in five hundred and fifty-eight languages or dialects.—Toronto Globe.

TOO BIG FOR A SENTENCE.

"I heard he was a," something viciously uncomplimentary, "but when I met him he did not impress me that way a tall." The conversation concerned a factory official whose reputation in the shop was not the highest.

"But when I met him." That always makes a difference. Not knowing what discipline a man is under, what requirements are made by the successful achievement of a big project, we make judgments which may express our emotions but which are very far from putting values on the situation.

No man is small enough to be disposed of in a sentence. In trying to do this we resemble false gods. A man is too big to be disposed of in any number of sentences which any mortal can frame. He may be what you say he is—but he is other things as well.—Dearborn Independent.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

By Leonora Sill Ashton.

Since you received my letter of October last I have not sleep'd alone three nights or four in a bed, but after walking a good deal all day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder or bear skin, whichever is to be had, with man, wife and children like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. I have never had my clothes off, but lay and sleep in them, except the few nights I have lay'n in Frederick Town."

We are all familiar with the well-known portraits of George Washington, the President of the United States; and also with the pictures, true to fancy and reality, of some of the scenes in the life of his great manhood: "Washington crossing the Delaware." "Washington on his knees at Valley Forge." "Washington, saying farewell to his troops at Fraunces Tavern."

The picture of the youth of Washington, however, does not seem to be so well known; and it is one that the young men and women of America may well carry in their hearts and memories.

The quotation above is an extract from a letter, written during Washington's early days of surveying, and is addressed to a young friend.

How he perfected himself in his chosen profession, and how it helped to mold and discipline his character for the days that were coming is an interesting story.

George Washington was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, in the

plain but comfortable home of the Washingtons on Bridges Creek, Virginia. He was the fourth son and fifth child of Augustine Washington by his second wife.

This was a home which any young man might be grateful to look back upon; standing upon a green and gentle slope of the Potomac River, and filled with domestic happiness.

As someone has written: "The spot gave token of the quiet youth of the boy, and the years of grateful peace, in which he was to learn his first lessons."

No schooling was very elaborate in those days, but Washington's father gave his sons all that an ambitious will and ample means could give them, delighting in the stalwart strength and fine, sportsmanlike spirit of his son George. He died before the boy was twelve years old, however, and left his widow with seven children.

George was the eldest of this second wife's children, and inherited his father's farm on the Rappahannock. Under his mother's direction, he studied for several years after his father's death.

At the age of fourteen, it was proposed that he should go to the sea, and follow the profession of many in those days; but his mother's wishes to keep him at home prevailed over all others, and he remained in Virginia to continue his schooling and sports.

It was a robust boy physically and mentally who was growing up in that quiet spot. A boy who rode horseback in the tangled woods with ar-

dor and zest. A boy who did not fear storm or fatigue or hardship of any kind. A boy whose characteristic trait was a love of mastery.

Not only his sports, but his studies showed this. His very exercise books were a witness. Not only were they filled with the rules, formulæ and diagrams of the work of surveying, which he had chosen to learn; but also, with careful copies of legal papers, dealing with the problems of the Colonial Government, and the rights of the different races and peoples, who had come and were continuing to come in endless streams to the New Land. He was as proud to train his efforts in these ways as to excel in marksmanship and riding.

Washington's skill as a surveyor was put to ready use through the needs of a connection of his own family.

His half-brother, Lawrence, had married Anne Fairfax, and a cousin of her father, Thomas Fairfax, had come to Virginia two years before George left school.

Thomas Fairfax was an Englishman of fine culture and scholarly attainments, and loved the wondrous, unbroken woodland included in the land around his home, "Greenaway Court."

English sportsman as he was, he was greatly attracted to young George Washington and his daring in the hunt. No less did he admire the sober counsel the boy displayed when anything of a thoughtful or serious nature demanded his attention.

It was through Thomas Fairfax that Washington earned his first money as a surveyor.

This landowner wished to open and

cultivate his large tracts in Virginia, and, knowing that this athletic boy was a fearless woodsman and conscientious and careful in everything he undertook to do as well, he employed him to run his lines through the thick forests of his land.

In the month of March, 1748, George Washington, with young George Fairfax and a little band of assistants, started off through the mountains hitherto untenanted, except by Indians and wild beasts.

He spent less than a month in the wild country where his work lay, and in the beauty of a Virginia April, returned with maps and figures, which, to the satisfaction and delight of Fairfax, showed the older man what lands he owned on the Potomac and the Shenandoah.

"It had been wild and perilous work," says a biographer of Washington, "for the young surveyor but just out of school to go in the wet springtime into that wilderness, when the rivers were swollen and ugly, with the rains and melting snows from off the mountains: where there was scarce a lodging to be had, except in the stray, comfortless cabins of the scattered settlers; or on the ground about a fire in the open woods, where a woodsman's wits were needed."

In spite of all physical hardships, George Washington kept on perseveringly with the trying profession of surveying. Nor did he lose either his health or courage in his work. His naturally fine physique seemed to be strengthened by the changes of scene and weather as he worked in the deep forests, laboriously laying out the level stretches and the swelling hillsides of the wild but fertile

country.

Because of his unquestioned success in that first venture of surveying, he gained a reputation which brought him frequent employment.

The countryside was fast being peopled by settlers who arrived from overseas, and to whom it was a necessity, for future comfort and security, to have their boundaries clearly defined.

Washington made his home with his brother at Mount Vernon at this time, and except when the fiercest winter weather made it impossible for him to do his work, he was coming and going far and near, busy with his surveying, and by his love of work, his self-respect and his utter enjoyment of life, endearing himself to all with whom he came in contact.

One of the few shadows upon these years was the death of his brother Lawrence.

George became executor of his will, and eventually the owner of Mount Vernon, the home he loved so well, the spot where he died, full of years and honors, and now the shrine of all God-fearing hearts.

With the growing youth of Washington grew and multiplied the problems attendant upon the possession of the great new land.

While the English-speaking race dominated the eastern part of the then known country, the French had become very strong in the west.

Marquis Duquesne had determined to take possession of the upper waters of the Ohio, building a line of military posts to block the western passes against the English.

In 1753 matters came to a crisis, and the Colonial Government received

a letter from England, authorizing a request to the French that they peaceably leave the borders.

The hearts of the colonists were heavy. Travel was no easy matter in these days. The autumn rains were at hand, and even to send a warning to the French was a difficult undertaking.

The Indians were friendly to the French, and the woods, peopled with these savage allies, were dangerous alike to men and horses, to say nothing of the perils of the mountain streams, already swollen with the fall downpour, and soon to be full of ice.

Nevertheless, a messenger was sent without delay, young George Washington, who now bore the title of major.

The young man's years of surveying had taught him woodcraft like the Indians, and his long travel in the unbroken wilderness had tested his strength and courage.

On the first of October, 1753, he set out for the mountains to perform his mission. Christopher Gist, a fur trader, a frontiersman and a friend of the Indians, went with him. The two were accompanied by a few servants and pack horses.

The party traveled through the bleak November forests without fear and without mishap, as we know the tale, and on the 11th of December reached the spot now known as Waterford in Western Pennsylvania. Fort Le Boeuf, the French headquarters, was named for the bison, which frequented the Alleghanies.

It was in the cold twilight of a winter day that Washington and his companions reached the then drenched and muddy clearing.

They had covered over two hundred and fifty miles through dense woods and across raging rivers in an almost ceaseless fall of snow and rain. Sometimes there had not been even an Indian's trail or a buffalo track to guide them.

Major Washington was received by the thoughtful and scholarly Frenchman, and the message was delivered.

On his return home we will leave him, except to say that he reached

Virginia again unharmed by fatigue, even on the second long journey. We read that he showed patience with hardship which tried and unnerved even the sturdy frontiersman Gist. When the horses gave out Washington left them to come by easier stages with his associates and with one companion, went himself on foot.

Truly the boy was father to the man!

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow

A number of the boys have been cutting wood for the past few days.

Ben Winders was recently given a position in the laundry.

Mr. Hudson and three of the boys trimmed the hedges near the Cannon Memorial building last week.

Night shirts were distributed to all the boys at the institution during the past week.

Albert Perdue and Chas. Garret, former boys at this institution, were visitors here last week.

Mr. Sam B. Kennett, former officer at the institution, was a visitor here last Friday.

Abraham Goodman, member of the fourth cottage, received his parole during the past week.

Mr. Lisk and some of the chicken boys put some straw and leaves in

the chicken house. They have also been sorting out some of the chickens, during the past week.

Valentine day past almost unnoticed by the boys at the institution last week, although some of the boys received one from their home folks.

Horace McCall has been given a position in the print shop. We hope that he will make a good printer in the future.

James Watts, a member of the eighth cottage, received his parole last week. He was also a member of the barn force.

Last Saturday evening was good and warm so the boys and some of the officers chose their teams and played the second game of base-ball that has been played at the institution this year. Lee McBride and Cox were the batteries for one of the teams, and Hatley, Smith and Pickett for the other. The score for the

evening was 16 to 6. A number of the boys take great interest in playing this great American game.

The following boys: Lee McBride, Bill Billings, Clarence Hendley, Gordon Ellis, Clarence Davis, Herbert Poteat, Jack Stevenson, Paul Collier, James Hunnsueker, James Williams, Otis Dhue and Clyde Peterson were visited by their parents and relatives last Wednesday.

As last Friday was the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the boys in the evening and morning sections of Room No. One prepared talks about the "Life of Lincoln." Several of the boys made from a three to a five minute talk upon the subject.

As the weather is getting warmer the boys in most of the cottages sit around in the sunshine, on the lawns Sunday afternoons. It will not be long before they will go out after supper during the week to pitch horse shoes and play other different games.

Capt. Grier and a number of boys have been leveling the lawn in front of the sixth and seventh cottages. The barn force hauled the dirt from near the chicken house.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday by Rev. Mr. Hansel, of Concord. His selected Scripture reading was from the sixteenth chapter of first Samuel. His text was from the seventh verse which reads: "But the Lord said unto Samuel, look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth: for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." He told the boys how Jesse called the sons of Samuel to come before him, so he could select a king to take his place just as soon as he would step from the throne. After seven of his sons passed before him, and the Lord told him that they were not fit for a king, Jesse said: "Are these here all thy children?" And Samuel said: "There remaineth yet the youngest, and, behold, he keepeth the sheep." Samuel said unto Jesse: "Send and fetch him: for we will not sit down till he come hither." He sent and got him "Now he was ruddy, and withal of beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to." And the Lord said: "Arise, anoint him for this is he." Samuel then took the horn of oil and anointed him in front of all his brethren. Rev. Hansel also told the boys about your character and the way that the people see you. He said that there were four different ways, (1) the way that you see yourself (in the mirror), (2) the way that your best friend sees you, (3) the way that other people see you, (4) and the way that God sees you. He also told the boys how to build up character, to let faith be the foundation, truth be the body and love to cap the whole, or the rest that it takes to make a good citizen. Rev. Hansel's sermon was a very interesting one. It was enjoyed by all present.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a rail-road system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE

UPLIFT

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VOL. XIV

CONCORD,

FEBRUARY 27, 1926

No. 13

HOW MAN IS KNOWN.

A man is known to his dog by the smell—to his tailor by the coat—to his friend by the smile; each of these know him, but how little, or how much, depends on the dignity of the intelligence.

That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man is known only to God.

—Ruskin in *Modern Painters*.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

SUBJECT FOR DEBATE

Now that Tumulty and House have issued their booklets, it should be no trouble for school boys and others to find a query for a debating subject. How would this do to start it off: "Who has the Big I more largely developed, Tumulty or House?"

* * * * *

“McLEAN STATEMENT.”

(Atlanta Constitution Editorial.)

“The signed statement from Governor Angus W. McLean of North Carolina, written especially for the Constitution and published Sunday, ought to be read by every citizen of Georgia.

The author is not a politician, nor given to sophistry or gestures. He is a successful business man and farmer—more largely a farmer than anything else—and interested in cotton mills and banks and many other business activities of his State.

He was called to serve the nation as a member of the War Finance Corporation by reason of his great ability as a business executive. His overwhelming election to the governorship of his native State was the result of that policy adopted by the North Carolina voters to put business in government.

Governor McLean stated plainly and unmistakably just what had given his

State the tremendous, almost unparalleled, economic momentum—paved highways on a State unit basis and educational expansion including the carrying of equal opportunities to all the children.

Beginning with a program of \$65,000,000 in bonds for highways and \$29,000,000 for expansion of a State educational system, North Carolina has achieved a recent progress in wealth, industry, education and social advancement, said Governor McLean, relatively so great as not only to prove attractive to investors from abroad, but to present a subject of study for other commonwealths all over the country.

“The most potent explanation of this new era has been the activity in road building,” said the Governor. “As the tides of motor travel have increased the fame of North Carolina highways has spread throughout the land. Seeing what has been done the visitor to North Carolina is apt to say, ‘‘See what good roads can do!’’

Citing figures to show how tremendous has been the advance in material prosperity in North Carolina, Governor McLean tabulated increased values between 1900 and 1925 as follows:

True property value, from \$682,000,000 to \$4,500,000,000.

Value of manufactures from \$85,000,000 to \$750,000,000.

Bank resources from \$15,362,182 to over \$500,000,000.

Value of farm crops from \$89,000,000 to \$318,661,000.

There is food for serious and, we believe, most helpful thoughts in what Governor McLean wrote. He gave, without reserve, the credit for his State's economic status to educational and road expansion, coupled with the utilization of her natural resources, including hydro-electric opportunities, and the invincible spirit of her people to get away from petty politics and apply business methods to governmental administration.

Georgia is a larger State than North Carolina, with probably 500,000 more people. The citizens of the two States are the same kind of people, the climatic and soil conditions are almost the same, with advantages in favor of Georgia. We have more hydro-electric energy, just as attractive rest and recreational areas, more cultivatable farm lands, more mineral and ceramic resources and more large commercial and distributing markets.

Georgia ought to measure ahead of North Carolina in values of industrial and farm production.

Is it not time to give serious study to facts, unfettered by political expediencies, and by politically inspired prejudices?’’

ANNOUNCES A GREAT RESPONSE FROM THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Cameron Morrison, Chairman, "Last Call Campaign" states that the people from every part of North Carolina are showing splendid enthusiasm in their acceptance of North Carolina's quota.

Organizations have been set up in towns and counties in North Carolina, whose aggregated quotas amount to one fourth the State's entire quota of 150,000 coins, and the campaign has been in progress only three days.

"A Record Book" is being kept for North Carolina, and in this book a record is being kept of what each town in the state does in regard to its acceptance of its quota. The name of every patriotic organization, every civic organization, the city officers, the newspapers, the banks and citizens who have contributed to the success of this campaign, and who have come to the aid of North Carolina!

We don't believe that there will be a single blank page in this North Carolina Book. North Carolina has never been known to "draw a blank."

A Memorial Coin has been set aside, and numbered for each town in the State. This Coin will be sold at auction, or bought privately by some patriotic individual. This coin is registered, cannot be duplicated, and will always be known as the city's coin.

Wadesboro, North Carolina, was the first town to respond to the call of Mr. Morrison. Mrs. R. E. LITTLE, President U. D. C. Chapter is Chairman. Hickory, N. C. was the first town to place bid on her numbered coin.

See elsewhere the letter written by Col. J. J. Gormley, Adjutant Gen. U. C. V. of North Carolina and addressed to the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina.

* * * * *

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 17, 1926.

To The U. D. C. Chapters of North Carolina:

It is with a great deal of pleasure I understand that Ex-Governor Morrison has accepted the State Chairmanship and will immediately organize the state for the sale of Stone Mountain Memorial Coins.

May I urge that you and your Chapter help Mr. Morrison and his organization to put North Carolina at the lead of every Southern State in acceptance of these coins.

We of the Southern Army who are left have few requests to make of the

Daughters, and we feel so keenly the honor bestowed on our Beloved South, and our Immortal Lee and Jackson, that we want to see that every Child in North Carolina, every son and daughter of Confederate Lineage owns a coin, and will hold it forever in appreciation of this the greatest honor ever shown by any Nation to her people.

As you know, the time is short, the coins will be taken from market March 17th. Will you not therefore, forget any prejudice and remember that we who hold the memories of the past so dear, make this request.

With every good wish for the Beloved Daughters who have done so much to keep alive the Ideals and Memory of the Old South, I am

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) Colonel J. J. Gormley,

Adjt. Gen'l. N. C. Division U. C. V.

* * * * *

STARTED HOME DECORATING.

The article we take from the Asheville Citizen, by James Hay, Jr., reminds us of the first general movement in this county towards making the rural homes on the interior more attractive. The old firm of Cannon, Fetzer & Wadsworth, the biggest and mightiest merchandise organization ever in Cabarrus started the movement. Their purpose was advertising and creating business. They brought in car-loads of pictures, chromos; and these they gave away free with a certain amount of purchases. Wagons came to Concord from half of Stanly, half of Rowan, of Mecklenburg, Union and part of Iredell, sold their produce, bought their goods, and carried home one of the big framed chromos, some of them had as many as a half dozen. This thing started a love and an appreciation of pictures in the homes, and there are yet in many of the country homes today one of these pictures that D. F. Cannon, or J. W. Cannon or P. B. Fetzer cheerfully and gladly carried out to the departing wagons. They profited by it, they made folks happy, and they created a longing for pictures in the home.

* * * * *

BEATS A PACK OF BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Union county seems to be furnishing many sensations during these days. But it is developed also that Union county has a sheriff that takes no foolishness and is on the job. If Cliff Fowler fails to clear up what seems to be a mystery, no one need to try. His address to the assembled hundreds about the abandoned gold shafts in Union County, last Sunday, at

the conclusion of a hunt for the dead body of a citizen, who was not dead, shows the man's practicability and good common sense. When he announced that "Morris is not dead, but liveth, and his partner in this ugly business is known, and both will be produced when you are ready for them" satisfied the crowd, for they knew Cliff Fowler does not talk through his hat.

* * * * *

"I AIN'T GOT NO MA."

The other day the Concord Tribune carried a statement that there were nine boys in one of the city school rooms that did not have a change of under clothes and their condition was impressing itself upon the comfort and agreeableness of the room. The King's Daughters issued a distressed call.

Right on the heels of this call Mr. John J. Barnhardt, who rejoices in doing helpful deeds, and others responded to the occasion. Cloth was secured from certain mills and carried to the school room. Little pants were fitted on the boys from the King's Daughters' closet (a great idea in itself), and then the boys were asked to carry home certain quantities of the cloth to their mothers to have it converted into proper underclothes.

All save one seemed gloriously happy as they held up their little hands in accepting the proposition—all, save one. "Well, Johnnie, do you not agree to carry home some of this cloth and have your mother to make you some nice, clean underclothing?" he was asked. The little fellow, poorly clad, dirty and unkept but with honesty in his eyes, sadly replied:

"I ain't got no ma—she's dead—and my grandma can't do anything like that."

Here is a condition in the midst of an apparent plenty—some are troubled in knowing how to spend their money; others troubled in knowing how to get clothing to cover their nakedness and food to sustain their bodies. It makes no difference that somebody has failed to do his duty, these children are not responsible—they came into the world without being consulted—and it is a glorious thought that men and women among us, forgetful of their own comforts and conveniences, freely volunteer to right wrongs that occur here and everywhere.

The world is growing better—sometimes mighty slowly—but it has good impulses and right will some day prevail. We are our brother's keeper, is more and more being accepted.

* * * * *

A CHALLENGE TO FLORIDA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

Hon. O. Max Gardner and his party that accompanied the Observer dele-

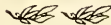
gation to Florida, with the Charlotte Observer's boost edition, had a good time, and it is not straining the point to say that the Old North State did not fail to score.

From Miami Mr. Gardner took the radio and filled the air with utterances that were both sound and very encouraging. Among other things the distinguished North Carolinian told while standing on Florida soil is this:

"We are in a sincere combination to bring happiness to America and to offer to the entire country outlet for the pent-up play spirit in our national life. The rivalry between Florida and North Carolina consists in the struggle for each state, North Carolina in the summer and Florida in the winter, to serve the best yearnings and aspirations of the great and growing country.

"Florida is nearest heaven in the winter and North Carolina a veritable paradise all the time. We may confidently expect a massed movement for Floridians to western North Carolina this summer, and I catch a vision of an advance for our state, commencing at Morehead City and terminating at Murphy, Asheville and surrounding territory may prepare for an unprecedented summer season and I urge Kenneth Tanner, J. S. Thomas and associates of Lake Lure to build their dam as fast as possible to take care of the thousands who are talking about the Chimney Rock development."

* * * * *



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Rubbers are all right for keeping your feet dry; but when there is a considerable amount of water running about the streets and pavements, it seems to me it would be more in keeping for people to wear their pumps.

With frequent recurrence, persons who are portrayed as doing something in a sadly upset condition or manner, are said to have gone "head over heels," which we all know is a perfectly normal position and a much more desirable one than the "heels over head" manner, which it was intended should be set forth.

Some people are so literal, and so greedy, that when they cast their bread upon the water they expect it to return to them "within a few days," in the shape of large sandwiches, with slices of ham, half an inch thick, in them.

Women are dear creatures; no doubt about that. And some are the dearest things on earth, with the emphasis on the "dearest." Than, too, some can look at a man and make him feel as if he were wearing a celluloid collar that had not been washed off. Every man has had that experience.

Old Man Worry, and his big family of little Worries, would not be so popular if so many people did not hunt them up and make so much over them. If you haven't anything

else to worry about, there is always the fact that the "bloody Turks" still continue to practice their atrocities.

How times have changed! You can't tell whether the person sitting at a flat-top desk, with the shingled hair, vest jacket, and gents tie is a man or a woman; and you can't judge a man by the clothes he wears—you can a woman—or the contents of a bottle by the label it bears, any more.

Haven't you noticed that the person who is always nursing a grievance never sings a lullaby to it. And the more they nurse it the larger it grows.

Home is a place where you can scratch when you feel like it.

In this life a lot of time is spent on unnecessary things; pursuing about with no definit object in view; no aim at anything worth while. Like the old lady who fell in the lake, these folks seem unprepared for the daily deluge that awaits them. Fussy and frilly. Have to be dolled up like a debutante to look right; somehow or otheraise never seem to get right, or are in the right place at the right time. It's because they are going about so much, seeking something they don't know just what. They have no aim.

Some people say that some marriages are mistakes. "That's so,"

said a Durham benedict, of several years residence in the state of matrimony, in my hearing the other day, and added: "I thank the Lord I took the Miss. Happy is the man who a Miss takes."

As unmistakable as the difference between night and day; as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; as rigidly inflexible as the rock of Gibraltar is the distinction between right and wrong. Whether the issue is religion, or government, or politics, or war, the rule is fundamental, and cannot be stretched or altered to suit conditions. In the code of all too many men the ancient fallacy, "All's fair in love and war," has been extended to include business. I never took much stock in that expression. What's fair is fair in all things. There is no more logic in the amendment than in the original. Nor does the adage apply that "every question has two sides," because there is no question. Right is right, and wrong is wrong, and there is no ground for arbitration.

C. P. Barringer, of Salisbury, president of the state federation of labor, at the recent banquet of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty, told this good one on C. T. Parker, the toastmaster, in his younger and courting days. He said Parker had a girl and was visiting her. The girl's parents were going out during the evening and the mother came in and said: "Daughter your pa and I are going out; at 10 o'clock don't forget to put on your percolator." When the hour of 10 arrived the young lady jumped up, excusing herself, said, "I must put

on my percolator." Barringer said Parker did not know what a percolator was and remarked, "You needn't do that; you look good enough with what you have on."

Life is sometimes shortened by not knowing when one is well off. The memory of Thomas Parr, who set England's standard of longevity by living to be 152, is being invoked in a campaign by the Long Island society in favor of simple living. The object lesson, however, is found as much in the cause of his death as in the manner of his living. "Old Parr" lived under ten English monarchs, from 1483 to 1635, and the authenticity of the record is attested by a slab in Westminster Abbey, where England's great are remembered. Until nearly the end of his life he lived on the simplest fare—whole-grain bread, milk, cheese and fruit—and at 120 he was hale enough to marry a second time. But when he reached 152 his fame reached the ears of King Charles I, who invited him to London and feasted him so that he died. His slab in Westminster is cited by the Long Island society "as a warning to those who suddenly and drastically alter the habits of a lifetime."

These are the days when the dinner hour approaches the good housewife puts on her "thinking cap" as to what to prepare for the noon meal. In the country the idea prevails that unless the pot boils there is not much dinners, and the country folks fall back on peas and collards and salads, alternately, and these, with sweet or Irish potatoes, good home-made corn

bread, butter, sweet or butter milk, the meal is all right. For breakfast or supper there was the "ash cake." A cake you seldom see or hear of now. It is the sweetest corn bread ever eaten. It has no equal, save, possibly, "crackling bread." Just plain, seasoned, meal dough, made up a little stiff, fashioned into small pats, laid on the naked hot bricks in the big old fireplace, covered with ashes and hot coals, and bakes until done—and there's our "ashe cake." Of course some ashes stick to it to some extent, but it is quickly washed off. The taste is different from any other kind of corn bread. It's good. Don't believe it? Just try one—with a glass of fresh butter milk. You'll thank me for calling your attention to a cake that has passed away, with the passing of the great, big, old open fire-places. We had the "johnny cake," too, in the days

of the "old black mammy." This was corn bread, too; made up in the usual way, just as a hoe-cake, and baked on a clean smooth, oak board, in front of the fire, like you cook a plank shad. One end of the board was elevated, and the cake would bake to a beautiful brown. With good butter and a glass of rich sweet milk, they were fine. They were once very popular in the old south. We never have them now. The "old black mummies" and the old open fire-places are gone.

—

A girl lost one of her high heels on the street the other day. It did not phase her one bit. She just picked up the heel, and walked off on the toe of the shoe on that foot, minus heel, just as if the heel was on the shoe just the same. Her heel never lost its elevation in society one whit. It demonstrated its raising.

SOME QUEER QUESTIONS.

Why can't you hear the bark of trees?

Why aren't lady's slippers leather?

Why are ducks called canvas backs

When their backs are only feathers?

What is it that the ocean waves?

Can a lyre bird be good?

Why do leaves not leave the trees?

And why do woodchucks not chuck wood?

—Eleanor Hammond, in *Junior World*.

LAWS, EDUCATION, CRIME.

By C. W. Hunt.

It is very evident that the constant increase in crime has psychologists, social service workers, welfare workers, even church workers guessing for a cause. If all the increase in crime was of the misdemeanor class, blame could be placed on the many prohibs that formerly were not unlawful, but murder, assault, burglary, kidnapping are all felonies, and have increased in proportion; and the most disconcerting thing about it all the fact that the white youth is more often in the toils than the Negro youth. If you desire to make any investigation on his line, stick your pegs down right here.

The great majority of all laws made and enforced in North Carolina and elsewhere have betterment only in view. Ninety nine per cent of these new laws were presented and pushed to passage by men of undoubted character, but so many of these comparatively new laws cut deep into personal rights, into forbidding things that were formerly done by millions, which millions were given no time to change their habits that had, in many cases, become second nature. Run down a list of a few laws that have come in a decade. Prohibition, with its five wings: possessing, transportation, selling, drinking, making; sex relations; stopping at railway crossings; speeding; hotel sex laws; narcotic; dogs at large at night unattended; carrying concealed weapons. There you have twelve of common violation daily by tens of thousands. Some are safe-guards, but

came ahead of any preparation for better citizenship. About eight of the above laws curtail personal rights, the violation of which concerns only the violators; yet they clog the courts with trifles, and make criminals of men and women that are not criminal by nature; in fact until the coming of these trifling laws were considered pretty good citizens. In fact a Governor or two and a few jurists have found themselves common criminals. **NO MAN OR WOMAN WAS EVER LEGISLATED INTO MORALS OR RELIGION.** Deprive those inclined to depravity of what they think is their personal rights, and you make them criminals by making a law; a thing no one ever intended to do. Four of the above laws, you may pick them, could be wiped off the books today and no one could ever know the difference, religiously or morally. Some of these laws got on the books by party fealty, some by courtesy, and there is nothing in legislating as reprehensible as courtesy; by which I vote for your pet bill, you vote for mine. Such is not worthy of ten year old school boys.

But after all that has been said above as to laws, their effect and how they come, the most serious side is yet to mention. When we murder some man or woman every day in the year in North Carolina, a state of boasted civilization, we find life safer in heathendom; almost in a cannibalistic state. Added to the murder each day we are killing and maiming more each day in auto collisions

with railway trains, with each other, and the running down of innocent pedestrians. Yet we lift our voices in song:

“I am on my journey home.”

Many are on their journey home and nearer home than they often know; and by which our boasted prowess falls flat. All sorts of excuses and causes are offered for the conditions named; some well said, some far fetched. Some jurists think our trouble is the want of Sunday school training, and have sentenced boys and men to attend Sunday school. Such a jurist is almost a humorist, but give him credit for honesty of purpose.

The late Chas. B. Aycock is credited with setting in motion a revival of education that has outgrown religion and morality. If it has done either or both then education is to blame for our crime infested conditions. (I know I have now committed the unpardonable(?) sin, and stand alone as a fearless(?) writer, In the words of the late President Roosevelt: “I would not close the door of hope to any man or woman or child.” But the disciples of Aycock, and they are a million, have lost sight of the fact that labor is as necessary as capital, and present day education is far away from labor; in fact far too many refuse to soil their hands any more before they finish high school. The boom for education fills the colleges, while more than half of those who go through are uneducated in true education when they come out of the mill. These drones crowd out many who would take an education and become leaders of men. No parent can be blamed for

wanting his or her sons and daughters educated. Many sons go to college to dodge work at home, knowing they are not going to work at school. Lots of these barely pass or are passed on account of the prominence of the parent when they should be sent home on the second failure to pass at midterm. IT IS RUMORED THAT ONE COLLEGE IN NORTH CAROLINA SENT HOME 300 FRESHMEN THE MIDDLE OF JANUARY FOR FAILURE TO PASS, enforcing a rule that had never been put in action before. Find out which school it was. If that is true, then there is sign of better days, educationally.

Do not spoil a good field, hand, mechanic or cook by pretending a college education. It is so easy to get into ruts and float along. Put in the pruning knife. Then we take on to fads, making them a part of our religion, as it were, when there is nothing to them. It is wonderful (?) to read the brag about the passing of the one teacher school as if it had been a crime, when most of those worth while in North Carolina came from such; but whether you want to believe it or not, with the passing of these one teacher schools there went with it some consciencious teacher that was unable to make the given number of units, but who had been in a higher business, making men and women; and you find the State faced with an increase in crime the like of which has no paralell in history. Going to high school and college does not make men and women; it lays the foundation for better or worse, often times worse; for the reason that the boy or girl has gone 12 years

in the formative age without tasks. Starting in at six the child is 18 when out of high school, and 22 when out of college. That is too long a period at the danger age, for one to be unemployed at making a living. Those who are right climb, make good: those inclined to a loafing good-for-nothing life are possessed of all the better excuse for not soiling their hands, and become drones, if possessed of money: criminals if they have no income and refuse to work.

You say crime is the shock of war. That may have a part in adult crime, but not in youth. A writer in a daily paper a short time ago said "Ignorance is the cause of crime; in which case the remedy is education." That sounded like pretty good sense from a man that was unknown outside of his city ward, but about that time one of the oldest judges in the state of Alabama, who presides over a misdemeanor court, said "that the criminal cannot be reformed by education, as it is a matter of ethical

training." An editor of a great Southern daily said, commenting on what the jurist said: "That is where the present civilization is deficient. The old fashioned home is largely a thing of the past in the cities, at least."

Summary:

(a) We have too many useless laws, unenforced, impossible of enforcement.

(b) Education has not decreased crime.

(c) Education has not increased respect of law.

(d) Education that does not stress that labor is honorable, honest and necessary has denied the faith.

(e) The home that was once the primary seat of government has ceased to function to such an extent that the world, with all its brightness, is miserable on the one side.

(f) A religion that does not denounce sin is a makeshift, and its ministry is senile.

They took a vote in France recently as to who, in all French history, is the most popular hero of all time.

Many thought that Napoleon would win.

But he did not. Louis Pasteur won. Napoleon was next, but thousands of votes behind.

In the last two years several biographies of these men have been issued from American presses. Napoleon's chapters are headed: "Moscow," "The Retreat From Russia," "Elba," "Waterloo," "St. Helena," et cetera, while Pasteur's life chapters are headed: "Studies on Crystallography," "Contagion—The Antiseptic System," "The Prophylaxis of Anthrax," "Rabies."

The one was the killer, the other the savior of human life.

We are more civilized when we vote to give our popular faith to a Pasteur, rather than to a Napoleon; to a doer rather than to an un-doer; to a Savior rather than to a Killer.—Dearborn Independent.

“JACK O'DOON.”

By James Hay, Jr., In Asheville Citizen.

The Americans who conquered the Indian, felled the forests and exterminated the buffalo, undertook to develop this superb, majestic and beautiful country on the theory that beauty, as a factor in human life, amounted to nothing.

One of their most cherished, sacred and sapheaded blunders was that the male person who concerned himself with the beautiful had the curse of effeminacy, not to say sissiness and softness, upon him and all his works.

Oscar Wilde, when he toured the States, declared between shudders and shrinkings that the American's idea of effective interior decoration began with, and ended in, a tall, round tin stove surmounted by an imitation Grecian urn turned upside down.

George E. Merrick, a barrel-chested, go-getter, upstanding six-footer, planned and built Coral Gables in Florida with the ideal of achieving as much beauty as utility in all its structures. And he discovered that the majority of his well-to-do, hustling new citizens, upon purchasing an artistically built home, had to take up the study of interior decoration before they could buy furniture that would harmonize with, and do credit to, their new surroundings.

Even now in some of our communities boasting bank deposits that would make the wealth of Croesus, look like a struggling savings account, the artist is viewed no taltogether with bass-voiced acclaim. There remains a sneaking suspicion that, if he were a real man, he would leave his

paints and brushes to a weakling who had not the brains to operate an adding machine or the muscle to move a piano.

They have not yet caught up with the ancient Greeks who adorned their homes and public buildings with beautiful pictures and statues, principally because they knew that their young people, surrounded from the beginning with loveliness, would be inspired to nobler thought and more heroic achievement.

But in recent years there has been a bold, defiant and determined propaganda in behalf of beauty put forward in America by artists and by millionaires rich enough to snap their fingers at popular prejudice.

The preachment has taken hold. It has moved the imagination of the manufacturers so that now they proclaim their ideal, like Merrick's, to be the combination of the beautiful with the useful. Correspondence schools offer to teach young people of talent how to become designers for business houses.

Big plants have their corps of artists whose job it is to put more and more beauty into furniture, cloth, silver, every article intended for household use. So successful is the beauty cult that women fight for the privilege of buying faked antique furniture, not because it is beautiful but because it is old.

There you have irrefutable evidence of a nation-wide groping for artistic improvement. We are on our way to a real and sincere appreciation of loveliness. We are awaking to the

astounding, soul-shaking and gratifying discovery that beauty is all right, that it must be all right because it pays.

—

Not that the awakening has come suddenly. As far back as 1894, for instance, a brilliant Western North Carolinian was preaching this gospel of beauty, this inescapable truth that ugliness of environment puts an ugly mark upon the individual as surely as loveliness of surroundings begets nobility in man or woman.

Came to this desk a few days ago a novel entitled "Jack O'Doon," written by Maria Beale, who is Mrs. Charles W. Beale of Arden, and published in 1894 by Henry Holt and Company. In this dramatic love story whose scene is the coast of North Carolina, occurs the following paragraph descriptive of the hero:

"He loved luxury, and had been rash enough, upon his coming of age, to cut a slice from his inheritance and deliberately invest it in what his friends called 'trash.' He could not dispute their wisdom, but had maintained that ugliness shortened life and limited intelligence; and ugly

things, as household gods, he could not have."

There you have, in a few lines, a recapitulation of the original American antipathy to spending money to buy beauty—as if anything more precious could be bought!—and a statement of the evil that comes in the wake of ugliness.

Through the whole charming story runs this note of protest against the prevalent idea and this plea for lovely things. Nor is the plea in words alone. It is also in the lucid power of Mrs. Beale's style. "Jack O'Doon" is written in beautiful and vigorous English to which the young writer of self and pleasure to his readers.

In fact, the plot of the story is so well built, its analysis of character so shrewd and diverting, and its style so polished and authentic as to make the reader wonder that it was not immediately followed by others from the same pen.

But the author might well have been satisfied with having struck so effective a blow for beauty and the love of beauty.

It costs one and seven-tenth cents to print a dollar bill and it has a very short life. A silver dollar can be minted for one cent and it lasts indefinitely. This is one of the reasons for the Government's desire to put the metal coin into circulation. It is estimated that 40,000,000 silver dollars replacing that many paper bills would save the Government \$1,000,000 a year.—Selected.

THE HEN ON THE LEAFLESS TREE.

(Monroe Journal).

Some of the Journal correspondents have had their say about the old hen which sat on a leafless tree out in the cold and resented the complaint of her owner that she did not lay enough. Her contention was that she could not lay without something to make eggs of, and this material she was unable to acquire in sufficient quantities by her unaided efforts in scratching on the bleak hillsides. From the standpoint of sentiment one is quite ready to accept this old hen's point of view and to extend to her all the sympathy due a neglected and much abused female. And when the wise guys come along and tell us in plain business terms that no hen, however ambitious and energetic, can produce eggs in paying number unless she is provided by her keeper with both food and shelter, we take it that the complaining hen has completely won her case before the forum of a discriminating and fair-minded public.

Justice is often tardy, and sometimes it lingers so long that it seems never to come at all. Now there is the case of Old Speckle. She not only had to scratch for what she got in the way of food, but as for raiment and shelter, she had none at all. To be out of the reach of foxes, she had to sit upon the lightest limb of the trees throughout the year, and in cold weather her toes were saved from freezing off only by drawing one foot at a time up under her feathers. While thus engaged in preserving the very tools

with which she made her living, such as it was, one can fancy that she was able to snatch very little repose during a cold night, especially since she must have had to keep at least one eye open all the time for marauding weasels or 'possums.

More In The Man Than In The Land.

Years ago when people began to talk about the better farming and the change in economic currents began to wreck the old-time farm life, some coined a phrase which stuck, namely, that there is more in the man than there is in the land. Perhaps from this hint, as well as from experience and demonstration, some one arrived at the conclusion that scantiness of the egg basket was due as much to Old Speckle's owner as to that energetic old lady herself. Speckle was what conditions and a hard life had made her. She was not an egg specialist because that had not been her first consideration in life. Such eggs as she laid came only in response to nature's propelling impulse upon all creatures to reproduce life of their kind. Coming up like all our domestic animals have come up, from the wild state, nature had given her no instinct to become a food source for man by producing more eggs than were necessary to her main business of perpetuating her breed. Behold the wild birds they still lay only enough eggs to hatch a yearly brood. So when man began to train the hen for his own purposes as a converter of raw material into palatable food for

himself, it took him a good long time to understand what part of the obligation he himself was assuming and what part might rightly remain to the hen. For a very long time he seems to have thought that he had entered into no mutual obligation at all, but that Old Speck should maintain herself, produce her yearly brood, and give him an abundance of eggs in addition. And as time went on and the food value of Old Speck's product became better and better understood and more eagerly sought after, Mr. Man decided that it was up to him to come to her assistance. And once this matter was thoroughly comprehended, it must be admitted that man has done wonders. He has changed the whole direction and purpose of Old Speck's life. He has surrounded her by an environment and a constant suggestion that has made her see that the chief purpose of her life is not merely to keep up existence but to assume a giant part of the white man's burden. In short, she has been trained into the idea which moves civilization, namely, that it's not all of life nor all of death to die, but that production is the chief aim of existence, production and more production. And while man has contrived his machines so that they have increased production ten thousand fold, Old Speck has not lagged behind.

And She Now Builds Houses.

Always there are people who believe in the old way and will not bother about the new. It must have been such a master as this which the old hen complained of when she sat on a leafless tree.

There are yet those who think that the hen ought to find herself and work for him for nothing. But this cannot be done, even by those strains of fowls which have been bred to the new responsibility of egg production. Hence there are still people who "keep" chickens by letting them keep themselves, and find no profit therein. They are still unconverted to the principle of the division of labor. They want Old Speck to do her work and theirs too. On the other hand more and more people are finding out that the more they do for the hen the more she will do for them, in fact that under modern conditions, if he does his full part she can go a long way towards making life easy and prosperous for him. Old Speck did her best in her day, but her granddaughters, reinforced by the help of their owners are building houses, lifting mortgages, buying land educating the young, and a thousand other things. Witness the highly entertaining story in this issue of the paper about some people in this county are able to do by properly reinforcing the efforts of the hen. And in view of all the evidence, don't you think that Broom is about right when he says that success with chickens depends entirely upon the man or the woman, as the case may be?

Eggs From The Celestial Kingdom.

We have not read up on the history of chickens, how and when they became domesticated and how the different strains were developed. Perhaps there is no authentic history. We are told that millions of eggs are imported into the United States from China. We infer from this fact that

the celestials must be pretty expert in giving aid and comfort to the hen. And from the fact that many of our strains, such as Buff Cochins, big bodies and feather legs generally, come from the oriental countries, we infer that the Asiatic peoples have kept chickens so long that neither memory, tradition nor history can tell when they began. But the point here is that while eggs are brought to this country from China, and cold storage eggs brought to Charlotte and Monroe, there is evidence that money can be made and made well, safely, and surely from eggs produced in Union county, and that there is not likely to ever be a serious lack of market. To be sure the market is going up and going down, but so long as there is a market for anything there is likely to be a good market for good fresh eggs. And, as the poultry leaders point out, chicken farming fits into cotton farming like a glove. And for our section, the chicken and the cow are bound to be the life savers of the cotton farmer. And these people who are doing it show plainly that chickens can buy more than the gas for the flivver. And one of the best things about it is that it opens an opportunity for the women and children. This locality is well set for marketing. Poultry and egg trains are constantly coming through begging for supplies.

Don't Forget The Ice Box.

We are not much on giving advice, especially to farmers. Of the total population of this country thirty out of every one hundred make their living on the farms. This thirty per cent of the population is growing relatively less all the time, despite

the fact that about all of the other seventy per cent are giving large and valuable chunks of advice to the thirty per cent that is still on the farms. While the percentage of farm population is growing less all the time farm production per man is increasing all the time. So we take it that since decreasing in number the farmers are able at the same time to increase their production, to resist the lure to town and to absorb even a small portion of the advice that is given them, the farmers must know their own business pretty well. But we surely must admit that such stories as Mr. Broom tells in this paper today about the people he knows who are making large success with chickens, has a great appeal to our imagination. We can't see why more people do not enter the new compact with Old Speck and run on a co-operative basis. Surely it must be fun as well as profit to bring Old Speck off the leafless tree, give her a good warm house, plenty of good food and see her work. Especially since she will not only pay for the food she uses and build her own house, but also build houses for her partners. Therefore, we feel sure that more and more of our people are going to work on this line, which calls to mind another thing, namely, that eggs, like cotton, can't all be consumed in the months in which the crop is gathered. There must be provision for carrying over the surplus till the market calls for it. Hence, we should not let our former talk about a cold storage plant in Monroe die. We are going to need it more and more. It's a part of the partnership obligation with Old Speck. Old Speck is dis-

tinely a business proposition now. The days of her hardships as well as her frivolity are past, days when it was said that

“An old hen sat on turtle’s eggs,

And she hatched out goslings
three,

Two were turkeys with slender
legs,

And one was a bumble bee.”

BE CAREFUL.

A young fellow, a nice sort of a chap, related recently how he fooled an acquaintance into believing that he was sick. Just for the sport of the thing he told his friend several days in succession that he was not looking well and that he had best consult a doctor. The victim, previous to the occurrence a hearty specimen, actually began to manifest symptoms of being unwell, when the joke was told. In this case no particular harm seems to have been revealed, but the experiment was very dangerous and foolish. Suggestion is a powerful influence and when once it begins in a given direction no one knows how far it will go. Never tell a person an unpleasant thing as a joke. The reaction cannot with accuracy be foretold. An innocent joke may terminate into ghastly tragedy. Some people are easily frightened by superstition; some of them who vigorously deny the fact. It is never wise to make jokes that endanger health or sane reasoning. Some people are “queer” and believe too much.

—Oxford Friend.

NERVOUSNESS.

(N. C. State Board of Health.)

In this strenuous age when always there appears to be something waiting to be done and with never time to do it, we hear more and more of nervousness. With the ever-increasing competition in business and in social life, and the competition in social life may be keener and more disastrous than in business, there results an increasing number of victims of “nervousness.”

The medical director of a sanitarium for nervous patients once explained that very often patients, more often women, come in for rest, or for

the treatment of various complaints when the only need is rest, and when ordered to bed they all but refuse. Such persons, after being compelled to remain in bed for three or four days, often say at the end of time that they feel much worse than when they first entered. And this indeed is true. They had lived in high tension so long they could not relax and “let go” of themselves. There was an actual physical exhaustion which they had not realized until a forced rest broke this high nervous tension.

When they did relax the real exhaustion was felt. After once securing relaxation, then, this doctor explained, it is easy to build up the wasted strength and recovery is rapid.

Let's take this doctor's statement as a valuable tip. If relaxation will cure nervousness, relaxation will prevent nervousness.

But, the busy housewife replies with almost scorn in her laugh, "when can I relax? There is never a moment for rest at my house." The reply should be, "But there is always time to do the things that must be done, and sufficient relaxation and rest are things that must be done if health and usefulness are

preserved."

Let the nervous woman sit down for a moment each morning and deliberately plan her work for the day. Allow abundant time for each task to be completed before beginning another and follow the schedule. Always include in the schedule a period of rest.

Perhaps nine out of ten will ridicule this suggestion and say it is impossible, and it is impossible if you will not try. But those who try it usually succeed, and, what is more, they soon develop an attitude of poise and self-command which removes all probability of the need of a rest in a sanitarium.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHER MAN.

These rules will help you to know what to expect:

1. When birds ruffle or peck their feathers, or huddle together, look out for changes in the weather.
2. Flies get worse on approaching storms.
3. Heavy dew means dry weather to follow.
4. Soft-looking clouds mean fine weather to come, moderate winds.
5. Evening red and morning gray will set the traveler on his way; evening gray and morning red will bring down rain upon his head. Red at night, campers' delight; red at morning, campers' warning.
6. Red eastern sky at sunset means bad weather to follow.
7. A strip of seaweed hung in the house in fine weather keeps dry and dusty-like; in coming rains it gets wet, damp and sticky.
8. When hogs carry straw in their mouths it is a sign of a sudden and big drop in temperature.

While the above signs may not in all cases be correct, yet by many people they are considered very reliable, and Nos. 7 and 8 may be considered as positive signs.

THE NORTH CAROLINA OF 50 YEARS AGO AND THE NORTH CAROLINA OF TODAY.

(By C. B. Johnson in *The Charlotte Observer*.)

North Carolina!

What a tale of forward action!!

Fifty years ago there wasn't a solvent bank in the state.

Fifty years ago poverty stalked abroad.

Fifty years ago, next to New Mexico, North Carolina was pointed to as the most illiterate state in the Union.

Fifty years ago there wasn't a decent highway in the state.

Fifty years ago the state's enfeebled and afflicted suffered without the touch of a helping hand.

Fifty years ago the state's industries were represented by four cotton mills, a few small grist mills and lumbering operations on a small scale.

"Tar, pitch and turpentine" was all that the world had knowledge of in North Carolina.

But fifty years ago brave men began to erect on the ashes of Civil War conflagration the foundation of a new commonwealth.

What a change today!

No state in the Union has equalled the progress made along many essential lines.

Today North Carolina pays more tax to the federal government than the states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida combined, and ranks seventh in the United States.

Today North Carolina ranks fifth as an agricultural state, first as a miscellaneous manufacturing state and second as a cotton producing state; first in the production of tobacco; first in the production of peanuts; second in the manufacture of furniture, and second in the manufacture of cotton.

Instead of her four cotton mills, the state is the home of over four hundred representing half of the entire South's spindleage. The output of her industries annually totals in value \$750,000,000.

Streams that for centuries rolled to the sea untouched by the hand of capital, are today developing more horse-power than is developed in all the balance of the South combined.

One hundred and twenty million dollars are being expended on good roads within a five-year period.

Millions upon millions have been spent to give the youth of the state the best of educational advantages, and from Hatteras to the Tennessee line, one finds the whole state studded with magnificent brick school, colleges and universities.

The rare beauty of Carolina beach and mountain scenes is bringing to North

Carolina from all quarters of the continent armies of men and women each season to rest and play, and for the first time North Carolina's surpassing resort advantages are being nationally recognized as superior.

It is a story of forward movement all along the line. One record is made only to be broken by a better one and no state in the South and few in the nation have been so much in the public eye in late years!

Come to North Carolina!

HE'S BACK FROM FLORIDA.

"I saw nothing on my trip through Florida that convinced me that a young man would have a better chance to prosper and succeed than the opportunities afford in North Carolina."

This is a frank answer to a question propounded to Mr. D. B. Coltraue, banker and manufacturer, who has just returned from giving Florida a look over.

This splendid gentleman, greatly interested in all developments and general progress anywhere and everywhere, gave an account of his recent trip practically as follows:

"Like many others the desire to see Florida came to me, but, unlike many, my desire was to see Central and Western Florida to learn what I might about the real state.

My first stop was at a small town, Dunneilun, in almost the center of the state. Joining there a friend, we were soon on the road, going first to Levy county, which seemed to be normal, well to-to-do, with no appearance of a boom. Williston in that county has the appearance of thrift, with good homes and business houses. From there we went to Ocala in Marion county—this is a very inviting town, or, may I say, city. Near this place is the celebrated Silver Spring, flowing twenty-two millions of gallons of water every hour.

On our return trip to our starting point, we stopped at Blue Spring, which flows twenty millions gallons of water per hour. Looking into this spring the water has a perfectly blue color, but when examined in a small quantity it proves to be crystally

clear. Each of these springs head a river.

The following day we started on a three-day trip to see the very center of the state, visiting the following counties: Citrus, Inverness the county seat; Hernando, Brooksville county seat; Pasco, Dade City county seat; Hillsboro, Plant City county seat; Polk, Bartow the county seat, and in this county are Lakeland, Winter Haven, Lake Wiles, and Mountain Lake, the home of many prominent millionaires and one of the most lovely spots in the state or in any state.

Polk county is said to be the richest county in the United States, upon a per capita basis. Its orange groves are a wonder. At Winter Haven is located the largest Citrus packing house in the world, and it is

finding a fine market in England and, in fact, in all of western Europe. The manner of selecting and packing the fruit is intensely interesting. This fruit is excellent and most abundant. In addition to the wonderful citrus groves, the churches and schools are in keeping with the needs of such people.

Our next trip took in Ocoola county, whose county seat is Kisseme; then Orange county the home of Orlando, a city of most splendid homes then to lake county with Tabarries as county seat, and then back to Ocala, having spent a day motoring over the Back Bone of Florida. This region is filled with most attractive lakes and looks very inviting as a place to live.

Our last particular visit was to Homassassa, a new city built on the west coast, by men of very large wealth, which they claim will be the Paradise of Florida. This, they claim, is to be the last word in city building.

Many men say and believe that only the surface in Florida has been scratched in this boom. This visit was a revelation to me, but in no way

weaned from the good old North State."

The Uplift enjoyed hearing Mr. Coltrane's interesting account of a number of sights he saw, which are not even touched in the foregoing. One in particular touches upon nature. At one point he saw a hundred or more tourists living in camp, using tents and automobile houses. Near by was a broad sheet of water, probably a lake. On this water were thousands of ducks. When one of the tourists was asked why he did not shoot them, he replied those ducks are inside of the incorporate limits and it is a fine to shoot one. Then it was brought to his attention that the duck line stopped short off at the incorporate limits. Even the ducks in Florida have taken on wisdom—they have discovered that they are safe in town but invite death on the outside.

By the way, there are ducks in many of our cities that enjoy incorporate protection and contribute not one thing to the support of the institutions or the maintenance of law and order.

THE SWITCH BOARD.

But if that old switch board could be given utterance it could hand out more second hand gossip than all the catty clubs combined. It has heard everything from the chatter of the baby to the hideous scowls of the drunken fool. It has heard everything from a funeral arrangement to the code of the bootlegger, with his "half cow" to his "Whole hog" and the other fictitious measurements by which rotgat is sold.

—Kings Mountain Herold.

“WASH” HELD FAST.

(A Reader In The Independent.)

After Roanoke Island had been evacuated by the Confederates in the war between the states, it became the mecca for negroes in this section. They left the farms and flocked there to this asylum of freedom, where they could do as they pleased without fear of molestation. Nearly all the able bodied young men were induced by the \$300 bounty to enlist in the U. S. Army. Gunboats and transports came up the sounds and their tributaries and took them away until all plantations were nearly depleted. A few on account of kind and humane treatment by their owners would not leave their old homes. A Coleraine on the Chowan River some remained on the large farm of J. H. Etheridge, also on the large farm of Zachariah Ellyson and others. Mr. Etheridge tells the following story of one of these old negroes who stood by his master.

There was a negro man on the Ellyson place named Washington who was a carpenter. “Wash,” as he was called worker at his vocation all over the country, and had proved to his owner that he was competent and trustworthy. Mr. Ellyson had implicit confidence in his integrity. During the war constant raids were made by Federal troops, in this section, especially along the rivers not defended by Confederates. All kinds of property was taken and carried off by the soldiers, at Coleraine and other places. Private homes were searched and ransacked for money and other valuables. Those who owned these things were alarmed and hid them in

graveyards, and other obscure places, where they thought they would be safe.

Mr. Ellyson had several thousand dollars in gold and silver money. He was terribly concerned about it and the following conversation took place:

“Wash, you know I have always trusted you and you have never deceived me, and am not afraid to trust you again. I have several thousand dollars that I am afraid the Yankees will find. Will you take it and keep it for me until the war, or all danger is over?”

Wash fell upon his knees, with tears streaming from his eyes, took Mr. Ellyson's hand and said:

“Master, I've never fooled you about anything in your life and I will take your money and keep it safe, and bring it back to you whenever you say so.”

Wash was given the bags containing the money, for safekeeping.

Now Wash had a sweetheart with whom he was deeply infatuated, and trusted her with his secret. The pages of history are strewn with the wreck and ruin of great men who trusted their secrets to women they loved. During one of the raids of the troops, this woman approached Wash and appealed to him with all her endearments and wiles to take the money and go away to the north. She told him, “there will be enough to buy us a nice little home where we can enjoy the remainder of our lives.”

Wash told her that he would not

steal his master's money, not for her and all the "niggers" he ever saw. With all her blandishments, she failed to shake his faithfulness. Unable to persuade Wash to take her and the money, she informed some of the soldiers of what he had in his possession. One night they caught Wash, and carrying him to a deserted house, and with all kinds of threats of punishment calculated to make him give up the money, they proceeded to tie a rope around his neck, and told him that unless he gave up the money, they would certainly hang him. Wash stoutly denied having any money in his possession.

They had the rope over a rafter when the scuffling of the soldiers inside the building attracted the attention of a passing officer, who entered the house and ordered the men to turn Wash loose. But for this timely interference, Wash would have been severely choked, if not hung.

But Wash kept the money and returned it to Mr. Ellyson when the danger of raiding parties were over. 'I was 13 years old when this occurred,' says Mr. Etheridge "and have a distinct recollection of all the facts as related to me. Wash has often told me that he would have suffered to be hung, before giving up the money. I believe he would.'

THE ART OF TANNING HIDES.

The first reliable record we have of methods of tanning hides dates back nearly five thousand years. From the carved stone tablets which were used by the Egyptians at the time of the building of the pyramids we have gleaned much of the history of leather. The Egyptians classed leather along with the precious metals, ivory, and rare woods. The Romans at one time used it as a basis for money. But in referring to the art of tanning, the Jewish Talmud infers that it was not a respected one.

The oldest form of satisfactory tanning was effected by massaging oil into the hide after the pores had been opened by repeated washings. To the Hebrews we are indebted for the introduction of the use of oak bark as tannin. With the rise of the European guild system the leather in-

dustry offered various opportunities for organizations among which were the saddlers, cobblers and tanners. For a time these organizations became influential socially and politically.

Then came the discovery of America. When the white man came he found the Indian an extensive user of leather and to be in the possession of the secret of the "buckskin tan," a process which, with all the modern scientific methods, has never been excelled for pliability, imperviousness to water, and smoothness. How the American Indian learned to tan is unknown. From the Indians the early settlers learned the art of moccasin making, but not until 1628 were any shoes made in America. Those who wore shoes either got them from Europe or wore moccasins which they made.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century Sir Humphrey Davy, an Englishman, added to the list of available tannins hemlock, valmonia, mimosa, divi divi, myrobolans, quebracho (a native of Paragnay and Argetina), oak wood and chestnut. Owing to the vast hemlock forests America possessed she readily took the lead in the output of leather and with the rapid development of railroads the tanning industry soon became centralized and advanced rapidly. To America the world is indebted for the contribution of machinery to the tanning industry. The most important among her contributions were the splitting machine and the scraper. More recent introductions are concentrated and extract tannin and the use of chromium salts.

Now to take a peep into the tannery! Leather comes from animal pelts. These are shipped to the tanner green-salted, dry or dry-salted. Pelts are classed as hides, from the larger animals such as buffaloes, steers, cows, etc.; kips, from under-sized animals; and skins from the smaller animals. The main source of the American tanners' supply of pelts is the western part of the country. South and Central America also contribute to this supply, and some pelts are obtained from marine or sea animals. Packer hides or those coming from meat packing houses are considered better than country hides which come from small butchers and hide dealers. In the grading of hides those damaged by the tick and grub are undesirable. The custom of branding is also detrimental to the quality of hides. Pelts are made up of gelatin and fi-

ber, the latter being indestructible. They are tanned primarily for the purpose of making the gelatin indestructible. Upon reaching the tannery the salt, dirt, blood, tags, etc., are removed from the hides. They are soaked for a period of three or six days, after which they are placed in a strong lime solution. This treatment loosens the hair and tends to swell the hides, making them porous and susceptible to the action of tanning liquids.

At the judgment of the tanner the hides are taken from the lime solution and run through the dehairing machine. When they come from this machine they are light gray in color. Next they are immersed in vats of tanning liquid for about fifteen days. Then they are packed in ground bark in another set of vats, with first a layer of bark, then a hide, another layer of bark, then a hide, and so on, ending with a layer of bark. Tanning liquor is also pumped into these vats, where the hides remain for several days. When they are removed each hide is thoroughly cleaned with oil. Usually a mixture of cod and mineral oil is massaged into them. They are then dried by a process which necessitates much care. When thoroughly dry the hides are oiled again and rolled. The rolling smooths the grain, compresses the leather and serves as a polisher. With the completion of this process we find the leather rough tanned.

The most important kinds of leather are: Chrome, cordovan and patent. Chrome leather is tanned by the aid of chromium salts. Tests made by the government during the World War proved it to be the most durable

for shoes. Cordovan or Spanish leather is a soft, fine-grained product that takes a high polish. It derives its name from Cordova, Spain, where it was originally manufactured. At one time it was made from goatskins

only, but now it is made from pigskins and horsehides as well. Patent leather was first manufactured at Newark, Del., in 1819, by Seth Boyden, inventor.—The Pathfinder.

MAYOR IS EDITOR FOR ONE DAY.

At last a Mayor of a city has seen what it is like to be editor of a daily newspaper. Arthur E. Nelson, Mayor of St. Paul, Minnesota, was invited to serve as editor for one day of the morning newspaper of his City. Writing in the *Kiwanis Magazine* of his unique and never-to-be-forgotten experience, Mayor Nelson says:

“I am serving my fourth, and praise be, last year as mayor of Saint Paul the capital city of Minnesota. I had grown to believe that all the abuse conceived by mankind was reserved for public officials—that a considerable portion of the daily insults were heaped on me, personally, each day of my incumbency.

“To my amazement, however, I found in the editorship of a metropolitan newspaper a job which must ultimately, it seems to me, result in physical violence at the hands of an outraged constituency. Talk of abuse! Things that have been said to me as mayor were flattering compared to the things that were said to me as editor.

“And in my wake I left a mob of angry readers—some whose names were in the paper, some whose names were incorrectly spelled, some whose

initials were incorrectly given, some whose addresses were improperly stated, some who claimed to be misquoted, some who felt they should have been quoted but were not, some who couldn't find their item about the church bazaar, some who resented our editorial opinion, some who were so mad they couldn't say anything at all.

“But despite its drab aspects, the job of editing a metropolitan newspaper must be one of the real fascinations of life. I do not feel altogether competent to judge as to this, because one day in the editor's chair is scarcely enough in which to get ‘tough’ and ‘thick-skinned’ and all that sort of thing, but from what I saw during my brief career the impression grew that once ‘hardened’ an editor should find life an unbroken song.

“I take off my hat to men who can stand up under the daily grind and strain of editing. I take it off again to our American newspapers, which are unquestionably the best in world. What faults we as individuals may think they have pale into insignificance in the light of the great service they are attempting to perform each day. And when I pause to consider what would happen

if we had no newspapers, a little paper for one day I have had my chill runs up and down my spine. fun and may have done some good.

“As editor a metropolitan news-At any rate I am still alive.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow

Mr. Hudson and some of the boys have been pruning the fruit trees during the past week.

Mr Long and a number of the boys cut and sawed wood in the past few days.

Hiram Greer and Swift Davis ex-Training School boys were visitors here last week.

Last Thursday was a very bad and rainy day. The work force went to the cottage basements.

Mr. Ralph Penninger former officer and school teacher at this institution was a visitor here last Wednesday.

Last week the barn boys hauled manure and scattered it over the ground that is to be planted in potatoes soon.

The boys in Mr. Johnson's room all wrote a twelve or fifteen paragraph story about the "Life of George Washington." A number of the stories were very good.

Mr. Carriker and the shop boys built a large coop for chickens last week. They also repaired a bench for the seventh cottage.

Frank Stone, Flemming Floyd,

and Aubry Weaver, members of the seventh, eleventh and ninth cottages were paroled in the past few days.

Mrs. Duckett's third and fourth grades of the morning section had a little program in their room last Monday. The program was: Readings, by Hewett, Devon, Gilbert, and Emory. Songs by the school room. Mottoes by some of the boys.

There was another baseball game at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. The first hitter up was Lee Mc Bride and he scored a run in the first inning. The other boys and officers that got a one base hit were: Mr. Groover, Mr Horton, Mr. Carriker, Mr. Lisk was in luck and got two, Cox one, Billings, Williams, Pickett, Keenan, Stevens, McCone. The two base hitters were: Mr. Horton, and McCone. Cox was the pitcher for one of the teams and Pickett was the pitcher for the other. Cox struck out seven, Pickett six and walked two. The score was 10 to 6 favor Pickett's team.

The Sunday School lesson that that the boys had for last Sunday was a very interesting and also a mysterious one. The subject of the lesson was: "Jesus Raises Lazarus from the Dead." This lesson was

taken from St. John the twelfth chapter. It told how Mary sent word to Jesus saying: "the one that you love is dead." After Jesus stayed in the same city for two days, He went to Bethany the city in which Mary lived. When Martha heard that Jesus was there she met him saying: "Lord if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Jesus then told her that her brother would rise again. Martha said that she knew that he would rise in the resurrection. Jesus then said: "I am the resurrection, and the life, he that beliveth

in me though he were dead, yet shall he live." He asked Martha if she believed, she told him that she did. After talking with Mary he then went to where they had lain Lazarus, he prayed to the Father and then called with a loud voice: Lazarus come forth." He came forth in grave clothes and a napkin tied around his head, Jesus bade them to loosen him and let him go, Some of the people who saw this great miracle believed on Jesus. This lesson was a very interesting one for the boys.

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see What gay distress,
What splendid misery! Whatever fortunes lavishly can pour. The mind
annihilates, and calls for more—Young.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

WHERE THE DUTY LIES.

The teaching of the law of God devolves on two institutions; the one is the home and the other is organized society. It is nothing short of a crime to send young people out into the world without the guiding and staying power of religion. And this means vastly more than the forms of religion. It means that religion is planted as a growing motivating force in the heart of the individual. There are two ways of communicating truth, by teaching it and by living it. By combining them we complete our task.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

HIGH COMMENDATION.

There have come, during the week, among others, certain evidences of high commendation that bring great encouragement to The Uplift.

Mr. R. A. Dunn, president of the Commercial National Bank, of Charlotte, writes: "I enclose check for ten (\$10.00) dollars. Please apply same to my subscription for your very interesting journal, The Uplift."

Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, writes: "I see that my subscription to The Uplift is about out. I am enclosing my check for renewal and it gives me pleasure to do so, for I have enjoyed The Uplift and always find it interesting, in fact I read everything in it, and can always find something to think about and improve myself. I wish it could reach every home in North Carolina. I preserve my copies and give them out to friends I know will appreciate them."

* * * * *

WORKING TOGETHER.

An observant writer says one of the much used words of our time is teamwork. We have always been dependent on one another, but never so much so as at the present time. It usually takes a whole group of us to get anything

done. No man is more surely doomed to failure than he who imagines he can live his life successfully alone. It certainly is true that we are members one of another and that it takes all of us to make one body. My right hand is a useful member, and I would not wish to part with it; but what could my right hand do if it did not have the support of the other members of my body? They must do teamwork. They must pull together.

The spirit that imagines the help of others is not necessary soon gets a jar. We see our associates forging ahead because they have enlisted others in the fellowship of labor. He who takes another into his companionship and comes to know how dependent he is upon him and others like him is getting as much done as if he worked alone twenty-four hours a day. And yet there are those who strangely imagine they are not dependent on anyone, and that any success that comes their way is due to their own efforts.

And then there is another element in this consideration sadder than any other. It finds its expression in the man who supposes he can live without God; and he can, but it is a life to little or no purpose. Most of us are willing to believe, both out of our own experience and from the testimony of many others, that he lives best who lives and works with God. For the few years we live here we should be willing to take advantage of all the help within our reach.

* * * * *

SPEAKS WISDOM.

Mr. J. E. Latham, an outstanding citizen of Greensboro and the state, some days ago speaking at the regular luncheon of the Monarch club, emphasized the importance and power of friendship and declared that

“Friendship as the one thing in human relations that made life worthwhile. Take friends from people, he asserted, and you have taken from life the greatest asset of all.

Pointing to the value of the civic club or organization to the individual and community, Mr. Latham said that acquaintances are the stepping-stones to friendship, and it is in the civic club that the business or professional man makes these acquaintances. Home life and religion are the two most important things in human life, and these contribute the basis for the building of genuine friendship.”

Nothing can be truer than these views of Mr. Latham. We may think when all things are going right and to our notion, that there is no special need of friendships, but there comes a time when this view is frustrated. As one grows older, if he be normal and not a grouch or a confirmed cynic, he

comes more and more into a lively realization of the preciousness of genuine friendships, in rain or sunshine.

These civic organizations are very fruitful in bringing about a fellow sympathy, regard and the finest kind of friendships.

* * * * *

SENATOR OVERMAN.

On Sunday, U. S. Senator Lee S. Overman made announcement that he is a candidate for re-election to the high office, which he now fills with honor to himself and credit to North Carolina.

Mr. Overman says he will stay on his job in Washington, leaving his cause in the hands of his friends and supporters. A long service in this great body has given Senator Overman a high standing among his fellows and he has always enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his constituency.

The only known opposition to his return to the U. S. Senate for another six years is in the candidacy of Mr. R. R. Reynolds, a prominent lawyer of Asheville.

Mr. Reynolds made the campaign two years ago for Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina. While he did not win, he made a wonderful run showing that he has a host of friends throughout the state.

Mr. Reynold's announcement is a unique one. He assures the public that nobody overpersuaded him to enter the campaign for the U. S. Senate: and that should defeat overtake him, he is just what can stand it. Not often is such cheerful philosophy found in a candidate. Bob Reynolds has a big asset in his cheerful and sporting nature.

* * * * *

SENATOR SIMMONS.

The public in general has found out ere this that there is in the United States Senate a gentleman by the name of F. M. Simmons, of North Carolina. In all great questions that come before this body of law makers Senator Simmons takes a deep profound concern. He has to be reckoned with, and it is well.

The "non-partisan" tax bill went sailing through the House of Representatives with no trouble or obstacle. In the Senate, the Finance committee recognized some features not pleasing or satisfactory. The ablest man on that committee is Senator Simmons and he it was, by his power and superior ability, that engineered the measure into a shape that more nearly meets the

ideas of justice and makes of it, in a great measure, satisfactory to the public.

There are some criticisms of certain details of this new tax law, but the public may well believe, as it no doubt does, that it owes to this able statesman a debt of gratitude for his services and leadership in making the tax measure as good as it is.

You can't lose the senior North Carolina Senator in a fight where facts and details play the major part.

* * * * *

VANCE COUNTY.

In all the lamentations over the growing belief that crime is increasing in the state, we point with considerable pride to Vance County.

Superior Court met in Henderson and within one and a half hours the criminal docket was cleared and court adjourned.

Chas. B. Aycock, in his educational speeches, taking a great comfort in recalling an item of statistics, exclaimed "thank God for South Carolina and New Mexico."

Those of us who deplore what seems an increase in crime in the country at large and North Carolina in particular may be thankful for Vance County, North Carolina.

* * * * *

WINDING UP.

News item from Albemarle in the Greensboro News is headed: "Stanly County is winding up consolidated plan—contract has been awarded for last three of the county's new schools."

Our neighbor on the east has about finished its great constructive program; while his neighbor on the west (Cabarrus) hasn't a single consolidated district. And none of her pupils has ever seen a school truck.

Are Stanly County's children more deserving than the little tots in Cabarrus?

* * * * *

COL. HOUSE VIGOROUSLY ATTACKED.

In the U. S. Senate on Tuesday, Senator McKellar vigorously assailed Col. E. M. House for publication of his papers disclosing his relations with Woodrow Wilson.

Col. House was accused of betraying the war President and with under-

taking to show that "he was only a puppet, in the hands of this unknown colonel from Texas."

* * * * *

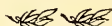
The daily readers of the Raleigh News & Observer have for a period missed the fluent pen of Ben Dixon MacNeill, the author and creator of a special column under the caption "Cellar & Garret." MacNeill has been sick at his mother's home down in Cumberland. According to his own account the thing that hastened his recovery was the converting of a big crack in the plastered wall into a great river, along which he built fine towns and cities, innumerable industrial plants and homes overflowing with bright and charming girls.

* * * * *

It is very fortunate for House, at least, that many of the leading subjects in his alleged diary are dead and unable to speak for themselves. Some of the vanity stuff in his statements would probably not be broadcasted were Walter H. Page in the flesh. The more we read these letters of House, while they are engaging, the more we come to think that probably many of them may have been edited, or even revised or even imagined long after the events of which they purport to record.

* * * * *

As was expected by nearly everybody, Dr. Chase will remain at the University of North Carolina, declining a call to a similar institution in Oregon.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A lot of folks have been digging up what they allege is the doings of George Washington. Some say he took a drink or two; others that that he did thus and so. Well, as George is not here to deny or substantiate the truth of these things, I am not worrying. As to his card playing I conclude that he never trumped his partner's ace, as his monument still stands; and there are a lot of people living doing a great deal worse than George did.

An old colored woman approached the ticket window, at the railway station, and addressing the agent, said: "Ah wants a ticket for Eliza beah." The agent spent some time looking over a railway guide, apparently with no success, and then he inquired: "Where is Elizabeth?" "Dar she is; settin' ober dar, on de bench," politely responded the colored woman.

The modern silk stocking is not a good bank, or postoffice any more. They are so thin that they do not hide their contents. I saw a girl on the street the other day, who had put a letter in one of hers and it had slipped down in the rear to near the heel. It did look odd carrying a letter in such a place. I am confident if I had been closer I could have read the address. But the letter was going, just the same, and not by the mail, but fe-male.

A Russian scientist gives it out that air waves vibrate from all hu-

man beings. I have known all my life that handkerchief and hand waves have been the permanent waves all along. But this vibrating scientist failed to mention whether a visiting wave parked on his neck, or kicked him on his ankle.

The difference is just this: A girl holds a man at arm's length; but a wife holds him to account.

If this diary business is to extend along the lines of human endeavor, I imagine that a few would be: That of a lawyer, brief; that of a dancer would consist mainly of foot notes; that of a seamstress, sew-sew; of a doctor, the ills of life; of a dentist, pulling out; of an auctioneer, a crying time; that of an editor, the write thing—and so on. You can run out the avocations and applications to suit yourself.

The world war is not ancient history yet, but its lessons appear to be growing dim—for if the world war taught anything it proved the utter futility of the airplane-submarine formula for preserving peace or assuring victory. If there was actually any victor in the world war, the record of national assets and liabilities today does not show it; and it is even more than certain that the possessor of the biggest airplane-submarine equipment was not the victor—whoever else may have been. Furthermore, the very fact of the war proves conclusively that possession of superb armaments is no guarantee of peace.

It is just possible that this nation and all others need modern ideas more than they need modern fighting equipment. The ideas, though, will be more difficult to supply.

Of all things. I see it stated that another actress has obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty. Her husband, it is stated, not only criticized her taste in cigarettes, but also addressed unkind remarks to her pet dog.

It is all in the point of view. For instance, an Englishman dislikes the American "hello" over the phone. He thought it quite foolish. He said: "We 'aswk, dont 'cherknow, 'Are you there?" and if you are not there what's the use going on with the bally conversation."

Bobby, age 5, was eating dinner at his aunt's house. The first course was soup with macaroni in it. The aunt noticed that Bobby was not eating. "What's the matter, dear?" she asked. "Don't you like soup?" "Oh, yes," answered the boy. "I like it when mother makes it. She doesn't put windpipes in like you do."

A really important question has come to the front quite recently. It is how many times can a man sit down without wearing out the seat of his trousers? Harking back to my kid days, I should say once. I sat down once on the trunk of a tree that inclined about 60 degrees, and skidded from the first branch to the ground. It was my first experience at a seat of learning. In fact my trousers were without a seat to sit upon. There

was a nail in the trunk of that tree, about midway, and the sitting part of my trousers concluded to remain there and rest. But I did not remain, but hurried home with the remains. But the answer to the question really can be obtained in round numbers from a novel textile-testing machine devised by the United States bureau of standards to measure the durability of cloth. When applied to a new quality of cloth, it was found that the wearer could sit down 97,000 times before the cloth showed the least sign of wearing through. If I only had had that kind of cloth when I was a boy, what a saving of back rents.

What queer pranks men play with money. I see where a Maine farmer sold two farms for \$14,000 and set out for a vacation in Connecticut, stopping at various towns on the way. In one of them he came to the conclusion that \$14,000 in cash was too much to carry around, and deposited \$13,000 in a bank. Now he cannot remember what bank it was or what town. He also lost his bank-book. This story does not ring true for a down-east Yankee.

It is the inward feelings that effect our emotions. Ever get up in the morning and start off with being out of sorts with yourself? You felt as if you couldn't crack a smile to get the kernel of good cheer to save your life? If you met a gruff-looking person it made you gruffer? The horizon of your mental skies were beclouded with vague mists and obscured the sunshine of cheer in the firmament of your thoughts, and laughter

was far distant in "making a merry heart." Persons get this way sometimes. I came up town the other morning feeling bluer than the skies above me. I did not meet a person with a smile on the face, or a word of greeting or cheer on the lips. I decided I would step into a store, by the way, and purchase myself a neck tie, as dressing these days called for as little as possible. Looking over the ties strung on a rack, a pleasing, sweet-faced young saleslady stepped up smiled most benignly, though not a word she spoke. She did not ask me, "What do you want?" as some do; or "What is it?" She just smiled and waited on my decision. She did not try to persuade me to take something I did not want. Well, sir, that smile was so cheerful, so joy-

ful, that I bought two ties, and spent \$1 more than I would otherwise have done. It dispensed the "purchase blues" and set the day shining in radiant beauty. There's so much in a smile. It is one of the greatest and most useful helpers along life's journey. They are the sweetest flowers by the wayside.

—

A Durhamite, who is evidently a great reader of Farm Life, gave this one to adorn this column. A few days after a farmer had put his two children in school, a book agent called on him and said: "Now that your children go to school you ought to buy them an encyclopedia." "Buy them an encyclopedia? Hanged if I do," was his reply. "Let 'em walk like I did."

Just like a woman! The Wilkes County board of education recently passed a law that neither man nor woman teacher on its pay roll should be privileged to smoke tobacco. The men teachers evidently bowed the to this mandate, but two of the women teachers blew cigarette smoke in the face of the board. In consequence, there are two vacant places in the teachers organization. Tell a woman she "shant," and the odds are two to one that she ups with her "will."—Charlotte Observer.

LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Judge Francis D. Winston, who wrote the necrology for those Masons who had died with in the year, had the following to say of the Grim Reaper.

“We need but look into our cemeteries and see the ten thousand up-turned faces—as many breathless bosoms. There was a time when fire flashed through those vacant orbs; when warm ambition hopes, joys and the loving life, pulsed in those bosoms. Dreams of fame and power once haunted those empty skulls. This little pile of bones, that once were feet, ran swiftly through twenty, fifty, sixty, eighty years of life, but where are the prints they left on the soft ground, much less on flinty rocks.

He lived, he died, he was buried is all the stone tells. We move among the monuments; we read the sculpturing; but no voice comes to us to say that the sleepers are remembered for anything they did. A generation passes by: the stone turns gray, the man ceases to be; he is as dead to the world as if he had never lived. This is life. Only a few years do we journey here and we come to that bridge—death—which transports us beyond, in continuation of the road we have traveled here. If of virtue, happiness and love, to a paradise of joy; if of passion, lust and vice, to destructive wretchedness.

A proper view of death may abate many of our passions. We can see what the love of money comes to in the coffin of the miser. This is the man who could never be satisfied with riches. Now a few boards enclosed him and a few square inches

contain him. We can study ambition in the tomb of that enterprising man. His great designs, his boundless expedients are all shattered and sunk into the fatal gulf of all human projects. We can study the proud man there, and see haughty and the tongue that spake the most lofty thoughts condemned to silence. In the tomb of the monarch, we may study quality; his great title, his royal robes, his fawning flatteries are all no more. We may see the consequences of intemperance in the grave of the glutton; his appetite now fully satiated, his senses destroyed, his bones scattered. The tombs of the wicked condemn their practices and strongly recommend virtue.

“In the whole course of my observation,” says Colton, “there is not so misrepresented and abused a personage as death. Some have styled him the king of terrors, when he might with less impropriety be termed the terror of kings. Others have dreaded him as an evil without end, although it was within their own power to make him an end of all evil. He has been villified as the cause of anguish, consternation and despair, which pertain not to death, but to life.”

How strange a paradox is this; we love life, the disease; we loath death, the remedy. We prefer the fiercest buffeting of the hurricane, to the tranquillity of the harbor.

The poet has lent his fictions; the painter his colors; the orator his

figures of speech, to portray death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades. But can he be called a destroyer, who for a perishable state, gives us that which is eternal? Can he be styled the enemy, who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need and whose friendship proves the most valuable for those who live the longest? Can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades, who destroys that which is transient and temporary, to establish that which is alone real and fixed?

What are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies, the melancholy insignia with which we surround death? The sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcass, the slimy worm? These indeed are the idle fears and empty terrors, not of the dead but of the living. Life is the jailor of the soul, in this fleshly prison, and its only deliverer is death. What we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life. The shortest life is long enough, if it leads to a better; and the longest life is too short if it leads to a worse. F frail man comes into the world crying. He cries on through life. He is always seeking after some denied thing which he imagines is labeled, "Happiness," or is mourning over some loss that makes him miserable a restless mortal body, with an immortal soul, that requires something more than earth can give to satisfy its lofty desires.

Not to become familiar with death is to endure much unnecessary fear and add to the myriad of other imaginary woes of the human life.

"Let us so live that we will look upon death as a friend at least, so that our dying day shall rest from all sin and care and trouble; our reaping day, when we shall reap in joy, the fruits sown in tears and faith; our conquering day, when we shall triumph over enemy and over death itself shall die; our transplanting day, from earth to heaven, from a howling wilderness to a heavenly paradise; our robing day, to put off the worn-out rags of flesh and put on the new and glorious robes of Light."

The teachings of our Institution gently lead us to this consummation not with sad heart and mournful countenance, but with cheeks aglow and faces joyous with hope.

When we think of those we mourn today, we cannot but hope that there may be truth in what the poet has so beautifully said:—

There is no death! The stars go
down
To rise upon some other shore
And bright in heaven's jeweled
crow
They shine forever more.

There is no death, the dust we
tread
Shall change beneath the summer
showers
To golden-grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out of the viewless air.

There is no death; The leaves

may fall,
 The flowers may fade and pass
 away,
 They only wait, through wintry hours
 The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angled form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent
 tread,
 He bears our best loved thing away
 And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate
 He plucks our fairest sweetest flow-
 ers,
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

There is no death: What seems so
 is transition,
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the life Elysian.
 Whose portal we call death.

THE BEAUTY IN IT.

(Charlotte Observer.)

Can there be such a thing as beauty in a tax bill of any kind? The Observer, taking account of an important event of the past week, maintains that such a thing is possible. The tax reduction measure, as finally signed by the President, has some beauty for the taxpayers of the country. The man who is not able to see it must be victim of an incurable malady in grove. Let us go into the situation a little bit. The new Federal Revenue Act, passed by both houses of Congress and signed by the President, is being hailed all over the country as a thoroughly non-partisan measure, worked out by men who were actuated throughout by the economic welfare of the country, rather than by political motives, a measure that not only had the hearty support of the ablest leaders of both parties in both houses of Congress, Secretary Mellon and President Coolidge, but one which has met the approbation of business men and other citizens throughout the country.

North Carolina has had a peculiar and unusual interest in the working

out of the revenue act for two reasons. One is that the senior Senator from this State has had a large part in the formulation of the measure, and the second is that one provision of the Senate bill was to determine whether six or eight million dollars from the Duke estate was to be saved to hospitalization and educational work in North Carolina and South Carolina. In this connection it is interesting to note the very apt observations of The New York Sun, which is of the opinion that "the 1926 revenue act is—so far as Congress is concerned—also in a way a monument to Mr. Duke's liberality to the State of North Carolina." Preceding this expression, The Sun editorial declared that: "Mr. Duke's bequests to North Carolina played a decisive role in the Senate's strategy. The foundation stone of the non-partisan coalition in that body was an earnest desire to make those bequests as fruitful as possible. It was a natural desire on the part of Senators who had been awakened by the exigencies of a local situation to

the undesirability of heavy Federal taxes on estates.

“Mr. Simmons’ generalship in the Finance Committee brought about a repeal of all State taxes, with a rebate on taxes levied under the La Folletteized rates of the 1924 law. The North Carolina Senator also contended for a further reduction of income surtaxes in the lower brackets.”

The retention of the retroactive inheritance tax provision in the act as finally passed means an income for hospitalization work in the Carolinas and for the support of Duke University of a sum that will be somewhere between \$300,000 and \$400,000 it is estimated. Ninety per cent of this income will go to the hospitalization fund and the remaining 10 per cent

will be added to the maintenance fund of Duke University. Dr. Watson S. Rankin, director of the hospitalization work under the Duke Endowment, estimates that the additional funds saved for this feature of the work will provide hospital treatment for approximately 21,000 persons annually.

Generally speaking, as observed by The Sun, the compromise is thoroughly satisfactory in essentials. It will give widespread relief and it sets a new and much needed standard of business-like and non-partisan tax legislation. The Federal estate tax survives in an amputated form, but will probably be dropped altogether in the next downward revision.

Don't try to be happy. The self-conscious pursuit of happiness as a thing in itself will finally leave you with an artificially induced stage-smile that will bear no vital relation to the facts of your life. Happiness eludes the man who pursues it. Happiness that is real steals upon you like a thief in the night. It is not a thing in itself; it is a by-product of sanity and realism in living.—Glenn Frank.

INDIVIDUALITY.

By Carl Goerch, In News & Observer.

The two of them were sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Louise. Both were well dressed. They had just been in to supper and were puffing contentedly at their cigars. They sat so they could watch the traffic along Main street.

"These small towns give me the jimmys," one of them remarked.

"Me, too," agreed the other. "They're all alike. I don't see how anybody gets any enjoyment out of living in a one-horse place like this. Nothing to do; nowhere to go."

"No individuality to these towns at all," commented the first.

"Absolutely none," endorsed the other.

I happened to be standing behind the two while they were talking and I couldn't help but overhear the conversation. Going up to the desk I asked Mr. Oden, the clerk on duty, where they were from. He looked on the register and said they were a couple of traveling men from Richmond.

I felt sorry for them. They didn't know what they were talking about.

Washington, for many years, has been known throughout North Carolina as a town of individuality. In the words of Octavus Roy Cohen, individuality is something which it has nothing else of but.

One day, late last summer I happened to be going past the home of Dr. D. T. Tayloe, on West Main street. Dr. Dave, as he is generally known, is recognized as one of the leading surgeons in the State, and

he is known far and wide. It was a hot day, and as I approached the home, I saw him sitting in a chair out on the lawn. The only visible evidences of his attire were a sleeveless undershirt, a pair of white pants and brown socks, in which his toes wiggled contentedly. He had shed his shoes and the rest of his wardrobe and he was evidently engaged in the occupation of cooling off.

The two traveling men from Richmond would have been astonished at the sight, particularly if they had known the reputation of the man at whom they were looking. I stopped to talk with Dr. Dave for a few minutes and while we were there together, a number of automobiles passed. One of them, filled with handsomely dressed ladies, stopped in front of the house. They called to Dr. Dave. He padded up to the car in his socks, talked to them a few minutes, and then returned to his seat. They drove on.

No surgeon in Richmond would have dared to appear out in public in any such costume, but nobody in Washington thought anything strange about it.

One of the popular meeting places in town is Worthy & Etheridge's drug store. Sam Etheridge is one of the proprietors. The other afternoon, four ladies came in and seated themselves at a table, waiting to be served with drinks. The clerk happened to be busy at the time, so Mr. Etheridge went up to take their order. He was dressed in a pair of rubber

boots, an old pair of trousers stuffed inside of the boots, a blue shirt and a dilapidated looking cap. The ladies gave him their order, which he proceeded to fill for them. They made no comment about his appearance. If it had been in Richmond, the women under the same circumstances probably would have called for the police.

Richmond has no individuality.

By way of explanation, it might be added that Mr. Etheridge is quite a hunter. The fact that he was just leaving on a duck-shooting expedition accounted for his costume.

Quite a while ago, the Williams Singers came to Washington. They are a group of highly talented colored musicians. A large number of white people went out to hear their concert. The artists started singing an old-time negro spiritual and they reached a point where they harmonized together beautifully in soft tones. Everybody listened with bated breath. You could have heard a pin drop. And then—there came a racket that sounded like the blowing of Gabriel's trumpet. People jumped in their seats and looked about them in a scared fashion. Then, they settled back again and once more paid heed to the singing.

It was former Congressman Hallet S. Ward, blowing his nose.

Individuality! We're strong on it. That incident couldn't have happened in Richmond in a thousand years.

In Maxwell's bicycle shop the other day. He was hard at work, repairing a wheel. A man opened the door and yelled at him.

"I'm going to borrow your Ford for an hour or two. Got to go to Pinetown."

He slammed the door shut, climbed into the car and drove off. He never waited for Maxwell's answer. As a matter of fact, Maxwell didn't give any answer. The man took it for granted that he would be welcome to the car, so he just went ahead and took it. If that had happened in Richmond it perhaps would have meant a case for the police to look into. And yet, I have seen that same incident happen on a number of other occasions. Automobiles in Washington are considered more or less in the light of public property.

Ford Worthy decides to go on a fishing trip to Ocracoke, which is about seventy miles from here and can only be reached by making an all-night trip on a sail-boat. He makes up his mind to take the trip about two hours before the boat leaves. Realizing that the occasion would prove more enjoyable if he were able to take some companions along, he gets busy on the telephone. He calls up Frank Kugler, or Sam Blount or Jim Nunnellee or any one of a dozen other men whom he might happen to think of at the moment.

"What time does the boat leave?"

"Little over an hour from now."

"All right, I'll be there. You can count on me."

And when the boat gets ready to pull out of the dock, everybody is aboard and everybody is prepared for a good time. In Richmond, if a man wanted to get up a party of that nature, it would take him a week to

make the necessary preparations and get his companions lined up. But they don't do things like that in Washington.

And it's the same about a poker party.

Mrs. Smith is confined to her home with illness. Her neighbors learn about it. If one of them happens to have chicken soup for dinner that day, she runs over with a bowl of it for Mrs. Smith. If another one has hot rolls, some of them find their way to the Smith home. And if still another one has some other delicacy or some kind of special dessert, Mrs. Smith gets a share of it. It is seldom that you will find her without company at her bedside. If she lived in Richmond, on the other hand, she might die and be buried before her neighbors found out anything about it.

Every town has its own traffic laws and it usually enforces those laws in a mighty strict fashion. Washington does the same. But there are certain exceptions to the rule.

Take Dr. Sam Nicholson, for example. Dr. Sam is getting along in years and he has been practicing medicine in this county for a long time. The greater part of his life he made his professional calls with the assistance of a horse and buggy. But now he uses a Ford.

Every body is supposed to stop at the corner of Main and Market streets, on account of the congestion of traffic at that point. Dr. Sam, however, doesn't do it. When he stops his car, he stops it with a sudden jolt that almost throws him through the windshield. There-

fore he doesn't make any more stops than he can possibly help. So when he comes down Main street and reaches Market, he slows down slightly, out of respect to the law, and then he goes blithely on his way. Nobody ever thinks of saying anything about it and nobody charges any discrimination. And yet, if Dr. Sam were to take his car and drive around Richmond for a day, he'd be arrested half a dozen times before noon.

In the summer, you'll often see an attractive lady walking along the street, clad in a light wrap of some kind or other. As you take in her costume and as your glance travels downward, you'll observe that her legs are bare and that she is wearing a pair of bed-room slippers. In some other community, such a sight might create a sensation, but nobody pays any attention to it here. A local resident, passing by, will merely say to himself: "There's Mrs. So-and-so. Going over to a neighbor's house, and then they'll all climb in a car and go down to Riverside Park for a swim."

Individuality! Washington is just brimming over with it, as those two gentlemen from Richmond would discover, if they only took the trouble to find out. There is more individuality to the square inch in Washington than in any other town in the entire country. We've got a man—a well known citizen, who can play a bass-drum in a manner that would do credit to a professional and yet he hasn't a single tooth in his head. We've had Methodist ministers here who positively detested fried chicken. We have reputation of having more

pretty girls than any other town of this size in the state—and a goodly number of them are still single. We have more original characters in town than any other community in which I've ever been. Take Mr. Harvey Carrow, for example. He's dead and gone, now, but his memory will always be kept alive. Mr. Carrow one day was commenting upon the obtuseness of a certain citizen. "The trouble with So-and-so," he said, "is that he's so god-darned stupid. You

could put him inside a ten-acre lot, strip him of all his clothing, and it would take him two weeks to find his elbow." We've got other philosophers—still living—who would put Diogenes and some of those other old birds to shame, if they were here today. We're a good-sized town—some over seven thousand—but we're not a town at all—we're just a big family.

Individuality? If you want to find it, stay away from Richmond: come to Washington.

NOT IRREPARABLE.

(Lexington Dispatch.)

Dr. H. W. Chase seems to have proven a very satisfactory president of the University of North Carolina, and this great institution has gone right along building up its standing among the state universities of the country. The Legislature of North Carolina has been liberal in making appropriations for enlarging the physical plant so as to make room for the increasing number of seeking admission each year. And it has also permitted sufficient support to enable the university to pay its faculty members salaries that will secure capable instructors in all departments. And this liberality has had the full sanction of all thoughtful North Carolinians.

But one would judge from the noise made by some worshipful admirers that the University would be almost ruined should Dr. Chase accept the offer of a much larger salary from a university with about twice as many students as that of North Carolina. It

would be a grave backset to the University and to "liberal thought" in the State, if this view is to be taken.

Surely though it would not be irreparable if Dr. Chase should decide to go elsewhere. There are plenty of very able men who would not lightly turn aside an offer to head the University of North Carolina. And there are men of "liberal thought," of executive ability and scholarly attainments who might easily be secured, we daresay: men who could command the respect and support of the State as a whole and as easily secure the loyalty of students and alumni.

And while one is considering the growth in recent years of the University, let him not forget that it was the lamented Dr. Edward K. Graham who really laid the cause of the institution on the hearts of the people **and brought** to its aid those efforts that have amounted to a renaissance in higher education in the State.

WHAT CHILDREN NEED.

(Asheville Citizen.)

In the bringing up of children there is an ideal to which every parent should pay constant tribute. Nowhere have we seen it better defined than in an article entitled "Give Your Child a Set of Useful Habits," written by Angelo Patri and published in the current issue of *The American Magazine*. "If this generation is to grow in grace and power," says this expert on child education, "these six fundamental needs of children must be met:

"1. Routine, that they may obey the rhythmic law of the growth;

"2. Play, that they may grow joyously;

"3. Work, that they may obey the inward voice that commands them to carry their race one further step ahead;

"4. Encouragement, that they may know the power of love, the bond of brotherhood that alone makes life on earth possible or worth while;

"5. Clear aim, that they may know whither their path leads, and so arrive without haste or waste but with power and dignity, as a man should;

"6. Self-judgment, that they may follow the way of the Father of us

all, and, withdrawing a step from the task and looking upon it, pronounce it very good."

How many children are given all those aids to sane and efficient development? Routine, work, clear aim and self-judgment—how many children have those four things as real factors in their growth? So far as that goes, how many get the benefit of encouragement as Mr. Patri defines it? To each of these questions, if they be considered fairly by the parents, the answer must inevitably be: "Too few."

It is amazing that so many fathers and mothers adopt the belief that youngsters can be allowed to shift for themselves in meeting some of the biggest problems in life. It is also amazing that so many, instead of subjecting their offspring to routine and discipline made wonderful by encouragement and wise counsel, smother them in luxury and a lack of supervision that approaches license. The things of which Mr. Patri pleads must, in the main, be given the child by the home, and if the home falls down on the job, the child can never find a satisfactory substitute for it.

AN EASY JOB.

It took three surgeons in Philadelphia to get a sewing needle out of a girl's hand. But at that theirs was an easy job compared with getting a sewing needle into many another girl's hand.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

WOMAN DISPATCH BEARER.

(Exchange.)

Strange was the life of Mrs. Rosa O'Neal Greenshaw, a bearer of dispatches to the Confederate government during the War Between the States, who now sleeps beneath a marble shaft in Oakdale cemetery.

Well-born, cultured and wealthy she languished in a prison cell and dared death in her desire to help the South. The inscription on the monument erected to her memory by the Ladies Memorial Association reads:

"This monument commemorates the deeds of Mrs. Rosa O'Neal Greenshaw, a bearer of dispatches to the Confederate government."

Mrs. Greenshaw was a Southern woman, a member of a prominent Maryland family. For years she was a popular figure in the inner circles of Washington's exclusive society and prior to the War Between the States was the confident and trusted friend of senators, congressmen, diplomats and cabinet members.

When the first gun was fired at Sumter most Southern women left Washington hastily. But not so with Mrs. Greenshaw. She remained because she saw an opportunity to help her beloved Southland. Remaining in the capital she secured and was able to slip through much valuable information to Southern leaders. Jefferson Davis once said to her:

"But for you there would have been no battle of Bull Run for it was you who warned the Confederates of the approach of the enemy."

Here was a dangerous life. In 1861 she was arrested by Allen Pinkerton and imprisoned in her own home with her little eight-year-old daughter. Six months later she was removed to an ordinary cell in the old capitol prison but was allowed to take her daughter with her. As the prison doors closed on them Rosa, the daughter, said to Lieutenant Wood, in command of the prison:

"You have got one of the hardest little rebels here you ever saw."

Later the daughter became ill and with her life despaired of Mrs. Greenshaw was released, the authorities believing her spirit had been broken.

But they reckoned without knowledge of this woman who was willing to sacrifice everything for an opportunity to serve her South.

Two years after her release from prison she was drowned, September 30, 1864, off Fort Fisher, while attempting to run the blockade. She was aboard the blockade runner "Conder" which went aground in its efforts to pass the blockading ships of the Union forces. She had known prison life and was determined not to be taken again.

She requested that she be put ashore and the captain of the blockade vessel ordered a boat lowered. The little shell, however, capsized while going through the breakers and Mrs. Greenshaw was caught under the boat and drowned. Shortly afterwards her body was washed ashore at Fort Fisher and was brought to Wil-

mington and prepared for burial.

Today this woman, one of the bravest of the brave, who gave her life in an effort to serve her Southland, sleeps where the oaks cast their long-

est shadows in historic old Oakdale. Thousands visit her grave annually and always pause long enough to read the inscription on her monument.

—Wilmington, N. C.

THE SENTINEL GOOSE.

By A. I. Grierson.

There is no creature that we treat more unfairly in our thoughts than the goose. When we say to anyone, "What a goose you are!" we mean that he is very senseless and stupid. We are constantly insulting in this way a quite intelligent bird, which has proved itself to be both courageous and knowing.

History tells us that the quacking of geese saved Rome from the Sabines; but we do not need to go back to ancient times for an example of service done by these much-abused creatures. In the annals of our own country there is the record of a remarkable feat performed by a goose.

It happened about seventy-five years ago. Troops had been stationed about a certain farm near Quebec—a farm suspected of being a resort for rebels. Every few rods a sentry-box stood and a sentinel kept watch from each.

One evening the sentry posted near the gate heard a strange noise—a mixture of hiss and gobble. Soon a fine, plump goose appeared in view, running frantically from a pursuing fox. The soldier wondered what he ought to do. If he shot the fox, the guard would come out on a false alarm. The bird was trying to reach the sentry box, but the soldier was in its way. Without turning aside,

however, it ran on. Just as it had thrust its head and neck between the man's feet, the fox caught up to it. This simplified matters for the sentinel, for now he could use his bayonet to kill the fox, and the garrison would not be disturbed.

As soon as the goose realized that it was safe, it rubbed its head against its deliverer's legs and fluttered joyously about him.

From the time the goose took up residence at the post, walking up and down with whatever sentinel was on guard, and standing at attention whenever he did. But it knew which of the guards had saved it, and was always delighted when it was his turn to patrol the beat. Two months later it saved the life of its particular friend in a most amazing way:

It was a moonlight night, with occasional clouds blotting out the moonbeams. The soldier was on duty at the same place, with his feathered devotee keeping him company as he paced his beat, challenging at every sound. When at last they stood at ease before the sentry box, the goose seemed restless, constantly turning its head to listen. Slowly, under cover of the darkness and the drifting clouds, some men were crawling toward the post, keeping behind a row of stunted pine trees that grew

back of the sentry's station. One of them, with knife uplifted, was about to spring from the rear upon the unsuspecting guardsman; but the watchful goose suddenly rose up, flapping its wings in the faces of the assailants, confusing them so that they could see where they were going. This gave the sentinel a chance to defend himself. He shot one of the men and slew another with his bayonet; the rest, worried and battered by the persistent bird, turned and ran.

The bird became a great hero of the regiment. They adopted it, giving it the name of Jacob. A gold collar was made for it and engraved with its name, in token of its services.

Ever afterward, during its twelve years' sentry duty at home or abroad (for it was taken to England after the war), the bird always showed itself ready to protect its guard from any danger—real or fancied. When it died, it was given a real funeral by the regiment; and they erected a little monument over the grave, bearing these words, of which every soldier might be proud: "Died on Duty." No human sentinel could be more faithful than poor Jacob.

If you ever visit the headquarters of the Horse Guards, in London, ask to be shown Jacob's gold collar. It is still treasured there. Since the bird's death the record of his famous exploit has been carved upon it.

A FINE FELLOWSHIP.

Companionableness is a human trait much appreciated. With evident satisfaction we drift into association with individuals. Something in us craves contact with people. But with this tendency and desire comes the unintentional discrimination which allows us to pass by many persons and select one here and another there and cultivate their friendship. Just to be near certain persons is pleasure. To have them seek us out is regarded as flattering approval. This is a fine fellowship that becomes a part of life. It gives a zest to living that scarcely anything else can do.

Two things are involved in this type of fellowship: One is deserving this fellowship, and the other is securing it. The former is our part, to make ourselves worthy of best companionship; the latter traces its

force to the attitudes and disposition of another whose companionship we strive to possess. Wherever there has been any fine fellowship that has set a good example before the world, both these factors have been carried through. What must appeal to the companion seeker is the part he must be and become before asserting any claims on another for companionship. There must be an acquaintance established and this acquaintance must ripen into an association that gradually but surely eventuates in a mutual confidence. The world's friendships have thus been developed. Whatever standing friendships we can acquire as individuals must be attained through this very process. We must first deserve the friendship. Then we must do our share to secure it. —Selected.

WINTER SPORTS IN NATIONAL PARKS.

By Earl W. Gage.

Just a little while ago we thought of our great National Parks as sort of beauty parlors, wherein nature hung her rarest pictures. People were accustomed to visit these recreation grounds during a few weeks or months of the summer, and give them never a thought or a bit of attention during the long winter. But, my, how times have changed!

Long popular as places in which to spend the summer vacation, these National Parks are now being also recognized as ideal winter playgrounds, where exceptional opportunities exist for skiing, snowshoeing, tobogganing, and the many other outdoor winter sports. Hundred of thousands of people are visiting these parks, and have come to appreciate that rare recreational facilities here abound throughout the entire year.

Last season there was a record-breaking crowd throughout the winter at the Grand Canyon, Hawaiian, Hot Springs, and Platt National Parks. These beauty spots are blessed with temperate climates, are accessible to visitors, and have become as popular in winter as in summer. A host of people have come to realize the real opportunities afforded for the enjoyment of winter pastimes under ideal conditions in superg scenic settings, and this realization has resulted in a satisfying increase in winter travel in the snow-covered parks.

Yosemite National Park, protected by its granite walls, has two distinct winter climates on opposite sides of the valley, so that snow and ice are available for skating, sleighing, to-

bogganing, and other winter sports on one side, while on the other the temperature is mild. Motoring and horseback riding can also be indulged in although in somewhat restricted areas. As the snowfall was unusually light during the two past winter seasons, winter sports really suffered for want of a carpet for their sitting room.

The use of the Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado, for winter sports received a new impetus last winter from the organization of the Colorado Ski Club, to promote every form of outdoor sports and develop a definite winter season program in the park region. A Swiss ski instructor was employed by the club to give free instructions. The ninth annual outing of the Colorado Mountain Club took place during the late winter, as did the first annual ski tournament of the newly organized Ski Club. More than 2,000 people visited the park during the month of March either to participate in or witness these events. A new ski trail was constructed in the park through the combined efforts of the Colorado Mountain Club and the National Park Service.

The inauguration of the winter season in Mount Rainier National Park on December 15th of last winter, proved a tremendous popularity. For the first time in the history of the park the road to Longmire Springs was kept open by means of snowplow attachments operated ahead of a caterpillar tractor. This was accomplished at small expense, making

a nice snow road for motorists. Park travel became so heavy that the hotel accommodations were taxed to the utmost and during the four months of winter, some 15,000 people visited Longmire Springs. Plans are now under way to increase accommodations for larger numbers of people, such as snow sports and other amusements.

The mountaineers of the State of Washington held their annual outing in Paradise Valley during the holidays, and had an unusually successful meet, and several other organizations also held outings in the park. This means that Rainier Park is destined to become one of the great winter resorts of the Pacific coast region.

Accommodations are provided at the National Park Inn, by the park management. A one-track toboggan slide, skis, snowshoes, and other equipment for snow sports were provided. It was demonstrated that, in face of heavy snow, it is feasible to keep the Nisqually Road open as far as Longmire Springs, without great difficulty or expense. Situated as it is, within three or four hours' comfortable motor car drive from Puget Sound cities, Mount Rainier National Park is destined to become as

famous a winter resort center as some of the points in continental Europe.

Toward the end of the winter season, many city visitors left their homes in the morning and driving in entire comfort to Longmire Springs, hiked to Paradise Valley, arriving in time for lunch, and after several hours' enjoyment of snow sports, hiked back to the springs and drove to their homes in time for dinner.

Sequoia and General Grant National Parks also appear on the list of parks open for winter sports. Tobogganing, skiing, and hiking are supplemented by the large ice palace and snow fortifications. Thousand of Californians forsake the sunny valleys and winter-warm cities for the ice and snow of General Grant Park, which is located but a few hours' ride from several large centers.

Lafayette National Park, located in the heart of winter-land, annually affords a variety of cold weather sports to the visitor, including snowshoeing, skiing, tobogganing, skating, and ice boating, and judging by the enthusiasm with which the opportunities are seized, the park will prove most popular to devotees of these sports as each year passes.

MEETING EVIL WITH GOOD.

Evil-doers are busy every day. There is good evidence that they work at night, too. If they do not find an opening for their tricks, they make one. If the ingenuity, the plotting, the energy and the craftiness they put into their works of darkness

could be expended in a useful direction, they would be some of the world's noblest benefactors. If anyone supposes that the ring-leaders of the devices of evil are ignorant and weak and incompetent, he is mistaken. Some of those chaps are both skillful

and brilliant. They have talents of the highest order; the trouble is they have debased them to mischievous ends.

We are told that what they like most is to be let alone. They are perfectly happy if good people sit idly by and look on. It does not help the situation any for us to throw up our hands and show amazement, and they know it better than any one else. We are wont to say, "It is too bad, but nothing can be done." They do not care what the newspapers in glittering editorials say about their gang on the eve of election. What concerns them is whether the good people of the community report at the polls or not. It makes not the

difference of a snap of the finger to them what the high-salaried lecturer has to say about corrupt literature on our newsstands; they get excited only if steps are taken to prohibit its publication and sale. You may storm all you wish in the presence of your family against the indecent picture houses, but every door will keep open unless you take an active stand against their policy. We have enough good people in this country to bury in the depths of the sea most of the ills we must face, but they keep on doing business at the same place because we who deplore them do nothing more than deplore them. —Selected.

VISION.

By E. F. Arras.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."

One man fails and another succeeds in the same line of business enterprise, under apparently equal advantages. One farmer is successful and another is always lagging, although each has a good farm and equal financial beginning. One home is happy, peaceful and pleasant, another is the opposite, yet both are equal in their material environment.

It is often said, "Where there is a will there is a way." Many have the will but do not know the way. Shall we not say where there is a vision and a will there is a way to fulfill. A leader should have a vision for the lowly duty as well as the exalted one.

After the retirement of President

John Quincy Adams to his home in Quincy, Massachusetts, he attended the next town meeting and when nominations were called for in the selection of a hog reeve, a wag, by way of a joke, nominated John Quincy Adams. The nomination was seconded and the ex-President arose and said, "My fellow townsmen from the beginning of my public life it has been one of my cherished principles to serve my fellow citizens in any capacity to which they may elect me. If elected to this office, I will serve to the best of my ability." He was elected and thereafter he faithfully impounded all stray swine, sheep, cattle and horses. Encouraged by this speech of the ex-President of the United States, the voters of his district next

elected him as their representative in Congress and for seventeen years or until his death, John Quincy Adams served his nation in this capacity. It was the vision of a real leader which enabled him to visualize the service of an ex-president in a lowly office.

The greatest leader of all ages cautioned his followers the "who-soever would be first among you shall be servant of all."

Wherever you labor—there is a sacred spot. Your vision will enable you to lead in ideals, policies and service. The man who waits for others to direct the way lacks the vision which assures success in leadership.

"Did you ever sit down and talk with men

In a serious sort of a way,
On their views of life and ponder then

On all that they have to say?

If not, you should, in some quiet hour;

It's a glorious thing to do:

For you'll find that back of the pomp and power

Most men have a goal in view.

"I've talked with men and I think I know

What's under their skin.

I've seen their eyes grow bright and glow

With the fire that burns within,
And back of the goal and back of the fame

And back of the selfish strife,
In most men's breasts you'll find the flame

Of the nobler things of life."

—Guest.

The world is satiated with men who trim and compromise and become "practical"—which means a readiness to barter a part of their convictions.

Many a man has taken office with open mindedness, the conviction that he will use good judgment and clear vision, only to yield to the invidious effect of his authority upon himself. He lacks the courage to suffer and sacrifice all for principle and conviction, which alone seems to keep the hearts of leaders pure and undefiled. The highest courage in the world is moral courage and "few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are."

"NIXIES."

Do you know what a "nixie" is? Your postman can likely tell you all about it. If he cannot, the postmaster general certainly can. for "nixies" are among his greatest troubles.

If someone mails a letter or a parcel that is improperly addressed so the postoffice employees can't tell where to deliver it, and gives no name and address of the sender in

the upper corner so that they do not know to whom to return it, they shake their heads and call it a "nixie."

Uncle Sam hates "nixies." They cost him nearly two million dollars last year, and they were responsible for thousands of disappointments to people who expected letters and packages they never received.

Did you ever expect a letter that

never come? Did you ever send a package that was never heard of again after you mailed it? If you could look through the 21,000,000 letters and the 800,000 parcels that were delivered last year to the dead letter office instead of to the people for whom they were intended, you might find out what became of your lost letters and packages.

Such a queer collection you never saw. There are letters with the name of a town on them, but no state. Now there's a Danville, and a Marion and a Salem in a dozen or more states, and poor Uncle Sam hasn't any way of knowing in which Danville or Marion or Salem you or your friend live if you leave the name of the state off when you address your envelope.

On some of the letters the writing is so blurred it cannot be read. On some the right city and state may be given, but the street is wrong. Sometimes packages are tied so poorly they fall open.

When there is a return address on lost letters and packages, Uncle Sam can let the senders know that he has them and will return them on the receipt of the proper postage, but if there is no return address given he has no way of knowing who sent them. Last year the United States Treasury received \$55,523.96 in cash taken from letters with incorrect or incomplete addresses, or found loose in the mail where it had fallen from worn envelopes. In addition to this, more than twelve thousand dollars, worth of postage stamps were taken from lost letters.

Then there were \$3,546,542.54 in checks, drafts and money orders in lost letters. Of course they could not be cashed and unless the owners were found they were held for a year and then destroyed.

More than 1,500,000 Christmas and New Years cards were received and destroyed in the dead letter offices of the United States last year due to the fact that the envelopes did not bear the return addresses of the senders.

These cards cost anywhere from five to fifteen cents each, with an average cost of at least eight cents. Adding two cents each for postage, which makes the loss per card ten cents, it is estimated that the failure of the senders to place their return addresses on the envelopes cost them a grand total of not less than \$150,000.

The monetary loss, probably, was of small consequence to the mailers compared with the disappointment of the addresses at the non receipt of greetings anticipated from relatives and friends.

It's a problem to know what to do with the articles in the lost packages. They are kept for a year and if they are not claimed they are sold at public auction.

Uncle Sam asks all of his boys and girls to:

Address letters plainly and fully.

Write return address in upper left-hand corner.

Use stout paper and strong cord for wrapping packages.

When in doubt ask the man at the postoffice.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The barn boys hauled some fertilizer from Concord last week.

Some of the boys trimmed some trees near the first cottage last week.

Wilton Terry and John Haney members of the fourth and the twelfth cottages were paroled recently.

A number of the boys have been fixing two good plant beds just across the road from the Roth building.

Mr. Poole and some of the larger boys planted some cedar trees along side the road near the dairy barn.

Mr. Talbert and a number of the boys unloaded a carload of coal last Wednesday.

Letter writing day came around last week and all of the boys were glad to write a letter to their home folks.

The ditch that is being dug for the water line is near completion. When it is finished the school will be getting water from Concord.

The barn boys hauled some gravel to repair the road near the eighth cottage. Mr. Grier and a number of boys did this work.

The boys of the afternoon school section have been taking the advantage of the warm evenings for the last week in practicing base-ball.

The boys in the Print Shop have finished the book for the Virginia King's Daughters and have been busy printing a number of other jobs.

Mr. Ritchie painted the lamp posts along the street at the institution during the past week. He has also painted some of the fire hydrants.

Mr. Long and some of the smaller boys have been clearing off the land near the ball ground of the old stumps, and burning it off. This makes it have a better appearance.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron of the seventh cottage, left the institution last week to visit her father's home in Leaksville. Mrs. Russell will be the matron for the cottage during her absence.

Last Wednesday the following boys were visited by their parents or relatives: Lee McBride, James McDaniel, Theodore Teague, Lester Wallace, Russell Capps, Vance Cook, Herbert Poteat and James Long.

All the boys in the morning school section pulled a large rock last Saturday morning. Mr. Grier had this rock moved so he and the boys on the barn force could fill in the low place near the shop, after this is done it will be level with the new road that was finished recently.

“Jesus Teaches Respect for Law”

was the subject of the boys' lesson last Sunday. The golden text for the lesson was: "I am not come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy but to fulfill."—Matt. 5:17. "Because respect for the law seems essential to good citizenship we wish to find out how this may be best secured."

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Charlotte came out to the School last Sunday afternoon and brought a speaker for the boys. Mrs. Bickett surprised the boys by coming out and speaking to them. We were all very glad to have her come to the institution. She talked mostly about the life of a young boy. Mrs. Bickett told the boys how to build up their body and lives, and referring to the seventh chapter of Matthew the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth and the twenty-seventh verses which reads: "I will liken him unto a wise man, which builds his house upon a rock: And the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house: and it fell

not, for it was founded upon a rock." She told the boys that they would have to do as the man that built his house upon the rock, to build their lives on firm foundations. One of her illustrations of how a boys' life was: "In a glass factory sand is heated very hot, when it gets so hot, it melts and becomes glass, when that glass is hot you can mold it into any shape that you want it, but after it has cooled off you can't do anything with it, so is a boys' life." When you leave this institution do not go back and idle around the street corners, picture shows, and other such places, but go back and go to work, for "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." She also told of a picture of Jesus hanging in a certain restaurant, the picture was of Jesus and right under it were these words: "Jesus is Master of this House." And in everything Jesus is the Master and that we can be guided by him. She closed her talk by saying: "God bless you boys, for I love you all." Mrs. Bickett's talk to the boys was very interesting one.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One

"A"

Jas Beddingfield, Albert Johnson, Donald Pait Brevard Bradshaw, Will Case, Claude Evans, Elwyn Greede, Herman Goodman, Carl Henry, Jno. Johnson, Chas. Loggins, Lee McBride, Horace McCall, Clyde Pierce, Washington Pickett, Lester Staley, Archie Waddell, Robt. Ward, Cucell Wat-

kins and Aubrey Weaver.

"B"

Joe Carroll, Abraham Goodman, Jno. Hargrove, Homer Montgomery, David Williams, Lawrence Vaughn, Hurley Way, Newton Watkins, Russell Bowden, Everett Goodrich, Howard Keller, Jno. Keenan, Wm. Miller, Roy Rector, Frank Stone and Zeb Trexler.

Room No Two

"A"

Bill Billings, Clyde Brown, Obie Bridgers, Lery Carlton, Otis Dhue, Alton Etheridge, Byron Ford, Clinton Floyd, Britt Gatlin, Paul Lanier, Wenton Matthews, Geo. McCone, Fred Williams, Earl Wade, Chas. Almond, Herbert Floyd, Fred Gray, Jno. Hurley, Clanson Johnson, Lummie McGehee, Troy Norris, Garland Rice, Ray Richards, Dave Seagle, Robt. Whitt and Henry Bowen.

"B"

Dena Brown, Albert Buck, Harold Crary, Carlyle Hardy, Alfred Mayberry, Bruce Bennett, Lonnie McGehee, Sylvio Smith, Horace Bridges and Jack Walker.

Room No. Three

"A"

Lennel Lane, Kenneth Lewis, Hewett Collier, Albert Smith, Harold Ford, Russell Caudill, Roy Hatley, John Creech, Walter Massey, Hunter Cline and Lev Carroway.

"B"

Johnie Wright, Robt. Glasgow, Austin Surrentt, Don Netherent, James Davis Bloyce Johnson, Rudolph Watts, Felix Moore, Joe Johnson, Ralph Hollars, Mack Henderson, Jesse Hurley, Wm. Rivenbark, Geo. Cox, Frank Ledford and Arnold Teague.

Room No. Four

"A"

Calvin Hensley, Jack Stevenson, Chas. Murphey, Roy Glover, Bowling

Byrd, Woodrow Kivett, John Tomaisin, Lawson Beasley, Vergil Shipes, Langford Hewitt, Al Pettigrew, Benj Winders, Elias Warren, Lester Campbell and John Watts.

"B"

Vaughn Rice, Clyde Ballard, Larry Griffith, Paul Burgess, Turner Pred- dy, Necola Bristow, Paul Sisk, Willard Gilliland, Louis Pleasant, Carl Warner, Edward Futch, Robert Dean, John Hill, Broncho Owens, Edgar Rochester and Sam McIntyre.

Room No. Five

"A"

Robert Cooper, Myron Tomision, Norman Buck, George Bristow, John D. Sprinkle, Claude Wilson, Paul Sapp, Leonard Miller, Hallie Bradley, Lee King, Roy Brown, Luther Perry, Colon Clapps, Willie Shaw, Fessie Massey, Herman Gladden, Lonie Wright, Edgar Cauthran, Conley Ammon, Charlie Huggins, Earl Edwards, Robert Munday, Fuller Moore, Earl Mayfield, Herbert Campbell, Clarence Davis, Pinkie Wrenn, Melvin Cauthrin, Johnie Glenn, Andrew Parker, Amos Ramsey, Earl Torrence and Theodore Coleman.

"B"

Waldo Moore, Charlie Beaver, Roscoe Franklin, Wendall Ramsey, Aaron Davis, Vernon Jernigan, Ben Chatten, Charlie Norton, Munford Glasgow, Arnold Cecil, Claude Whit- acker, Walter Quick, Charlie Tant, Charlie Carter, Hazel Robbins and Reggie Payne.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE

UPLIFT

University of N. C.

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 13, 1926

No. 15

**THE NEED OF THE
WORLD.**

The tides of the spirit are a reality. Something more than human power is in the tasks performed; something more than human wisdom is in its council; something more than the happiness of the outer world is in its radiant joy.

The greatest need of the world today is the sense of a vital relationship with the things that are eternal, the consciousness of living the life which is immortal.—Henry Hellam Saunderson.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE D. A. R'S.

The D. A. R's of North Carolina held their annual meeting in Charlotte last week. It was an assembly of part of the descendants of those who played a loyal and, in some instances spectacular, part in the struggles surrounding Revolutionary doings. The primary purpose, in the organization of this patriotic order, was to preserve Revolutionary data and perpetuate the heroism of those faithful men and women that made American liberty possible and a fact.

As the order grows older it concerns itself with many matters and struggles not contemplated when the organization was first conceived and planned. But, being composed of humans, it must at times act human. A Charlotte wag, remarking upon the beautifully and gorgeously gowned women, who graced the recent convention, reverted to the fact that they represented men and women back in Revolutionary times who went barefooted, poorly clad and supremely contented in home-spun. All the more should we keep forever green the memories of those who made it possible for us to enjoy the fullest freedom and wear the gladdest of raiment on state occasions.

There has drifted back home high commendation for the manner in which Mrs. E. C. Gregory, the State Regent, presided over the convention, and her

fine poise and superb neutrality in trying events are being loudly praised. The Uplift read with relish and entertainment Mrs. Gregory's message, reproduced in the Charlotte Observer. This fine lady of the county just above us, latitudinally, in her most splendidly conceived address overlooked in naming the high North Carolina spots in North Carolina's part in Revolutionary days the one thing which we Cabarrus people have all along strived to keep before the public—the stunt by the Cabarrus Black Boys. Why, we have even named our D. A. P. Chapter for those brave and heroic fellows that put the King of England out of powder for the time being.

The annual meetings of the D. A. R.'s have become an outstanding event in the life of North Carolina.

* * * * *

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The flurry and excitement, last week, on the New York stock market, furnished a theme for thought and reasons for gratitude that America a few years ago was led by a real statesman and one who gave thought for the welfare of man in general and not for the select few.

Prior to wholesome national legislation sponsored by President Wilson and a congress in sympathy with his views and faith in his leadership, resulting in the establishment of the Reserve Banking System, that gambling in stocks would have produced a panic. Thanks to the efficacy of the notable legislations referred to, the general public escaped untouched and unharmed.

The further away we get from the struggles that engaged Wilson's administration, the larger his wise vision is impressed upon us. Of course Col. House, the magician, may lay claim to this beneficent legislation.

* * * * *

MIKE'S REWARD.

We wish every student and officer at this institution to read Mike's Reward, an engaging story about a dog by the name of Mike. Some folks simply tolerate dogs; some "kinder" like them; some love them and some hate them—and the dogs know it, showing a high degree of intelligence, if not reasoning powers.

The late H. S. Puryear, who knew dogs and loved them and in his hunting zenith, kept a lot of them. He and this writer sat on the piazza of the home of Mrs. J. C. Gibson—that was when we were eking out bachelordom, and the family was away on a Summer vacation.

To keep a faithful dog from going off in search of Will and Dick Gibson,

the idols of the dog, the animal was clogged. An embankment in the yard to level same was supported by some planks. The dog jumped over this sustaining wall but his clog caught and detained him. "Look there," exclaimed Esq. Puryear, "that dog is deciding how to liberate himself." Esq. Puryear had scarcely completed his remarks, when the dog picked up the clog in his mouth and lifted it up over the planks.

"What you call that?" asked the genial soul that has gone on. The Uplift asks you, reader, what do you call that act of the dog?

Speaking of dogs, their loyalty, their sagacity and their devotion, a fine old lady in Western North Carolina remarked, "my father always said that a girl who loved dogs, would be good to her husband, and a man who loved dogs would never strike his wife or seek a divorce."

But Mike was a real dog. He had an identity and he figured in some trying events. Read about him in this issue and resolve never to mistreat a so-called dumb animal.

* * * * *

A SOUND POSITION.

The following appeared in the Charlotte Observer as the action of the Men's Club of Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church:

We, members of the Men's Club of Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C., desire to express our unalterable opposition to the teaching of evolution as a scientific fact in any of our tax-supported schools and colleges.

We furthermore wish to condemn in the strongest terms the assaults made in some of our institutions on the integrity and infallibility of the Scriptures as the inspired Word of God.

We think the clock has struck the hour for the initiation of a movement throughout the State to put an end to such degrading and destructive teaching.

Most vigorously do we protest against taxation for the purpose of paying the salaries of unworthy and incompetent teachers, and we feel that it is high time for the people of North Carolina to wake up and make their schools and colleges safe places for their sons and daughters.

* * * * *

POLITICS.

The State Democratic Executive Committee met in Raleigh on the 10th to fix the dates for the primary and convention. The precinct primaries will be held April 17; county Conventions on the 24th; and the State Con-

vention in Raleigh on April 29th, Durham made a spirited, though losing, bid for the Convention meeting.

* * * * *

A CARRILON.

A former Legislature of Virginia voted \$250,000 for a memorial of the World War soldiers and sailors. It was first contemplated to make this memorial to take the form of a building.

It is ordered by the Legislature that this memorial must take the form of a Carrilon.

* * * * *

Associate editor William Sherrill, of the Concord Tribune, advertised for a "Setting hen." Mack, our chief linotype youngster, says that to move a "setting hen" changes her desire to become a mother: and Mack tried to get The Uplift to settle a confusion that has overtaken him. He wonders which is right, "Setting" or "sitting" hen. We assured Master Mack that editor Sherrill knows what kind of a hen he wants, and we refuse to get mixed up in this problem.

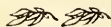
* * * * *

The Co-Operative Tobacco Association is experiencing some rocky trials these days. Col Wiley Person, of Franklin County, with an associate counsel, has secured from Federal Judge Meekins a restraining order against any activities by the organization until a hearing on the 22nd in the matter of a receivership.

* * * * *

As a reading of the Col. House's diary proceeds, we fully understand why President Wilson broke with him. That he tolerated the egotist as long as he did attests the long suffering and patience of the World War President.

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THEY'RE HANGING A BOY THIS MORN- ING.

By Douglas Malloch.

They're hanging a boy this morning
For a foolish, drunken crime;
"By the neck," they said, "to hang till you're dead,"
And now is the day and time.
'Twas a devil's deed, in a devil's way,
And he ought to hang, and he ought to pay,
And yet I wonder if all the guilt
Will pay the price when his life is spilt?
Perhaps the guilty the gallows miss;
For some other folly has led to this,
And where is the man who taught him first
To lie, to steal, and the things acurst?

They're hanging a boy this morning
For a foolish, drunken deed,
And the world will pause at the tale because
It's another thrill to read.
They're hanging him high on the gallows tree
For the world to read and a few to see,
But I sometimes wonder if all the sin
Will pay the price when he marches in?
For the man who sold him the rotten stuff
Will go his way and be free enough,
There's another banknote on his roll,
And all it cost was a human soul.

They're hanging a boy this morning
For a foolish, drunken act;
He will stand alone and his crime atone
According to law and fact.

And yet the guilty the law will cheat,
The parents who let him run the street,
Who thought the Bible was out of date,
And that cards were fun and that jazz was great,
The parents who always found their joy
With someone else than their lonely boy,
They're hanging a boy at the break of dawn,
The one that the world will blame it on.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

In this day and time, to keep ahead of the automobiles, and in close distances of the radio and flying machines, a fellow must think in jerks and write in quirks.

A firm in New York is pleased to send me a letter stating that my name has "been given them as one of the leading citizens of your town," and with it accompanies a proposition to send me a "Ten minute course in harmonica playing." That's clever; but the taffy does not catch me. I haven't the time to sit on a fence, or by the roadside, and nearly blow my head off trying to get a tune out of a harmonica or have the neighbors abusing me and wishing I was in hades, or some other foreign country, for grating on their nerves, and setting their tempers on fire. A one minute course would be entirely too much for me. I am not in the harmonica class; rather the harmonious class. I do not care to disturb the serenity of my neighborhood or my household.

It is a curious fact that an 8-year-old boy can't sit for five minutes on a cane seat chair without getting the back-ache. But he will walk right out and sit on top of a hitching post for an half hour and feel like peaches over it.

Today and tomorrow! Forward! Not with hesitation, bravely to the task, just now; they who spurn procrastination soon shall find the

golden "How." there would be no fears of sorrow, care would softly steal away, if the good we'll do tomorrow we should rise and do today.

The wrong alignment of the linotype machines often gets people in trouble. I attended a social function not long ago, and wrote a nice little "piece for the papers," and called it "A Pretty Party." It came out in print as being "A Petting Party." When I went home after its appearance, I noticed the atmosphere of my domicile was rather chilly, and appeared very much like the static in the radio. Finally Mrs. "Hurrygraph" wanted to know who I had been petting. It took all the ingenuity I possessed to convince her that the linotype machine had played a prank on me, and I don't think she is thoroughly convinced about it yet.

Science took a handful of sand, constructed a telescope, and with it explored the starry depths of heaven. Science wrestled from the gods their thunderbolts; and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under all the waves of the sea. Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, created a giant that turns with tireless arm the countless wheels of toil. Science threaded the air currents in tube needles and gathers up the sounds in the air all over the world and places them in harmonious

programs in every home with a radio. Great is science—the handmaid of religion.

—

Ever and ever, through illimitable space that is the whole of creation's handiwork, there swells in varied tone and stress the tenebrae and te deums of the spheres, and ever is there entwined in the motiff the soul-filling notes of a universal magnificent. We all may hear but on the hearts of all there will be no answering response. Whoso does read the song that the sun, the stars, the flowers, the birds, the restless sea, and the symphonies that breathe through mountain ranges, are forever chanting, and whose soul, from its thousand strings echoes the refrain, such an one is a poet. Whatever of pain, or happiness, or love, or the myriad other outlets for the humanity of us all as mingle confusedly and hopelessly in minds uninspired, become upon the poet's lyre but part of the universal symphony, whose harmony is beauty, and beauty alone. Everything that is, is a mirror of the infinite, however misshapen or grotesque it may appear. This is simple truth, and that person whose creed is beauty sees beyond the disorder outlines into the soul of everything, where there is something of the Great Soul. Shelley has told us that poets were the Fierephants of inspiration, and they are. But they are something more. They are the fervent believers and disciples of the revelations that stir them to vocal consciousness. They their faith and in the sanctity that envelops belief lies the potency of the poet's voice. He or she touches us because we know that their in-

definable flashes are clear and their voices courageous. Poetry is not alone the burning record of an imagination that knows neither space or time; nor is it solely the chastely chisled words of some classic hand. In its fullness it is but the written expression of an imagination that has perceived and a heart that has reflected some vision of eternal Truth and Beauty.

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It is said that love with man is "a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much, a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all westerners as miserable barbarians; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

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"Stand by." "Listen in." I have heard of a man who insured everything in his office except his clock. He said everybody watches that, and it was useless to insure that against theft.

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The hopes of numberless Americans were blasted recently when Suzanne Lenglen, the French woman who holds a world's tennis championship, defeated Helen Wills, America's best woman tennis player, in a thrilling match. But America does not look

with favor on Suzanne for another season. There's an old saying that "When a woman wills, she wills, and there's an end on it." Helen Wills and Helen will, eventually.

When you hear a man talking about "laying down the law" in his home, put it down that he is talking through his hat. There have been so many amendments to his law, added by the other side of the house, that his law is of no effect.

I am told that man certainly is going to come into his own this spring. It depends on what he owns, and if he is comig into it, it is going to be something how he is going out in it, from all I can hear. I am informed that fashion, in addition to dressings us men in dove-colored spats, oxford bags, cerise waist-coats and cretonne ties, we are to adorn our heads in lace-trimmed derbies, or turbans of pale blue, mauve, or old rose. Let the good work go on. We'll look like a cross between an autumn sunset and the parlor rug. If the rainbow and the aurora borealis do not get jealous, then I am no judge of nature, human or otherwise.

Ideas and ideals need the urge of purpose to insure progress. We must interpret purpose in terms of resolute action to carry meaning. When purpose is the life of the actor desired results will come. Parents dream dreams for their children and will sacrifice much to give their offspring an education. It takes more than textbooks, good teachers, and parental sacrifices to place names on degree lists. There

must be self-help; a reasonable degree or else there is a likelihood of failure and much disappointment. Without the inner urge the outer equipment is like dead weight in the race. The surest way to success is to invoke a spiritual punch to direct the material efforts. When you do this something is bound to happen. It is the highway to satisfactory joys and delights known only to those who do succeed.

Ruminating upon my career in the newspaper game, which I have been playing since I was 19 years old, I am reminded of some incidents, which may be of interest to the young college journalists, who are launching their barks upon the journalistic sea. As a "printer's devil"—and they said I was a big little one—a position hardly heard of now, when a fellow is learning the printing business—I was tutored in newspaper work, that is I took in all I saw and heard about the business, under the late Dr. George W. Bagby, of Virginia, known as "Mozziz Addums," author of "How Reubenstein Played," a classic now. Dr. Bagby had a little goatee which he invariably twisted with his left hand when he wrote his humorous stuff. I used to watch him closely, and try to write humor. I had no goatee, for my chin was as slick as a peeled onion, and I attributed my failure to produce humor to the lack of that little tussock of hair on my chin; and when I did grow one I nearly pulled it all out working on the humor idea, as I had seen the Doctor do, and no better success. My next celebrity in journalism was

Charles Napoleon Bonparte Evans, who published the Milton Chronicle, in the 70's, and was known as the "Fool Killer." He set up his editorials in type from the case without writing a line. I absorbed that idea, but the modern linotype of this day has cut me out of my newspaper education along that line.

The celebrity under whose spell I fell, was my classic scholar and historian, the Hon. Theodore B. Kingsbury, of Oxford, whose pen was a brilliant lance in the 70's and previous. These were three great men in journalism. We shall not "look upon their like again."

BE GAME

By Charles D. Gold

There may be some who think that life is wrong
 When old Misfortune comes across their way,
 For whom the sunlight comes not with the dawn,
 Whose skies becomes dense, black, or common gray.

But such is not the lesson life would teach
 To him who would observe, while time rocks on,
 That he can just a little higher reach
 And find the things that tend to make him strong.

That bird, though trapped and prisoned in a cage,
 Can stand right up and feel disposed to sing,
 Instead of cursing fate in sullen rage,
 Doth teach us all to bear misfortune's sting.

Thus, when a funeral march is played
 And the funeral bells have chimed,
 They can pay no greater tribute
 Than to say—"He never whined."

So friend, if you don't measure
 In riches great, or fame,
 You can show the world a treasure
 By simply being game.

THE BOY'S DOG.

Every boy should have a dog, for a dog will teach him things that even the best school-master may overlook and will provide him with a companionship that no human associate can furnish. A dog is loyal, truthful, docile, forgiving, sympathetic, obedient. He does not argue with you when you bid him to do a thing but, once you have made your meaning plain to him, he does it. He understands your mood without words, and be it grave or gay, he shares it. When you leave him he howls or whines in desolate grief, and when you return to him he pours out his very soul in an ecstasy of welcome. If you break your leg in a wilderness, he will stay with you till he starves to death or will go at once for help, as you may order. In short, he lives only in you and for you, and that should make any master a little more kindly, more loyal, more willing to serve those to whom he himself owes allegiance.

But what names shall a boy's dog bear? A list of entries on the winners at a bench show is a depressing thing to read. Here is Boggin's Springtime Dewdrop 11, and the Wadhurst Kennel's Tin Peddler, and Finnegan's Connemara Kid, and Grimes's Rutabaga Roughhouse, and a hundred other names like them—

names that belong, all of them, no doubt, to dogs of noble pedigree and notable points, but not to boy's dog. What right-minded boy who wants a dog for companionship would think of calling him Yaddins's Yolloper 111, or Doo-little's Daredevil Demon?

No: a boy's dog may be of as proud lineage as you please, but both he and the boy should forget it as soon as possible and seek a name that, instead of flaunting aristocracy, will make the relation between them human rather than commercial. What does a real boy care about the records of the stud book? He knows by experience that.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

The canine gravestones of memory are rich with the names and virtues of Fontos and Rovers and Neptunes and Neros and Sheps and Spots and Lions and spiderlegged Fidoes. Those are the proper names for a boy's dog, for in use most of them are shortened to monosyllables, like the answering thump of the dog's tail on the floor; and no boy is going to waste time on a polysyllabic name to call a friend that he needs so often as a dog, when a word of one syllable will do as well.—Ex.

The robin and the bluebird sing
O'er meadows brown and bare;
They cannot know what wondrous bloom
Is softly budding there;
But all the joy their hearts outpour
Seems pulsing in the air.—Selected.

FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

(Cleveland News).

Boys in their teens are earning wages that were paid to full grown men before the war.

Ten, twelve, fifteen dollars or more is earned readily by boys that are still children.

Fathers and mothers should take care that this earning of money does not harm the boys now and unfit them for serious effort, real work, in days to come.

To the mothers:

If your boy is working, do you know just exactly how much he gets? Do you know what he does with the money?

Are you by any chance among those who foolishly say, "Willie worked for the money, let him spend it as he likes?"

Do you know that there is nothing more disastrous for a child, more dangerous to ambition, more demoralizing to youth, than to have the spending of a considerable sum of money, even as much as five or ten dollars a week?

And do not forget that from twelve to seventeen is the most dangerous period in a boy's life, that money to spend multiplies temptation and the possibilities of foolish conduct.

The boy well brought up, no matter how rich his father, should be strictly limited in his spending money.

Fifty cents a week, or a dollar a week, or two dollars a week as the limit—if the father is wise.

And if the rich man who knows that his son will never want care-

fully controls his affection, regulates the child's spending, how much more should that spending be regulated by the mother and father who realize that in years to come the boy is to depend on the habits formed now in his childhood.

Do not imagine that you are acting the part of good father or mother if you say, "Let Willie spend it, since he earns it."

Teach him to save it. Limit the amount that he can have. And know exactly what he does and what he does not spend for his good.

To the fathers:

You know what a bad thing it is for men to get in the "easy come, easy go" habit.

If the boy is to succeed in life as a man, he must realize early that success means hard work.

The average lad now replies to an advertisement saying: "Help wanted."

He asks first, "How much do you pay?"

When that question is answered, he says, "What do I have to do to get that money?"

The employer often finds it impossible to exercise the supervision and discipline that the young worker needs, if he is to become a working man of any value.

The boy who leaves one place in these times can easily find another—and he knows it.

It depends upon the father, consequently, to make his son realize what work means.

Tell your boy that while jobs are

easy now, the days and the years that he is using will never come back again. He can get another job, but he cannot get another youth, another boyhood.

He will find that these days that seem the days of great opportunity, because a very young boy can make the wages of a man, are really days of great danger to him.

As you can spoil a young horse by improper training, so you can, irrevocably and beyond hope, spoil a boy.

Tens of thousands unfortunately are being spoiled at this moment.

Conscientious fathers and mothers will look after their own children at least.

Don't let your boy getting high wages acquire spendthrift or vicious habits that will injure him for life.

Don't let your son, who finds a job so easily, make up his mind that discipline was not intended for the free American, or that success can be had without hard work.

THOSE MELANCHOLY TIMES.

By Alan C. Reidpath.

There is in all men's lives despondent hours,
When Melancholy in her feverish greed devours
Health's blooming flesh and beaming eyes
And leaves, in their sweet stead, her dismal sighs.

When those who should have helped you turn away
And don with merry strangers, garish Mirth's array
When most is needed just one helpful word,
And faces are averted and the needed things unheard.

It could not be that life's long journey through
Is freely flower-strewn and her skies are blue.
But Fate decrees heavier courses to some—
'Neath bleaker skies; with heavier hearts and numb.

It could be that when each one's burden came,
We said a cheery word or fondly breathed a name,
And lightened some poor traveler's load, and he
Might in his turn pass it on—this is Divinity.

WHEN TROUBLES COME, HIS VIOLIN COMFORTS HIM.

(Progressive Farmer.)

Our own feeling is that our best letter on "How We Have Found Increased Happiness Through Good Music" has come rather appropriately from "an old Kentucky home"—being written by R. H. McCown of Christian County in the Bluegrass State, and we give his prize letter herewith:—

"Personally my violin is the most indispensable part of my farm equipment. When puzzling and perplexing questions arise, sometimes we are too close to the situation to see it clearly. We need to stand back and get a far view, as that of a disinterested spectator, and let our minds relax. Then when we come back to the case, we can see more clearly, and with calmer judgment the solution is easy. Worry is the arch enemy of the farmer.

"When all is going well, the pigs fattening in the clover, the corn growing tall, the meadows yielding up a big harvest, the cows contented in the pasture, and all prospects flattering, I like to take my violin and for awhile lose myself from all thought of my daily labors. And, too, when the markets are declining day by day, when drouth comes with hot winds, or when summer floods cover the bottom cornfields, when everything seems to go wrong,

then I need my violin. It is about all there is left that can help. I can lose myself from it all in the cotton fields of Dixie. I can wander along the shores of the Wabash or the Suwanne River. I can hear voices resonant with hope and faith in the sacred music sung by other men long ago who were sorely tired, or I can see the stern men who made and preserved us a nation, peer through the gray dawn to see if the flag still waves, and in the notes of old masters I can find peace and contentment. I come back to my problems with a new vision, and a new faith in the land, and know there will be a turn in the long lane.

"It has been truly said that music is a universal language; though tongues may differ there is something understandable about music for all races. And there are classes of music adapted to every class of man, from the tom-tom of the Indian, to the wailing notes of the Hawaiian's guitar, on to the soft, ribbony notes of the master's violin. For those who are not gifted so they can make their own music, the radio, player piano, and phonograph place within the reach of all whatever kind of music they may desire."

Lonely. First Stude—"What would this nation be without women?"
Second Stude—"A stagnation."—**The Knight.**

CHARACTER TEACHERS.

(Lexington Dispatch).

Governor McLean no doubt strikes a responsive chord when he says that he is in favor of raising the salaries of the "character building teacher" and keeping them at work in our public schools. "The fruit of the teacher's influence may not be seen today, but many years later, when the student has grown to young manhood or young womanhood the impress of the teacher's character and her example is keenly felt" says the State's executive, who declares "character building is the greatest thing in the world."

Almost every community has in it or has had some teacher or several teachers of the type the governor had in mind, and those who have gone out from these places to take the helm of big affairs have often pointed back to the "character teachers" as persons to whom they owe an everlasting debt of gratitude.

Today we hear much of the irresponsible spirit of youth carrying it along into places dangerous even for the more certain steps of those of more advanced years. Or moralizing on the cause of it and the remedy for it there seems no end. Some teachers take the view that theirs is solely know nothing of the rules of ordinary good taste, may not be able to appraise spiritual values. Indeed this is not the fault of the teacher—but it is her opportunity, in the view of the governor and a professional task, a sort of mechanical duty to help the student to acquire some book learn-

ing. Their observations are limited to discerning and defining the "minuses" and "pluses" in the child's makeup as it comes to them, the cataloguing of its purely mental reactions. That it may be spiritually starved and more in need of guidance along the path of character than in any other way does not appeal to the mechanical teacher. The child may be crude in manner, may seem to be doubtless in the view of many others.

Those teachers who are watching for such opportunities and diligent in taking advantage of them may not always be right up to the minute in the latest theories of how to deal with the young mind. They may not be able even to give an "intelligence test" or any of the various other tests. But they do know whether the child is rude in the presence of its elders; they can see whether it is altogether selfish; whether it recognizes the elemental rules of righteousness; whether it has ambition to really be somebody, to do something worthwhile. And they know how in many instances these defects can be corrected in the plastic years of the child's life and how the better side can be nourished until it predominates so that it may become a force to overcome evil. They do not question whether the parents of the child ought not to provide this sort of training, but bend themselves to the task at hand with earnestness.

This is the kind of teacher Prof.

Remy had in mind when he made his notable commencement address here last year. It is a type that we believe Lexington has been blessed with to a large extent for a good many years. They are treasures not to be regarded lightly.

GROWING OLDER.

A. V. Banes, M. D.

A little more tired at the close of day;
 A little less anxious to have our way;
 A little less ready to scold and blame;
 A little more care for a brother's name.
 And so we are nearing the journey's end,
 Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds of gold;
 A little more zest for the days of old;
 A broader view and a saner mind;
 A little more love for all mankind.
 And so we are faring a-down the way
 That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth;
 A little less zeal for established truth;
 A little more charity in our views;
 A little less thirst for the daily news.
 And so we are folding our tents away
 And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream;
 A little more real the things unseen;
 A little nearer to those ahead,
 With visions of those long loved and dead.
 And so we are passing where all must go,
 To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears,
 And we shall have told our increasing years.
 That book is closed and the prayers are said,
 And we are part of the countless dead.
 Thrice happy then, if some soul can say,
 "I live because he has passed my way."

YOUNG MEN TO THE FRONT.

(Asheville Citizen)

What the young Southerner can do for the South was forcibly expressed by Thad Holt, president of the Alabama Junior Chamber of Commerce, in a recent address at Albany-Decatur at the formation there of a branch of his organization. "One great reason," he said, "for the great business revival of the South is the revival of interest and activity among the young men of the South; their eyes have been focused on their own section instead of on New York or Chicago or other centers of trade." He continued:

"Tonight we ask your help in this movement to concentrate the young manhood of the State into a driving power to carry us on to the accomplishments we have sighted on. There is being organized here in Albany-Decatur a body of young men which has already outlined a program of civic activity. You older men, jaded perhaps with the constant drain on your time and energy, too busy at times to do what you would like to do, but able as executives to pass the idea to others and fire them with the necessary vision and ambition—you can help them put it over. Can't you see the wonderful possibilities of getting these young men organized into a smoothly operating body that you can call on

when you need a point of contact with the younger men?

"You have let these young men do their share in fighting the battles of democracy on the fields of France; they did not play you false; they put it over. Now they have an opportunity to share with you the battles to overcome hate and prejudice and mossbackism and retrogression and illiteracy and bad roads and poor government. Here they stand ready and willing to take their share. Won't you help them to shoulder the burden?"

There are today, Mr. Holt said, as quoted in *The Manufacturers Record*, 2,500 young men of Alabama in the Junior Chamber of Commerce lined up in a concerted program of civic activity. That brings a valuable idea to the attention of the State. Why have we not a Junior Chamber of Commerce as a great force for progress in North Carolina?

These are times to inspire young men in North Carolina. Opportunities for them are becoming greater and greater every day. Problems which they can solve call for their attention. It would be for the welfare of the State to train them in the work they will soon have to do, the job of insuring a continuance of the State's eminence and power.

"Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?" asked the little boy's aunt.

"A penny!" he exclaimed. "Why, I get more than that for taking castor oil."—*Union Pacific Magazine*.

CURIOUS CURRENCY.

By Ethel M. Kay.

The largest money in the world is said to be the "fei" used on the island of Yap in the Pacific Ocean a little southwest of Guam, a United States possession east of the Philippines. Yap belongs to Japan as one of the former German colonies awarded to her by the League of Nations.

A piece of fei looks like a rough, unmounted grindstone. It has a hole in the center where a stick may be placed when the coin is carried between two men. It is cut from white limestone rock, ranging in size from one foot to twelve feet in diameter, and thicker near the middle than at the edges. The larger pieces are often moved, changing ownership where they stand, by a spoken agreement, much as though a piece of land should be transferred from one owner to another without a deed or record. The purchasing power of the fei seems to be based on the amount of labor needed to quarry and shape it. They are used for no other purpose than that of money.

Skins of wild animals were the very earliest currency used and are still employed as money in some places. Business amounting to millions of dollars has been done in America with beaver skins as money.

Our word "pecuniary" comes from the Latin "pecunia" meaning wealth and taken from the word cattle. In those primitive times a man collected an account and walked home while his currency walked ahead. Wealth of this kind had a way of adding interest to principal while the owner

did something else. As rural life became general, domestic animals were the most abundant source of wealth and were passed as money in many countries. Interesting references to the custom are found in literature. Cattle are now the exchange medium among the Zulu and Kafir tribes of Africa. "Cattle-rents" are familiar in America, being paid to the United States government by rural Indian tribes. The redskins have used ponies as currency in large transactions for very many years.

In 1723 ten Indian chiefs representing ten tribes sold what is now the state of Illinois to twenty-two white men of Pennsylvania and England. The payment was "200 blankets, 360 shirts, 250 pounds of gunpowder, 4,000 pounds of lead, one gross of knives, 1,000 gun flints, 200 pounds of tobacco, two dozen gilt looking-glasses, one gross of fine steels, sixteen dozen garterings, 10,000 pounds of flour, 5,000 bushels of Indian corn, twelve horned cattle, twenty bushels of salt, twelve horses and twenty-nine guns."

Many of these things have been used as money in other countries. Grain was a world-wide monetary standard. Corn-rents have been common in England and America. Many leases stipulating payment in certain grains have held in force until quite recent years.

In the South Sea Islands cocoanuts and red feathers are often used as money.

The famous international fair held

since 1817 at Nizhni Novgorod in Russia uses tea as its monetary standard. From 250,000 to 300,000 people gather each year for trades in furs, shawls, carpets, rugs, iron goods and many other things which amount to forty or fifty millions of dollars, but no other business is done until the current price of tea is decided and published, then everything else is priced by it.

Tobacco was used as legal tender in the southern colonies of North America, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even after coin had come into use large business matters in the south were settled by a transfer of receipts issued for tobacco deposited in public warehouses.

Dried and salted codfish has often passed as money in New England, also in Newfoundland and Ireland. Salt has been used in Abyssinia and in Mexico. Animal's teeth have been the tool of exchange among the Fiji Islanders.

Shells have been the money of many peoples who used them whole or cut into beads. Small shells called cowries are used in part of Africa and southern Asia. "It is stated that in 1851 upwards of 1,000 tons of these shells were shipped on English account from India to Liverpool, to be reshipped from that port to Africa for the purchase of palm oil." The money cowry is a beautiful shell scarcely an inch long, light straw-color above and white at the sides and below. There are large numbers on certain coasts of India. They were formerly used as a money currency in Bengal and in Siam. In

western Africa they still serve for trade in remote parts, measured in strings representing a very small coin value.

The piles of shells on the seacoast from Maine to Delaware are mostly the waste from making wampum, the shell beads used as money by English and Dutch colonists in trading with the Indians and among themselves. Before the whites came, the Indians had gathered heaps of great size, from making wampum belts, bands and necklaces. Wampum is made from the inner parts of shells, polished as smooth as glass, the beads about a one-third inch long and about a quarter-inch in diameter, strung with a hole drilled through the center. In color there was the white, the most common kind from which the name was taken, and the black or purple, sometimes called suckauhook, an Indian term for black shell. Three of the dark or six of the white passed for one English penny. The purple beads were made from the "eye" in the shell of the large round clam called quohaug in New England. The white came from the periwinkle, a kind of snail-shell.

Wampum was legal tender in New England, though limited in amount, and it was accepted as tax payments by the colonial treasurer. A fur company is said to have received certain privileges from the General Court of Massachusetts in 1641 as partial return for cashing whatever wampum was received by Harvard College. No more than twenty-five pounds sterling was to be given at one time, however. When wampum was most used as money, there were over six-

ty Dute's shops in Albany, equipped with tools for its manufacture.

When the Portuguese slave traders visited the west coast of Africa they found gold beaten into an imitation of shells and used as money. The traders called it "Spondylus macutus," and this scientific name gradually changed into the slang word "spondulix," meaning money. In countries where shells had been used in trade, imitation metal money has been common after the natives learned to work in metal.

The most primitive currency of which proof has been found on the North American continent, was discovered by explorers in the mounds of the Ohio and Mississippi River valleys. The mound-builders are supposed to be ancestors of the present American Indians, and these earthworks used as burial places, fortifications, dwellings and places to observe religious rites. Very interesting forms of money have been found. Much is made of coal and terra cotta, some of lignite. There is bone money, parts of human skulls and knee-pans, and the tusks of mastodons—the great protruding teeth of extinct elephants. Precious and semi-precious stones have been found cut in thick disks with various markings to show their money value. Most of this jewel money is about an inch in diameter, but some has a width of seven or eight inches.

Wooden money is another interesting kind of currency. It has been used in England within two hundred years. Very long ago the accounts of Saxon kings were kept on notched sticks, and the custom was continued

after there were better methods of bookkeeping. Long, slender sticks of willow, hazel or ash were seasoned and trimmed, and kept ready in the royal treasury. When business required a future payment, the amount of money was cut in Roman numerals on one of these, and the same amount, expressed by a system of thick and thin notches, was cut on the opposite side. The name of the person and the date of payment were added, then the Deputy Chancellor of the Exchequer split the stick lengthwise with knife and mallet, in such a way that half of the numerals and half of the notches were on each piece. One was kept by the creditor, and the other filed in the vaults. When payment was to be made, the creditor proved his claim by matching the halves of the stick. The money was paid, after which the two halves were tied together and filed in the vaults as a receipt, and the sticks called Exchequer tallies.

In 1697 the old metallic currency was called in for recoinage, and there was a great shortage of change as a result. Some form of currency was needed, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer made an issue of the wooden Exchequer tallies for various sums, which totaled a large amount. They circulated freely as money, but lost in their value. Then the bank advertised a million pounds sterling of stock for sale, offering to take eighty percent of the payment in the wooden Exchequer tallies and treasury orders. The public turned in eight hundred thousand pounds in these government promises to pay. The wooden tallies were money until 1783, when Parlia-

ment abolished their use and ordered the burning of a large quantity stored in the treasury vaults.

Gold, the present monetary standard of the world's business, has been used in many forms of currency. Its glitter attracted man's attention very early and it was made into ornaments, then he found it was easily carried and exchanged for things needed. Jewelry was used for money so much that it was a custom to make it only of certain weights and so constructed that parts could be detached for exchange without preventing the use of the article. The word "shilling" comes from a verb used in Iceland meaning "to divide," and recalls this practice. Coins were a growth from these separated pieces of jewelry.

Ring-money has had many forms and uses in different parts of the world, especially among the ancient Celts. It was still current in Norway and Sweden in the twelfth century, and is in use in Africa today.

Hoes, knives and needles have been used as money. The Chinese "cash," a brass coin with a square hole in the middle was formerly a knife. Several hundred years before 500 A. D., the Chinese used as money a bronze, one-piece knife with the value on the blade and a flat ring at the end of the handle. This knife became useless for cutting after better methods were learned, but continued to be exchanged as money. Gradually the size of the blade and handle were made smaller, until only the flat ring was left, on which the inscription was placed.

Hoe blades have been often used

as money, and the wild tribes of Anam, in China, use them today. When the Chinese hoe money was no longer used as an implement, it gradually became the size of an ordinary coin.

The people of the world learned that metals were the most convenient form of money, and other kinds began to be discontinued. Pieces were weighed on small scales which hung from one finger of a trader, in the presence of both parties concerned, and if smaller pieces were needed, they were broken off. When metal was stamped with its weight and fineness, people were unwilling to trust each other, and the constant weighing became a burden wherever much business was done. Then uniform pieces were made, at first stamped with the head of a god or goddess to give people confidence in their honest marking. The earliest known coin was made of electrum (gold alloyed with silver) in Lydia of Asia Minor, in the seventh century before Christ.

The earliest recorded money transaction is one of weighing, when Abraham bought the field and cave of Machpelah as a place to bury his wife Sarah. It is told in detail in the twenty-third chapter of Genesis.

Later on it became customary to depict an animal on a piece of metal worth the price of the livestock, as cattle were then a monetary standard, and to speak of it as a "lamb" or an "ox."

Greece and Rome were the first great nations to make coins. The history of coinage may almost be said to suggest man's history of achieve-

ment for twenty-six hundred years.

The first coins were very heavy, being equal in metallic value to their monetary value. Later token or credit money was devised, a coin passing for its accepted rather than its real value. Today many of our coins are worth only one-third their money value, as metal.

Paper money began to be used as currency. In fact, it had been as early as 1685 in the famous Playing Card Currency of Canada, when common playing cards were cut up, stamped with the fleur-de-lis and a crown and signed by the proper officers, when there was a shortage of money with which to pay the soldiers.

Greenbacks and banknotes, paper promises to pay, have become accepted currency today, in contrast with

the stone money of the primitive islander, and a still greater change is evident when one considers the \$150,000,000,000 worth of business done in a year in the United States by checks, worthless pieces of ordinary paper until endorsed by the proper persons.

The great credit currency in the United States today is based on the dollar of 23.22 grains of pure gold, which is not even coined, because the people believe that the government is able and willing to redeem its promises in gold if asked to do so. All the money used in the United State today, except gold coin, is credit money. The value of the silver dollar depends upon that of the standard money. Modern business is founded on faith.

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL

It is always better to do some of the work than all of the worrying.

The new corporal with a handful of men was fuming and fussing in a vain attempt to move a heavy log that lay across their way, when Washington who was personally unknown to the corporal, came along and asked why he did not lay hold of the log and do some of the lifting, instead of making so much noise.

The corporal in great astonishment replied: "Me! me lift on that log? Don't you know I am an officer in command of these men?" Washington did not reply, but took hold of the log himself, and they easily moved it aside. Then, turning to the important little man, he said, "When you are again in need of help send for General Washington," and, bowing politely to the astonished corporal, he walked quietly away.— A. E. S.

MIKE'S REWARD.

By Marion H. Hunton.

Mike had spent four dark years carrying, from his broad Saint Bernard shoulders, a little Red Cross kit of mercy to his soldier pals on the battlefields. Now he roamed the muddy streets of New York, dodging uniforms which held officers of the law who were only too glad to shoot a wandering dog, or to hand him over to the dog catchers.

Mike knew all this through sad experience. Hadn't one of those blue uniformed men who brought back to his tired eyes visions of other uniformed men his friends—hadn't one of them called to him one memorable day, and after stirring his dog heart with his coaxing words, rudely grasped his collar and handed him to a vicious brute with a net?

But Mike was too wary to be caught in such a trap. He had slipped from its snares, and raced wildly down the street, carrying in his heart a dread of all bluecoated individuals.

Habitually, Mike roamed from Stuyvesant Square westward to Fourth Avenue, no matter what the weather might be. It was all he had to do. He had walked these streets with his soldier-master when they came to the city after the war. This he had done daily until his master could no longer make the trip, and then when they came and carried that master away, those who bore him away did not seem to understand that his master was all he had and had left poor Mike behind. Since that day he had patiently trotted

over his route, looking for a kindly face or a stray bone.

South along Fourth Avenue he would walk, a huge tawny dog, majestic even in his forlorn state. His sandy hair was matted and grimy, his collar bore a year-old license tag. His eyes, though, a soft brown, shone with a human light full of pathos. The pushing, scoffing crowd that buffeted him every day, sometimes paused and noticed those eyes. But that was only such times as when perhaps he had retrieved a fallen pocketbook for an old lady, or had pushed open a passage for a blind beggar.

He would often pause between Nineteenth and Eighteenth Streets, peopleing them with his old division of men as he had last seen them marching by when he stood there like a sentinel beside his crippled master. Through the months that he had spent wandering about this neighborhood, he had become a familiar object to many who daily traveled these streets. He always walked down the street at the hour when the school children thronged forth homeward bound. They had all grown to love him and often brought him tid-bits from their lunches. He, on his part, loved them all: but he never showed any partiality and never permitted too many advances.

There was one little girl, however, who made his dog heart beat a bit faster. She crossed at Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street at three o'clock

every afternoon and he was always there to watch her. She was only a wee lassie who clung to her nurse's hand and cast a longing glance at the big brown dog. And when those blue little girl eyes met the brown old dog eyes it seemed they just spoke to each other. Mike thought of a little lass he had loved in his puppy days in the old country. She, too, had had blue eyes and soft yellow hair. Once when she had wandered away, he had pulled her out of a stream and somehow after that the bond between dog and maid had almost become a spiritual thing. Then the war had come, and the little maid, anxious to make her sacrifice for humanity, too, had given her dearest possession, her Mike. He had never seen her again. That was why it warmed his heart to look at this strange little girl with the eyes of his former mistress.

One afternoon in March Mike stood on his customary corner watching the children as they passed. It was an afternoon of fine rain, rain that fell from a blanket of gray mist that rolled and curled about the buildings, merging them into an even skyline, and swirled up the streets, turning them into blind alleys of slow, creeping traffic. The fog pressed down heavier and heavier. The lights of the machines danced and wavered in the slow circling mists.

The old dog's feet were cold and wet, and his furry coat clung damply about him. He thought comfortably of the bone he had hidden away in his cellar retreat, and mentally contemplated it longingly. But his little friend had not yet passed with

her nurse and he did want to see her so badly.

There she came now, trudging along in her little plaid rain cape. Nor had she forgotten her animal friend. She put out her hand to pat him as she passed, but her vigilant nurse would not permit those little hands to be polluted by such filthy contact, and she jerked her quickly into the slippery street, all the time chiding her for wanting to touch a nasty, dirty dog. But there were things of graver menace than filthy dogs, and the nurse looked up to see through the mist the approaching headlights of a car. In her confusion she dropped the child's hand; but Mike was there, and, grasping her caps firmly in his teeth, he piloted her safely across the street. He would run no chances, however, with that blue-uniformed nurse who came closely upon his heels, and with a damp kiss upon the little girl's face, he started quickly back across the street. Somehow he became bewildered. His eyes only saw a blue-eyed child in a plaid rain cape. His ears only heard her whispered love words. He seemed unaware that he was standing in the middle of the street.

Great gloomy headlights broke upon him passed him and then immediately other glaring lights flared up toward him out of the misty pall. He rushed between two cars. He tried to turn aside and slipped.

The chimes in a distant tower rang out, sounding forth to his ears the old, old call to rest—taps; but the hour was only half after three.

* * * * *

The attendance that evening at the

annual banquet of the New York branch of the American Legion exceeded all hopes. The men were there in unprecedented numbers. The same old spirit of co-operation and brotherhood shone forth just as it had in those months spent across the seas.

The west ball-room of the hotel was well filled with guests. Experiences were shared across tables and over intervening aisles. The depressing weather seemed to act as a tonic to the spirits of the men. Good fellowship reigned supreme.

In the midst of the dinner course, the toastmaster rapped loudly for attention. It was hard to make his gavel heard. It was difficult to secure quiet.

"Men," said the toastmaster, and there was a curious tone in his voice, "I ask for perfect silence. Andrews, whom you all know as a member of the editorial staff of *The Globe*, has just come in. He can only stay a few minutes. He came especially to tell you something."

A man who had been standing back of the toastmaster then stepped forward. He was in a business suit and a sharp contrast to the diners in their uniforms. He was loudly applauded; but he held his hand for silence and shook his head.

"Fellows," he said, "I've a pathetic piece of news for you, particularly for those of you who were in the *Twenty-seventh*." He paused and looked the men over.

"All you fellows who were in that division remember Mike, our Red Cross dog. I guess a good many of you boys can thank him for bring-

ing you comfort when you were lying on the field of battle. Don't you remember how he'd come up and snuggle his cold nose on your cheek and place a kiss there while he coaxed you to drink from his flask? Don't you remember the times he brought aid to you boys who were lying wounded in some God-forsaken hole?"

There was a hush and nods of assent. "And then don't you remember," he continued, "Johnny Blake-well swore when Mike brought him aid he'd never leave that dog? Well, fellows, Johnny died a year ago, and tonight right now Mike is lying in the vet hospital with three legs broken, several ribs and his skull cracked and not a person there to care. He'd have been dead now, shot, only when they went to pick him up his collar had come unfastened and there inside was his Red Cross insignia and his medal of honor. But tomorrow, perhaps even now, he'll be our's to bury!"

A murmur of pain arose in the room, breaking forth in moans of "No!"

"Yes!" said Andrews as the sound ceased, "our old Mike starving, alone, forsaken, wandering about the streets avoiding the grasp of the law. How did I come to know it? One of our reporters who covers the vet section dug up the story. They brought in this great crushed dog with his pained, rapidly-glazing eyes, and his collar that saved him from a policeman's bullet. But he'd seen too much pain to moan over his own, and there he lies and not a whimper from his racked body." Andrew's voice broke. It was some time before

he proceeded.

"This afternoon at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Ninth Street, a little girl, owing to the bewilderment of her nurse, was in danger of being run down by an automobile; but Mike, always on the job, took her cape in his mouth and piloted her safely across the street. As he started on his way back he seemed to become confused. He got in a jam of cars. The windshields were all misted by the rain, and the chauffeurs couldn't see anything ahead and they don't know whose car it was. The police say it was just three-thirty when they picked him up."

"Well, that's all," continued Andrews, "except that I am going down to him now, and if one or two of you want to come—the old fellow might appreciate it if he hasn't gone yet."

Andrews had finished. From various parts of the room came the plea, "Let me go! Let me go!" Men were wiping their eyes with no trace of shame.

At a distant table arose Austin Delmar. He had been major of Mike's battalion and had been a stern commander.

Austin Delmar stood holding the edge of the table with one hand, the other toying with his waterglass. He stood there a long time. Several times he endeavored to speak. He coughed, cleared his throat. He was deeply moved.

"Mr. Toastmaster, may I ask the privilege of going down to see Mike? I would ask to be allowed to insist on going I have sinned in forgetting

old Mike. When I was wounded, it was Mike that picked me out and cheered me so. And fellows, I promised Johnny at the time to help him care for that dog. And fellows, in the bustle and happiness of reaching home, I forgot them both until it was too late to find them, and now——. Yes, I have committed a grievous crime, and now I must go down there and try to tell those dog eyes that I have not forgotten. I'm coming back before you men are through and I'll tell you more."

At about eleven Austin Delmar returned. The toastmaster caught his eye and beckoned him to come to the speaker's table. Delmar stood there before the crowd.

"Mike—Mike has gone west, boys."

Then quickly, silently the room full of men arose and came to salute.

After a moment, Delmar said, "Sit down, boys."

When the room was again quiet, he continued, "There's a lot I might say—terrible things of how he suffered—but it is all over now. It was our brave old Mike—still brave, still happy, even to a feeble tap of his tail when he realized he was near his old friends. And boys, when I leaned over him and tried to tell his eyes how sorry I was, he kissed me with his hot, hot tongue."

Stern old Austin could not go on. Finally he spoke.

"And so, fellows, I wish as a slight token of my appreciation of Mike and his services to build a home where all sick, or maimed, or friendless dogs may find a haven of rest, and where Mike's ministering spirit may live on forever—the building

to be called 'Mike's Home,' or better still, 'Mike's Reward.'

"I desire one word more. Mike is to be buried from my home with full military honors."

The room of men was silent, with scarcely the sound of their pained breathing audible as Austin Delmar passed from it.

* * * * *

It was twelve o'clock. Austin Delmar was in his library standing beneath a picture of a maiden with a mist of yellow hair and two laughing violet blue eyes, eyes that had

that night wept because nurse had not permitted her to watch where the doggie went who had helped her across the street.

Austin Delmar's shoulders moved in a conclusive sob. In the grey blur of the swirling rain, his ear had passed that fateful corner at precisely half after three. He had happened to glance at his watch the moment the chimes struck the hour.

He would never be freed from wondering if it had been his ear that had killed old Mike.

Every action of our lives touches on some chord that will vibrate in eternity.—E. H. Chapin.

TRESPASSERS PAID USUAL DEATH PENALTY.

Of the trespassers who gambled with death on the tracks and trains of the Southern Railway System during 1925, 128 were killed and 151 injured, according to figures for the year which have just been completed by the Southern's Safety Department.

While walking on tracks, 93 were killed and 60 injured; 35 were killed and 87 injured while stealing rides or "hopping" trains; and four were injured in miscellaneous accidents.

"There is a striking constancy about the figures recording casualties among trespassers on the property of the Southern," says a statement issued by the Safety Department, "which—under the well established principle, that, where approximately the same number of persons take the

same hazard during different periods, about the same number will be killed and injured—would indicate that there has been no substantial decrease in trespassing despite all the examples that have been cited and the warnings given.

"The figures for the preceding three years are as follows: 1922, 129 killed and 171 injured; 1923, 154 killed and 178 injured; 1924, 130 killed and 174 injured. The percentage as between casualties of trespassers on tracks and trains has also been fairly constant, 90 persons having been killed and 60 injured while trespassing on the Southern tracks during 1924, and 35 killed and 87 injured while trespassing on trains, with the figures for the others years being very nearly the same."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

A carload of coal was unloaded by a number of the boys last Friday.

Andrew Bivans, Roy Rector and Billy Odom were paroled during the past week.

Mr. Russell and the boys in the laundry had the job of putting a new belt on the mangle recently.

Mr. Hudson and some of the larger boys have been spraying the fruit trees in the orchard near the ball ground.

Preston McNeil, Julius Strickland and Craven Pait former boys of this institution were visitors here last week.

Mr. Poole has been teaching Mr. Crook's room during his absence. He is now teaching Mr. Simpson's room.

The boys on the work force were very busy during the first of last week setting out three hundred fruit trees in the new orchard.

The boys on the barn force have been busy hauling dirt and coal. They have also been doing a great deal of plowing.

The boys in the school sections are learning to recite from memory part of the twenty fourth chapter of Luke.

Ralph Hollars member of the

fifth cottage was given a position in the print shop last week. We hope that he will make a good printer in the future.

Clarence Rogers, Hunter Cline, Edgar Pochester, James McDaniel, Harold Thompson, Virgil Shipes, James Hunnsucker, Ralph Hollars, James Beddingfield, Jas. Peeler and Tom Gross were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Last Saturday there was another ball game at the ball ground despite cold weather. The boys and officers chose their teams and began to play the game. The one base hitters in this game were: McCone, Stevenson, Mr. Groover, Billings, McAuther, Pickett, Cox, Pate, Phillips and Smith. Two base hitters: Massey, Mr. Groover, Henry, Brown and Carroll. Three base hitters: Billings, Mr. Groover, McCone and Smith, Massey and Hensley were the batteries for one of the teams, and Poteat and Cox were the batteries for the other. The score was 16 to 4 favor Hensley's team.

Instead of the boys going to their Sunday School classes as usual last Sunday morning, they remained in the auditorium and Mr. Boger was the teacher for all the boys. The lesson was about "Jesus Washes His Disciples Feet." Before the feast of the passover Jesus knew that he was soon to leave this world, and after the supper was finished the devil had already put into Judas

Iscariot's heart to betray Jesus. Jesus set a fine example before his disciples by washing their feet, He said unto them after he had finished doing this: "For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." The golden text for this lesson was: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Rev. L. A. Thomas, of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His selected Scripture reading was from the sixth chapter of Matthew starting with the nineteenth verse. He told the boys how the bird obtained his food and telling them that they did not reap nor sow, but all the same they got their food. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into any barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" One of his illustrations about how the Father provides them with food and drink:

"I saw a number of little sparrows, after a recent shower getting a drink of water from the little pools that failed to drain off the roof, they probably had not had any water for some time, but the Father did not forget them. He sent to them as well as the people a blessed shower of rain. This rain also fed these little birds. Before this shower a hard crust of bread was lying on the roof, I know not how it happened to be there, but after the shower it was softened and I saw several birds eating it. This is one of the many ways of feeding these small creatures." He also spoke of the flowers and how they grew. A verse from Matthew of how they grow: "Consider the lillies of the field, and how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." They live as the bird does, depending upon the Father. God clothes the bird and helps him to live, He also looks after the lily of the field and his people. Rev. Thomas' sermon to the boys was a short but a very interesting one.

Why can not parents face facts regarding the future of their children? Most believe that their children will grow up good and strong and brave a child of God indeed. And usually there is no special reason for such belief. Let us remember this: In the family of Adam there was a murderous Cain; of Noah, a scoffing Ham; of Abraham, a persecuting Ishmael; of Isaac, a profane Essau; of David, an undutiful Absalom; of Elisha, a lying Gehazi; and even among Christ's disciples there was a traitorous Judas. Face the possibilities that are facts! Face them and do all you can to give the child a good start in life.—T. K. B.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 20, 1926

No. 16

University of N. C.

HAVE THE GERM.

I chanced to stroll over a brick pavement and was attracted by a healthy-looking little bush near the curbing, that had forced its way through the brick walk. A tiny crack between the bricks was all the encouragement the brave little sprig had ever received; but it had pushed upward with all its might, displacing several bricks, and stood erect as an example of diligence. I gazed down upon this little friend; it seemed to look up with a smile and say, 'I have a right to be here. I am a living, growing thing. The germ of life was given me, and I used it. Last summer I was a stupid-looking seed; now I am a beautiful plant with green leaves. These bricks had to get out of my way because I am alive.' There was so much about that plant that reminded me of so many people I know. They grow and flourish under the most adverse circumstances. They have the germ of life and are using it.

—Old Hurrygraph.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

FLAPPER TEACHERS.

Taking notice of his pronouncement in favor of increasing the number of "character-building" teachers in our public schools, the Charlotte News makes this observation:

Governor McLean speaks boldly of the need in North Carolina of more school teachers of the character-building type, of the need of such instructors in the school rooms and of the need of the state to pay that type of teachers more money, enough to compensate them for the invaluable services they are rendering to society and to their commonwealth. The governor drew an essential distinction between this stamp of a school teacher and the flapper type, who not only does not need any more than she is getting, but who is really out of place in the school room. It seems inevitable, however, that the schools should collect a host of such young women who take to teaching between the time they step out of their graduating gowns and when they don their wedding trousseaus. Their greatest ambition, it often appears, is to earn enough money to buy whatever going-away clothes they can't stick the old folks for.

There is too much truth in all of this to leave those concerned in the public education matter to feel comfortable over it. So many surveys are being made and others suggested it might be of some value to know just how many of the public school teachers, as we know them, are of the "flapper kind"

and how many of them are of a "character-building kind." This information cannot be had by the mechanical certification system, which is now in vogue, and we fear is largely responsible for the serious condition that has been pointed out. The heart has been taken out of the business of educating the young and the units have been stressed until the scheme of education has become material and commercial. Standardization plays havoc with individuality.

When a teacher or teachers are tolerated in our higher educational institutions who have forgotten God and have become slaves to hobbies, isms and unorthodox views and persist in emphasizing such before their classes, no wonder we have here and there teachers, who get by simply because of their mechanical "units," whatever they may be, and are certified, and thus the public schools are afflicted with what has become to be known as "flapper" teachers.

A few years ago there was a perfect craze created among schools girls over a certain imported teacher (thanks! he's gone from the state,) who entertained his pupils over sex control and sought to belittle God's word—today there are some of this man's pupils playing at teaching. They are torn, unsettled and at sea on the vital, worthwhile things of this life. This flapperism begins higher up and, in part, reaches out to the trenches and the sticks.

Governor McLean has touched a vital spot. It takes more than the certification of teachers to locate a competent and efficient teacher, and this, in part, may account for the observation by Dr. A. T. Allen, of the State Educational Department, who is quoted as saying that rural schools are twenty years behind town schools—they are behind what they were themselves ten years ago.

* * * * *

SAVE THE BIRDS.

A good lady of Shelby dropped in The Star office Saturday just long enough to ask that an appeal be made in behalf of the birds. The boys with their Christmas rifles are finding sport in killing song birds which add to the attractions of Shelby and she is right in raising her voice in their defense. At this season of the year when the birds are mating, they appear in their best colors, just like the ladies do in their spring apparel. It is a pity to see them slaughtered for sport. They should be protected, especially the song birds and those of pretty plumage. They add grace and charm to the trees and yards and when the boys let them alone they become tame and friendly. We pass the appeal along to the parents

in the hope that they will tell the youngsters that the harmless birds should be spared.—Shelby Star.

Birds are appreciative and responsive creatures. They require our interest and kindness. Last Sunday I was reminded of a story in a Reader that obtained in former days. The story was that a lady was dressing the wound of a dog; the next day the dog brought another crippled dog to the door of the kind lady who had shown interest in a suffering animal, and in dog language asked the good lady's merciful attention.

Another lady manifested a similar spirit—She is a Cabarrus woman—when on last Sunday she was telling of her kind service to birds. Thursday morning the ground was covered by snow—a great surprise to men, beasts and fowls. One lone robbin came up to her door. The lady noted the bird's apparent distress. Crumbs and grain were thrown out to the delight of the suffering robin. The next day that robin returned, bringing with him, her or it, a dozen more robins. It has become a daily affair. The birds report, and the lady sees that they do not go away hungry.

Moral: Kindness and courtesy and thoughtfulness call out the best that is in men as well as in birds. Service to the weaker ones is never lost in the final accounting.

* * * * *

FANNY CROSBY.

Next Tuesday is the anniversary of the birth of Fanny Crosby. As will be recalled, she was the author of "Rescue the Perishing," "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Saved by Grace," and "Draw Me Nearer." These hymns have lived and comforted thousands of hearts.

Hers was a contribution to the world and a service of inspiration to God-fearing people. She died a pauper. On the other hand we have had authors of jazz stuff, growing rich by their products, who became famous—for only a short time. Things worthwhile and true to the eternal verities of life and existence live on, while the names of the creators have a fashion now and then of bobbing up in appreciative memories.

Today there is a movement to erect a memorial of a material character to Fanny Crosby; while her contributions in never-dying hymns are secure in the hearts and minds of those who give to the Lord of Creation credit for his wonderful works and goodness and patience.

* * * * *

"PRAISE THE BRIDGE THAT CARRIES YOU OVER."

Dr. Houston, whom Wilson discovered and gave the opportunity to shine

in public, is a Harvard product; much, if not all, of the fine feelings he inherited by seeing the light for the first time in Union county, North Carolina, has been dissipated. That's the usual results when a Southern man spends a time at Harvard. The majority of them come back feeling that they are infallible, self obsessed, and those not having been Harvardized are not to be seriously considered in any of the activities of life. They become consumed by an attitude superior to other men, masters of all problems and many of them question the power of God.

The slurs this man uttered at the expense of Bryan are unworthy of a great man. Bryan was great: his accuser is not: Bryan's name will live on: his accuser's name will perish at the grave.

The News & Observer sizes up a situation in splendid form. It is reproduced in another column under the title, "Praise the bridge that carries you over."

* * * * *

OCCASION FOR REJOICING.

We are located on a great ridge of rock. When the Jackson Training School opened on the 12th of January, 1909, we had a 65foot well on the grounds, bored through solid rock. This was made possible by a generous donation by the late General Robert F. Hoke, one of the very first friends of the institution interested in its making. This donation was supplemented by the late Captain Alex Brevard. And another party furnished a small wooden tank, supported by a wooden tower, much of it furnished by R. O. S. Miller. The water was lifted out of the well by a hot-air engine, the sorriest thing that was ever invented and put on the market only to live a short and miserable life.

But soon after these awful days, we have been depending on several deep wells, so located by prospectors, crooked peach limbs and wise-acres. They did their part quite well, until the population became so numerous that the water problem became a serious and perplexing one.

The authorities of the institution negotiated with the Water Commission of Concord (by the way no town or city has better water than the Concord water) to make a connection with its mains. It succeeded.

On the 13th an 8-inch pipe line, three miles and a half long, was completed and water turned on at the institution. It was a glorious sensation that went through every being on the hill. We have a sufficient supply for all time, depending alone on the efficient Water Commission of the City of Concord to give us just what we need in the way of pure water—and this is a cer-

tainty. The balance is our proposition, and you may expect to find the cleanest body of school boys and cleanest everybody else at the Jackson Training School in all the state.

Nothing beats plenty of pure water—at the right place and at the right time.

* * * * *

GIVES HIS REASONS.

Dr. Arthur Abernethy, in announcing his willingness and desire to represent his county, Burke, in the next General Assembly, says among other thing this:

The fact that I am financially so situated that I can devote my time in the legislature without financial embarrassment in the neglect of any personal affairs; and the further fact that the present Governor, Mr. McLean, is a friend of mine, of many years standing; he and I having been on the editorial staff of the same Philadelphia newspaper for some years; give me an opportunity to serve Burke County's interests in the coming legislature.

The thing about this that interests us most is the statement that Gov. McLean has been a newspaper 'man, and that he was connected with a Philadelphia paper. We knew that our able governor was a capable man, physically and mentally, and is unacquainted with tiredness and its many cousins, under fancy and technical names, but we never once suspected that he had ever had printer's ink on his fingers. But it is a qualification of no little importance.

* * * * *

The other day The Uplift received a subscription renewal. This is no infrequent occurrence. It came from a lady in her eighty-third year. It was a joy to see the beautiful hand-write, so clear and looking like copy plate; it carried us back to the days before the women learned to write a zigzag, lightning-curved hand, which so many of the dear things delight in employing when they put on paper their sentiments and orders. This good lady said some nice things about The Uplift, which are appreciated, and she added: "the article, Taps, by Miss Goodman, who gave the account of the burial of little Ben Cook at the institution, is worth a whole year's subscription."

* * * * *

The State Treasury is "busting" with money. More money reached Gov. Doughton, Commissioner of Revenue, in two days than ever known. This is from incomes and general taxes. Gov. McLean, sitting steady in the old ship, is confident of reaching the end of the fiscal year safe and sound, if not with a surplus—such an experience will be quite novel.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The old-fashioned man who wondered if he dared to shed his heavy underwear on the first day of spring, now has a son who wishes it was perfectly safe to discard a pair of slightly soiled spats on the same day.

While the prerogatives of women are gaining in some directions, they are fading away in others. The skirts are becoming so short that women will no more be able to shoo chickens out of the gardens.

Once during my career as a newspaper worker, there came to the paper I was working on a fresh young "college journalist" right from the school of literature, and the management sent him out to report a musical entertainment. He turned in after several hours of typewriting, and tearing up much paper, this account of the affair: "I haven't enough adjectives to express in graphic and fitting terms that felicitous season of rapturous enjoyment, or depict the lulling and transporting delight which rode each sparkling ripple that danced upon the dulcet streams of melody, which ran so radiantly along the channel of that tony and aesthetic entertainment. Miss Blank was at the head of the undertaking, and of course everything that was chaste, lovely aesthetic and beautiful was brought out in fullest development and, if possible, added additional lustre to the many gems of excellence which adorns her grace-

ful coronal. Her singing was indeed superb, and showed the finest fruitage of the most highly cultivated voice. We would like to speak of Miss Blank, and dwell in eulogy upon that angelic and glorious voice, which rose in such Full-orbed splendor, and flooded the occasion with such beauteous drippings of sublimity. But we can't for we haven't the vocabulary sufficient at our command." Just from college, mind you with no vocabulary. The next morning that fresh young budding "journalist" disappeared and I never did know what became of him. It was sad; all too sad, for the frost to kill such a flower.

For once I am going to make a suggestion to the folks. That is that they plant a few Jujube trees. The Jujube tree is adapted for low, frosty places. They can be secured from the U. S. Agricultural department, at Washington. It is a lovely ornamental tree, but the main feature is the high food value of the Jujube fruit. Chemical analysis has shown that it compares favorably with dates and figs for nutrition. While fresh, Jujube fruit greatly resembles prunes and plums, but after drying it takes on the appearance of the date. When processed properly by cookin in a sugar syrup and afterwards dried, the Jujube becomes the most delicious confection. Fruit from the Jujube tree can be used successfully in the home as sweet pickles, Jujube butter, preserves and stewed fruit. The tree can

be made to resemble bushes or trees, according to the need for ornamentation.

Once upon a time when folk who are now grown up were inhabitants of Little-Boy-and-Girl-Land, there was a game which we sang thus: "Neighbor, neighbor, how art thee?" "Very well, I thank thee." "How's the neighbor next to thee," "I don't know, but I'll go see." They were the days when we believed in fairies and giants—when Indian legends thrilled us and when we resolutely dreamed of some day following a wild, unblazed trail into countries new and strange, and fantastic, leaving behind us all the little tasks of every-day, to which, we, in our childish superiority, were superbly indifferent while we had our horizon-fancies; Nor have we really changed at heart—any of us. Today we have arrived in Grown-Up-Land—our brows are puckered with cares great and small; the irksome little duties have become great and complex problems—but there are still times when we resolutely dream of running away from Things-As-They-Are, into some mythical land of fantastic lore, where, if the fairies are good, we shall forget that we are grown-ups and will actually become children again, romping through this strange new country, inquiring "Neighbor, neighbor, how art thee," and discovering many delicious things about these neighbors in that land beyond our horizon-fancies. The fact of the business is, we all live so much to ourselves—in our own little shells—that we do not know

our neighbors, and their good qualities, and they do not know us, and we all lose so much of the real joys of life.

My meager knowledge of domestic pets led me to believe that they consist of only dogs, cats, canaries and monkeys, but from New York comes the report that an addition has been made to the above lists, by a pretentious bachelor in that city who has in his apartment a young leopard who acts in the same capacity of a watch dog. I shudder at the thought of any one breaking into that man's abode and having to confront such a playful animal. For my part I would rather meet that man in his place of business. A leopard may change his spots—and does: from one location to another—but I doubt if he changes his mind about flesh.

I once knew a boy who is now a leading factor, and shining light, in the commercial world. He made good at everything he undertook from youth up. As a youngster he wasn't seeking money as much as he was opportunity. Young men just out of high school or college need today to have impressed upon them the importance of vocation as against the weekly pay envelope. Literally thousands of boys look for "jobs" every year, and take the one offering the most pay to begin with. The boys are not to blame—they don't know life. Many a potential engineer or architect is selling goods; or trying to. Many a salesman has the mental qualifications to make him a physician. Lots of

dentists are born inventors, and so on. So many do not find their place and go through life as misfits. We can't do better by the young fellows than to show them that money "is not all of life to live," but knowledge, experience, service along right lines is what counts in the long run.

—

I picked up a magazine the other day and in it saw an article headed, "The Season of Income Tax is a Season of Needless Headaches," and followed with about five thousand words on "Easy Method of Making Income Tax Report." If it takes that much space to tell of an easy way; and to wade through that article was enough to give a fellow several headaches. From its technical wording it would muddle up the matter as bad as try-

ing to figure out the face of the blanks. Figuring income tax is worse than working out a crossword puzzle. It not only taxes your income but your mind as well; if you are above the exemption mark. The best way to settle the thing is pay promptly and have the worry over as soon as possible. That's what I did and I sleep tranquilly, while others groan in their sleep thinking about it. For one, I'm thankful that I have enough of this world's goods to help Uncle Sam in business, and the state in her program of progress. Wish I had more to share with them. While it is an "income tax," it in an "outgo" help to governmental support. While it may follow in my tracks as long as I live, thank the Lord, it will cease to trouble when I have gone hence.

He was being medically examined preparatory to taking out an insurance policy.

"Ever had a serious illness?" asked the deputy.

"No," was the reply.

"Ever had an accident?"

"No,"

"Never had a single accident in your life?"

"Never, except last spring when a bull tossed me over a fence."

"Well don't you call that an accident?"

"No, sir! He did it on purpose."—Wallaces' Farmer.

PRAISE THE BRIDGE THAT CARRIES YOU OVER.

(News & Observer).

In the seventh installment of Mr. Houston's Recollections of the years when he was in Wilson's cabinet the able, high-brow professor deals in exhortation of political conventions, following the general line of his former contemptuous references to men who took any active part in politics. Never having given any personal effort or leadership to the party to which he belonged and in whose fundamental principles, particularly in regard to the tariff, he believes and ably elucidated, Mr. Houston has the regrettable scholastic contempt for what he would call "politicians." He does not differentiate between those who promoted good government by active participation in politics and those who made politics a business. It is to be regretted that a vein of unwarranted contempt for men of opposing views and their attitude should run through the interesting articles of Mr. Houston, thus marring their otherwise excellence. His references to Bryan, to whom Wilson was greatly indebted for his nomination and success in the Federal Reserve and tariff legislation, have invariably been wanting in just appreciation of the Commoner, and have aroused resentful criticism in many quarters. Mr. Houston's service was conspicuous by his absorption in policies he believed would promote justice. This was particularly true in the World War crisis. No member of Wilson's

cabinet was better posted upon the issues involved and the military strategy needed. A profound student of tactics, as well as economics Mr. Houston was loyal to the core to his great chief and a strong right arm to Wilson when others lacked the loyalty they owed. It is because of this fine spirit and usefulness that his friends regret the failure of Mr. Houston to see the high virtues of some of those, like Bryan for example, whose patriotism was beyond question.

Conventions may sometimes be "inartistic, not to say common or vulgar," as Mr. Houston says in his article in today's News and Observer, and "the masses," as Mr. Houston designates the voters, may "enjoy being fooled." The fact still remains, however, in this imperfect world, that unless men with fight and courage and organization and vision—such men as Burleson, Bob Henry, Ball, Love, Gregory, in Texas, for example—had put their Cove Johnson and like "politicians" shoulders to the wheel in the early part of 1912 and carried Texas for Wilson—(Colonel House did not carry Texas in his pocket— "the scholar in politics" would not have won Texas in the 1912 convention, he would not have been nominated, and would not have been able to give Colonel House and Mr. Houston the opportunity to give the real service they rendered the country in those high days.

There is an old saying, "Praise the bridge that carries you over." It was the convention at Baltimore, while Mr. Houston was meditating in the woods of Michigan far from "the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and Colonel House was enjoying a sea voyage on the Atlantic far from the "common and vulgar" convention hall, directed by Mitchell Palmer, McAdoo, McCombs and scores of other patriotic men engaged in the political warfare, which nominated Mr. Wilson and made possible the high water mark his administration reached.

Mr. Houston's wholesale denunciation of the "fiery orator," particular at the St. Louis convention, is wanting in discrimination. As a matter of fact, there was no "bunk" in the speeches of the men selected to preside over that convention that gave Wilson a renomination. They rose to the "height of the great argument." In the annals of political discussion it will be difficult to find two addresses more elevated and convincing than those of ex-Governor Martin H. Glynn, temporary chairman, and Senator Ollie James, permanent chairman of that convention. Their presentation of the re-

cord of Woodrow Wilson's creative and sound administrative achievements afforded the basis of the argument which resulted in Wilson's re-election. Save only the speeches of Mr. Wilson, these speeches for which Mr. Houston has no good word did more than any other utterance in that campaign to answer the propaganda of the opposition speakers and writers.

Is it too much to hope that some day scholars who break into politics will differentiate between workers for a cause and those who make politics a trade, and that workers in politics will have no scorn for "literary fellows?" There is need for larger appreciation and comprehending toleration. Wilson had the wisdom to understand, for example, that his advisers were not less patriots because some of them had served in the ranks and attended conventions, and some of them had given themselves to teaching and writing, such as David Franklin Horston and Thomas Nelson Page.

Wilson saw that both were needed and had respect for both. Mr. Horston's letters show that he did which burgeoned in his chief. not have the broader point of view

They might not need me—
 Yet they might—
 I'll let my heart be
 Just in sight;
 A smile so small
 As mine, might be
 Precisely their
 Necessity.

—Emily Dickinson.

WHERE IT IS ALWAYS SUMMER.

By Dixon Somerville.

Florida, the Gulf Coast and Southern California have a rival in another favored section of the United States—the Hawaiian Islands, whose capital, Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, is almost as far south as the City of Mexico, or the peninsula of Yucatan, on the southern boundary of the Gulf of Mexico. There it is always summer; not even an occasional frost visits the pineapple groves and the fields of sugar cane. In the opinion of many, the climate is altogether too monotonous. But those who seek air whose warmth and languor are lasting and charmed with the Isle of Eternal Summer.

The Hawaiian Islands—which have been a part of the United States since 1898—are on the route of vessels from San Francisco to Australia, Japan and China. Six days after leaving San Francisco, vessels pass to the north of Molokai, famous for its colony of lepers, turn about Diamond Head, the beetling promontory that juts into the sea, and enter the small harbor on whose border Honolulu nestles between sea and mountain.

Steamships usually halt at Honolulu for a day, so that the through passengers as well as he whose voyage terminates there, have an opportunity to see something of the weird and enthralling beauty of the capital of the isles that are located at the strategic "crossroads of the Pacific."

As the vessel proceeds slowly toward the dock, dozens of native boys swim alongside and beg the passengers to throw coins into the water.

Skillfully they dive after them,

usually catching them long before they reach the bottom. The dexterity and agility of the swimmers is remarkable. Now and then, perhaps, the passenger is startled by the dive of a venturesome lad who has climbed to the deck and ascended to the loftiest available spot in the ship that he may make a spectacular leap to the water.

When the boat lands, the passengers who have friends waiting for them are decked about the neck with gay garlands, some of flowers, some merely of yellow paper; or with one or more strings of beads made of berries or seeds that grow in Oahu, some of them bright red, others dark, still others varied in color and design. Many visitors are decorated with a dozen or more of these festive garlands. Again when they embark they are the recipients of like gifts. Some believe that it is a good thing to drop them overboard after the dock has been left behind; the lehs, as they are called, fall among the dusky divers after coins, some of whom twine them about their glistening shoulders as they display their expertness in swimming and other aquatic feats.

On shore there is no lack of amusement for the visitor. The vegetation is so different. Not only are there the palm trees, which add so much to the delight of the semi-tropical parts of America, but there are many varieties of trees that delight the eye by their weird beauty; for instance, the banyan tree with its curious, wide-spreading festoons that drop from the

branches and take root in the ground, as well as the strange, matted thickets by the roadside—reminders of the tangled mangroves of the South of our own country—through which one cannot possibly make his way.

“What a place for a fugitive!” was the remark of one who passed along a road bordered by such a thicket. “Yes, it would indeed be a wonderful hiding place—if he could get into it. But he can’t!”

Drives of variety and beauty have been provided through the island. The best drive is nearly one hundred miles long, through the mountains, the parks, and along the broken shore line. From the city it runs rapidly to the foothills, passing homes remarkable for beauty of architecture and situation, and going within reach of plantations where the luscious Hawaiian pineapple grows luxuriantly, on to the great show place of the island, the Pali precipice, where the road turns sharply before passing down to the sea. A tablet fixed to the face of the rock by the roadside tells of the tragic day, near the close of the Eighteenth Century, when native invaders drove the people who opposed them up to this spot and forced them over the cliff, thus paving the way for the dynasty that ruled in the islands until the birth of the Republic of 1894.

Other features of the drive are the passage around Diamond Head, where the United States has put up secret fortifications of unknown strength, which command the seas for many miles. A few miles farther on is the best beach near Honolulu, where the picturesque island sport of surf-riding attracts many visitors. And still farther on is the noted Aquarium, with its world-famous collection of deep-sea fish colored like the rainbow. Yet it is not necessary to go to the Aquarium to see some of these fish; those who visit the city market in the early morning may study fish of all colors—many of them looking like monster gold-fish.

To many the greatest attraction in Honolulu is the Bishop Museum, which contains countless memorials of the hundred years when the native dynasty ruled, as well as the years preceding, when rival tribes divided the rule among themselves.

The story of Hawaii is as varied as its scenery. From the days of Captain Cook, its discoverer, who was slain in 1779 by the natives whose hospitality his men abused, to the coming of the first missionaries in 1820, the adoption of the Ten Commandments as government laws, in 1825, and the later marvelous triumphs of missions throughout the group, it has been a story of wonder.

A pageant was held in New York recently which showed the progress women have made in professional life. The list includes inventors, architects, landscape gardeners, artists, lawyers, doctors, nurses, insurance agents and nearly every other business and profession known. The greatest emphasis was laid on the fact that the woman's chief opportunity lies in the home.—Exchange.

“I WANT A JOB!”

“I want a job!”

The head of the electric lighting concern looked up from his desk and saw a gangling boy of seventeen facing him with a look of quiet, respectful determination that carried conviction.

“But I haven’t any position that you could possibly fill and right now I’m so driven that—”

“I want a job,” interrupted the boy, with an odd smile that didn’t detract from the serious determination of his genial expression. And I’m willing to work six months without a cent of pay.”

“Well, that’s rather a new one,” exclaimed the owner of the lighting plant. “But—”

The boy was looking for that “But” and caught it on the fly.

“You see, it’s this way, sir,” he interrupted. “I’ve just finished at the manual training school and I’ve made up my mind that electric lighting’s the thing for me and that I’m going to be started in it. It has a great future and I want to understand it and make it my line.”

His eye was kindling with enthusiasm when the man at the desk opened with another “But—”

He didn’t get an inch beyond the depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with:

“I’ll work for nothing and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on your payroll. You’ve got a good plant, sir, and I can see that it’s bound to grow a lot in the next three years. Electric lighting has just started. It’s the best business to get into in the world

and I’m going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months.”

“But I don’t see how I can possibly us you,” responded the man of the plant. “Although I am bound to say that I like your grit and I think you are on the right track—and—”

“Just give me the job,” cut in the boy, “and I’ll find something to do that will help you. There’s always work around a plant like yours that a boy who’s had a little mechanical training can find to do—work that needs to be done. Here are some references from my instructor and two or three business men who know me—”

“Look here,” suddenly interrupted the man at the desk, “you certainly do want a job and you’re going to get it. I can see that right now. When you first spoke I knew you reminded me of somebody, but I couldn’t think who. Now I know. When I was a boy we had a dog that used to go out into the woods and hunt coons all day by himself. If he treed his coon he’d start to gnaw the tree down and kept at it till somebody hunted him up and chopped the tree down. You’ve got a sort of family resemblance to the dog, I’ll give you a letter to the superintendent.”

When, a fortnight later, he called at this plant, the foreman remarked:

“Say, that boy you sent up here’s the oddest duck you ever saw. He takes his job just as hard as if he was drawing profits or my salary instead of working for nothing a week and paying his own care fare!

“Why, his aunt died the other day and he didn’t come for two days, but he sent a substitute and paid him out of his own pocket. He’s the first man on the job in the morning and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till, he leaves, he’s as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly fond of his job.”

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him a job.

“A little testing department would save you money,” said the boy, “and it would not cost much, either. You buy a lot of material, first and last, and I’ve found out that some of it isn’t up to the standard. They’re working considerable off on you.”

“How much would it cost?” asked the owner of the plant.

Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of the testing laboratory. He had it all ready, waiting for the question.

“Get it and go ahead,” said the man, after he had glanced at the list.

The laboratory was installed and saved the business a neat sum of money.

The day the boy’s gratuitous service was up, he reappeared again at the proprietor’s desk and said, “My time is up, sir.”

“But you stay,” was the quick answer, “and the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in

which you’ve been serving me.”

And it did. That wasn’t so very long ago. The electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be “absorbed.” It has been absorbed several times since that boy who struck for a job stuck through every change. Each set of absorbing capitalists saw that he was the one man who couldn’t be spared. They saw that he knew his old shoes. They played him for a favorite and today he could buy out the man who gave him his first job—buy him out several times over! He is the head of a big electric lighting corporation and gets a salary of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year, besides profit in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who has the stuff in him to play the game today as that boy played, will win out. You couldn’t keep him down if you buried him under the dead weight of a skyscraper. There are plenty of boys who are waiting to accept a position—and always will be! But when it comes to boys who go out and beat bushes for a job—just a plain job, in which they have a chance to make good without regard to pay—they’re so scarce that they’re in danger of being captured for exhibition purposes in museums.

Nothing can stand against a boy of this kind. The give-me-a-job boy is sure to be distributing jobs sooner or later, and generally it’s sooner.

Can You Do It? The ability to speak several languages is valuable, but the ability to keep your mouth shut in one language is priceless.

THE CHANGING SOUTH.

(Wall Street Magazine).

There are a few outstanding developments in Southern industry known to everyone. That the balance of power in textile mills, especially in cotton spinning, has shifted to the South is a commonplace. From 1880 to 1923 the North doubled its spindleage of 10 millions, whereas the South increased its half-million spindles thirty-two times. In sulphur production, whereas thirty years ago Sicily dominated the world, today the South controls this great industry; the very bony structure of our chemical processes. A production of 2,000,000 tons today compares with 3,000 in 1900. In iron, the fame of Alabama, especially the Birmingham area, is worldwide. Southern production is a ninth of the nation's despite the fact that the astounding combination of Lake Superior ore and Connellsville coke gave the North a great impetus, never before equalled. Still the South has

grown faster. Whereas forty years ago the South produced crude pig-iron today it manufactures costly finished goods. As for lumber, the center of gravity has shifted South with a vengeance. Timber grows to its full lumbercut size in fifteen or twenty years in the South. In cold climates it takes twice or four times as long. Hence a double cut in the South is more conservative than a half-cut in Canada. One-fourth the acreage of a Canadian timber company will supply the Southern grower with as much lumber. In 1870 the South produced two billion board feet a year against 11 billions in the North. Today it produces 17 billions out of 31 billions, or the greater part. The North practically produces no more than it did a half-century ago. When one thinks of the supremacy in naval stores (rosin, turpentine) that goes with this timber leadership, its importance becomes obvious.

“A confidential clerk in Wall Street, New York, was called by his employer into his private office. When the door was closed he said, ‘I have put your name in my will, and you will get ten thousand dollars when I die. Now I am in good health and do not intend to die soon, and so I will help you by paying, in the meantime, legal interest on the same. Here is a check for six hundred dollars to pay for the first year’s interest.’ The clerk was doubly gratified. The prospect of the legacy was good news, and the interest in hand rendered the prospect a reality. This is, in a far higher sense, the believer’s position. He does not have to wait for death to receive his inheritance, though the principal does not come until then, but daily grace is the interest and the promise of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”—Selected.

LITTLES.

By Jessie Frank Stallings.

Sue Manning, clad in the daintiest of negligees, trailed languidly into the dining room where her brother Bob, with the morning paper propped against the fruit bowl, was hastily consuming his breakfast.

"Morning, Bud!" she said cheerfully, taking the seat opposite him. No response. "I said good morning" she repeated, pushing the paper down on his plate of buttered toast.

"Seuse me! Good morning. I was trying to get the day's news from the headlines. Really should be on my way now."

"You must have had a dozen calls last night," Sue yawned. "The telephone kept ringing and about every five minutes I heard you rumbling in and out of the garage. I'd set my foot down about night calls, Bob. No other physician that I know of answers them except in an extreme emergency case."

"I was only out twice," her brother replied. "Old Mrs. Todd had another sinking spell—poor dear, I'm afraid she won't be able to withstand another. Then at two Mrs. McCann called. The Judge is very ill—taking him to the hospital today. Which reminds me, I have a consultation at Wilmington this afternoon and won't be able to keep my office hours. I guess I'll have to ask you to go down——"

"Oh, I couldn't," Sue cut in quickly. "My day is full down to the last minute. Tennis tournament this morning, Junior League this afternoon and Mrs. Hodson's tea at four.

I don't want to miss that—it's the first time I've ever been asked to one of her affairs."

"I hate to ask it, for I know how busy you are, but someone has to be in the office. There's medicine to be given out, phones to answer, patients to be looked after. I don't see how——"

"It seems to me that just this once——" Sue began.

"No, I couldn't put a notice on the door," Bob said firmly. "Some of them come long distances to see me and I wouldn't have them disappointed. Of course if you can't do it, I can get someone from the employment office."

"Oh, I'll stay if it's so urgent as all that," Sue retorted, a little grudging note in her voice. "Leave complete instructions on your desk so I'll be sure to give the right medicine to the right patient. I do hate to miss the league election. I was slated for a rather important post and now I'm afraid——"

"I'll make it up to you somehow," the doctor said, finishing his coffee and rising hastily. "Buy you something you feel you can no longer live without—a new dress or a hat, perhaps."

Sue's face brightened instantly. "Oh, Bob, I can tell you right now what I'd love to have—a spinet desk! They have such a beauty in Harman's window and marked down, too!"

"Wait a minute!" Bob commanded laughingly. "I'm just a struggling young doctor, remember!"

“Struggling” Sue scoffed. “If you collected a half or even a third of the fees that are due you, you could——” She paused a moment to think of all the things he could do, and then as her gaze fell on the threadbare edge of his overcoat sleeve: “You could have the new clothes you are needing so badly.”

“Be sure to have the office open promptly at one o’clock,” he called back, paying no attention to this sally. “And I’ll do my level best to get home early so you can at least attend your tea party.”

Sue stood at the window and watched her brother as he backed the machine out of the garage—a very shabby, threadbare little car, covered with innumerable layers of mud, but always willing to go anywhere at anytime—exactly like its owner. Bob waved his hand and smiled up at Sue, then reached for the gear lever and sped away down the village street on his almost endless round of morning calls.

Sue drew a deep breath that was mostly a sigh and turned back to her unfinished breakfast. “I don’t see why Bob doesn’t keep an office nurse,” she said to the empty room. “Other doctors do—some I know who haven’t half as much practice. Or if he’d just move downtown into the new medical building where all the best physicians are taking suites—but no, he must stay in that musty old place because he was fond of old Dr. Lower, and his widow needs the rent money. And he never goes out anywhere; always too busy. He could be so popular, too. His idea of an enjoyable evening is one free from calls when he can have a huge pile

of medical journals about him and read uninterrupted. I really can’t see——” she left the balance of the sentence in mid-air—her brother was a puzzle she didn’t ever hope to solve.

Reluctantly she telephoned her regrets to the various hostesses of the day and promptly at five minutes to one she was fitting the key into the rusty lock on Dr. Bob’s office door. “Bud’s so patiently conscientious,” Sue grumbled. “He could have put a card on the door just as well; the patients would come back again.”

After much coaxing the lock yielded and Sue threw open the door. “Whew!” she exclaimed. “How hot and stuffy it is in here!” Hastily she raised the windows to admit the fresh air. “And so dingy, too. I haven’t been down for a long time, but I didn’t remember that everything was so shabby. It’s none too clean, either.” She rubbed a critical forefinger over a table surface and examined it carefully. “Bob hires Mary Emmons to take care of the place because she owes him a bill and wants to pay it in work. Everyone knows that she’s too old and rheumatic to do anything!”

Sue continued her tour of inspection. The tiny reception hall and waiting room were dusty and disorderly; the curtains awry, cushions faded and worn, the rugs dusty and out of place. But the private office was scrupulously clean, walls gleaming white, the rows of instruments shining in their cases. Sue suspected that Bob himself took care of that room. But even in here disorder prevailed: linens and surgical aprons were a jumbled mass in the closets

and the doctor's desk was unspeakable.

"I'll have to remove at least one layer of dust before any of the patients come in. I'm ashamed for them to see such a waiting room," she said, hunting about in the closet for something that would serve as a duster. "What this whole place needs is a thorough cleaning, but I shan't do it when Bob foolishly hires some incapable person whose eyesight is too poor even to see the dirt."

However, Sue's housewifely soul got the better of her; mere dusting of the furniture was only a drop in the bucket. So, pinning a towel about her head and, tying on an operating apron to protect her dress, she set vigorously to work.

She was up on a chair dusting off the backs of Bob's several diplomas when the outer door opened and a lady entered. She stood on the threshold a trifle uncertainly, looking steadily at Sue.

"The doctor won't be in this afternoon," the girl said, descending from her high place. "You can see him at seven this evening." There was something of a "get-rid-of-the-agent" tone in her voice, but the patient seemed not to notice.

"I'm sorry, I—" She hesitated an instant and Sue had an opportunity to study her. A thin little person, gray-haired, with a kindly face and wonderful, smiling eyes; very plainly, but, as Sue's practiced eye noted, very expensively dressed. In her arms she carried a huge package.

"Is there anything I can do?" Sue asked. "I could have the doctor call you as soon as he returns."

"Well, it isn't exactly necessary that I see him," the woman replied. "I'll just leave this." She placed the package on a chair.

"And whom shall I say it is from?"

"Why, Mrs. Myers—Mrs. D. J. But he'll know without your telling him."

"Wife of the president of the First National Bank," Sue added mentally as she wrote the name across the paper on the bundle. Instantly her attitude toward the stranger changed. "I'm sorry the doctor isn't here," she said cordially.

"You're Dr. Manning's new office girl, aren't you?" the lady asked pleasantly. "I'm glad he's gotten one, he needs assistance so badly. He always says he can't afford it. I wish you would tell him about these gowns—" She moved the parcel over onto the table and unfastened the wrappings, revealing stacks of surgical aprons and linens which Sue noticed were beautifully mended and darned.

A small pile Mrs. Myers moved to one side. "These were beyond redemption," she said, and smiled—Sue thought she'd never before seen such a beautiful face.

"The doctor will settle with you," Sue said. "Of course, I know nothing—"

"Oh, why he doesn't owe me anything! I do all the mending of his linens, though he brings them to me under protest. You see, besides being my doctor, he is my friend, too. In fact, he's almost like my own boy. He and my son were comrades in the Argonne and——" Her eyes grew misty and her lips faltered, she could not go on.

Sue's eyes grew misty, too. "I understand," she said softly. The story of Henry Myer's heroic sacrifice of his life in the Argonne forest was well-known history in Abbots-

"And Dr. Bob is so kind and considerate of such a bothersome old person—never passes the house without at least sounding his horn, always doing something to bring me a little pleasure. But, then, I am only one of the many who find life more endurable because of him, no one is too rich or too poor for him to help, and he serves all classes with equal kindness."

Sue was looking thoughtfully out of the window. "I wonder," she said finally, "if I may ask you a question?"

"You may," the lady replied readily.

"The cost of this pile of linen would be trivial to you, and it seems so queer that you would spend hours in mending these things when——"

Mrs. Myers did not wait for her to finish. "I know what you mean. Well—it's a pet theory of mine—perhaps you'll think it foolish. When I'm particularly grateful to a person for some kindness shown me, of course I want to do something in return. Having plenty of money to spend, I could easily use it and have the matter done, but that isn't my idea of real gratitude. I must do something that requires time and thought on my part. I must give of myself. I don't know whether or not I've made it clear. The widow was praised for giving so largely of her slender store and I feel that it wouldn't be real service to give what

is easiest for me. So I try to do little humble tasks that require sacrifice and effort. Mr. Myers calls it my philosophy of littles.

"For a long time I've been keeping the doctor's linens in order and I'd love to do a lot of other things, but he won't allow it. My life has been so unspeakably empty during these last few years and he has helped so much to make it easier, I haven't by any means paid him back."

Sue was a discreet listener and Mrs. Myers' conversational stream, especially when Dr. Bob was its subject, ran steadily on. But she could think while she listened and that was what she was doing now. In fact, she'd been thinking a great deal during the last hour.

She had always regarded her brother as a business man whose means of earning a livelihood happened to be the medical profession. To him money considerations came last; he was, first of all, a servant of humanity, she understood it now. She realized the significance of Bob's much beloved wall motto, "The Prayer of a Physician," which hung directly in front of her. She raised her eyes to read it:

The Prayer of a Physician

O God, I pray I may have absolute intellectual honesty. Let others fumble, shuffle and evade, but let me, the physician, cleave to the clean truth, assume no knowledge I have not and claim no skill I do not possess.

Cleanse me from everything—stubbornness, vanity, prejudices, and whatever else may clog the processes of the mind. These be dirt; make

my personality as aseptic as my instruments.

Deliver me from professionalism, may I always be human and thus minister to sickly minds as well as to ailing bodies.

Give me the joy of healing. I know how far short I am of being a good man; but make me a good doctor.

Give me courage, but save me from overconfidence. Give me money, just enough to give me the leisure I need to put quality into my service.

Let me so fulfill my duties that I shall not be ashamed to look any man or woman in the face and when I must lay down my tasks I shall go strong in the consciousness that I have done a little towards alleviating the incurable tragedy of life. Amen.

Sue could see how her brother's life every day was a struggle towards this standard he had set for himself—how big-hearted and unselfish he was! And what a shallow, narrow-minded person she had always been! How many things she could have done to help. And all of her efforts had been directed at hindering. True, she kept the house and looked after his personal needs, but there were other things—littles, Mrs. Myers had called them—that would have lightened his burdens.

The visitor was leaving. She had reached the outer door before Sue noticed. "Please wait a moment, Mrs. Myers," she called. "I didn't tell you before, but I'm not Dr. Manning's office girl, as you thought—I'm his sister."

The lady smiled; she had known that before she'd been in the office five minutes—those gray eyes, exactly

like Dr. Bob's had been the tell-tale.

"I don't think I've ever quite appreciated my brother before; I've always thought him adorable, but I didn't realize how big and fine he is. I've regarded him as sort of an animated check book. I'd love to do something—one of your littles—to show him just how I feel."

"I can think of nothing better than what you were doing when I came in," Mrs. Myers replied. "He's often spoken to me about the condition of the offices, but he wouldn't complain to Mrs. Emmons because he dreaded hurting her feelings. She does the best she can. He'd appreciate it if you gave the suite a thorough cleaning."

Then an idea occurred to Sue. "Oh, I'd just love to fix it up! The furniture and hangings are so hopeless and I have some things that—" She was doing some very rapid and serious thinking. "There's grandfather's old secretary, for instance. He's always wanted that in his office, and I insisted on keeping it in the parlor. I have some superfluous rugs, too, and curtains." She glanced hastily at her wrist watch. "I just wonder if I couldn't do it while he's gone!"

"I think that would be splendid!" Mrs. Myers encouraged. "And perhaps I, too can help." She paused an instant for reflection. She knew more of Sue than that young lady ever suspected and she wanted to act wisely. "I'll furnish a car and chauffeur and a man to help," she agreed.

Sue took a piece of paper from the drawer and at once plunged into figures. A number of articles would have to be purchased if she carried

out her plans. The total amount of her cash on hand, which she had written at the top, melted steadily and ruthlessly away as she put down each item. But she cared nothing about that, just so there was enough to buy the necessaries.

How she ever accomplished it all she could not understand, but in between whiles of giving out medicines and answering the telephone, she gave the rooms a thorough cleaning, and with the assistance of the man Mrs. Myers sent to help, the suite was simply but tastefully refurnished. Soft brown rugs were on the floor—they were Sue's one extravagance—bright cretonne hangings at the windows, and a cover of the same material hid the dingy sofa. The cherished old secretary occupied a conspicuous place and the book-cases from Sue's own room held her brother's library.

It was almost six when the last pillow had received a new covering and the chairs were in place. Sue stood back and surveyed her work with pride; one never could have guessed that these were the same shabby rooms of a few hours before. Bob had not returned, but she knew he would soon, so she decided to wait and witness the surprise.

She stood by the window, looking out into the street; twilight was settling over the city like a giant ship stealing into harbor under shrouded sails. Taxis rolled past, lights began to gleam in the stores and apartments nearby. But she heard nothing, saw nothing. Before her eyes she saw the last two years of her life sweep by in

review—how ill-spent and futile they had been! But her time would be well employed from now on, she was sure of that. While she was working that afternoon she had planned dozens of things that she would help her brother do.

So engrossed in her thoughts was she that she did not hear the door open.

"Why, hello, sis!" called a gay voice. "Sorry I couldn't get back sooner, but you could have gone at four, you know. Well, of all—" The sight of the changed rooms took him so much by surprise that in both his speech and walk he stopped abruptly. "What have you——" He hardly had word for his amazement.

"Oh, everything was so dingy and I just fixed up a little," Sue said, flushing a rosy pink. "I only——" She interrupted herself to say: "Excuse me a minute, I'm cooking our supper in here." And she fled hastily towards the waiting room.

For a moment the doctor looked around; then, taking off his overcoat he perched himself on the edge of the secretary and watched his sister. Something had happened, he didn't know what; he didn't pretend to fathom Sue.

Sue fluttered about, setting out the dainty little supper. She was perfectly happy; one sight of her brother's pleased face had amply repaid her for all the effort expended. True she would have no allowance to speak of, for she didn't dare to think how long—six months at least. But then, one has to expect such things when she's dealing in "littles."

BLACK BEN'S THUNDER STORM.

By Annie Fellows Johnston.

It was so hot in the cabin that little black Ben could not sleep. He sat up and slapped at the mosquitoes, then, hearing voices, slipped out of bed and thrust his wooly little head out of the front window. Old Uncle Jericho Davis had stopped at the gate and was leaning over it in the moonlight to talk to Ben's grandmother, who sat on the doorstep. Ben called her Mammy, for his own mother was dead, and she had taken care of him as far back as he could remember. Uncle Jericho Davis called her "Sis' Po'tah."

They were talking about the drought which seemed to be shriveling up the part of Kentucky where they lived. It was weeks since there had been any rain to lay the dust or water the gardens, and unless some came soon, there would be no roasting ears in the corn patch, and the watermelons would dry up on the vines.

Little Ben had a special interest in the garden this year because he was big enough now to hoe weeds, and Mammy kept him at work in it early and late. Sometimes he was sure that the hot sun had blistered his back. Every day he scanned the sky for signs of rain as anxiously as his elders.

Now he heard Uncle Jericho say: "Yas'm, Sis' Po'tah, kill a snake and hang it on the fence and it'll rain inside o' three days. I'd of broke this drought befo' now if I could only have come acrost a snake."

"That's the trouble," answered the old woman. "They ain't nevah

around when they's wanted. It's bettah to do the way my gran'pappy did. He'd th'ow a pan full of watah straight at the sun—smack in its face as you might say. That'll bring rain befo' nightfall."

"But most people is skeered to do that," replied Uncle Jericho. "All sawts of bad luck is liable to come to the one who th'ows it."

Ben listened eagerly. If there was one thing he loved to hear older people talk about, it was signs and charms and hoodoos. His ignorant little brain was already stored with superstitions, and he added the two about killing snakes and throwing water at the sun to make it rain, as if they had been gospel truths.

One more thing he learned as he stood there with his head out of the window listening to the voices in the moonlight. The next day being Sunday, Mammy was going up to Miss Susan Shelby's to wash the dishes after a big company dinner so that the cook could get off in time for the afternoon service at the campgrounds. Mammy always took Ben with her on such occasions, and it meant a grand feast for him: chicken gizzards and drumsticks—all he could eat—and vegetables a plenty. Mr. George Shelby brought his green stuff from the city market in his big automobile when his own garden failed. And ther'd be pie and watermelon maybe—and maybe ice cream!

Uncle Jericho passed on down the road, and Ben bounded back into bed to lie and think, till he fell asleep, of all the good things that would be

his on the morrow. For he had gone to bed hungry. A cold boiled potato and a piece of corn-pone was all Mammy had for him when the day's work was over.

Next morning dawned hot and sweltering, but it being Sunday there was no hoeing in the garden, no blistering in the sun. Ben played around in the shade while Mammy made herself ready for camp-meeting. She had decided that she would have time to hear the morning sermon before going to Miss Susan's. While she arrayed herself in a freshly starched calico dress and a head handkerchief, Ben wandered around the yard in his clean overalls and shirt several sizes too large for him.

He tipped the cover of the rain-barrel and looked in. It was empty. He wished he could find a snake and kill it. He'd hang it on the fence and everybody would be so grateful to him for bringing rain inside of three days. Then he thought of the other charm. He wasn't afraid to throw water at the sun, even if old Uncle Jericho was.

Just then Mammy called to him to throw away the dirty stick he was holding and wash his hands. She was almost ready. He went around to the back of the house where a tub of rinse water sat on a bench, left from Mammy's last washing. Water was so scarce she was saving it for another washing. Dipping up a small amount into the battered pan which sat inside the tub, he washed his hands and then stood dallying with temptation. Should he throw it or not?

On the one hand was the bad luck which was apt to come to the one

who tried such a charm. But on the other hand, what a fine thing it would be if he could break the drought and bring the much needed rain. One glance at the parched garden where he had worked so hard and long decided him. He couldn't let all his good work go to waste. With a quick dash, he sent the water in the pan whirling up towards the sun.

Most of it came splashing back on himself, and Mammy, coming just in time to catch him with his shirt all wet, gave him a sound cuffing. Then she set out through the heat, with Ben's bare black feet kicking up the dust beside her. It was two miles to the camp ground, and he was glad to pass into the shade of the grove which surrounded the big tent. Once inside, he slept all sermon time.

It was after twelve when the meeting was over at last and they started down the pike to Miss Susan's house. To their surprise the sky was overcast. Heavy clouds had rolled up while they were inside the tent, and there was a distant rumble of thunder. It came nearer and nearer as they hurried down the road. The wind began to blow with a great roar, and the dust whirled around them till they could scarcely see through it. The trees writhed and twisted sometimes almost bent double by the force of the gale.

Uncle Jericho walked along with them and quite a number of others, bent on getting home before the rain caught them. One was a girl in a gorgeous purple hat. They were not more than halfway to Miss Susan's house when the big drops of rain began pattering down, coming faster

and faster till they were caught in a steady pour. There was no house nearby to which they could run for shelter but they were walking along a railroad track, and several empty box cars stood on the siding.

The girl in the purple hat made a dive for one of the cars which stood with the door slid partly open, and the rest followed her like a flock of sheep. Mammy, being the oldest and heaviest in the party, was barely able to climb up, but friendly hands boosted her, and at last, with much puffing and groaning, she managed to hoist herself up and into the car with the others.

There they all crowded into one end, sitting on the floor and covering whenever the lightning flashed. The rain beat on the roof and dashed in at the partly opened door. Little Ben was terrified. He had wanted to make it rain, but he had not intended to bring on such a terrible storm as this. They could hear trees crashing down in the woods nearby.

Presently through the door they caught sight of flames leaping up in the distance. "The Day of Judgment is done come!" somebody shrieked; but Uncle Jericho exclaimed, "Fo' the Lawd, it's Mistah Gawge's new tobacco barn been hit by lightnin'!"

Little Ben turned ashen colored at the destruction he had brought about. He shivered as if he had the ague, and snuggled up closer to Mammy. He wondered what would be done to him if he was ever found out.

The violence of the storm spent itself at last, but the rain settled down to a steady pour. It poured and poured till the prisoners in the box

car began to think it would never stop. They began to get hungry, too, especially little Ben, who had been looking forward since the night before to the dinner he expected to get at Miss Susan's. He felt weak and faint from hunger after his long walk and slim breakfast.

It was nearly the middle of the afternoon when the rain stopped and they crawled out of the box car, stiff from long crouching on the floor. Mammy stood in the muddy road, looking first in the direction of her little cabin, then down the long road to Miss Susan's. Finally she said, "Well, a promise is a promise. I told Miss Susan I'd be there, and I have to keep my word even if it is too late to be of any use."

Little Ben followed her with lagging feet. As they crossed the meadow, they came to the smouldering ruins of the big tobacco barn. Farther on, under a tall tree, lay a fine young colt which the lightning had killed. It was Miss Susan's pet and pride, "Lightfoot."

If little Ben had been miserable before, he was doubly so now. He slunk along all bowed down with a sense of guilt. It seemed to him that he could not bear the burden on his conscience. He would have given his life if he had never thrown the pan of water at the sun and started such a train of troubles.

When they reached the kitchen, dinner was over and the cook was gone. Every dish was washed and every scrap disposed of. Not even a chicken bone was in sight. Little Ben felt a lump rise in his throat. He was so faint and hungry. He felt that he could not possibly stand it

to go all the way back home without a bite to eat, and it made him doubly miserable to think that it was all his own fault. If he hadn't made it rain, they would have reached the house in plenty of time for dinner. And Mr. George would not be mourning the loss of his fine tobacco barn or Miss Susan the death of Light-foot.

He scuffled along after Mammy, as she went around to the front porch to explain her tardiness. Mr. Tom, home from college, was sitting there with Miss Susan. Mr. Tom was a dreadful tease. He always called Ben "Spider" because he was so black and his little arms and legs so thin. As he saw Ben peeping around from behind Mammy, he called out, "Hey there, Spider, did you kill a snake and hang it on the fence to make it rain?"

Ben's day of judgment had come. Rolling his frightened eyes away from Mr. Tom's, he managed to stammer out, "No, suh! I didn't kill no snakes."

"What did you do then," persisted his tormentor. "Come now, confess."

Ben could not keep his guilty secret any longer with Mr. Tom looking at him like that, so he blurted out, "I—I jes' tho'vd watah at the sun." His lip began quivering in abject fright. "But I didn't mean to make it sto'm so hard," he wailed. "Oh, I didn't mean to." Crooking his arm over his face, he flung himself against Mammy and clung to her, sobbing as if his heart would break.

His distress was so real and terrible and he was evidently so frightened that Miss Susan's pity was aroused.

She reached over and drew the little fellow towards her. "There, there!" she said with a kindly hand on his shoulder, "tell me all about it."

And almost choking with sobs, Ben told of the conversation he had overheard between his Mammy and Uncle Jericho, and how he had tried the charm of throwing water with such disastrous results.

Mr. Tom said in that teasing way of his, "Spider, you little black rascal, you ought to be whipped for stirring up so much trouble." Then he laughed till he whooped, and Miss Susan said sternly: "Tom, you shan't tease him so. Instead of strengthening his superstitious beliefs, you ought to help him see he is mistaken. Why Ben, you couldn't make it rain, no matter what you did. There's no truth in such a silly belief. It would have stormed just as hard if you hadn't done a thing. Long before you threw the water, the weather man had put it in the paper that he saw signs of a storm coming. See, here it is."

She picked up a section of the newspaper and read the prediction for that part of Kentucky. "For Sunday, rain and violent thunder storm."

Ben wiped his face on his sleeve and looked at the paragraph she pointed out. He couldn't read, but he believed it was there just because she said it was, and her voice was so comforting that his tears stopped. He couldn't keep from sobbing, however, in big gulps that shook him all over.

"Where did you eat your dinner?" asked Miss Susan suddenly. "Didn't eat it nowhar," he answered mourn-

fully, beginning to cry again.

"Come out to the kitchen," she said. "We'll see what we can find in the ice-box." A few minutes later Ben sat on a bench outside the kitchen door, a plate beside him heaped high with remnants of the company dinner—fried chicken, corn pudding, and butter beans. Miss Susan brought out a huge slice of watermelon and laid it beside the pie on the newspaper that served as tablecloth.

Ben licked his little pink tongue all around his lips as he eyed her gratefully. All the best things he had ever had in his life came from Miss Susan. He didn't know that she was trying to feed his starved little mind just as she was feeding his thin little body as she stood and talked to him, but she made it so plain that Uncle Jericho and Mammy had been mistaken and that he mustn't believe in charms any more, that he felt cheered and comforted as if a great load had been lifted from his mind.

As he and Mammy took their way homeward with the basket, Miss Susan had filled for them, Tom looked after them with an amused smile.

"Seems to me you went to a lot of trouble to convince the little pick-aninny."

"No," she answered thoughtfully. "I feel that our race owes it to

theirs to help them overcome their superstitious fears. That child really suffered from his, and he'll remember my lesson a lot longer because a good dinner went with it."

That evening Uncle Jericho stopped by the cabin again. He was just in time to share the supper which the well-filled basket provided. As Mammy spread it out, she repeated what Miss Susan had said.

"But," answered Uncle Jericho, "you know as well as I do that Ben did th'ow the watah, and he did foteh the rain, and the sto'm did bring all sawts of bad luck."

"That's so," exclaimed Ben, fully convinced. But the next instant his puzzled little brain was recalling Miss Susan's white finger pointing to the weather predictions and Miss Susan's emphatic tones as she told him he mustn't believe such things. He halted, powerfully torn between two opinions. He had a vague feeling which he could not put into words that Miss Susan had been trying to give him something better than what was handed out to him at home.

Finally he said to himself, as he bit into a piece of pie, "Seems lak Uncle Jericho he's right, and seems lak Miss Susan she's right. I can't help b'leevin' Uncle Jericho, but I'm goin' to b'lieve Miss Susan anyhow, 'cause when she says a thing is so, it's so, no mattah what."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Clarence Hindley, a member of the seventh cottage, received a position in the carpenter shop last week.

A large number of the boys and officers of this institution read the story "Mike's Reward" published in

the last issue of *The Uplift*, and found it to be a very interesting story.

Mr. Talbert, Mr. Poole and a number of the boys have been cutting wood recently.

Mr. Tom Carriker, former night-watchman and officer at the J. T. S., was a visitor here last Sunday.

Mr. Ritchie and a number of the larger boys have been transplanting a number of elm trees.

Alwyn Shinn, former boy at this institution, was a visitor here last Wednesday.

All the boys at the institution were glad to receive a haircut last week. This work was done by Mr. Horton and James Torrence.

The barn boys have been hauling some wood from near Mr. Talbert's place during the past week. This wood was carried to the different cottages.

Prof. W. W. Johnson was absent from his school room a few days last week on account of his illness. Capt. T. L. Grier was the boys' teacher during his absence.

The following boys: Mike Mahoney, Clarence Hendley, Joe Carroll, Thomas Ben Winders, Harold Thompson, J. C. Gilbert and Manning Spell were visited by their parents and relatives last Wednesday.

The boys in the work sections went to the cottage basements last Thurs-

day on the account of the bad weather. All the boys stayed in their cottages Saturday afternoon, because of the snow.

Last Saturday morning the boys in Mr. Grier's school room looked in their Geography books to find out how many towns and cities in North Carolina began with the letter "e." After looking for them a short while they "checked up" and found that they had overlooked several.

When the boys were awakened by the bell last Thursday morning they were surprised to find that snow had covered the ground during the night. The flakes were still coming to the earth, and getting larger as they would continue to fall. The snow flakes began to cover the ground more quickly. All during the morning the flakes fell without interruption. Some of the boys thought that it was to be a big snow, but it soon melted. Again Saturday morning it began to snow, the flakes were very fine, the snow kept descending and the flakes kept increasing in size, the ground was soon covered. This snow did not melt as fast as the first but stayed on the ground until Sunday afternoon.

"Last Words of Jesus with His Disciples," was the subject of the boys Sunday School lesson last Sunday. This lesson was taken from the book of John, the seventeenth chapter. In this lesson it tells how to share "Life with God." Thomas was puzzled when the Lord told him that "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you," and asked the

meaning. "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?" Jesus then said "I am the way, the truth, and the life." By this Jesus helped Thomas to understand how he might share his life with God and showed Phillip why he could see God by looking at the life he had lived among them. He then

made two promises to his friends. He told them that, if they believed on him fully they should be able to do even greater works than he had done. He also told them that if they asked anything of the Father in his name, he would do it for them, and in that way honor or glorify the Father.

The Smiths had a hen which insisted upon neglecting her comfortable nest to lay a daily egg in the coal cellar.

"I can't think," fretted Mrs. Smith, as she and her small son John together hunted for that particular egg, "why this one hen insists upon using the coal cellar."

"Why, that's easy, mother," exclaimed John. "I suppose she's seen the sign, 'Now is the time to lay in your coal.'"

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

• SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM



Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

THE HUM BUGG.

The most vain and impudent bug known to naturalists (or enny other private individual) iz the hum bugg. Every one sez they despize the hum bugg and yet every boddy is anxious tew make his acquaintance. The hum bugg haz more friends than he knows what to do with, but he manages tew give general satisfakshun by cheating the whole of them. There ain't enny boddy, I suppose, who actually pins to be bit by this celebrated bug, they only luv tew see how near they can come tew it without missing.—Josh Billings.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE PROCESSION HAS GONE.

It is rather pathetic, says the Lexington Dispatch, to see a person or a group of people who cannot realize that the procession of human progress has passed on, and who do not realize that they are standing still, face backward and are hugging to their breasts the dwindling form of prejudice that is all but dead except for the feeble spark of life their hatred can breathe into it now and then. Our first impulse may be to get mad at an exhibition of this sort, but our better sense is one of sorrow for those who close the windows of their minds to the light of a new day.

Such an exhibition has been given by Post 84 of the G. A. R. in Pennsylvania, which passed a resolution last week declaring General Lee a traitor. This was just a little isolated instance and we daresay it does not represent the essential feeling of the G. A. R. survivors as a whole. It was carried as a news item by the press associations of the country and played up rather prominently by most of the daily papers, not for its importance but for its oddity in that it showed a little group of men, in the sunset of life, who do not know that the procession has passed them by.

Any such a resolution passed today is the rankest sort of disloyalty because it is contrary to the unanimous opinion of both houses of Congress and the

action of the president of the United States, who joined not many months ago in doing honor to this same General Robert E. Lee and the brave armies he led. If anybody is committing treason it is these who accuse their own Congress and president of condoning treason by unanimous approval of the memorial coin.

But it is not necessary to argue this matter. It is hardly necessary to point out that Americans generally do not feel that way. Just a few days before this item was carried by the press associations the same dispensers of news had a little item telling of how a committee from the Republican city organization of New York had started to work to help sell 250,000 Confederate coins in that city. This item was very brief and the daily papers in the South that printed it generally used it for a "filler" on some inside page. There was nothing so unusual about it, for it represented today. The C. A. R. post resolutions attracted attention because of its foolishness and because it is an anachronism.

* * * * *

WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

"Many people whose work, duties and position in life bring them before the public die and the newspapers tell the story of their death on the front pages in big type. Yet, often the editor of the paper tries to say something about them and finds there is nothing to say. On last Sunday a woman of this county died and was buried Tuesday. This woman's name has not been in the newspapers many times and she has not been prominent in the county as we would commonly say. But she has been prominent and during her long life wielded an influence that will be felt for many years. We speak of Mrs. Ella Riggins, whose funeral was held at Sardis church Tuesday. Mrs. Riggins had lived a Christian life for more than three score years and had reared a large family of devoted sons and daughters. This pious mother had trained her children to go to church and cared for them in that same tender way that the loving hands of her sons bore her remains to that last resting place in the cemetery. This large number of children have always loved their mother in a way that it was noticed by friends and neighbors. Many of those who attended the funeral spoke of this and paid tribute to her as can be paid to very few people. There are great rewards in Heaven for such women."

The foregoing is from the Mecklenburg Times. All over this land there are heroines galore. The fact that one's name appears frequently in the public prints is no indication of goodness, importance, influence or usefulness. It may get in there by having won the prize at a card party; or it may get in there as the most graceful dancer at a dancing function—but none of

these indicate goodness or prominence of a lasting kind—it is merely conspicuous, but conspicuous for what?

The world has not been bettered by any of these acts, but there may have been neglected something that would be remembered as a contribution to better living and to a finer service to humanity.

“This woman’s name has not been in the newspapers many times,” as The Times explains, but it requires something beyond a newspaper notoriety to constitute a record that lives—service to family, to society, to church, these are the agencies that count.

* * * * *

THE VOTE.

Nine North Carolina newspapers conducted a referendum on the question of whether the people desired the present prohibition regulation, or a modification of same or the repeal of the law. The vote was light, as was to be expected. The total vote as recorded by the nine papers reached just 7,148 in the state, the same being divided betwixt the three propositions as follows: For prohibition, 4,001, for repeal 1,067, for modification 2,080.

This vote decides nothing, and, of course, will have no visible influence on the law makers. Seven thousand voters cannot give accurate indication of the real wishes of the people, but it does somewhat indicate the sentiment of the people—that four out of seven are satisfied with present conditions. Should a real legalized election to take place on the proposition this proportion in favor of prohibition would undoubtedly be more overwhelming.

There is not near so much liquor being handled; there is not near so much drinking and if the officers of the law stay on the job—not notify the supposed offenders that a visit to their joints is contemplated at such and such a time—and the courts hand out prison sentences, the business of boot-legging and blockading will grow less and less. Whiskey is tabooed for all ages; but let us be sure that a worse substitute in orderly living may not creep into our lives. There are other evils almost, if not equally so, as bad as this ignoring of the prohibition law.

We need to cultivate, more and more, a respect for the majesty of the law—it is just as lawless to break one law as another.

* * * * *

“WIDE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS THROUGHOUT THE STATE.”

That’s what they said about the bride and groom. Nearly every public account one sees of a marriage carries the statement that the bride is of

charming personality, beautiful, highly educated etc., etc., etc.; and to cap it all she is extensively known and admired throughout the state. And the fortunate bridegroom that led this choice woman to the bridal altar is a prominent business man of his community, enjoying the esteem and confidence of all who know him.

All this is true in many cases but in some it is a terrible exaggeration. We read some days ago of a marriage in which the principals were painted as perfectly as chromos, were shining lights in society and were unable to count their friends, which their great popularity had drawn to them from every quarter of the state. As a matter of fact, the bride in the case had bobbed hair, was very frugal in the amount of clothing she wore, had spent just a short time in a Junior College, didn't attend Sunday School, was "crazy" about dancing and card playing, and is known to have smoked cigarettes. The groom who was so popular was the genius that presided over a taxi for the owner. It's a wonder it was not said that he is an alumnus of some university.

You find extravagance everywhere, and it has gotten into marriage accounts. But nearly every would-be bride, whose picture finds its way into public print, is arrayed in a smile that is very catchy and foretells a radiant happiness. So mote it be!

* * * * *

A MAIL ORDER JOKE.

One of the best illustrations of the "mail order" joke was told recently in one of our exchanges. A lady living in the small town of Belton, in the center of the textile belt of South Carolina, ordered some nice towels from a mail order house, paying 29 cents each for them. They seemed to be a great bargain.

The money went from her town and the towels came back. They were all that had been claimed for them. On the band was a stamp, "Made by Blair Mills, Belton, S. C." The lady's next door neighbor owned the mills and she could have bought the towels for \$1.95 a dozen at home.

If bent on sending off for towels, she could profit herself by addressing her order to Kannapolis, and get some good Cannon towels. Women are often funny, but the world would be an awful place without them.

* * * * *

Mr. Dawson, Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, denies Tom Bost's forecast that Hon. L. T. Hartsell will be the key-noter at

the state convention on April 29th. Mr. Hartsell would be a good one—he wouldn't bore the audience with a tiresome and monotonous pantomiming, such as sometimes have inflicted convention attenders, and by some who could not take a hint to skip a few pages as a relief to suffering humanity. Our Mr. Hartsell could fill that great auditorium with a speech that carried unvarnished facts and in such a way that everybody could hear him and be sorry when he quit.

* * * * *

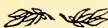
Those of us, who know Mr. Hoyle Sink, the N. C. Pardon Commissioner, know that he is incapable of saying or entertaining such of preachers as has been attributed to him by one, who seems to be going around with a chip on his shoulder. It seems to be a difficult matter to find a suitable man for the high office of Chaplain of the State Prison.

* * * * *

He is no agent for the automobile—not even for a Ford. But Mr. Hunt has paid a high compliment to the part the auto contributes to the liberation of womanhood. Read his entertaining article in another part of this number.

* * * * *

Some one has said that "there is nothing new under the sun." What about a shoe store making its initial opening and appearance in a community via a dance to which the general public has a cordial invitation?



CALL FOR LEADERSHIP.

Rural America calls for a statesman who will help us, not only to solve the economic problems of production and sales, but to create a surer and fairer social order throughout rural America. The specialist has served the farm well. The chemist, the bacteriologist, and the mechanical engineer have effected a revolution in the methods and machinery of farming. The economist has turned his attention to the distribution of the products that the chemist, the bacteriologist, and the mechanical engineer have helped the farmer to create in greater and greater abundance. His work is far from completed. It will not be completed, in my judgment, until the farmers of America, by the grace of intelligent cooperative organization, have met and matched the grand-scale organization of business and industry with a grand-scale organization of agriculture, until farmers as producers of marketable

products no longer anywhere buy at retail and sell at wholesale, but stand on a par with other manufacturers in the conduct of their business. Unless the economist helps the farmer to put agriculture on a par with other manufacturing enterprises, the day will come when the individual farmer will have to give way before a generation of great land owners who will bring a vast organizing genius to bear upon agriculture and Fordize the farming of America.

But, after all, agriculture is more than a business; it is a life; and we have as yet hardly nibbled at the edges of the problem of creating throughout rural America a social order that will enable the sons and daughters of our farms to satisfy to the full their economic, social, intellectual, and spiritual needs without emigrating to towns and cities. For leadership in this we await.—Glenn Frank.

MUST GET BACK TO CHRIST.

Unprecedented problems arising out of recent startling changes in men's mental habits and ways of living, seem to demand our quest of a more adequate guidance than is offered by the self confessedly troubled leadership of this generation. It is not that we lack confidence in the zeal or sincerity of our contemporaneous religious counsellors, for we believe them to be good and thoughtful men, every way entitled to our full respect. Whatever of anxiety has been felt about the clearness of their vision and the authority of their opinions originated with them quite in advance of being entertained by us. Of one thing, however, they may be about other things—and upon this one thing they are all agreed, no matter how widely separated they may be in everything else—we must get back to Christ.—Lloyd C. Douglas.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A western firm sends me a letter and tells me that I am lucky. That they have brought out a new coat which is the greatest improvement in dress coats since the weaving of cloth was invented, and one has been set apart for me; that "it's a beauty. It's going to sweep the country before it like wildfire." The coat that will sweep the country is no doubt a good thing, and much needed. But until it can do more than sweep, I am not going to bite. If it will go down early and shake the furnace; put on coal; mow the lawn; fix the automobile when it gets out of fix; spade the garden; work the typewriter seven hours a day, and do such little things like that, I do not care for a coat out of the ordinary. Some forty years ago the women had dresses that swept the country. It was the day of long trains.

"Have you heard about Mrs. McGuire walking in her sleep?" "How perfectly absurd—when they have three cars."

A Kansas general-store owner recently mailed a right-hand cotton glove to three hundred farmers. They were asked to call at the store and receive the left-hand glove. They came—and went home with other things they bought and paid for. That sure was hand-in-glove with enterprise.

"And now, sir," thundered the counsel, "tell the court what you

were doing in the interim." "I never went there," retorted the witness, indignantly. "I stayed in the drawing room all the evening."

All over the country Charleston marathons are being held. Usually four or six of the contestants jig for thirty hours or more, and are then carried to the hospital in a state of collapse. Silly? Of course. And what an absurdity it is for the cities to allow such contests and then care for the winners at the public expense.

I have not lost my respect and appreciation for animal-drawn vehicles. A horse, a mule, or an ox, unless he is frenzy mad, will have the prudence and gentility to somewhat hesitate when he is close on you, and try to prevent stepping on you, or running over you on the highway. An automobile neither sees, hears or stops, until after it has taken the life it cannot give back. And in some instances does not even stop then.

There is a good old-fashion revival gospel hymn, sung with hearty grace, "Are You Ready?" It is a spiritual warning for preparedness. Many men and women are lost to fame; and lost to themselves, because they are not ready for big ordeals, or emergencies. Life itself is a getting ready process. Getting ready for the future. Every one of us is in training. We may not know where we are going; or what we are

training for—but we are going and training just the same. Bringing talent, and body, and mind under subjection is mastery that merits. The trouble is, so few people relish being under compulsion. They like and crave liberty. I like liberty myself; in fact I like it so much that I live on Liberty street, and I invested in Liberty bonds, and am in the bonds of liberty, but all of this does not give me the liberty to do as I please when I am not pleased to do right. That kind of liberty is a cloak for license. But much of the so-called liberty of this day is more in the mouth than in the mind. Few people know what real liberty is. The Gospel of Christ is the only thing that can make you free. You must prepare for that. Being ready for all things in life is the gospel of true progress. The law of readiness cannot be acquired in a day, or overnight. You might as well try to buy an ocean in a ten cent store. Readiness is not purchaseable; or inherited, nor a gift. It is close application, study and personal effort. Mind and matter; might and mastery; all of our faculties, nerves and cells must be obedient; active and reactive, that we may be said to be "ready" for whatever the future has for us, and reveals only day by day, hour by hour, and minute by minute.

It is an old saying, of long standing, and it is the part of wisdom for all of us to observe it, to the effect, "Speak nothing but good of the dead." Recount his virtues, but bury his faults with his bones. That is well and wise. But sometimes the "speaking good" is over done—to

fulsome. This may be illustrated by a story I heard of an all-around good-for-nothing man who died, and at his funeral the minister delivered a most beautiful address, eulogizing the departed in the most glowing manner; praising his splendid qualities as a fine type of man; a good husband and kind parent. The widow who was seated well up in front, called to her little daughter and whispered to her: "Go look in the coffin, Mary, and see if it is your pa."

Everybody is bent on business. Some so much so that they seem to have lost the gift of smiling. Business is all right. It is necessary. It gives us wealth. Wealth, properly and wisely used, makes it easier to pursue the quest for happiness, which is the goal of all planning and striving. But what is happiness? You cannot buy happiness like commodities. Happiness is what we see through the windows of the soul. It is revealed by our outlook on life. It is so much of the soul that all the combined wealth of the ages could not buy one jot or tittle of it. It is composed of thoughts, ideals, aspirations, meditations, beauty, harmony, reverence, character, affection, love, order, in fact, all the things of the spirit. It exists only in our own hearts. An individual possession, measured both in quality and quantity by the individual outlook on life. The more orderly we keep our souls, the cleaner we keep our soul's windows, the greater will be our realization of happiness. The most direct way to happiness is through the development of our spiritual lives.

Two cow boys were once eating their lunch in the shade of an overhanging rock. Their guns were strapped on the back of their ponies, feeding about 50 yards from them, when suddenly around the rock came a big buffalo bull looking for trouble. One of them climbed a little tree, but there was no tree for the second one and he crawled into a hole in the rock, about four feet in advance of the buffalo. No sooner had the buffalo turned away from the hole than the refugee crawled out. He was immediately run back by the buffalo. This occurred several times until finally his companion, who had been a witness to this performance, called out, "Why don't you stay in there until the buffalo gets time to forget where you are?" You don't know it all," replied his friend, "There's a bear in that hole." This tells the story of our relation to the League and the nations of the world. We sometimes don't know there is a bear in the hole, having our eyes exclusively fixed on the buffalo bull. An institution like the League, which gives a chance for all parties to meet together, around a common council table and talk things over courteously and amicably, is today the most

needed institution in the life of the nations. The meeting together of representative men from the various nations, men in whom the nations represented have implicit confidence, is the greatest preventative of war thus far devised.

—

She was a very stout, jolly-looking woman, and she was standing at the corset counter, holding in her hand an article she was returning. Evidently her attention had been suddenly drawn to the legend printed on the label, for she was overheard to murmur, "Made expressly for John Wanamaker." Well sir; No wonder it didn't fit me!"

—

An ambitious young Durham man, after taking a ten-day course by mail on "How to Speak in Public," was found a day or two ago addressing a clump of small pine shrubs, near the Cornwallis road. He was laying it off with all the vehemence of Vice-president Dawes. The small trees were giving him the most profound attention. There was one sure and safe thing about it; he had an audience that would not get up and leave him. There are plenty of other seasoned speakers who "pine" for just such an audience.

Over twenty-six million bushels of oysters are produced annually in the waters of the United States, the biggest of all nations in this industry. By far the greater part of these come from the Middle Atlantic States. Next to the United States, France is the biggest producer of oysters.

—Exchange.

ART POSSIBILITIES IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

By Lydia A. Bancroft.

At first glance one would say that the outlook in the field of art in Western North Carolina is not altogether promising since we have in our midst no large art school and no great art center. But upon second consideration we find that there is much that is hopeful.

Favorable climatic conditions exist—a mild climate with the vigor of mountain air. It seems needless to mention the beauty of nature in North Carolina's mountains, so well is this fact known and its inspiration felt by those who live and work in the midst of such marvelous surroundings. That such forces as climate and the natural beauties of one's environment play a very definite part in determining the trend of one's art expression is a recognized fact when we compare the art of different people, as the emotional, religious Italians living in their warm climate and the serious, conservative English in a colder country. A study of the art of the cabinet-makers of our own colonial period in America shows a very different type of furniture produced by the New England designers from that made by the southern colonists. This is due, no doubt, to different environment as well as different racial characteristics.

The sense of leisure which exists here—that feeling of there being plenty of time in which to do things—is most encouraging when we realize that great works of art which have lived through the centuries have

been produced with a skill of hand that felt not the stress and strain of speed in production such as our modern factories demand of their workers.

It is quite true that the United States cannot claim a true national art. That must be developed for we are still in our infancy in our art career as a nation. After the simple, direct art of colonial days with its many fine qualities we went to the depths in the Mid-Victorian age, and some authorities claim that we are now entering upon a new Renaissance. Let us hope this to be true.

Surely the movements in different part of Western North Carolina to revive and protect native industries and to find a market for hand-made objects and hand-woven fabrics is a step in the right direction. Such movements have already had a definite effect upon the life and ambitions of the mountain people in certain communities. The Allenstand Cottage Industries started as an endeavor on the part of social workers to revive the art of coverlet weaving. The shop in Asheville has become a market for all types of hand-woven and hand-made objects produced by the people of this region. Thus has been revived such arts as the dyeing of yarn, the weaving of coverlets and floor rugs, embroidery, basket-making, and wood-carving. The Allenstand movement started in the northwestern part of Buncombe County and has spread to what is known as the

“Laurel Country” — that country drained by Big Laurel Creek in Madison County. Miss Frances L. Goodrich, known as the “Bishop of the Laurel country,” is the one who brought back to these people their neglected art and found a market for their wares.

The Biltmore Industries represent another movement which started as a school in which boys and girls were taught wood-carving and hand-weaving. Nearly twenty years ago this school was founded by Mrs. George Vanderbilt and was known as the Biltmore Estate Industries, but later was bought by Mr. F. L. Seeley, who built and operates Grove Park Inn in Asheville. Their looms are made by their own men and boys, and the industry has grown until now there are more than ninety workers making homespun woolen materials on hand operated looms.

We look to the Indians on the Cherokee Reservation for our baskets of native materials and modern adaptation of their bead work. The art of pottery making is still developed with them, though to no great extent. It seems that mountain sections which have such fine qualities of clay are found here should keep this art and not export the raw material as is done in some parts of North Carolina where the shipment is made to Liverpool, England.

While such private enterprises as those mentioned above are reaching the most ambitious and talented workers, the best of our public schools are bringing to the people through the children the highest art ideals in a most practical way. For are we not

all designers whether we wish to be or not? When one chooses his clothing or buys household goods or arranges his shop windows, he is a designer in that he must deal with the arrangement of line, form, and color. The work is hardly begun. There is so much to be accomplished in this great endeavor to develop a critical public which will know and demand attractive homes, becoming dress and beautiful villages and cities.

Is it not reasonable and logical to look to the people of Western North Carolina to produce a distinctly American art? The greatest hope of the nation in developing a distinctly American art lies in the fact that these people come of a pure Anglo-Saxon ancestry and as yet have not become mixed with other European races as have the people in our industrial centers. Their seclusion may have been an advantage in protecting native arts, but “If the people have no vision they perish.” They are ready and eager to learn. Here is the opportunity of the school to bring before the people all manner of beautiful things; to open their eyes to see nature’s wonders about them; to call attention to the most noteworthy examples of art produced by their own kinsmen. Let them see what others have done in the outer world toward creating attractive homes, beautiful communities, and artistic objects of everyday use. So may you who have beheld a vision lead others to see one, for “The horizon holds no mountain heights for him who has no mountain heights within his soul.” Then may the people approach in comeliness the beauty of these everlasting hills.

FOLK-LORE IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

By Bascom Lamar Lunsford, In Cullowhee Bulletin.

It is not in an effort to appear scholarly that I write some of the many so-called folk expressions, songs, and superstitions one may learn "about" while co-mingling with the people of Western North Carolina. This does not mean, however, that the part of our state thus referred to is to be held up to ridicule, or its people condemned for having more that is "bad" or less that is "good" than any other section; but it does mean that the great part of our state which claims the finest climate, the highest mountains, the clearest streams (and indeed one may go on down the entire list of superlatives ending in "est" until he gets to "politics" as was so effectively expressed by the Kentucky poet, and yet not exhaust the many distinguishing attributes of this noted section) may also claim the richest and most alluring fields for the study of folk songs, folk superstitions and expressions. These may all be included in the word "folk-lore," each being of interest according to the peculiar likes of the individual who is making the study. But it is not for me to show where or what the classification is or where the greatest enjoyment may lie, but to "clap into it roundly," using the language, but not the name, of the poet who in parody would say:

"Here's to the land of the Long Leaf Pine,
Where you hear the words 'a comin'
and 'a gwine,'

'A good bit,' 'a right smart,' and 'I reckon so,'

'I think ye orter,' 'sorter,' and 'I 'ont know.'"

Then taking up the question of folk expressions first, in this short article the writer can in no better way, bring to the mind of the reader this peculiar side of the subject than "in good earnest" to request answers with meaning, use and origin (if possible) to the following expressions:

"Whang leather."

"School butter."

"Ingern patch."

"Ball hootin'."

"Ax 'im."

"Pine blank."

"Beat the devil around the stump."

"Beatin' around the bush."

"Comin' through a' shoutin'."

"I've galaxed out a pair of shoes."

"Buss head."

"Hell's banjer."

"Sayin' somethin' afore you eat."

"Sumpin's dead up the branch."

"I got the deadwood on 'im."

"Jine off."

"Hain't bait."

Again, give the number of places by this name and locate as many as you can with any interesting facts you may recall:

"Lover's Leap."

"Lovers' Lane."

"God's Country."

"Bald Mountain."

"Bear Waller."

"Hell's Half Acre."

“Happy Holler.”
“Hunting’s Creek.”
“Hard Scramble.”
“Frog Level.”
“Pinnacle.”
“Devil’s Bald Alley.”
“Devil’s Dip.”

Now as to superstitions. Any writer is treading on thin ice when he begins to assort the various kinds of superstitions, expressions and beliefs, according to his own peculiar notion, arbitrarily stating that this particular thing may be a foolish superstition believed in a certain locality and practiced in certain other localities. In taking such an attitude he is in imminent danger of forfeiting his standing in the community for common sense and good sound judgment. For instance, the writer has been vanquished time and again in this goodly land with argument to the effect that the earth has corners and a foundation and that the moon is placed in the heavens for signs and that therefore the “twelve signs of the zodiac” may be absolutely relied upon as a true guide to poultry and hog raising, laying of worm fences, and planting of various crops. It is established beyond all question in some of our communities that the bottom rail of a worm fence should be laid upon the light of the moon and that the top rail should be laid in the dark of the moon so that the fence will thereby curl together so securely that a Wilkes County ox couldn’t push it down. This same principle also governs the time for killing hogs in some communities, and a little laxity in the enforcement of this rule may even affect the taste of the “shortenin’ bread.”

The above facts are mentioned merely to indicate that these and similar ones exist as a kind of custom which undoubtedly is growing less known each year, owing to the rapid change of living conditions and a greater demand upon time. Many of these, however, are not peculiar merely to Western North Carolina; yet there are in communities in this section types of these customs indulged in more or less lightly, that do not exist in other places; for instance, the custom among young people of “naming the bedposts.” The first time a girl may spend the night away from home with a girl friend is supposed to be the time for each to name the bedposts for her four favorite sweethearts, and the post she is looking toward when she awakes the next morning is to decide her fate.

It is quite interesting to note how strongly in some cases people believe there is real truth in the coming to pass of various things which similar customs would bespeak. For instance, only a year ago I knew a beautiful young lady who believed that to wash her face in the dew from a wheat field on the first morning in May would take away freckles. Now this girl had but a few freckles; and personally I thought there were just enough to make her look “cute;” but she wanted to get rid of them; so before sunup on the first morning of May, 1924, she walked briskly to a wheat field one-half mile away and washed her face. Then while her hands were still wet with the dew which she had bathed her face, she placed them upon her plump arms, indicating by the act that she preferred to have freckles on her arms

rather than on her face. Of course, the freckles went away, but whether on account of the dew on the wheat or cosmetics I am not the one to say.

As for me, there is more real interest in a lively hunt for folk songs than even in fishing for trout or the muscallonge in the Little Tennessee River. For instance, I have to mention the case of "Poor Omie," a song which I knew existed, but what kind of song, or where, I was unable to find, until just a few days ago when I discovered the full text and tune. The story is this: About a hundred years ago in Randolph County of this state a murder was committed, Naomi Wise being the victim. Her false sweetheart had made an appointment with her to meet him at a spring near the river side. After the meeting of the lovers he carried her in mid-stream behind him on his horse, and by quick turn of the horse threw her into the stream. He was tried for his life, but owing to con-

ditions was not punished. Public sentiment, however, forced him to leave the state. The case was much talked of. A large cotton mill in that county today bears the name of Naomi Wise. As most cases of this kind have been the beginning of a song, I knew the facts in this case were undoubtedly chronicled in the same way. In Cecil Sharp's work "English Folk Song's in America" is given one stanza of the song under the caption "Poor Amie," which is just a mere fraction found at Alleghany, North Carolina, I believe: and although having been a song hunter for years, about two weeks ago I heard it for the first time. Miss Bessie Litterel, a young woman reared on Green Briar Branch on the head waters of New Found Creek in Buchanan County sang a very complete text of "Oma Wise." She not only furnished me manuscript, but sang for the ediphone a tune which is beautiful, indeed, and highly expressive of the sentiment of the sad story.

A fourth-class funeral in Spain can be had for fifteen dollars. We've known in a general way that living in Europe is much cheaper than it is in this country, but we had not before realized that one could die and be buried there at such a comparatively trifling expense and we mean to call this fact to the attention of some of our acquaintances.

—Asheville Citizen.

THE AUTO WOMANS REAL EMANCIPATION.

By C. W. Hunt.

The further the world progresses the more womankind has come into her own. Where the nations are Pagan or semi-Pagan, woman is still the "Pack-horse." Even in civilization, where she has not been given the ballot, she is no more the slave of her lord, the man. When her value was found, it seems by accident, in this country, as help in store and office, woman, so long dependent upon father and the male members of the family, became a bread winner and independent of the dwarfed and enforced semi-idle life that had been hers through the ages, her emancipation was in its first stages. It was the coming of the perfected automobile into general use that completed her emancipation. That lifted the last ban or hindrance on what she should do or where she should go.

This writer has so often had occasion to note what happiness the auto brings the good wife, when able to drive it herself and whose husband is digging and delving and slaving for business, and which would make her a recluse but for the useful automobile, which she drives to business, to social meetings, to church, shopping, or for the want of a better job, take a bunch of friends out for a ride. That is the city woman's play. In the rural sections, she goes to market while the men work the fields, or she sails into town to get some broken part of a

machine. In the smaller towns some good woman, with a car, gets it full of friends less fortunate, and drives to a larger town or city shopping, having a day called the "time of their lives." The traveler out of the larger cities meets such every day, from all the smaller places in every direction for 50 miles around: driving safely, and so happily. It is real emancipation, legitimate and safe and humane, as long as virtue and home and good name are uppermost in mind and heart.

Nothing good has ever come into the world that the Devil has not turned to his own use in some way: for with all the joys and blessings the auto has brought to legitimate ownership, the curse of it has come in the illegitimate; but the legitimate delight of its possession by womankind far outweighs the open illegitimate use. Those who get so much relaxation, happiness and innocent pleasure from the auto are in no way to blame for its use by the bad.

The man or woman who sits down and contemplates the many things he or she hears and sees and knows, is often at a loss to know what to think or say or do in the light of so many things to make life brighter and better that are being prostituted. Governor McLeod of South Carolina, speaking to a civic organization at Lexington a short time ago, said this: "We are living in an era of change and it behooves us to spirit-

ualize the great civilizing agencies, and such as motor transportation moving pictures and the radio." Declaring he did not join in the cry that the young folks are going to ruin; he made a plea for a return to the principles of the fathers—but not not to their times—with the fireside taking again its place in the education of youth along right lines."

That was a new thought—SPIRITUALIZING these agencies. But there is food for long and sober thought in that word, SPIRITUALIZE. To spiritualize, make good any agency that has come to make civilization higher and better, rather than let Satan give each and all of them a bad name; as well as use

them for prostitution. How can we do it? Not by passing prohibitory laws, but by living such a life; putting up such a standard of morals in the control of those we are responsible for being here (our children) that the Devil will not have the larger percent of the use of these blessings and joys of civilization that have come to a nation whose laws and ways of right living are based on the Book of Books Woman's emancipation does not give her license to turn her children "out to graze" as it were while she gads about in her emancipator, the auto; the home must be maintained if we would stay the hell-ward race.

"But why, you ask me, should this tale be told?

To men grown old or growing old.

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late

Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at 80;

Sophocles———

Wrote his grand Oedipus

And Simonides

Bore off the prize verse from his compeers

When each had numbered more than fourscore years.

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten

Had but begun his Characters of Men.

Chaucer at Woodlock with the Nightingales

At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales.

Goethe at Weimer, toiling to the last,

Completed Faust when eighty years were past,

These are indeed excepitons, but they show

How far the Gulf Stream of our youth may flow

Into the arctic regions of our lives

Where little else than life survives."—Selected.

NUMOQUIN BASE, PRAYER AND PRE-WAR WHISKY.

W. O. Saunders in *The Independent*.

I have ventured far into the Valley of the Shadow of Death within the past three weeks. It has been a wonderful adventure and I am back to testify that there is nothing in that Valley to fear.

I did not believe that I could survive an attack of pneumonia. For more than three years I have been fighting a diabetic tendency that has been quite enough for a fellow to cope with. In this time I have been advised by physicians to avoid colds for fear that a cold might develop into a fatal case of pneumonia.

And when they sent for a trained nurse, when I knew that my fever was around 104, when I saw the worried look of my physicians when they held the stethoscope to my back and chest, and when I saw my sputum tinged with blood. I knew that I had pneumonia and I expected to die.

I worried a bit because I had never made a will: I found myself making a careful inventory of all my physical assets and liabilities. I decided that with my insurance, my family would not be so badly provided for.

Black night settled upon me: in the darkness there were hurrying forms and the whispering of frightened voices. I wished the voices would quit whispering and I wondered why they seemed so full of fright. And then a new presence came to me out of the chill and black-

ness; the frightened little voices ceased their whisperings. A great peace settled upon me. Then the doctors, the nurse and my family had their troubles; nothing bothered me.

* * *

More than ten years ago a German physician proposed a new treatment for pneumonia. Instead of the administration of quinine hydrochloride, he proposed the use of Numoquin Base. Numoquin is a derivative of Cinchona, the same as quinine; but it is sixteen times more powerful in its pneumococccidal properties than any other treatment ever found for pneumonia. That is to say it will kill the pneumonia germ sixteen times more effectively than anything else ever discovered.

It was more than ten years ago that Numoquin Base was proposed for the treatment of pneumonia: but the medical profession is slow to adopt new ideas. Numoquin Base had never been used in Elizabeth City. But I was fortunate in having a physician who had heard of it and who had just supplied himself with the drug. I am convinced that Numoquin Base, the new treatment for pneumonia, saved my life. It brought down my fever in three days.

* * *

My good wife insists that prayer saved my life. The prayers of thousands went up for me. I had never dreamed that so many cared for me.

• • •

I believe in prayer. I believe that

the vibrations of human minds and heart going up in behalf of one in illness and in pain will register upon the heart and mind of that suffering one and soothe and sustain him as surely as the vibrations of radio reach out over space and make themselves heard whenever there is a re-

ceiver to catch them.

And I know that the prayers of my friends comforted and reassured my wife and loved ones as nothing else could. And God was near me throughout my illness because God and the goodness and greatness of humanity are one.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY—

(Smithfield Herald).

The more we see of courts and their sentences, the more we become impressed with Lincoln's homely but weighty words about crimes. He expressed it something like this: "I don't know much about the hereafter, but I do know that when I do right here I feel good and when I do wrong I feel bad." Last week's court here was enough to convince every wrongdoer that it does not pay to be bad; that court played a tragic role in the affairs of the Johnston County people. By the court several of our people were sent to prison to spend long terms of penal servitude in our state's prison. It is a very pathetic thing to see a man bowed with the weight of years turn his back on his home and friends and all the things that he has loved and cherished through the years and start his sorrowful course to the penitentiary, where, perhaps his miserable life will end. But there is a sadder story yet to tell. This court sent a youth in his teens to the state prison to serve a term for his misdeeds. We saw him when he was getting his little effects together ready for the

journey. His face was haggard from confinement, and with the thought that he was now to take his place along with the other condemned prisoners up in the big state prison at Raleigh. Disease from which he is suffering and from which he cannot recover, according to statements from a reputable physician, has already bleached his face white, and when he tugged the little old fiddle box under his arm and took his place in the moving line, he presented to us one of the saddest plights that any youth has yet shown to us.

We are not critical of the court. The court did right. Under the law the court could have done nothing more for the boy than was done. His life and the life of his well loved playmate (for it was in evidence that the two boys were very fond of each other) have been paid as a sacrifice to the folly of too promiscuous use of guns. Crime does not pay in the beginning nor does it pay in the end. The court which closed here last Saturday is an unanswerable argument against the commission of crime.

RURAL ELECTRIC POWER.

Less than one percent of the farms in North Carolina have electric service from central stations. If we add the number of farms equipped with individual lighting plants like Delco and other fuel plants and individual water power plants, the proportion of farms using electricity might run up to two or three percent. This is an estimate based on the returns from a questionnaire sent out in cooperation with the State Department of Conservation and Development to the private and municipal power plants and the county farm agents of the state.

Thirty-one counties, having a total of 100,622 farms within their borders, report rural electric lines serving approximately 1,975 farms. This is a proportion of 1.9 percent. But considering the 28 counties which have no rural electric lines and the 41 counties for which information is incomplete or lacking, it would seem that not one farm in a hundred throughout the state as a whole uses electricity from central stations.

Counties for which the returns are reasonably complete are given below, with the total number of farms and the number of farms enjoying central station service. These are probably the counties where rural electrification has been carried furthest. In many cases the figures are only estimates on account of the difficulty of determining when a rural line is serving suburban residents who work in town and when it is serving a farming population.

County	Total No. Connected farms	farms
Avery	1,472	25

Bertie	3,444	15
Buncombe	3,798	77
Burke	2,474	29
Caldwell	2,179	34
Catawba	3,086	90
Chowan	1,261	29
Cleveland	4,670	475
Craven	2,124	70
Davidson	4,022	184
Duplin	4,495	56
Edgecombe	3,953	77
Gaston	2,493	25
Guilford	4,067	161
Halifax	4,858	57
Haywood	2,175	39
Iredell	4,135	45
Martin	2,763	77
Mecklenburg	4,013	100
Moore	2,135	17
Nash	6,007	21
New Hanover	368	46
Pasquotank	1,530	14
Polk	1,225	12
Robeson	7,048	29
Rutherford	3,510	27
Surry	4,563	15
Transylvania	1,023	75
Union	4,991	21
Watauga	2,133	5
Wilson	4,616	30

Total 100,622 1,975

This estimate of one percent of the farms in North Carolina with electric service from central stations may be compared with the United States Census of 1920 which shows 2.9 percent of North Carolina farms with either gas or electric service. Allowing for the individual home lighting plants and the few farms with gas service, this figure of 2.9 percent would probably come down to about

one percent of farms with central station service. According to the census, North Carolina ranks 40th among the states in percent of farms with gas or electric service. The nation's average is seven percent, and some states go as high as 25 percent.

WHY SO FEW ELECTRIFIED?

One reason for the low figure of farms with central station service is found in the low density of farms per mile of electric line. Our figures show an average of 3.5 farms per mile of rural distribution line in North Carolina. With the cost of building a line amounting to about \$700, it appears that about \$200 investment is needed to serve every farm. In most cases the farmer himself pays this sum before the electric service begins. This is especially true when

the central station is a municipal power plant, since there is a state law prohibiting cities from spending any money for lines and developments outside the city limits.

But there must be other reasons, also, for 3.5 farms per mile of line is above the country-wide average. Other reasons are to be found in the unwillingness of many private power companies to cooperate in making rural extensions, and the meagre use of electricity on the farm, resulting in a high cost per unit. In most cases the current is used for lights and flatirons only, and the use of electricity in agricultural operations is rare. Other reasons are the low cash incomes of many farmers, and ignorance of the possibilities of electricity on the farm.—A. T. Cutler.

THE LAST DAYS OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

By James Schermerhorn in Dearborn Independent.

Boys, you'll have a better time going to hell with me than in going to heaven with Bryan!"

This was Clarence Darrow's greeting to a group of lads at the courthouse door in Dayton, Tennessee. It revealed the temper of the Scopes defense: the great criminal lawyer's scoffing at the Commoner's belief in God and the angels.

His seventh Presidential campaign behind him in 1920, with victory falling to the foe, Bryan had turned at once to the last supreme issue of his unwearying career as an advocate. Perhaps it would be more fitting so say as a crusader.

From addressing himself to what he looked upon as political wrong thinking and doing, he took up in dead earnest what he condemned as scientific error and presumption touching the origin of man. He went after evolution hammer and tongs. His impatience with the Darwinian theory of the beginning of man was reflected years before in that most famous of his Chautauqua addresses, "The Prince of Peace."

"Go back as far as we may," he told his audiences, "we cannot escape from the creative act, and it is just as easy to believe that God created man as he is, as to believe that, mil-

lions of years ago, He created a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into all that we see today."

He had urged two reasons for his disbelief in the theory that man is the co-descendant with other mammals of a common progenitor. One was that he feared we should lose the consciousness of God's presence in our daily life if we accepted the theory that through all the ages no spiritual force has touched the life of man or shaped the destiny of nations.

The other objection was that the Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by the operation of the law of hate—the merciless law by which the strong crowd out and kill off the weak. He preferred to believe that love rather than hatred is the law of development.

"If man links himself for generations with the monkey, it then becomes an important question whether he is going toward him or coming from him—and I have seen them going in both directions," said Mr. Bryan. "I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used just as well to prove that monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former."

He was ending, as he began, a quarter of a century of agitation with a surprise issue of his own creation, and investing it with tremendous vitality.

When he came with his anti-evolution thunderbolts to the First Baptist Church of Detroit on a Sunday night early in 1921, I confess I was no keener for the latest Bryan offen-

sive than I was for the first. It looked as if my friend had gone far afield for his intense antagonism of evolution. So I thought; and what could doctrinal disputation possibly get him?

And, of course, the Bryan-baiters lost no time in saying that he had turned back the hands of the clock; and that he was leveling jeremiads at imaginary traducers of Holy Writ and old-fashioned religion, to bolster waning popularity and to prolong political prestige and platform appearances.

"An issue for another try at the White House" said the knowing ones.

"First page space in the newspapers, nothing else!" leered others.

But the impression one took away from that crowded church was that of an unrecanting gospeler defending the faith against growing disbelief and materialism—another Luther crying. "Here I stand; I can do no other! God help me! Amen."

As I sat late with the tired fundamentalist at the Detroit Athletic Club that night he told me that the alarming spread of atheism among students was on his heart, and he was going to the University of Michigan the next day to warn them against scientific teachings that tended toward doubt, and then disbelief and Godlessness. I asked him for a copy of the speech, and although it filled an entire page with what I feared was none too thrilling matter, we ran it in full the following day.

Bryan was disappointed in the size of the student audience at Ann Arbor, and ordered extra copies of the paper to the amount of \$100, for

which he paid out of his own pocket and sent them to a representative to be delivered among the students. There was no suggestion of self-seeking in that act; nor in the gratuitous plea of the night before.

It was Chicago in 1896, Madison Square Garden in 1906, Baltimore in 1912, San Francisco in 1920 over again—ready to spend and be spent for that inward monitor that would let him do no other, even though it meant delivering his body to be burned.

Yet all the time "smiling through." When the guests came late through the storm to his sixtieth anniversary dinner at the Aldine Club in New York, he said that he could sympathize with them—he had been out in the wet and cold many times himself.

Bryan went to the country with fundamentalism. He went to the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian churches with it. He had been a member of this denomination since his conversion at the age of 14. Thrice he made the issue a test in the selection of the moderator.

"As Great as Ever, Mr. Bryan"

His genius for stirring up the public mind was again demonstrated. His appeals to the student bodies incited educators to strike back in defense of scientists and their purposes. Clerics of the liberal school decried from their pulpits the taking of backward steps in religion. Secular and religious newspapers got quickly into the discussion, the daily press having lost none of its asperity toward the Commoner. The "monkey in the case" was tiptop material for the fun-makers of the comics and con-

cert stage. The song-writers seized upon the tuneful elements of the discussion. Of course, you couldn't keep hand organs and cocoanuts out of the picture.

The Commoner sometimes used a most effective yet unusual device for getting in right with his bearers. He would propose two or three different speeches and let them decide by show of hands which subject they would like to have. Generally the vote was indecisive, which would leave him the privilege of making the selection and smoothing the way to the theme foremost in his thoughts at this period—the upholding of the Book of Books, letter and line.

"Next to the belief in God, I would place the acceptance of the Bible as the word of God," he would say. "I need not present arguments in its support; its claims have been established; the burden of proof is upon those who reject it. Those who regard it as a man-made book should be challenged to put their theory to the test. If man made the Bible, he is, unless he has degenerated, able to make as good a book today. Let the atheists and the materialists produce a better book than ours, if they can."

One Sunday morning in Detroit he spoke in the Central Christian Church. The Pastor, Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, a friend and admirer for 20 years, who placed him at the head of popular orators of the twentieth century, detected a marked slowing down in the Commoner's delivery. A great deal of the old fire and magnetism were lacking, he thought.

But in the afternoon the presence of a great audience keyed the famous

pleader to the old-time pitch. Again there was the well-remembered rhythm to his speech, the rising and falling of sentences like the waves of the sea. "It was possible," said Dr. Jones, "to beat times to the measured phrases."

When the pastor exclaimed, "As great as ever, Mr. Bryan!" the Commoner smiled and said: "Drop a line to Mrs. Bryan and tell her so, I don't want her to think I am slipping."

So Dr. Jones let Mrs. Bryan, down in the Florida home, know that her husband still had the power of commanding the applause of listening thousands.

Only One Yellow Peril, the Lust for Gold

He appreciated the element of oratorical surprise which Mr. Bryan used frequently with telling effect. He had heard him in a twenty-minute speech at the World's Missionary Convention in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1910, when he captivated the audience, composed of some of the most distinguished churchmen in Christendom. Following a Chinese scholar, president of a Christian university at Nanking, Mr. Bryan began:

"We have heard much about the yellow peril, but I am here to say to you that there is only one yellow peril, and that is the lust for gold."

"The striking epigram was born of the moment," said Dr. Jones, "and it was so clever and so true that it brought the delegates to their feet in rounds of applause."

When He Fought, and Won, His Last Fight

Bryan's presentation of his case against the teachers of evolution to

several Southern legislatures bore fruit in Tennessee, where a law was passed making it a misdemeanor to teach that man owes his origin to a lower form of life. The apprehension of young Scopes for violating this enactment in the public schools of Dayton prompted Mr. Bryan to volunteer his services without pay in the prosecution of the case.

Saying that while they were not the beneficiaries of any Florida real estate boom, they would come to Dayton and defend Scopes, Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone aligned themselves on the other side of the case. This professional slur was the signal for the unflinching lampooning of Bryan.

I had dropped off at the little Tennessee town to see about joining the Bryan party on its pilgrimage to the Holy Land in February, 1926. I did not know till I reached Dayton that it was to be a congratulatory call upon the Commoner. But the calm in the somnolent streets indicated that it was all over but the pronouncing of sentence.

The court, after excluding the defense's great cloud of scientific witnesses, had adjourned over Sunday. The issue was reduced to the culpability of young Scopes in defying his employer, the State of Tennessee.

It was a happy triumphant afternoon on the Bryan porch. Delegation followed delegation in congratulatory calls. I recall distinctly what he said to a small group of newspaper friends, not for publication, but because he wanted to set them right.

He was not against science or scientists, but in all his public life he had

voiced his admiration for the proved and provable principles worked out by the light-seekers on the frontiers. But the origin of species and genesis of human life in the one-cell amoeba were guesses; and in preference to the theories and speculations of biologists he would take the Bible version of the beginning of the human family. He disclaimed emphatically any intention of campaigning the country to put God into the Constitution.

This remained with me because of an unusual incident. As the Commoner talked low but earnestly to his callers, a woman who was passing called from the fence and asked: "Do you mind if I stop and listen?"

How many millions had drawn nigh to hear what Bryan had to say!

Recollection of the Commoner and his invalid companion, in their tender interdependence that tranquil afternoon, is something to carry through the years. She included law in her college training so she could be an understanding helpmate, and she was always standing sympathetically by. There they were, growing old and gray, but like Darby and Joan, staunch and true through shadow and sun.

Bryan's Defense of Religion and the Bible

He was all tenderness to her in her helplessness, and she beautifully concerned as to the measure of his strength. When a group of Knoxville citizens called to get Mr. Bryan for an address, she warned them and him not to add to his burdens. All in vain, this sweet interposition. The Knoxville delegation went away with the promise of the Commoner's coming. Only they must be sure that

fresh white radishes were procurable where he was to be billeted in some quiet spot in the Smoky Mountains.

Then there was the agreement to make a speech somewhere Sunday if radio-broadcasting apparatus could be installed. After that another in Nashville; more of the "Memoirs" to go to the publisher, and the closing argument of the Scopes case to be given final revision in the light of the week's developments.

That plea, fated to appear only as a posthumous summing up of the Commoner's position, separated the real issues from the misrepresentation, intentional or un-intentional, that had obscured both the letter and the purpose of the law.

Mr. Bryan proposed to bring out that there was no interference with freedom of conscience. A teacher can think as he pleases and worship God as he likes, or refuse to worship God at all. He can believe in the Bible or discard it; he can accept Christ or reject him. And so with freedom of speech. He can, so long as he acts as an individual, say anything that he likes on any subject. The law does not violate any right guaranteed by any constitution to any individual.

But, Mr. Bryan pointed out, this law deals with the defendant, not as an individual, but as an employ, or official or public servant, paid by the state and therefore under instruction from the state.

It did not have its origin in bigotry; it was not trying to force any form of religion upon anybody. The majority was simply trying to protect itself from the attacks of an insolent minority to force irreligion upon the children under the guise of

teaching science. What right has a little irresponsible obligarchy of self-styled intellectuals to demand control of the schools?

Christians must build their own colleges to teach Christianity. It was only justice that atheists, agnostics and unbelievers should build their own colleges if they wanted to teach their own views or attack the religious views of others.

"Religion is not hostile to learning," Mr. Bryan contended. "Christianity is the greatest patron learning has ever had. But Christianity knows 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' now as in the past, and they therefore oppose the teaching of guesses that encourage Godlessness among the students.

"The science of how to live is the most important of all the sciences, but it is necessary to know how to live. Christians desire that their children shall be taught all the sciences, but they do not want them to lose sight of the Rock of Ages while they study the ages of the rocks; neither do they desire that they will become so absorbed in measuring the distances between the stars that they will forget Him who holds the stars in His hand."

The Commoner, now showing the scant locks and the furrowed lineaments of the worn warrior, but seemingly good for many more battles, felt that he must go on in a cause that had come to possess his whole being as the crowning crusade of his toilsome 40 years. He must write, he must speak, he must counsel, he must confer, he must plan, even if this exhausting stay in Dayton foreshadowed what he was prepared to suffer, if

need be, namely, martyrdom. Ready to offer himself in the same vicarious spirit that impelled exposure to the adroit Darrow's unsparing shafts as he went voluntarily to the witness stand for his God and his Bible.

Darrow's atheism was set down by the Bryans as more sweeping than the doubting of Ingersoll. For did not the eloquent infidel say at his brother's grave: "For in that night of death, Hope sees a star, and Love, listening, can hear the rustling of a wing?"

I quoted another part of that funeral oration to further illustrate Ingersoll's questioning: "Every cradle asks us whence? and every grave whither?"

But neither made any comment. **Made Each Step a Matter of Prayer**

But the solemnity of the moment moved the Crusader to a self-revelation that, he said, would sound better after he was gone. Although convinced that the end would come quickly in his case—he had confided to friends in Detroit a year before the premonition of death from the bursting of a blood vessel while on the platform—how little he realized this confidence would be released in ten days.

What he confided was that he had made every weighty transaction of his life a matter of prayer to his Maker before entering upon it. Even his first speech in Congress, which caught the attention of the nation, had been taken to the Lord in the sacred communion of the closet.

It brought up the image of Chinese Gordon, brave British commander in the Sudan, carrying a Bible always, as well as a sword. It recalled the

lonely Lincoln, saying that the consciousness he had no other place to go in the nation's extremity brought him upon his knees before his Maker. It answered the question of many of the Commoner's close friends: "Why does he take up the cudgels at Dayton in such a dubious cause?"

At that moment it was written in his will, executed just before leaving for Dayton, in connection with a gift of \$100,000 for Christian education, that while he devoted a large part of his time to study and discussion of political questions and had found abundant reward in the reforms adopted with his humble aid, he felt more interest in religion than politics because religion is the only influence that controls the heart, out of which are the issues of life.

The lament of Wolsey, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in my old age have left me naked to mine enemies," had no relation to the Commoner's consecrated and fruitful life. Paralleling his domination of Democratic councils for 30 years, had been his Presbyterian eldership, his Bible class leadership and his powerful spiritual appeals from the platform. He had served God, country and party with equal zeal.

And So It Was Until the End Came

But at the last he seemed on the threshold of a single consecration. Democracy was to go that he might give his ebbing powers individually to orthodoxy. In the half-day we had together at Dayton, not a name or word or incident came up out of all the vivid and stirring scenes in which we had chanced to be associated throughout three decades as party,

platform and newspaper associates.

It will be remembered that he released his supporters from obligation to him as aspirant for the United States senatorship from Florida because he felt disinclined to continue his activities in politics. At the conclusion of the last Presidential campaign, he announced retirement from the lecture platform to devote his time to the writing of his "Memoirs" and to other tasks.

Then came what he believed in his soul to be a covert organized attack in the name of science upon the Christian religion, and he hastened to Tennessee as the volunteer and uncompensated assistant to the State prosecutor.

Following his success in that trial, he was planning to go to the country with the issue raised by the scientists, atheists and agnostics. The powerful voice was to be heard in the ringing affirmation: "The Bible is good enough for me."

Then beyond that loomed the crowning oratorical experience of his unexampled platform career—the series of uplifting addresses in the far-away land where Christ and the Twelve spake.

So at the moment of our parting there appeared little prospect of the entralling Bryan advocacy being longer divided between Christian faith and political philosophy. The Cross alone had won the field.

A few days later at Sharon Lodge, in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia—his father's native state, which never deserted him in his political struggles—I got the message that the Happy Warrior had passed away without pain in his Sunday

afternoon siesta.

The lines of one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," which Mr. Bryan once said he wanted for his epitaph, came to me—

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods?"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Jimmie Lambert, James Suther, former boy at this institution were visitors here last week.

Mr. White and a number of boys unloaded a large amount of pipe last Wednesday.

Bruce Sprinkle, member of the ninth cottage, was given a position in the laundry recently.

Another carload of coal arrived at the institution last week. Mr. Talbert and a number of boys had the job of unloading it.

The services were not held in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon on the account of the preacher failing to arrive.

Mr. Grier and a number of the boys and several of the officers at the institution have been busy transplanting some trees. The boys on the barn force have been hauling them.

A large number of the boys raked the leaves off the lawn last Saturday afternoon. The barn boys hauled the leaves away after they had been raked into large piles. This makes the lawn have a better appearance.

The following boys: Cucell Wat-

kins, John Taylor, Clarence Davis, Ray Hatley, Bill Goss, Perry Quinn, Zeb Trexler, and Brunnel Fink were visited by their parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Since the recent snows and cold weather it has begun to get warmer. The boys in the evening school section like this because they can go to the ball ground every evening and play base-ball and their other interesting games.

A number of the boys were very busy several days last week digging a ditch and putting a pipe in it. This ditch is from the tank to the new flower beds across the road from the Roth building. This pipe line supplies every flower bed with water.

Last Saturday afternoon was good and warm, just an evening to have a game of base-ball. The officers and boys chose their teams and began to play, what turned out to be a very interesting game. The boys and officers who got one base hits were: Mr. Poole, Smith, Massey, Cloaninger three, McComb two, Mr. Groover, Henry and Stevenson. Two base hitters: Mr. Groover. Three base hitters: Mr. Godown and Lee McBride. The score was 8 to 4 fa-

vor Mr. Lisk's team. Mr. Godown and Massey were the battery for one of the teams. Mr. Lisk and McAuthur were the battery for the other. Mr. Godown struck out seven while Mr. Lisk only stuck out three. Capt. Grier umpired the game for them.

The boys in Mr. Johnson's room did not go to school last Saturday morning. They were busy during the morning planting some peach trees.

The print shop boy's have been busy re-printing some books for the Virginia King's Daughters.

The subject of the boy's Sunday School lesson last Sunday was: "Jesus Dies and Rises from the Dead." This lesson was taken from the book of John and the nineteenth chapter. This lesson tells how Jesus was crucified upon the cross. After the four soldiers had crucified Jesus they took his garments and "made four parts, to every soldier a part, and also his coat." The coat that Jesus wore was without seam and they did not want to rend it, so they cast lots for it. There "stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." As soon as Jesus saw His mother he said to her "Woman behold thy

son," and turning to a disciple he said: "Behold thy mother," and he took her unto his own house. Jesus knowing that all things were accomplished said "I thirst" and one of the soldiers wet a sponge with vinegar and with the aid of a hyssop he put it to his lips. Jesus then said: "It is finished," he then bowed his head and gave up the ghost. As it was near the Sabbath day (which was an high day) "besought Pilate that their legs be broken and taken away, but they found Jesus already dead and did not break his legs, but one of the soldiers thrust a spear in his side, and there came out of his side blood and water. . . . Three days after Jesus had been lain in the sepulcher he rose, Mary went to his burial place and did not find him there. . . . "She stooped down and looked into the sepulcher and seeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body had been lain. Jesus appeared beside her and said "Woman why weepest thou?" Mary supposing that he was the gardener said "where hast thou lain him? Jesus saith unto her "Mary" After his resurrection he came back to his disciples twice, and talked with them and the doubtful Thomas. "For God so loved the world, that whosoever believeth on him hath everlasting life.—John 3: 16.

Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose believes that vegetables fall in love with each other. That accounts for the misalliances between the watermelon and the gourd, or whatever it is, which has made the melons better fitted for shipping, but has ruined their flavor.—Columbia State.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

UNCERTAINTY OF REASON-CERTAINTY OF FAITH.

Dr. David James Burrell, a New York pastor, in an article sometimes ago wrote:

“The most distinguished scientist of his time Michael Faraday, of whom it is related that once on a journey through the Alps he came upon the lonely grave of a tourist who had perished in a snowfall. ‘Dead;’ he sighed; ‘Dead for ever!’ Then, catching sight of a torn cocoon clinging to the wooden cross, his faith,—like John outrunning Peter to the empty tomb in Joseph’s garden—out-ran the dull materialism of his science to salute the miracle of life and immortality.”

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

“I know something of the person who makes a watch, who builds a house, who lays out a park, who writes a book; and yet I may never have seen one of them. What they are is reflected in what they can do. The wonders of the worlds are before us. They are beautiful, orderly, majestic. They seem to be carefully designed. They may speak a varied language, but they ought to speak to all of us about God. We certainly can know something about Him by the things He has made.”

* * * * *

SOCIAL SERVICE CONVENTION.

They had the “Social Service Workers” in annual session in Greensboro last week. If we may judge from the newspaper accounts it settled nothing of great importance. The trouble about most of these meetings is the absence on the program of those who have been down in the ditches and the trenches in actual and genuine social service work. The usual program is filled with bright and outstanding and well-known individuals, who can spin beautiful theories and back-stand organized propoganda—and who make delightful speeches—but who never have done a single day’s actual social service work.

That was, in a great measure, the weakness of the recent Greensboro meet-

ing. The public generally does not know that most of the theories advanced at these meetings are hatched up by an organization, financed by the diverted means of the stingiest man the United States ever knew, canned and sent out for the use of theorists. The experience and knowledge of the social worker woman and man, who has mixed with the people, who are down and out, on the rocky edge, socially and morally, and are blind to the demands of orderly government, can throw more light on the cause of social service than any theorist or paid reformer.

The Charlotte Observer, in referring to this late meeting, took occasion to say:

“The Social Service Workers in session at Greensboro this week appear to have divided themselves into groups. One of these groups drafted resolutions to be presented to the Legislature which would abolish capital punishment in this State. Some of the active participants in this meeting hold important offices in the State Administration, and the public will accept their deliverances, either in the general meeting or in the group, as the deliverances of State servants and to that extent representative of official sentiment. It is the opinion of The Observer privately entertained and openly expressed, that the business of these social workers should have been confined to the affairs they are privileged to directly promote, and these affairs are limited in scope to welfare work in its several angles, in discussions of delinquency in boys and girls and in general community uplift. Established laws of the State are not legitimate objects for attack by State officials under cover of an organized name in specialized work. These people have a proper right to agitate abolishment of capital punishment as members of an anti-capital punishment organization, or as individual citizens of the State, but we should regard it as improper to give prestige of State officialdom to movements of the kind. It is an unprivileged liberty with State influence.

* * * * *

HIGHLY APPRECIATED GIFT.

There is a very modestly conducted business in Concord that does a wonderful business—modest because it never crows over its accomplishments—which touches points far and wide. It is a porch furnishing factory, which is owned and operated under the management of Messrs. A. F. Goodman, cashier of the Citizens Bank & Trust Company, and Mr. Hiram Caton, clerk in the Concord Water & Light Commission.

Some days ago Mr. Goodman called a representative of the Jackson Training School into the bank and made inquiry as to the number of cottage homes at the institution. When told that there are now fifteen, Mr. Goodman simply and unexcitedly remarked: “Send in your truck and get fifteen of our best

porch swings, one for each cottage front porch." And about one hour after this Mr. Caton stopped the representative and said: "Say, when are you going to send for those swings?"

These gentlemen have done us a fine service, and the splendidly constructed and handsome swings will prove a decided addition to the comforts at the several cottages of the institution. Messrs. Goodman & Caton have our sincerest thanks for this generous gift.

* * * * *

• THE KEY-NOTER.

Hon. John G. Dawson, the chairman of the State Democratic Committee, has announced the appointment of Hon. W. C. Feimster, of Newton, to the honored task of delivering at the State Convention the key-note speech. Mr. Feimster is an honorable gentleman and a leading attorney of his section. He became a lawyer via the school room and the office of County Superintendent of Schools, as is the experience of many of our leading lawyers and statesmen.

Mr. Feimster is a thoughtful man and conservative in his views—there is no evidence of a lack of fine conservativeism in the manner in which he approaches all public questions; and he is not given to extravagant statements on any subject. The appointment is a happy one, and the Catawba gentleman will acquit himself with honor to himself and credit to the great party for which he speaks.

* * * * *

A SUPERB ANALYSIS.

We publish a review of a book in this issue. It is taken from Sunday's News & Observer. It is of the book of Col. House, of Texas and the world at large, which purports an account of how the mighty Texan directed the government of the United States in particular and of the world, incidentally, for the period of the World War.

To say the least this review is clever and gripping, and one may read between lines and come to know Col. House more intimately than is revealed in the words employed. The author of that review has the colonel's measure, and seems to know more that is interesting about the Texas statesman.

* * * * *

KEEPS UP THE GAIT.

There seems no let up of crime and accident. The daily press scarcely

misses a day in the recording of a homicide or a fatal accident. And this is not confined to any one county, but seems state-wide.

Human life is getting cheap—really a prized animal appears to have a better chance at safety than a human being. Our courts are becoming almost cluttered with homicide cases and cases growing out of wild driving.

* * * * *

The Southern Railway is offering some fine opportunities for the public to see the great Wilson Dam—Muscle Shoals—in Alabama, and the beautiful “Magnolia-Gardens-On-the-Ashley” near Charleston, South Carolina. If you have a trip that is due you, or a desire to see what nature and man have combined to do in a most wonderful manner, the railroad agent at your nearest station can tell you how cheap you may take that trip.

* * * * *

APRIL BRINGS MY ANNIE.

April brings my wife back
By the iron shining track
From the swampy marshes black
To my tented wildwood shack!

April brings my Annie Straight
Through my honeysuckle gate
Where I watch and watch and wait
Till the lonely hour is late.

April brings my wife through
Miles of mellow meadow blue
To the scented Springtime new—
Shall we kiss? What's that to you?

April brings my Annie! God
Shower violets o'er the sod
For her fairy feet to trod
April brings her! Dearest God!

—Eva Plamondon Boyd.

EASTER—THE DEATHLESS LIFE.

Rev. C. F. Sherrill, Shelby.

And lo; the angels sing;
The greatest triumph ever known
Has come through Christ our King;
All heaven proclaims the dawning
Of love's all-glorious morning."

Christmas, Good Friday, Easter—
these are the three great festivals of
the Christian year. They throw wide
open windows, glorious windows
through which the longing soul looks
out to the larger and fuller life, in
the happy morn of an eternal day.

The Incarnation, the crucifixion the
resurrection—those are the three
greatest facts in the life of the sin-
less Son of God. They are the great-
est and most glorious facts in the life
of men, here and in all ages to come.

The incarnation, Emmanuel, God
with us. Jesus is God in human form.
God becomes a Child. The Child be-
comes God. "This is the message to
mortals revealed when the silvery
trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
that man kind are the Children of
God."

The crucifixion—Christ died for us.
O wondrous love! "The highest
arch angel never saw so much of God
before." In this love, wonderful and
eternal, The whole of Deity is known.

Easter is a day of hope. It points
to the morn fadeless and eternal. "He
is risen," is the glad song of angels
and men, forever more. How sweet
are the songs and bells of this holy,
glad Easter time! They tell us—
"That life is more than mortal breath.
And Christ is Lord of life and death!
Ring on! Ring on! O bells of cheer!
More sweet you grow from year to
year." "I am the resurrection and

the life." Thus shouts ever more the
Lord of life, the Victor over death
Over the tomb of our sainted dead this
radiant hope hangs, a fadeless rain-
bow. The pean of a triumphant
Church is—"O grave! where is thy
victory?"

The "tree of life" is not in the
forfeited Earthly Eden, but in the
Paradise of God.

"The stars shine over the earth,

The stars shine over the sea,

The stars look up to God above,

The stars look down on me.

The stars shall shine for a thousand
years,

A thousand years and a day:

But God and I will love and live

When the stars are passed away."

"If a man die shall he live again?"

The human heart, with Job, has ask-
ed that question all down the ages.
The Bible says "Yes!" The holy
songs of the soul say, "Yes!" Man
wants to live. God has set eternity
in his heart. The eye was made for
the light, the ear for sound, the ap-
petite for food, the soul for God and
the deathless life.

The sun sets to rise upon some fair-
er shore. Like angels this deathless
hope sings in the soul of man.

"Go wing your flight from star to star,
Far as the universe spreads it's flam-
ming walk:

Take all the pleasures of all the
spheres,

And multiply them through the end-
less years,

And one moment of heaven is worth
them all."

Rejoice! the grave is overcome,

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Have you ever thought about how hard character is to move? It is not done from the outside. It is the inner motive that gives the moving power. People who are well-pleased, and satisfied with themselves, do not make an effort to change the idol. It is the restless, seeking soul, that has the courage to remodel the inner life. It is the never-give-up spirit that lands on your brow the laurel, wreath, and secures the plaudits of the multitudes. There is a whole lot of satisfaction in getting where only few go. You are not crowded.

Every now and then we hear a great deal about the depreciated dollar. Some people think the other fellow is responsible for it. Few persons stop to think that they, themselves, perhaps, may have helped to rob the dollar of its rightful value. Every person who gives 75 cents worth of work for a \$1; or 25 cents worth of goods for 50 cents, helps to depreciate the value of the currency. Ever think of that? Well, think of it now.

With the coming of Thursday, this week, will also come the first day of April, commonly known as "All Fool's Day." It was known in the 15th century as "Feast of Fools," and was practiced in a variety of rites, grotesque masquerades; broad, boisterous drollery, and coarse, but not ill-tempered caricatures, and maintained its observance until about the year 1644, when the refor-

mation seized the people. As far as the fools are concerned they have existed ever since the world began. While this particular day is designated as one "All Fool's Day," there is a fool for every day, and then some. Faraway Moses gives the origin of the day from a story his grandfather told, of a professor who lived in the backwoods, where civilization wore long dresses, and progress was often taken for a snail, whose wife frequently swatted him over the head with a bed slat. He went out into the woods and watched the birds make love, and he moralized thus, which Moses gives as the origin of "All Fool's Day:" "What fools those dad blamed little birdies are," he mused. "How like that poor creature we call man! Makin' love outer a natural inclination, and then pretending it is different from a love for cold wittles. A inclinacion is nuthin more than a inclination, no odds whether it be a inclination for a woman, or a quarter of mutton, or a hunk of roast ham. These yarns are all made out of hbe same kind of yarn, and you can't' distinguish one from the t'other, from a physical standpoint." From that day it has been generally accepted by all people that the first day of April, or the beginning of spring love making is the date when everybody and everything is in a soft and pliable condition and easily worked for a fool.

The Bible teaches us that God wishes all His children to possess all

the resources of time and eternity, of earth and heaven, of humanity and of divinity. God might have given us out of hand all the things He would have us possess; but he gives very little that way. Just to keep ourselves alive, physically, mentally and spiritually is a tremendous task, and involves a ceaseless struggle. It was never intended that life should be a "flowery bed of ease." Character would not be character if it could be imputed to us. Heaven would not be heaven if we could be carried there. God gives us everything, but on the condition that we make an effort to secure what we ought to have. The birds of the air are cared for by the Heavenly Father; but watch a sparrow for ten minutes and see with what diligence and earnestness he works. There is a homely illustration of God's care in our caring for a flock of chickens. They are all dependent on our care, but what they receive must be gained at the price of effort on their part. God might have left the gold and diamonds on the surface of the earth, but He hid them all away, so that men risk their very lives to get them. Everything has been hidden for us to discover. How long did it take men to discover proper food? Why we are just learning now what we should eat. A few people are just beginning to understand in order to have health and vigor they must feed their bodies properly. How long did it take men to find a better way to cross a stream that could not be forded than astride a log? We forget the long tedious process of asking, seeking and knocking to find the way to start a fire and cook food.

We have even today learned only the first three letters of the alphabet of electricity, magnetism and light. In the Oriental countries they are still plowing with a single crooked stick. The whole realm of nature is filled with precious treasure hidden away for us to discover.

The changing scenes of life are kaleidoscopic. You see so many colorings of human nature. The other day I was rambling along Gregson street, returning from attendance upon a spiritual life conference. I was cogitating upon what I had heard. All at once I was confronted with what I beheld with my own eyes. I passed along beside an athletic field. A game of baseball was in progress. Just ahead of me I saw one man and three boys slip down and slide through a hole in the wire fencing as slick as pigs going through a worm rail fence of the old fields. I just wondered if they did that to save the trouble of walking around to the other side of the field, where the gate was. I guess that was it. It impressed me with the idea that when a fellow wants to see in, he finds a way to get in. And then I thought if people were as anxious to get into the spiritual life as some are to get into a field to see a game of baseball, there would be an enthusiastic addition to the spiritual side.

Here is something unprecedented. I notice that the Countess of Cathcart, in connection with the dismal failure of her play, "Ashes of Love," in which she has tried to act, is reported to have said: "I loath the stage. It's all hard work and no

glory. Bad publicity has killed my play and ruined me socially." This is indeed a misfortune. It is bad enough for this distinguished foreigner to misfire in shooting at the income which, of course, was her purpose in coming to this country; but for a noblewoman to lose her social status in America is, of all things in the world, the most astonishing! Actually, it is unheard of. Never before has a countess been ruined in America, socially.

A giddy young girl was seen at one of the Durham-Raleigh buses the other day having on a skirt so circumscribed in circumference that she could no put a foot on the bus step. Finally she hopped up like an English sparrow when he is in a hurry, walking.

I often wonder why it is that so many people have such long, and painful-looking faces when they are dropping their nickles in the contribution plate. It evidently must be from a "cents" of payin' (pain) so much at one time.

The young girls of the present day are told a great deal about choosing husbands, and they are cited to the judgment of their mothers. From my observation some of the girls, with all of the advice given, do about as well as their mothers.

Doctors, as a rule, are jolly and

good natured. From the average material they have to work on it is a surprise to me that they are; but I guess they have to be in exercising their patience with their patients.

Have you never met people that afforded you the opportunity to think of so many other things while they are talking? There are such people.

Success begins when a fellow has the will to earn another fellow's good will.

You some times get a good deal of information, and learn much about other people's happiness and woes by keeping your mouth shut. A fellow met me on the street Friday and saluted me, heartily, with "Hello, Mr. Smith!" Not giving me time to correct him, he poured out to me a barrel of his woes. I sympathized with him, and gave him the best advice I could think of at the time. I did not tell him he had made a mistake in the person he thought I was. It doesn't make people feel good to suddenly find out that they have made such mistakes. He seemed greatly relieved, much satisfied, and went on his way thinking I was a man named Smith; and I was thinking what Smith he took me for. Such are some of the mistakes and amenities of life that get mixed up in daily affairs like a milk shake at a soda fountain.

If to please men we would displease God we are their followers, not His.—Maltrie D. Babcock.

WHAT DO YOU HEAR?

By James Hay, Jr.

What do you hear from day to day?

If John Jones is a small boy living on the river front in a cold, damp house, and he hears his parents profanely abuse the fog as an uncomfortable and inconvenient thing, he will grow up to see only ugliness in fogs.

But if his home is on a height, and his father and mother point out to him the shining magic with which the fog trails fair veils across the lowlands and drapes the bridges with banners and changes the shapes of ships, he will in later years discern ever new and changing forms of loveliness in fogs.

Men's ambitions are strengthened or weakened by the images which childhood days etched upon the then untouched tablets of their minds. The human mind never forgets.

Until you approach senility the hand of memory holds a certain sway over your thought.

To illustrate: You hear today a discreditable remark about an acquaintance, and you allow yourself to feel a secret gratification that this person has done wrong. The effect of that is to make it easier for you to think unkindly

of the next person criticized in your hearing.

But hear that same aspersion, and say to yourself that the accusation probably can be refuted, and the effect is to start you on the road to charitable judgment.

Any opinion, once lodged in your mind, begets similar thoughts.

You form your character largely by what you hear and what mental comment you make upon it as it sinks into your consciousness. It is a part of your character because some day, in some emotional crisis, memory will bring it forth life-like from its hiding place to affect your action or decision.

What do you hear from day to day? What kind of conversation do you seek because it gives you pleasure?

If it is cynicism or unbelief, or aspersion of high ideals, you store your memory with stuff that will in the end bring you to disaster.

If it is brightness, and confidence, and admiration of good men and women, you put into your mind a power against which adversity can not prevail.

What you like to hear is a prophecy of where you will go.

“Happiness as well as greatness, enjoyment as well as renown have no friends so sure as Integrity, Diligence, and Independence”; that ‘we are not placed here to waste our days in wanton riot or inglorious ease, with appetites perpetually gratified and never palled, exempted from all care and solicitude, with life ever fresh and joys ever new.’”

SPINNING AND WEAVING IN COLONIAL DAYS.

At a meeting of the Cabarrus Black Boys Chapter of the D. A. R's, held at the home of Mrs. L. A. Fisher of Concord, on the 24th of March, the following paper prepared by Mrs. James H. Hobby of the Jackson Training School, proved an interesting feature of a well-outlined program, which went right to the heart of the purpose of this patriotic organization.

In approaching this subject, it seems necessary to tell something of the customs and mannerism of the colonists. We should study the various forms that dress assumed according to climate and environment. We can get a fairly complete idea what our ancestors wore as they went about their daily work and what they wore on special occasions such as weddings, funerals, and social entertainments. We find that the Judge on the bench wore his robe of scarlet; the lawyer, his suit of black velvet; the Royal Governors, gloriously bedecked; their councilors, wigged and befrilled; and masons, in processions to their lodges, wore "their clothes."

These, however, were not the everyday costumes of our forefathers. The majority of the colonists, except indentured servants and negroes, wore clothing which was rather heavy and coarse—clothing made at home by the women and help. Each planter had his own sawpit, carpenter and cooper, blacksmith shop, tannery etc. He raised wool and cotton enough to supply the needs of his people, who carded, spun and wove the cloth; and they made their own shoes. (Here Mrs. Hobby called attention to the fact that imports ceased for a time after the Revolutionary War, and the enforced necessity of providing their own needs being pressed upon the colonists, now Americans).

The large plantations were miniature republics, raising their own beef, pork, corn, tobacco, wool, cotton, tallow, myrtle wax, beeswax etc., and catching fish in nearby streams. Myrtle wax, we are told, was mixed with tallow and used for making candles, and it has been handed down to us that they emitted a delightful and fragrant perfume while burning.

Indeed interesting are the manifold details of household equipment of that period, and to what extent personal needs were supplied that would astonish this rapid and well-equipped age. It is the color and variety and energy of the daily life of the people of that time that make a deep appeal to us. With the poorer class, who made up nine-tenths of the colonial population, life was a humdrum round of daily activities on the farm and in the shop. In the homes of the rich, women concerned themselves with their household duties, dress and the fascination of embroidering of all kinds. In some instances they managed the estate, engaged in business and even took part in politics. In the villages and towns many of the retail stores were conducted by women. In 1732 Mrs. Andrew Galbraith of Donegal, Pa., took part in her husband's political campaign, mounted her favorite mare, Nelly, and with a spur at her heel, and her red cloak flying in the wind, scoured the coun-

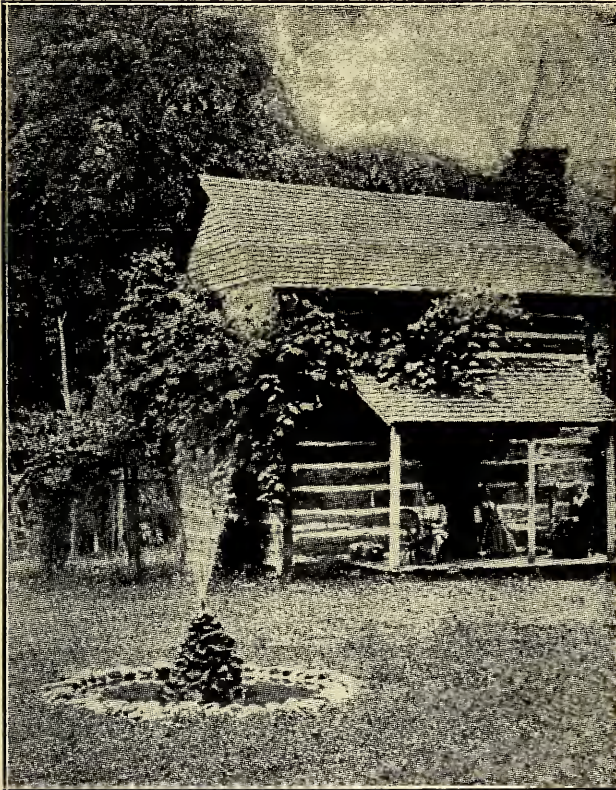
try from one end to the other—need there be surprise to know that “Andrew was elected.”

Spinning, an ancient household art that has found its way into the great modern factories, is a process of making threads by twisting vegetable and

animal fibers and was originally accomplished by means of a spindle and distaff. The spindle was a stick from nine to fifteen inches long, tapering at both ends and having a notch at one end for catching the threads and the distaff was a staff upon which the

fibers were bound in a loose coil. The spinners rotated the spindles by rolling it against the thigh with the right hand while fibers were gathered and arranged with the left. With such a primitive device Egyptians made threads that were woven into fabrics of the finest quality.

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century the progress of spinning was aided by the invention of a spinning wheel. This was the type used in the early Colonial homes which appear so often in pictures and stories. A slightly changed form of this wheel may be found in many of our older homes today, having been brought down through the years and preserved as priceless heirlooms



The Home of the old-time spinning and weaving, referred to by Mrs. Hobby. In this building is carried on by the owner, Mrs. Findley Mast, of Watauga county, N. C., an important business in spinning and weaving rugs, druggets, bed coverings, window drapery of exquisite designs. She furnished the Blue Room in the Washington White House for President Wilson.

handled by mothers and grandmothers of other days.

A dyeing process was used by the early colonists that has been preserved by few people. I know one family in which the dye yeast has been handed down for over a hundred years. The dye is rather difficult to manage. If the yeast doesn't set just right it will not dye the material, but if it has the correct setting the color is fast and will not fade in sun or air. (Here Mrs. Hobby told of the furnishings in the Blue Room of the White House, at Washington, all of which having been dyed from the old Blue Pot, up in Watauga county, N. C. The story of how Mrs. Mast furnished out and out one room in the White House during Mr. Wilson's occupancy has appeared in a former number of *The Uplift*).

In weaving the warp, threads are laid in place on the frame. They extend lengthwise of the cloth and are stretched parallel and close together. They might be compared to the strings of a harp, except the space between is much smaller. Attached to the frame is an apparatus by which the heddles are lifted and lowered in response to the pressure of the weaver's foot on a peddle. The heddles consist of two frames from which hang cords attached by a loop to each thread in the warp. As alternate threads are attached to each heddle, it follows that when one heddle is lifted every second thread in the warp is lifted also. When the warp threads are separated the weaver inserts his shuttle between them and drives the woof across the web. The shuttle is a hollow instrument containing a bobbin on which the

weft is wound. When the thread has been introduced it is necessary to bring it firmly against the warp so as to give the cloth the required closeness of texture. This is accomplished by means of a batten which is suspended from the top of the loom and works to and fro like a pendulum.

Jacquard, who was a Lyons weaver introduced an important improvement in 1801 by which complicated designs could be woven as easily as simple ones. He contrived an arrangement of hooks, often exceedingly numerous, by which threads could be lifted in any order and the figures wrought neatly into the web. Jacquard's was the most important single improvement made on the hand-loom.

For centuries all weaving was done on hand looms and much of it was surprisingly beautiful and rich. One need only to mention the splendid Gobelin tapestries of the seventeenth century in France and the rich velvets and silks produced throughout Europe after the Renaissance. Into the tapestries were wrought, with cunning art, figures of man and beast, triumphs at arms and devotional subjects without end.

(And one of the ladies present at the reading of this interesting paper began to wonder if the girls of today were taught some of this art if it would not have a greater and better influence in making a success of their lives than certain frills that have gotten into the educational curriculum—for instance the chlorforming of frogs and dissecting them, and then not to know how to cut up a fat and attractive hen.)

HOW MIGHTY MR. HOUSE RULED WILSON.

Book Review in News & Observer.

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE, arranged as narrative by Charles Seymour. Illustrated. Two volumes. Price \$10. Publishers: Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

The story is told by Mr. Seymour but it is a narrative that is drawn from the letters and diary and statements of Colonel House. The early days of Colonel House in Texas are sketched in a way to make him the Warwick of Texas. He made and unmade Governors, always being the power behind the throne. But he had never been heard of outside of Texas until he favored the nomination of Mr. Wilson to whose success he contributed little beyond such influence as he possessed in Texas. This estimate of Colonel House's position will not be generally accepted: "He was a combination of Richelieu's Father Joseph and Thurlow Weed, but he was very much more."

After dominating the politics of Texas for a long period, according to the account in this book, Colonel House sighed for other worlds to conquer. He wrote "In 1896 I was ready to take part in national affairs. It was there my real interest lay." He "established a close personal friendship with Bryan." In 1898 and 1899 Colonel House and Governor Hogg "undertook to arrange a home for the Bryans practically within the same grounds as ours." Of that intimacy he says: "I found Mrs. Bryan very amenable to advice and suggestion, but Mr. Bryan was as wildly impracticable as

ever. He told me that a man who did not believe in "the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 was either a fool or a knave." In 1911 and afterwards Colonel House was warm in praise of Bryan and claims credit for Wilson asking Bryan to go into the Cabinet. Colonel House is the only man living or dead who ever quoted Bryan as saying all his opponents were either knaves or fools. Those who know Bryan know he never entertained such an opinion of his opponents. Colonel House, of course, misunderstood him.

"I began in 1910," he says, "to look about for the Democratic nomination for President." He gives himself credit as Warwick. He picked Gaynor, gave the Mayor a dinner with nobody present except that other shrinking violet—James Creelman. He asked Mayor Gaynor to address the Texas Legislature and stacked all the cards to be rebuffed by Mayor Gaynor, who said he had never thought of going to Texas and had "never heard of the proposal." What happened then? Colonel House says "I wiped Gaynor from my political slate." That was the end of Gaynor as a national possibility. "House continued his search," says the biographer. He next selected Culbertson, but being in poor health and a Southerner caused him to be placed in the discard. "I now turned to

Woodrow Wilson"—a third choice. He had never met Wilson. They met and "from that moment began the personal friendship." That was on November 24, 1911. "Wilson must have found his interest piqued by the friendly efforts of the unseen House." They exchanged confidences. "He is not the biggest man I ever met," wrote House, "but he is one of the pleasantest." House believed in the things Wilson incarnated and told him so. He showed capacity to find out things, big and little, which pleased Wilson, and he volunteered to place himself at the disposition of the Jersey Governor. He got Houston to tell Wilson what to say in his tariff speeches. But House "added to it and eliminated whatever seemed necessary." Thus loaded with Houston-House tariff thunder Wilson spoke well, and was "assured the enthusiastic support of Houston." But neither of them attended the Baltimore Convention and had no part in nominating Wilson. But, Colonel House, thinks he did it. After securing Houston's support. "It was understood I should nurse Bryan and bring him around."

He found Wilson and Bryan were in agreement in opposing the Aldrich banking plan. House favored it. This postscript is added: "Wilson ultimately accepted House's arguments for centralized control of banking," something which Wilson never did—House wrote Bryan that "Morgan was particularly virulent in opposition to Wilson." House wrote McCombs: "I agree with you that Mr Bryan's support is absolutely essential." We are told how Colonel House "organized Texas for Wilson." Maybe so. But the Texas delegation

at Baltimore never gave him credit for it. The story goes on "Colonel House was not at the Baltimore Convention that nominated Wilson." He followed his "regular habit," sailed away to Europe and the nomination was effected without help from him. In fact he wrote he thought the candidates would be Roosevelt and Bryan. But the writer clearly leaves the impression that Colonel House had everything "fixed" and all that Wilson managers had to do was to follow the written directions. Such impression is wholly misleading, for Wilson would not have won at Baltimore except for Wilson's telegram sent while House was on the ocean and Bryan's action. But does the author intend to convey the idea of mental telepathy? If so, his claim for House may have that basis. But on no other theory.

In August House returned from Europe, offered his service in an "advisory capacity" to Wilson and wrote him often of the course of the campaign and gave advice and assistance to the men in charge of the campaign. He was so much interested in Wilson, wrote him so fully and was in such accord with him that Wilson welcomed him and came more and more to lean upon him. Colonel House showed tact and good judgment in advice in the campaign. It became known that Wilson trusted him fully and that gave him the large influence he at any time possessed—as trusted representative of Wilson. After the election he busied himself giving Wilson information on all possible matters that could avail him. Wilson was engrossed in his duties as Governor of New Jersey, was not well, and he more and more

relied upon Colonel House to act as his representative, to see parties who had been suggested as Cabinet choices. Colonel House made no recommendations. He assembled data and information for Wilson and did not urge him to any choice. It was this self-effacement, this ability to learn what was going on and what men thought that, together with the fact that the President-elect felt that their minds ran along together, that made House then seem indispensable to Mr. Wilson. It was not until this book was published that the public learned that Colonel House "picked the Cabinet." They do not know it now. They knew Wilson had depended upon him to make studies of men under consideration. But until this book appeared they actually thought Wilson had some little hand in selecting his advisers.

In the campaign and after the election Wilson leaned more and more on Colonel House, who served him and through him the country in a way that increased Wilson's regard and confidence. He had come to have an affectionate regard for Colonel House and to trust him fully, and to be proud of his disinterestedness, and the fact that he wished nothing for himself and he supposed wanted nothing for his kin or friends. By that time it had become known that Wilson trusted to House to aid him and to report his findings, and the public supposed House had great influence with Wilson in appointments, something which was never true. If Wilson had not believed—and it was true, then—that Colonel House was actuated solely by the motive to serve him and the country their friendship would not have existed. It was based

upon a mutual regard and understanding and Wilson's desire for a sort of ambassador to bring him reliable information. This Colonel House did, and Wilson valued it and let the public know it. Wilson never gave half-way confidence or friendship. He trusted fully or he did not trust at all. If he found out any time that one he had trusted had failed upon a great principle, as House did in 1919, Wilson withdrew his confidence and friendship regretfully and without a word.

"The fact that I am close to Wilson is becoming known," House wrote in the fall of 1913, "and since everybody wants something, they are doing their best to please me." Certainly those who "wanted something," seeing that Wilson was in Bermuda, Colonel House saw all comers and had laid before him many applications and requests. These he systematically investigated, gave impersonal and unbiased reports to Wilson, and the latter received them at full value and appreciated the disinterested service. And after the inauguration, the same spirit and service continued and Colonel House was regarded as friend of all in the administration and seeking to serve it in every possible manner. In fact he was serving like a Cabinet adviser, unofficial, without portfolio. It would have been better in some respects for Wilson and for House if he could have had a portfolio with official status. On the other hand, as a personal representative of the President, removed from any official duties, Colonel House was free to learn and investigate and report. He was not the first man to be head of what has

been called "the Kitchen Cabinet." Most Presidents from Washington to Coolidge and Frank Stearns have been glad to lean upon an unofficial friend for advice. In every conceivable way, Colonel House was serviceable.

The correspondence, which is voluminous, shows that Colonel House was sometimes right and sometimes wrong, but he seems to have regarded himself as a greater power than his history under the Wilson administration justifies. He intimates, when he does not say so, that he directed or conceived legislation with which he had no connection except to carry out suggestions and requests which Wilson wished a sympathetic friend to undertake.

One day, not long before Wilson's inauguration, so the book tells us, Congressman Buleson (afterwards Postmaster General) asked Senator Gore what he thought of Colonel House. "Take my word for it," said Gore, "he can walk on dead leaves and make no more noise than a tiger." Writing to President Wilson late in November of his visit to Washington and seeing some Congressmen, House says: "Glass candidly confessed that he knew nothing about banking or the framing of a monetary measure." House adds: "I congratulated him upon this, for I told him that it was much better to know nothing than to know something wrong." Imagine Woodrow Wilson and Carter Glass reading that statement and the cutting remarks they would make about the man who wanted the Aldrich measure and yet seeks to take credit for doing much for the Federal Reserve Act!

In December, 1911, House dined

with Houston and says: "He thought it would be better to defer legislation on currency and tariff until later but convinced him," etc. Who was it House could not convince, judging from this book? He says in the same month that George Harvey told House he should be given Secretaryship of the Treasury, but House said: "Not if I were as strong as a bull." There never was a moment when Wilson thought of anybody but McAdoo for that portfolio.

As a matter of fact, as the book discloses, when the country knew of the close relations between Wilson and House, it was easy for Colonel House to know what people wished for they thought he could influence the President. As a matter of fact, while Mr. Wilson had the greatest regard for Colonel House and trusted him fully and leaned upon him, this book discloses that in matters of importance he did not and could not influence Mr. Wilson, who once said: "What I like about Colonel House is that he is the most self-effacing man I ever knew. He helps me tremendously by getting me data on men and things that aid my conclusions." To the same friend Colonel House one said: "I never make recommendations to the President. I give him the result of my impressions and he makes use of them in his own way if he thinks them sound." These two statements show the close relations and the reason for the long intimacy. Wilson thought House cared for nothing except to serve the public and aid him. Just suppose he could have known what House was putting down in his diary! The White House door

would have closed with a bang long before the temporary White House in Paris had no welcome for Colonel House.

As illustrative of House's influence, he tells that Mr. Frick wanted House to see if Wilson "would settle the U. S. Steel Corporation suit out of court. He wanted the matter kept confidential." House saw Wilson "to see what could be done." Wilson told House "the Steel Corporation should have the same consideration as any other, neither more nor less." This incident illustrates how captains of industry used House to try to secure special favors. At first Colonel House, who had been with Colonel Hogg and Bryan in 1896, let his mind run along with Wilson's—or Wilson thought so—and he voiced Wilson's views on all reform and progressive measures. Indeed, he takes credit for suggesting most of them to Wilson. The correspondence discloses that he secured and maintained close relations with not a few of Wilson's critics and enemies. Wickersham wrote him that Wilson "lived in an imaginary world;" Speyer wanted House to help in an advance of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission; Colonel Higginson wrote against Wilson's shipping bill; Bishop Brent against Wilson's Philippine policy etc., etc. How much of this Colonel House told Mr. Wilson is not disclosed. Certainly Wilson never suspected, at least for a long time, that the relations House maintained with opponents of his policies was influencing Colonel House. Perhaps it was not fully understood by House himself. But as time went on the letters disclose a growing association with those

who were antagonistic to Wilson and Wilson policies. At first Colonel House hoped—and in some cases succeeded—in convincing critics that Wilson was right. However, it is evident that the representatives of the Wilson critics did more impressing of House than House convinced them Wilson was right. However, until after 1916 House's purpose was to win over objectors and even until Paris Colonel House's devotion to Wilson was sincere and whole-hearted. Up to Paris, though Colonel House shows he was not in full sympathy with Wilson's policies to avoid war if possible, he was loyal in his desire to serve his chief. But he conferred much with Gen. Leonard Wood and seems to have sought to influence Mr. Wilson to accept the General's plans. He must have known that General Wood was among the strongest critics, if not enemies, of Mr. Wilson. Indeed, so critical was General Wood that he publicly opposed Wilson's policy. The anti-Wilson forces more and more sought to influence Wilson by being "very good" to Colonel House. The extracts quoted indicated that Colonel House was susceptible to their cultivation, though Colonel House did not see that he was not influencing them for Wilson but was being influenced by them. But it was almost imperceptible.

Then came 1914 and the book is henceforth altogether taken up with extracts from letters by House and to House, first in relation to the mission, unofficial, on which Wilson sent House to Europe. Wilson had a passion for peace. It was that passion that caused him to commission House to go to Europe to see the heads of

the British, French and German governments in the hope they could reach some agreement that could prevent war. Colonel House entered on that mission with great hope, but he found British and French leaders so absorbed in domestic problems he was unable to secure their active interest. In Germany he thought he had made some dents in the Kaiser's militarism. But the mission failed. It deserved to succeed and Colonel House's zealous efforts to carry out Wilson's plan deserved a better fate. It was through no fault of his that nothing came of it and that war was declared while he was still hoping to secure some sort of arrangement by the four great powers.

There runs through the book, as read between the lines, at least a trace of jealousy, or lack of unity of effort, between Page and House. It is undoubtedly true that both Bryan and Page had some feeling that House was undertaking missions which should have been entrusted to them. He recognized he occupied an anomalous position and sought to assure Bryan, Page and others in diplomacy of his warm friendship and that what he was doing was to accomplish by unofficial conferences what no accredited official could do. There was always the question whether Mr. Wilson was wise in the attempts to make peace in Europe by the method he employed when sending House over unofficially. The diplomatic representatives in this country and abroad looked upon it as not in line with the best precedents. But as securing peace was the master passion of Mr. Wilson he cared little for precedent when he felt it stood in the way of a real achievement.

Then the World War broke. Wilson's proclamation of neutrality was almost universally approved. House was at first in accord. Wilson earnestly hoped he might be able to bring the warring elements to peace. That was his supreme heart's desire. House was sympathetic and House went to Europe with the desire of being able at the right moment to find some way whereby the President might bring the parties to welcome American help to end the war. It was for this that House went to Europe and the book discloses his conversations and correspondence, indicating that in important matters Page did not co-operate with House. However, even if our ambassadors in Europe felt that House was exercising powers that lessened their rights, they generally sought to aid his mission because he was tactful, but chiefly because they knew that Peace was dear to President Wilson's heart. But the mission failed. Germany's submarine ruthlessness was resumed and war was inevitable. The book ends with Wilson's solemn words in asking Congress to declare that a state of war existed between this country and Germany. There is no suggestion that Colonel House was responsible for that utterance, but in the hundreds of pages the impression is attempted to be conveyed that in almost everything else House had been at his elbow and inspired most wise policies.

The defect of the book is that Colonel House, not content with the high place of advice and confidence Wilson gave him, assumes a role "bigger than old Grant" which the correspondence (except his own statements) does not bear out.

The value of the work, if it has any

value except to give to Colonel House glory far beyond that to which his achievements entitle him, is the story of Wilson's passion, for peace, his readiness to go to great lengths to secure it, and his vigorous course when events made neutrality and aloofness no longer necessary. It was events that moved Wilson. Not House nor anybody else. The evident purpose of the book—if it had any purpose beyond glorification of Colonel House—is to create the impression by suggestion in a hundred ways that Wilson had a dependent mind and that Colonel House originated many of his policies. That impression is a wholly false one. All who knew Wilson well knew he welcomed suggestions and weighed them well, but that he reasoned "with the precision of a Swiss watch and decided with the firmness of a trip hammer, without needing any assistance from House or anybody else to guide him."

As long as Colonel House was "the Man of Mystery" he loomed large, for he did the country real service. Now that he is measured by claims

of being "a combination of Riche-lieu's Father Joseph and Thurlow Weed and very much more," the country sees that such claim is neither justified by greatness, nor by achievement. The over-claims by both House and his biographer have already resulted in lessening acceptance of the large things which Colonel House understook to do and the real service which he rendered as representative of President Wilson in important matters.

Why did Wilson break with House? That is really what the reader was more concerned about than with whom Colonel House conferred or with whom he dined. These two volumes end with the declaration of war. It is said that two more volumes are to appear, and these will doubtless tell us how Colonel House directed the prosecution of war and everything else until—

—Wilson became deaf to House's suggestions and, by reason of failure to do what House advised, lost his fight for the League and lost his health. But—"that's another story."

EASTER A WORLD WIDE FESTIVAL.

By Earle W. Gage.

The germinal idea is found in almost all the myths of savage peoples. It was the pervading thought in the faith of old Hindus; it inspired the ancient Egyptian's belief in immortality, it was fundamental in the religions of Babylon, Assyria, and Asia Minor before the event of Jesus; while around the idea centered the most sacred rites and mysteries of

Greece, Cathrage and Rome.

Living today, we can have but inadequate conception of what the coming spring meant in the beginning of mankind on earth. In a way we have conquered the seasons and adapted ourselves to their changing moods. But even a few centuries ago man was always helpless in the grip of a relentless, pitiless round of

over-plenty in summer and starvation and death in winter. Only the strong and the vigorous could survive the winter's fight with cold and hunger.

The ancient Lent was actually a period of wailing and lamentation, for at that season the gods seemed to have deserted mankind, and the earth itself to have died beneath their feet. The coming of spring, the resurrection of fertility, meant that man's despairing prayers had been answered, that his sacrifice had been accepted, and that his battle with hunger was over.

It is from the rich mythology of the Teutons that we derive the very name Easter itself, for the spring festival of Ostara, the goddess of spring, was a period of rejoicing that made the dark forests of northern Europe ring with gladness. The Easter customs of today had their beginnings so far back in the history of the world that it is impossible to trace their origins. The egg and the rabbit are two spring symbols of reviving nature that are universal and appear to be as popular today as thousands of years ago in India. Our own Indians had many spring customs and rituals quite similar to those of the ancients of Asia Minor and Egypt.

The heart of humanity for countless ages has throbbed and thrilled to the inspiration of Easter. Now, as in the past, it voices the highest aspirations of mankind. Men still lift their hymns of joy to heaven in greeting of the surpassing mystery of the rebirth of the earth and in praise of the life-giving, risen Lord.

No religious holiday of the year bears any comparison to Easter in its

almost universal observance. It is the religious festival that stirs the imagination and grips the minds and hearts of humanity as no other holiday. There seem to be no three words in Holy Writ, nor, indeed, any three words in all the languages that hold the same significance as those three short words, "He is risen." But the ways of celebrating this greatest festival are not the same in all lands. They are more picturesque in some countries than in others, and in the older lands of Europe one will find more expressive celebrations, where great processions and outdoor observances mark the occasion, unknown to Americans. These Easter processions a riot of colors, gold and gilt symbols and trappings glittering in the spring sun.

In the lands where Catholicism rules, Easter is a day of high religious significance, and cathedrals and churches are never more crowded than at this season. It is the day of days for the children, since on this special day many of them receive their first communion. Rome is a grand city among cities on Easter Day, since religious fervor and observance never rise higher. Possibly here, as nowhere else in the world, one will be impressed by the real Easter spirit.

In all lands the children stand forth conspicuously at Easter time. One may see rather curious processions of children in many parts of Switzerland on Palm Sunday. Small boys go marching through the streets carrying pretty wreaths on poles with gay ribbons fluttering from them. The wreaths are made of apples and greens, and there is great rivalry in the effort to bring forth the most

picturesque wreath. The Easter egg has entered the celebration of Easter for centuries chiefly because it is a symbol of life. The way in which the egg is used varies. In some lands the boys go about knocking eggs together as they meet. The boy whose egg is unbroken is the winner. The coloring of eggs at Easter time is a custom "as old as the hills." Of this custom, one writer says:

"In the stone-floored kitchens of medieval England, white-aproned maids, harried by waiting youngsters, used to immerse the eggs in hot water, and score names, and dates upon them with pointed bits of tallow, after which they were put into the dye kettle and came out with letters shining from their bets of iolor."

The people of Warwickshire must have kept thousands of hens, since we are told that the parson of the church there was the center of a unique custom calling for almost unlimited quantities of eggs. The young men caught a hare and carried it to the parson before ten in the morning, when he was duty-bound to give them 100 eggs for their breakfast. But hares were seldom caught at that hour. Egg-eating contests were once a part of the celebration of Easter in some parts of England, but this gluttonous and vulgar custom seems to have died out. The candy Easter egg appears in many lands, and it is said that one candy factory alone in New York "lays" as many as many as two million eggs a day for several days to supply the Easter demand. The men and women who decorate these eggs are real artists, as one has only to gaze upon their handiwork to appreciate. These Easter egg workers toil long before

Easter that there may be plenty of eggs for all who wish them.

The egg has been associated with Easter since earliest times. Of the eggs for all who wish them.

The egg has been associated with antiquity of the egg in religious ceremonies we read: "The egg was used in the Feast of the Passover as part of the furniture of the Paschal Lamb. Christians certainly used it on this day as retaining the elements of future life for an emblem of the resurrection. It seems as if the egg was thus decorated for a religious trophy, after days of mortification and abstinence were over the festivity has taken place; and as an emblem of the resurrection of life, certified to us by the resurrection from the regions of death and the grave."

The egg plays an important part in the celebration in "Osterwonat," or Easter month, an old form of the word ostarmonth. Groups of German children in their quaint dresses go from house to house to receive gifts of gay-colored Easter eggs. One must have a generous supply of eggs, for the door bell will ring many times.

One finds the hare associated with the egg in many lands. This custom is founded upon the belief that originally the hare was a kind of bird which the ancient goddess Ostara changed into a quadruped. The hare, in grateful recognition of its former bird-like quality, also as swift messenger of the spring goddess, can now lay eggs on the festival of Ostara at Easter time, and at this time only.

In parts of Germany the church bells are not allowed to ring from Good Friday until Easter Sunday. Instead of the bell ringing, boys to

through the streets with noise-making ratchets very unlike the sweet-toned bells. In the rural communities of Switzerland, where there are no churches near, the people assemble out in the open, and the priest or minister holds an Easter service with them. In the forest district of Bavaria one may see an interesting horseback procession on Easter Sunday. The horses are gaily caparisoned, and the rider leading the procession carries a cross. Other riders carry symbols of various kinds, and the procession assumes a picturesque appearance as it moves slowly and reverently along. One seldom finds noise associated with Easter processions.

In no country in the world does Easter assume the importance it does in Russia, where its observance is one of the great events of the year. There are great processions, some of them most brilliant affairs, with the priests in almost royal splendor. Easter in the principal cities is a brilliant affair, indeed. The services at the churches on Easter bring forth thousands. Both the famous Kremlin and the Church of the Assumption are brilliant at this season. Jewels of great value and magnificent gold decorations sparkle and glitter and scintillate from the walls, and vivid gleams of color are seen in the gilded backgrounds of the frescoes, which cover arches and roof.

One of the largest bells in the world is in the Kremlin church tower. It weighs sixty-four tons, and when twelve o'clock of Easter Eve arrives

this great bell sends forth its mighty clangor and the tower in which it is rocks as if by an earthquake. Then the other bells in the four hundred-odd churches peel forth, and hundreds all of cannon boom. Every spire and dome is illuminated, and the whole city is ablaze with light. Processions appear, and there is excited rejoicing among the people. Every one rushes into the nearest church to light his or her candle, and the people give to each other a trinity of kisses—one for the Father, one for the Son, and one for the Holy Ghost. Each person says, "Christ is risen!" and the never-failing reply is, "He is risen indeed!" It is worth going far to attend the six o'clock mass in the great cathedral and see the splendid apparel and hear the solemn music sung by men and boys only.

In Guatemala the Easter parades are most picturesque and impressive, and every one is out to witness them. At Menden, in Westphalia, it has been the custom since the seventeenth century to have a procession on Good Friday. The procession is led by the monks bearing the Cross of Calvary, and every one stands with bowed head as the procession passes.

In many lands superstition is associated with Easter, yet it is a harmless sort of superstition, and some of the superstitions seem to have a real religious significance. Thus customs of Easter all center about the resurrection, and they have in them a background that inspires love and faith and hope and courage.

"No one really helps himself for very long or very far by hindering someone else."

PICTURES MOUNTAIN SCHOOL.

By Theo. Harris in Asheville Citizen.

Have new qualifications been established to constitute the readability of magazine feature articles dealing with life among the mountaineers of Western North Carolina?

Is it possible that colossal ignorance, bloody murder, primeval life and stone-age amenities have passed from the theme of the writer who would describe for the nation's information and entertainment the habits and habitate of the Land of the Sky's hillman?

Some recent tendencies indicate that it is safe to answer both question in the affirmative. Mildred Harrington's story of the work done at Crossnore under the direction of Dr. Mary Martin Sloop, handsomely illustrated in the April American Magazine, lacks many of the misrepresentations of olden days and portrays a number of advantages with a genuine regard for faces. It carries to the country at large the amazing story of the use of old clothes by Mrs. Sloop as means of educating young people, a story with which this area has long been familiar and to whose successful telling its hearty cooperation has long contributed.

Not Lurid.

That the American should consider the Crossnore institution one sufficiently unique to warrant the "spread" accorded it is important to Western North Carolina in more ways than one. It shows among other things that the activities of the Avery County coterie of workers in behalf of a new generation are of sufficient appeal to be repeated wherever the

American circulates; but it shows more. It indicates there no longer exists the demand for some lurid blood-and-thunder stuff as "typical," to make a mountaineer's story appealing. The Avery County project is represented as one conceived and executed in an isolated section of the Carolina mountains. It is not offered as a glimpse of conditions generally prevailing hereabout.

Even as a portrayal of a somewhat unusual condition, the story shows no penchant for withholding credit where credit is due. There is frank concession for instance, of the fact that with all its one-time isolation, "now we have as good roads in Avery County as you will find in all North Carolina, and that is saying quite enough." And emphasis is laid on the policy of educating the younger people there back to the mountains. There is no hint that with the coming of education there is the desire to leave an ignorant environment, sordid surroundings. Crossnore is somewhat isolated from some of the humming centers of industry by reason of its topography, it is quickly admitted but Crossnore is no area of dissatisfied souls who want a better life elsewhere. Rather are Crossnore's educated young people returning. Green fields are not far away in this case.

To condense the story of Mrs. Sloop's accomplishments for a Western North Carolina group of newspaper readers would be to offer them a narrative which they have long known and repeated. Yet this story,

like many others, shows the truth of the old adage that one must often leave home to learn of home. Not a great many people know, for example, that Mrs. Sloop's first box was a trunk of mourning garments and that the idea of selling clothes for raising funds for educational purposes was accidentally created in deep dejection. Yet the magazine story vouches for the truth of that declaration and adds that from this particular "black elephant" came a plan that "has resulted in the purchase of 92 acres of the most beautiful country in the Blue Ridge section, in the building of good roads for a people who were isolated by bad ones, and in the blotting out of illiteracy for miles around."

Some "Typical Color."

There is pictured the horse-drawn covered wagon, the "limousine" of the Carolina mountains. One sees, too, in the magazine what a great many local people here have never seen anywhere else, two young men traveling to town with the ox-cart that is said to be "common to this section." But even Asheville, with all its cosmopolitanism, would perhaps hardly be inclined to insist that the state has got so far from ancient standards that the ox-cart and the covered wagon are rarities in the entire region. And to offset this touch of "color," if indeed it is such, one finds quickly insistence of recognition of the State Department of Education's handsome contribution to the success of the Sloop scheme.

It was just 10 years ago that the American carried a feature story dealing with the work of Judge James E. Boyd, Greensboro's distinguished

jurist, then as now on the bench of the United States District Court for the Western District of North Carolina. Judge Boyd had long been presiding over sessions in that territory, had made a record of which his friends were proud. Selection of his career for an article might have been the source of great satisfaction to them. As it happened the author pictured Judge Boyd as a great educator, a jurist who traveled among the ignoramuses of the North Carolina mountains and disseminated bits of information which they otherwise would not obtain. The keen chagrin of this area over that story was not soon dissipated. As is the case now, so it was then that the Carolina hillman didn't go to Federal court grasping for fragments of news of the world. It is true of course, that North Carolina has progressed far during the past half score of years. But is quite as apparent that magazines, too, have taken some steps forward.

Comparison of the former story with the Sloop narrative furnishes a happy contrast. There is no suggestion in the latter of a patronizing superiority. Editors seem to be coming around to the conclusion that the North Carolina mountaineer may have his peculiar patois, as every section of the land has its dialect; is not without some of the imperfections of mankind, once again resembling his fellow citizens far removed. But he is possessor of a liberal endowment of fair play. Instead of slipping down the tortuous paths of dizzy crags to lick up a few crumbs of news in a court room, as he was unjustly pictured as doing, he is, as the

fair minded editor of this time suggests, cooperating with the home folk in the erection of great school plants, a donation from college, to assist him in carrying on the work in hand as folks favored, but not as creatures set apart.

The Tribute.

"In the generation that is grow-

ing up," one reads, "in Avery there will be little illiteracy and less moon-shining. Good roads and good schools have thrown both these evils into the discard for keeps." One wonders if as much can be said, with equal truth, for some of the less isolated lands of these United States.

THE EASTER BELLS.

Ring, merry bells of Easter,
 The wintertime is past;
 The birds return to build and sing,
 The flowers are here at last.
 Sweet tokens of our Father,
 Whose kindness ne'er forgets
 To send us back the snowdrops
 And sow the violets.

Ring, solemn bells of Easter,
 With many a thrilling chord,
 In sign of their triumphant life
 Who now are with the Lord,
 Forever free from sorrow,
 Forever free from sin;
 Our dear ones in the blessed home,
 Who safe have entered in.

Ring, glorious bells of Easter,
 Beyond the farthest star;
 Send out your wondrous message,
 The jeweled gates unbar!
 For lo! the King is coming,
 The King of life and love.
 And earth is glad in all her coasts,
 And heaven is glad above.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

JOYNER'S SHIP COMES IN.

Tom Bost sent this interesting story to the Greensboro News:

While assailants of co-operative tobacco marketing are after the big salaried ones this week and are planning to hammer before the farmers the head officials who have drawn annuities in the five figures, there will be one big co-op whose \$6,000 salary furnished a target, which said bull's eye is but a fly speck by the size of the compensation which he has found in another field.

Little was said 90 days ago when Dr. James Yadkin Joyner, former teacher in the North Carolina College for Women, 17 years state superintendent of public instruction, later head of the co-operatives and one of the chief organizers, but most lately just an insurance agent. Local papers gave a few sticks to the story of Dr. Joyner's selling insurance. Outside papers dropped a line or two on it. But at that they did not lay the emphasis on the fact that here is a man 63 years old and a couple of times a granddaddy, who taught school 40 years and notwithstanding the conspiracy to starve him, refused to be starved. He served in the old Normal many years, then became state superintendent when the director of the greatest North Carolina enterprise was getting \$1,500 a year. He lived 17 years in that office and went out before the salary exceeded \$3,000. When he went with the co-operatives he grew tobacco on a big scale for just a plain school teacher. He organized and preached the gospel everywhere. And he finally pulled down a salary of \$6,000.

They shot him up about that, these

insurgents did, called him one of high-ups and high salaried. They romped on him and stung his sensitive soul. He had supported a family and sent his boys through college. He had not starved, though doing slave work on a slave wage. And bless your soul, Jim Yadkin Joyner, who has a river for a namesake and a county which distinguished itself for voting against a six months school term, just up and turned insurance agent. The Prudential big ike was looking for a Raleigh agent.

Dr. Jimmie Yadkin Joyner said: "What's wrong with me?" The big ike said, not a blamed thing, except you wouldn't have it. Dr. Jimmie Yadkin said: "Try me."

The Prudential "tried" him and found him guilty—he could write insurance. He did write it. He wrote it in dizzy figures. He is 63 years old, if anybody shouldn't ask. He has been a school teacher 40 years and an insurance 90 days. And in those 90 days he has made more than he ever gathered in four years teaching the glorious girls. And in January and February he made more money writing insurance than the co-ops paid him any year of his distinguished service for them. In a word, he made more than \$6,000 in those 59 days.

Incidentally the fresh youngster of 63 years, briefest brat in the service, ran off with the honors, outwrote everybody in the company and is right now showing his heels to both packs, those who try to travel with him and the other who snarl and snap at him for his co-op compensation.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Mr. Talbert and a number of the boys cut wood several days last week.

Mr. Morris, several officers and a number of the boys have been planting potatoes near the pasture.

Mr. Groover's shoe shop boys were busy last Friday morning fixing some harness.

Mr. Walker and some of the smaller boys pulled grass out of the plant beds near the grainery last Thursday.

The work force went to the cottage basements last Friday morning on account of the rainy and bad weather.

The barn boys have been busy during the last week hauling trees, leaves, and have been doing a great deal of plowing in the potatoe patch.

The following boys: Auman Bivans, Harold Thompson, Lee McBride, and Fred Lindsley were visited by their parents and relatives last Wednesday.

The boys in the print shop have been using all their spare time to fixing two large flower beds near the shop. We are hoping to have some pretty flowers this summer.

Mr. Horton and a number of boys have been sodding the lawn in front of the sixth cottage. They have al-

so been sodding the flower beds near the print shop, and in front of the shop.

The game at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon was the boys vs the officers. Five errors were made on each of the teams during the nine inning game. The boys that got one base hits were: McCone, Henry, Pickett and Brown. Two base hitters: Henry. The officers that got one base hits were: Mr. Poole, Mr. Godown, Mr. Groover two, Mr. Russell four, Stevens, Smith two. Bill Billings pitching for the boys, and Mr. Russell for the officers. Lee McBride caught for the boys, and Massey for the officers. The score was 8 to 6 favor of the boys. Mr. Grier umpired the game for them.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., of Charlotte came out to the institution last Sunday afternoon and brought Rev. Mr. Chalmers to deliver a sermon to the boys. He selected for his Scripture reading the fifteenth chapter of John. He took his text from the fifteenth verse which reads: "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." Rev. Chalmers spoke to the boys about "friendship" and what all you have to do to have a friend. "Some friends are not always true" he says. The first law of friendship is the law of association, the second law is

the law of partnership and the third law is the law of congeniality. "To have friends you have to associate with them, go about with them and always be near them. "The friend that you associat with will begin to like you, and there comes the law of partnership, probably you will go in-to business with him, partnership, if he wants to buy a home he seeks a friend to be his partner. The third and last law of friendship is the law of congeniality, if your best friend

wants to play ball and you don't he will then not be a friend to you because you are not congenial, but if he comes in and says "come on let's go swimming" and you say "all right, let's go," then the friendship between those two boyse will last longer than the friendship between the boy that wanted to play base ball and the boy that didn't. Rev. Chalmers's sermon was a very interesting one, it was enjoyed by all present.

HALF OF BRIDES CAN'T COOK.

According to the news story sent out by a research worker from the University of Chicago, less than half of the 1,250,000 brides in the United States each year are competent of cooking a meal when they get married. We are sure that these figures will not hold good in Mecklenburg County and North Carolina.

Last week a news report from Mooresville gave account of a little girl 11 years old who baked cakes and pies and prepared excellent meals when her mother was sick. It is customary for mothers in this section to train their children to cook and because their mothers are cooking experts it becomes natural for the children. A bride who knows how to cook has her future happiness reasonably assured.

We have often heard it said that when a Charlotte boy wants to select a good cook for a wife and one who has all the other fine qualities a bride should have he goes out to Steel Creek Township and looks around. And there are other sections of the county where good cooking is common.—Mecklenburg Times.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

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1926

No. 19

SELF-DENIAL.

“There is more power in the cultivation of self-denial than there is in the gratification of all the desires of the heart. Men count it riches to have what they want, and oftentimes they forget that to be able to do without is power. Self-denial is the secret of our strength.”

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

We can never know, according to an observant writer, the rewards of kindness. There is often an apparent link between a past action and a present gain. A striking illustration of how God's purposes work out to prove that they never lose who volunteer to help the worthy came to our attention the other day.

An ambitious girl centered her whole life work on being a medical missionary. Toward that goal she strove daily for years, only to be refused by the mission board of her church, because of some slight physical defect. Her disappointment was bitter, but the desire for usefulness never weakened. She could be a physician at home, if she could not go to a foreign mission field. But she had no money. Much saddened, she told her Sunday school teacher her plight, with the result that her medical education and hospital internship were assumed by this Christian teacher and her husband. The diploma from the medical school was received and now she is serving her internship in a great hospital in an eastern city. About a year ago the physician in charge of the hospital, knowing her home city, asked if she knew a

certain business man there. Her face glowed as she told how this very man and his wife were financing her. It happened that her benefactor's name had been learned by the head of the hospital, through solicitations to place in the hospital certain equipment which he manufactured. Up to that moment the solicitation had received but passing attention. On learning her story the attitude changed and an eighteen thousand dollar order was sent to the young doctor's benefactor.

When this benefactor humbly told us this little story, we felt like thanking God for a girl like that, for a Sunday school teacher like that, for a business man like that and for a Providence that oftener than we think makes good the promise "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

* * * * *

DR. SOPER ON THE BIBLE.

Dr. Soper, dean of the Bible department of Duke University, rang clear in an address at a Sunday School Conference, being held at Goldsboro. "Many critics," says Dr. Soper, "try to defend the Bible but it needs no defense. Just as soon as the Bible is understood and lived out in our lives it becomes its own defense."

Dr. Soper is further quoted as saying:

"The Bible does not argue with science and is therefore no textbook on science. If you go to the Bible for a textbook on religion it is one of the greatest textbooks ever written. One reason why more people are not Christians is not because the Bible is not clear, but because we are not clear in our living. The main theme of the Bible is Jesus."

Certain publications in the state were disposed to question the orthodox regularity of Dr. Soper, which grew out of his unfortunate attendance upon a meeting in Memphis, Tenn., in which, according to newspaper reports, social equality among the races was the dominant theme and favored. Later, Dr. Soper made his position on the question clear, and it fits in with the views of decent Southern people, who have at heart the best interest of both races.

* * * * *

DEFINING A GENTLEMAN.

Some one has defined a gentleman as a person who never hurts anybody's feelings. There are some people who apparently take pleasure in wounding others. They like to say things that cut and sting, and when their words bring the burning color to another's cheeks, they take that as a tribute to their smartness. More numerous are the class who are constantly hurting

others without meaning to do so. They lack the fine feelings, the delicate intuitiveness of a gentleman. They are good-natured, but they have a faculty for bringing up just the subjects which will make somebody uncomfortable. It is not necessary to be insincere or to equivocate in order to avoid hurting other people's feelings. A gentleman can disagree and even criticise, without giving offense. Those of you who perhaps have been a little proud of your ability to say little speeches which will make others uncomfortable, should ponder this definition of a gentleman, one who never hurts any-one's feelings.

* * * * *

JUDGE SHAW'S THREE CLASSES.

Judge Shaw, says the Charlotte News, has it down just about right:

Every citizen of any community or any State falls, consciously or unconsciously, into one of three possible classes and we will let the jurist denominate and outline this trio of classes in which all of us belong.

1. The first class is the good citizen. He is for law and order, and but for the fact that we have good citizens this Country would be destroyed. They obey the law because it is right to obey it, and do that which is right and honest.

2. The second class is found in every community, and they obey the law because they are afraid to violate it. He does not hesitate to break the law if he thinks he won't get caught.

3. The third class are men who defy the law, and habitually break it, and he is a dangerous citizen, If this element or class is allowed to have its way the result will be that we will have no society, and the many in this class will have lost their right to go in and out of society.

* * * * *

SHE IS OLD FOGY.

If the general public had the time and the inclination to investigate what the children in some of our graded schools are imbibing from some of their books and some of their teachers, they would then see the reason for the concern of those who believe the Bible the word of God. Said a mother of a fifteen year old daughter in a near-by town "my daughter accused me of being 'old-fogy and unprogressive' when I warned her not to put too much credence in what she saw in her school book touching upon evolution."

* * * * *

STANDARDIZATION.

The board of education of Newport, Ky., has ordered all women teachers to wear clothing which will keep their knees and elbows covered. Skirts must

not be higher than 11 inches from the floor. Hats of any kind may be worn but nothing is said about requirements within the teachers' heads.—Monroe Enquirer.

* * * * *

DEFENDING HIS NATIVE SOIL.

Isaac M. London, editor of the Rockingham Dispatch, rushes to the defense of his native County, Chatham, when "Incidentally," a column by Nell Battle Lewis in the News & Observer, questioned the righteousness of Chatham's claim of being the center of rabbit raising in the world. This is proof of one thing: You can get Isaac London out of Chatham county (a bright and attractive woman did this) but you'll never get Chatham county out of Isaac.

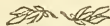
He made a perfect defense of Chatham's rabbit capacity in citing "facts and figures" in his reply to Miss Lewis. If London's article lacked any convincing proof, The Uplift tenders a local witness in the person of ex-Mayor J. B. Womble of Concord, who is itching to backstand editor London,

* * * * *

Not even a dog-fall has occurred in the Shacklette-Pou-Sink investigation at Raleigh. The parson, according to the exhibit so far, seems just a trouble-maker. Is there no way open to do the logical thing, the necessary thing to secure orderliness—that is, get another Chaplain of the State Prison?

* * * * *

The chief news item with the A. P. for the past few months was hanged Monday midnight. We all felt gloriously, until right on the heels of this sordid affair the announcement is made that Harry Thaw is about to write a book and to remarry Evelyn.



A CODE FOR PARENTS.

Earnest Groves.

Science has its morality, and it is prepared to draw up for parents a code of conduct that will square the parents' influence with the child's needs.

Don't show off your child. It is not the duty of the child to feed a parent's vanity, but the parent's task to forget self-pride in dealing with his child.

Don't hurry your child. Adulthood is not a station toward which the child should be rushed, but a product of growth, and the growing process is the important thing. You can't mold children; they have to grow.

Don't use your child as a means of ridding yourself of emotions that you dare not express to equals.

Don't expect commands to function in place of fellowship. Children can be led but not driven in these days.

Don't lie to your child or permit any one else to do so. Your real opinions and beliefs may be far enough from the child's later judgment, but your deceit will be hopelessly distant. Sentiment easily leads to false statements.

Don't use fear as a whip. Fear can only succeed by making slaves, and slaves, even when obedient, are poor substitutes for full human beings.

Don't stress the weakness of your child. He may take seriously what you point out to him and develop feelings of inferiority, or he may glue his attention on your own weakness and lose respect for you as a harping hypocrite.

Don't tell your child that he cannot reason. He can and will if you have the wit to help him.

Don't let your home crowd out your child; put the child first and adjust home life to his needs.

Don't be a tyrant to your child even if you have power. Children are helpless and long-suffering and usually generous in their judgment parents. Nevertheless, a parent who drives his child from sheer love of dominance runs risk of soon losing the child's love. The child will sometime be free, but the parent lonely.

The gist of it all is: Don't be emotionally childish if you desire manly and womanly children.

The employer called his secretary. "Here, John, look at this letter. I can't make out whether it's from my tailor or my lawyer. They're both named Smith."

And this is what John read: "I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday.—Smith."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Nature has a wisdom far beyond our accepted scientific ken. Spring-time is coming on robed in all of the beauty of the universe. We are charmed over her gorgeous colorings; we enjoy her renewed, thrilling health-giving elements; we wax poetic o'er love of her and her beauties; but the depth of her profound sagacity may not be plumbed by these things alone. Buttercups and dandelions, Gay yellow tulips, Primroses, too, all heralded by dancing daffodils and crocuses of brightest gold. A cycle of gold is spun through all the seasons. Thus does nature invite happiness to the earth with the color which definitely radiates gaiety. Spring is the beautiful doorway leading out into rosy bowers and gardens of loveliness from the storehouse of winter. Springtime is the happy time. Spring is standing tip-toe on the mountain top, ready to dance o'er earth and open the gates to nature's storehouse of beauty; the sweet perfume of flowers; the cool comfort of her refreshing green trees and grass; the delicious glow of sunlight; and the subtle sympathy nature emanates to mortal-kind. The man is dead who does not respond to the great sense-vibration scheme which nature evolves in springtime when she clothes the earth in such supernal beauty. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," that he cannot enjoy and enter into the spirit of the happy season?

It is said that the human brain has 9,200,000,000 cells in the human

conical system alone. A scientist says that in the process of thought one of these cells combines with ten others. I am not surprised at some people taking so much time in "making up their mind."

The Herald, a few days ago, carried an item about Florida photographers providing fish, any size, for a person having a picture taken. Hunter Reams, who is known down at West Palm Beach, writes: "This is true; but you have to wait anywhere from five to ten minutes for the photographer to go catch the fish." I did not think it would take that long, from the number of "suckers" reported down in Florida.

A good story is told of a certain man who was called upon to decline an invitation from a lady to attend a party she was giving. In doing so he told her: "I am sorry I cannot come to your party. I would have to break my other engagements to do so; but I have burned my bridges behind me." "That's all right," replied the lady, blushing profusely. Come anyway. I'll lend you a pair of John's."

I am told that one of the stars of the radio is a "masked tenor." He may be identified by one listening in by the mole on his chin.

The vicissitudes in connection with owning an automobile sometimes develops the fact that when a man eventually finds a space to park,

he returns later and discovers cars so close to his, front and rear, that he has to almost take his car apart to get out. And also sometimes it happens that he says words that would not do to use at a prayer meeting.

“I have no quarrel with the man who sells his goods cheaper, for he knows what his goods are worth.” Sign in a hardware store.

A stranger asked a native, “In what direction does the town lie?” And the native naively replied, “Well, sir, it’s liable to lie any old direction that comes handy, but at this time of the year it’s mostly about the size of the fish that got away.”

Bravery is no race nor age. It is a quality with which members of all races and ages are endowed to a greater or a less degree. It is a mistake to think any one race, age or clime has monopoly of this noble characteristic. Bravery does, however, most frequently attend a high degree of intelligence. In this, intelligence is not to be confused with education. Intelligence is a native quality, education a scientific training of the native intelligence. More is heard of the bravery of the educated classes because they are in a position where their bravery is more widely known and more broadly advertised, but that circumstance by no means proves them braver than their more ignorant but equally plucky brothers.

A gentleman told me that he was

in Hillsboro a few days ago, and found in the possession of an aged and refined lady a copy of the Durham Tobacco Plant, a newspaper published here, of the date of 1879, containing an account of the execution of three burglars at Chapel Hill that year. Relating the incident, a Durham gentleman wanted to know if he could buy the copy. The first named gentleman was commissioned to do so, and furnished with the necessary means to make the purchase. Going up to Hillsboro, this commissioner on the paper errand, took with him an officer, to direct the way, and they finally located the lady in question. She was asked if she would sell that particular copy of the Durham Tobacco Plant. She said she would, and remarked, when the offer was made, that she believed the Lord was about to answer her prayers, as she prayed that she would get a little something for the paper, as her worldly goods were scant, and with her there was a little flour in the barrel, and still less oil in the cruse. “How will \$10. do?” inquired the gentleman. “No, no; that is too much,” replied the lady as tears came in her eyes. “Well, if you will not take \$10., I’ll just give you this,” remarked the gentleman, as he placed a \$50. gold certificate in her hands. When the lady saw what it was the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was so overcome with emotion she could hardly utter a word. But she did finally say, “My prayers have been answered. God sent you here to give me this.” The gentleman said he was glad that he was used as messenger on such a pleasing errand. It is said

that it was one of the most touching and pathetic scenes witnessed in many a day. The officer is said to have remarked that he would not have missed seeing such faith and gratitude for \$50. It was a beautiful and practical example of answer to prayer, revealed in the flesh. The gentleman who purchased the paper expressed the desire to place it in Duke University.

THE LITTLE.

He never did a mighty deed,
 But just a kindness now and then.
 He never had a troop to lead,
 For he was of the serving-men.
 He did no great and noble things
 Of which his grateful country sings,
 He only did each little day
 The little things the little may.

His head has never worn a crown,
 His breast has never worn a star,
 His name was never written down
 In any records that there are.
 He heard that mortals fame would find
 For things they did to help mankind,
 But fame was not abroad that day,
 And yet he did them anyway.

It is so easy to be great,
 And yet the really great is he
 Who serves the race, and serves the state,
 Howerev little he may be.
 Only a few will capture fame,
 Only a few will win acclaim,
 And yet the truly great are they
 Who do the little that they may.

And all that this is all about
 Is this: The greatest greatness lies
 Not in the fickle rabble's shout,
 Not in the deeds that advertise.
 The great are those who do the small,
 The least rewarded tasks of all,
 Content to do each little day
 The little things the little may.

—Douglas Malloch.

BURKE COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT VISITS RALEIGH.

(Morganton News-Herald).

There were over a thousand teachers at the State Teachers' meeting last week at Raleigh.

It had been twenty-three years since as a barefoot boy I used to climb the tallest tree in the back yard at High Point trying to get a view of the mountains on a clear day. That city has changed and one would hardly know it, but the love for the mountains of Western North Carolina has never changed.

The negro tenant and his mule and wagon is met every now and then through central part of State and is noticeable on account of the lack of them in Western North Carolina.

Regardless of the opposition to consolidation in some sections, the State is becoming filled with school busses and better schools.

Another thing that one from the west notices are the long stretches of level land not in cultivation. If North Carolina is fifteenth in wealth producing among the States, it would be interesting to know just where she would stand if all the vacant land should be cultivated and settled up.

Near Durham is the monument on which is written UNITY and which marks the place where the War Between the States ended April, 1865, when Johnson surrendered to Sherman.

All the talk in the Yarborough barber shop was who would be the checker champion and in the back of the barber shop two very nice looking fellows were overheard to say that the last pint they got was not as good as it should have been.

At the superintendent's meeting on Thursday morning, the 18th, it lasted three or four days. There were 15, I think, to speak. About all that a Mr. Allen from some county down east said in his speech of thirty-five minutes was that instead of buying oil in new cans he always had the old cans refilled, as if all of us haven't been doing that: lo! these many years.

Mr. T. H. Cash talked some time and about all I remember he said was that the superintendent was shock-absorber for the entire system. There is some truth in that, I guess.

If folks could just learn to say what they have to say without all this, "I am glad to be here," and, "I have made a study of this and can pedagogically suggest so and so," and "back home we do this way and so on and so on" and just tell us in about two minutes what they have done that is worth listening to and leave off that twenty minute introduction to a one minute thought, then it would not be so tiresome and besides that after they talk so long and say nothing when they do say something we are not expecting it and

often lose the one good little thing they did say because it was killed in the rush of the preliminary remarks.

Geo. Howard from Rowan, I believe he insists on being called Dr., asked all the superintendents present if they knew of a child who had been killed with the school bus in their county. One man said that the bus driver, who was a pupil, turned the bus over on his way home and killed him. Two others said a child each had been killed in their county by running behind the bus on the school grounds when the bus was backing in place for the children to load. Two others said that a child had been killed in each of their counties who was not supposed to ride the bus and were killed by swinging on the outside. Of these five, only one of them was a pupil supposed to ride the bus and he was the driver and was killed on his way home.

Howard then asked how many knew of children who had been killed over the same period of time in their own county by trains. 16 were reported at once. From these figures it seems to show that school bus transportation is the safest and that it is really safer to ride than walk.

C. L. Coon, from Wilson, has John Robinson's circus beat all to pieces for entertaining the people. After we had sat through five or six hours of a rather uninteresting session Mr. Coon took the floor to answer Mr. Cook, mentioned above and Mr. Wright from E. C. T. C. These gentlemen had been insisting that County Superintendents place their teachers in the grades for the work for which they

had been especially trained and said that it was unfair to hold a teacher or college responsible if we put a teacher trained to do high school English to teach the first grade and so on.

Dr. Cook, not the one from the Pole, but from Greensboro college, said that the college blames the high school for the sorry work pupils do at college; the high schools blame the grammar school; the grammar schools blame the primary teachers; the primary teachers blame the parents, and the mother blames the husband's folks.

Mr. Coon said that this stuff about special trained teachers made him sick and that he thought Cook and Wright out to get them a new little song to sing. He said Special Training the mischief, they can't even spell, they do not even know the sounds of the letters and how many letters are in the alphabet and so on. When he was through Mr. Cook tried to reply by saying that the colleges assumed that their freshmen knew these things mentioned by Mr. Coon when they came there. Coon replied by telling this little story. He said, "Last week I was in a certain sixth grade back home and the teacher said before I left she wanted to see me so I came back by her room and she told me that she could not do the work she ought to in the sixth grade because her pupils did not even know the multiplication tables. She expected me to say that they had a sorry teacher last year and just to do the best she could, but I didn't. Here is what I said, 'Why in the dickens don't you teach it to them?' She

did not know that I would cuss, but that is what I said."

Coon then turned to Mr. Cook and said, "Cook, why in the dickens don't you teach it to them?"

Mr. F. P. Hall said that he classified his teachers under the following heads: First—Cranks, fakes, flappers

and all others undesirable. Second—High school graduates only. Third—Cultured crowd but no academic requirements. Fourth—Graduates of normal schools. Five—Self-made women of long experience. Six—Four years normal school graduates. The last being the most desirable and next in order listed.

KEEP A GOIN!

Ef you strike a thorn or rose
Keep a-goin!

Ef it hails or if it snows
Keep a-goin

'Taint no use to set an' whine
When the fish ain't on yer line
Bait yer hook an' keep on tryin'
Keep a-goin!

When the weather kills yer crop
Keep a-goin!
When you tumble from the top
Keep a-goin!

S'pose you're out o' every dime
Bein' so ain't any crime.
Tell the world you're feelin' prime
Keep a-goin!

When it looks like all is up
Keep a-goin!
Drain the sweetness from the Cup
Keep a-goin!

See the wild birds on the wing
Hear the bells that sweetly ring
When you feel like sighing sing!
Keep a-goin!

THE NEGRO RACE IN THE SOUTH.

Presbyterian Standard.

In the providence of God, and through no will of their own, these people are among us.

Not only is no responsibility to be attached to them; but also none to us, as no living white man had any hand in their coming to our shores.

They are here to stay, and they are here fully our equals in the eyes of the law, with legal rights equal to those enjoyed by citizens of the United States.

Ever since their emancipation, there has been friction between the two races; yet only such friction as was inevitable between races that had been in the relation of master and slave.

It is gratifying to know that as the years have passed, the friction has grown less, and every year, each race has been able to discover good in the other.

Those of us who are natives of the South have a peculiar feeling for the negro, and have watched with growing interest the progress of some, and, with growing concern, the lapse into savagery of others.

In our study of this race, we have been convinced of two facts: first, that the negro race, as a whole, is much better than some of us give it credit for, and also that the South is the best place for him.

The first conviction, that he is better than some think, is based upon our past knowledge of him.

A race that could produce the old mammies of our childhood, the playmates of our boyhood, and those who took the place of father and brothers, when the home by war was deprived

of its natural protectors, must have good qualities far above the average man.

Then our second conviction, that the South is his best home, is strengthened as we follow him in his migrations elsewhere, and see under what handicaps he has to earn his living, and how gladly he turns his face southward after he has tasted the privileges that once seemed so attractive to him.

If we compare the two sections in their treatment of the negro, we find that in the North there are many privileges accorded that naturally attract him.

There are few, if any, social advantages denied him in the North, which make a powerful appeal to him. He enjoys mixed schools and is not made conscious of any social inferiority. Here in the South he finds missing what he enjoys in the North.

If we strike the balance we find that the advantages are not entirely confined to either section. His educational and social advantages may be, and doubtless are, greater in the North, but what good will such education do, if he finds the trades and professions partially closed to him?

His daughter may be educated and may be skilled as a stenographer; yet she rarely finds an opening among the white business men.

In many sections the white carpenters and masons refuse to work where negro members of the same craft work, while in the South we find them at work, without reference to color.

We have negro barbers and waiters,

and no objection is made to them, but we rather prefer them.

It is true that we have more lynching of negroes than in the North, but with us the lynching is personal rather than racial, as it is sometimes up there.

The Southern lynching party tries to punish the individual, while too often in the North and West, their rage is directed against the negro race as a whole.

The Southern party sometimes punishes the wrong man, but never the women and children of a community.

The Southerners insist upon separate cars, and for a time, the "Jim Crow Car," as it was called, was by no means equal to that occupied by the whites, yet it must be recognized that these conditions are improving each year.

The strongest reason why the South is the place for the negro lies in the fact that the better class of whites really love the negro for what he has been, and that they never fail to come

to his aid when in trouble.

Summing up his advantages here and in the North, if we strike a balance, we find the balance decidedly in favor of the South, because the very conditions which he regards as handicaps, are either changing for the better, or else are really for the advantages of his race.

The separate coaches on the railways are no longer very different from those assigned to the whites, and the insistence upon the two races occupying different spheres in social life is the only condition that will save either race from destruction.

Let the white race remember that they must answer for any unjust treatment of the weaker race, and the black race remember that, as a man sows, so must he reap.

If they live right, respect themselves and conduct themselves as upright citizens, the better class of whites will respond and will be their friends in time of need.

HOW ABOUT YOUR FACE?

"Recently the writer attended an hour of worship where the minister, usually the bearer of a great message seemed to struggle severely for utterance throughout his discourse. In the front pew we noticed a prominent preacher, a friend of the speaker of the day, who sat with a look of utter indifference and vacuity on his face. It was plain to see that he was not interested, and even had the discourtesy to examine his watch a number of times during the brief sermon. Afterwards the speaker confessed to us that the man in the first pew had 'taken the heart out of him.' Of course, preachers should be impervious to such impressions, but few of them are, because none of them has ceased to be human. It remains true that 'some man's face' may be a great hindrance—or a great help. How about your face?"

MOTOR MORTUARY HUMORS.

The constantly increasing number of fatalities due to automobile accidents, give birth to many couplets, quatrains, and poetic elegies, that contain more truth and humor than poetry. In the traffic court of one city two of these have been embossed and illuminated on card board and hung upon the wall, where all may read their solemn admonitions.

In the first of these the poet sings not of Henry Clay, who declared he would "rather be right than be President," but of William Clay who, would rather be right than be alive: "Here lies the body of William Clay, Who died maintaining the right of way;

He was right—dead right—as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he were wrong."

The second deals with the fate of Martha Blake, who was issued an operator's license before her feet and brain were properly co-ordinated:

"Here lies the bones of Martha
Blake;

Tread softly as you pass;
She thought her foot was on the brake,
But it was on the gas."

"Lines to Speed Boys" is also worthy of a place among Traffic Court mottoes:

"Brag about your motor car,
Its speed and its endurance,
Brag some more and 'step on it'—
Your wife can spend the insurance."

Numerous are the "Motorists Epitaphs" that have been produced, among them these:

"Behold here lies
The late Bill Cook,

Who oft declined
To listen and look.

"At fifty miles,
Drove Alie Pidd,
He thought he wouldn't
Skid—but did."

"Beneath this mound
Sleeps Percy James,
Ice on the hill—
He had no chains."

"A gentleman is here interred;
His touching tale you may have
heard.

At sixty per he drove his car,
He travelled fast but not for far;
His car was stopped by a wall of
stone,

So he, poor man, came on alone.
The bones are his—old Jimmy
Sound,

This spot is where he hit the ground.
He lightly through the air did skim,
To prove this tale—well, here is
Jim."

The subject is one also that suggests parodies. Of the following, the first is a parody on "He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day," and the other on Longfellow's well known poem, "Excelsior."

"The driver who kills and speeds
away,
Will have no gas on the Judgment
Day."

"The shades of night were falling
fast,
The fool steppd on it and rushed
past!

"A crash—he died without a

sound;

They opened up his head and found
Excelsior."

The Saratoga Times reports a simi-
lar case of head trouble:

"He tried to cross the railroad
track

Before a rushing train;

They put the pieces in a sack,
But couldn't find the brain."

The story of the fate that over-
took the heedless motorists may be
the same, but it is not always told in
the same way:

"The speedometer said sixty miles
and hour.

The constable said it was ninety.

The natives said it was a crime.

He said it was the life.

His friends said it with flowers."

As told by the newspaper report-
er:

"F. S. D.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa,
passing through this city last night,
enroute on an automobile tour, lit a
match to see if the gas tank was
empty. It was not. Age forty-seven;
Cedar Rapids papers please copy."

As the coroner relates it.

"Just to wait for a train

Always gave him a pain;

He tried to cross first—

To his sorrow.

But the train was too fast,

And he didn't get past—

They're having his funeral

Tomorrow."

But it remains for the sexton, in
the inimitable phraseology of Walt

Mason, to summarize the various
causes of these motor tragedies:

"The sexton views the rows of
tombs with pride because he planned
them; he says, "These little quiet
rooms! All sorts of folks demand
them. Few wish to sleep beneath the
grass in robes that have no pouches;
and yet they will step on the gas,
and I prepare their couches. One sees
a railway train approach, the dust
and gravel tossing, and he should
halt his choo choo coach, and not at-
tempt the crossing; but foolishly he
thinks to pass, and save a half a min-
ute, and fiercely steps upon the gas—
mark yonder grave; he's in it. One
would enjoy an evening jaunt, a harm-
less sort of revel; he takes his wife
and maiden aunt to hold the rear
seat level. Another auto would pass
by; it honks and seems to worry; and
why not let it do so—why? His is
no earthly hurry. But he's a sport,
and naught shall pass; no boat can
beat his Lizzie: he steps down hard
upon the gas—and so they keep me
busy. One journeys sadly while it
rains, and sighs, 'I know I ought to
put on chains! Take chances is my
grass, and mud and slime to wallow,
motto.' I hate to kneel in dirty
and so I'll feed the old bus gas—he
rests in yonder hollow! The sexton
often sighs, 'Alas, my lot is hard
and dreary, but while the boy steps
on the gas there's no rest for the
weary.

An old colored woman, whose family of youngsters were usually well
behaved, was asked how she raised her children so well.

"Ah'll tell you, missus," said she, "Ah raises dem wid a barrel stave
an ah raises 'em frequent."

THE QUESTION OF THE PERFECT.

(Asheville Citizen).

Since Adam and Eve were thrown out of the Garden of Eden man has sought in vain for the perfect place to live. It is perhaps fortunate for us that our voice does not reach to Southern California because if it did we should undoubtedly hear something to our disadvantage from the boosters who infest that happy region like a plague of locusts, but even the land of roses and sunshine falls short of sheer perfection. In Asheville last summer people freely gave us to understand that our water supply was no better than it should be, and we are afraid that there will always be something for an over-sensitive visitor to kick about. Life, as we think some one has remarked before, is just one d—d thing after another, a drought follows a flood and we starve in the midst of plenty when we leave our false teeth at home. We look before and after, but our haven of refuge is still around the next bend in the road. Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth in Florida, and there are some who will tell you that he found it and that they themselves can at a price sell you a villa

site there or thereabouts, but even in Florida where every prospect admittedly pleases there is a fly in the ointment.

It is man's inhumanity to woman that makes most of the trouble. Official man is not yet sufficiently tolerant of pretty Fanny's ways, and things have gradually come to that pass where a girl can't relax and be herself without running foul of man's interpretation of the law. Only the other day a couple of innocent young women were strolling along the sands of Palm Beach's wave-kissed shore with their bathing suits over their arms when a minion—we use the word advisedly—a minion of the law came up and pinched them in clear violation of their constitutional rights. Is that any way to treat a lady? Are not all things pure to the pure? Can't she even absorb the sun and air which are supposed to be free for the asking without being arrested? Apparently she can't, and we regretfully cross Florida off our list of possibly perfect places and take up again our weary search for the Earthly Paradise.

Here lies a young lady named Alexia,
 Who angered a mule down in Taxis,
 The mule in the fight
 First led with his right,
 Then put in his left on the plexis!

HOW PICTURES HAVE INFLUENCED LIVES.

Progressive Farmer.

It is a Texas minister, Rev. E. H. Hudson, of Mexia, who sends us the letter we shall print first and who gives us unforgettable illustrations of the influence of pictures in shaping the character as follows:

"We become like the pictures and visions we contemplate. I know a lawyer above whose desk has hung for many years a picture of Napoleon. He has looked upon that face until he has become like him—courageous, strong, ruthless, domineering, and persistent. His very face and bearing remind one of the man of iron and blood.

"A college boy was having trouble in his character and work. A friend went to counsel with him. He saw the boy's room lined with pictures of actresses, jockeys, and prize fighters, and advised the removal of every one of them and the replacement with good, pure pictures. It was done, and from that day the boy's class work and peace of mind began to be restored.

"A celebrated lawyer of New York visited the studio of Hoffman as the artist was completing his picture of "The Boy Jesus." Hoffman gave him the first copy. The New Yorker brought it home and hung it above the desk in his office.

"One day a judge from the supreme court of a New England

state entered the office to talk of business. He saw the picture; he looked at it all the time he was discussing the business in hand. Then he sat awhile looking at it in silence, and went away.

"In a little while he returned and said, 'I want to see the Boy again.' He was invited to sit down. He did so, and gazed at that wonderful face, at the great open eyes, at the expression of purity which spoke of hope and strength. For a long while he looked at the picture, and with moist eyes went away.

"In the afternoon he returned again. 'I would like to see the Boy again,' he said. The lawyer took it down and told him to go into a private office and take his time. He went into the private room and took the picture in his lap. An hour passed. He came out and with tears on his face and said, 'The Boy has conquered me!'

"The picture lingered in his mind and transformed his soul. He is living now, an influential man, teaching scores of men in his large Bible class.

"The whole course and tenor of his life was changed by a picture."

The picture to which Rev. Mr. Hudson refers is the head of Christ in Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." We once heard an able and noble

man say two pictures ought to be hung in every home where boys are growing up—one a copy of Hoffman's "The Boy Christ," as this picture

is so often called, and the other a picture of that superb incarnation of physical and spiritual nobility, General Robert E. Lee.

"You say that Miss Agely is desperate for a man?"

"Yes, she had twin beds put in her room, so she'd have twice as many to look under."

JUST AROUND THE CORNER.

The other day I met on the street a woman who was the very picture of distress, indeed, was practically exhausted. As she looked at me in an appealing way I asked her if I could be of service. Instantly her face brightened and she asked me to direct her to Dr.——'s office which she had been trying for hours to find, being an entire stranger in the city. I didn't direct her; I took her to the office—it was just around the corner.

The incident set me to thinking of how many people there are in the world who are "just around the corner" themselves, from the attainment of their desires; how many need kindly direction and assistance to realize their hopes; how many without this never get "around the corner," and died with disappointments that, in some cases, are the real causes of their deaths.

And I thought of the reasons why so many never get "around the corner." Some through lack of educa-

tion, some because of prejudices, some misfortunes, and some because their paths are obstructed by others. There is really no end of reasons and, among others, is one too frequently overlooked—because they devote their lives so much to the welfare of others that they have less time than they should for themselves—for instance, the mothers of large families, hard working fathers, social workers, ministers of the gospel, school teachers, and so on. It's the unselfish life that makes some of life's greatest sacrifices.

But the tragedy of it all is that whatever the desire, whatever the need, is always "just around the corner," at least so far as this life is concerned. Lack of it may be compensated in future life—but happiness here should be had. Can not we help lessen the tragedies of life by helping where help is needed, by sharing the burdens and sacrifices of others a little more than we do?

—Frank B. Craig.

"Did yo' run when he started shootin'?" asked George.

Ah don' rightly rec'lec," replied Jasper, "but Ah reckon Ah must o' been travelin' right along, kaze de bottom o' my feets is full o' buck-shot."

JUST WAITING.

(Henry Crampton, Chaplain).

Recently I was a "shut-in," caused by an attack of pneumonia. The many days were not wholly lost. It is good for us sometimes to have to stop our regular work and see things as they really are; we are made better for the seeing, for God often gives His richest blessings when it seems to us that all things are going wrong.

The "waiting" may not always be pleasant, but it may be made very profitable. Through years of suffering and blasted hopes, I have learned that it is impossible for our Heavenly Father to make a mistake. It is a blessed experience and if we would only get the lesson sooner, how much happier we would be! But, possibly, it cannot be learned quickly, for we have not always learned it when we think we have, because we are so human.

Once I was entertained in a home from which a few weeks before we had carried out the "earthly house" in which a lovely young daughter had lived—one whose life had been a benediction to all about her, and as the mother opened the door of the room where I was to sleep, she said: "No one has slept here since Gertrude went away." I felt I was standing on holy ground. That father and mother were "waiting" for the sound of the feet which would never enter, for the voice which would never be heard, for the form which would never be seen, but which was ever present.

Some time ago I called at the home of a minister; his wife, a noble woman, had just laid down the joys and sorrows of this life for the home

above. We talked about her and the children she had left, then he said: "She never was so near me as now; I feel her presence at every turn, and I am so thankful that she does not have to suffer so any more. It seems sometimes that I hear her step at the study door as of old and I wait for her to enter." That dear brother was "just waiting" for the loving hand to be placed on his shoulder as it had been for years, but was keenly conscious of the fact that it could not be placed there until the happy meeting in "the home over there."

"Just waiting" is a blessed experience when we see that God wishes us to see; when we let go entirely of what we want and place ourselves where He can make the waiting what He wants it to be. I stood by the bedside of a lovely wife and mother whose feet were touching the border-land beyond which is Heaven. After asking her husband to bring their only child, who was ill, to her, and giving her the last touch and blessing, she lay still for quite a while, then turning to her husband, with her face lighted as no earthly light could make it, she said: "Don't you see them? don't you see them? there they are!" And as the scene became more real to her, she rose as if to go, still looking beyond where mortal eyes could not see, and said with joyous accents, "And there is father!" Her father had died thirty years before. At first it seemed to trouble her because her husband could not see what she saw, but the view was a God-given glimpse of that for

which she had been "just waiting," and the next day she quietly left her husband and little child to battle with life alone, while she went to the earthly father and the Heavenly Father on high. I like to think and feel that God sent the earthly father to take his tired child to the home above. The husband went to his motherless child, and taking her in his arms, said: "Mama has gone to heaven; God wanted her; she is happy there. We must not cry, but to be happy, too, for that is the way mama wants us to be;" and folding his child in his arms he commenced the awful struggle which only those who have been placed as he was can fully understand—he was

"just waiting" for the voice and footstep.

Yes, "just waiting" is a blessed experience. It may be true that many who read these lines will not be able to enter into the real spirit of them; but there will be many others who have been and still are just waiting, with their hands firmly clasped in God's gentle hand, who will understand the full meaning of just waiting and who will thank God for all the heart-aches and disappointments He has allowed to come. The promise is, "As thy days, so thy strength shall be." God makes no mistakes.

WHEN IS A MAN A MAN?

When is a man a man? When he can look over the rivers, the hills and the far horizon with a profound sense of his own littleness in the vast scheme of things, and yet have faith, hope and courage—which is the root of every virtue. When he knows that down in his heart every man is as noble, as vile, as divine as diabolic, and as lonely as himself, and seeks to know, to forgive and to love his fellow man. When he knows how to sympathize with men in their sorrows, yea, even in their sins—knowing that each man fights a hard fight against many odds. When he has learned how to make friends and to keep them, and above all how to keep friends with himself. When he loves flowers, can hunt birds without a gun, and feels the thrill of an old forgotten joy when he hears the laugh of a little child. When he can be happy and high-minded amid the meaner druggeries of life. When the star-crowned trees and the glint of sunshine on flowing waters, subdue him like the thought of one much loved and long dead. When no voice of distress reaches his ears in vain and no hand seeks his aid without response. When he finds good in every faith that helps any man to lay hold of divine things and see majestic meaning in life, whatever the name of that faith may be. When he can look into a wayside puddle and see something beyond sin. When he knows how to pray, how to love, how to hope. When he has kept faith with himself, with his fellow man and with his God; in his hand a sword for evil, in his heart a bi tof song—glad to lice, but not afraid to die!

—Selected.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

By A. C. Crews.

Many years ago there lived a rich and prosperous people known as the Netherlanders, in a fruitful land whose shores were washed by the North Sea. There was little danger of these people becoming indolent and luxurious as they had constantly to fight the sea which was always making inroads upon the farms and sometimes it swept away thriving cities. The waves were not allowed to have their own way, for the sturdy men and women resisted the attack, protecting their land by building huge dykes against which the waves hurled themselves in vain.

Unfortunately the country was under the domination of Spain whose king, Philip, was a cruel a tyrant as ever sat upon a throne. In addition he was a bigoted Roman Catholic who determined to stamp out Protestantism at any cost. He selected as his tool and agent the Duke of Alva, one of the most infamous characters in history, who was not prevented by any scruples from the most cruel acts. He decreed death to those who should hear a Protestant sermon, sing a psalm or even furnish lodging to any preacher of the Reformation.

The story of the persecution of the Dutch people is a sad tale, brightened only by the courage and devotion of those who suffered. The Duke of Alva openly boasted that he had sent eighteen thousand Protestants to the executioner. The horrors of the inquisition introduced a veritable reign of terror. The faintest suspicion was sufficient to bring a person be-

fore the inquisition, and once in its clutches there was small chance of escape. The unfortunate victim scarcely ever failed to meet torture and death. The inquisitors ruthlessly invaded peaceful households and tore husbands from wives, children from parents and parents from children. A schoolmaster was sent to the stake because he had read the Bible. A whole family was burned for praying at home and not going to mass. But the more intense the persecution the more the Reformed Church grew. Such continued tyranny at last developed revolution, for although the people had little chance of success against the might of Spain they felt that it would be better to die fighting rather than to be murdered in cold blood.

What they needed was a courageous and competent leader and he came to the front in the person of William Count of Nassau who was born April 14, 1533. At an early age he came into possession of large estates in the Netherlands, and also inherited the principality of Orange in Southern France, from which he derived his title: "Prince of Orange."

When the revolution began William was a Roman Catholic and continued to be so for several years, but he could never approve the unjust and cruel methods of Spain. As he came to know the Protestants better, he recognized the justice of their cause, and then cast in his lot with them completely and irrevocably.

The Spanish authorities sought to

capture the Prince of Orange but he kept out of their reach. They confiscated his property, however, and kidnapped his son who was studying at the University of Louvain, keeping him in captivity in Spain for many years.

When war was declared upon Spain the Prince faced the task of collecting an army out of almost nothing with which he could begin to organize opposition to Alva. He sold his silver plate, jewels and costly furniture and mortgaged his lands in order to procure money to engage mercenaries. His battle cry was: "Liberty for the fatherland, and freedom of conscience."

Many of the Netherlanders were so paralyzed by fear of Alva that they were afraid to side with Orange. At first William's army met with reverses, and it seemed as if he had lost everything.

Alva had been so sure of victory that he had a statue erected to himself cast from captured cannon, the inscription on the pedestal commemorating his glory as the extinguisher of heresy and sedition in the Netherlands. The most terrible atrocities were perpetrated by the Spaniards, but on the other hand there were the loftiest deeds of heroism on the part of the Netherlanders.

The Prince of Orange was terribly handicapped by the character of his army. Many of his soldiers were mercenaries. They fought bravely enough in battle, but in camp were hard to manage, spending their time in dissipation and pillaging. In consequence it was very hard to maintain order and discipline among them.

The Spaniards began to invest various cities, the important city of Leyden being in special danger. Should Orange lose this place he would lose the whole country. The idea suggested itself to the heroic leader to save Leyden by the sea. An artificial inundation was procured by opening the dykes which protected the land. The water covered the whole distance from Rotterdam to Leyden, and a favoring wind brought vessels to the relief of the beleaguered city. When the Spaniards saw the vessels coming as it were, over the land, they were seized with a panic and fled.

The deliverance of Leyden heartened the Netherlanders, and the Spaniards lost much of their old insolence and confidence of victory. Orange himself said: "Though assailed and persecuted by our watchful enemy, upon sea and land, we still have not lost courage, but will rally to the best of our ability to shake off their yoke, doubting not that God will mercifully direct our affairs as best pleases Him."

A union of the Netherland provinces promised success but irritated the Spaniards so that they sent a new army of 20,000 men against the brave Dutchmen. The Prince of Orange was stigmatized as "tyrant," "pest of Christendom," "enemy of the human race," "Judas Iscariot," and other nice names, and he was proscribed. The man who should slay him was promised a reward of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. Orange replied: "I care not for your ban. I place my fate in God's hands. So long as it pleases Him I will live among my friends."

The infamous treatment of the Prince resulted disastrously for Spain. Tired of the cruelty of their oppressors, the Netherlands accepted help from France, and renounced absolutely all allegiance to the King of Spain. The people tried hard to induce Orange to accept the office of Governor General but he declined.

Several attempts were made upon his life; in fact he was literally beset with murderers hired by Philip of Spain, but his courage was unshaken, and his composure undisturbed. At last the fatal day came and the noble prince was assassinated by a fanatic who thought he was doing God service by ridding the world of "a dangerous heretic."

The people mourned for him, and lauded him as the greatest man of his time. Certainly the Netherlands owes its liberty and its rights to him.

The Prince of Orange is sometimes referred to in history as "William the Silent," because he had great control over his tongue. He often kept silent under Spanish despotism because it was unsafe to speak one's thoughts. In reality he was a ready speaker. He was exceedingly fond of spending a social hour with his friends, and enjoyed witty conversation. His chief characteristic was his wonderful calmness. He lived in troublous times and there was enough to worry him but it said that his composure was never disturbed. Animated by the deepest loyalty he sacrificed everything for the people and their love and trust in him was boundless. He had the qualities of a great leader and by his devotion to the Reformed faith rendered the highest service to Protestantism.

SENTIMENTAL WISDOM.

The following is a selection of sentimental sayings (sayings in a single sentence) which may give you food for a thought.

Every kind of effort is useful except worry.

Ignorance is the hardest thing in the world to discover, especially your own; only the very wise can see it.

As most insane people think they are sane so the fool is surest of his knowledge.

The best mirror in which to see yourself is your work.

The seed of all tragedy is a failure in courage.

"To the hero there is no tragedy." (Macterlinek).

"Butterflies are the souls of torn up love letters." (Victor Hugo).

Only the great realize their littleness.

The only way to go anywhere is to start from where you stand.

"It is never too late for the soul of man," (Oliver Schiener).

Appreciation is to the human soul what the rain from the heaven is to the plant.

The only practical use of death is to show us what is worth while in life.

"It takes two to tell the truth." (Thoreau).

There is but one sensible prayer; it is to know the will of God.

All there is to efficiency is to know what are essentials and to do them, and to know what things are non-essential, and let them alone.

You cannot prevent evil thought from knocking at your door, but you need not let him in.

Being good is much a matter of practice, as playing a violin.

There is but on quality to hate. It is egotism, and it has a thousand disguises.

Only the useful is beautiful. Only the beautiful is useful.

Love is not blind. Love is the only thing that can see.

Man is like a bicycle; he is safe from falling off only when he keeps going on.

The best antiseptic is health.

The best way to kill a lie is to keep on telling it.

Sincerity is more convincing than

eloquence.

The bitterest pessimists are the young. For one soured old man I can show you 10 soured young men.

The first easiest noise is crying; and people can criticize, complain and croak; who cannot do anything else.

No one is so much a slave to habit as Nature; the sun never rises in the west.

Success may be an accident, but failure is always a habit.

There is no intelligent faith that has not grown out of honest doubts.

A fault acknowledged is half cured.

Do unto others as you would that others do unto you.

Education consists in correcting the errors of common sense.

No good literature ever was produced by one who wrote about people or things he did not know and did not love.—Selected.

THE HERO.

By Grace E. Craig.

"I'm awfully ashamed," Bert Hilton, walking restlessly up and down the office, gazed before him with miserable eyes.

His doctor uncle, John Hilton, looked up from his writing. "Of what, old man?" he inquired kindly.

"Of myself, of course," Bert answered. "When the ice broke yesterday, and John, Jr., and little Edith went into Long Pond, I acted like an idiot—just ran up and down the bank yelling. They'd have been drowned sure if Ted hadn't appeared on the scene just then."

Doctor Hilton shuddered, for the danger to his small son and daughter had been very grave, and the thought

of it still distressed him deeply.

"Ted took in the situation in a second," Bert hurried on, "but he didn't lose his head as I did. No, sir. Before I knew what he intended to do, he had the stable ladder laid on the ice and was crawling out on it, and in another minute or two both kids were safe on firm ice. I tell you, it was great."

"It was, indeed," the doctor agreed, his eyes kindling, "and your Aunt Edith and I shall never cease to be grateful to our splendid nephew."

"Well, will you tell me, please, Uncle John," Bert pleaded woefully, "why I went to pieces and played the coward while my own brother

was a true hero? I'm just as fond of the kids as he is, and I would have done what he did if I had thought of it, honest I would, even if it had been twice as dangerous."

"I know you would, Bert," Doctor Hilton assured him.

"But," Bert said, "I didn't think of it, and I'd just like to know why."

"I have been noticing a difference in you two boys lately," the doctor remarked. "It hasn't seemed very important, but it has proved so, after all."

"What is the difference?" Bert questioned.

"You won't be hurt if I speak plainly?" his uncle queried.

"I certainly won't," Bert promised. "I want plain talk. I think, from the showing I made yesterday, I need it."

"Well, then," Doctor Hilton began, "we'll consider the amusements first."

"I'd like to know what they have to do with it," Bert exclaimed.

"Quite a bit, I think," his uncle declared. "You've taken up cigaret smoking, and run around to movies and the like, thereby losing a good deal of sleep, while Ted goes in for athletics. Your pleasures wear on your nerves, and leave you flabby in body and mind. Ted's developed physical health and mental alertness, both of which came into play yesterday."

"So that's it," Bert thoughtfully.

"Then, take your work," his uncle went on. "I've noticed that when Ted has lessons to do he sits down and goes at them and gets them off his chest. You dally over yours, and

very often don't get them done at all. Also, Ted jumps quickly to do any chore or errand required of him, while you sit and read or dream till you are absolutely driven to your task. You have formed the habit of putting off anything at all hard or disagreeable, and you followed that line yesterday. Ted, on the other hand, went straight at the job."

Bert was flushed and uncomfortable, but he grinned bravely.

"I'll own up," he confessed, "that I'm below par physically and mentally, and lazy, too. What next?"

"You sometimes lose your temper," Doctor Hilton pursued. "I heard you storming at Mike this morning for mislaying the hammer, and you got pretty angry at John, Jr., last week when he misunderstood and left Rover tied instead of loose. I've seen Ted go through far more trying ordeals without losing his self-control."

"Ted's the best-natured chap I know," Bert said generously; "but I didn't suppose that had anything to do with heroism."

"Self-control," the doctor explained, "stands one in good stead in any emergency."

"Of course that's true," Bert acknowledged.

"You see," Doctor Hilton finished, "great occasions do not make heroes. They simply show heroes, already made, to the world. As the years go by, we grow either stronger or weaker, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become."

Bert held out his hand to his uncle, and smiled at him gratefully.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm sorry I failed this time, but now

that you've shown me my mistakes I'm going to correct them. And, when another crisis comes, I'm going to make a better showing. May-

be I'll even turn out a hero." "I'm sure you will, my boy," the doctor declared.—Boy Life.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Letter writing day came around last week and all the boys were glad to write a letter to their home folks.

The members of several cottages took the advantage of the warm afternoon last Sunday and went walking.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron of the seventh cottage, returned to the institution after spending a month at her father's home in Reidsville.

Charles Hutchins, former boy at this institution was a visitor here last Friday. He is in the army and has been stationed at Fort Bragg for the past two years.

The boys all received a holiday last Monday and went to the ball ground and played base-ball, shot marbles, and other interesting games to amuse themselves.

A game between the White Hall and the St. John's teams was played on the local diamond last Friday afternoon. Most all of the boys were present at the game.

The boys who received a visit from their parents and relatives last Wednesday were: James Long, Clarence

Rogers, James Peeler, James McDaniel, Mumphred Glasgow, Robert Glasgow, Clarence Hendley, Harold Thomas, Vergil Shipes, Charles Almond, Hewett Colliers, Rudolph Watts, John Watts and Clarence Rochester.

New quarterlies were given to the boys at the institution last week. This quarterly takes the message through the Sunday school lesson from the book of Genesis. The subject of the first lesson, and the Easter Sunday lesson was: "Jesus appears to His Disciples." The golden text is: "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and have yet believed"—John 28:29.

The officers and boys chose their teams last Saturday afternoon and began to play a most interesting game. Mr. Godown and McBride was the battery for one of the teams and Mr. Lisk and McArthur for the other. Mr. Godown struck out five men allowing several long hits. Mr. Lisk struck out eight men, the hits that he allowed were few. The boys and officers that got one base hits were: Mr. Hobby, Henry, Smith, McArthur Joe Stevens, Mr. Lisk two, Weathers, Billings two, Mr. Groover three, Cloaninger and Poplin. The two base hit-

ters were: Mr. Hobby, Smith, Mr. Lisk and Mr. Poole. Three base hitters: Weathers. The score was 14 to 2 favor Mr. Hobby's team.

Another game was played at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. The officers vs the boys. The officers who got one base hits were: Mr. Hobby, Mr. Horton two, Mr. Godown, Mr. Groover, Mr. Carriker two and Mr. Lisk. Two base hitters were: Mr. Poole. Three base hitters were: Mr. Godown, and Mr. Lisk. The boys who got one base hits were: Pickett three, Brown one, Pleasant two, McAuthur one, and Massey one. Two base hitters were: Cloaninger. The officers got 13 runs, 14 hits and made 3 errors. The boys got 4 runs 9 hits and made nine errors. The score for this game was 13 to 4 favor the officers. Mr. Grier umpired the game for them.

The Easter services were held in the auditorium last Sunday morning at nine o'clock. The program was as follows: "Christ Is Risen from The Dead"—Hymn by the school. Scripture Lesson part of the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke) and Prayer—Led by Zeb Trexler. Hymn, by the school—"Christ the Lord is Risen Today." Reading, by Virgil Shipes—"The Easter morning Breaks." Hymn "Come, Let Us Join the Cheerful Song"—by the school. Sermon by Rev. T. F. Higgins. He did not read a Scripture Lesson but took his text from the two clauses "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here but is risen," taken from

the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke. When Mary arrived at the sepulcher "bringing the spices which they had prepared and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.....two men stood by them in shining garments.. . . . bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here but is risen." What these two men said to them at the sepulcher has gripped the hearts of many people, "He is not here but is risen." A number of people pay more tribute to the dead than to the living, and we often find people trying to seek the living among the dead. When you or I die will we not be prepared for the death and not be ready to enter into our holy spiritual life? Will I rise again after I am buried? Can we not mould our lives in the very image of God and prepare to live spiritually with him in heaven? But when the time come God will come to get his people and the ones who have prepared their spiritual life for Him will go to Him but He shall say unto the hypocrites or the ones that did not abide in his word "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Generations have lived their lives, and have departed, but God's word still lives. Rev. Higgin's sermon was a very interesting one. It was enjoyed by all present. Hymn by the school—"I know that my Redeemer Lives." Benediction by Rev Higgins.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One.

"A"

Brevard Bradshaw, Joe Carrol, Herman Goodman, Howard Keller, Chas. Loggins, Lee McBride, Wm. Miller, Clyde Pierce, Whitlock Pridgen, Roy Rector, Hurley Way, Walter Evers, Geo. Stanley, Lawrence Vaughn and Newton Watkins.

"B"

Bill Case, Brochie Flowers, Robt. McDaniels, Billie Odom, Washington Pickett, Archie Waddell, Claude Evans, Floyd McAuthur, Jas. Beddingfield, Gordon Ellis, Jno. B. Hargrove, Joe Stevens, Douglas Williams and Everett Goodrich.

Room No. 2

"A"

Chas. Almond, Bruce Bennett, Thurman Baker, Chas. Carter, Clawson Johnson, Ralph Leatherwood, Lummie McGee, Lonnie McGee, Troy Norris, Bruce Sprinkle, Robert Whit, Hunter Cline, Clyde Brown, Bill Billings, Albert Buck, James Hunsucker, John Hurley, Henry Jackson, Paul Lanier, Clarence Maynard, Ralph Mayberry, Harold Thompson, Fred Williams.

"B"

Terry Carlton, Alton Etheridge, Byron Ford, Carlisle Hardy, Clifford Hederick, Henry Bowman, Jas. Long.

Room No. 3

"A"

Russel Caudill, Don Nethercut, Albert Millens, Delmas Stanley, Marvin Kelley, Hewitt Collier, Jas. Redding, Jesse Hurley, Felix Moore,

Arnold Teague, Joe Johnston, Lemuel Lane and D. Rivenbark.

"B"

Jas. Ivey, Jas. McCoy, Jas. Davis, Austin Surret and Frank Ledford.

Room No. 4

"A"

Langford Hewitt, Al Pettigrew, Lester Campbell, Everett Cavenaugh, Bill Ballew, Calvin Hensley, Paul Sisk, Bowling Byrd, Carl Warner and John Tomaisin.

"B"

Williard Gilliland, Earle Futsche, Woodrow Kivett, John Hill, Louis Pleasant, Virgil Shipes, Benj. Winders, Clyde Ballard, Larry Griffith, Sam DeVon, Turner Preddy, Robt. Harper, Elmer Mooney, Boone Sheril, Bernice Wilson and Norman Ball.

Room No. 5

"A"

Charlie Huggins, Earl Edwards, Charlie Tant, Robert Munday, Fuller Moore, Charlie Beaver, Roscoe Franklin, Herbert Campbelle, Clarence Davis, Pinkis Wrenn, Claude Whitacker, R. S. Stancill Percy Long, Grover Walsh, Robie Gardner, Wilson Dorsey, Wheeler Vandyke, Johnnie Daughtry, Eugene Pleasant, Earl Torrence, Theodore Coleman, Charlie Carter, Robert Cooper, Sam Ellis, Myron Tomision, Tom Tedder, Norman Beck, Geo. Bristow, J. D. Sprinkle, Claude Wilson, Elbert Stansberry, Hallie Bradley, Reggie Payne, Willie Shaw, Fessie, Massey, Gerney Taylor, Ferman Gladdin, Eldon Deheart and Kelly Teeder.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Library

THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD

APRIL 17, 1926

No. 20

University of N. C.

TESTING ESSENTIAL.

Some one has said that character is like gold, that must be tried by the fire. It is like a diamond, that must be ground in order to reveal itself. It is like marble, that must be chiseled in order to reveal its real glory. You may look in vain for a Moses, Daniel, Paul, Luther, without the trials that wrought out their greatness. They can not be found. The queen of Sweden was once asked why she made such rigid rules for the daily life of her daughter, to which she replied:.. "They are necessary, because she is in training for a throne."

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

NORTH CAROLINA LEADS IN ANOTHER MATTER.

While Cabarrus comes in for none of this record, not having qualified in the very first requirement in the campaign for a general improvement of educational facilities—the consolidation of districts—and her children are deprived of advantages that are accorded many in the state, it is nevertheless pleasing to note the record the state makes according to the following official statements:

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce reports that there are 1,909 motor buses in North Carolina transporting children to 796 schools. In motor bus transportation of school children North Carolina makes a splendid showing among the states. Only two states operate a larger number of school buses than North Carolina. They are Ohio with 2,395 and Mississippi with 1,959. In miles of route covered by school buses North Carolina stands first, which means that our school buses cover more territory than buses of the states that rank ahead of us in number of buses. In only one state, Wyoming, which has only 195 buses, does the average school bus cover more territory than in North Carolina. The inference is that in the consolidation process

North Carolina consolidates in a more extensive way than do other states. The 1,909 school buses in North Carolina cover a daily route of 40,089 miles, or approximately 21 miles per bus. Good highways make possible larger and better schools.

* * * * *

HOW CHILDREN WERE GUIDED IN OLDEN DAYS.

The Monroe Enquirer has run across a copy book of penmanship that was in use ninety years ago in the schools. This particular copy was brought from Charleston, S. C., March 14, 1836, and others like were to be found all about the state, being in use down to the school days of Shakespeare Harris, G. M. Love, Baker Morrison, John Kimmons, John A. Cline, W. R. Odell, Will Bell and others of our older citizens.

It is interesting to see what wisdom was sought to be set before the children of those school days; but Esq. Lore says the Enquirer overlooked one copy in that copy book, which read: Evil communications corrupt good manners. Here is the list of copies that the children were required to copy and unconsciously to memorize, and no doubt had upon them a fine influence:

A man can gain nothing in the company of the vicious.
 Beware how you speak of another's faults or infirmities.
 Christian graces should be sought after and cultivated.
 Despair is commonly considered a corruption of humanity.
 Endeavor to cultivate and practice a forgiving temper.
 Fatally enamoured are sinners in their attachment to vice.
 Governments are maintained by rewards and punishments.
 Humiliation and repentance are ornaments of Christians.
 If you have gained wisdom by sad experience improve it.
 Kingdoms and crowns must eventually be laid in the dust.
 Let innocence and prudence accompany all your diversions.
 Meditation is a profitable and pleasing exercise of the mind.
 Never countenance immorality but admonish with candor.
 Outward comforts should be relinquished for internal peace.
 Prosperity gains many friends and adversity ties them.
 Quarrelsome persons are certainly dangerous companions.
 Religion conduces both to our present and future happiness.
 Strive to deserve the friendship and approbation of good men.
 Temperance, industry and economy are avenues to wealth.
 Unmeaning sentences in high sounding words are ridiculous.
 Vanity and presumption win many a promising youth.
 Wisdom and understanding should be treasured in your heart.
 Youthful enjoyments insist more in anticipation than reality.
 Zealously pursue the paths of wisdom for all her ways are peace.

BIGGEST FIRE OF THE YEAR.

Raleigh, on Saturday last, witnessed the biggest fire that has occurred in the state during the past twelve months. From some yet indeterminate cause one wing of Central Hospital for the insane was discovered on fire. It was impossible to save the building.

There is just one fortunate feature about this destructive blaze and that is in the safe delivery of over five hundred unfortunate inmates without a single mishap. Taking in consideration the practical helplessness of the inmates, the fierceness of the fire and the distance which fire fighters had to come, the complete and safe delivery of the inmates approaches the miraculous.

The loss of property value approximates a half million, with considerable insurance. Gov. McLean called the Council of State together on Monday, and it was decided to restore the building at once. This is possible with the insurance and money from the emergency fund set aside by the General Assembly of 1925. A fire-proof building is to take the place of what was regarded a fire-trap.

* * * * *

GOING AWAY.

“Old Hurrygraph” in his communication in this number gives it out that North Carolina is to lose to California two of its choicest and most highly esteemed citizens. There will be regret all over the state that Col. and Mrs. Al Fairbrother are planning to make their permanent home in California, where the Colonel owns considerable property. We wish these good people good health and prosperity in their new home, but we wish, too, that they will soon contract a violent case of home-sickness—so violent that the only cure possible is a return to the state.

North Carolina never housed more brilliant people, with bigger hearts, than the two Fairbrothers, and The Uplift feels a personal loss in their going away.

* * * * *

MR. CANNON HAS NO POLITICAL HANKERING.

Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, a business genius in the manufacturing world, and a much esteemed member of the Board of Trustees of this institution, while in New York on one of his frequent business trips was nominated by the recent Republican convention, in Durham, as its candidate for United States Senator.

This unsought honor conferred upon one of our leading citizens, we make no

doubt, was just as much a surprise to him as it was to his many friends who know that he entertains no political aspirations. As was to be expected by his friends, who know how deeply devoted he is to the monumental manufacturing enterprise which he heads, Mr. Cannon has declined the proffered nomination.

* * * * *

ECHOES FOR THE TERRITORY.

The Uplift is the recipient of many commendations, by letter and by mouth, and some of them we make bold to report—not all of them for space will not permit. In the same mail this morning two came in—one from a preacher and one from a policeman—That The Uplift can get by in the estimation of a preacher and a policeman, at the same time, is an heartening experience. And we reproduce them, as follows:

KANNAPOLIS POLICE DEPARTMENT.

J. L. Boger, Chief.

Editor The Uplift:—

I notice today in looking over my Uplift that my subscription expired March 26. I am enclosing my check for two dollars for renewal for another year. Let The Uplift come right on as I enjoy reading it very much.

Yours very truly,

J. L. Boger.

REV. EDMUND N. JOYNER.

The Rectory

Laurens, S. C.

Editor The Uplift:—

Looking at the address label of my last copy of The Uplift, it took me back into '24! But I comforted myself—They just have not marked me up! But whether or no, any one copy is worth a deal more than the material cost; and the Magazine is rated beyond all mammony in two respects—the rare excellence of it, in its contents and workmanship, and the justifiable pride of a Tar Heel exile in it, and in the wonderful institution it represents.

You, sir, and all concerned there, including the Boys, especially those who print The Uplift, inspire any Carolinian with Faith, Hope and Love, through the effort of her authorities, as shown in that Institution, to accomplish the Program assigned to The Carpenter: to level down the proud, and raise the fallen; to straighten out the crooked in human hearts, and to clear out the

stumps and ruts from the pathway of their lives, so that they may all share in the progress and welfare of the Commonwealth.

Tell those Boys that I am a young Confederate Veteran, and chaplain of the N. C. Division, and I never read, in the Notes, of the services there, that I don't envy the parson who is so honored, and few things would give me so much pleasure as just that privilege.

I hope the enclosed scrip will save to me The Uplift!

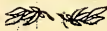
Cordially yours,

Edmund N. Joyner.

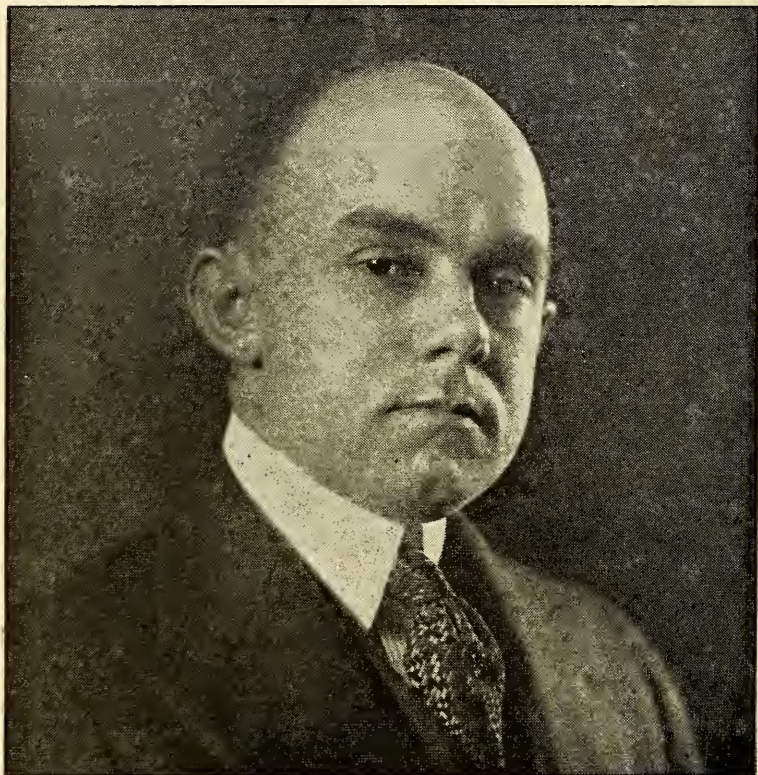
It seems that the muddle in the endorsement of a candidate for Vice-president general of the National D. A. R. has been cleared up. Major Roberts, the well-known parliamentarian, after reviewing the stenographic reports furnished him by State Regent Mrs. Gregory, of Salisbury, has declared Mrs. W. O. Spencer legally endorsed. Following this Mrs. Gregory has issued a letter, as printed in the Asheville Citizen of Monday, in which she accepts as final the ruling of Major Roberts and urges all delegates from North Carolina at the Washington Convention on the 19th to work for and vote for Mrs. Spencer, voicing the hope and prediction that Mrs. Spencer will be elected.

For weeks the gentle-spirited Ben Dixon MacNeill, a contributing attache of the Raleigh News & Observer, to the joy of his hosts of friends and thousands of readers, after weeks of being mended in a Washington (N. C.) hospital, is again on his job. He conducts a department in the Raleigh paper, which he has baptized "Cellar and Garret." Can't describe his famous feature—you have to read Cellar & Garret to know what it is.

Dog-wood will be in bloom next week. Don't do the vandal act by tearing off great limbs and riding in town with your auto decorated with this beautiful contribution of nature that looks best where it grew.



A PREACHER'S SON.



JUDGE JOHN MONTGOMERY OGLESBY.

Upon the death of Judge B. F. Long, of Statesville, Gov. McLean appointed to fill the vacancy Mr. John M. Oglesby, of Concord. The appointment was a happy and logical one, and was favorably received in the district and throughout the state.

Recently an authority, after making an exhaustive survey (surveys are a fad, if not popular and important) announced a finding that utterly puts to flight a contention by cynics and other worldly minded folks, if not outright anti-church people. This

survey involved the family origin and the youthful environment of those men and women, who have made what the world calls a success in life.

It was found that a larger per centum of preachers' sons "made good" than those of other professions,

callings and occupations. This finding is no surprise to those amongst us that recognize the wonderful and vital shaping that example, influence and habit round-about have on the young.

I like to hold up to the youth the example of men, born without silver spoons in their mouths and having made use of inherited talents, mental and physical, who have achieved not only worldly success but who have manifested in their lives a deep interest in promoting the welfare of humanity in general—giving a loyal, personal support to all agencies that contemplate a betterment of conditions and the ultimate benefit of mankind; and in all these activities have not forgotten God. The truth of history reveals another interesting fact: that a great majority of business and professional successes is not attributable to the inheritance of wealth. The fact is, most of the pronounced successes, if investigated, will be found to be by those who had serious and terrific battles to fight in getting a foot-hold.

This, we take it, is the glory of a true democracy, wherein before the law all men are born equal. This is demonstrated more fully since the order that obtained before the War Between States has passed away; and with the educational awakening and increasing educational opportunities, together with enlarged facilities the glory of a democracy has become more manifest.

The foregoing is neither an apology nor an excuse—just simply an approach—for my telling a little story about one whom I appreciate and have liked ever since I saw him a barefooted child toddling about the

Methodist parsonage in Mt. Pleasant, Cabarrus county—John Montgomery Oglesby. This, then, is my subject for a little chat about a preacher's son, who has wrought well and successfully in our midst and right under our eyes and in our times. I rejoice in telling the story of the success of an individual while he is yet in the flesh giving him an opportunity to make a defense, if he so desires—anybody can indulge in comments at the expense of the dead, doing violence to the injunction that "the white face of the dead is a flag of truce."

Our Subject.

John Montgomery Oglesby was born in Mt. Pleasant, March 31, 1887. His parents were Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Oglesby. The father was a Methodist minister, a man of good hard sense, strong personality, a preacher of marked ability and in his mingling with the general public was a fine influence for good. His mother's maiden name was Miss Julia Montgomery, a sister of the late Judge W. J. Montgomery, a representative of the old and outstanding families of this section of the state. Being the son of a Methodist preacher, John had the opportunity of seeing much of the state in his youthful days, following his father who took orders from the Bishop, year after year. Much of his youth, however, was spent in the eastern part of the state, his father having been a member of the North Carolina Conference, in which he filled important appointments, including that of presiding elder.

Young Oglesby had advantages of the public schools in place after place; then he entered Trinity Park School, following this with a course

in Randolph-Macon College. Then there came into his young life a bereavement most terribly wrought. His father lost his life in a railroad accident near Troy when a high trestle gave way, inflicting fatal injuries to Rev. Oglesby. From this day forward young Oglesby became his own master; here began his first real taste of what life means and what is to be made of it. He met the responsibility like a man in the making.

Gets Into the Newspaper Game.

Never idle, detesting anything suggestive of loafing even in boyhood days, he set about gaining the means of a livelihood under an environment that afforded a preparation for his real aspiration in life's career. He got into the newspaper game, taking a position with the Concord Times, later becoming city editor of the Concord Daily Tribune, when it came into the hands of Mr. J. B. Sherrill, editor and owner of the Concord Times. Young Oglesby had, as is understood in newspaper circles, "a nose for news." I well remember how easily he took to the job and what care he exercised in getting his facts down just right, avoiding all the while any leaning to the sensational—just another evidence of his spirit to arrive at the truth. His exhibited ability in the newspaper field attracted attention. He was called to the Roanoke (Va.) Times in an editorial position; then to the Atlanta Constitution and concluding his editorial work on the Chattanooga Times.

Our subject has never told me so, but I have thought for years that Mr. Oglesby had planned this circuit—kind of a chip off the old block—starting with editor John Sherrill and going

the rounds until he landed in Chattanooga under the dome of a conspicuous Law School.

Always peaceful and orderly, but when his country made a call young Oglesby needed no persuasion to put on his fighting clothes. In 1916, quitting his safe and pleasant job on the Concord Tribune, he enlisted as a private in Company L, First North Carolina Infantry, and served on the Mexican border; and in the World War he served in the Marine corps.

Mr. Oglesby has been active in many civic and soldier organizations, especially in the affairs of the American Legion. He has served as a post adjutant, post commander, member of the State executive committee and two years ago as State Vice Commander for the department of North Carolina. He has given a large amount of time to helping wounded and sick veterans adjust their claims with the veterans bureau. He also has been much in demand as an orator at meetings sponsored by the Legion and is a member of the national speakers bureau of the Legion.

Makes His Objective Port.

Soon after the close of the World War, having completed his law course at the head of his class, Mr. Oglesby located in Concord for the practice of his profession, which, I have no doubt, he had in mind constantly from the time he was thrown upon his own resources by that fatal accident which cost him his father on January 12, 1905. Who be there that can doubt that an experience in the game of newspaper life is not a valuable addition to the qualifications and preparation for the life of a law-

yer—in fact for any position except that of a millionaire?

Upon Mr. Oglesby opening his law office in Concord, a substantial patronage began. The folks knew John Oglesby; they knew that there was lawyer blood in his veins; they had watched his faithful, earnest application to every duty. It is recalled, too, by some of the older people, that on both sides of his parentage there is a long line of distinguished lawyers and judges. It is natural, then, for his having built up a lucrative practice in such a short time—his orderly, upright conduct among the folks, his studious and industrious habits, his manifestation of a high order of patriotism, and a recognized natural ability, re-enforced by careful preparation that broadened and strengthened, justified the public confidence in him and warranted a rapid rise in his professional career.

When the lamented Judge B. F. Long went west, a vacancy in one of the most important judicial districts in the state was created. When Gov McLean came to fill this vacancy, which under the law is his duty, he had fine material throughout the district from which to make an appointment to the vacancy. Mr. Oglesby was in no sense whatever a candidate for the position; he neither sought the governor's recognition, directly or indirectly nor registered his candidacy; in fact, Mr. Oglesby was a member of a bar that had unanimously endorsed the candidacy or appointment of another. Gov. McLean, in his wisdom, tendered the appointment to Mr. Oglesby, and under the urge of his numerous friends he accepted the tender.

He Becomes A Judge.

I'll become used to addressing this honored and most capable lawyer by his most worthy title of Judge, but those who have watched him and associated with him for so many years have to be on our P's and Q's not to blurt out simply "John," and such a salutation would not jar his judge-ship, so democratic is he.

It has been noted that the selection of Mr. Oglesby by his Excellency, the Governor has been cordially received by the bar and citizenship of the district. While it is no surprise, it is nevertheless a source of pride to his numerous friends and his fellow citizens in general to hear of the very able manner in which Judge Oglesby is conducting his courts. Everywhere he has been, in his own district and in others, the bar along with the people and the newspapers have been impressed with his marked ability and his executive powers in the conduct of the courts. Early in his judicial career he found himself in the midst of a court that was confronted with an unusual case, that of the Buncombe mob. His administration of the law at this Buncombe court called forth the following editorial comment from the Asheville Times:

A Just And Able Judge.

Judge John M. Oglesby, now ending the last week of his judicial sojourn in Buncombe and other counties of the 19th District, will leave behind him a splendid reputation for diligence in business and unalterable determination to uphold the law and measure out impartial justice from the Superior Court bench.

The people of Asheville and Buncombe will especially remember Judge Oglesby for his charge to the grand jury following the storming of the county jail by a mob in search of a negro who, fortunately had been removed from the county. His Honor on that occasion delivered a stirring appeal to the jurors for prompt and fearless dealing with a lawlessness which sought to tear down and trample underfoot the very structure of the law itself. Such men as Judge Oglesby are creators and upholders of North Carolina's best judicial traditions.

Judge Oglesby is deserving of the success that is attending his career; his past conduct as a boy, his manly and upright dealings with his fellows, his faithfulness to every trust, his well-planned preparation for his profession, his high sense of justice and right and his own personal integrity, all warrant the honor that has overtaken him. It is an honor in which all normal men take a pride when they see a young man, using the fine inheritances left him, burgeon a worthy course in life.

It is worthy to be noted that in all these struggles that entered into

Judge Oglesby's preparation for life, he was faithful to his Sunday School and to his church duties. When success began to crown his efforts, this churchly faithfulness increased rather than diminished, as so often occurs when men reach their goal they think they did it all and proceed to forget the hand of Providence. Judge Oglesby expressed great regret that in his judicial service he would be removed from his Bible Class at Epworth Church where he had built up a large and earnest class, which really resented for the time the honor that had come to their leader.

Judge Oglesby was fortunate on December 31, 1925, in correcting the one defect in his armor when he took in marriage Miss Sarah Josephine Hudgins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Hudgins, of Marion, N. C. It was a brilliant match in which the state took a lively interest.

I shall always be glad of the privilege and the pleasure of discharging a duty. I have talked up to a Judge, right in his face, a thing I have often craved to do. And how much better it is to do this thing while your subject breathes—anybody, in the presence of the awe and fear about the dead, can say it unblushingly with a flower or two.

“It is all right to say that this, that or the other man has a heart. So has a tiger. What kind of a heart is it? If you want to know, try to mesh his sympathies with his pocketbook and listen for the grinding of his gears.”

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The biblical injunction is to "love your enemies, and pray for those who spitefully use you." How many do this? It is very generally conceded that those who love their enemies haven't any.

A great many people boast of their family tree. Family trees have their rotten fruit as well as other trees.

You can notice it when you will, a ten percent friendship rarely ever pays a dollar dividend; and some one-hundred percent friendships go into bankruptcy, and never pay any dividends.

It is mentioned that colored boots are a novelty in woman's wear. In one model evolved by one of the chief makers, the foot is cased in varnished black leather, this is punched out in a floral design and the tops, which reach half way up the calf, are of bright blue satin. But no matter how fast the shoes go on their upward trip, they will hardly catch up with the skirts.

All this talk about two living as cheap as one is all right. Certainly they can—if one is rich.

There are a great many men on this old revolving ball of earth who are always howling about equal privileges. You can generally set it down as a fact that they want something they can't get.

Have you ever observed that life is very much like a game of cards. "A good deal" depends on good playing; and good playing depends on "a good deal." In the beginning of the game the cards are shuffled; in the ending of life you are shuffled off.

Speaking of life, this is funny world anyway, don't you think, if you have ever thought of it? One man builds a house and another occupies it. Another man does a worthy deed and somebody else gets the credit for it. Hindenberg was elected president of Germany as a reward for losing the war. Gen. Pershing was put on the retired list for winning it. Col. Mitchell was found guilty for having found out what was wrong with the air service, and was fired for finding out too much. Congress wrangles over immaterial things and the people moan for relief and a more economical government. So it goes. It's what we have done, and are doing, that makes or mars life. What we intend to do may never materialize, or be realized, and effects none but ourselves, and disappointments often o'ershadow our hopes and overcome us like a summer thundercloud, or something like that as Col. Shakespeare once said. It is funny, when you think of it.

Heart and hand are inseparably linked together. Some women have heart trouble. Others have head

trouble, in bobbing their hair, or washing it.

What riles the average pedestrian is to being barely missed by an auto and then have the driver, man, woman, boy or girl, swish by and grin in glee, as if it were a joke they did not knock you down, and perhaps knock your life out. A man told me the other day that when such incidents come to him he felt like, if he had a catapult handy he would turn loose the whole blooming thing on the car that comes near running over him without a sign of warning, and he didn't care who was driving it. That he didn't have but one life, and these smart, smiling drivers, drive on forever, regardless.

Some people are always waiting for something to turn up. It is the world's most expensive habit. Many of these kind of folks finally turn up in a graveyard with nothing accomplished. There are many geniuses who never arrive anywhere because they have no destination. But to a person, of even small talent, who has a definite purpose, all things are possible.

The gas and electric inspectors are the only persons I know of who paid to do light reading.

In "Rambling Around" Easter Monday I spent five hours in Greensboro, on a visit to kinfolks, who were really glad to see us. On this trip, going and coming, four hearts were made as happy as any I ever saw. On the outer edge of Hillsboro, going, we saw two boys

by the side of the road that were the very picture of wishfulness as they viewed each car that passed. The friend taking us up slowed down and suggested that they ride. You ought to have seen those boys jump glee and bound for the car. They were going to Greensboro on an Easter lark, to see some young feminine larks up there they said. If there ever was a case of genuine appreciation, those boys had it. One was from Morganton and the other was from Rocky Mount. They were Duke students taking Easter happily. Coming back, on a street corner in Gibsonville stood two Duke students, and they were looking over every car that passed with wishful east of countenance. As our car slowed down, and one of the boys peeping around from behind a car on the street, saw the slowing process they made one jump for their grips, and another for the car. They were brought back to the Duke campus. Another case of hearty appreciation. These two boys were from Winston-Salem. It was a real pleasure to see the delight manifested by these four boys and their appreciation of the wayside lifts. It made a happy Easter for them, and was a source of pleasure to the benefactor of the rides. Students were seen all along the way, of the roadside, looking for a lift.

While in Greensboro I dropped in on my old friends, Col. and Mrs. Al Fairbrother, and "passed the time o' day" for half an hour or more. The Colonel told me that on June first, he and Mrs. Fairbrother will remove their residence from the

state of North Carolina, where for some thirty-odd years they have been outstanding newspaper characters and workers: They will make their home in Long Beach, California, where the Colonel owns a seaside bungalow, and where he says the climate is more conducive to the literary work he is doing. I regret the departure of these two talented people who have made their impress upon North Carolina, and done so much for the upbuilding of the commonwealth, and there will be hosts of warm friends all over the state who will share with me this regret to the fullest extent. The going of Col. Fairbrother is the removal of a peculiarly unique character, and one of the brightest stars in the firmament of state journalism. I may say brightest electric lights, as he is electrifying in his productions, and versatile in thought. His rhetoric has the nature of blooming springtime flowers; the beauty of ripened fruit; and the blasts of freezing winter. All seasons are his own weaving the fabrics of dainty colors in his mind's loom. He has a following in this state few newspaper men can claim. North Carolina will feel the loss of his efforts. Colonel, I wish you and Mrs. Fairbrother a long and placid life, with your cups of happiness filled to the brim beside the sparkling, dancing waters, on California's golden shores. May

the twilight of both lives be golden.

—

A crusty man may be soft on the inside, but however fond I may be of custard pie I don't like thee outside covered with sand. Every time a man doubles up his fist he doubles up his mind. The biggest and most successful men are the easiest to reach and the most agreeable to transact business with. We talk a lot about what the world does not do for us. As a matter of fact we are very largely our world makers. If our world is cramped, if the streets are narrow and the alleys unclean, we are inclined to kick the cat and grumble at fate. If the world we occupy does not suit us, we are at liberty to move out and create for ourselves a larger, a cleaner and a better one. Every day, more and more, people are beginning to realize that bigotry, intolerance, narrowness, selfishness, hatred and malice are just so many ditches filled with foul water and that when they surround themselves with these thought sewers the very air they breathe is poisoned; every Godlike impulse is killed and that they are creating in themselves a devil more real than the one which was pictured to them from the pulpit in the days of their childhood. Why place obstructions on your track and then blame Providence because your train goes into the ditch?

Man (in barber-chair)—Be careful not to cut my hair too short—people will take me for my wife!—Paris Le Quotidien.

PROGRAM FOR THE SCHOOL.

What effect will the new consolidated high school building program which is now being carried out in the state have on the social, economic, and intellectual life of the rural and urban communities of the state? This was one of the questions raised in the regular meeting of the North Carolina Club at the University of North Carolina, March 8, 1926, when A. M. Moser read a paper to the Club on the subject of A Community Program for the School.

In answer to this question it was pointed out that the possibilities for the consolidated school to become a community builder were tremendous, but that so far the schools had not capitalized their opportunity in this respect. It was pointed out that if the schools ever are to function efficiently as centers of community life a different type of school principal and teacher usually will be needed to direct the work. At present the teachers move too often, and it was pointed out that until principals and teachers choose to settle down and become citizens and vital members of the communities in which they work, it will be almost impossible to carry out a community program must of necessity extend over a period of years. Schools of permanent influence are largely built around permanent teachers. Schools taught by grasshopper teachers can never become centers of community life.

We used to think that the expensive school house had served its pur-

pose when we used it from nine o'clock in the morning until three or four o'clock in the afternoon for five days in the week. Now we know differently. The school building furnished by the taxpayers of the community belongs to all the people of the community, and should be used not merely by the children but by the grown-ups as well.

The Program

In regard to the program for the school, Mr. Moser showed that no one program of activities could be devised which would meet the needs of all communities. Every section will naturally have its own peculiar conditions and problems, he said, and the program set forth is merely suggestive and will have to be adapted to existing conditions.

First, organize at each school (1) a boys' corn or agricultural club; (2) a girls' canning or household arts club, and let these clubs include the young people of the community who are not in school.

Second, connect the school work with the occupational interests of the community by adding to the curriculum courses in farm management and vocational subjects, and bring to the school as often as possible the county farm agent and others who can assist in the work. Introduce into the curriculum courses in cooking, home-making, and related subjects for the girls and young women of the community. Emphasize courses in hygiene, sanitation, and health using the assistance of the county and state health authorities as much as possible.

Third, the school should make an

economic and social study of the community. These studies should be done by the students under the direction of the teachers. They would concern local geography and history; direct attention to origins, and racial strains; noteworthy events and achievements; historic objects and localities; study the condition of libraries, schools, churches, and forces and agencies of progress; a study of the lives of men who are leaders in the spiritual, intellectual, and material upbuilding of the community; and a study of the occupations, industries and so on in which the people are vitally interested.

Fourth, the school should begin to organize the interests of the community with the school as a center. Various organizations should be revived and new ones formed, and committees should be appointed to en-

courage, for example, the production of food and feed crops, along with some good standard money crop; to improve methods in cultivation; to encourage cooperative buying and selling; to secure credit at a low rate; to develop community resources, such as waterpower, forests, etc.

A women's club should be organized for the purpose of studying home-making, furnishing, equipment; to develop native industries—sewing, weaving, etc.; for social and cultural purposes such as the study of music, art, the drama, and literature.

It was pointed out that the school should be the center of interest for all the people of the community the whole year round. At least once a week there should be some special attraction that would bring the people together for an hour or two of pleasure and profit.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Said a Cabarrus Citizen: "I have often wondered if something I heard a boasting kind of man say in the presence of his wife was true. I'm a married man, myself, and I enjoy a pretty uniform domestic felicity but sometimes—oh, well I'm telling about the other man, who declared that he and his wife had been married nineteen years and never a cross or impatient word had passed between them in all that time."

"Now," said this Citizen, "I have a cook that worked for four years for that loving couple and I asked her how about that statement. The old colored woman simply replied, 'Ugh! I'se not talkin'.'"

FUTURE BELONGS TO SOUTH.

Senator A. J. Beveridge.

Southward the star of the empire ought now to take its way. The future belongs to the South if the men of the South will only have it so. Southern farm lands, under your rare climate, can yield more corn for feeding and clothing of the world than any like acreage on earth, and these fertile fields now give only a small part of the wealth they are meant to give and can be made to give. Southern mines are as rich in iron, coal and other minerals as any on the globe, and these storehouses are as yet almost untouched. Southern water power is greater than that of New England or the far Northwest, and most of it runs unharnessed to the sea. Southern timber equals the stumpage of Russia and the greater part of it is still unused.

The place of the South on the map of the world ought to make it the heart of industry and civilization. The greatest system of waterways on the globe gathers into a mighty trunk line which pours through the South to find its outlet in your Southern Gulf. This vast land-protected sea

is an ocean in itself, giving to the South trade advantages which, if used, would be unrivaled. The great Panama Canal opens the commerce of mankind to the South more than to any other single part of the public. From Norfolk to Galveston the South has a chain of seaports, the poorest of which is better than the best German seaport and the best of which is as good as those of England.

And the people of the South are as yet of almost pure descent from the first American stock. Theirs is a fighting blood, which counts no cost when standing for what they believe to be right. Theirs is a love for the idealism which alone makes prosperity worth while and which alone can save the present day craze for money-making from rotting the heart of the nation. Theirs, too, is an aptitude for thinking coming down from forefathers whose work in founding the republic is one of the priceless traditions of the American people.

WITH A REPUTATION.

Reports about individuals or business houses do circulate and reputation is made up of these reports. Good reports build up a reputation with which comes standing and success. Bad reports have a destructive effect on reputation. We are dependent on what people say about us for the reputation we have. With the

reputation our pleasure and profits are inseparably joined. A good reputation may be harmed by false reports so that nothing but the united effort of people who know the falsity of the damaging reports can reinstate the good name.

A business house that served candies, creams and food to a large pub-

lie was so scandalized by a false report that practically all its trade suddenly stopped. The accusation was made that in the employ of this house was a leper, who worked in the candy-making department. This report was false, but it had its effect and there seemed no way of re-establishing the reputation of the place and regaining the lost customers. But it was done by the concerted effort of several "eating" clubs—Rotary, Kiwanis and others—that went to this place for the weekly luncheons, thus proving to the public that the leading business men of the community

had confidence in the safety of the place. This was a fine thing for these clubs to do. It saved a worthy business man from failure and gave a demonstration of how a defrauded reputation can be restored. The caution comes to us to be careful of what we say about others so that nothing but facts be spoken, lest reputations be harmed and usefulness made impossible. Incidentally, we have added proof that not much success can be ours unless we face our work with a reputation that is rated as good.

—Selected.

THE GROWLERS.

They's folks in this worl' whut nuthin' won't suit;
 Like a owl in the dark they's just livin' t' hoot;
 The light uv a smile is too strong fer their eyes,
 So they crawls in their hole an' there waits till it dies;
 Ef they ever sees heaven, they'll sniff an' they'll scowl
 An' smothers its gleam with a thick, gloomy smudge.

Ef they was enough uv them fellows around'
 Then ev'ry good laugh would be under the ground
 Whatever yer give 'em, tain't jest right;
 It's too long er too short, er too heavy or too light;
 Ef it's flowers yuh give 'em, they'll sniff and declare,
 The perfume they carries 'll pizen the air.

The sun is too hot er the sky is too blue,
 They ain't nothin' square an' they ain't nothin' trueé;
 When God made the world, He made it all wrong,
 An' the people that's in it ain't worth a ding-dong.
 Ef they eversees heaven, they'll sniff an' they'll scowl
 'Cause it ain't got no dungeon with gloom fer their growl;
 The brightness an' music'll worry 'em so,
 They'll pack up their snarls en' jest move down below.

MOTIVES FOR GETTING MARRIED.

(From the Baltimore Sun).

There were, at the last count, 876,432 reasons why people should get married.

Two of them will occur to you at once. A man begins to get along in years. His friends begin to call him an old bachelor. His friends begin to accumulate a fortune. He begins to be lonely. And he says to himself: "I ought to get married and settle down. I'll pick out a girl."

Just like that. "I'll select a new cravat," or "I'll buy a saddle horse."

That's one of the many reasons.

Then there's the girl whose friends feel charitable when they call her a girl. She's getting wrinkles. Her make-up requires time and a touch of genius. People don't call her an old maid—not nice people. They call her a bachelor girl. And they speak in envious tones of her efficiency and her good job and the "contacts" her job affords with "life in the raw." You know the kind of people.

But the girl isn't fooled. She sees the years coming, and she shudders. It is very trying to face coming years alone if your purse is thin.

So she decides it would be a good idea to marry and thus by God's grace, insure herself against want in

her old age. By such means as are orthodox she selects the man.

That's another of the many reasons.

People who are old and hard boiled and cynical—all of which means merely "disappointed"—need read no further, for this is about to become romantic. You can't select a husband or a wife as you select other things—like saying "Give me six of those." Love just happens. It happens invariably as a result of association, but a few other things are essential also. Common tastes, or common prejudice, or a mutual physical attraction, and things like that. But in any case you can't make a resolution and say: "Today I shall fall in love." It isn't done. It can't be done.

Well, then, how shall young people know when they are really and truly in love and have a right to marry?

In the case of the man no specifications are necessary. He knows. You can't fool him. His reasoning isn't clouded by the prospect of bettering his case in a material way.

Girls need but one word: Never marry until you find the one shoulder on which you would wish to cry if you wished to cry.

HISTORY OF LIGHTING.

The history of lighting from such crude beginnings as when the Shetland islanders made a torch-lamp by sticking a wick in the throat of fat stormy petrel forms the subject of a

manuscript just completed as the fruit of years of research by a Smithsonian scientist. The author is Dr. Walter Hough, head curator of anthronology in the National museum,

which is administered by the Smithsonian institute.

Dr. Hough's account reveals that animals have played a large part in furnishing light to man. A fat little fish called the candle fish is burned like the stormy petrel by the Indians of the Northwest coast of America. In the tropics of America, the natives used to build cages to hold up the great light-bearing beetle or fire-fly for illuminating purposes. But whales and seals have made the largest contribution in supplying lamp fuel. Up to the discovery of petroleum in quantities in 1859, they provided the major part of the world's lamp oil, "with the result," as Dr. Hough puts it "that the

lamp was rather a device for increasing Christian fortitude than a dependable producer of light."

Dr. Hough has devoted years to the collecting and study of artificial lighting objects until the collection now in the National museum is probably without a peer. Henry Ford has made a hobby of the collecting of such objects.

The revolutionizing factor in illumination, Dr. Hough finds to be the solution of the problem of draft for lamps by a Swiss engineer named Argand in the year 1782. George Washington had some of the Argand lamps at Mount Vernon. These are now in National museum historical collections.

VIRTUES OF THE DOG.

He neither forgets you nor neglects to welcome your home coming.

He doesn't talk back.

He accepts whatever you do as right.

He does not gossip or backbite.

His life is a sermon on unselfish affection without hope of reward.

In prompt obedience he is a model for children.

He will run his four legs off to make you or your children happy.

He will submit to almost any hardship to make children happy.

Like a real hero, he will risk his life for you and yours.

If the children are rough, he will endure it.

If children are unkind, he will forgive it.

If he does not get enough to eat he will forgive it.

If you burden him too heavily he will bear up as best as he can.

He is thankful for his simple food.

He seldom sulks nor long retains a misunderstanding.

His added friends do not lessen his affection for you.

He does not question your dress or your station in life.

He respects your change of temperament and seeks to please you.

He does not bore you with his troubles.

He is polite and thanks you with a wag of his tail for every kind word or act.

He does what you tell him without asking why.

He trusts you supremely and is the very embodiment of Faith, Hope and Love.

WHEN THE BOSS LOG ROLLED.

By Russell Cunningham.

From up the heavily timbered ravine came a long-drawn call, sharp and piercing at first, then swelling in volume until the caller used the full power of his lungs, and at last drawing out until it resembled a long, harsh wail. Transcribed, it might be written something like this:

"Be-l-l-ooooooo!"

Tommy Collins heard the call and hurriedly backed away from the log-chute. He knew that in an instant a log would come flashing down the long, wooden trough, speed across the trestle where the canon swerved, and then climb the hill beyond. It was all in the day's work for Tommy for part of it all was his job.

Hardly had he reached a safe position several feet away from the chute when there came another sound from up the ravine. This time it was a rumble, much like distant thunder.

Tommy's eyes sparkled as he cocked his head to one side and listened for he knew this log was a big one. Only big logs could rumble like that as they flashed along the chute. And he was right, for an instant later he could see the log through the trees.

At first he thought it was the boss log, the butt, or lowermost out of the Sentinel, a great pine that had watched over Snow-shoe Pass for centuries. But he knew it couldn't have been the boss log for the men up the chute at the skidway had promised to let him know when they sent the boss log down. This would probably be an hour or so after dinner, they had said.

The rumble was increasing into a roar as the log gained speed and now

it flashed along just opposite Tommy. It continued to gain speed as it flew across the trestle and started the climb beyond. Then gradually its speed slackened as it climbed higher until, when it topped the crest of the hill, it was traveling no faster than a man could run.

"If they would just send the boss log down now!" Tommy muttered. "The chute was never in better condition for a big log and that big fellow would get over like a top!"

The long-drawn wail was repeated and he turned back to watch the next log pass. This one, he noticed from the big-brown scales, was a cut of yellow pine and he surmised it to be a part of the Sentinel, a small cut near the top.

"They're working close to the big boss log," he said to himself.

Tommy's job with the Salt Creek Lumber Company was to keep the chute greased so the logs would travel neither too fast nor too slow. A log going too fast might, and often did, jump the chute and go plunging and tearing off through the trees. It took hours of labor to drag them back to the chute with horses and then more hours of hard work to get them up the hill beyond. If a log went too slow, then it did not have momentum enough to carry it up the incline and this meant a waste of time because every crew had to stop work until horses could be brought up to drag the log on the rest of the way up the hill.

His section of the chute was the hardest of all because it contained

the dangerous drop, where the logs gained most of their speed, the trestle and the climb. Yet Mr. Gates had not hesitated a month ago in offering Tommy the job.

"I've watched you every since you have been with us, son," he said kindly "You watch the little things, and its the little things that count!

"That's why I am offering you this job in preference to Hank Mills and the others. Hop to it and make good."

And Tommy did make good. In the month only ten logs had jumped the chute and these got away while he was getting used to the big trough. Only one log had lacked the momentum to carry it over the next hill and not once had a log broken through the poles that formed the bottom and sides of the chute. All in all it was a record any man could have been proud of. He set his bucket and wiper down and picked up a peavy, a piece of wood with a swinging hook on one end that timbermen use to move logs with. It would be several minutes before the chute would need his attention again and in the meantime he could practice. Sometime he hoped to be a skilled hookman, a "skyhook on a skidway perhaps.

With a dexterous twist of his wrist he opened the hook and brought it down, burying the sharp point deep in a log. A man's life often depended on a hookman's skill with a peavy and Tommy wanted to be proficient.

Suddenly he glanced at the log railing of the chute then back at the peavy in his hand. His eyes opened wide at the thought that flashed suddenly into his mind and he continued

to study the slender, graceful curve of the hook.

"I—I believe it would work," he muttered after an instant. "Only an expert would dare try it, but I think it could be done!"

The idea was big and he rolled it over and over in his mind, thinking about it from all angles. At last he said to himself quietly:

"It's just another sample of what the little things can do. A pine cone, for instance will grow into a great tree, like the Sentinel. Then a little match, smaller even than the cone can destroy a million trees as large as the big pine!"

An hour later when he went to the cabin where the timbermen ate their noonday meal he was still thinking of the idea.

"Think you can handle the boss log, son?" Bert Clark, the field foreman asked kindly as they were seated around the long dining table.

"I think so," Tommy answered promptly. "The chute was never in better condition than it was this morning."

"That's good," the foreman approved. "Mr. Gates will be up this afternoon to see it travel and he'll prob'ly want to watch it from your station."

"What time will it be down?"

"About an hour's work before we get to it. About two o'clock I think you can expect it."

Tommy's heart was light as he returned to his station that afternoon. It would be a feat to handle the big log successfully, something to be remembered and talked about afterwards. Every man, from the sawyers, the swampers, teamsters, hookmen and

chute-greasers on down to the rivermen who floated the logs down to the mill after they were dumped into the stream from the chute, and even the mill hands were taking a great personal interest in the boss log.

Tommy loved it all, the crisp mountain air, heavy with the aroma of pines, the excitement and danger that went hand in hand with his job, and above all the feeling of sturdiness his contact with the rough, hard-working lumberjacks gave him. In a way he pitied the boys shut up in the cities away from the big outdoors, but in another way he envied them because they had educational advantages that he could not possibly have in the lumber camp.

Scarcely had he returned to work after dinner when Mr. Gates appeared around the curve below the trestle. He was riding a horse and in the saddle in front of him was his five-year-old son, Raymond. Tommy hurried down to meet them for Raymond was the pet of the camp and a special friend of his. The greeting was soon over and he turned and accompanied them back up trail.

"Any change in the time the big fellow is to come down?" Mr. Gates asked as he selected a mossy, grass-covered spot of ground and sat down.

"No sir," Tommy replied. "Bert said it would be down at about two o'clock as near as he could figure."

"That's fine," the boss commented enthusiastically. For a long minute he stared intently at the sections of pole railings that bordered the chute, carefully noting each one. At last he turned to Tommy and said quietly:

"The boss log of the Sentinel will

be the largest ever handled by a Northwestern lumber outfit. And this is the longest and most difficult chute that I know of. Do you think it will go over all right?" he finished abruptly. From his manner Tommy realized something of what the safe handling of the boss log would mean to the boss.

"Yes sir," Tommy replied instantly. "The chute was never in better condition, neither too fast nor too slow, and the log should go over like a top."

They watched the logs come flashing down the long trough, always preceded by the long-drawn call, fly across the trestle and then climb the hill beyond. Mr. Gates' eyes lighted as each log came down, for, accustomed to it all as he was, the flashing logs never lost their interest for him.

Once Tommy picked up his wiper and the grease bucket and walked towards the chute. A little of the black grease here and there would fix the chute just right for the big fellow and this would be the last time before it came down. When he returned he set the tools down behind a clump of bushes and picked up the peavy.

"The fellow that invented these certainly knew what he was about, didn't he?" he asked as he swung it dexterously.

"Why?" absently.

Tommy flushed, suddenly conscious that Mr. Gates might think him bold, or trying to "show off" with the hook. "I—I was just thinking of how easy it is to move a big log with such a small tool," he said.

"Yes," Mr. Gates sat forward and seemed to take interest. "And that

all falls in with your idea of the little things, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Tommy admitted, flushing.

"The little things really count for a whole lot, my boy. I'm glad you recognize their importance," he stopped and glanced at his watch. "Ten minutes until two. We can expect the big log any time, now."

"Yes," Tommy returned, leaning against the handle of the peavy.

"Tommy," Mr. Gates asked suddenly, "did you see where Raymond went?" There was a note of alarm in his voice.

"No."

"He's gone, and the boss log is due. What if he gets too near the chute?"

"I don't think he would do that," Tommy tried to reassure his employer. "The logs would probably frighten him away from the chute."

Mr. Gates flashed him a smile and Tommy saw a part of the anxiety leave his face at the thought. "I'll call him, anyway," he said.

He called, but only the echoes of his voice, rebounding from the timber across the ravine returned. Again he called, this time louder and again there answered nothing but the hollow echo.

"The little rascal." Mr. Gates said as he tried to grin. "He's in mischief as sure as the world or he would answer." Anxiety and concern was creeping into his voice and the grin he started was a total failure.

Tommy looked toward the bush where he had left his bucket and wiper. It was gone!

Look!" he cried, turning to Mr. Gates. "My wiper and bucket is gone. That means—"

Mr. Gates looked at him blankly

an instant. Then a look of understanding crept into his eyes. "It means Raymond is trying to do as you did, grease the chute!" he interrupted.

Both of them started toward the chute on the run. They came from behind a bush and a faint flutter of white far below caught their glance. It was Raymond, and he was sitting squarely in the chute just above the trestle!

At that same instant the lumberman's cry from above sounded:

"Be-l-l-o-oo-ooo. Bo-sss- log be-l-l-oo-ooo!"

"The boss log!" Tommy gasped. "It's coming!" He wheeled, cupped his hands to his mouth and called up the ravine: "Hoo-l-d-it!" his call to stop logs in case anything was wrong.

But he knew he was too late, for even as he called he could hear the distant rumble of the great log as it gained momentum on its downward glide.

Mr. Gates was standing as one turned suddenly to stone, horror-stricken. He turned and started down towards the child, but he knew he could not cover a quarter of the distance before the log would overtake him.

Tommy felt of the peavy in his hand. The feel of it buoyed him up, somehow gave him confidence. He glanced at the chute.

"Little things can do big things," he muttered.

Then he was running toward the chute, directly in the face of the oncoming boss log, armed only with a frail peavy.

Some impulse made him repeat the long-drawn chute-man's cry as he ran

forward. The cry checked Mr. Gates flight and he paused and glanced up. He saw Tommy.

"Stop!" he screamed. "Stop!" Tommy, you'll be killed!"

But the boy did not hear. The chute was only a few feet away and he risked time enough for a hurried glance above. The big log was entering the drop!

Resolutely he plunged on. He knew he had only a few seconds in which to work, a few seconds to try out the plan that had flashed into his mind that morning. The life of a child depended on the turn of his wrist that would plunge the hook deep into the log railing of the chute. Even then it might not work.

He knew that there was a more than even chance that he would be killed. He must work with lightning-like speed.

Mr. Gates had stopped, stunned by the daring. To him it seemed that Tommy was rushing headlong into the yawning jaws of death and he stood as one transfixed. Then he saw the hook flash in Tommy's hands and something of the boy's plans flashed into his mind. A prayer for Tommy's success was on his lips as he waited.

The rumble of the log was increasing into a roar. Tommy knew from the sound of it that the log was entering the drop. From now on its speed would be terrific.

A twist of his wrist brought the hook up, opening it, as he ran, preparing it for the downward plunge. He mustn't miss. He couldn't miss! That hook must swing straight and true where he aimed it. He tensed his muscles as the chute loomed

ahead.

He swung the hook, hard and fast, then dropped to the ground.

A shadow appeared like a flash over him, accompanied by a deafening roar. Then there came a thud, a bump barely audible above the rumble. He crawled frantically to one side, expecting to feel the chute tumble down on him at any instant.

The great log quivered. Then its nose lifted up and it rocked to one side. In a flash it left the chute, flopped over the edge, came down sideways and rolled on.

A section of the chute gave away, then another. Splinters were sent flying in every direction. Then one end of the log brushed against a stump. It flopped again, cleared the chute entirely and went rolling and tumbling off through the trees.

The plan had worked!

"Are you all right, boy?" Mr. Gates inquired anxiously when, five minutes later he was leading Raymond up to where Tommy still lay gasping a few feet away from the chute and the broken peavy, parts of which still quivered in the log railing.

"Yes. Never a scratch."

"How on earth did you do it?" Mr. Gates gasped as he sat down weakly by the boy's side.

"I—I don't hardly know. The hook—I just swung it, so the point would bite into the railing. The end of the log struck it, buried it deeper, then the curved part of the hook stuck out just far enough to lift the end of the log so that it left the chute. I—I guess it nearly ruined the chute—"

"And saved Raymond's life. My boy," his voice became suddenly

husky, "I want you to come into the office with me. There will be a chance for an education, and anybody who can think as fast as you can and who pays attention to the little things—"

Tommy felt very weak. The nervous reaction of the terrific strain was setting in and he was exhausted.

Raymond, child-like, lay down on the ground with him and he did not hear his employer finish. One tiny, chubby fist tugged at the arm over his face and he heard the child's voice:

"You an' me's pals, Tommy, ain't we?"

"Yes, buddy," he whispered.

MR. FORD'S TROUBLES.

(Asheville Citizen).

It's too darned bad about Mr. Henry Ford. He is not given to satisfy the natural curiosity of a gaping public as to his personal income and expenses, but in a laudable effort to find out how much money he makes from year to year financial experts have figured it out as best they can and have arrived at results which they seem to think are reasonably accurate. Their figures show that while most of the other large automobile manufacturers made more money in 1925 than ever before, Mr. Ford has suffered a grievous loss as compared with 1924. We are not to be understood as intimating that Henry didn't make a profit last year—it's only that he made less than he did the year before, and while we unfortunately don't know just what his personal expenses may be it is fairly obvious that he is going to have to pull in his horn and pay a little more attention to the household bills if he expects to lift the mortgage from the old homestead. He made something like a hundred and fifteen million dollars net out of the business in 1924, and by pinching here and there he not only got through the year in

good shape but even managed painfully to put something aside for the inevitable rainy day, but in 1925 he could only squeeze out a bare ninety-four million and that's hardly enough nowadays for a man who has to share what little he gets with a married son. In such circumstances it's difficult to look a falling income in the face with anything like equanimity, and we cannot help but sympathize with any man who through no apparent fault of his own sees the weekly pay check gradually drop below the danger line of a hundred million a year while food, clothes and the rent seem always to be going up.

Of course there are people, even in Asheville, who manage to get by on less, but those who have to do it are precisely the ones who know how hard it is. To say that you must cut your coat according to your cloth is all very well, but what with shoes for the children and the movies exchanging their programme two or three times a week and a lot of other little unexpected expenses that keep bobbing up all the time the father of a family sometimes hardly knows which way to turn. All we can sug-

gest is that Mr. Ford should make a strict budget and stick to it. With a fresh coat of paint the old shaver can be made to last another year and by that time business may be looking up again.

THE LAW.

When we go into the court room and the judge is on the stand, and the jury is empaneled and the witnesses on hand; and there sit the famed reporter with his pencil and his pad. The defendant looking solemn because people think him bad. And then there are lawyers sitting at the bar—at them we take a second look to see just who they are. There's our prosecuting attorney, who says that this man must go, and the lawyer for the defendant who says no, it isn't so. The State then calls a witness his knowledge to inspect, when up stands the other lawyer, "Your honor, we object." The judge looks very solemn—"the objection we sustain, you didn't ask the question right, you'll have to try again. And then the trial goes onward with the lawyers butting in till the witness gets so rattled he don't know where he's been. He never has a chance

to say just what he did or saw without a lawyer saying, "Your honor, here's the law." The prosecutor takes the stand before the jury box; Now, gentlemen, enforce the law," is just the way he talks. "This man is bad, he broke the law, we must not let him go to rob or steal from someone else—he's guilty find him so."

The defending lawyer then comes up, he's meek, mild and so quiet, but the way he swings his arms about he sure is a riot. "This man is innocent," he cries, he moans and wails and sighs till guilty man believes he is, cause lawyers don't tell lies. Then the judge reads instructions and the jury files away to argue over this poor man's fate, for they have all the say. After hours comes the jury back looking pale and wilty, and the foreman walks up and says, "Your honor, he's not guilty."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Tooth brushes were distributed to all the boys at the institution last Friday.

—
A large number of the boys had their blood tested by Dr. Buchanan last Wednesday afternoon.

The barn boys have been hauling dirt, and manure to the different flower beds recently. They have also been doing a great deal of plowing.

—
Prof. W. W. Johnson returned to the institution last Tuesday after

spending Easter holidays in Greensboro.

Albert Smith, James Ford, Lemuel Lane and Vernon Hall, members of the third, eleventh, sixth and the ninth cottages were paroled recently.

Mr. White and several of the chicken boys have been getting the ice plant ready to begin making ice for the summer. They are expecting to begin soon.

A large number of the boys are practicing broad jump, running jump, high jump, shot put, races and discus throw. They are getting ready for a contest soon.

Prof. Crook's Sunday School class went to the second cottage last Sunday morning and "listened in" on the morning service broad-casted from a radio station in Charlotte.

A number of the smaller boys have been busy during the past week clearing off the land near the ball ground when they have finished it will have a better appearance.

Since the warm weather the boys have not only been playing baseball but tennis. A number of the boys play this game on two courts at the ball ground almost every afternoon.

Mr. Talbert and a number of the larger boys have been busy during the past week loading wagons with dirt near the Chapel. This dirt is being used to fill in a low place near Mr. Boger's home.

One of the cows at the dairy barn

has made a high record in giving milk at this institution recently. She gives fifty-three and nine-tenths pounds of milk daily. Charlie Carter, the boy who tends this cow, feels very proud of her.

Cecil Trull, Saunders, William Penny, Brochie Flowers, D. Ellis, Robert Whitt, Jack Stevenson, C. Meneil, James Perry, Cleveland Byerly, Ray Hatley, Marrian Thomas, Bill Billings, Larry Griffith, Ralph Hollars, Richards and James McIntire received visits from their parents and relatives last Wednesday.

The result of the game last Saturday afternoon was 15 to 12 favor the officers. The boys who got one base hits were: McAuthor, Henry, McBride, Brown, Massey and Pleasant. Two base hitters: Pickett, and Massey. Three base hitters McBride and Cloaninger. The officers who got one base hits were: Mr. Hobby three, Mr. Carriker, Mr. Poole, Mr. Godown three, Mr. Groover two, Mr. Smith two, Joe Stevens one. Two base hitters: Mr. Poole, Mr. Smith. Three base hitters: Mr. Carriker. The boys got 14 hits twelve runs and made 5 errors. The officers got 19 hits made fifteen runs and made 8 errors. Prof. W. W. Johnson umpired this game.

The boys had a very interesting Sunday School lesson last Sunday. It was about "The Story of Creation," taken from the book of Genesis the first chapter. In this lesson it tells about the beginning and how God made heaven and earth. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The earth was "without form, and void; and darkness was up-

on the face of the deep. . . . And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. "God then made man; he let him have "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. . . . So God created man in His own image. . . . male and female created he them. God then told them that He had given unto them the herb that beareth seed, and the tree that gave fruit. "And God saw, everything that he made, and behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were on the sixth day." God had finished His work and rested on the seventh day which was Sunday. The golden text for this lesson was: "In the beginning God created heaven and the earth"—Genesis 1:1.

—

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boy's Work Secretary for the Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, brought Dr. McGeachy out to the institution last Sunday afternoon to speak to the boys. Mr. D. B. Coltrane was also present at the services. The services opened with Doxlogy, the one-hundredth Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, led by Zeb Trexler. The next hymn sung by the school was: "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name." "A Man May Be Down, But He's Never Out," (written by Dr. McGeachy) recited by Virgil Shipes. A solo by Carlyse Hardy. Dr. McGeachy began his talk with the boys saying: "Some of you boys in this audience have talents to do a certain kind of work, some of you can do this certain work better than

another boy, use these talents and develop them, that is what God gave them to you for. The subject for my talk this afternoon is: "A Morsel of Meat." He spoke of Esau when he was born, he and Jacob, one of them had smooth skin and the other hairy. When the two had grown to be men one of them (Esau) became a mighty hunter while the other (Jacob) was a stay at home. One day when Esau was out hunting, it happened that he had not much luck that day and started toward his home tired, thirsty and hungry. Jacob knew that he would be this way when he arrived and had prepared savory meats. When Esau arrived he smelt the savory meats and asked for some. (Jacob was planning to buy Esau's birth-right with the meats. He also knew that the birth-right would make the younger brothers of the family look up to him, he being the oldest) Jacob answered Esau saying that he would give him meat for his birth-right. (Esau was a profound man, not one who goes around cursing and swearing but the one who wants everything just when he asks for it, then and there. So he asked himself these questions: "What good would the birth-right do me after I am dead and in my grave?") So Esau said to Jacob: "All right give me the meat." By this Esau sold his birth-right. There are a lot of people just the same as Esau, giving away their spiritual savings just by turning their backs upon God, all for a morsel of meat." Dr. McGeachy's talk to the boys was a very interesting one.

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Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
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FRAILTIES.

All men have their frailties; and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.—Cyrus.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

A LOSS TO THE STATE.

We heard Judge Bryson in his charge to the grand jurymen as he began the April term of Cabarrus Superior Court. He thinks clear; he speaks clear—he's every way perfectly natural. The court house was full and he was given the closest attention. Even the lawyers stopped their handling of papers, following closely the judge's address, all except one, who moved from place to place and looking about over the audience as if he were expecting something or somebody. Even he did not take from Judge Bryson a moment's thought. The clerk saw something most worth while in the admirable expounding of the law by Judge Bryson, and, laying aside his cob pipe and his big specs, he stared straight at the judge as we all did.

But we could not keep back the thought over the situation. The state is about to lose on the bench this wonderfully learned and just judge; and the public will be the loser in not having the benefit of the wisdom which he hands out in county after county where he holds courts. We voted Judge Bryson a 100% North Carolinian, for he declared North Carolina (and he pronounced the "North" like a well-regulated Tar Heel) the best state in the South—in the United States—in the world. Except for the watchful eyes of Sheriff

Caldwell, his deputy and Caleb Robinson, we were about to give the Judge a vigorous hand.

The Judge in his modest estimate of the gloriousness of the state did not attribute all of it to the working of man; he made clear that the Creator had much to do with it, and in this, as in his able expounding of the law, he is eternally right. But he did not fail to express pleasure over the high character of the majority citizenship, who were availing themselves of the state's resources, her climate and using wisely the gifts which Providence had endowed her citizenship with.

Judge Bryson is voluntarily withdrawing from the Superior judiciary, not being a candidate for re-election this Fall. What his reasons are is a matter of personal business, but North Carolina will be the loser by his quitting the bench, but how long he can withstand the demand for his service in an important position is a question. The state has his measure, and the state likes it.

* * * * *

ASSUMING TO DICTATE.

There is a big department store in Charlotte—in fact, such a mercantile enterprise is to be found in many of our larger towns. In all these there is an organization established on lines that have been found to be the result of wisdom and experience. The organization consists of a manager, head salesman, floor walker and clerks. Behind all this is the organization of stock-holders, who are depending on the proper conduct of the business, and, therefore, looking for a reasonable return from their investments.

Now suppose, the clerks, the subordinates, under a leader amongst them, organizes the clerks to oppose the continuance of the position of floor-walker—jealousy and envy actuate that leader or the lack of good taste or good judgment—and sends in a petition to the manager asking that the position of floor-walker be abolished.

What would the manager do as a logical course in that case. He would ferret out the instigator of this piece of officiousness, tell him "where to get off." But suppose the manager shared that grudge with the clerks and silently and otherwise gave encouragement to the sneaking movement—lacking courage and a sense of the proprieties to call a halt—and the unhappy condition reached the ears of the controlling organization, the stockholders, what would they be inclined to do and what should they do?

Suppose such a condition were to arise in the conduct of this institution

or in any other institution, in a manufacturing plant, or school, it is easy to foresee what action would and should take place.

In any organization it is possible, and frequently occurs, that inefficient helpers creep in—folks that are time servers, have no heart in their work other than for the selfish gain in prosecuting the duties of their position and some, in their disgust for any kind of worthy occupation of their time, declare that they despise the work—and in such an event it requires a head man of courage to handle the situation.

Moral:—Too often subordinates, watching the clock, serving their own interest and not that of their employers, getting themselves attached to an attractive job carrying an attractive pay for the time rendered and the duties performed, merely to supply their personal wants and opportunities for a “good time,” do not want a higher official to check on them.

* * * * *

MARRIED IN DUCK PANTS, IT SEEMS.

It is not our specialty, this thing of obeying demands of dame fashion. But the Asheville Citizen which features the pictures of notable events, people, places and things, in every issue, has recently caused confusion. It prints the picture of a bridal couple immediately after the nuptials were over. The couple withdrew from the “East parlor” (no marriage ever took place in a home that did not have an “East,” a “North,” a “South,” and a “Sun” parlor) to the “steps” where the artist turned on his machine. It shows the groom wore a black short coat and duck pants; at any rate they were white. If we knew a real artist or authority on proper attire for marriages and other occasions, except the one that sports balloon pants making an appearance as if he had on split skirts, we would invoke his services in passing on the attire of this Asheville groom. If Nell Battle Lewis hears of this, we may expect an honest and frank castigation of such liberties being taken in such grave matters.

* * * * *

OUR ATTACHMENTS.

Some of us, observes a writer in Young Folks, become very much attached to objects and things. We have the instinct to gather about us that which makes an appeal to us. We have a way of becoming joined to things. We like the old, the beautiful, the useful. We never get done talking about the chair, and where it came from; the plate, and how many generations used it; the shops, and what handsome articles they offer for sale, the modern in-

ventions, and how they add to our comforts and multiply our efficiency.. It is the most natural thing that much of our conversation should have to do with what touches our lives in a material way.

But as commendable as this is we must not permit it to take precedence to our attachment to people. You will readily see how much superior is love for folks than love for impersonal objects. The two do not necessarily exclude each other. But unless our attention is called to the unsatisfying character of what money can buy we are face to face with the danger of moving and having our being in that lower realm. There is something refreshing in finding persons who have a fondness for gathering into the home what is beautiful and old and crowded with associations; but we need to be reminded that we may have all of that and still not have a home where love dwells. Money cannot bring happiness; it cannot insure peace. But strong attachments to those who are within our homes, to those with whom we work, and to those round about us, can and do bring us joy and satisfaction. One of the finest capacities God gave us is that of loving and of being loved, of being a friend and of having friends.

* * * * *

TEXTILE GROWTH IN THE SOUTH.

By the new directory issued by the Southern Railway we find that:

Continued growth of the textile industry in the territory served by the Southern Railway System is shown by the 1926 edition of the Southern's Textile Directory which has just been issued.

On January 1, 1926, there were in the territory 1,043 textile plants, operating 13,178,395 spindles, 260,241 looms, and 47,736 knitting machines. Including projects under construction at the end of the year, 140 additions were made to existing plants during 1925.

The growth of the cotton textile industry and the consumption of cotton in the South as compared with other parts of the country are graphically shown by diagrams. The South now has 46.86 per cent of all the cotton spindles in the United States and during 1925 consumed 65.09 per cent of the cotton used in American mills.

The rate at which the textile industry is moving South is shown by the fact that since 1922 there has been a net increase of 1,786,995 spindles in the South as compared with a net decrease of 847,061 spindles in other parts of the country.

An interesting feature of the directory is a map showing the geographical

distribution of spindles in the territory served by the Southern's lines, the electric power transmission lines and the coal fields in this territory, showing at a glance its advantages for the textile industry in respect of both electric power and coal.

* * * * *

A fair Virginia subscriber lodged complaint with us that The Uplift "bragged" so much about North Carolina and her progress and ignored Virginia. There is a reason, we make believe, for this; but we are delighted to reproduce Miss Whiting's story of Richmond, which is the very center of Virginia's activity if not her fame, which is largely taken up in the historical fact that she "is the mother of presidents" and thousands of fine and beautiful women. How does the fair Virginian like this?

* * * * *

We are beholden to Capt. Bill Fetzer, late head-master of the Athletic Department of the University of North Carolina, for the donation of a five hundred dollar thorough-bred stock animal. He came by way of automobile from the Captain's Summer training camp in Transylvania County, where the climate did not suit the animal's physique—but since his arrival in this glorious environment he shows his superb pedigree and he likes his new home.

* * * * *

You joy-rider and Sunday auto gad-about, lest you commit a depredation read the *Plaint of the Dogwood* on page 27.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Toll gates have been abolished on the roads with the coming of improved highways. Now if they will eliminate the death toll life will be worth living on the highway journeys.

It is all right for people to believe in allopathy and homeopathy. But there are times when a little sympathy is better than both of these pathys.

The only reason that I can see for women wearing furs in summer, and low neck dresses in winter is—because they are women.

There is not a very general belief in ghosts, yet the world is full of them. Ghosts of blighted love; ghosts of shattered hopes; ghosts of heartbreaking failure following honest effort; ghosts of thwarted ambition; ghosts of what you once considered friendship; ghosts of frowns where you looked for smiles. Ghosts? Why the world is full of ghosts, in the imagination.

I have observed, during the years I have been "rambling around" in this "vale of tears," and mountains of sunshine, that if you are faithful to your trust and efficient in your work, a sufficient number of people will find it out to keep you busy attending to your business.

Many a home throughout the land had a "loud speaker" long before the thought of radio was ever born

in the mind of man. I am not going to say which one it is or from which side of the house it comes from. Those who have heard know best.

Whole lots and acres of family "jars" would be avoided in this world if husbands would only let their wives do as they please, and they do what pleases their wives. It works fine, husbands, if you have never tried it.

Making it "skort and snappy" has been demonstrated. A wife saluted her late at night husband with, "What on earth brought you home at 4 o'clock in the morning?" He replied: "One of them yellor taxie's."

There are two outstanding workers in this world like L. G. Cole's slogan, "We never sleep." They have built more churches, bought more bells for church steeples, more carpets for church aisles, more organs for church choirs, and salaried more humble preachers than millionaires. Just vanishing one on cometh the other. To the great evangelists of today you owe unstinted applause. Here's to the untiring and unselfish missionaries, the Oyster and the Strawberry.

So few people give much attention to genealogy. With wireless telegraphy, radio, aeroplanes and automobiles bringing the world into closer fellowship, and annihilating time and space, we are farther apart, and

more distant in some things, right in our immediate neighborhood, than anywhere else. We know, or we think we know, all about our neighbors, their past and their present; we know them and call them by their Christian name; or more familiarly by their surname; meet them daily, and yet when they die we know little about them, and less about their pedigree; and wish we did. It all comes from living so intensely in the present, we do not take time to study. We are intimate with people yet know nothing about them when the time comes when real information is wanted. All of this is in the category of human characteristics which are hard to define, yet they puzzle us when we think of it.

Did you ever read a book entitled, "Haunts of Ancient Peace?" In it are pictured quiet nooks and corners of old England. They are beautiful and tranquil as a dream of peace. People are always looking for peace somewhere else other than their environment, and within their own breasts. You often hear people say,

I'm sick of worry, and sorrow, and hope that never comes true; weary of the struggle and the strife." About to give up. Discontent belongs to the soul. The Psalmist once burst into a lament, "O that I had the wings like a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." People who never feel the lack of wings have become satisfied with the earth and what it may be able to bestow of material things. You may fly where you please; go where you may, in this world, you will never get away from God. David learned that by experience. And you cannot get away from yourself. The way to get peace and contentment is to make yourself the best fellow there is. You can then live with yourself in peace; and everybody else.. To thine own self be true. David's wise and great son, Solomon, could not find peace or satisfaction in all that the world could offer a wealthy monarch, but pronounced it all vanity and vexation of spirit. It all suggests that peace and contentment are first in our own heart and its relationship to God.

PEN PICTURES.

Mr. Menchen's weakness is that he has nothing constructive to offer. Born and bred in America, he derides America. Born and bred in the South, he derides the South. Working as a critic of literature, he appears to have read little published earlier than 1850. Prating often of good taste and gentility, he gives many examples of what they are not. He assails, jeers, belittles and condemns, but the records have yet to show anything worth while that he has proposed as improvement of present conditions.—Selected.

Incidentally in passing, this almost describes some North Carolina newspaper feature writers, who poke fun at the state's past and present, and thoroughly at outs with the Bible, because it does not teach evolution.

A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR FOR CAROLINA HOSPITALS.

By W. S. Rankin, M. D.

The following article by Dr. W. S. Rankin, director of the hospital section of the Duke Endowment, is reprinted from the April issue of The American Review of Reviews, where it appeared as one of seven articles on "The New South."

A hasty glance at the medical problems of the average rural county of North and South Carolina will serve to indicate how large and fine a field of human service lies open to the hospital section of the Duke endowment. Such a county is 500 square miles in area and has a population of 30,000. Twenty-five people for each thousand of the population, a total of 750, are constantly sick to the extent of being bed-ridden, and of these 10 per cent, or 75 people, are so seriously ill as to need hospital care. During the year 720 women are confined. Judging from surveys by the federal children's bureau, these 720 women receive but one-fifth of the medical care that their two-fold life requires. One-third of these mothers have no medical attendant when their babies are born. Of the 720 babies, 61 die during the first year of life and 39 die during their second year—a total of 100 deaths within two years of their birth. In the same county there are constantly present 150 open, infectious cases of tuberculosis, with 30 fatal terminations annually. There are 27 deaths during the year from cancer, and some 50 or 60 cases of the disease constantly present. Each year 400 to 500 children have the ordinary contagious disease of child-

hood, with some 30 or 40 fatal terminations. In the public schools there are a thousand children with defective vision, and between 200 and 400 who are in need of operations for adenoids and diseased tonsils. A large number of men and women are impaired to the extent of from 20 to 40 per cent of their efficiency, because of such chronic and prevalent conditions as gall stones, kidney stones, hemorrhoids, displaced organs, local infections, hernias, and unrepaired injuries resulting from childbirth. There are many accidents and such surgical emergencies as strangulated hernia, certain acute forms of appendicitis and the complications of childbirth, all of which require prompt surgical treatment.

In about one-third of these average rural counties there are no hospital facilities whatever. In about two-thirds of the counties there are from one to one and one-half hospital beds for each one thousand of the population, where, according to medical authorities, five hospital beds are needed. Many of the hospitals in rural counties are privately owned and "closed" to most physicians. Again, while an occupancy of 75 per cent of hospital beds is regarded as normal, only a little more than 50 per cent of the hospital beds in rural

counties are constantly used. This condition is probably due to inadequate provision for maintenance.

* * * *

The modern hospital has come to play a most essential part not only in the practice of medicine, but in the distribution of medical personnel. The recent graduate of medicine, and the older graduates so circumstanced as to enable them to keep pace with the rapid advances of medical science cannot satisfy their professional ideals if debarred from the use of modern equipment for the diagnosis and treatment of disease. Such equipment as the diagnostic laboratory, the X-ray, the electro-cardiograph, apparatus for the study of nutrition, the modern operating room, radium and the various appliances for different forms of physio-therapy is both too costly and complicated for either individual purchase or use. It must represent the pooled professional interests and be available for the use of the entire profession. Such equipment, absolutely essential to the practice of modern medicine, is not and cannot be made available to physicians, practically speaking, outside of a hospital. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand how the city with five hospital beds, some with seven or eight, for each thousand population have drawn, both quantitatively and qualitatively, upon the medical profession leaving the rural sections with their inadequate hospitals sorely in need of medical services. It is the expressed opinion of the house of delegates of the American Medical association that a proper distribution of hospital facilities will go far in effecting a

normal distribution of doctors.

* * * *

The founder of the Duke endowment, exercising the same careful and discriminating judgment in investing in humanitarian service that he had used in his business enterprises, saw this great and vital need of rural people, and out of the impulse of a generous heart, backed this judgment with his millions. In addition to making generous provisions for education, including the establishment of a great university which is to include a well-equipped medical department with a training school for nurses, and in addition to large sums set aside for dependent children and religious causes. Mr. James B. Duke provided a sum of money which it is estimated will produce an annual income of approximately one million dollars, this income to be used exclusively in the development of hospitals, especially in rural communities.

Through the medical school and the income from the trust fund for hospitals, four distinct types of medical service will be rendered to the people of the Carolinas.

First, the endowment will render financial assistance in the development of hospitals. Under the terms of the gift, it is provided that the trustees may give to any hospital in the Carolinas that is not operated for private gain one dollar for each day a hospital bed is occupied by a patient free of charge and unable to pay.

It is interesting here to note the wise provision of the trust that restricts the financial assistance of the endowment to those hospitals which

incorporate a community interest. If a people can find no interest and take no part in dealing with a problem so large and urgent as that which is described in the first part of this article, then the Duke endowment can take no part. The stimulating effect of this provision on the community conscience and capacity is self-evident.

In providing one dollar for each day a hospital bed is occupied by a charity patient, the endowment is in a position to assist a community which has a charity problem and recognizes it. About one-third of the patients in the hospitals of the United States are charity patients. In the two Carolinas this fraction is a little larger. To a community hospital of 60 beds, for example, and with 20 beds occupied constantly by charity cases, the trustees of the endowment may contribute \$20 a day or \$7,300 a year for maintenance. To the extent that there may be funds more than are ample to provide one dollar a day for all beds occupied by charity patients, that is, maintenance funds, such surplus may be used for assistance in the construction and equipment of hospitals.

* * * *

Second, the endowment will render most valuable assistance to hospitals in supplying information on hospital costs and services. This assistance will be made possible through the information furnished to the trustees by the hospitals which apply for financial aid. In this way a vast amount of valuable data with reference to hospital costs and services will be assembled, tabulated and made available to hospitals. The individ-

ual hospital can in this way compare its patient day cost and the more important items which enter into the day cost for the patient, such as the patient day cost for laundry, for nursing service, for food and cooking, for surgical supplies and medicines, and so forth, with similar average items for a large number of hospitals. Again, in the matter of the character of the professional service which it is rendering, the individual hospital can compare its percentages of deaths from the more important surgical, obstetrical and medical condition with the averages from the entire group of hospitals that receive aid from the endowment. Provided with such information as will enable it to locate its defects, either in economy of operation or efficiency of service, the next step, finding a remedy, will be made easy through the clearing house of information which the endowment will maintain.

* * * *

Third, the endowment will render assistance to communities in helping to organize their large but, for the most part, latent and unorganized interests in the care of the sick. These interests are represented and assembled in such community agencies as the churches, the civic clubs, the women's organizations, the business organizations, and the official bodies of the counties and towns. The dollar available to the community from the endowment for each day of an occupied free bed should be from 35 per cent to 40 per cent of the cost of the charity patient. The other 60 per cent to 65 per cent must either be imposed upon and col-

lected from the sick, that is the pay patients, or contributed by the community. It is likely that one-half of the 60 per cent or 65 per cent for charity from the community will be in the form of voluntary subscriptions from community organizations and the other half will probably come out of the public funds.

* * * *

Fourth, the endowment, through the close association of its trustees with a great central hospital and medical school on the one hand and with many outlying smaller county hospitals on the other hand, will encourage in every way open to them the development of cordial co-operative and mutually advantageous relations between the large hospital and medical school and the smaller hospitals. It is possible that the small units may become grouped about larger ones in medical centers so that the development may include a large central institution, a number of well-equipped district hospitals, and about each of these latter some six, eight or 10 smaller county or community hospitals. In such an arrangement, the larger units may furnish consulting staffs to the smaller, may loan

them special nurses to organize their nursing services, their dietary, or technicians to assist in the development of the work of the diagnostic laboratory and X-ray and the smaller hospitals, in their turn, may send to the larger hospitals those patients whose diseases call for refinements in diagnosis and treatment that the smaller institution is not prepared to give.

What a multiplication and perpetuity of life the endowment of a single hospital bed, with its annual turnover of 25 patients, means! The building and endowment of a hospital ward, the establishment of a Phipps institute or a Brady clinic, an important part of a great hospital, with the salvaging of human life in many multiples of 25, how magnificent a service that is! But now comes a man, James B. Duke, of great constructive thought, of generous sympathy combined with ample means and, true to the greatness of his own character, he thinks not in terms of hospital beds, or hospital wards, or individual hospitals, but plans and provides for a system of hospitals for two entire states.

People like boys and girls who can be relied upon—who are as good as their word. For this reason every person should be thoughtful of his promises.

A boy once pointed to an apple tree and said, "Look, father, see how white the apple trees are with blossoms." "Yes," replied his father, "if the apple tree keeps its promise, there will be plenty of apples; but if it is like some boys I know, there may not be any." The blossom is the promise. The fruit is the fulfillment of the promise.—Selected.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

(Asheville Citizen).

No one is likely to controvert this statement of The Winston-Salem Journal:

City and country people have so much in common, particularly when they are citizens of the same county, that the most cordial spirit of co-operation should prevail among them at all times.

Certainly it is not disputed by The Charlotte News which, on the contrary, makes the declaration that:

What has always been regarded as an issue of supreme moment, in the estimation of this newspaper, has been the problem of breaking down the barriers that have been built up between the people of the City of Charlotte and those of the County of Mecklenburg.

But such good principal is not always practically applied—good resolutions are not carried out as fully as they should be in either Forsyth or Mecklenburg counties. In Winston-Salem a conference of farmers was held with the city and county commissioners in order to secure such practical application. And The News states that "It has been our insistent contention that the business interests of Charlotte are too aloof from the agricultural interests of this county, although it is an axiom that the business of the city is bound to go up or sink down according as our agricultural status rises or falls."

Buncombe has apparently advanced further toward this prized co-opera-

ting and understanding between city and country than have the two great Piedmont counties. There will be few to charge that Asheville is not zealously concerned in the upbuilding of rural Buncombe. Evidences of this show in the provision whereby the city pays through bond issues for building roads in the country exclusively and at the same time, unaided by the country, paves its own streets.

This is a practical application of the good principle of community of interests, and there is fresh in mind the ready subscription of the city to the stock of the Farmers Federation. Buncombe is fast adopting the community idea. "Public health work in the county is a problem which deserves our most sympathetic interests," The Journal says in speaking for Winston and so says Asheville but it did not stop with sympathetic interests. It contributes substantially to this public health work.

But all this is by the way of encouragement and not boasting.

There is not the maximum of co-operation between city and country here. There is still existent a remnant of the provincial spirit which regards corporate lines. There is too much use of the phrases "city" and "county" as if they were two separate things. There are problems which will call for a broad application of the county-wide spirit. The matter of a water supply for Asheville can and should help the rural sections to water but likewise they should real-

ize not merely their interest in this but likewise their duty to help to bear the burden of cost.

CAROLINA TO THE FORE.

North Carolina just now is attracting the attention of the whole country. Newspapers and magazines are giving our State columns of space that money could not buy. As an example of some of the valuable publicity we are getting here is what Arthur Brisbane, whose daily column "Today" appears in hundreds of daily newspapers throughout the country wrote the other day:

"This train is flying through North Carolina, most beautiful land, like all this southern country, the bright red earth is covered with green, trees in blossom. Little Kannapolis, as you flash through, shows every sign of a real estate boom. A thousand such booms are on either side of the track, from New York all the way to Seattle. Have we prosperity, we have. Tens of thousands of acres, terraced to prevent ehosion ready for the cotton that will clothe the world, and streched out mile after mile across the country you see metal spider webs mounted on steels stilts, power lines that carry energy to mills inumerable enormous, completely modern, that mean work and prosperity for every town and city. The South no longer manufactures cotton to provide labor and profit for mills in the North. It grows the cotton, makes the cotton cloth, ships the

finished product and keeps the money here.

"Northerners know their own cold corner of the earth. And perhaps a little about California and Florida, thanks to the advertising. They do not know that all this southern country is most beautiful, climate mild, soil fertile, people hospitable, homes and opportunity here for 115,000,000 more Americans. Here is no monotony, valleys, hills forests, fly past and everywhere in the distance, you see blue mountains, waiting for perfected flying machines to bring population to their summits.

"Real spring, almost summer, is here, boys flying their kites, swimming in the creeks, gardens planted and doing well. Innumerable automobiles fly along a perfect concrete road, parallel with the track, some race with the engine for awhile.

"New houses are building everywhere. Thousands are finished and occupied all along the highways. As you enter South Carolina, you see at Greenville, a gigantic white skyscraper that would do credit to Park Row or Michigan avenue.. But the important thing is the energy the drive, the boom, everywhere, the new mills with huge smokestacks, thousands of new comfortable houses."

It has been found by measurements that Niagra makes more noise than New York City. But wait till those new fifteen foot saxophone are constructed.

“SLOGANITIS.”

(Winston-Salem Journal).

Whether the making of slogans is a disease or not, it is nevertheless “catching” and the victims are usually better off for having been inoculated with the aggressive spirit which appropriate slogans seem to give communities. In fact, the initial impulse which brings slogans into being seems to “carry on” with excellent effects.

Like naming the baby when there are lots of rich relatives in the family without “heirs apparent,” it is a difficult matter to compress within the narrow compass of a half dozen well chosen words all the comprehensive and attractive qualities of communities which have all the ultimate excellencies and esoteric qualities of “the old home town.” While no outsider is supposed to be able to do this he can, of course, give some inspiration and this apparently is what Chief Renfro has tried to do in the following suggestions which he makes, without charge, in the Yadkin Ripple:

Edenton—“The place to raise Cain.”

Kannapolis—“Kannapolis Kan.”

High Point—“We want Pointers, not setters.”

Kinston—“Kinston Kin.”

Gastonia—“Less Gas and more Tonia.”

Asheville—“Ashe-ville, if You’ll Help.”

Morehead City—“Wanted: More Heads.”

New Bern—“New Bern-ed; Rebuilt and is Growing.”

Tarboro—“Have Your Heels Tar-

red Here—It Won’t Wear Off.”

Waynesville — “No Wayne in Waynesville.”

Wilmington—“With the Accent on the Will.”

Carthage—“Watch the Men of Carthage.”

Greensboro—“On the Battle-ground of Progress.”

Durham—“The Bull City. There Are No Bears.”

Raleigh — “Where Sir Walter’s Dream Came True.”

Sparta—“After the Alps See Alleghany.”

West Jefferson—“We Are Building On Higher Ground.”

Thomasville—“Our Thomas Don’t Doubt. There’s a Reason.”

North Wilkesboro—“The Front Door Key to the Blue Ridge.”

Oxford—“The Mecca of Granville.”

Elkin—“The Magic City of the Yadkin.”

Mount Airy—“Built on Granite and Solid.”

Henderson—“Don’t Hinder Henderson.”

Dunn—“Dunn’s Not Done. She’s Just Begun.”

Warsaw—“Have You Saw Warsaw? If Not, There’s a Lot You Haven’t Saw.”

Hickory—“Not a Hick in Hickory.”

Lexington—“The City of Minute Men.”

King’s Mountain—“Our Ancestors Won Here. We Are Keeping It Up.”

Concord—“We are in Concord

Here."

Washington—"The Cherry Tree Is Growing; We've Buried the Hatchet."

Southern Pines—"Our Pine Needles Point North."

Wilson—"Wilson Will and Has."

La Grange—"Cousins of 'Red' and Making Forward Passes."

Smithfield—"Good Hams, Shems and Japheths."

Hillsboro—"Corwallis Stopped Here. We Live Here."

Mooreville—"We Want More Moorevillans."

Troy—"We Believe in Hel-en Progress."

Lincolnton—"Where Lineolus Are Born."

Weldon—"What We've Done is Wel-Don."

Scotland Neck—"A Thrifty Head Sits On a Scotch Neck."

Mocksville—"Less Mock and More Ville."

Cooleemee—"A Heap Good, Cool Burgh."

St. Pauls—"Finally, My Brethren, Why Not Now?"

THE BLIND.

James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

You, who feel handicapped and discouraged, consider the blind.

Deprived of the most useful, gorgeous and imperial faculty given to the race, they have written some of the fairest pages in civilization's Book of Achievement. They did it because they refused to be discouraged.

The world owes some of its greatest poetry to a blind man, some of its loveliest music to another, some of its most enthralling history to another. Homer and Milton were blind. So was Delille. So was Geo. Frederick Handel.

Thomas P. Gore, sightless from the age of eleven, practiced law, made himself a power in Texas and Oklahoma politics, and was for years a Senator of the United States. Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota, blind since 1907, went to the national House of Representatives for ten years and is now in the Senate.

If such performances leave you cold, turn to the incredible achieve-

ment of John B. Herreshoff who, blind from childhood, went fearlessly into one of the most exacting professions followed by men and, competing with its leaders the world over, beat them all.

He was a designer of ships. It was to his genius that the yachting men of America twice turned when they wanted craft built to assure this country's retaining possession of the American Cup. And the yachts he gave them kept the cup on this side of the Atlantic.

Here was a business in which, one might well have thought, a man had to have eyesight, for the designer of ships produces a majestic beauty as well as enduring utility. But Herreshoff, relying upon his sense of touch, memory and imagination, was such a wonder in his work that, when he died in 1915, he had built up a tremendous institution, the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company.

And we who have good eyes, all

our faculties, dare to talk of discouragement and failure! If we persist in it now, we are stricken with the only blindness that is unbeatable, unwillingness to see opportunity's beckoning hand.

Herreshoff and his kind have proved that man, with only a part of his powers, is so regal, so irresistible, that he can transform stupendous obstacles into the glittering stuff of success.

THE HISTORY OF BASEBALL.

Our present sport of baseball was originated by the English from the game of Rounders, which was popular at that time. Baseball first took shape in New England and went as far as New York and Philadelphia, Pa.

The first baseball club was founded in 1845, which was called the Knickerbocker Club, and whose playing furnished considerable excitement and pleasure for all spectators. Large crowds would come from Manhattan Island to Hoboken to attend the games between the Knickerbockers and the rival clubs.

Due to arguments and disputes was the favorite amusement in camp settled these disputes and establish returning soldiers carried the game to practically every town and village. Following this, it soon resulted in its rise to popularity. Since 1865 it has been known as a national game over the entire nation.

Competitions between rival amateur clubs led to the employment of salaried players. Then came the organization of clubs into circles, in which each club goes about the circuit playing a series of games with its associates. At present we have more baseball clubs than post offices, since the expenses are met by the gate receipts. The various leagues are brought into conformity by the National Association of Leagues, under whose rules all games of prominence are played today.

Due to arguments and disputes of various plays, the National Association of Leagues was formed to settle these disputes and establish rules which all clubs must abide by. There is no better out-door game for boys and none better calculated to give strength, health and activity and none which furnishes more enjoyment to spectators as a real game of baseball.

When little Willie L——— first heard the braying of a mule, he was greatly frightened; but, after thinking a minute, he smiled at his fear.

"Mother," he said pityingly, "just hear that poor horse with the whooping cough."

MERRY RICHMOND, RICH IN ROMANCE.

By Mary B. Whiting in Dearborn Independent.

Richmond, like Rome, is built on seven hills. In true classic style its capitol crowns one of them, and from all sides the streets come climbing sedately up to it. And what pageantry they have witnessed, the streets of Richmond! First they were only red clay gullies with Colonel William Byrd II, the "Black Swan of Virginia," riding gaily through them, building, as he says, "not castles only, but cities in the air." Then there were long trains of pack horses laden with furs coming down from the hills, and canvas-covered wagons moored near the market and tavern, like ships about a wharf.

After nearly fifty years comes Benedict Arnold and his Queen's Rangers, harrying the town and pouring wine into the streets so that men and hogs walk strangely in the mire. Then Lafayette to the rescue, himself retreating before Cornwallis and making a road into the wilderness known today as the "Marquis's Road." But how gay the city was that Christmas with news of the surrender of Yorktown! There were candles in the windows and fireworks in the streets as there are today at Christmas time, and a Peace Ball with the queen chosen by lot, so that a shoemaker's daughter led off the dance, followed by ladies in taffeta and gentlemen in silken "smalclothes" and bag wigs.

There were bits of sinister pageantry, too, amid the gayer. Once there

rode through the streets three mysterious figures in purple coats and hoods, a rope around their necks, and each one seated on a narrow box that was to be his coffin. They were Spanish pirates riding to the gallows, and on the hills of Richmond a goodly throng enjoyed the spectacle. In the sad sixties the flower of the South, the Confederate Army, marched proudly through the streets amid the rebel yell, "ahwee." Then a besieged Richmond, the entrance of the Federals amid blazing warehouses and homes, a broken city that would need years of slow rebuilding.

And all that colorful life centered about the square and the capitol, designed by Jefferson, who, while abroad, fell in love with Grecian architecture. He sent over the French sculptor, Houdon, who worked at Mt. Vernon, modeling from life the statue of Washington that adorns the rotunda. In the grounds is another statue of the general seated on his horse and surrounded by six of his friends. Some of these history has almost forgotten, as Thomas Nelson, Governor of Virginia, who, when the Continental Congress was bankrupt, raised \$2,000,000 on his own estate for the army, and never received a penny in recompense. At Yorktown he trained the cannon on his own home and demolished it because it was thought to be the headquarters of Cornwallis.

In 1807 Aaron Burr, one time Vice-President of the United States, was

tried for treason in the capitol at Richmond. Chief Justice Marshall, who presided, was thought to have a leaning toward the prisoner, while President Jefferson detested him. Day after day Burr appeared, beautifully attired in black silk, his hair powdered and brushed back from a countenance pale and immobile, except for dark, burning eyes. With him was his beloved daughter, Theodosia. When out on bail, the prisoners were entertained in many Richmond homes, Chief Justice Marshall so far forgetting his dignity at one time as to dine with them. After nearly three months the jury found Burr not guilty according to the evidence before them. His counsel strove for a verdict of simply "not guilty," but they refused and Burr was sent back to Ohio for a trial which never came up.

In St. John's, a little white church on one of Richmond's hills, an earlier and more momentous drama was enacted. In order to get away from Lord Dunmore, who was governor in Williamsburg, the convention of patriots assembled in the town by the falls of James River. Washington was there, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, who sat in a pew by the east door, now marked by a bronze plate. Early in the convention he shocked the more conservative by proposing that Virginia raise an armed force. For three days the motion was debated, then, "with unearthly fire burning in his eye," he arose and made the famous speech, closing with, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give liberty or give me death."

"Infamously insolent," a Tory

listener called it, but it carried the day, and the assembly started to make plans to equip militia.

In the churchyard of old St. John's Elizabeth Arnold Poe lies buried. She was one of the stars playing in Richmond theater the season of 1811 when it was burned with the loss of almost a hundred lives, including the governor of the state. When Mrs. Poe fell ill at her lodgings on Main street and died, John Allan, a prominent merchant, adopted her pretty, wistful-eyed child of two.

Edgar Allan Poe passed his boyhood in Richmond, studying his lessons with his chum, Robert Stanard, and attending service in Memorial Church, built over the ruins of the theater. At 17 he entered the University of Virginia, where his career was brief, and soon he appeared on Richmond streets, too often dropping in at the Swan Tavern. Then he left the city and before long in the Southern Literary Messenger there appeared work of a higher order than that worthy paper had ever known. Poe was invited to become literary editor, and he returned to Richmond, a slim, black-coated figure, his girl wife clinging dutifully to his arm.

The Messenger building was long an object of interest, but a few years ago it was torn down and from its timbers and stone a loggia was constructed in the fairylike gardens in the rear of the Old Stone House. This is now a Poe shrine, with an excellent collection of Poeana, including the poet's desk, and a landscape painted and signed by him, so wild in conception that it might be the setting for *The Fall of the House of Usher*. The Stone House is the

oldest structure in Richmond. There is no record of its building, but the initials "I. R." would indicate that it is of King James' reign, which came close in 1688.

Nowhere else does the Civil War seem so real or so recent as in Richmond. Everywhere there are memorials of it. Most appealing of all is the Soldier's Home, where the Confederate flag floats over the house, and the inmates, clad in gray, proud of their cross of honor, live over again their battle days or delightedly show visitors about their tiny museum in which "Old Sorrel," General Jackson's horse, presides like a tutelary god, from its enormous glass case.

Adjoining the Confederate Home is Battle Abbey, a beautiful marble building set in splendid grounds. One part of the edifice is adorned by mural paintings by Charles Hoffbauer, the French artist. His work was interrupted by the World War and, with the new conception gained in those fiery years, he scraped out what he had done and started anew. The four walls have for a background the seasons and depict Confederate heroes, Lee with his staff, "Stonewall" Jackson, and dashing, gay-hearted "Jeb" Stuart, with his plumed hat.

In contrast with the grandeur of Battle Abbey is the site of Libby Prison, down in the tobacco district. The prison itself was a warehouse and received its name from the sign which was not removed when the building was hastily requisitioned. One of the most remarkable incidents of the war was the tunneling out of a hundred officers who made good

their escape. Nature has left a mark to show the horrors of prison life. The overflow from Libby were detained on Belle Isle, an absolutely barren island in the James River, with water forever trickling among its slimy rocks. It is not hard to fancy how dreadful a camp must have been in such a place.

Overlooking Belle Isle is the Confederate cemetery, Hollywood, so named from the many holly trees that grow in it. Here lie buried 18,000 Confederate soldiers, for the most part in unmarked graves. But the women of the Confederacy have erected for them a pyramid of rough granite laid without sand or mortar, 45 feet square at the base and 90 feet high. It is said that a sailor convict climbed up to set the capstone and then received his freedom. On Presidents' Hill, Monroe and Tyler are buried, and close by is the lot of Jefferson Davis, pathetic with the tomb of his son killed by a fall from the balcony of his Richmond home, and an angel face figure over the grave of Winnie, "daughter of the Confederacy."

There is another cemetery on Shockhoe Hill where older Richmond worthies are buried. Here lies Peter Francisco, that doughty fighter of the Revolution who wielded a sword the blade of which was five feet long and who could shoulder a 1,100-pound cannon. Mrs. Van Lew, the Federal spy, is buried here beneath a tomb of Roxbury pudding-stone. During the war she passed for an eccentric old lady, fond of visiting the prisons and hospitals and making friends with the officers, but later it was learned that she was in com-

munication with the Government, even with President Lincoln himself.

Fortunately the flames which swept the city when the Confederates set fire to their warehouses lest they fall into Northern hands spared many of the old houses. There is Masonic Hall, built in 1785, and there is the White House of the Confederacy, the war-time residence of Jefferson Davis, now a Confederate museum with one room devoted to each of the fourteen seceding states. General Lee is, of course, the dominant figure. In a glass case are carefully preserved many of his personal effects, his "best" uniform in which he surrendered, and a lock from the mane of his horse, "Traveler."

Lee's residence on East Franklin street is a plain three-story house. Here he retired after the surrender at Appomatox amid the cheers of the soldiers in blue who held the city. The house is now the headquarters of the Virginia Historical Society and contains a rare collection of papers and portraits for which a safer home is being prepared.

The Priory in Warwick, England, built about 1565, is being demolished stone by stone and will be brought to Richmond and set up in the form of Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. One of Richmond's citizens, Alexander W.

Weddell, consul at Mexico City, is thus adding to the beauty and interest of his city.

And it is still "cheerful Richmond," if not so lively as when Thackeray called it "the merriest city in America." It is preeminently Anglo-Saxon with no foreign quarter, although there is tumble-down picturesqueness in the Negro section to contrast with the rows of handsome bank buildings and pleasant avenues shaded by linden trees.

The provision stores have a cheery, festive look, with legs of lamb decorated with lacy carvings, and hams wrapped in colored paper in the place of honor. The fame of the Virginia ham is truly ancient. Colonel William Byrd I, father of the "Black Swan," left a recipe to "eat ye ham in its perfection" on the flyleaf of his Bible, and Richmond cooks have not suffered the art to wane.

The literary traditions enhanced by Poe, but established before his time, continue to flourish. Richmond was home to Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Johnston wrote there, and James Branch Cabell lives in Dunbarton Lodge, in the suburbs. Within the city, Ellen Glasgow, Amelie Rives, Mary Newton Stanard, Kate Langley Bosher, Sally Robbins, and Armstead Gordon, make a notable coterie.

PEACH CROP DAMAGED BUT NOT SERIOUSLY.

Southern Pines, April 20.—Frost last night did some harm to the peaches but it is believed a crop will be made as the trees were full. The foliage was out and this saved the fruit some.

A BOY IN THE HALL OF FAME.

By Fred Myron Colby.

You have all heard of the Hall of Fame for great Americans, and doubtless are familiar with the names of some of the famous men who have been honored with a place therein. It is something of an honor, as you must know, to be entitled to a place in such a hall. Not all the Presidents have a place there, so you see it is something to be greater than to be a President of these United States.

I am going to tell you the story today of a boy whose name stands high among the great men who were given a place in the Hall of Fame—it is the third in the list, so that only Washington's and Lincoln's rank before him. And Lincoln's would not have been there had he not been a great President. But this man was not a President, though he wanted to be, so he must have been greater in a sense than even Lincoln was. Some think that he was the greatest American that ever lived.

The history of this boy's life, for behind a great man there must be always a boy—a boy like other boys, who worked and played and dreamed, and carried about him the aspirations which led him on to do great deeds, should be a pleasure and an inspiration to the boys who are to make the men of the twentieth century. Few had a harder road to fame than Daniel Webster, and his boyhood was full of struggles.

Daniel was born in New Hampshire—not far from the gray, granite peak of rugged Kearsarge, which gave its name to the famous gun-

boat. In fact, he grew up right under the shadow of the mountain. The little house in which he was born one hundred and twenty-odd years ago still stands and is visited every year by thousands. When his father first built this house there were not a dozen other houses between him and Canada. His father was a Revolutionary soldier who settled and brought up a large family of children in this far away wilderness home.

Daniel was the very youngest of them all—a slender, dark-eyed boy, not so strong and rugged as his older brothers.

It was a hard, busy, laborious life that he was born to. The New Hampshire soil was poor and rocky, and there were many mouths to feed in the pioneer's family. Although a delicate lad, Daniel's tasks were not light. He worked all day in the fields in the summer time, hoeing corn and potatoes, spreading and raking hay and binding grain, besides assisting his brothers in doing the ordinary farm chores. In the winter time there were chopping and drawing the wood from the forest and working up the wood pile at the door, to keep the great fires going, feeding the stock, and breaking the steers—a busy, laborious life indeed.

The elder Webster owned a saw mill, which he operated not far from their home. Daniel was often sent there to tend the logs. At these times the boy always took a book of some kind to read during the time he had to wait for a log. It took

twenty minutes for the saw to pass through a tree trunk, and these twenty-minute study hours were invaluable to the young aspirant for knowledge. No time was wasted by the student, and though presided over by no teacher, Daniel's acquisitions were not to be laughed at.

For two months in the summer and the same length of time in the winter, he went to a country school. His school house was a log cabin, in fact, there were three built within a few miles of Daniel's home, but there were not always teachers, and when there was one he taught from one to another of the log cabin school houses. The boy was so eager for knowledge that he attended them all when school was in progress, often walking miles to and from school. Sometimes he would stay over from Monday morning till Friday night, boarding at one of the neighbors and "doing chores" to pay for his board..

He was a good reader when he was quite young, for before he went to school he had been taught by his mother and sisters. He told one of his friends once when he was an old man that he could not remember the time that he could not read the Bible with ease.

His hardest experience came when one summer a school mistress took the place of the school master, and instituted Friday afternoon declamations. Little Daniel had no idea that he was to become one of the great orators of the world. He only knew that he was very much frightened at the task that lay before him, and that he would have given everything he had in the world to have been excused from "speaking a piece." But

he studied hard all the week, practised declaiming at home, and when the dreaded afternoon came went out with a lump in his throat, forgot to make his bow, stumbled over the lines and returned to his seat, feeling about as cheap and humiliated as any boy could. Yet it was one of his first victories on the road to fame.

Daniel was fourteen years old when he was sent to the famous Philips Academy at Exeter. He hardly knew whether his attainments were sufficient to enable him to pass the examination for admission, but he was soon put at his ease.

"Take this Bible, my lad, and read this chapter," said the preceptor, and Daniel took the Testament in his thorny hands and read with such fervor and fine enunciation Luke's account of the Last Supper, the betrayal of Judas and the scene in the High Priest's house, that he won his teacher's appreciation. "That will do, young man; you are qualified to enter this institution." And so young Webster entered upon his course of higher education.

Afterwards by working hard, teaching between terms, and with the help of an old clergyman, his father's friend, he entered Dartmouth College. Here he soon became noted for two things, his fund of information and his oratorical ability. Practice in debate had given him self-confidence, and his extensive reading made him a ready man.

When he was eighteen years old the people of Hanover invited him to make the Fourth of July oration in that town.

It was the beginning of a great and a glorious career. From then onward

for half a century Daniel Webster was, without doubt the leading American of his time. I wonder if in the day of his brilliant success when he answered Hayne in the Senate of the United States, and when he laid the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument, he ever looked back to those

Friday afternoons of hated memory and to his hard struggles when he was a poor farmer's boy and read his Plutarch and his Goldsmith's Rome as he waited for the saw to buzz through the logs in his father's saw mill?

THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE.

It was the proud boast of the Apostle Paul that he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for the very good reason that it was the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Just because it is that, because it is effective in the redemption of human life and the freeing of souls from the curse of sin, assault after assault has been made upon it. It is not strange that it should be so attacked and that attempts should be made to rob it of its fundamental truths. We must expect these attacks, and not be surprised nor discouraged when they come. It is to better purpose if we keep ourselves on the alert to defend the fundamentals of our faith, and more than that, declare them vigorously to the world.

There was a day when Christianity was endangered by the armed Mohammedan hosts who swept across Europe, giving those whom they conquered the choice of the sword, tribute or the Koran. They seemed irresistible until they met the still more valiant soldiers of Charles Martel, who broke their power and saved Christian civilization from annihilation.

There is no army today marching forth to conquer the world by force of arms for some religious faith, or to uproot some religious system. The world pretty generally recognizes the impossibility of accomplishing that result by such means. But Christianity is being endangered by an enemy of another kind which is making its assaults by teaching ideas and theories, both in the realm of religion and philosophy, which either directly oppose the tenets of orthodox Christianity, or so modify them as to rob them of their very essence and power.—Presbyterian Standard.

PERSONALITY.

A few people, says James Hay, Jr., who conducts a charming essay feature in the Asheville Citizen and in other publications throughout the country, were born with it. But anybody can acquire it.

Personality is magnetism, charm, color, force. To look upon life with the seeing eye, to discover, to wonder, to clap your hands with joy as the hours flash past, and to make your thoughts understandable, to give others the warmth of your emotions, to draw people to you with the knowledge that you have always more to give—that is personality.

The dictionaries define it as "the quality or state of being personal." That's it exactly; "being personal," being yourself, being yourself so intensely and with such a punch that everybody knows you to be somebody.

Thomas Burke, writing in "The Outlook" about Charlie Chaplin, the movie genius, said recently: "He has that wonderful, impalpable gift of attraction which is the greater part of Mr. Lloyd George's power. You feel his presence in a room, and are conscious of something wanting when he departs."

You develop that some sort of

charm by giving yourself fully to life, by plunging with a fine abandon into the interests of life.

Learn all there is to learn about your business, about your recreations, about your associates. Let beauty in its every form impress you. Read your newspaper with the determination to find in it something particularly absorbing. Meet new people. Keep up with the fashions in all things.

Doing that, you finally reach the point where you impart to others the riches you have accumulated. People see a new dash and sparkle in you. They are drawn to you by your capacity to think with them. You become an influence.

"There was no luck about Lord Northcliffe's success," wrote W. Orton Tewson when the London publisher died. "It was due to sheer hard work and a natural brilliancy, coupled with a magnetic personality."

Personality, then is not only the open sesame to every circle of society: it is also the inexhaustible capital with which men beat the game of competition.

"Personality," Goethe declared, "is the highest good fortune of earth's children."

WHAT WE NEED.

What we need is a child labor law to make girls help wash the dishes and the boys come home in time to get in the wood and coal before night.
—Franklinton News.

“PLAINT OF THE DOGWOOD.”

George Fraser in N. Y. Times.

Too beautiful in Spring am I—
 Laden with blossoms like the snow,
 Starry and wide, and set within
 A frame of green. Ah, well I know
 Of all the trees in all the wood
 They've chosen me for servitude.
 Not one, not two, my blossoms they snatch,
 But branches wide, of timber strong;
 Long years and years they took to grow.
 And growing was a blithesome song
 Of forming bud, of bursting bloom—
 All captive now within a room.
 But Summer saw a time of rest;
 Just green like other things around
 Scarce differing from the maple's tint
 Or low, shy wanderers of the ground.
 My bleeding wounds were healed; new life
 Erased the scars and marks of strife.
 But with Autumn, beauty's curse!
 My leaves are redder than the leaves
 Of woodbine or the cedar's bole,
 Or yonder sumac—where it weaves
 A pattern with the birch's gold—
 As if to stand and say behold;
 For, to my leaves, I've added lure
 Of berries scarlet, on the stem
 Where once the starry blossoms shone.
 And with a shout, men leap for them
 And break my boughs as if to say,
 “What care we for another day.”
 Ah, soon my topmost boughs they'll reach
 And I shall stand a cursed thing—
 Naked not only in the frost
 But naked in the blossoming Spring.
 O God, why did you give to me
 The beauty of the dogwood tree?

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

During the past week a number of the boys have been shelling peanutss in the cottages basements.

Larry Griffith a member of the ninth cottage was paroled last week by Supt. Boger.

The following boys: Russell Bowden, Morvain Thomas, Harold Ford, Roy Johnston and Amos Montgomery were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Some of the shop boys put a small rail fence around the lawn in front of the print shop. This will keep the boys from walking on the newly planted sod.

During the past week the members most all of the cottages have been going out on the lawn in front of their cottages after supper to pitch horse shoes and to play other interesting games to amuse themselves.

Mr. Carriker and the shop boys have been making some chicken coops and putting one at each of the cottages. They have also been repairing the steps in front of the Roth building.

Last Friday afternoon the boys from the Concord High School came out to the institution and had a contest between themselves and the boys at this institution. The contest was: the running jump, broad and standing jump, races, shot put and the discus throw.

The result of the game that was played at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon was as follows: The officers and boys who got one base hits were: McBride, Pickett (2), Mr. Godown (2), Billings, Henry, Mr. Lisk, McAuthur, Mr. Groover (3), Joe Stevens(2), and Wallace (2). Three base hitters: Mr. Groover. The home run hitters were: Mr Lisk and Howard Cloaninger. Mr. Godown and Massey were the battery for one of the teams. Mr. Lisk and Henry was the battery for the other. Mr. Godown's team got seven hits, made five runs and ten errors. Mr. Lisk's team got fifteen hits, made eighteen runs, and five errors. The score was 18 to 5 favor Mr. Lisk's team. Mr. Long and Mr. Simpson umpired this game.

"The Beginning of Sin," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells how sin entered into the world. In the garden there also dwelt a serpent of evil. The Lord had already told them that: "Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." But the serpent said to Eve: "Ye shall not surely die. For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. When the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes....she took of the fruit thereof and did eat and gave also unto her husband." By this Eve fell into the tempter's net

herself by eating the forbidden fruit, but she gave some of it to her husband and leads him into it likewise. When God came walking into the garden He found Adam and Eve clothed in fig leaves and asked them: "Who hast told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?" "In this it presents such a striking example of 'evil wrought by want of thought.' It is said that the mistakes that one man or boy makes is sure to help others following them. 'We hope to discover how we may train ourselves to think when face to face with temptation.'" The golden text for this lesson was: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall be made alive."—1st. Corinthians 15:22.

The services were held in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Thomas F. Higgins, of Concord. His selected Scripture reading was from the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians. He took his text from the second verse which reads: "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity (love), it profiteth me nothing." In the revised edition of the books of the New Testament the word "charity" here means "love." Rev. Higgins talk was how to test your love and how to build up your character. "For God so loved the world that He came down from heaven just to be with His own people. One of his illustrations of love was: "One day a lady was sitting out on her front porch seeding some cherries to make a cherry pie for that

day's dinner. John, her son was playing in the yard when an old Indian woman came along carrying her little baby on her back, the baby was crying and John asked what was wrong with it. The Indian woman said: "My papoose ver' sick, me take him to doctor, he make him well." John told the woman to bring the baby in his house to his mother, that she might do something for it. They went in and John's mother doctored the baby. A few days later the Indian Woman came again, and John's mother washed it and put some clean clothes on it and gave it some more medicine. No more was heard of this Indian mother until the next Thanksgiving. John's mother was starting to bake some pies when she found out that she did not have the spices to flavor it with, sent John to the store. During the time that he was gone a snowstorm came up and snowed in the trail. He lost the way and came upon the wrong trail. A little farther and he ran into an Indian tent, where there was a tall man in the door, he asked: "Sir, please show me the way to go home." The Indian woman on the inside of the tent saw and recognized the boy and spoke to the man in her own tongue the man nodded and picked the boy up and put him on his shoulders and carried him home. When he arrived at the boy's home he said to his mother: "You make my wife's baby well, me have heap love for you here, (placing his hand over his heart) so me bring your boy back to you. This Indian probably had not even heard of God before but he had the love of doing his best for others. The old

Indian woman went into her house that day because she had faith in the white woman, she believed that she could "make well her papose." Another one of Rev. Higgin's illustrations was about a boy who had gotten himself a job with a druggist and had from time to time charged himself up with some two-cent stamps the employer soon learned to like this boy and trusted him a great deal. After about two years the boy told his boss that he was going to quit his job and go into some other business that he thought he could make money out of. He worked hard and soon had half stock in a telephone company. His partner wanted

to sell out to him or to someone, but he did not have the money and came back to his druggist employer and asked him if he would lend him the money or buy the stock himself. His answer was: "I'll buy the stock and add five-hundred dollars to start the business off with." Someone asked the druggist why he had trusted this boy with so much of his money. He answered: "Any boy that will charge to himself two or three cents worth of postage stamps, can be trusted." Not long ago that telephone business sold for nine-million dollars. Rev. Higgins' sermon was a very interesting one it was enjoyed by all present.

We must impart our wealth benevolently, avoiding the extremes of meanness and ostentation. We must not let our love of the beautiful run into selfishness or excess, lest it should be said of us: "His horse Nor his farm or his servant or his plate is worth fifteen talents, while he himself would be dear at three farthings."—(St. Clement of Alexandria.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a rail oad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 1, 1926

No. 22

Carolina Collection
N. C. Library

WHEN USELESS?

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

VERILY, IT IS TRUE.

Some city churches maintain bulletin boards. On these are given, from time to time, rare advice and sound observation. On the Bulletin Board of Tryon Street M. E. Church, in Charlotte, there is to be seen this observation, which puts the ambitious to thinking. It is:

“It is good to be great, but it is greater to be good.”

* * * * *

CONTENDING FOR THE TRUTH.

The School Library comes into possession of “A Youth’s History of the Great Civil War,” by R. G. Horton, the same being revised by Mary D. Carter and Lloyd T. Everett. It is a gift from Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, a charter member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School. The revisers of this history very properly state the correct title for this great struggle in a parenthetical way that it is the “War Between the States.”

The original author, Mr. R. G. Horton, was a Northern man, who deeply sympathized with the cause of the South and exposes most severely the cam-

paign leading up to and during that struggle as conducted by the Federal officials. He was so positive in his position and his statements that he asserts, among other startling declarations, "I shall show that the war was not 'to preserve the Union, or to maintain republican institutions,' but really to destroy both, and that every dollar spent, and every life lost, has been taken by the Abolitionists on false pretense."

Mr. Horton does not think much of the then President, whose ancestry touches Gaston county, N. C.

* * * * *

A MORAL HERE.

Aside from the reference to the gamblers that took advantage of the great American game, below referred to, the Shelby Star has told very cleverly of the game in which Johnson, the famous Washington player figured. Speaking of gambling, we wish to say that there is a certain man who walks the streets most hopeless and his presence presents a sad object lesson as to what gambling leads to.

The poor fellow had good parents—they died, leaving him a good farm, with a full quoto of accessorries in its management. He hasn't got it now and got no hope, either; he spent that material legacy around gambler's tables and he spent his hope to the wild winds. But to what Lee Weathers had to say about the game in which the great Johnson made good:

Perhaps the best thing athletics teach young boys is clean living.

Walter Johnson's cunning old arm explained why last Tuesday.

The baseball season of the majors opened Tuesday. It was a raw, cold day and fans in the stands shivered as they peered at the summer game. Washington was playing Philadelphia, a young team. Johnson, "The Old Master," was scheduled to pitch for Washington. The gambling fraternity staked their coin on Philadelphia.

They figured that a man 40 years old couldn't get the kinks out of his arm on a cold day. It would take the warm sunshine to put Barney in real hurling condition, they thought.

And the gamblers lost.

They pitted their judgment against an old man, perhaps, but they pitted it against a clean, old man—baseball's greatest idol.

For 15 long innings "the Old Master" turned back the Philadelphians scoreless.

Five years ago the skeptics said Johnson was through. He had been great,

but baseball was a game of youth and nimbleness. Two years ago the same thing was said, and then repeated this year.

That game Tuesday was the answer to the skepticism.

Like the fabled brook Johnson may go on forever.

In winning Johnson said he won because a nine-year old boy travelled from a distant state to see him pitch. "I couldn't lose with him looking on," the speed king told newspapermen. The boy had his expenses paid to the game because he wrote the best essay in America on his pick of the greatest ball player. The youngster wrote about Johnson, said he was the greatest because he was the cleanest and played the game square, as men play.

Johnson said he won for the boy, but, in reality, he won because he was what the boy said—a clean liver.

"The Old Master" in his long career in baseball never offered an alibi in defeat, and never failed to give his best—a best that was not marred by dissipation.

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STUDYING CRIME STATISTICS.

The Institute for Research of the University is making a study of crime statistics in North Carolina. Two graduate students have the matter in hand. The period is to cover two years, ending with June 30, 1925.

These young men have gone far enough into their investigation and analysis to make a partial report of the year 1923-4. They find that there were 8,626 cases against the whites, 5,543 against the negroes, 71 against Indians and 1,244 unclassified. Taking the census of 1920 they find that there were 5.66 superior court indictments reported for each one thousand inhabitants. These are indictments and not convictions.

These students give statistics in five divisions as follows: The State at large, Tidewater section, Plain and Sandhills, Piedmont, and Mountain. And for these there is given the following figures of indictments per each one thousand inhabitants:

Region	All	White	Negro
The State.....	5.66	4.93	7.37
Tidewater.....	4.74	4.13	5.60
Plain & Sandhills.....	4.94	3.86	6.18
Piedmont.....	6.14	4.94	9.99
Mountain.....	6.88	6.44	12.29

This is not an inspiring exhibit, but we may take a reasonable amount of comfort in the fact that it is no worse, since home life has broken down en-

tirely with such a large number of families; and further, a comparison with like figures from other states, North Carolina does not head the crime list by a long shot.

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CHANGE IN PROGRESS.

In olden times, observes the Reidsville Review, everything was measured by its durability.

The pyramids were built to house the exalted dead until the judgment day.

Generation after generation passed on the idea that whatever still stood was strong, while whatever changed was weak.

This held civilization back quite as definitely as lack of skill.

Men became not only distrustful, but even afraid of change. They gazed out over the Atlantic for hundreds of years before they dared cross it. There were imaginary lines on every horizon that few had the temerity to pass.

If these lines held people within their homelands, their native towns and villages, they enslaved them when it came to science.

The traveler was looked upon as a freak, and the thinker as an evil spirit.

As late as 1780, Franklins lightning rod was prosecuted in France as an invention of the devil.

When McCormick demonstrated his reaper, farm hands rioted because they feared it would put them out of work.

God was continually referred to as a changeless being, and righteousness was confused with this quality.

The man who never changed his mind was regarded as peculiarly good.

The first problem of the modern world was to break this all-powerful tradition, this abiding fear of change.

With respect to most material activities, it has been pretty well solved. Ice men are not rioting because electrical refrigerators have been put on the market.

They realize that it may put them out of business, but they are willing to take the chance.

Everybody is coming to see that change—orderly, well thought out, of course—without which there is no progress.

* * * * *

DOESN'T APPLY HERE.

John Burroughs has linked up the boy and the apple in the following de-

lightful manner: "The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. The farm boy munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the hay-mow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits. The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, be assured that you are no longer a boy, either in heart or years."—Christian Advocate.

* * * * *

DON'T MOLEST THE BIRDS.

C. W. Hunt lives out in the rural section, where he may see nature at its best in this glorious season. The truth of the matter, birds are not appreciated as they should be. The woods are full of them, and in all rural yards where they are not molested but given a cordial welcome, together with crumbs and plenty of water the birds at this season are very numerous, mingling their own particular languages as their contribution to the joy of country residence.

Even the owl and the common crow, if we but understood their language, tell us wonderful stories and are themselves fine weather prophets.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Not long ago one of the teachers, in the graded school, was trying to make an impression upon the minds of her young pupils the meaning of certain expressions seen in the newspapers, such as "O. I. C.," "F. O. B.," "S. O. S.," and the like. When the papers were handed in there was one of the bright scholars in the class that read this way: "There was a fire in Raleigh. A message came to Durham firemen, 'Save Our 'Sylum.

One of the delegates to the recent Woman's auxiliary, during the meeting here, was going into the Washington Duke hotel and met another of her sex coming out, and thinking to be congenial and friendly, inquired of the outgoing woman, "Are you a delegate to the auxiliary meeting?" "No, madame," replied the interrogated one, "I'm a member of the Johnny Jones' shows."

I have heard of many amusing things about absentmindedness, and some rather peculiar incidents, but nothing like a little girl, who was trying to tell a friend about how absentminded her grandpa was. She said, "He walks around thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

You never can tell when your boasting will run against a snag. An old darkey was arrested for

vagrancy. When arraigned he said: "Law, mister, I ain't no vagrant. I's a hardwukin' religious nigger. He pointed to the patches ornamenting knees of his trousers, "Look at dose. I got dem f'om prayin'." "How about the patchees on the seat of your breeches?" he was asked. The negro's countenance fell with a sheepish look, and he replied. "I reckon ah must hab got dose frum backsliding."

Some people think that being generous is to give away your property. Especially what you do not need. That is one kind of generosity; but it is the foolhardy kind, that never amounts to very much, and rather reacts upon the giver. "Not what we give, but what we share," sang the poet Lowell, in his "Vision of Sir Launfal." And he went on to say, "The gift without the giver is bare." Everybody knows that to be so who has ever been the recipient of a gift made without the true warmth of feeling. True generosity has more to do with the heart than it does with the giving of material things. To give with the heart cold and unfeeling has a chilling effect. Generous in your relationships with others is what counts. If we are generous in spirit we are bound to be generous in deed. Some of the most generous people I ever met hadn't a material thing to give away. But, My, my! Their view points on "feeling for other's woes," and encouragement when encouragement is

needed, was immense.

The first thing you know some patent lotion manufacturer will be bringing a remedy for chapped knees. However, not much of it will be used by the men folk. Their "need" will be eye water.

You can set it down as a tangible fact as clear as the noon-day sun, that no man unable to rule himself is capable of ruling others.

A sense of humor is one of life's big assets. When everything else fails look for the funny side. There is one just around the corner for him who has wit enough to see it. When rightly seen more than one person receives the benefit. Seeing the funny side pays large dividends. Doctors tell us laughter aids digestion. If that's true it means better health. That must be the reason folks who see the funny side are usually jolly and fat. The ability to see the funny side makes people better looking. Frowns are unpleasant to look at. Seeing the funny side lifts loads from tired shoulders. Smile. The world needs more of them. I am told it takes more than twice as many muscles to make frowns as it does to make smiles. Conserve your muscle force. Look for the funny side.

One of the great objects of industrial and business progress in America is the elimination of the distressing lean years which come from time to time. They are, it is felt, unnecessary. With proper conservation of resources, individual and

national, we could do away with poverty. Waste and extravagance bring our economic ill. They exist now in both government and individuals, but we have made real progress in personal saving and economy as the national wealth has piled up. The savings accounts and personal and real property of the people as a whole have increased prodigiously. The wise maxims of Franklin are fading from our minds. Economy is largely a matter of necessity, when not necessary for our existence, we are lavish in waste, even while increasing our individual resources from year to year. We must save for security in hard times and in old age, but too much, when we win abundance, we turn to spending. Discussing economy with a lady recently, she said she believed in enjoying life as she went along, and letting the future take care of itself. "I know it is extravagant to wear silk clothes," she said, "but I like the feel of silk and have always worn them." There you are. What are you going to do about it?

Speaking about clothes one hears a great deal about clothes consciousness, but hoisery consciousness leaps into a bright flame without very vigorous fanning. When young clerks are not admiring their slick and shiny heads they are gazing at their new spring socks. It is said that the fastidious individuals wearing blue suits are kicking over the traces. They destroy the sameness by plunging on maniacal hosiery and coquettish neckties. The ankle beautiful is noted in clubs, at dances, in hotel

and other places where men gather to watch and wait. The new spring hosiery is twinkling all about. The dressing up of male marks the passing of a tough and persistent winter. The new socks are extremely vivid, as noted wherever the masculine insteps nods. Gentlemen in meditative mood sit with their legs crossed as they ponder trivial affairs.

There was a time when radio was a real pleasure; a delight; a thrilling entertainment. Then came the jazz craze. The air was full of it. It threatened to ruin our morals and our ear for music, our dispositions and our parlor rugs. Then came a reform of broadcast problems. I don't think much of the reform. I am inclined to list the cure worse than the disease. Some of the for-

mer jazz was just as good, if not better, than the average range of stuff which come out of our radio horns now. Jazz may be bad, but there are things infinitely worse. In these latter days the radio is clattered up with static that sounds like the riveting works of a boiler factory; with keen shrill piercing whistling tones that goes through your head like a cambric needle. You literally can't hear your own ears, or anybody else's voice. It's worse than jazz. You can't use the stage hook and draw them off. You get snatches of singers, jokesmiths, piano players, and other things not worth \$1.39 a gross, and the only thing you can do is to stick with them in their snatches of suffering—or go to bed.

NESTING AND SONG TIME FOR BIRDS.

By C. W. Hunt.

To know and enjoy birds, one needs to live in the woods and fields where they dwell. Many that we see so much of now, go away at first approach of cold weather, seeking a warmer clime, and only one comes at approach of cold, the little drab-snow-bird which has just left us and flown a scant hundred miles to the Blue Ridge mountains where it will soon be busy rearing its young. Many others stay all winter long, taking the changes in temperature with no discomfort, but are seldom seen and never heard until Spring and mating time comes. Birds and their habits are interesting studies, and to know them one must needs see them close

up.

The person who wakes early, and has slept close to the woods, hears songs those who sleep late or live in flats know nothing of. The sweetest song of all the feathered trib comes between day break and sunrise; when the cardinal (red bird) calls forth in rymthic notes his "peter, peter, peter, peter," and the swamp-robin that has remained so quiet in the deep woods all winter now trills a silvery note, so clear so smooth, so musical, and a note and one all its own, which even that mimic the mocking bird never attempts to imitate. This clean bird belongs to the thrush family, is often taken for the brown

thrush, which also sings, but is smaller, has a shorter tail, is greenish brown on the back and has a whiter breast. Here, with me, they at first built about same height from the ground as the thrush and catbird, but a nest was accidentally torn out repairing a fence, and the grandchildren allowed to examine the eggs and the young, these sweet singers moved higher up, building out of reach. With full moonlight, the mocker sings day and night: wake any hour and you hear it in the top of some tree trilling its song like it was midday. The above mentioned and the dove stay with us all winter, and the first real sign of the breaking of winter is the cooing of doves, and going in pairs; and except for the blue bird, are the first to nest. Doves are known as low nesting; I have seen them on a flat rail of a fence, in low cedars and such; this year they are nesting in a tall pine, out on a flat bough, where the wind will most likely throw out the young. The blue-jay is an early nester and this year built in a strong elm before the leaves put forth, and have had lots of trouble with the mocking bird lighting too near the nest. Last year these jays

built in the tall pine over the house, and the dry windstorm blew the young out just before they could fly and a roaming cat got them. They had built low before, and have repeated again this year.

The brown thrush has been here some days, and is already beginning to prepare for a nest. They and the cat bird, which has not come, have habits very much alike, in that they build in same secluded thick brush, never over six feet high, and sing so near alike one would need to see to know which, and they sing only when nesting and content, and take wonderful care of the young even after leaving their nest. It is the song of these that you hear the mocker making so much noise over. Where they go in winter I do not know. I expected to see them in southern Florida, but they were hidden if there.

All the woods are alive with song and nesting now, and it will be song, making nests, feeding the young all summer long, and all seeming to like human habitation better than the lonesome deep woods where winter passes all the more comfortable for these "harbingers of spring."

TRIPLEX GLASS.

The French have discovered what is called triplex glass, a product which, it is said, goes a long way toward solving the problem of unbreakable window-panes. In this product a sheet of transparent celluloid is placed between two sheets of glass, and cement is used to hold the various parts together. The combination is unusually strong, it is declared, while at the same time this triplex arrangement is as transparent as the ordinary pane. Probably the most satisfactory use of the French invention will be on automobiles, but as may be imagined, many other possibilities exist.

—Exchange.

CELLAR AND GARRET.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill

No formal day of public rejoicing appears to be required, but North Carolina could perhaps very well devote an odd moment or two sometime to the proper celebration of the fact that it is extremely unlikely that I shall ever be Governor of this province, or that my office-holding experience will ever likely be extended beyond the present limits of the Historical Commission.

If I were Governor, or the tenant of any other office of importance I should in all probability be constantly going about doing foolish and improvident things. I should be seized by vagrant impulses and act upon them, perhaps to the inconvenience and sorrow of many very proper people. The papers would have to deplore me entirely too often and wonder whither we are drifting.

Impulses may be very interesting things when they are confined to paper. They read very well, but in the orderly comings and going of men and women, they are no doubt properly looked upon with suspicion. They want the acts of their public officials to be well reasoned and bastioned in decorum. Nor are they any more charitable to impulses when even lesser people have them.

If I had been Governor Sunday afternoon I would in all likelihood have grievously disturbed the decorous. I should have loosed among them a youth who was, for what reason and with what justice I do not know, shut up in a prison. But I would have turned him out, solely because I was seized with an impulse

to let him go his way, hoping that he would not sin any more than was necessary to get along in the world hereafter.

It was down at Morehead Bluffs. They have about thirty hand-picked men from the prison down there in charge of Captain Bailey engaged in labor on the development there. Most of them are young fellows, not much past twenty. They are honor men, and they have no guards among them. And they are doing very well without any guards, too, insofar as I could observe.

At any rate they are doing so well that on this particular day they were given some guard duty themselves. Groups of them were inside the roped-off enclosure around the new hotel, telling the thousands of spectators that the signs meant what they said. The signs said that people were to stay on the outside the roped-off enclosure. And being human beings, the spectators didn't believe in signs.

These prisoners would come and respectfully shoo a flock of sightseers outside the ropes. Now and then they would encounter a detachment of hard-headed people who didn't see why they couldn't go swarming over the works. The prisoner-guards would tell them patiently that they might get hurt themselves somewhere or that they might break something. They are in a hurry with the work down there and they haven't time to clean up after people.

"Oh, well, if that's the way they

feel about it we won't go in there," said the hetman of one group of determined invaders concessively to a young guard. "I didn't know they were so particular about it."

"That's alright, sir, said the young guard good naturedly and touching the brim of his hat with his fist. "We all make mistakes—sometimes." There was the faint tracery of irony in his words.

"Well, if I had been Governor of North Carolina I would have called him over and paroled him right there and maybe appointed somebody out of the crowd to take his place as guard until permanent replacment could have been effected. He was young and even-tempered, and of that sort of people there are far

too few loose in the world as it is. He had a sense of humor that is needed out of doors. Maybe they need it in prison too.

Examined in the light of the most rudimentary reason, I would have been an utter fool. I don't know what crime he had committed, or how long he has to stay there. I didn't even ask Captain Bailey his name. But it is full admission that I do not aspire to the office of Governor because I have lamentably few of the qualifications for the job. Later I had supper in the prison camp and even after I observed the prisoner eat I was still vaguely troubled by the fact that I couldn't turn him loose.

CHINESE WATER SPIRIT FLOWER.

By Mrs. J. F. Krueger.

In far away China there are many beautiful and at the same time interesting legends. One of these tells us about the sweet-scented Chinese lily, the water spirit flower, as the Chinese call it in their picturesque language. As so many of our Lutheran boys and girls in America are acquainted with the Chinese lily—or Narcissus, as it is often called in the United States—they perhaps would like to hear how this most fragrant flower came into existence.

Centuries ago an old Chinese father died, leaving his large estate to his two sons to be divided between them. The estate consisted of many acres of rich productive ground one corner of which was marshy and swampy, continually covered with

slimy-greenish water, so that nothing could grow on it. The older brother, as is the custom among these people, made the division. He was of a selfish, jealous nature, so he took all the good land as his share and gave the swampy section to the younger brother to be his portion of the inheritance. The younger brother was deeply grieved at this, but he was powerless to change his brother's decision, since the older son in a family has full authority.

One day the younger brother decided to look at his portion of the estate. As he drew near and saw how unfair his brother had been, he realized that his would be a life of poverty and misery. His heart was filled with sorrow and he began to weep bit-

terly. The water spirit was deeply touched by his grief and as the tears fell into the water, he had compassion on him and caused a beautiful lily to grow wherever a teardrop fell. Quickly the sorrow of the younger brother changed into joy. Gathering large bunches of the beautiful flowers, he sold them at the great market place. Year after year his swampy ground yielded the white and yellow lilies and in the course of time the younger brother became a rich and happy man.

The land of the older brother, in the meantime, was no longer fruitful and each year yielded less until at

last it became a barren desert. As a punishment for his selfishness he was left in his old age without any means of support and died in want and poverty.

From that time on this beautiful flower has been known among the Chinese as Shui Hsieng Hua, Water Spirit Flower, and is a favorite flower for New Year's celebrations. Thousands upon thousands are sold on the streets and in the market places during the weeks preceeding this holiday, and it is regarded as good fortune if the first blossom opens on New Year's Day.

AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(Boys' Friend.)

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory, and that made cocked hats.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground.

Two stage-coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year around.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

A new arrival in jail was set upon by his fellow prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

Leather breeches, a checked shirt, red flannel jacket and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors.

THE SILENCE OF "WINDY WALTERS."

By Erald A. Schivo.

"Come, come, you young fellows," called the umpire from a distance, the yells of a large crowd sounding in his ears for action, "if you don't name your pitcher within five minutes I'll say play ball!"

Each member of the Bernville nine heard his words and the impatient cries of the enthusiastic baseball fans. They turned anxious faces towards their captan who was arguing with his best pitcher.

"We'll lose the game if you talk in the box or while at bat," groaned Captain Tony Lardini. "Do you think we'll win with a talking machine pitching for us, Windy?" he asked pleadingly.

"Sure we'll win," laughed talkative "Windy Walters," star pitcher of the Bernville nine. "Haven't we won almost every game we ever played?" He now spoke with mock solemnity quite apparent to all members of the team. "Don't you believe we'll win, Tony?" he asked with feigned solicitude. He gazed with twinkling eyes at the sober uniformed players. "Our little catcher thinks we stand a chance of losing when there's not a real, good man in Jasonton's whole outfit. You're crazy, Tony. Forget it, little captain; give the word that we're ready to play, and think things over after the game."

No laughter greeted his bombastic utterance. Each fellow appeared strangely silent and the exchanged significant glances. The declaration that Jasonton had no talented players seemed to distress them, for they

were well aware that their opponnts were older, bigger and stronger men of high school age.

"What's up, Tony?" asked Walter noting the attitude of the team and thus speaking less differentially to his very young and short catcher. "What makes you think we'll not win, Tony?"

Captain Tony answered immediately, caring nothing for any sting his words might inflict upon "Windy Walters." "We'll lose the game, Windy," he declared with certain positiveness and sorrow, we'll lose because you'll make us lose with your foolish talking!"

No one could doubt Captain Tony's grim speech. "Windy Walters" stared in bewilderment and consternation. His little captain had spoken for the third time with an assurance that was far from comfortable. "Exactly, Tony, what do you mean?" he managed to ask, noting that the team was failing to show any merriment at the mere mention of defeat.

Little Tony thought only of the failure that threatened his team. "We'll lose, Windy!" he cried with unmistakable despair, "we'll lose because of your foolish idiotic gabbing!"

"Gabbing!" laughed "Windy Walters," expecting every fellow to laugh with him, but in no way embarrassed because of their silence, "gabbing, my word! Gabbing! I guess you mean talking, Tony, but I fail to understand why gabbing, as you call it, might lose us the game?"

"Are you blind?" roared Tony. "You and I saw that new man from the city pitching yesterday, and we agreed that he's certainly good. We have won almost every game we ever played despite your idle chatter while in the pitcher's box and while at bat. This game isn't going to be as easy as any of the other games we had, especially with that new man. I hear he's a heavy hitter as well as a first-class pitcher. If you talk while in the pitcher's box as you've done in the past your mind will not always be on the game, and we'll lose. No man can talk his head half off and throw a ball with good judgment at the same time. Promise you'll not talk while pitching today, Windy, and we'll start the biggest game we ever played."

"Step on the gas, fellows," shouted the umpire, "you haven't got all day to gab!"

"Windy Walters" listened to his captain's tirade with a smile upon his strong countenance. He understood the full meaning of little Tony's words but attached no importance to them. Bernville had won more games with him as pitcher than any other team of young fellows in the surrounding country. No speech, no matter how it might hurt another man, could irritate "Windy," for he was always ready with another five times as long. He liked to talk as well as play ball, which is saying a mouthful, as Tony often expressed himself relative to "Windy."

The star pitcher glanced at the other members of the team but was in no manner deterred by their troubled expressions. He smiled condescendingly upon Tony and prepared

himself for his repartee which would afford him more pleasure than a thick slice of apple pie, which is again to say a mouthful, to use Tony's language.

"Promise that I won't talk," grinned "Windy," "promise to remain as silent as a clam in the pitcher's box when talking helps me to win a game. No, little captain, I never make a promise unless I intend to keep it. This game with Jasonton is to be won as easily as any other game, even if the fellows are older. I agree that their new pitcher is pretty good, just the same when we begin—" He was abruptly interrupted.

"You'll promise not to talk while pitching or at bat!" ordered the spunky little captain grimly, "you'll promise or sit on the bench while a sub takes your place!"

"Windy" forgot his intended speech and stared in wonder and bewilderment. An ominous silence fell upon the group of Bernville men. The Jasonton nine was reputed one of the best in the district, even before the new man was added to their ranks. There was no man equal to "Windy Walters" despite his foolish talk, and no one knew it better than Captain Tony. Therefore the fellows who had voted that the little fellow be their captain in failure or success marveled at his nerve. If "Windy" refused to make a sincere promise the Bernville nine would be greatly weakened. They waited anxiously, nevertheless determined to stand by their chosen captain if "Windy" refused.

"Windy" was aware just how much he could cripple his team, yet

he was man enough not to become angry. "I'm sorry Tony," he said sincerely, "I'm sorry that I can't give you my promise because I couldn't keep it if I wanted to, but if you change your mind please count on me."

The star pitcher, the main battery of the Bernville nine, left the group of silent players to sit on the bench. The young men turned inquiring gloomy faces towards Captain Tony Lardini. A rueful smile flickered in the vicinity of the nervy little catcher's mouth. Presently he spoke in his usual, quick, snappy, determined way that had gained for him the captaincy of the Bernville nine.

"I'm sorry, very sorry, fellows," he said, "but we'd certainly lose the game with a talking pitcher who had his mind more on idle prattling than throwing a hard ball that a Jasontonian couldn't hit. Jim Starbuck will pitch the game. We're ready!" he called to the umpire.

The multitude yelled their approval when the umpire announced that the game was about to start. Those who were partial to Bernville cheered jubilantly as the Bernvillites walked to their places on the diamond. A keen-sighted spectator noticed that "Windy" was not in the pitcher's box. Soon a cry of distress sounded from the crowded bleachers. The shoulders of Jim Starbuck sagged perceptibly; however, the baseball fans wished to see a good game, and were quite aware that "Windy's" substitute needed a rousing cheer of welcome. He got it with all the clamor that an enthusiastic baseball mob could put into their lungs. Jim Starbuck braced his hunched shoulders, looked calmly

at the first batter, received a signal from little Tony and then pitched the first ball.

From the first half inning it was evident that Bernsville's nine was no match for the sturdy Josonton players. There were already, however two outs, but two men hugged the bases when Jasonton's new pitcher stepped into the batsman's box with such confidence that even Tony groaned uneasily. The new man was a powerful young fellow and there was no telling how his muscular body might tend to influence his batting ability.

Jim Starbuck became somewhat nervous. True, there were two outs, but the man on second and the one on third were a sore of worry and the Jasontonian at bat gave evidence of much hidden cleverness. The first ball crossing the plate was a drop-ball. Tony caught it very near the ground.

"Ball one!" roared the umpire.

"Ball one!" repeated the batter laughing. "Is that the way you pitch, young fellow?" he called. You're about as good as a man with gout. Ho! Ho, come again. If you don't hurt your arm maybe I'll—" The ball whistled past the plate, a simple hard-thrown fair ball. If the husky batter had not been talking he might have easily made a home-run hit.

"Strike one!" sang out the umpire

"I wasn't ready for that one," growled the batter somewhat discomfited. "Just wait. Back in the city we know how to play. Let another like that, you poor pitcher, and I'll tear the cover off when—"

"Ball two!" cried the umpire as Jim Starbuck lost control of a ball

that Tony had signaled should be a perfect strike.

"Didn't I tell you!" taunted the Jasontonian batter mockingly. "You have got the gout in that right arm of yours. Pitch two more like that and I'll limber up my legs by walking to first base. What's the matter with Bernville; I'd say they needed a new pitch—"

Again Tony had signaled for a fair ball. Like a cyclone it came whizzing towards the new Jasontonian. The fellow was very quick this time, but his words had caused him to lose the fraction of a second necessary to make him a home run or a safe hit. He did hit the ball with a terrific swing that caused a wild yell from the bleachers. The ball ricocheted from the bat far into the air and over the left field fence outside the foul line.

"Foul ball, strike two!" announced the umpire.

"Next time!" cried the baffled batter; "next time I'll hit a good one. Give me just one more like that and—"

This time the ball came directly towards the plate and the new Jason-tonian struck at it to learn that the throw had been a clever out-curve. Again his talking had caused him to misjudge. He dropped his bat with a smile of unconcern and walked into the diamond towards the pitcher's box.

The new Jasontonian was undeniably another "Windy Walters" in-so far as his talking was concerned. In fact he talked more while pitching than was ever attributed to "Windy" himself. Nevertheless, the powerful team backing him had gained

the Jasontonians the lead. The score read five to three at the end of the eighth inning.

"Windy Walters" had at first listened with a grin to the talkative Jasontonian pitcher, then he gradually began to realize that the fellow was making more called balls by his idle chatter than for any other reason, for it was quite apparent that the young fellow was a good pitcher—when he wasn't talking. Even at bat the Jasontonian continued his unnecessary talk, and at critical moments there were called strikes when a home run was merely a matter of striking at the ball with a little judgment. "Windy" became disgusted with the fellow who was evidently a first class pitcher and very heavy hitter. Why couldn't the fellow quit his foolish chatter?

In a flash it came to "Windy" that he was in no way different from the Jasontonian. They called him "Windy" and some times "Breezy" because he talked to much. In fact he was now sitting on the bench because he had refused to make a promise to his little captain that now made him feel like a two-year-old baby. If it were not for the Jason-tonian he would in all probability still be in ignorance of his stupidity. What manner of fool did the Bern-vill nine think of him? He cringed at his own question. He would pitch the last inning and promise not to talk! Bernville was losing and he was their only hope. He could keep the Jasontonian score at five and probably when he came to bat he might in some way make retribution for his gross childishness.

He walked up to his little captain.

"Say, Tony," he said, "can I pitch this last inning? I promise not to talk."

"Go ahead," replied Tony, instinctively knowing that "Windy" Walters" knew what manner of fool he appeared while talking idiotically like the Jasontonian.

A loud cheer greeted his appearance on the diamond, but "Windy" said not one word. His firm jaws clamped in determination. He studied the batter. His right arm fell back. Like a speeding little cannon ball the ball passed over the plate, and the batter swung at it and wondered why he had failed to make a connection.

"Strike one!" roared the umpire.

"Windy Walters" was as silent as the graveyard at night.

"Strike two!" sang out the umpire a few seconds later.

"Out!" cried the umpire as the batter swung at a swift out-curve.

Throughout the first half of the last inning "Windy" kept his mouth shut as tight as a fresh clam. The new Jasontonian pitcher came to bat, taunting the silent "Windy" with a continuous flow of words. The ball sped through the air, first an in-curve, then a straight, swift ball, followed by an out-curve which resulted in a foul, then a drop, and after that another straight ball thrown while the out, but he walked to the pitcher's Jasontonian was in the middle of a stupid tirade. His made the third box with an air of indifference.

"Hit this!" he called as a speeding ball passed the plate.

"Strike one!"

The Bernville batter waited.

"Here's another!" taunted the

Jasontonian. "Hit it!"

"Ball one!"

The more the Jasontonian talked the more balls he pitched. The first batter walked, but that was nothing out of the ordinary in the game. More men were walked on the Bernville side than on the opposing team's, however the new pitcher, always confident of himself, had always managed to extricate himself from his predicament.

The next player sacrificed and the man on first base went to second. The out caused another long flow of idle chatter from the Jasontonian pitcher. "Hit this!" he cried.

The batter did. The ball struck center field but although the batsman had made a two-base hit the man on second was unable to reach home as the ball reached the plate from deep center with a resounding crash as it landed in the catcher's mit. The man was forced to remain on third base.

The new Jasontonian became a little anxious, with the result that he talked less and struck out the next man. Then "Windy Walters" came to bat. There had been other times when he had faced critical moments, but they had in no way stopped his fluent chatter. This time he remained with stiffened jaw, watching the pitcher with keen eyes.

He noticed that the Jasontonian grasped the ball as if to make an in-curve. For the moment the ardor of speaking was forgotten by the Jasontonian. He used perfect judgment, and the ball appeared as if it would pass directly over the plate, but "Windy" had not watched eight innings of the man's pitching for nothing.

He expected an in-curve and stepped back from the plate before the ball reached it. It was a very easy ball to hit. "Windy" swung with all the vigor and baseball ingenuity of his sturdy body. A sharp crack echoed throughout the field. The ball sailed over the right field fence. It was a fair hit and a roar rose from the grandstands as "Windy" ran the bases for a home run. He walked smilingly over the home plate after

the two players before him. Bernville had won the game by one run.

"I don't know what to call you now," said Tony Lardini cheerfully. "You were so silent while you played, that 'Windy' would actually sound foolish."

"Homer Walters!" came a yell from the bleachers as if in answer to the little captain. And the new name stuck.

'A power riveter makes poor music, but the steel beams need its services. In building homes, sky-scrapers, nations there are many things which are more necessary than pleasant. We pay for progress—always.'

FRANK'S FOOTSTEPS.

By F. N. Merriman.

Frank darted from the house unaware that his departure had been seen from an upper window. He was called back. "Don't go near the river today," his father's voice commanded and then the window was hastily closed. Mr. Thurstan was shaving.

To argue with a closed window is impractical and with Mr. Thurstan inadvisable. Frank kicked angrily at a half-formed ball of snow that had fallen in the path. He had intended to go to the river.

"Not much use of going anywhere else," he said sullenly to himself, "all the rest of the fellows will be there. Wish I could have gotten away a little earlier."

The temptation to ignore the command was strong. Other boys disobeyed their parents occasionally and no one was the wiser. The boys were going to have all kinds of fun at the river and he could see no reason why

he should not share it. His feet turned toward the field between the house and the river.

When he was almost to the old alder tree that in summer spread such a liberal shade for the youngsters to picnic under he came suddenly to his senses. "What am I thinking of?" he asked himself. "If father does not want me to go to the river, I will not go. I'll go over to Luke Harwell's. Luke is just getting well of a cold and will not be allowed out. I guess we can find something interesting to do."

Luke was glad to see him. "The fellows all went up the road awhile ago," he said. "I didn't see you with them and hoped you would come over. I guess they were going to the old cabin up on the mountain."

"Why, I thought they were going to the river to slide and skate," Frank exclaimed.

Luke's eyes opened. "Why, haven't you heard?" he said. "The ice is unsafe, after all. There are great cracks in it and it is dangerous and porous close to the shore where it is so deep. I heard the boys talking about how bad it was as they went by."

Presently there came a phone call from home. "Peter has gone," an excited voice said. "Have you seen him? Do you know where he is?"

Peter was Frank's four-year-old brother. Frank hurried home by the short way as quickly as he could. They searched the house and the woodlot where Peter liked to play. Suddenly Frank gave a triumphant shout. There upon the snow between his own longer footprints were the small ones of his little brother. They hurriedly followed.

Frank lifted his eyes in shame to his father's face as the betraying footprints approached the old alder, but as they swerved sharply to the right at the position where he made his honorable decision he felt his

father's hand drop upon his shoulder. Across the field they went, following the sunken tracks.—one of Peter's tiny toes between every two of Frank's. And up the road not far from Luke's house they found the small boy sitting upon a log, evidently exhausted.

"I followed Frank's footsteps," he cried in glee, holding out his arms when he saw them and laughing. "I thought I would go sliding on the river, but they didn't go there, so I just kept on—following Frank's footsteps."

Frank turned his face away. A vision of the small toddler sliding down the steep bank and crashing beneath the treacherous ice that covered the icy waters flashed into his mind and left him sick and dizzy. But for the strength of his father's arm around him he would have fallen. Small Peter clung to his hand. He could say nothing. But deep in his heart was born a resolve that always, always his footsteps would lead his brother to safety—not to danger.

THE HERO OF CAVE CITY.

By William T. McElroy in *The Junior World*.

Cave City is a little village nestling amid the foothills of the Kentucky Mountains, and derives the first part of its name from the fact that all about it everywhere there are apparently innumerable caves, both large and small. The city part of the name of course due to the optimistic hopes of those who had founded the little village. These hopes were as yet a long way short of realization, but now the outside world was beginning to take an interest in the many caverns

everywhere about, and many scientists as well as sightseers were visiting the section.

One afternoon in late fall a group of the village boys were seated idly on the edge of an old flat car on a siding just outside of town. There was Bunsy Jones, the son of the motor-car dealer, and Tubby Hillis, the banker's son, and Bobby Terry, the editor's only boy, and half a dozen others.

Tubby was the ringleader of the

gang by virtue of being usually the only one of the crowd who had any spending-money, and also because, being large of stature for his age, he was the most aggressive of the group. A gang is not a gang without a leader, and Tubby ruled with an iron hand. Bobby, on the other hand, was the most timid of the crowd. Never having been strong physically and having lived only two years in Cave City, he had not the same stoical indifference to adventurous activities that was characteristic of the boys who had grown up in the mining town.

Having nothing special to do, they were beginning to get bored with themselves, and each mind was busy in the effort to think of something interesting to do for the afternoon. Finally Tubby had what he considered to be a bright idea.

"I say," he exclaimed, "let's go and explore Death Cavern!"

"Death Cavern!" replied several voices in unison, then for a moment there was silence. The very daring of the idea had for an instant silenced every tongue. Death Cavern was one of the most celebrated caves in the whole section. It was a long, narrow passageway, leading no one knew how far in under the mountain. Starting with an entrance large enough to be used for a wagon shed, it grew narrower and narrower for an interminable distance. It derived its name from a tradition that long ago the Indians had used it as a place for executing their criminals. As tradition had it, the long passageway ended in a drop into a bottomless pit, and the unfortunate Indians were forced at the point of a spear to go

on and on until with startling suddenness they would disappear forever.

There was not a boy in the village but had been warned by his parents to keep away from the cave. Ordinarily this warning had not been needed. The tradition itself had been enough to keep them away. Now, however, that the challenge had been offered, the gang spirit made such an adventure seem less fearsome. Presently the silence was broken by one of the younger lads.

"All right," he said, "let's do it."

Sensing that he had, in boyhood parlance, "started something," Tubby sprang to the ground. "Good," he said, "come on."

As the entrance to the cave was not far away, they were soon standing before the large dark opening. Here unexpected opposition to the project suddenly appeared. As they were ready to enter, Bobby stopped.

"I'm not going in," he said.

Tubby turned and eyed him with scorn. "Afraid?" he asked.

"Maybe I am," said Bobby. "But that part doesn't matter. My dad has told me not to go in."

"Huh," was the scornful answer. "Your dad wasn't the only one. But you see us going in. You're afraid, that's all that's the matter. Come on, fellows, let's show we are not 'fraid cats." He turned his back on Bobby and started into the cave, pausing only long enough to fling back over his shoulder the hated term, "Scared cat." The other boys quickly followed, some of the bolder ones echoing Tubby's jeering "Scared cat," as the flicker of their electric

torches disappeared from sight.

Bobby sat down disconsolately on a rock at the entrance of the cave. He was thoroughly miserable. He had lost caste. And unhappy is the lot of an outcast everywhere, especially with a crowd of boys.

How long he sat there Bobby had no idea. Why he stayed at all he did not know. He did not specially want to stay till the boys came out again and have to face their jeers, nor did he want to go home. So he sat on the rock or walked about the entrance of the cave, nursing his unhappiness, until it seemed hours had passed.

The sun was beginning to get low over the treetops and he had about decided to go home when one of Bobby's neighbors, Mr. Gray, came along. Mr. Gray's business was that of a guide of tourists through the various caves, and, seeing Bobby at the entrance of Death Cavern, he stopped.

"Hello, sonny," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for the fellows," said Bobby.

"Waiting for the fellows? Where are they?"

"In there," Bobby nodded vaguely toward the interior of the cave.

"In Death Cavern!" Mr. Gray said incredulously. "How long have they been in there?"

"Nearly all afternoon, it seems like," was the reply.

Mr. Gray's face began to show alarm. "Don't they know it's dangerous to go very far in there?"

"I guess so," said Bobby miserably. "They said I was a scared cat because I wouldn't go with them."

"Scared cat nothing," exclaimed

Mr. Gray. "You just showed common sense, that's all."

He went a little way into the cave, and cupping his hands about his mouth shouted at the top of his voice. He waited till the long-continued echo had died out and listened intently for a reply. None came, and he repeated the process.

Finally he came back to the light, concern written plainly on his face.

"Sonny," he said, "run as fast as ever you can to Mr. Vance's house over there and borrow his electric torch for me. Tell everybody you see that the boys are in Death Cavern and that I'm going in after them. And hurry."

Without a word Bobby set out as fast as he could run on his errand.

Breathlessly he told his story to Mrs. Vance, and even as he dashed out of the room with the torch he heard the telephone click and knew that in a few minutes the news would be all over town. Back at the cave Mr. Gray was waiting impatiently.

"Listen, sonny," he said as Bobby handed him the torch. "I'm going in the cave as far as I can. If I don't come back in a few minutes, get help as quick as you can." With the words, he disappeared into the darkness.

Bobby fidgeted about the entrance a few minutes wondering what he should do; then he saw men and women hurrying toward the cave. He was glad they were coming. It was not easy waiting alone. As they drew near he recognized the mothers and fathers of some of his companions among them. There was fear written on their faces, and some of the mothers were weeping. Mrs. Vance, he

discovered, had reported that the boys were trapped in the cave.

He had to tell his story over and over again and answer numberless excited questions when the group arrived. Some seemed relieved at his story and others seemed more worried than ever. As they talked the group grew larger and larger until it looked as if the whole village had come to the cave.

The excited talking of the crowd was suddenly interrupted by a shout from within the cave, and Mr. Gray and the boys came crowding out of the narrow cavern. They were covered with mud from head to foot, and some of the boys were crying. Mr. Gray held up his hand for silence as the people crowded around the group.

"Folks," he said, "I met the boys on their way out. They had gone as far as they could and had started back. But there has been an accident. The freezing and thawing of the last few days has softened the earth in some places and there was a cave-in. Tubby Hillis is caught fast by the foot. He's not hurt, but he can't get loose. I tried to get to him, but the passage just this side of him is too narrow for a man to crawl through."

"Come on, let's dig the passage wider," cried several voices.

Again Mr. Gray held up his hand. "Don't lose your heads," he said. "This is a serious thing. That passage is through practically solid rock, and you can't make it larger except by blasting, and that would bring down enough dirt to close the passage in a dozen places. We've got to think this thing out."

In a few moments several of the older men had gathered for a conference. While they debated a silence fell over the crowd. The parents whose sons had returned from the cave found their rejoicing sobered by the sorrow of the parents of the trapped boys. Several tried awkwardly to comfort them. But there was little to be said, and for the most part there was silence. As darkness came on a number of fires were built about the entrance. The people waited while the leaders conferred.

At last they decided on a plan, and volunteers were called for. They must be slender men, and immediately all the small men in the group volunteered. Two of the smallest were selected, and in a short time, equipped with electric torches and light crow-bars, they disappeared into the darkness of the cave.

The crowd then disposed themselves for a long wait. Some of the older people went home, and a few went back to the village for food, but most of the people remained about the cave.

The long minutes dragged into hours until it was nearing midnight. At last the two workers staggered out. They were muddy and haggard and almost exhausted. Their efforts had been in vain. Strive as they could, sometimes in imminent danger of getting themselves fastened in the narrow passageway they had been unable to come nearer than a dozen yards from the imprisoned boy. The passage was too narrow for a grown person to get through. No one had any chance of getting through except a small boy.

A small boy! At the words the

people looked solemnly at each other, and mothers clutched their boys closer to their sides. It was the only way, of course. But there was grave danger to anyone entering the cave, and fear clutched the heart of every mother present.

Suddenly the silence was broken by Bobby's piping voice. "I'll go," he said. "I'm mighty near scared to death, but I'll go, if someone will go part of the way with me."

"Well spoken, sonny," said Mr. Gray kindly. "And now—"

"No, no," interrupted Bobby's father. "It's no job for a boy. Let the men try again. Let me try."

Mr. Gray put his hand on Mr. Terry's arm. "I know just how you feel," he said quietly. "I'd feel the same way if I had a boy of my own. But it's Tubby's only chance. And think how you'd feel if the circumstances were reversed. There's probably not much danger. But if there is, some day you'll be proud to remember that your boy had his father's courage and was willing to try."

In a few minutes it was all arranged. Bobby was to enter the cave first, a miner's cap and light on his head, a small crowbar in his hand with which to pry Tubby's foot loose. Two of the smallest men of the village were to follow, similarly equipped. With the prayers and sobs of the whole group following them, then entered the cave on their dangerous task.

Again the hours dragged by interminably. Some of the more thoughtful went to the village and brought back coffee and sandwiches, but most of the people were too excited or too sad to eat. They stood or sat about the cave entrance, every

eye fastened on the dark cavern running down into the earth.

Just as the first rays of the morning sun broke over the nearby mountaintops a mighty shout went up from the watchers. Crawling slowly and laboriously, as those do who are almost exhausted, the rescue party, with Tubby dragging a limp foot behind him, appeared from the darkness of the entrance.

Such rejoicing as followed! Never were heroes returning from a victorious battle more enthusiastically welcomed. Caps were thrown in air, men shouted at the top of their voices, and the women crowded about the two boys, kissing them till the mud of the cave had been almost kissed off their faces.

When the tumult had subsided, Mr. Gray clapped his hands for quiet.

"I propose," he said, "a toast to the boy who acknowledged he was afraid to go, but who went in spite of his fear to save a friend. Three cheers for the bravest boy in Cave City."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the crisp morning air was rent by the mighty cheers that went up from the throats of the assembled people.

"Now," continued Mr. Gray, "if someone will go for a few sticks of dynamite, we'll close up the entrance to Death Cavern forever."

The Sunday afternoon following a meeting was held in the town hall, attended by practically every well person in the village and surrounding country. Even the telephone operator and the station agent, whose duties usually kept them at their posts, were there. It was really a thanksgiving service, and on behalf of

the people the ministers of the town voiced thanks for the deliverance of Tubby from his dangerous imprisonment and for the courage of one small boy who had made that deliverance possible.

Near the close of the exercises Mr. Gray made his way to the platform.

"I just got back from Frankfort last night," he said. "While there

I had a long talk with the governor. The Legislature of Kentucky some years ago authorized the governor to present medals to certain deserving persons. I am requested by the governor to present such a medal here today. It is appropriately inscribed with the following words, 'To Robert Wilson Terry, the bravest boy in Cave City.'"

THE TRAITOR.

What do I gain
If I complain?
Self-pity is a traitor—
Condoling, while
With cunning guile
She proves and agitator.

She sows dissent
And discontent,
She sanctions my bewailing—
'Til courage flees
And heart and knees
Grow weak, and I am ailing.

Her sympathy
Is all for me,
She lures me to forgetting—
That some with grace
Would take my place,
In spite of all my fretting.

She blinds my eyes
And so she tries
To shut out truth and blessing—
At last I know
Her for a foe,
Deceitful, and depressing.

—Mrs. Mae Norton Morris.

A NEW KIND OF ARITHMETIC.

By Emma Florence Bush.

"Mother," said little Elsie Remick, "Ella West doesn't know any arithmetic at all. She can't even say the five-times column."

"Perhaps arithmetic is hard for her," suggested Mrs. Remick.

"Perhaps it is," said Elsie carelessly, "but you just ought to hear me say all the tables. Teacher says I know them better than anybody in the class.

"I am glad you do, little daughter," said mother, "but I hope my little girl isn't going to forget the rule of 'loving kindness' just because she has learned the rule of arithmetic so well. Perhaps Ella can do better in some things than you can. But if we are going to the Flower Show this afternoon, we must get ready. Run upstairs and brush your hair and wash your face and hands."

It wasn't very long before Elsie was walking by mother's side on the way to the Flower Show. In her hand was a pocketbook with two shiny quarters in it to spend, for this was the last day of the show and the florists on that day sold all the plants exhibited very, very cheaply. Last year mother had bought a lovely pink azalea for fifty cents and Elsie remembered it now.

"I wish I could buy a pink azalea like yours," she said. "Wasn't it pretty, mother, and the blossoms lasted so long."

"Perhaps you can," said mother. "We will look as soon as we get there."

But when they reached the show there was only one pink azalea, and

it bore a tag, "Sold to Miss Ella West."

Elsie was so disappointed she could have cried. She tried to find something else, but she could not seem to decide on anything, and every now and then she kept coming back to look at the pink azalea and wish she could have it.

Just as she came back for the tenth time to look she saw the florist removing the tag and putting it back among the unsold plants. "Oh," breathed Elsie, "is it really for sale, after all?"

"Yes," answered the florist, "the little girl decided not to take it." So Elsie handed her two shiny quarters to him and hurried away to show the plant to mother.

That night after dinner Cousin Alma came to see mother. She admired Elsie's azalea very much and then she said:

"I think I know how you came to get it, Elsie. I was at the Flower Show this afternoon and while looking at the plant I saw a little girl come along with a shabbily dressed little girl. She spoke to the florist and I couldn't help hearing what she said. It seemed she had bought your beautiful azalea, but she had found this poor little girl crying in a corner of the building. Someone had given her a ticket, but she was crying because she had no money and wanted to take a plant home to her mother. The little girl who had bought your azalea asked the florist to take it back and give her two cheaper plants instead. He did so, and each little

girl went off with a pink begonia in her arms and I do not know which was the happier. I was so interested I asked the little girl's name, and he told me 'Ella West.' Do you know her, Elsie?"

"Ella West," repeated mother with a smile, "that was the little girl that you said did not know her multiplication tables in school today."

"Yes, mother," answered Elsie, "you remember I told you about her."

"Ah, little daughter," said mother, "she may not know her multiplacation table arithmetic, but she knows the law of division in another kind of table, and that knowledge will make her go through life loving and being loved."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

A ditch was dug from the school's water tank to supply the homes of Mr. Talbert and Mr. Crook's with water. The pipe was placed in the ditch and refilled during the past week.

Mr. Stubenfield and a number of the boys refilled a ditch that was dug recently to supply the plant beds with water. These plant beds are near the grainery, and the water spiggots will be a great convience to watering the flowers this summer.

Mr. Johnson and a number of the boys in his room were busy several days last week putting a backstop up for the tennis courts. This will be a great help to the tennis players, now they won't have to chase the stray tennis balls that are hit by them.

The following boys: Lee McBride, Cucell Watkins, Ralph Hollars, James McDaniel, Roland McElveen, Lonnie and Lummie McGhee, Clarence Hendley, Perry Quinn, Bill Goss, Dhue Walker, Bud Gilbert, Clay Church,

Morvain Thomas, Herbert Poteat, Fred Lindsay, Lester Wallace Jake Kelley and Zeb Trexler were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

The first game of this season with outsiders was played last Saturday afternoon with Mt. Pleasant. Mr. Lisk was the pitcher for the Training School and Mr. Austin for the visiting team. Mr. Lisk only allowed two hits during the game. The score was 3 to 2 favor the School. The team here started out with a victory and hopes that a large number of the other games that we play this season will be the same.

"The Story of Cain and Abel," was the subject of last Sundays lesson. "In the story of Cain and Abel the character of one who fails to control jealousy and anger is strongly outlined against the dark background of hatred and murder." Eve "bare Cain...and she bare his brother Abel." Now Abel was a keeper of the sheep and Cain was a tiller of the ground." At some set time

Cain brought fruit of the ground and made an offering of it unto the Lord, and Abel also "brought of the firstlings of his flock and made an offering unto the Lord. But the Lord did have no respect for the offering of Cain, and for Abel He did have respect. And Cain was wroth and his countenance was fallen. And the Lord said unto Cain, why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?" God then told Cain that if he done well "shalt thou not be accepted?"...Cain and Abel was out in the field and "Cain rose up against Abel, his brother and slew him. And the Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?.....And now art thou cursed from the earth which hath opened her mouth to receive her brother's blood, from thy hand. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shall thou be in the earth." This was the curse or the sentence that God placed on Cain for his punishment. That not even the ground he tilled would yield her fruit to him. The golden text for the lesson was: "Am I my brother's keeper?"—Genesis 4:9.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boy's Work Secretary, Y. M. C. A., Charlotte, came out to the institution last Sunday afternoon and brought with him Rev. Mr. McIwaine to speak to the boys. He told the boys in his talk how to build up their character in the right way. He had the boys to repeat from memory the third Commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." That commandment means that the Lord will hold the person that takes His name in vain guilty, or for using any kind of profanity. That is not the thing that helps to build up a boy's character. A story told over in the far east about the devil's choice was: The Lord gave the devil one choice out of four to make man do any one of these evils, (1) profanity, (2) stealing, (3) lying, (4) drinking. The devil chose the drinking evil and by this choice he has put man to do all the other ones. If I were to put a million dollars in one of my hands and put good character in the other which one would you choose? Some of you would choose the hand with the money in it while some of the others would choose the hand with the good character in it. But the way to build up good character is to have a firm foundation to start from, some asset. Over in the front of a store not long ago, in Charlotte, I saw this sign painted in large black and red letters: "Sale goods, that was damaged by smoke, selling for half price." You boys don't want to grow up and just be a "half priced" man, can't be trusted nobody wants anything to do with you. You can't get a job in a bank, in a grocery store, nor anywhere. A man once was prominent and always had money, but now his money is gone, and he is gone, all because he did not have a good character. When you have not got a good character the money slips through your fingers. What good is liquor? It only gets any man who uses it in constant trouble, it soon makes the user steal, lie and will

make him lead the lowest down kind of life. Some of you boys in this audience will some day be the leading citizens of North Carolina. I hope that you boys will make the next generation better than the present one. In a high school in Greensboro the other day a professor asked his pupils to close their books and put their right hand over the heart, then put the left hand on their ear, lean on the desk and listen. After a short while he asked: "What do you hear? Someone in the room said: "I don't hear anything professor, but my heart beating." He then told

his pupils: "Don't you hear, far back, long ago, voices pleading with you, for their sakes to keep yourself clean and righteous in the world, and that they have kept themselves clean for you? To make the life for you and others happy? Don't you hear the boys and girls calling to you from the future pleading that you keep yourself clean for their sakes? Do this for it means a better generation than the present one. Mr. Shelton also brought Bill Authur out to the institution to sing for the boys. Rev. Mr. McIwaine's sermon to the boys was an interesting one.

**If something is wrong, and you have a good plan
To better it, boys, do the best that you can.
However, in caution a word should be said:
Be sure you are right ere you venture ahead
—Eugene C. Dalson.**

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern. .

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

U. N. C. Library

MUCH TO DO.

No country can be considered prosperous unless its prosperity reaches to all parts and to all classes. No man is entitled to speak proudly of American prosperity until he has conscientiously done his best to spread it over those portions of the country which are as yet untouched by the increase of means and opportunity. There are whole states in our land which are lying heavy-hearted in the back lands of neglect. There is much that we can do to bring them into step with the rest of the nation.

—Henry Ford.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

YOUNG BOYS AND BEAUTY.

The Jackson Training School along the highway near Concord, beautiful at all seasons, is particularly attractive in its Spring dress. The beauty of the place grows with each passing season and motorists now have a habit of pausing while passing the grounds and buildings the better to take it in. The plant has been added to by county homes and the institution has been expanded into one of proportions the promoters of the school had not hoped to attain in so short a time. People passing at a time when the boys—several hundred of them—are on parade on the grounds, or engaged in group activities in garden and field, are profoundly impressed with the mission of the Training School and the work it is doing in turning out good citizens. Superintendent Boger has developed admirable taste in the direction of the ornamental and the beautiful in surroundings. The walkways are bordered with flowers and shrubs and the whole of the surroundings indicates a determination to cultivate in the minds of the young men an appreciation of the beautiful in life. Kuester never passes by that he does not remark on the one obstruction that is in the way—and in the foreground. Some day, soon, it may be hoped, Superintendent Boger will find the means to remove the printing shop back a few paces and patch its site with grass and flowers, to per-

fection of its lawn effect. The Jackson Training School is a beauty spot by the highway.—Charlotte Observer.

The foregoing from the editorial page of the Charlotte Observer is pleasing to the management of the Jackson Training School. Coming from an expert in what makes for the beautiful, it is welcomed and heartening.

The one eye-sore, to which Clarence Kuester makes reference, has slapped others in the face time after time. In fact this writer has permission from the donors, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, who financed the erection of this building in our crawling days, to substitute another building as the memorial which they provided for originally.

It is violating no secret to announce that plans for a Publication Building, differently located, have been adopted and are now in the hands of a prospective donor, who is thinking over the proposition of providing the necessary amount, \$32,500.00, which will make possible the desired building and thus removing what obscures a better view of our campus and plant.

While we are at it, The Uplift confesses to smarting over the undesirable location of its home. The arrangement, in addition to its noisy and dusty location, does not warrant the best results. We entertain fond hopes of succeeding in laying the matter of a suitable building on the heart and purse of a prospective donor in such a manner that the one eye-sore may be removed from the picture.

Supt. Boger is blameless for the location of this building as well as all others, visible from the National Highway. Others had the business, and alone are responsible, of the location of the buildings and the arrangement of the grounds.

There will be rejoicing amongst the population of the campus when our New Publication Building is a reality.

When?

* * * * *

“SLEEPING WITH HEAD TOWARD THE NORTH”

Some more propaganda has been turned loose by several scientists. Several Frenchmen have discovered (?) a remedy for insomnia. Very learnedly they advise placing your bed with the head towards the North Pole.

Why, that idea has been well known for fifty or more years. The late Prof. Ludwig of Mt. Pleasant, in his day the very foremost and most cholary mathematician, maintained that sleeping with the head to the north was right and proper. It is said that if you take a boy and suspend him by a pliable and freely-moving rope tied around his waist, so as to balance him,

and giving him a swing around, his body, when it comes to a rest, will stop with the boy's head to the north. We suppose, if this experiment be tried out south of the equator, the head will point to the South Pole.

These French scientists are fifty years behind Mt. Pleasant.

* * * * *

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

A few hours only were required to transact the business of the recent Democratic State Convention. This was made possible because of the intense harmony that prevails in the party and the absence of any marked differences over any problem that confronts the state. This rapid disposal of convention business is due to the elimination of convention nominations, all being transferred to the county and state primaries.

And much of the smoothness and fine great spirit that characterized the great meeting is due to the wise leadership and deserved popularity of John G. Dawson, the State Chairman. He is one of the twelve most charming and magnetic men in the state. To know John Dawson is to surrender at once in esteem and follow him.

It was perhaps the largest attended Convention in twenty years and the best behaved.

* * * * *

CHARMING VISITORS.

It was the very great privilege enjoyed by the Jackson Training School to have, on Wednesday afternoon, a visit from the State War Mothers, holding their annual convention in Concord. While on the grounds they were in charge of the Stonewall Jackson Circle of King's Daughters, who provided for a suitable entertainment.

The State War Mothers saw, at first hand, proof of the great service the King's Daughters are rendering about in the state. A part of their benefactions includes one Cottage, the Chapel and the Memorial Bridge. It is worthy of note that the first memorial erected to the N. C. World War soldiers and sailors is the Memorial Bridge across the National Highway, a contribution by the N. C. Branch of The King's Daughters and Sons.

* * * * *

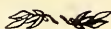
O. MAX GARDNER.

When the recent state convention called for O. Max Gardner, he responded in the midst of a prolonged and glad hand. Right off the bat the gifted and popular speaker began to hold spell-bound the immense audience.

His remarks, approaching a classic, were so fine, so true and inspiring, The Uplift carries them in this issue. • A certain city was in the act of inviting Max to make an address on a conspicuous occasion. One of the committee remarked, "do you think the subject we have selected is one that appeals to Mr. Gardner?" "Goodness, gracious," responded another member of the committee who knows the gifted speaker's powers and capacity, "Max is like a victrola, he can talk effectively on any subject."

* * * * *

"Looking Them Over," by Rev. J. Homer Barnhardt in this issue will interest the reader. That, to our mind, is the proper estimate of the wild geraniums that have broken into our social and religious life.



MOTHERS' DAY.

Rev. C. F. Sherrill, Shelby.

"Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

That's the sweet prayer we said at
mother's knee, the holiest shrine of
our holy faith. It is childhood's
sweetest prayer. About it gather the
memories of those innocent days.
Millions in glory now said that prayer
at mother's knee.

Our mothers are the first custodians
of our holy faith; the angel watchers
and keepers of our helpless infancy.

"Of all the names to memory dear,
One name alone to me is dearest;
Though many to me are near,
Yet this shall ever be the nearest.
For on my heart's most sacred place
'Tis deeper ground than any other:
For naught from thence shall e'er
erase

The lovely, honored name of mother."

The old home! Precious and
sacred are its hallowed memories!
How the memory abides, a benedic-
tion to our souls! The fish in the
brook, the old apple orchard, the
spring at the foot of the hill, the
birds on the wing, mother's evening
lullaby. O those were happy inno-
cent days! Heaven lay about us in
our infancy. A benediction to our
souls, the memory abides, and will
'till life's sunset hour.

Mother's love is a vestal fire that
never goes out. It is next to God's
love. Beecher said a violet is the
sweetest thing God ever made, and
forgot to put a soul in it. God never
forgot to put a soul in mother. And
O such a soul! Mother's heart was
sweeter than a violet, warmer than

God's golden sunshine, as ample as
God's beckoning skies, more enduring
than the stars.

"The sweetest face in all the world
to me,

Set in frame of shining, silver hair,
With eyes whose language is fidelity:
This is my mother. Is she not most
fair?

Seven little heads have found their
sweetest rest

Upon the pillow of her loving
breast;

The world is wide, yet nowhere does
it keep

So safe a haven, so secure a rest."

The hand that rules the cradle rocks
the world. No mistake here. "God
could not be everywhere, so He made
mothers," is an old saying.

Home—the father's kingdom, the
mother's world, the child's paradise."

"What are Raphael's madonnas
but the shadow of a mother's love
fixed in permanent outline forever."

"Backward, turn backward, O Time,
in your flight.

Make me a child again just for to-
night.

Mother, come back from the echoless
shore,

Take me again to your heart as of
yore,

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of
care,

Smooth the few silver threads out of
my hair

Over my slumbers your loving watch,
care, keep;

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to
sleep."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

When a man sets sail on the sea of matrimony he most generally starts from a daven-port.

In these days when every other human being owns an automobile, and the every other fellow owns a radio set, every one must be a good dodger, and the rest good listeners. I'm both.

A number of papers have a fad of printing "Who's Who," There might be added "What's What." That is what I'd like to know myself.

It is told that a servant girl was asked by the lady of the house why she did not brush down the cobwebs. "Cobwebs! Law, ma'am, I thought dey was sumfin' to your radio."

It is like Uncle Gabe says. "Ef you hire de rabbit to nail on your palin's dar'll be sum big cracks in de garden fence."

Spring has arrived with her compact and powder puff and is touching up the face of nature. Spring is, the childhood of nature. It is as fresh as the lovely form of youth, when nymphs and graces in the dance unite. Fair-handed, and smiling joyously, it reveals the beauty and graces of the universe. It unlocks the beauty shops of nature and paints the laughing soil with artistic touches. Winking May-buds open their golden eyes; when flowering trees and beauty blossoms glow. The wild bees hum and wind-flowers

wave in graceful grandeur, whose robes fall in valleys, from mountain heights; whose breast-bouquet is gardens, and whose blush is a vernal gladness. The measured dance of the hours brings back the happy smile of spring; the buried dead is born again in the life-glance of the sun. So full of hope, joy and inspiration; when the heart thrills to almost bursting proportions with the beauty of life and the graciousness of God; the grandeur of the universe, when the softness of the air and the odors of the sweet time that caress us and console us after the rigorous weeks of winter. The year is repeating its same sweet, "old, old story." As Goethe says: "We come once more, thank God, to its most charming chapter. The violets and the May flowers are its inscriptions or vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us, when we open again at these pages of the book of life."

No job is worth its salt unless it has its rough spots. If you meet a jog or "blue day" in your job, why just remember the other fellow has his now and then. The fun is not all in getting your pay check; its knowing that you have done something worth while to earn it. Don't concentrate your energy in getting your work done before the whistle blows—and in any old way, just so its done. Just put your mind on the idea that you will turn in a report armored against attack and criticism, and the extra moments will be worth the ef-

fort. See that your quantity possesses quality.

As an allegorical metamorphosis, lawyers are fee-males.

It was just the other day that a rather bashful young woman from the country went into a grocery store, carrying three chickens. She inquired the price of chickens and at the same time put them on the counter. The clerk didn't know the feet of the chickens were tied, and asked the young lady if they would lay there. She bit the corner of her handkerchief and demurely said, "No, sir; they are roosters."

The time spent in thinking "darn"—or formulating other expressive words not suitable for the Sunday School room—over any little thing that does not go to suit your ideas, is worse than wasted. Words bordering on cuss words, and cuss words themselves, when freely expressed, makes one feel mean, and takes toll of good judgment. It rather subdues the heart to tackle big things in a big way. There's something in the idea of fretting and cussing when things don't go exactly according to your notion, that promises and begets defeat. Smiles have a wonderful effect on effort. Frowns becloud the whole business. Somehow things aren't half so hard when the optimistic side of life asserts itself. The amount of energy needed to solve problems may not be one whit less, but it seems only a fraction of the whole. Some lives have an abundance of the sunshine spirit. Smiles and laughter seem to pave ways for

them that are hard enough for others. It is not that fate is partial; its only that some folks face things from a different angle.

They say that the latest hair-dressing fad in London is to hide one ear and leave the other exposed. There is some doubt expressed as this mode becoming popular with young girls. A girl will have to run the risk of not hearing a proposal when it comes on the side with the covered ear. Then, it might be popular with married women, for they would miss hearing things said about them by critical neighbors.

A newly-wed, just starting out housekeeping, intended to have a garden, and plant a quantity of Irish potatoes, of which she was very fond. But she has abandoned the idea. She said directions called for planting potatoes in hills, and her garden was perfectly level.

It has been found out that wrist watches vary more or less, to a greater or less degree on different persons, by the motion of the body and the throbbing of the pulse. Many of us are like wrist watches but don't know it. We have fine theories, but, somehow, we are not always able to carry them out in this work-a-day world. A chief executive, for example, can draw up a perfect organization chart—and then he wonders why it doesn't function smoothly in practice. A sales manager can draw up a knock-'em-out sales talk for his men, but often the salesmen find it won't produce the desired result out on

the firing line. An inventor or engineer produces a piece of mechanism which works beautifully in the laboratory, but which strikes snags when sent out to perform actual daily tasks. A youth enters an organization after making a wonderful record at college, but fails to make good in the rough-and-tumble of the business world. If a watch cannot be guaranteed to keep correct time when put to the test of everyday wear and tear, on the wrist of variously inclined wrists of various people, must we not be prepared to make allowances for erring mortals. Let's strive for 100 per cent performance by ourselves and others—but don't expect it.

It is said that every new thought that enters the brain makes a new crease in it. I suppose that's why they're called "wise cracks." So there's nothing else left for me to think, except that day by day I am increasing.

Rambling about the city, in the early hours of morning, before it is time to put food for dinner on the

stove, one hears various sounds and witnesses many scenes of how inhabitants spend their morning hours. Up and down one street may be heard the well-known talking machine operating at full blast. "Three o'clock in the morning," floats out of one domicile. "All alone," front another. From still another abode some unseen voice was wondering what had become of Sally. While from the second floor of another house comes the mournful strains of the saxophone. A mother, dressed in a loose wrapper and inclined somewhat to pounds, steps out on the front porch and raises her voice, "Loo-ee-e!" No response. "Loo-ee-e-e!" she again raised her voice. "Whadda y' want" was shrilled back from a house across the street. "Telephone," was the reply. And Lucy, garbed in a loose wrapper, with her hair done up in kid curlers, bolts out of the house and speeds across the street, her nether extremities, sans stockings, glistening happily in the sunlight. Lucy's most mainest study, I opine, had called on the telephone.

One of the most popular subjects used by public speakers is Brotherhood. Brotherhood is not yet a reality in the hearts of men through some day it will be. Every now and then you hear a self-supposed superior person say that all this talk about Brotherhood and Love makes him sick, but the fact that so much is said proves there is a hunger in the human heart for Friendship and Brotherly Love.—Oxford Friend.

THE LOOK OF COMPASSION.

(Presbyterian Standard).

How vast is the difference between a look of sympathy and comprehension and one of careless indifference! Some philosopher has said that the measure of one's sensitiveness is the measure of his power. And it may be true, for quickness to suffer in our own hearts is perhaps nature's way of opening the door to sympathy with the woes of other people. When the members of the Church of God begin to look with real compassion on the woes of the world, then we may look for the gleams of the dawning of the kingdom.

In reading the second chapter of Exodus, it is interesting to note the potency of three looks of compassion, glances without which the whole history of the world would have been different.

When Pharaoh's daughter went down to bathe in the great river and heard the wailing of a baby, she saw the child and she "had compassion on him."

Years later, when Moses went out and beheld the oppression of his brethren, saw the weight of their burdens and heard the sound of the lash as its stinging blows bit into the flesh, he had compassion on them and sought to deliver them. He might have stayed in the royal palace; he might have enjoyed the pleasures of literature and art, as they were then known; he might have lingered in the games, the contests, the gay pursuits of the youth of the noblest of the land. But—he went out to the fields of labor and suffering and he looked.

Then in the last verses of the same

chapter, when the Hebrews sighed by reason of their bondage, God remembered his covenant, saw the children of Israel and took knowledge of them. Then he sent them the great deliverer.

There seems to be a parallel between the human instruments in this fateful chapter and the human instruments of our own day when the woes of the earth are surging and clamoring for the look and the deed of compassion. Many of the professed servants of the Master never seem to lift up their eyes to behold the squalor and anguish of uncounted millions. But usually the extent of their vision is in proportion to their knowledge of conditions of these countries.

One gentleman, known to the writer, gives liberally of his title to a cause that is worthy simply because it has chanced to come under his observation. It has appealed to his kind heart; he has looked upon it. His glance has not, however, taken in the thousands of far more poignant cases in America, even in the South. His look of compassion has not reached these in our own country—far less those in the uttermost parts of the earth. The horizon is bounded by lack of information. Any Christian parent who would familiarize himself with the sorrowful facts that come to us through our missionaries would feel a mighty tug at his heart strings as he realized the torture inflicted upon little children, the suffering of young mothers at the very hour when they most need tender

love and sympathy, the neglect of the old who are often left to die alone and untended. But not knowing, there is no look of compassion, no strong effort to rouse the Church and Nation to a remedy of such conditions. They pass by on the other side.

A knowledge of physical anguish often touches the springs of compassion first; then comes the deeper

realization of the tragedy of sin, the more poignant disease of the soul; then the earnest wish to bring relief through knowledge of Christ whose looks of compassion many of us have experienced. May His grace rouse the entire Church to the state of vision that will send into the whole earth the piercing look of compassion! —M. J. W.

SHE HAD SPEED.

"The stenographer we require," ran the ad, "must be fast, absolutely accurate, and must have human intelligence. If you are not a cracker-jack, don't bother us."

One of the answerers wrote that she noted the requirements and went on: "Your advertisement appeals to me strongly—stronger than prepared mustard—as I have searched Europe, Airopé, Iropé, Hoboken and Jalapi in quest of someone who could use my talents to advantage. When it comes to this chin music proposition, I have never found man, woman or dictaphone who could get first base on me, either fancy or catch-as-catch-can. I write shorthand so fast that I have to use a specially prepared pencil with a platinum point and a water cooling attachment, a note pad made of asbestos, ruled with sulphuric acid and stitched with catgut. I run with my cutout open at all speeds, and am, in fact, a guaranteed, double hydraulic welded, drop-forged, and oil-tempered specimen of human lightning on a perfect thirty-six frame, ground to one-thousandth of an inch.

"If you would avail yourself of the opportunity of a lifetime, wire me, but unless you are fully prepared to pay the tariff for such service don't bother me, as I am so nervous I can't stand still long enough to have my dresses fitted."

“I SHALL NOT SURRENDER.”

Greensboro News.

“I shall not surrender.” The speaker was a gallant soldier, a youth early in his twenties and he was dressed as a private in the civil war. Out of the deep set eyes shone a smouldering fire, a combination, one might say, of disappointment, disgust, and hatred. With a defiant toss of the manly head he straightened the broad shoulders and repeated, “I will not surrender, I am going home.”

The finality of the tone as well as the words, reached across the space of a few yards to where standing, calmly surveying the scene about him, a man, a superior officer, turned a quick look mingled with pity and regret, full upon the youth. In the distance was a parted screen of horsemen, and beyond a solid wall of infantry arrayed in line for battle. The road was blocked. Behind them was an overwhelming force that was crowding threateningly. On either flank the blue coated lines were edging closer. Directly in front seemed to be only a thin screen of cavalry which might be pierced; and beyond lay the mountains, and safety. The words of the private were like a stimulant, like a token of the army's faith. For a moment General Lee was encouraged to make a last desperate dash for their escape. There was still a chance that a portion of the force might get through the thin screen of cavalry if he should be willing for them to make the attempt. But no! he would not sacrifice another life. He was surrounded, and to surrender was the

only thing possible. So turning to his men General Lee said, “Boys, there is nothing else for me to do but to go to see General Grant.”

“Oh, General,” one Colonel protested. But it was a private that wheeled about and flung back his fine head and said, “I will not surrender. I am going home.”

General Lee's Advice

“Young man,” smiled General Lee “You will be taken and sent back. Better come on with the others.”

“I'll risk being taken.” So he did, and one of the most interesting stories of bravery and daring of the War Between the States is centered about the courageous acts of that youth who said he would “not surrender”—Lucian Herbert Murray.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Murray was a young man and one of the first to enlist in the first North Carolina troops. Under Captain Miller in Ripley's old brigade he went forth, shining. He was in the thick of the battle of Manassas and also at Chancellorsville where he was severely wounded. In the battle of Fredericksburg he was wounded twice, and at Spottsylvania Court House, he was wounded twice. He fought in the battle of Seven Pines at Richmond; the battle at South Mountain in Maryland; Charlottesville in Maryland; a number of battles in the Virginia valleys; and in the two battles in the Wilderness; at Gettysburg; at Mines Run (or Payne's farm): and at Appomattox, where he did not surrender. Mr. Murray was wounded eight times in-

cluding once when he was attacked by a pickpocket who stole his pocket book and in a fight for his possession the villain slashed from hip to hip the abdomen of young Murray. Grasping his wound in his left hand he shot to death the bandit and recovered the stolen money.

But it was at the surrender at Apomattox that Murray would not surrender. When the prisoners were being lined up for the march Mr. Murray suddenly stepped behind an oak tree. Here he waited for a chance to run. Finally it came and he was in the act of throwing off his knap-sack when he was detected and demanded to surrender. But he had promised not to do that, so instead, he ran. "Fact is, I always thought I flew," said Mr. Murray once when speaking of his experiences. "Perhaps my toes touched the ground. Bullets whizzed all around me and I went still faster."

The story of his escape from the enemy sounds like fiction and is told in Mr. Murray's own words.

"When finally I escaped from the bullets, I went on to Rapidan river, leaving Strasburg to the right. The mountain on the other side meant safety, for it was now getting dark. Plunging into the river I waded across. On the other side I grasped a small bush and attempted to pull myself up the bank. The tree came up by the roots and I went backwards in the water. The last thing I remember was a Yankee, 'Did you hear that d——' muskrat?' 'Yes' answered a companion. Then fearing more bullets, I splashed again in the water to confirm their suspicions regarding the muskrat, but I changed

my mind about landing there and waded on down the river for two miles. Climbing to the mountain I reached the top and looking to the south I saw a number of tents that I knew to be those of the enemy. But I was wet, cold and hungry and must have rest, at least, so I began looking for a safe place to lie down. In doing so I stumbled directly over three men fast asleep. Startled, they jumped to their feet and surrendered. 'To what command do you belong?' I asked them." To Ripple's they replied. 'Why, Hello boys, I have never been so glad to see any one in my life,' and for some time we enjoyed the joke I had played on them.

Ran Into Friendly Troops.

"For six days I tramped about the mountain begging food and working when there was anything I could find to do. Always circling in the direction of home. In the mean time I was reported dead. Killed at Middleton. But I was later captured and by trick discovered."

With three others, Mr. Murray was taken prisoner. The Yankee guard lost his way and Mr. Murray led him into confederate troops where the guard in turn was captured.

But in time young Murray reached home with many difficulties. But his troubles were not ended. He belonged to the "White Brotherhood," the original Ku Klux. Although taking no part in raids or not even wearing a mask, he was the fourth man to be arrested. He was taken to Burlington, (then company shops) and put under heavy guard, along with the three or four other men. That night began the problem of

compelling these men to tell of the activities of the Ku Klux. About 11 o'clock William Patton was taken before Col. Burgen. An hour later they came and took George Rogers. At 1 o'clock they came for Mr. Murray. To him they demanded a confession. He would not talk. A rope was looped about his neck and as a sheep led to the slaughter, he was led to a silent place in the nearby woods. Here he was told that two men had been hung and his time would be next if he did not confess his knowledge of the Ku Klux. He refused. His hands were tied behind him, the rope was thrown across a limb, the loop tightened and his feet cleared the ground. For a moment only he was suspended. Then he was let down. Again they demanded a confession, again there was a refusal. Thus for four times he was suspended in the air, his form dangling at the end of the rope. The last time when he was taken down, he was found to be unconscious. When he recovered he found himself being rubbed frantically by a group of frightened enemies. Finally when he could stand up, the demand was repeated, and again the refusal rang out in the stillness of the night: "If you do not confess Murray, we shall be forced to hang you to this tree until tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Then you will be buried under the tree on which you were hung. Have you a message you desire to leave your friends?"

Refuses to Confess.

"I have no message to leave my friends. I have no confession to make. But if you hang me to this tree you will pay the same penalty before 24 hours," replied Murray.

It is said that Col. Burgen remained silent a moment, deep in thought. Then he said "Murray you are a young man and brave. I hate to hang you. I'll give you till tomorrow night to make your confession. If you do not do that, then you will pay the penalty."

He was then sent to another tent where he found Patton and Rogers whom he had been told were hung. There he remained under guard until the next night. At 9 o'clock another man came and at the point of a pistol. Murray again refused to give away the secrets of the Ku Klux. For six days he remained at Burlington. Then he was sent to Raleigh and placed under Col. Clark's guard. There he refused to make his confession, and was later carried before W. H. Holden at his private office. Here he refused. Then a singular thing happened. It is said that Holden thrust before the astorished eyes of Mr. Murray one thousand dollars and told him it was his for the secrets of the Ku Klux. Mr. Murray politely declined the offer, saying, "I am not for sale, today, thank you!"

He was never asked the question again, according to Mr. Murray. He was sent home from Raleigh until further orders. When Judge Brooks issued a writ of habeas corpus ordering the Ku Klux before him for trial the state could not try the cases so they were sent to Salisbury.

In the fall of the same year Col. Holden was impeached and Mr. Murray was summoned to Raleigh for trial. As soon as that trial was over he was summoned to Washington before the outrage committee. This committee's decision was that

“since there was no serious trouble of a racial nature between the whites and the blacks in the south,” Mr. Murray along with the others who was summoned up there was to be sent home.

He remained in this city as long as he lived, making his home on what is now Davis street, east. For years Mr. Murray was a sufferer from injuries received at the hands of Col Burgen when he was repeat-

edly swung up on the limb of an oak tree. It was from complications after an operation for this trouble that he died on October 6, 1906, at the age of 64 years.

Mr. Murray was a quiet and unassuming man, a gentleman of the south, literally. He was sympathetic and honest. Surely the like of Lucian Herbert Murray should live forever. A man of his courage is too brave to die.

Robert Doster says the first rain in May will kill pediculus capitis.

Now at last I have learned why so many of our high school and college boys are going around without hats or caps.—Monroe Enquirer.

MAX GARDNER'S GREAT SPEECH.

Raleigh, April 30.—In the opinion of many; the best speech delivered during the State Democratic convention of yesterday was that of O. Max Gardner's, in response to a repeated call from the delegates shortly before adjournment for lunch. It was given without manuscript, but, at the request of Tribune Bureau, its author consented to dictate it as nearly as he could remember it.

It is as follows:

“Four years ago I stood on this platform and declared before a Democratic convention that, in my judgment, political equity and geographical recognition entitled Eastern Carolina to the uncontested right of naming the next governor of North Carolina. I hope I do not trespass upon political proprieties when I now announce to a surprised public that I happen to know at least one Western North Carolina Democrat and I hope only one, who,

by the same equitable and geographical token, is giving serious consideration of the subject of offering himself as a candidate for governor in the 1928 primary.

“In order to forestall embarrassment, I refrain from mentioning his name. I can say at least one thing for him. His democracy is undiluted; his loyalty to his party undisputed and his willingness to serve hardly denied.

“It affords me great joy to assemble with this splendid group of North Carolina Democrats. My interest in the primary is always at its lowest ebb just after one has been held and during a political convention. There is something fascinating about a political convention. It cultivates that close affection which grows from common names, kindred spirits, from similar advantages and friendly rivalry, but its contesting glory has faded, and we now meet to

shake hands, felicitate the brethren, stimulate the sisters, brighten and burnish the armor of our democracy, and gird ourselves for futhur service to North Carolina.

“It is the nature of man to overrate the present evil and to underrate present good; to long for that which he has not and to be dissatisfied with that which he has. This is the living germ of the spirit of progress, without which all governments would soon decay, degenerate and pass away. It is this spirit of sustained progress that has enabled the Democratic party to hold aloft the honored traditions of our native State and add a new lustre to her crown of glory.

“Aycock, the sweetheart of my political ambition, was a discontented Democrat. I love North Carolina because it is a discontented State; not the discontent that tears down, but the discontent that builds up.

“North Carolina has stepped out from the ranks of her sister states, because she has not been content. She has longed for that which she has not and was dissatisfied with that which she had.

“The progressive discontent of our State commenced to be reflected under Democratic leadership in the dawn of a new century, and has steadily and tediously and humanely and tenderly expressed itself in service to the intimate needs of a Christian civilization.

“I wish that I possessed the ability to write a political scenario of North Carolina, covering the first quarter of this century. I would construct it in seven reels, depicting the evolution of our State under the last seven Democratic Governors.

“My first scene would open in January, 1900, with dejected North Carolina sitting in the pondage of illiteracy and in the bitterness of despair. Out of the depths of midnight I would slowly emerge the heroic figure of that unequalled and unexcelled Democrat, Charles B. Aycock. I would picture him, with torch in hand, lighting the fires of universal education in North Carolina, stimulating the machinery of self-help, and with a courage and faith like unto that of the Apostle Paul at Phillippi. I would have him beckoning to the backward boys and girls of his mother State to come up; to come up higher; to come up into the healthy atmosphere of equality of opportunity, and with irresistible urge challenging them to make of themselves everything that God had put into them.

“Next, I would flash upon the screen that John the Baptist of modern Democracy, Bob Glenn, who, in the wilderness of doubt and in the confusion of uncertainty lifted his powerful voice for moral righteousness and Christian ideals in civil government.

“Following Glenn would come the handsome face of Will Kitchin, lighted with an honesty of purpose and illuminated by a passion of exalted public service. Kitchin met the State in a critical hour, at a time when she was indecisive as to whether to advance or to recede. He held North Carolina to her true bearing and chastened the conscience of the Commonwealth by his clean and wholesome life.

“After Kitchin would follow the form of the little giant of the mountains, Lock Craig. I would have him

stationed as a picket, far out on the political horizon, anxiously welcoming the dawn for the first faint gleam of the birth of a new day in North Carolina. I would have him greet this day with cordial co-operation and sympathetic purpose, as he successfully strove for the building of a finer and nobler State.

"As the curtain fell on Craige I would announce with the clarion bugle call, the practical and poetic figure of Walter Bickett. I would march before his stand the seventy-nine thousand North Carolina boys, rallying under his firm and friendly leadership, to the cry of a distressed world and in obedience to the summons of our immortal Commander and chieftan, Woodrow Wilson. I would reveal Bickett in the new ground of progress, pulling the stumps of reaction, rolling always the logs of prejudice, clearing the land, cutting the briars, burning the brush and fertilizing the public mind for the cultivation of an awakened and dominant public conscience.

"In sequence, after Bickett would come Cameron Morrison. I would boldly reveal his outstanding personality, vividly display his fine loyalty and patriotic devotion to North Carolina. I would write under his name in letters of gold the word 'progress.' His figure would loom large in the picture and in the perspective of history, as he gathers happiness from a record of progressive achievements, unparalleled in the life of our state. I would picture him as carrying North Carolina to the utmost boundaries of human progress.

"The last reel would present the

clear-cut picture of Wilton McLean. The artists tell us that you cannot appreciate the beauty of any painting without standing some distance away. We are a little too close to the picture or the administration of Governor McLean to fully appreciate the significance of its stability and to approximate the value of its fine contribution to the economic fabric of a great and growing state. Governor McLean is a fine example of the uniform consistency of the Democratic Party in North Carolina, to find the right man at the right time for the right job. As he moves on, his administration will mark an epoch, conspicuous with practical common sense, and remarkable for its progressive, economic and conservative adaptation to the safe control of a giant state that has suddenly aroused itself like a strong man from sleep.

"My picture is very inadequate. I have taken only snapshots. If I set my camera in continuous motion, it would have blinded the eyes of the Republican party, with its dazzling panorama of Democratic progress. Let us remember that the picture is not finished, and remembering, pledge and dedicate ourselves and our party to the completion of the work that spreads before us, upon the broad canvas of continued service to North Carolina.

"To this end, let us here and now covenant to work for our party, fight its fights, preach its doctrines, preserve its traditions, exemplify its highest ideals, and in the sweet justice of God, its destiny and the destiny of North Carolina will rest assured."

MAY.

O laughter, love, and merriment,
Thy name is May.
Where sleeps the soul that can resist
Thy winning way?
Childhood adores thee. Youth laughs out,
And Age looks back,
Pausing to smile a moment, in the
Onward track.

O, laughter, life, and merriment,
Thy name is May.
The pulsing earth gives back thy tread;
Along thy way
Spring from thy footprints myriad blooms,
And at thy voice
Sweep on glad wings the banished birds
And, glad, rejoice.

O, love and faith and deathless hope,
Thy name is May.
The dead-brown seed, an angel bloom,
Has burst today.
The lifeless trees stand regal-dressed,
The leaden sky
Smiles over unlocked lakes, and green
The meadows lie.

O, night of peace and morn of joy,
Thy name is May.
Shall field and forest, earth and sky,
Rejoice today
And I go fainting? He who wakes
To life each May
Guides through the dark His little child
To perfect day.

A PRATICAL MATTER.

(Ford in Dearborn Independent)

Prohibition became the law of America through the vote of the people who used liquor. There were not enough total abstainers to pass such a law; it was a condition voluntarily assumed by the majority of drinking men for the benefit of the minority. The saloons were more responsible for prohibition than any other agency. They were trapdoors along the way of life for young people. It is the nature of Americans to make life as happy for the young as possible, to open up promising ways of usefulness for them, to place opportunities in their path, not pitfalls. Abolition of the saloon through prohibition was a natural development.

It is perfectly true that men cannot be legislated into righteousness. All the laws that were ever passed could not change human nature. It seems necessary to say this, because so many persons are now engaged in repeating it as a new thing, and are challenging the rest of the world to agree or disprove it.

When this is admitted, what remains? The fact of the law. Men cannot be made moral by legislation; yet there is the law; how it is to be accounted for? Who makes the law? From what source is law? What is its purpose?

If a man says of certain laws that "man cannot be made moral by legislation," what does he indicate? First, that there is a law whose requirements are higher than is convenient for lower moral planes. Second, that the law must therefore have proceeded from higher moral planes. Third, that there must have been something more than the moral issue to have moved the higher to put the law on the lower. Fourth, that the lower plane, in whose behalf the futility of law is being urged, must have been greatly in the minority not to have been able to prevent the law being

made in the first place.

So that law is presumably the act of the majority moved thereto by what the majority deemed to be a condition of necessity. It is simply nonsense to say that there has arisen among our people a desire to regulate the morality of others. If that were so, there have always been plenty of opportunities for the exercise of that unlovely proclivity. We are perhaps the most easy-going people in the world, but we have our standards, we have our degree of taste and propriety, and we have strong and accurate ideas of social rights. When we as a people are moved to pass a law which interferes in any way with the activities of our fellow-citizens, there is something more behind it than a desire to interfere. How can that be styled interference with another by which a man also binds himself? The law applies to all.

When prohibition came in, it was through the vote of the people who used liquor; there were not enough total abstainers in the United States to pass such a law. They were moved to act to amend conditions which had appealed to them, as drinkers, as crying for control. Anyone who

says that the prohibition law was invented by total abstainers for the oppression of those who enjoyed a drink, does not know the first facts of the matter. Prohibition was a condition voluntarily assumed by the majority of drinking men for the sake of the minority; it was the majority's need. That is why every trial of the law before the bar of public opinion becomes so great a surprise to the "wets;" they cannot understand why, when there are more "wets" than "drys," the country still keeps dry. It is the moral sense of the majority that keeps it so. Every time you put up that question to the conscience of the American people you get the response of their conscience, and in consequence they cannot support with Government consent a practice that has proved ruinous to the weak.

It is not the moral aspect of the question, so much as the human and economic aspects that appeal to the average American. It is the nature of our people to make the way of life as happy for the young as possible, to open up the promising ways of usefulness, to make it natural for a young man or woman to attain his or her best opportunity. Our people increasingly found that the saloons were trapdoors along the young people's way of life.

Our people are also persuaded that

prevention is the proper course to follow in dealing with questions of harm. We had a sodden population in certain quarters of every city where poverty and abuses abode, where little children were deprived of care and distraught women found all their power as nothing against the corner saloon that was stealing away their homes. This was a situation that found its way back to the general public by many avenues, through churches, poor commissions, courts and hospitals, until the general public searched out the preventable cause, and prevented it. Prohibition is a part of the American program of disease and poverty prevention. And it works.

The so-called abuses of prohibition are negligible in comparison with the conditions in the old saloon days. Many misinformed persons, both "dry" and "wet," talk of the inroads which the bootleggers have made among high school children and college youth. Nothing whatever to compare with the drinking done by the same classes prior to 1917. And wherever the "smart" element existed, and their disregard of the law was admired, a great change has come. Even youngsters come to their senses, if they are American youngsters. The stories told of youth and liquor today are 99 per cent false and out-of-date.

I don't know which is the most aggraffretting, chickens in the garden or persons talking half an hour or more over a party telephone line. One good thing about the chickens is that you can wring their necks, but the old hens on the telephone line—Oh, me, Oh, my!—Monroe Enquirer.

LOOKING THEM OVER.

By Rev. J. H. Barnhardt.

Sinclair Lewis trained his pop gun on the Almighty the other day, and invited Omnipotence to return the fire. Mounting some heretical pulpit in Kansas City, he dified God to strike him dead in "the next 10 minutes." The presumption is that he felt fairly safe in issuing such a challenge because if the Lord allowed him to live several years ago after inflicting upon the public such a gob of drivel as "Main Street," the chances are that he passed up his best chance to wreak vengeance upon the little thing, and that no subsequent offense imaginable, however aggravating, could justify the powers that be in taking up the cudgel against him.

No doubt this young American Soviet author felt that something desperate ought to be done to him, but he sent in too big an order when he called for a charge of celestial T. N. T. to be squandered upon him. A 22 rifle would have done the job just as well and saved expenses. And just because the whole stock of heavenly munitions was not hurled against him, he thinks that he has demonstrated beyond all question that there is no God any more. Does any sensible person in America believe that he has proved any thing by his sacriligious stunt, except that all the paranoiacs in the country are not confined in asylums? The thing that he evidently didn't figure upon was the fact that he was addressing Deity who never takes advantage of imbecility. Christ healed many an afflicted per-

son, but he was never known to jump on a cripple. He is considerate of his enemies, too, exhorting his followers to treat them with patience. Suppose he should snap out a bolt of lightning and electrocute every Shimei who cursed him, what estimate could be placed upon him other than that he is a God of retaliation and revenge? Was it not he who prayed in the hour of his own agonizing crucifixion imposed upon him by their injustice for a bunch of ribald unbelievers because they "knew not what they did?"

Besides, I doubt whether this literary adventurer is registered in heaven as a "fitten" subject for celestial publicity. I should think that if there is any stored up energy in the keeping of St. Peter for punitive purposes upon this mundane sphere of ours, it would not be good business to waste it upon pigmies who have little enough gray matter to confuse audacity and sheer brainlessness with courage. A man like that is already dead from his waist up, and if a bolt should strike him he'd never know it.

This man, though, holds the record for one thing, and, for this reason, good may yet come of his little matinee. It is said that the fundamentalists and the liberalists were shocked alike by the effrontery of the man. It is the first time in human history that they ever got together on anything. Mr. Lewis is the big boy who appeared before them and got them told. If one wing of believers presents a garbled

conception of Jehovah on the one hand, and another wing avers as strongly that he is altogether different, how is the man on the street, or in the schoolroom, or anywhere else to know what he is like, or indeed whether there be a God at all? When the doctors disagree, the patient dies. He may die anyway, but it is a sure guess that he has no chance against a lot of medicos to scrap over his "innards." While so-called theologians have been bombarding each other over tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, the folks whom they have lost sight of in the heat of their argument, and for whom Christianity is intended, have been going to the devil at a two-forty gait in a no-brake model. Then one day they are greatly strated and horrified when a prodigy like this jumps up in one of their pulpits and blesses out the whole capoodle of them and denounces their God as a nit-wit.

Nothing could be more certain than that such a thing should happen, and nobody need become alarmed about it, except to correct the conditions which brought it about. He is the legitimate product of a social and religious order out of adjustment. He is the type of person who springs up in an atmosphere of suspicion, doubt, and controversy concerning faith and religion which is being fostered by theological tomfoolery all over this country, to the religious confusion and detriment of simple souls who do not care a rap for high-brow theories or low-brow platitudes, but who honestly desire to know the truth in its practical forms and are famishing because they have it

not. Out of a state of affairs like this are born most of the freak notions and crazy philosophies of this very sophisticated age which thinks itself the reservoir of all truth and knowledge, although, curiously enough, we have less ability, despite all our advantages, to recognize either, than any age that has gone before us. If the Lord can rebuke the waring, acrimonious forces of religion on all sides who are contributing to the general stock of present day confusion and uncertainty in this major realm of our existence, by allowing an atheist like this to humiliate them and to defy their God, and get away with it, perhaps, after all, even little Sinclair has not lived in vain.

Somebody wanted to know why this flock of candidates for space on the front page of the Metropolitan newspapers, who seem to have it in for the Almighty, do not develop at least enough consistency along with their overwhelming stock of impertinence, to vacate the church as a favorite base of operation, and get the Baal whom they worship to furnish them a soap-box somewhere in the street from which to harangue the natives? That's easy. The church of the Redeemer, whom they villify and defy so spectacularly, is the only institution in the world whose platform would give the slightest weight to any utterance they might make on any subject, and so they intrude themselves into this environment of respectability and stability and "spout" their heresies with the certainty of being heard. So we are called upon to witness and endure the sorry spectacle of an occasional Jack in the Pulpit performance like that under discussion. They have the

unmitigated gall to crawl into the pulpits which our own hands have built for the dissemination of the very truth that they deny—the only platform that infidelity has never been able to tear down—and from that vantage point brazenly launch their nefarious tirade against everything for which that pulpit stands in the life and esteem of the people.

And then when the God-fearing people of this land resent such fulminations and take up for the principles of religion, as we have the right to do and which it is our obligation to do, all the little theological bush-whackers come running out of the underbrush with their poisoned arrows of ridicule and vituperation and turn them loose upon us, with the intention of destroying those whom they cannot control. Such defenders of the truth must be hounded all over the land as religious reactionaries and old-fashioned fanatics. Well, so be it. But when a brazer atheist like this gets up on his hind legs and "bawls out" a whole civilization based upon a

belief in God, and gets the hook from the public, he ought to quit playing the baby act as is their custom, and lay all his subsequent misfortunes upon the people whom he has outraged. Some of these days Mr. Lewis will whimper his way down into the grave and the chances are that he will claim that Christians have sent him there prematurely by their championship of a truth which he has denied. What of it It isn't so, but if it were, he has no kick coming, for he seemed to be hunting a sepulcher the other day when he made his grandstand play by asking the Lord to destroy him. These fellows cannot stand persecution. They make poor martyrs. Christians have been dying at their hands for many centuries, but they want us to let them alone.

No, Mr. Lewis, you cannot commit suicide and then lay it on the Lord. Striking folks dead is not God's way of disposing of his maligners. They dispose of themselves before the tribunal of public opinion.

IN THE LIMELIGHT.

(Charlotte Observer)

No Southern State is on the map so thoroughly as North Carolina just at this time, so far at least as publicity is concerned. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that this widespread publicity is not forced from the inside but is coming apparently without effort on the part of the State or its people and because of a desire on the part of the outside world to know more of the

Old North State.

One of the finest pieces of publicity that has come to the State at all was the article on North Carolina in the May issue of The National Geographic Magazine consisting of more than 20 pages in that publication, profusely illustrated. This splendid article came without any heralding or blowing of trumpets and its appearance was a cause

for surprise at least on the part of the general public in the State. The National Geographic Magazine's reputation for accuracy and freedom from giving voice to any propaganda serves to give this important piece of publicity a pulling power that similar articles some other publications would not have.

Another splendid piece of publicity for North Carolina was to be found in the April number of Review of Reviews which carried articles by Clarence Poe and others giving interesting facts and valuable information concerning the growth and prosperity of the State.

And just a few days ago The New York Sun issued a North Carolina edition. The Christian Science Monitor also has in Course of preparation a North Carolina supplement which is scheduled to appear in the early Fall. The Southern Agriculturist, published at Alanta, contained in its issue of April 15 the first of a

government in North Carolina. It is known that one of the most wide-series of three articles on local self-circulated trade papers in the country is now working out plans for a North Carolina supplement that will give the State splendid publicity throughout the entire United States.

The articles above mentioned are among the outstanding ones of recent appearance; this does not purport by any means to be a catalogue of articles and stories dealing with North Carolina. Tar Heels have just cause to be proud of them and of the vast amount of publicity the State is receiving through other mediums. This publicity should not only stimulate a justifiable State pride but should, at the same time, inspire North Carolinians to a larger and more enthusiastic endeavor to make their State and consequently themselves more worthy of notice by the world outside our borders.

JUST SUPPOSE—

If this was your last day on earth, how would you use it?

Often men on the shady side of life—slipping with no reverse known—are heard to contemplate how they could have made better use of their time.

One seldom thinks of it in passing. When reflection does come the past is longer than the future. Make-up is impossible.

Make the best of today.

Think back over your time, the wasted minutes, hours, months, years. To what better problems could you have put them.

Then on that meditation mold your todays, and tomorrows. That's the only remedy.

Make it a day worth while; move forward a step; do all the good, get all the happiness possible.

There's just one today, and a flock of tomorrows. Soon they'll all be yesterdays.

Just suppose now they were all yesterdays, that today was the last.

—Shelby Star.

CAN WE ESTIMATE WORTH OF A TOWN BY ITS SIZE?

(The Reidsville Reveiw)

Can we estimate the worth of a man by his size? Do the scales determine a man's value to society?

If a man developed a fifty pound tumor, would he boast of it? Some towns are foolish enough to boast of increasing population when the citizens added are a liability instead of an asset. They may offer an opportunity for missionary work and for Americanization classes, and they may furnish the occasion for careful planning by religious and educational leaders, but often they are hardly a basis for flamboyant boasting. The size of a city, but not the real worth of the city, may be increased by a slum population.

Towns ought to grow no faster than the new population can be assimilated. Of course, it is not impossible for the new population to be an improvement over the old—but this is not usual.

Economic motives are always at work so that material growth goes on without much encouragement. But the life of the soul needs to be fostered and developed. The struggle for food and for the material basis of life is a necessity, but that does not mean that the things that differentiate men from animals are

a luxury.

Hence if population is doubled by the addition of persons having a mere animal standard of life, the standards already attained by the previous worthy citizenship may be lost and the town go backward instead of forward.

Too often we think we are better off merely because men come to our town to buy groceries and dry goods and real estate. Why not give them something more than these very necessary things when they join us? Man has something more than a stomach.

Our town might be better off if it were large, provided the increased size made possible the enrichment of life—if more people thus found the more abundant life we would declare that we had moved forward.

We therefore will not cast envious eyes upon towns that are merely larger than our town, since a town, like a person, needs something besides size to make its worth. Whether our town increases in population or not, it may surely be made to increase in real values, and it will, if a few citizens care and plan sacrifice. Are you one of them?

“Remember,” said the Frenchman to his young son, “every little boy in France has a chance to grow up and some day become premier nine times.”—Detroit News.

WHAT A BIBLE COSTS.

Any one in America may own a Bible. If you have only one penny you may own a copy of Matthew, Mark, or Luke, or John. If you have ten cents you may buy a Testament and if you have fifty-three cents you can own a Bible. If you cannot afford to buy a Testament or a Bible the American Bible Society will give you one.

It has not always been as easy to own Bibles as it is now. Four hundred years ago a man named William Tyndale was put to death for copying the Bible in the English language. Other men were whipped in public for reading the Bible and others were punished severely or even killed for owning Bibles.

Even now there are countries in which it is difficult to get Bibles. Not very long ago the American Bible Society sent a package to Russia which was not allowed to enter that

country, but was returned to the office in America, because it contained two Bibles in the Russian language, and the officials were so afraid some one would read the Bible and talk about it and thus cause others to want to read it, that they wouldn't let those Bibles into the country at all.

Down in South America in a town called Colombia, a man who sells Bibles and who is called a colporteur had all his Bibles burned in the Public Square because the priest in that town did not wish his people to read them. In other places those who carried or sold Bibles have been cruelly treated and even put to death.

Do you remember the verse in the Bible which says:

“The entrance of thy words giveth light.” We may be sure that the best way to help to make dark places light is to send the Bible to them.

THE SAGACIOUS MULE.

When it comes to finding his way day or night, I believe the mule has more instinct, or whatever it is that enables him to do it, than most horses have, and if it is water that is wanted, and there is any in the country to be found, a mule will find it sooner than a horse will. I have had them lead me to water where I least expected to find it. The mule could find it, though how he did it I do not know. I rode a small sorrel mare mule many hundreds of miles at one time or another; she was a pack-mule, but was never packed. We kept her for the saddle, and, of

the many animals I have ridden, she was by all odds the easiest one to ride, and was fast enough to run a buffalo with. I have shot many of them from her back.

That mule could not be lost, no matter how dark the night was, or how wet or stormy it was, or whether she had ever been in that country before or not. If I wanted to find camp, all I had to do was to let her reins slack, then tell her to go home. She would find her way and go straight there, whether the camp was one mile away or ten; and in going to it she went as the crow flies,

straight ahead, over hills that I would take her around in daytime, and cross a creek or river, if she had to swim it.

We made a pet of her; she went under the name of the Pet Mule, and I made a practice of feeding her on bread and sugar. She could not be kept with the other mules unless she was tied, but could always be found among the horses.

On the march she would never stay with the pack train; all the men in it could not hold her; she traveled close up in the rear of the column,

and, if the last file happened to be a single one, she completed it.

I do not think that the scent has anything to do with a horse or a mule finding camp. I have had a horse carry me right into camp with a high wind blowing right over him from behind him. If there was any scent, that wind would have carried it away from him. A horse can see objects in the dark that a man cannot see, but if he has not seen them before, they cannot help him any.

—Forest and Stream.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Mr. House has been given a position at this institution during the past week. He has been given charge of the bakery in Mr. Hudson's place.

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The Training School has sixty acres of the finest oats ever raised in Cabarrus County. This is said without fear of contradiction. We invite investigation.

—

The Training School vs Rocky River. These were the teams that played on the local's diamond last Saturday afternoon. This was our second game, and also our second victory. The score was 5 to 9 in favor of the Training School.

—

A spelling contest was held last Saturday morning. It was between Mr. Crook's and Mr. Johnson's rooms. The object was to sit the other side down when the word given to him was misspelled. Mr. Johnson's room

sat Mr. Crook's room down the first two times. The winners were the boys in Mr. Johnson's room.

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The subject of last Sunday's lesson was "God's Covenant With Noah." In this lesson it tells us why the rainbow appears directly after a rain. By the appearance, it is a sign to the people that God will not again destroy the earth by water. God made this covenant with man and beast "with every living creature." The golden text for this lesson was: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."—Genesis 9:13.

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Rev. W. C. Lylerly conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read from the Bible the three places where Demus' name is found. In the first account of him it names him as a "fellow

worker." The second place as the "fellow prisoner," and the third place where he deserted Paul when he was most needed. The apostle Paul was put in the dungeon all because he was a believer of Jesus Christ. It was at this time when Demus deserted Paul and went to live the Roman life of pleasures. One of his illustrations of how a man might keep to his word and not desert when he is most needed was: "A drunkard had been converted and said that he would never go to the saloon that he had been going to for the past twenty-five years, and drink. The drunkard said that he was going to church and be converted and to quit the drinking habit. He was converted by the preacher and started life anew. So some of the men asked each other "Is he really converted?" Some of the answers were: "No, I don't believe he has." "Yes, I believe that God has got hold of his heart, and he has been converted." So they decided to watch him

the next Saturday night to see where he went. The agreement was: "If he hitches his horse to the hitching post in front of the saloon he will go in. But if he goes around the corner and hitches to the post in front of the church he will go in to the prayer meeting and has been truly converted, if he hitches to the post in front of the saloon he has not been converted and will go back to the following Saturday night and his old ways." They watched him. The horse knew the way and went on over to the hitching post in front of the saloon. A friend came out, carried him into the saloon and he went back to his old ways. So the watchers knew that he hadn't really been converted and that the Lord did not have a hold on him. This man was almost like Demus, he deserted at the last minute and when he was depended upon most. This sermon was a very interesting one. It was enjoyed by all present.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1

"A"

Roy Adams, David Brown, Brevard Bradshaw, Joe Carroll, Howard Cloaninger, Herman Goodman, Howard Keller, Jno. Keenan, Chas. Loggins, Lee McBride, Glenn Miller, Washington Pickett, Donald Pait, Will Smith, David Williams, Cuceil Watkins, Hurley Way, Whitlock, Pridgen.

"B"

Russell Capps, Wm. Creasman, Walter Evers, Claud Evans, David Fountain Smiley Morrow, Will Case, Brochie Flowers, Everett Goodrich,

Carl Henry, Floyd McArthur Horace McCall, Clyde Pierce, Jno. Perry, Archie Waddell Geo. Stanley.

Room No. 2

"A"

David Whitt, James Long, Dena Brown, Albert Buck, Byron Ford, Arthur Hyler, Clarence Maynard, Alfred Mayberry, Sol. Thompson, Fred Williams, Bill Billings.

"B"

Otis Dhue.

Room No. 3

"A"

Lester Love, Clay Church, Robert Glasgow, Roy Houser, Russell Cau-

dill, Theodore Teague, Albert Millis,
Jesse Hurley.

"B"

Jack Stevenson, Austin Surrett,
Bloyce Johnson, Carl Richards, Tom
Grose, Pearson Hunsucker, Roy Lind-
sey, James Davis, Felix Moore, Joe
Johnston, Dan Nethercutt.

Room No. 4

"A"

Langford Hewitt, AL Pettigrew,
Benjamin Windess, Clyde Cook, Jno.
Watts, Turner Preddy, Elmer
Mooney, Manning Spell, Corbett
Watson, Calvin Hensley, Paul Sisk,
Willard Gilliland, Bowling Byrd,
Edward Futch, Roscoe Grogan,
Broncho Owens, Lester Campbell.

"B"

Everett Cavanaugh, Paul Burges,
Smuel Devon, Bill Bellew, James
Long, Robert Hays, James Will-

iams, Marshall Weaver, Roland
McElveen, Walter Bridgenan, Hoyce
Austin, Chas. Murphy, Jack Thomp-
son, Glenn Taylor, Lois Pleasant,
Roy Glover, Virgil Shipes, Elias
Warren.

Room No. 5

"A"

Robert Munday, Vernon Jernigan,
Herbert Campbell, Grover Walsh,
Wheeler Vandyke, Johnnie Glenn,
Chas. Tant, Andrew Parker, Earl
Torrence, Robert Cooper, Sam Ellis,
Tom Tedder, Norman Beck, J. D.
Sprinkle, Leonard Miller, Reggie
Payne, Lee King, Fessie Massey,
Howard Riddle, Gerney Taylor, Fer-
mon Gladden, Elden DeHart Lonnie
Wright, Edgar Cauthran, Keller
Tedder, Fuller Moore, Robert Chat-
ten, Alen Cabe, Robie Gardner.

IN LIFE.

When you start to hammer
Some one that's gone astray,
T'will do no harm to pause and think,
You may lose your grit some day.

What's the use to kick one,
Who's just about to fall,
If you don't care to help him;
Don't mention him at all.

You find if you take notice,
That what I say is true,
You may find faults in others,
But there's a fault or two in you.

—Selected.

He who gives a child a treat,
Makes joybells in Heaven's street
And he who gives a child a home
Builds a palace in Kingdom Come.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

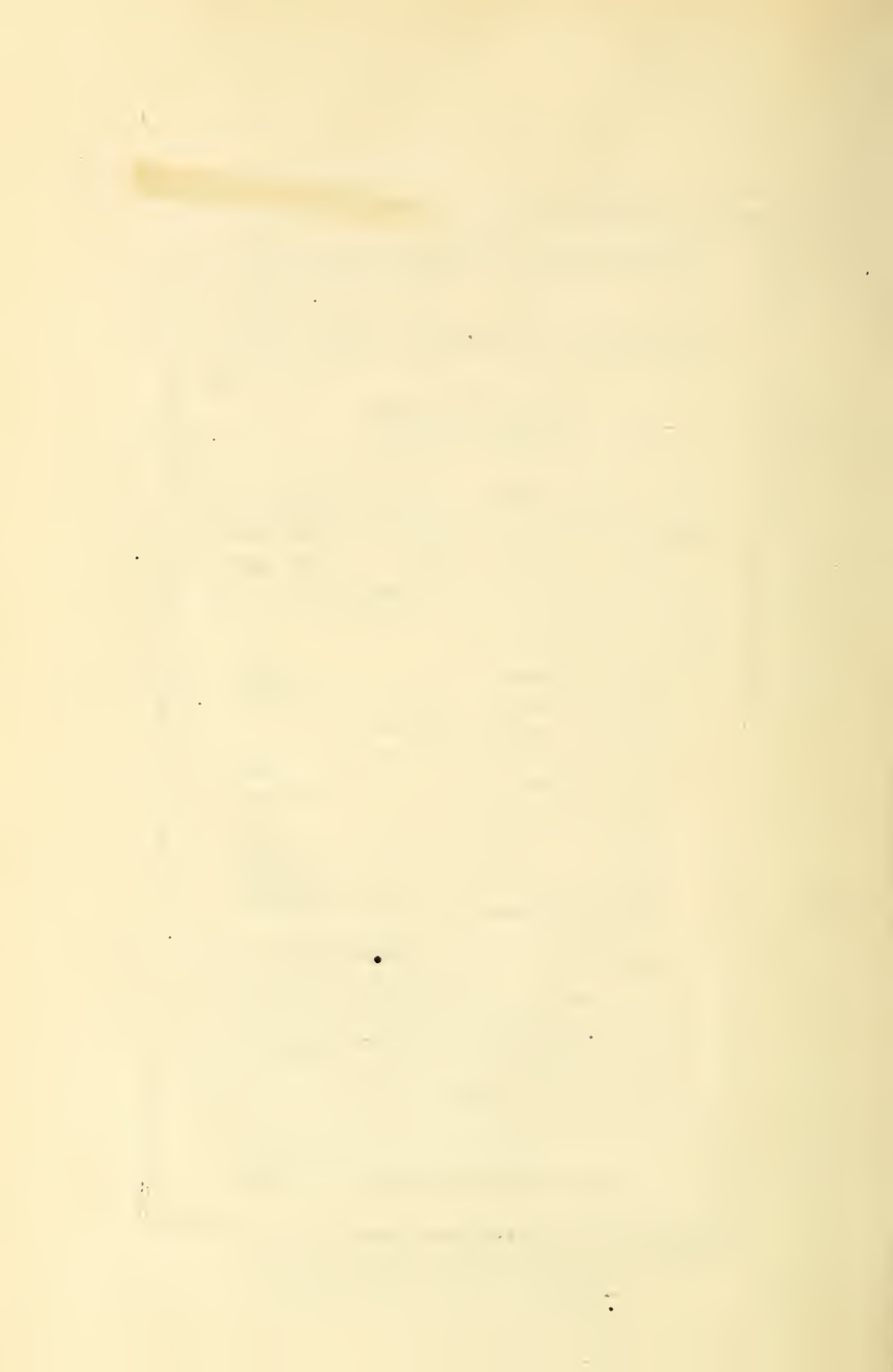
When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM



THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C.

University of N. C.
1926

No. 24

THE BEST YOU HAVE.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need:
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,

N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

COMMITTEE OF 100 MEETS.

Whether the organization of the Committee of 100 is the correct method of fighting modernism, the extreme type of which is an insult to decency and a blasphemy of the Creator, seems a mooted question. The meeting of this committee in Charlotte, last week, was attended by an exhibition of sharp feelings. One man intimated that it looked as if the opposers of the aims the committee has in hand accomplished their purpose in attendance—merely to break it up. It somewhat looks that way.

What business did an evolutionist have at a meeting of Anti-evolutionist? A theory, half-baked and unestablished, has no business in trying to take the place of what reason, observation, history, and revelation clearly settle. Men who have in their hearts any of the graces of religion should balk at contaminating the minds of the young with any theory that will leave them in doubts as to the power, goodness, wisdom and verity of God, as gathered from the Bible, which has withstood the assaults of wild scientists and devils of all ages. Neither the state nor private individuals should be taxed to support such tom-foolery. But whether this matter is grave enough to warrant legislation on the subject is yet wondered at by most people.

The Asheville Citizen, if we are to accept its editorial utterances, else-

where reproduced in this issue, declares the movement a "causeless controversy." If evolutionists did no worse than the Citizen has them doing, it might be well to ignore the modernists and their supposed influence; but the Citizen seems not to have heard of the extreme type that seeks notoriety in some of our schools.

But there was one occurrence that staggered that Charlotte meeting: A young lawyer, coming from a pious home, offered himself as an exhibit of a non-Christian, until he fell under the influence of the Y. M. C. A. at the University. This is one recorded instance where the influence of a Y. M. C. A. was more powerful than a pious home.

* * * * *

MUCH AHEAD TO DO.

Said a well poised, learned and very devout preacher, the other Sunday, in his sermon to a country congregation: "The existence of the church and a recognition of the Bible as the word of God have had a wonderful influence upon nations. The nation that stays closest to a respect for the Bible and encourages living along moral lines, such as the Bible teaches, enjoys the greatest blessing of what we term civilization and progress; and that nation that slips away from a serious adherence and observance of the truths of the Bible is slipping and slipping, losing and losing. Yet with all this evidence of history in the lives of nations, and though the church has been established for near unto two thousand years:

"TWO OUT OF EVERY THREE BABIES LOOK INTO THE FACES OF MOTHERS WHO ARE UNPREPARED TO TEACH THEM ARIGHT AND TO LEAD THE ARIGHT."

And that godly man took courage in the fact that one mother out of three did know the story that leads unto life, and she is faithfully at the task set before her as the price of motherhood.

* * * * *

MANY GROWERS TO COMPETE.

Competition for the Southern Railway System's corn cup this year will be offered by a greatly increased number of growers, according to advices received at the office of Roland Turner, general agricultural agent for the Southern.

Letters of inquiry have been received from a large number of individual growers, fair officials, boys' club workers, and county agents, asking how to enter the contest.

As was done in 1925, the cup will be offered to the grower of the best ten

ears of corn from Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee or Kentucky, exhibited at any one of a list of leading state and district fairs to be designated.

The cup which is a handsome silver trophy was won last year by Willie Pat Boland, a corn club boy of Newberry county, South Carolina, and will remain in his possession until this year's winner is announced.

* * * * *

TAKING CARE OF CEMETERIES.

One is inclined to estimate a community by the manner in which it cares for its cemeteries. At any rate it indicates how much abiding love remains for the loved ones who have passed on.

Way back in the years, especially in the eastern part of the state, it was a custom to have private burial places on the several landed estates. You often see out in great fields spots that have been used in the past for a family burial ground. Most of them are woefully neglected, all but completely covered by shrubbery, weeds and vines, and in many instances no head stones. This practice is happily passing away; and instead there is the adoption of a general burial ground, commonly called "graveyard"

Riding through the country, however, we occasionally see one of these graveyards wholly unkept, weeds and briars having taken possession. It is not exactly carelessness or indifference; but it is the lack of a cultivation of the sense of beauty and continuous regarding and an abiding thought of the dear ones, whose bodies lie therein. An object lesson seems at times all that is necessary. It is catching, and spreads.

This thought is suggested by a trip taken more than a year ago by one of our local citizens, Mr. D. B. Coltrane. He started to his old boy-hood home in Randolph county. Passing the grave of the sainted Dr. Braxton Craven, he was astonished to see the unkept condition of same. He thought it is "too bad" that the grave of the great man, whose life and influence had touched so forcibly the lives of hundreds, should go so uncared for. But when he came to the little country church, in whose graveyard his own kin of years ago were placed and it presented no better appearance than the grave of Dr. Craven, the thought came to him that here is a place for a little leadership.

At church time Mr. Coltrane was requested to make some remarks. He chose to talk about the care of the "City of the Dead." It was not long before the congregation applied to itself the practicability of his remarks. To cut a long story short, the graveyard, formerly badly neglected, at Mr. Coltrane's

little home church down in Randolph county, is now a beauty spot. And in a few weeks, according to arrangement and plans, the people will assemble there and hold what, for a better term, may be called "Memorial Day" when the graves will be decorated.

This is just the fruits of suggestion. We pass it along, with the hopes that the suggestion may fall into receptive hearts where thoughtlessly the people have neglected the spots that should ever have the loving care and interest of the living. Some of these days—and we know not when—our own bodies will lie in little church cemeteries. May thoughtfulness, if not an undying love, keep these places orderly.

* * * * *

"THE HOUSE OF A HUNDRED SORROWS."

This editorial written by Edward M. Kingsberry in the New York Times December 14, was given the Pulitzer award for the best editorial of 1925, considering clearness, moral purpose and sound reasoning.

The walls are grimy and discolored. The uneven floors creak and yield under foot. Staircases and landings are rickety and black. The door of every room is open. Walk along these corridors. Walk into this room. Here is a sickly boy of 5, deserted by his mother, underfed, solitary in the awful solitude of starved, neglected childhood. "Seldom talks." Strange, isn't it? Some, many children, never "prattle," like your darlings. They are already old. They are full, perhaps, of long, hopeless thoughts. There are plenty of other "kids" in this tenement. Here is one, only three. Never saw his father. His mother spurned and abused him. He is weak and "backward." How wicked of him when he has been so encouraged and coddled. Dosen't know any games. How should he? Do children play? Not his kind. They live to suffer.

In room 24 is Rose, a housemother of 10. Father is in the hospital. Mother is crippled with rheumatism. Rose does all the work. You'd love Rose if she came out of Dickens. Well, there she is, mothering her mother in room 24. In room 20 age has been toiling for youth. Grandmother has been taking care of three granddaughters who lost their mother. A brave old woman; but what with rheumatism and heart weakness, three-score-and-ten can't go out to work any more. What's going to happen to her? Think of that, she is ill on top of her physical illness. A very interesting house, isn't it, Sir? Decidedly "a run sort of place," Madame? Come in room 23 Simon, the doll maker—but hand-made dolls are "out"—lives, if you call it living here. Eighty years old, his wife of about the same age. Their eye-

sight is mostly gone. Otherwise they would still be sewing on buttons and earning a scanty livelihood for themselves and two little girls, their grandchildren. The girls object to going to an orphan home. Some children are like that.

You must see those twin sisters of 65 in room 7. True, they are doing better than usual on account of the coming holidays; making as much as \$10 a month whereas their average is but \$6. Still, rents are a bit high; and the twins have been so long together that they would like to stay so. In room—but you need no guide. Once in the House of a Hundred Sorrows you will visit every sad chamber in it. If your heart be made of penetrable stuff, you will do the most you can to bring hope and comfort to its inmates, to bring them Christmas and Christ:

“For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in.

“Naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.”

* * * * *

DON'T KNOW THE WAR IS OVER.

“Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic” have been attending a clinic—Terribly sick and suffering the agonies of a spell of hate and viciousness, they finally secured relief for their distorted and disturbed systems ridding themselves of this bile:

“Washington, D. C., May 10.—A petition protesting against the proposal to turn over General Robert E. Lee’s Arlington home to the Daughters of the Confederacy was filed with the House today by the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic through Lida E. Manson, national president of the organization.

Referring to the recent act of Congress authorizing the coinage of Stone Mountain half dollars on which appears the likeness of Lee and one of his generals, the petition said, additional steps are contemplated to place the Arlington Mansion, in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy “to be made a memorial to that traitor to his government, Robert E. Lee.”

“No words can fully express our just contempt and indignation,” it asserted “at such attempts to honor those who being unsuccessful in all attempts at dissolving our union, because of lapse of time and to lenient political influence will undo all that the lives of these men, Washington, Lincoln, McKinley and Roosevelt, made possible and make dishonor, disloyalty and treason on a par with loyalty and honor.”

The mad and outraged sisters certainly must feel fine after getting rid

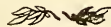
of this fearfully ugly affliction that does not belong to Christian womanhood.

The event they refer to was over sixty-five years ago. This is 1926—and the old sisters, profiting none by the truth of history, persist in the perpetuation of the memory of their cause with malice and hatred, even at the sacrifice of truth.

* * * * *

A CONTEST THAT MEANS SOMETHING.

In the North Carolina inter-collegiate debate, Lenoir-Rhyne College won the decision. Monday evening Messrs Samuel Sox and Perry Crouch, representing Lenoir-Rhyne, defeated Messrs Paul Swanson and Charles Weir, representing Guilford College. The Lenoir-Rhyne debaters had the negative side of the question, "Resolved, that the army and navy air forces of the United States should be organized under a separate and independent head with a secretary in the cabinet." These inter-school contests mean more for the student body and the reputation of an institution—head and heart against foot and fierceness—than the sports of the athletic field.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A woman appeared on the streets wearing a long skirt—one so long that it swept the pavement. She was an object of curiosity; in fact some people got uneasy and thought that her dress was slipping off. Such a scene has not been witnessed since the years of 1870. It was in strong contrast to the incident of a ball room. One of the dancers picked up a small object and said to one of the fair ones: "Pardon me, did you drop your handkerchief during the last dance?" "Oh, I was never so embarrassed in my life. That's my dress."

I am sure that if any of you witness the gorgeous sunrises, these beautiful and thrilling May morning's, you cannot escape the consciousness that God is drawing very near to you. You cannot help from "looking up through nature to nature's God." As you gaze out upon the glory of the early morning sky, as the sun guilds the clouds in gold, and paints his coming in such roseate hues; observe the beauty of the landscape, carpeted with flowers of every shade of loveliness, the strongest impression on your mind must be the consciousness of God, the Creator. We say, "Look at the flowers and behold God's wonderous power." And we remember that Jesus said, "Look at flowers and see God's loving care for you. If God doth so clothe them, shall He not much more clothe thee?" And as the sense of the presence of God continues to flood our consciousness,

we feel like exclaiming with Mrs. Browning, "Earth's crammed with heaven, every common bush aflame with God." It may be your consciousness of the contrast between the beauty of the earth and the essential quality of your own life that often leads to timidity and fearfulness. Fear in man is always a weakness and a hindrance in life; and none of it comes from God, for there can be no fear in Him; and God would give us His spirit, which is not the spirit of fear, but love and a sound mind. We have only to look at Jesus to see that gift in full perfection, as He would have it in us.

So many people look at the world through blue glasses, as it were. Everything looks blue to them; and they are blue themselves. These kind of people give "the blues" to those around them. Instead of morbidly seeing everything tinted with indigo, turn on the spectrum and get a few of the rainbow hues. Banish the sour stuff, and get a little more sweetness in your disposition. Tackle your job like you are in love with it, with a merry song and a cheerful smile, and you'll soon be in love with your work sure enough. It's worth all the joy it brings. Nobody wants to dwell under the frown of his fellows, his neighbors and his wife. There's enough depression in the world without thrusting it upon others. This you will do if you wear a frown where a smile ought to be. Down with the

new charm in his eyes, a new mystery, 'tis certain that he will experience a new thrill! There's a tightening of the old bonds, a new gallantry and wooing toward the dear lady of his heart who had cajoled and adored, petted and bullied, scolded and nursed him through so many years that he has grown to take her for granted. For if all the world loves a lover it finds especial piquancy in the renewal of married love—the second blooming of romance and charm.)

—

This brings me to observe that one reads in the newspapers these days a great deal of matter which may be styled "stuff and nonsense." Not long ago there appeared an article, taking ten inches of space giving ten rules of how to get rid of husbands. It wasn't worth the space given to it. And then the rules are questionable from the view-point of good morals alone; and I know they are all wrong from a husband standpoint. What this country needs are rules for keeping husbands; not getting rid of them. There's too much of that now. Marriage is a solemn contract, and it is looked upon entirely too lightly in these hustling days of all sorts of fads that are not conducive to happy homes. Trial marriages, birth control, and the Lord knows what not are advocated, and the surprise is that these things find so many followers. The whole slant of marriage matters seems to have gone wrong; entirely wrong. It is so much so that it may yet become a big question in the future how women can keep their husbands.

don'ts and the "darns," and up with the delights. Be happy and let the spirit of joy help in the achieving. Honest effort is sure of its own rewards. Most of us get what we deserve, and then some.

—

There's something joyous and thrilling in the way the sunshine glitters over the earth in May; the way the bees buzz and the birds lift melodies that makes every heart wish to sing out to the very skies, "Maytime! Joytime!" "It's the oldest urge in the world, this joy-urge of spring; youth and beauty returning to the earth. If femininity is young and radiantly lovely, one's joy is unbounded. If one's mirror is tactlessly frank and assures one that there's a bit of furbishing up to be done before one can rejoice unrestrainedly—well, one feels somewhat out of things at Maytime. But the song is there—so if the furbishing is needed, why hesitate the tiniest moment? Even if one isn't gifted with youth and beauty—one's joy-song can be inspired by a deep and glowing sense of a possession of charm! And after all, the fancy of the poetic young man doesn't turn to actual beauty—it's the magic, ineffable quality called "charm" that excites love in his romantic heart at springtide. (Nor is love the exclusive possession of the poetic young man. Many a romantic heart beats beneath a mature and sedate vest. Many a sober and substantial husband falls in love with his wife all over again when it's Maytime, and all the world's in a sentimental mood, if she has charm. If she assumes a

Some women seem to not be satisfied with one husband, but wants and works to get somebody else's husband; and vice versa with husbands. It is all wrong; terribly and disastrously wrong. It's breaking up homes; and when homes are broken it is a sad day for the country; and still sadder for the people.

We often hear of people being "broken in spirit." That condition is a calamity. The real enduring, everlasting and eternal in this material world in which we live, move and have our being, is spirit. Man is a spirit endowed with eternal life. Within the eternal and immortal spirit of man are energies and forces which function in impulse, emotion, ideas which culminate in acts. These energies and forces we classify as mind. The human spirit is in absolute possession of man's entire character, wisdom and knowledge. Man's physical body reflects the spirit form from it. When death comes to man the spirit evacuates the body and en-

ters the world spiritual carrying with it what each individual spirit developed in this life in personality, character, wisdom and knowledge, no more no less. The spiritual side of human nature should be cultivated as well as the physical side. If not a person is apt to grow one-sided, and the greatest of it all is lost. All are admonished to "Seek and ye shall find." Seek for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, the eternal truth. Man's body grows old and decrepid. The spirit never grows old. One sees or visions no decrepitude or sentility among the human spirits of the spiritual kingdom. What blessed thought. The Apostle Paul has told us that "now we see through a glass darkly, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." He had visions of things. He speaks with authority. Isn't there great hope and encouragement, then, in cultivating the spiritual side of our natures, that we may not be dwarfs in the end of this life?

HERE'S A MARRIAGE TO PUZZLE ABOUT.

(Shelby Star.)

Marriage creates a lot of puzzles—some one way, others another.

This particular one is different. It's a problem for mathematicians.

Down in No. 2 township near Squire Tom Holland's, as reports have it, there lived a Mrs. Tom Doster. She married the second time and her second husband was a Bailey. Sometimes later her daughter, Miss Essie Doster, married Bailey's brother.

Now get your pencil and figure out the new relation between mother and daughter, and between brother and brother. Then go over it again and you will keep finding odd relations.

In the first place mother and daughter became sisters-in-law when they married. In the second place one brother became the stepfather of his other brother.

Now keep going—.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU COULD BE TWENTY-ONE AGAIN?

(Monroe Journal).

By request Rev. Edgar Stockman repeated in his sermon last Sunday morning to the congregation of St. Lukes Lutheran Church, the address he delivered before the members of the Parent-Teachers Association at their last meeting. Mr. Stockman stated in the beginning that he was indebted to several sources for some of the material used in this discourse. The text is found in the Psalm 89:47; "Remembering how short my time is"

They say that there are about a man two things that you dare not talk about in an unfriendly way, his politics and religion, two very tender subjects to most of us. But we may add another to these two, that of age. People do not like for you to discuss their age, and to some people it is almost an insult to over-estimate their age. But with us of this new age in which we live, a man's age is no longer determined by so many calendar years, neither necessarily by how old he may look. A man is just as old today as he feels and acts. With the introduction of science, cosmetics, new thought and new occupations and vocations, a man's age according to calendar years is a thing of the past. Man was once considered getting old when he reached fifty or sixty, but at that age now he may be just in his prime. Some of the youngest people I know have covered a good part of their three score and ten years, and on the other hand a few of the older people that I know have not lived so very many decades.

So this morning, my friends, I want all of you who are past your twenty first milestone, to imagine for a few moments that tomorrow is your birthday and that you will be just twenty-one. And while you are imagining that you are about to become twenty-one, I will use my imagination, knowledge and other material, and tell you the things I would do if I were twenty-one again.

First, if I were twenty-one again I would give twenty minutes every day to special physical care. Our happiness depends largely upon our health, and health depends largely upon the exercise and care of the body. It should be the pride of every one, especially the youth of twenty-one to possess a healthy body. Nobody appreciates a healthy body more than the person who has a weak sickly body. Twenty minutes of exercise daily applied to such parts of the physical body that need it most will keep you in fair fighting trim, contribute to your happiness, and probably add ten years to your natural life.

I think it is bordering on sin for us to permit our bodies to become the store-house of all kind of disease germs, when twenty minutes properly used every twenty four hours would help keep the body fit. I know a healthy body is the best place in the world for a healthy soul, and sometimes we can judge the condition of the soul by the condition of the body.

Again, if I were twenty-one again,

I would strive to be an original thinker. Someone has said, "At the age of ten we wonder, at twenty we imagine, at thirty we cogitate, at forty we think, at fifty we have an idea or two, at sixty we have two ideas and at seventy we are working on one idea, and the sooner you get that one idea, the better." We need to cultivate the talent of being an original thinker. In this modern age of all kind or machinery doing this and that, man has almost become a machine himself. He waits on someone to do his thinking and then accepts their ideas and thoughts in a cut and dried fashion. The only real difference between the stupid man and the man who is "original" is the fact that one man thinks and the other does not. Do not "take things for granted," take them for what they are worth.

The real thinker sometimes becomes a little radical, but I would rather be a little radical than to be stupid. I would rather listen to a speaker who may be a little radical in some of his views, if I know they are original, than to listen to a man handing out a line of made to order stuff. Think your way in and you will have little difficulty in thinking your way out. Apply mental X-ray to every unanswered question and every unsolved question. If I were twenty-one again I would do my best to be an original thinker, because this is an age when few young people are doing any real thinking. We see them every day, beautiful, youthful, playful, and smart, but if they were to have one original thought it would knock them down.

If I were twenty-one again I would have a few fundamental convictions. The great questions of the human

race are these: God, Truth, Love, Law and Immortality. I would have some well and carefully formed convictions about each of these, and I would not let any trifling thing, not even my own personal feelings, likes or dislikes, guide me in forming my convictions. A man without conviction is as weak as a door hanging on its lower hinge.

Take these two big words, Right and Wrong. Some people who feel themselves to be one hundred per cent Christians and talk as if they might be the viceroy or viceroys of the great Creator, have no more conviction about what is right or wrong than a cat. It is right so long as it suits them and their personal feeling, and when it doesn't then it is all wrong. And it is wrong so long as it doesn't suit their delicate and cultivated taste, regardless of what others think about it. I am afraid too few of us younger people today have any real definite convictions about anything, and we are washed by the tide of any kind of thought that may come our way. After any great question has been put through the acid test, and the third degree has been applied, then form your convictions and stick to them through thick and thin. Luther was great because he crowned every great emergency with a great decision. In an age of uncertainty he knew what to do. Lincoln steered by the straight line of righteousness. Hear him, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong!" The stones of truth are clean cut and diamond square. "Right is right as God is God."

If I were twenty-one again I would put quality in every thought, word and deed. A Christian is a person

who does ordinary things in an extraordinary way. One day twenty centuries ago, a carpenter built a cross. Nothing out of the ordinary about that; crosses had been built before, and have been built since. But that particular cross built twenty centuries ago has been made extraordinary. That cross has been lifted into the sacredness of spiritual glory. It stands today and forever on the sky line of history. The horizon of our civilization begins and ends with that cross. Its four great arms have shed hallow over art, music, drama and philosophy. It marks for us the most reverent place on the face of the earth. It marks the dividing line between things ancient and modern. Little thought the humble carpenter when he was building the cross that its rough boards, touched by the sacred form of the Redeemer would be the sacred banner of a world-conquering religion.

“In the cross of Christ I glory
Towering o’er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.”

Why can't we of this 20th century put a little living quality in the things that we do and say? It's possible, if we only try. I want to live long enough to preach one sermon that someone will never forget, and to do one act that will remain in the minds of people long after I have gone into eternity.

If I were twenty-one again I would try to achieve success in one special line of human activities. There are none in this world who can do all things well, and but precious few, who can do one thing well. I believe that it is God's plan for us that some be doctors, some lawyers, some engi-

neers some merchants, some bankers, some clerks, some farmers, and for about fifty percent of the world's population I believe that God intended that they should be the queen of the home. If I were twenty-one again, I would carefully consider what calling I am best fitted for, then I would enter that calling and achieve success along my line even if I had to remove mountains to do so. There are too many Jacks of all trades, and not enough specialists in this world. I want to be a specialist at preaching the gospel.

If I were twenty-one again, I would crowd at least one kind act in every twenty-four hours. This world may need a lot of things today, and possibly some that we cannot give, but there is one great need that we can give, and that is acts of kindness. There isn't a day that passes that we do not have an opportunity to do an act of kindness, and if there is anyone who is too busy during the twenty-four hours to do some act of kindness, that man ought to die because he is too busy to live. Kindness is the spring which holds back the swinging door. Kindness is the burlap in the packing case of life's merchandise. Kindness is the plush on the chair. Kindness is that satin lining of the silver casket. Kindness is the green grass near the hard pebbles of the road. Kindness is the touch of the angel's hand.

“So many paths and so many creeds
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is what the old world most needs.”

If I were twenty-one again I would spend a little time every day in the realm of the beautiful. Luther always placed a flower on his desk be-

fore he began to write. His stormy nature needed the soothing influence of beauty's touch. We all need it at times. It is too easy to become hard sympathetic-less. The beautiful in the world is the oil that keeps the cogs of life from becoming dry and cracking; a beautiful song, a sweet song, a rare literary gem, the touch of the beautiful once a day.

The other day I picked up the "Rosary Song." I had read and heard it before, but this time it threw over me a strange, wierd and soothing feeling. I was needing a touch of the beautiful of that type just at that time. I read it once and then again.

"The hours I spent with thee dear heart,

Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, ever one apart,
My rosary, my rosary.

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,

To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there

A cross is hung.

"O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!

I kiss each bead, and strive at last

to learn

To kiss the cross, to kiss the cross,"

Lastly, if I were twenty-one again, I would give the flower of my youth to Jesus Christ. I would begin life with Him. I would live life with Him, and I would end life with Him. I would not wait until my hair had grown white in the service of sin, and offer my Saviour the remains of a misspent life. I would give Him the best part of my life, my youth, to use in whatever way He might see fit. And I would have in my room in a frame of gold, a wonderful face of Jesus. And I would have on my dressing table something that would often remind me and make me remember some of the most beautiful old hymns that I have heard, such as, "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt," "Sun of My Soul, There Pilot Me," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Jesus I My Cross Have Taken." I would put Jesus in my own life, and crown Him with all my power.

Youth, what is it? It is opportunity. Manhood, what is it? It is achievement. And old age, what is it? It is an holy memory.

JUST A PIECE OF PAPER.

(Excerpts from an educational address by W. O. Saunders.)

Before me is a sheet of paper; just a sheet of cheap machine made paper; but what an astounding part that piece of paper has played in the progress of our modern civilization.

Perhaps you had never given it much of a thought, but the first machine for the manufacture of paper was not invented until the year 1807.

Think of it! Just 119 years ago the making of paper by machinery was made possible and the world had to wait on that paper making machine before public education could be made possible. And without public education—without the possession of knowledge by millions of minds instead of just a few minds,—the mar-

velous progress we have made in all the arts and sciences in fifty years would have been impossible.

* * *

Oh yes, paper was made before Fourdrineir made the first paper making machine in 1807; but it was made by hand; a slow, laborious and costly process. Paper was scarce and cost much money. Books were impossible for the masses; only the rich could buy books.

Printing on small hand made sheets of paper was likewise slow and costly. The web perfecting press printing from paper in rolls at speeds of 3,500 to 24,000 impressions an hour; the typesetting machine, the stereotype plate and other fast and economical processes of the printing art, all had to wait on machine made paper wound on spools.

Education for the masses of mankind was not possible until cheap paper and cheaper books were made. To-day a book that would have a cost a princely sum a century and a quarter ago is manufactured in lots of a million and sold in five and ten cent stores.

With the innovation of cheap books great minds who had formerly been appalled by the hopeless ignorance of mankind began to dream and plan public systems of education. The first plan for public education ever announced was completed by Pierre Samuel Du Pent de Nemours at the suggestion of Thomas Jefferson in the year 1820.

Our great age of invention had to wait on public education. Within the last half century mankind has made more progress than in any other 5,000 years of its history of which we have any record.

When the possession of books—education—was possible only for the wealthy few, there were not enough educated minds in the world to begin to perfect the mass of mechanical inventions that have electrified and speeded up our present civilization. When only the rich were educated, work was considered beneath the dignity and station of a rich man's son and few inventions came from the educated class.

But if many inventions had come before popular education there would not have been the trained minds to make use of them. Unlettered and untrained minds could never have mastered the operation of modern electrical devices, the internal combustion engine and countless other mechanical marvels that are now vital to our daily existence.

* * *

There may have been intelligences as great as Edison before education became universal, but Edison working alone could never have produced the incandescent light or the phonograph. Every invention of Edison has been, not the work of Edison alone but the work of hundreds of trained students and mechanics working with and under Edison in his laboratories.

The success of Henry Ford would never have been possible without public education because Henry Ford with all of his genius would have been helpless without the aid of trained mechanics and accountants to carry out his schemes.

What a debt we owe to that sheet of paper first made by a machine in the year 1807! With millions of educated minds at work we have explored every nook and corner of the

earth, unearthed the civilizations of other ages, gone down to the floor of the sea in submersible ships, wrested the secret of flight from the birds and brought every corner of the globe into constant and instant communication with every other corner. Knowledge that once would have been buried in one precious book and denied to man-kind for centuries is now instantly communicated to all the world.

JUST EVERYTHING.

By Douglas Malloch.

Right when I wasn't feeling sweet,
 I met a youngster on the street,
 His hands all dirt, his face all grins,
 The kind of smile that always wins.
 His coat was ragged just a bit,
 He didn't seem to think of it;
 The sky was just a little gray,
 He didn't seem to mind the day.
 I asked, "What is it makes you sing?"
 "Oh, I don't know—just ev'rything!"

Right when I wasn't feeling kind,
 To others cold, to virtue blind,
 I met that youngster on the road
 Who smiled until his dimples showed.
 I looked around and tried to see
 On whom he smiled, not surely me.
 I couldn't quite make out, at that.
 I asked, "Who are you smiling at?"
 His smile grew wider, cheeks grew ruddy:
 "Oh, I don't know—just ev'rybuddy!"

Right when I wasn't feeling right,
 That merry youngster hove in sight.
 His clothes were ragged here and there,
 And yet he didn't seem to care,
 But smiled a kind of freckled grin
 That seemed to take the whole world in.
 And then, the first thing that I knew,
 Blamed if I wasn't smiling too!
 You asked me what I smiled at son?
 Just ev'rything and ev'ry one!

A CAUSELESS CONTROVERSY.

(Asheville Citizen).

It is senseless for neighbors to fight each other when the supposed cause of quarrel does not really exist, and so, with no criticism of their motives, we ask those Fundamentalists who propose to throw the State into a turmoil to consider if there be any real reason for their urge for a law which shall prohibit State-supported schools from teaching any doctrine which conflicts with the teachings of the Bible.

Do they wish to evoke this law because the schools teach that the sun does not revolve around the earth, whereas the Bible intimates that it does by the declaration that Josuha commanded the sun to stand till? We think not. They do not themselves believe that the sun so moves, and can give good explanation for the seeming declaration of the Bible to the contrary. They make no objection to the school-taught doctrine that the earth is round, whereas the Bible speaks of its "corners."

We may therefore well inquire if the theory of Evolution as taught in State colleges is the virulent denial of Biblical doctrine our friends think. We judge that they assume much that does not exist. Evolution is taught as a natural law, as is the theory of gravitation which the church-man considers a law created by the Almighty. Evolution means a gradual change from one form to another—only that and nothing more.

Those who favor a law restricting teaching have seen evidences of its workings if they have lived past the prime of life. They have seen hogs,

by the process of breeding, change from the razor-back into the fat porker. They have noted the disappearance of long horns from cattle. Certainly greater changes have taken place in animals during centuries and hundreds of centuries.

Why, Evolution, is a necessary inference from the Bible. If Noah took only a pair of dogs into the ark how is it that now there are spaniels, pugs, bull-dogs and hounds, unless God provided the change through Evolution? We may even ask how it is that there are Negroes, Indian, Chinamen and Caucasians if all humans came from Adam and Eve, unless there was Evolution?

Evolution, however, has become a bogie because some of its students theorized that man came from a monkey-creature and others that he descended from an amoeba crawling in the slime. Various suggestions have been drawn from Evolutionary hypothesis and, as in the case of other hypotheses, some of them have been discredited—and are discredited even now by teachers in North Carolina colleges, some of Darwin's ideas being no exception.

It is unfortunate that surmise has been drawn from such speculations that instructors in Evolution are Atheists seeking a purely physical explanation of life. Some are perhaps, just as there are others of like belief among lawyers or farmers. Discreditors of the Bible ordinarily look little to science for support—their appeal is on other grounds. North Carolina instructors generally

believe in God—necessarily there must have been a creator of any beginning.

It is unfortunate that dispassionate explanation has not been more generally given by science teachers and the fact made clear that it is the theory of Evolution which is taught. But unfortunately explanation has to a large extent been given by laymen, often smatterers who in order to display their little learning have asserted things emphatically not taught by the colleges.

The Citizen considers itself liberal and so it feels impelled to say that while misinformed Anti-Evolutionists have often shown a vehement intolerance they have had some cause for provocation in gibes hurled at them, and rash statements made by them have been answered in kind. But this should not blind their reasoning. For instance, they do not want the schools to teach that the sun revolves round the earth.

They urge the right of the Legislature to regulate teaching in State-supported schools, and instantly the opposition retorts with the sweeping declaration that teachers should be free to teach whatever their judgment dictates. They do not want any such thing. They would be among the first to clamor if a teacher should teach that the earth is flat, and what a howl there would be if a university professor instructed his classes that there was no such thing as Evolution or that free love instead of marriage relation should prevail.

If the State schools ever reach the

stage of instruction destructive of religion or national institutions there will be time to consider legislative intervention. It is a dangerous thing, its proponents must admit, a fearful weapon which some time might be turned against them. On the theory of the law proposed a law could forbid any criticism of polygamy on the ground that it interfered with the Moslem faith. There is no need for intervention now—there is no instruction contradictory of revealed religion in North Carolina State schools.

Our friends, don't draw this two-edged sword. It is true, we think, as The Greensboro News states, that "Unless those who are leading this Fundamentalist movement realize what they are doing we are in for the bitterest, most desperate, most futile and most cruel religious war in the history of North Carolina."

Note the violent dissension, the bitter words that passed, in the Charlotte meeting of the Committee of One Hundred. It is a sign, and seeing it Rev. Dr. McGeachy, venerable charter member, and the secretary, came out in a public statement severing connection with the movement. The Charlotte News, a strong Fundamentalist sympathizer, withdraws its support. Stop a move which can achieve nothing except violent controversy; send away the notoriety seekers who unasked are coming here. North Carolina's sound common sense needs to bestir itself to stop this needless and dangerous agitation.

Some folks give according to their means, and some according to their meanness.—George Eliot.

WHEN HELEN WAS SHOPKEEPER.

By Emily S. Windsor.

Helen Tracy's parents had died when she was ten years old. A widowed aunt had given her a home, and sent her through the high school. On her graduation Helen had taken a position as typist in an insurance office. She disliked the work, and only the fact that no other work which she was capable of doing would pay her as well kept her at it.

So, when she received the news that an uncle in a Western state had died and left her his estate, she was jubilant. She immediately gave up her work in the insurance office.

Her aunt advised her not to do so. "Better wait and see how much his estate amounts to," she said.

"Oh, I feel sure that it's a lot," returned Helen. "I remember when I was a little girl, hearing father say that Uncle James was doing well."

"But it may be some time before you receive anything from it," protested Mrs. More.

"Oh, well, there's my savings in the bank for me to go on till I do," was the girl's light reply.

Her aunt said no more on the subject, but she was worried. She was not so sure that James Tracy had done so well. She had known of him as being reckless in business matters. Through depreciation in values, her own income was about half of what it was when she had first taken Helen. It was necessary for the girl to help in their living expenses. Positions of the kind that Helen could fill were not always to be had.

During several weeks that followed, Helen built many castles in Spain.

She would say to her aunt, "First, we'll both have all new and beautiful clothes. Then we'll travel and see the world. Think of seeing Europe!"

Her aunt would reply quietly, "I hope all your dreams will be realized, my dear."

Then came a lawyer's letter to say that there were so many debts on her uncle's estate that by the time they were cleared off the only thing left was a hundred acres of land which was apparently worthless, as it was in an almost desert part of the state. Verified statements of her uncle's holdings and indebtedness accompanied the letter.

For some days it seemed to Helen that she could not endure the disappointment. All her wonderful plans for nothing.

"Oh, aunt, if I had taken your advice and not given up my position," she mourned.

"Perhaps they will take you back," suggested Mrs. More.

Helen shook her head. "No, it was filled a few days after I left. I met Elsa Grey who worked next to me. She told me."

A period of useless searching for something she could do followed. Only experienced workers were wanted. She had experience in typewriting alone.

She was returning one morning from an errand down town for her aunt, when rain which had been threatening suddenly began to fall in torrents. Helen had no umbrella. Seeing that she was near a little shop

in which she had been buying stationery, etc., for the last few years, Helen ran in for shelter. There was no one in the shop but the owner, Mrs. Wilson. She was a pleasant-faced woman of middle age.

She greeted Helen cordially. "Came down suddenly, didn't it. I'm glad you happened to be near here when it came."

She brought two chairs from the rear of the shop, offering one to Helen, and seating herself in the other. "I'm a little tired," she said. "There weren't many customers in this morning, and I have been straightening things. I had bought a lot of little fancy things, that I thought would sell for favors at children's parties, but they did not seem to take. So I packed them away on a shelf in the back room. Another dead loss."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Helen.

"Oh, we have to expect such things in business, but of course they are not pleasant."

Here the telephone in the back room summoned Mrs. Walton. She went an answer. She was gone several minutes. There was a worried look on her face when she came back to the shop.

"An old friend over at Elmwood is leaving unexpectedly for California to be gone at least a year. She wants me to go over and spend the day with her tomorrow. I could easily go on the early morning train and be home by six o'clock, but I can't leave the shop," she explained.

"Can't you get some one to take charge for the day?" asked Helen.

"I don't know of anyone, and I hate to shut it up. I really need every cent I can make. And I can't bear to think of my friend's going

without my seeing her. Yes, I'll close the shop and go. I must see her."

There was silence during which Mrs. Wilson seemed absorbed in anxious thought. Helen felt that she ought to be getting home, but the rain was still coming down very heavily.

Suddenly an idea came to the young girl. "Couldn't I take charge of the shop for you?" she asked. "Of course I have had no experience, but if the prices are plainly marked I surely can sell things."

"But your work at your office."

"I have no position," said Helen, and briefly explained why she had given up her work.

"That is too bad, to have had such hopes raised, and then have them crushed," commented the shop-keeper sympathetically. "I thought seeing you out at this time you were on your way home to lunch. Now I remember that I have not seen you pass lately or come into the shop. Well I'm glad to have you take charge for me tomorrow. I can explain about various things now. Of course I shall pay you what is right."

"No," returned Helen decidedly. "I won't take any payment. I have nothing to do. I'll be glad to come."

Accordingly, Mrs. Wilson gave her various directions about the different things for sale, and it was settled that Helen should be there at eight o'clock the next morning. Mrs. Wilson would have the shop open. She was to leave on the halfpast eight train. Then, the rain stopping, Helen went home.

Her aunt was pleased when she knew what the girl intended doing. "I am glad for you to do anything

to help Mrs. Wilson. I have known of her a long time. She is a fine woman and has had a struggle to make her living since her husband died."

"I feel sure that you will get on all right," Mrs. Wilson told Helen as she left for her train the next morning. "I'll be back before six. I am so thankful to you, my dear."

For the first hour Helen was quite busy waiting on school children who came in to buy pencils and pads of paper. Then there was a lull followed by a dozen or so of customers who came in at intervals. Again there was another dull time after which came a rush of customers.

During the noon hour no one came in. Helen had brought her lunch with her. She had finished eating it and had brushed away the last crumb, when the shop door opened and a tall woman dressed in black came in. She glanced around, then giving Helen a sharp glance with her black eyes, said, "Mrs. Wilson not in?"

"She went to Elmwood for the day. She will be back at six o'clock."

"How long have you been her assistant?"

Helen explained that she was not an assistant and how she came to be there.

"Well, I'll stay awhile and rest. I'm tired." And Helen hastened to get a chair.

Several children came wanting candy. Helen patiently helped them make a selection from the limited supply in the shop. The old lady had closely watched her during the process.

"Ever tend shop before?" she asked when the children had gone.

"No, I never did."

An automobile had stopped in front

of the shop, and a pretty young lady came in. She asked for a certain novelty which some one had told her could be found at Mrs. Wilson's. She described it, and Helen looked for it. It was not in any of the show cases, nor in any of the boxes on the shelves. The young woman seemed much disappointed.

"I am unexpectedly having to entertain some friends this evening. I suppose I shall have to do without favors, as I have too much to do to run around looking for something," she said and was leaving the shop when Helen suddenly remembered the "little fancy things" which Mrs. Wilson had said she packed away because they had not sold.

"Oh!" exclaimed Helen. "Will you wait a few minutes. There is something which may do." She went to the back room and after opening several boxes, found one containing what she thought were "the little fancy things," and brought it to place before the young lady. The latter at her first glance at the contents of the box, said, "Oh, how pretty! They are just what I want." Then seeing the price marked, added, "and so cheap. I'll take them all, for I shall be having other parties and will need them."

When the young lady, much pleased with her purchase, had gone, the lady in black, who had paid close attention to the sale, asked, "How did you happen to know those things were back in that room?"

Helen explained how she came to know. "I am so glad she told me, because she thought they were a loss as they had not sold."

"Well, I think I shall go now," announced the lady. "Tell Mrs.

Wilson that Mrs. Walton was here, and that I shall come again in a few days."

When she had gone, Helen thought, "I'm glad she went, for she kept watching everything I did. It made me uncomfortable."

There was a steady stream of customers during the afternoon. After half-past five no one came, and then six o'clock brought Mrs. Wilson.

Helen gave her a detailed account of the day's sales. She was much surprised and pleased to hear of the "fancy things" being sold.

"You are a fine little shopkeeper," she said. "And Mrs. Walton was here? She has that novelty store over on Twelfth Street. She has a splendid trade. Now, I insist on your taking supper with me. We'll go around to Coleman's. They have good things to eat there. No—I won't take a refusal."

After Helen had given her aunt an account of the day, later that evening; she added, "I enjoyed it. I believe I'd like a little shop."

"We would start one, but we haven't the money," said her aunt.

"No, we haven't. I am so glad I could help Mrs. Wilson."

During the week that followed Helen kept up a vain search for work. She was beginning to feel worried. What would she do when her savings were gone, and careful as she was they were fast decreasing. Bitterly she regretted her hasty action in giving up her position as typist.

She was passing the little shop one day when Mrs. Wilson came to the door and called her. "Come in," she said. "I was coming around to

see you this evening. I have something to tell you. Mrs. Walton was here yesterday. She is giving up her shop to go out west to live with a daughter. You see she's made enough to retire on. She knows that a number of buildings on this block including this place, have been bought by a syndicate and will be pulled down to make way for a large hotel. She offers me her business on very easy terms. I am accepting them. Of course I shall need an assistant. I feel sure that you will make a good one. Mrs. Walton was pleased with the way you did the other day she was in. She liked your appearance, your quiet dress, and everything about you. And especially your thinking of searching for those novelties. Now, what do you say. Are you willing to come with me?"

Helen was so surprised and almost overcome at so much praise and the offer of position as assistant, that she could not find words for a moment.

"Oh," she stammered. "Of course. I am glad to come. Thank you for wanting me."

"Then it is settled. Now I shall have a great deal to do in packing up the stock here to take over to Twelfth Street. So I shall want your help at once. Can you begin today?"

"Yes, indeed," said Helen eagerly. "I'll run home and tell my aunt about it, and be right back."

As she hurried away, Helen thought. "Now I won't care very much if the land uncle left me is ever valuable or not. I shall like being assistant to Mrs. Wilson."

WAITED FOR FIFTY YEARS.

(From A. N. C. Exchange).

Have you ever had a dream come true?

The half century long dream of one of North Carolina's courageous men came true a few days ago.

After fifty years of silent and patient waiting, and praying, during all of which time physical deformities weighed heavy on his frail frame, and made his crippled condition an obstacle to success, he has at last reached the end of the rainbow's trail, and found his pot of gold.

The word came a few days ago to George Carson, cripple, as he sat alone wondering in the Rutherford County Home.

Deformed from birth but endowed with a brilliant mind his circumstances have been all the more pathetic because of the splendor of his dreams. Doomed after he had received his common school education with an enviable record for brilliance, to support himself, he set his face sturdily toward a harsh and largely unsympathetic world, and without ever a murmur peddled pencils, paper, and other knicknaes for years to keep clothing on his poor deformed frame, and the wolf away from his door. Nobody helped him, nobody cared for him.

Some Good Fairy.

All the while he dreamed. Some day, surely, he thought, some good fairy would ease the burden. But the years rolled by; his deformities were made harder to bear by the infirmities of age; it became harder and harder for him to earn enough to live on. And then, when ill health overtook him, and he could no longer

earn a few pennies a day by sale of papers, and pencils, George had to give up the struggle with the problems of the world, and go to the Rutherfordton Home.

But he never grumbled, never complained. Unlike the renowned cripple of history, Richard III, who grumbled and complained, and because he was "sent into this breathing world but scarce half-made up" lamented that he had no delight to pass away the time, except to disquiet upon his own infirmities. George Carson always faced the world with a smile. He waved aside all talk about his condition, and made light of his physical deformities.

In the Home he simply sat and dreamed. The sight of other men enjoying fame and fortune did not stir any harsh enmities in his heart against the Creator. There was something delightful in his quiet, pathetic resignation.

And then a brother, whom he had not seen in years, died in the Far West, leaving the bulk of his large estate to George. His brother, who was single, went West twenty years ago. He grew rich, and when he died remembered his helpless brother at Rutherfordton.

Now George's lawyer, D. F. Morrow, is in the west collecting George's fortune, and when he returns East his client will be placed in some comfortable hospital where he will enjoy comfort and care for the remainder of his days.

George Carson is the brother of

Julius Carson of Spartanburg, S. C., and comes from a well known family. The fates were unkind to him at birth, and cast a noble mind in a pathetic frame, and all his days he has been jostled about somewhat rudely by the world. Yet, as if to compensate somewhat for its caprice

in fashioning him. Fate put in him a tranquil soul, and plenty of fortitude. It gave him faith, and cheer, and hope, and noble dreams.

And his dream comes true and twilight days of his life will be spent meditating on the strange ways of fate.

A PUBLICATION HOUSE.

The Uplift making note of Kuester's observation on the printing shop that obscures at the Jackson Training School, is happy to give assurance that the donors, Mr. and Mrs. Roth, of Elkin, who financed erection of this building in the crawling days of the institution, have given permission to substitute another building as the memorial which they had provided for originally. Intimation is given that within a short time, the Jackson Training School will make the more pretentious boast of a publication building, located at a more desirable spot, as a certain philanthropist with an eye to the profitable placing of about \$32,000, may bring the publication house into materialization. This is by no means too much to hope for, because the Jackson Training School, in its developing stage has demonstrated possibilities which make the forthcoming of money for its futher development an easy matter of suggestion, only Where it was the strong urge, it is now the simple suggestion. The people of this State always take care of an institution that makes the deserving appeal the Jackson Training School makes.—Charlotte Observer.

A DUCK SHOWER.

By Walter K. Putney.

It was a bright Saturday Morning when Bert Young called up Harry Benton on the phone.

"What do you say, Harry, to going up to the Winding River and troll for bass this morning? It's a peach of a day."

"Have you got a boat?" asked Harry in reply.

"Yes, Mr. Simpson said we could take his boat for the day, as he is going to the city and will not be back until toward dark. Ask your mother

if you can go and be along just as soon as you can."

It did not take Harry long to persuade his mother to let him go fishing that day and she hastily put up a lunch for the boys to eat at noon. As she worked she remarked, "It is a wonderful day to see nature at its best. Just keep your eyes open and tell me, when you get home, if you see anything that interested you besides catching bass."

Winding River was well named. It

was a most bewitching stream not much larger than a good-sized brook in places, and in others racing around jutting rocks or winding its way leisurely among the flags to make lazy pools where the bass lay in wait for water flies. It was for one of these pools that the boys sculled their boat that May morning, their kit of rods, lines, gaudy flies and live bait packed carefully in the bow. It did not take them long to get to their destination and soon they were eagerly showing their skill in trying to make the bass come to their hooks.

But although both boys were good fishermen, the bass could not be tempted. A feeble bite now and then without a single fish to reward their work made them wonder what the matter could be.

"Perhaps in some mysterious way advance information of the enemy has come down stream," remarked Bert with a laugh. "I think that if we go in among those beeches across the way, we can wait until their feeding time. There is plenty going on and it will be fun just to settle ourselves comfortably and look around."

"Mother said she hoped we would see something interesting to tell her about when we reached home this afternoon. You know, she is always interested in the woods and can see more in five minutes than I would notice in a whole day. Let's see how many things we can find while we are waiting here."

In a few minutes Bert pointed to a procession of snails making their way slowly up the trunk of the beech under which their skiff was resting. "Hello!" he exclaimed, "there goes a

group of immigrants headed for Snailtown. How convenient it is to carry one's house on his back."

"Perhaps they think of the higher branches as we do the mountains in summer and are going to their vacation homes. Or maybe they have the camping fever and are off on a jaunt to see new locations. I hope they have as good a time as we did last summer when we went camping in the Adirondaeks." Harry watched the snails as they crept slowly along and dreamed of that trip with a happy smile on his face.

Just then a big flying beetle bumped clumsily on the bark and caused considerable confusion in the snail procession, for it struck one of them and knocked it down to a crotch perhaps a foot below.

"Huh!" and Bert laughed as he started up. "That thing almost knocked me over, too, and I thought for a moment that I was with you on another camping trip and a giant bug was headed straight for me. Isn't it funny what one's imagination can do. Now I suppose the procession will rest for an hour until that snail catches up with the rear guard. Hello, what was that?"

A splash in the water sharply disturbed them and at once the boys became quiet, for it sounded like a big strike by a bass eager for his late morning meal. But it puzzled the boys for they had never seen a bass strike with such eagerness as to cause rings to go on over the water for fifty feet or more, as was the case now.

"That could not have been a bass," whispered Harry. "The swirl of the water is different than I ever saw

made by a bass. What do you suppose it is?"

Bert shook his head, puzzled, for he did not have any idea what could have caused this, any more than Harry did. As they scanned the water another splash occurred right close to their right. Turning, they were in time to see a tiny duck pop up, as if by magic, flutter its stubby wings, shake its head and paddle around on the surface of the water. As the skiff was partly hidden by some tall flags and rushes, the duckling did not see the boys peering at it and as they watched, a third splash came and another duckling sent a shower of sparkling pellets of water flying in all directions. There were three of these little fellows now paddling in the water and so it was evident that the first splash was caused by a little duckling, just as the last two were. All three seemed to eye each other as if to say, "Isn't this great!" and in a moment or two they were joined by another of the brood.

"How many more!" exclaimed Bert under his breath. "And where do they come from?"

This was answered in a moment when the boys, looking around for a possible place where the ducklings could have appeared, saw something move in a hole in the old sycamore tree that overhung the water, and it was only a few seconds before the mother duck could be distinctly seen, urging her little charge to drop into the stream. She pushed it out, holding it by a wing and when the duckling was above the water, she released her hold and there was another splash and another happy little duckling was soon swimming about with

his companions. Five more of the fluffy little fellows followed and then the mother duck appeared and looked all round to see if everything was all right. The boys, keeping low in the skiff and absolutely motionless, expected to hear her cry out a little warning that she had discovered them, but the reeds and flags hid them too well and they saw Mother Duck finally leave the old sycamore, fly up stream a way, turn and come back to fly down stream as if on a scouting expedition before she joined her brood.

In the meantime, what a jollification those little ducklings were having! They swam, splashed, dove, flapped their tiny wings, preened themselves in imitation of their elders and, at imaginary alarm all turned their sharp little tails toward the sky and were under water in a twinkling of the eye.

After the mother bird joined her brood, she turned to a little opening of the rushes, where she rested on the water to watch her little folks take their first water exercises. Presently there was a low call and every little duckling became still and all were at attention. Another little call and how those little webbed paddles worked to hasten to their mother's side. A moment later, the boys saw the rushes quiver and the little brood, led by the anxious mother, stole quietly away and disappeared.

"Whew!" exclaimed Harry as he raised himself in the skiff. "That was something worth seeing all right. It beats a week of fishing."

"You are right," replied Bert. "It does beat anything I ever saw

in my life." Then he laughed as he continued, "I have been caught in light showers and heavy showers and

once in a regular cloudburst, but this is the first time in my life I was ever in a duck shower."

HOW THEY USED COPPER COINS.

"Like many others, I was much interested in that portion of the news gossip reporting the State Hospital fire relating to the finding that nail ringers on the roof strips were of old copper cents of 1856 mintage, the same date of the roof construction," declared Andrew Joyner. "There were two hundred and fifty of them and they were of course properly saved as curious souvenirs of building construction. As such I was much entertained by the news story. A few days later, my altogether delightful young friend, Kenlon Broekwell, an hereditary fireman and namesake of New York City's great fire Chief, Kenlon, brought me one of the copper cent nail ringers, taken from the roof, with the ragged nail hole through the center. The next morning I read in *The News and Observer*, a pean of rejoicing from State Librarian Miss Carry Broughton, over the finding of these copper cent ringers for the reason she stated that her Grandfather, Lougee, was state superintendent of construction of the Hospital, and an oft told incident or tradition of the family was the fact that her grandfather had said the roof strips had copper money nail ringers, and later generations had been incredulous, sometimes courteously calling the statement, 'family myth.'

"This statement made the whole

thing take on new interest, and upon exhibiting my 'copper' to the distinguished granddaughter, I incidentally but intentionally, discovered a beautiful story, an illustration of such rugged and loving regard for absolute fidelity of service to his State, that I would be glad to be one of a thousand to contribute \$10, to erect a monument of appreciation to the memory of that old fashioned exponent of thrift when serving as a public functionary, the thrift being only one of his ideas of doing for the State exactly what he had the habit of doing for himself, in all business affairs. Here is the story, unadorned. It will bear twenty sermons, in this day and age when all over the nation if not the world, trusted public officials, salaried and otherwise, think it nothing wrong to suck the old mother, like a breed of lazy, oversized hound pups, not caring if a drop of milk is left for the sustenance of the fond mother, the tax payers, footing the bill.

"The nails needed ringers to protect the heads, and the iron ones made for that purpose, cost 1 1-2 cents apiece or \$1.50 per hundred. Studying true and not political purpose economy for his State, Mr. Lougee, thought to himself, 'why I can save the State a half cent each on the 250 I will need, by going to the bank and get copper cents, and drive the nail through the soft metal.'

And he went and did it, and saved in every other direction for the State and not alone this \$1.25. I am proud to own this copper, and proud of such a patriot, who made possible a sermon so sadly needed right here, a sermon so sadly needed right here, and right now."

GOV. MAX GARDNER AT GASTONIA.

Delivering the memorial address at Gastonia on Monday, Mr. O. Max Gardner is reported as follows:

He likened the south's construction period to the Egyptian bondage of the children of Isreal, crediting the southern soldier with courage much higher than that of the prisoned Israelites.

"The south's ark of the covenant," said Mr. Gardner, "It's pillar of cloud by day and fire by night is to be something to make something and to do something, and," he continued, "I firmly believe that if the 11 states which seceded had adopted the stars and stripes as the flag of the confederacy they would have won the war." To the children he said, "Never think of yourselves as traitors or rebels. Remember that the right of secession was set forth by the United States government and taught at West Point when Robert E. Lee was a student there."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Mr. Poole has been teaching Room No. 5 during the past week. He will continue to teach this room until the return of Mr. Simpson.

The barn boys have been busy during the past week, doing a great deal of plowing. They have also been planting cotton seed and corn.

Hair cutting day came around last week, and all the boys were glad to have their hair cut. This work was done by Mr. Horton, James Torrence and Harold Beech.

The game at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon was a victory—for the Pythian Team. The Training School lost the game by the play-

ers making some costly errors.

Last Sunday was Mother's Day and all the boys of this institution observed this day by wearing the proper roses. A red one if their mothers are living, and a white one if their mother are dead.

The boys who were visited by their parents and relatives last Wednesday were: Harold Beech, Jack Thompson, Ralph Emlar, James Medaniel, Perry Quinn, James Peeler, Bud Gilbert, Tom Isons, Clarence Davis, James Hunnsucker and Ralph Wright.

Most every afternoon during the last week, Mr. Russell has been tak-

ing the base ball players to the ball ground and giving them practice. The Training School has played three games this season, and have won two of them. This shows what good the practicing will do.

—

Last wednesday afternoon some of the War Mothers came out to the institution. A program was held in the auditorium as follows: Doxology "Praise God From whom all Blessings

Last Wednesday afternoon some of the institution. A program was rendered the auditorium as follows: Doxology "Praise God From whom all Blessings Flow," by the school. The fifteenth Psalm and the Lord's were recited by the boys, led by Zeb Trexler. "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," was the next hymn sung by the school. Mrs. J. P. Cook of the King's Daughters then talked to the War Mothers and the boys. She told the War Mothers when they returned home "to join The King's Daughters' Circle." Our motto is: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minis-

ter." "We will do all we can 'In His Name.'" The War Mothers were asked to speak to the boys. Mrs. Little was the first called to speak to the boys. "I just love boys!" was the first words she said. "Some of you boys in this audience will some day help to make this State worthy." In her talk she told the boys to always be trustworthy and be good. Another War Mother was called and in her talk she said: "Some one of you boys will be the president of the United States." She told the boys how three of her sons had gone to war and one of them never came back. He gave his life for his country. Some day I hope you boys will be a great help to your country." The next hymn sung was: "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The War Mothers then assembled at the "big tree" where ice cream and cake was served to them by the King's Daughters and some of the boys of this institution. The boys assembled on the campus and ice cream and cake was served to them ther. All the boys were glad to have the War Mothers visit them and hope that they will visit us again soon.

NOT ONE, BUT MANY.

The story is told of how Aaron Burr once helped a poor boy. The boy's name was John Vanderlyn, and, when a man, he painted the picture of George Washington in the House of Representatives. His home was in Kingston, New York. He wanted to be an artist, but he had to go to work in a blacksmith shop. One day a stranger, while passing on horseback, noticed a charcoal drawing on a barn door near the shop. He asked who drew it. "I did," said the boy. The stranger then told him to come to New York and call on him. He wrote his name, "Aaron Burr," gave it to the boy, and galloped away. The boy went to New York, and he was helped by Burr to become a famous artist.

This has been called Aaron Burr's good deed. . . But it is a pity that so little can be credited to him. Our aim ought not be to do one good, deed, but to fill the days with acts of kindness.—Exchange.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE

UPLIFT

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VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 22, 1926

No. 25

LIFE.

Let me live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul;
Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.
—Van Dyke.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book;

And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book. Revelation, Chapter 22, verses 18 and 19.

The book referred to above, we take it, is The Bible. A genuine evolutionist would mutilate The Bible, take from or substitute his scientific(?) views where the text did not suit him. What will be his part in the final wind up? At any rate we find a very comforting estimate of The Bible which we re-read in our boyhood's McGuffey's Fifth Reader, and which seems so appropriate for this period.

Looking through this old Reader, we wonder if the substitution of readers, filled with mythological stories and fanciful and even foolish selections, for McGuffey's and other old-time readers that emphasized high character and real truths in their fine and solid selections, has not had something to do with the looseness in morals so prevalent among the young of today.

Elsewhere in this number we have that McGuffey's selection, The author of it was Thomas Smith Grimke, born at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 26, 1786; died near Columbus, Ohio, October 12, 1834. He was a lawyer and a lecturer. Once a member of the South Carolina Senate, and was a pioneer in the temperance reform movement. Grimke's estimate of The Bible is a charming piece of literature, and is worth reading.

* * * * *

LITTLE MISS LOUISE EFIRD.

The little lady whose name heads this was the winner in the Charlotte spelling contest. She is a native of Stanly county, is just thirteen years of age, and is an orphan. Good!

Now, watch editor Huneycutt strut. He's kept busy, week after week, in exploiting something or somebody that is out of the ordinary, or simply extraordinary. For a long time, he labored in putting Morrow Mountain on the map, having at last established the fact that it is the tallest mountain east of the main line of the Southern Railway. His victory is universally conceded in the successful establishment of this claim. Then followed, week after week, other evidences of Stanly's Excelsiors. Last week this Albemarle editor claimed that his county is the birthplace of the biggest man in all history—the Stanly baby finally reaching a weight of over one thousand pounds. The man actually performed this stunt in becoming big, but whether he chose Stanly as his birthplace is not yet established by Editor Huneycutt.

Now, comes Miss Efird, the champion speller. If the News-Herald does not print her picture, and give expression to the belief that Miss Efird can spell down the whole United States, that paper will lose a golden opportunity for boosting the county that has made more progress, IN EVERY WAY, during the past thirty years, than any other North Carolina county. The Uplift is a volunteer witness to this fact.

The prophecy of Col. S. H. Hearne and the late Samuel J. Pemberton, made to us one cold morning in 1891, while awaiting Maek Albright's mixed train from Norwood at the unholy hour of around five o'clock, has become the living truth—Stanly's development is simply marvelous.

* * * * *

\$500 PRIZE IS OFFERED.

Through the generosity of Mr. Joseph H. Separk, of Gastonia, one of the leading textile manufacturers of the South, a cash prize of \$500 for excellence in the editorial or reportorial departments, or both, of North Carolina news-

papers, will be awarded next year, according to announcement just made by President Atkins of the association. Interested in the welfare and upbuilding of his native State in things civic, educational and cultural, as well as material, Mr. Separk believes that the newspapers have a wonderful opportunity, through their editorial and news pages, to aid very materially in bringing about a still better era in the Old North State. To stimulate the editors of the State in their efforts to bring about a more ideal commonwealth he offers the prize. Details as to the definite thing or things for which the award shall be made and the manner of its handling are left to the executive committee. These details will be worked out and definite details put before the association at its annual meeting in Hickory in July. It is the belief of the executive committee that, through the liberality and interest of other North Carolinians, this prize may be established permanently. So far as our information goes, North Carolina's is the first State Press Association in the South to offer a prize of this size.

Mr. Separk is head of the Gray-Separk chain of textile mills in Gaston county, is an alumnus of Duke University and a member of the board of trustees of that institution and a past president of the Gastonia Rotary club. His private library is said to be one of the largest and finest in the entire State.

* * * * *

THE STATE SPELLING BEE.

Saturday evening last, in Charlotte, the State-wide Spelling Bee, sponsored by the Charlotte Observer, was pulled off: There were 30 contestants, from different sections of the state. It was an event of considerable moment. Whether there was an age limit for contestants, it appears that the 13-year old ones figured most conspicuously.

A list of words that occasioned the downfall of the spellers, as appears in the story copied from the Observer, seemed to have been among the most commonly used words and simple. We confess to a slight disappointment in that the editor of The Observer has not made a comment running something like this: Had the contestants been trained in the use of Webster's Blue Back, it would have required a week to end that contest. That's the way we feel about it even at this distance. We once knew two spellers—devotees of Webster's Blue Back—who stood up for three hours in a contest. All the words were taken from the blue back and they were exhausted before the boy and the girl had been disposed of. The boy is now a prominent business

man of King's Mountain; and the girl, growing up into beautiful womanhood, became the wife of a prominent North Carolina minister. She has since departed this life. They were "some" spellers.

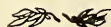
That Spelling Bee was worth more to Charlotte, not materially and commercially, than the Speedway races. It amounted to something of value—just what real, lasting benefit is the speedway is yet to be proclaimed.

* * * * *

The State Association of Building and Loan is scheduled to meet in Concord for three days, beginning with June 22. This association is coming to a point that is almost the birthplace of the splendid idea— at anyrate, it will find here a most prosperous town, a fine hotel, biggest towel factory in the world, the most modern Training School for boys in the United States, beautiful women, good water, plenty of rations, and three successful B & L's that that can't be beat in the state.

* * * * *

She died the other day. She was a school teacher in Philadelphia. She is said to have been the model whose profile was used to adorn the silver dollar. It has been so long since an opportunity was at hand to look upon the lady, we are in doubt whether she was good looking or not.



BY THE WAY—

By Jim Reddick.

WHAT WOMEN COULD DO.

Asked about her husband, how he is getting on in this world, a wife replied "as well as common; I can't live without him, and sometimes I feel that I can't live with him." That was a comment occasioned by a mercurial temperament. Probably that confused feeling may enter into more lives than appears on the surface.

But what would a community be without the refining influences of woman—chaos in society would reign supreme, and men would rapidly devolute, which is the opposite of evolution. Lots of devolution scattered about amongst alleged scientists.

In many a critical moment woman has saved the day. That's her business with all her graces, refinement and her intuition, a something that does not particularly belong to man. I would rather act by the advice of an unspoilt woman who draws on her intuition than on the matured judgment of many men. I wonder, therefore, that woman has not sized up a situation that confronts the business, manufacturing and agricultural world, and proceeded determinedly, if not impulsively, to right things.

If everybody in the United States were to cut out all kinds of meat for just one day, what would be the

much of it in overhead expense, salesmen costs and profits, would disappear in twenty-four hours.

Here's an opportunity for women to show their power and influence—it would, in the end, swell their own purses, put new furniture into their homes, enable them to buy good books, to serve their fellowmen more acceptably and successfully. In short, it would make the designers of fashion pause; put the commercial world to hard thinking; and make millions of hard-working people genuinely happy.

Were the women, as if a unit, to decide that for thirty days that not a stitch of clothing or personal wear should grace their bodies other than that manufactured out of cotton—underwear, outside wear, stockings splint bonnets etc., etc., etc. (one is not expected to know the technical names of all female apparel)—what do you think would be the effect? Or to assume a compromise and trading attitude with the dear things, I would be willing to limit this experiment for thirty days alone to the stockings and the addition of an inch or even a half inch to the skirts, provided they be entirely of cotton.

Have you counted the effect? It would make every cotton mill in the South run continuously day and night to meet their orders; it would cause a distressed call to go out for additional labor, putting idlers out of

commission; it would increase the purchasing power of thousands of operatives; it would decrease crime; it would help the banks; it would put notions into the heads of hundreds and thousands to build their own castles; and the cotton farmer would get adequate prices for his cotton; and, finally, at the end of the thirty days the whole South would be the most prosperous and richest section in Christendom.

Who will undertake to organize the women on a cotton basis? I am no organizer, I'm just the suggester.

The women need not hesitate. Clad

in cotton fabrics, out and out, tastily made up, will serve you, as did a confession of a brilliant North Carolina woman set forth a fact when she declared "that a little bit of powder and paint will make you look like what you aint."

The prettiest picture I ever saw was a sixteen year old black-eyed girl dressed in a calico frock, the goods of which were made at the old Odell Mill; and wearing a splint bonnet, made of Cannon Cloth and the same lined with red calico. It just won't fade—that picture won't.

MADE THE CHOICE.

The story is told of a Persian monarch who had three sons. This father possessed a costly jewel which was to be given to the noblest of the three young princes. Calling them to him he asked each to tell what he considered was the noblest deed he had ever done. The eldest said, "I have been carrying priceless jewels for a merchant. I might easily have taken one. No one would have missed it, but I delivered them all safely." The father shook his head as he said, "To be sure you have done well, but to be honest is to do one's duty."

"I plunged into the water and saved a drowning child," said the second son proudly. "You, too, have done your duty," said the father, "but you could hardly have done otherwise without shame."

And then spoke the youngest son, "Near the edge of a precipice I saw a man who had wronged me lying asleep. I did not want to touch him, but I knew it was only right for me to waken him and warn him of his danger, and I did." "Son, I am proud of you," said the father, "this costly pearl is yours. It is truly noble to do good to those who have wronged us without hope of favor or reward."

AS FLORIDA SEES US.

What another great state, the development of which has amazed the world, thinks of North Carolina, is shown in the following from the Palm Beach, Fla., Times:

In all the splendid renaissance of the South today there are two southern states which stand forth as the first and foremost flowers of this rebirth. And in the case of each of them the secret of their mighty success is the coupling of good government and good roads and good people with natural blessings of climate and resource.

This is the tie that binds Florida and North Carolina today in mutual help and admiration and understanding. Floridians have been told of many beautiful places to spend the summer but the great majority of those who are persuaded to spend it anywhere else than in their own comfortable summer climate are apparently resolved upon North Carolina.

North Carolina today is experiencing a development and an increase in population and values which, in many respects, compares to that of Florida. This development is in some measure the reflection of Florida's own vast

progress but it could not have occurred without much to offer on its own part. There are, of course, other summer lands of charm and beauty but none so accessible to the people of the South or to the prosperity which has recently come to those people. But North Carolina is more than this. It is already one of the first agricultural and industrial states in the Union. Its manufactures of furniture rank second only to those of Michigan; its tobacco growth is the greatest in America; its cotton mills rival in size and number those of Massachusetts; its mineral resources, timber, and water-power are assets of untold value. And it has established for itself an integrity of government, an educational system, and a network of highways which have secured and enlarged all of its national blessings.

But, what is most important of all, North Carolina has people. People of refinement, of public spirit, of kindness, of perseverance, and dauntless ability. In these people all of the graces and background of the old South are linked with all the promise and vitality of the new.

BIG BUSINESS.

(Salisbury Post).

Salisbury is the home of the largest freight station in the South. The station employs approximately 60 clerks and 300 laborers. The payroll is nearly one-half million dollars per year. An insurance value of the contents passing through the station of three-fourths of a million dollars per day is carried. But this does not represent the actual cash value of the daily movements passing through this mammoth station. The station has a capacity of 256 cars at one setting while the fixed daily distribution is 176 direct cars.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

When you hear a man bragging about being boss at his own home, you can set it down, that his wife is off on a vacation.

Have you ever noticed how easy it is to accept another man's opinions, on whatever subject he may express himself, when you are about to ask a favor of him?

So many of us lay the sweet unction to our souls in the thought that we are good because we pretend to be shocked at the sins of others. It is a moral camouflage.

It is my cool, calm and deliberate observation, covering a period that runneth back beyond the memory of the younger set of these days, that what people don't know won't hurt them unless they tell it.

It is a palpable fact, beyond successful contradiction, there are a great number of people, living, moving, and having their being in these days of multitudinous opinions who think they are wise old owls just because they are always hooting at something. They are howls instead of owls.

I observe, in reading after Stevenson, that in his writings about Whitman, he made this comment: "No one can appreciate Whitman's excellence until he has grown accustomed to his faults." Bigness looms and stands out, clear cut and striking, only when it is supported

by a background. The sun is most magnificent at the ebb of day, when its colorings play among masses of clouds. Grover Cleveland, on being elected to the presidency of the United States, longed for a living mother to whom he might write and unburden the thoughts of his oncom responsibilities. Who would not say that he was then bigger than any of his faults? When we begin to understand people, we can forget that they have any faults at all. For the fact remains that none of us are perfect—or ever will be on this earth. If we would be most happy, let us try to overcome our own faults, and do our best to overlook the errors of others. Then we will begin to appreciate those to whom we are attracted most. Our faults are legion. We walk among them as in a thicket. But if we are strong in heart, tolerant in mind—and silent in most of our comments—we are bound to grow inwardly and as time goes on, present a fine spectacle of character to the world.

We are told that a people who hath no vision perish. But there are visions innumerable in these days. Most everyody is seeing visions. The Apostle Paul saw a vision, but few see such as he did—but they see them. We have evidences on record that men have heard voices, and seen visions, that have changed their whole life. Moses was a man of not much popularity until he saw a bush burning with supernatural fire and heard the voice

of God ordering him to lead the people of Israel out of Egypt into freedom. He obeyed the voice and became a great historical leader. Socrates had a voice (his demon, he called it) which never spoke to him except to tell him not to do a thing. When the time came for him to die through the sentence laid on him by Athens, he asked the voice whether he should accept the death-sentence; for it was in his power to escape. The voice did not speak; he went to his death. Joan of Arc saw angels that spoke to her and told her to set France free of the English. She accomplished the task. Victor Hugo, when he was in exile, heard a voice which commanded him to devote the rest of his life to creating art for the people. He obeyed and wrote such books as *Les Misérables* and the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Napoleon felt it that he was a "man of Destiny;" that is, that he would conquer willy-nilly, and that no bullet could stop his career. He went into the thick of the fighting as a young man and never had a scratch. Many soldiers, in all of the wars, had the same sense of security; of protection. In the days of ancient Greece and Rome it was believed that in a war a god or goddess would protect a favorite. Who can dispute that these things are not so? The Scriptures tell us that we are "encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses."

I am writing under a handicap this week, as it were; but literally speaking it is not a cap, but a new straw hat that has not yet got-

ten the exact shape of my head. I have tried my best to formulate some light, airy, humorous and pleasing ideas and shape them up on paper, but like the housewife's dough that will not rise I'm making a failure on my loaves. Haven't been able to hit my funny bone for a single bit of fun, although I have repeatedly struck my elbows, first one and then the other, against a street lamp post thinking I might be electrified thereby; and performing the same operation against the corner of Fidelity bank, under the impression that there was some "cents" in the building if there was no humorous sense in me. But it did not work worth a cent. I have tried every way I could think of to woo, humor, but it wo'nt come and this funny bone business is a will o' the wisp—except when, by accident, without premeditation aforethought, you strike your elbow unawares. I had too much aforethought. Speaking of funny bone, I haven't butted my head against anything hard, however, except the idea to get hold of something humorous. And there was no sense in doing that; it might crush a perfectly good straw hat.

There was hard luck in granddad's day—to get a hair cut just before an Indian Massacre. This hard luck seems to have returned in these latter days, in that it is hard luck when you do not get a "hair cut, shave and shoe shine" before the barber shop crowds up with ladies and girls to get their bobs. There is no place in the world more conducive to the exercise of pa-

tience than a barber shop these days—except being in a hurry and waiting for a belated train, or bus.

I am so delighted over the many expressions of appreciation I have heard recently over the pleasure these Ramblings are giving many people that I am shaking hands with myself, and patting myself on the back; and my face looks like a pumpkin with a slice cut out, the smile is so broad. So many ladies have said to me personally right before my face, that they “do so enjoy your Rambling Around.” When you please the women, you are doing something worth while. One man said, “I certainly read your squibs with pleasure.” I had an idea that some of them were somewhat lampoonish, but never heard them given that name before. Live and learn. Another man, shook my hand cordially, and in all earnestness remarked: “When I get hold of your ‘Rumblings’ I read every word, and enjoy them.” Numbers have told me that “Rambling Around” is “the first thing I look for in the paper.” This is a compliment, with all the others, I appreciate. Am so glad I am giving some hearts pleasure. It is an enjoyable recompense for all the trouble in my weekly rambling remarks. Enjoy

them to your heart’s content.

A man from Charlotte, in New York city, recently, casually met a man from Australia, and they fell into a conversation. Among other things the Charlotte man asked the Australian man what impressed him most in this country. The latter was quick to say, “What impressed me most was that the smaller cities are building such fine hotels, for instance, the Washington Duke, in Durham; and the good roads in the South, especially in North Carolina... A Charlotte man—these Charlotteans are such stricklers for Charlotte—tells this with extreme delight. Brotherly and cityly liberal, isn’t he?”

This sounds like one of the relics from Noah’s ark, but it is told me by a reliable newspaper reporter, as coming from the man himself, and I violate no confidence in relating it. A man from the country came into town and stopped at one of our six hotels. This is what he told on himself: “I had a time last night putting out the light in my room. I like to have blowed my head off trying to blow the darned thing out. But I just took and cut that little string, and you bet the light did not bother me any more.”

Egypt remains the land of mystery. Alongside the riddle of the Sphinx put the refusal to let John D. Jr., shove 10 million dollars under the door.—Manchester Union.

THE STATE SPELLING BEE.

(Charlotte Observer).

Louise Eford, of Albemarle, representing Stanly county, was last night victorious over 30 other contestants in The Charlotte Observer's spelling bee at the city auditorium and was acclaimed state champion.

She won the match from Charles B. Griffin, representing Bertie county, when she correctly spelled the word "crystallize."

Miss Eford, who is 13 years of age and who is in the eighth grade in the Albemarle high school, will be given a trip to Washington where she will compete with the state champions from the other states of the union as North Carolina's representative.

In addition to this she was awarded a \$100 prize.

Charles Griffin was presented with \$50 as runner-up and Ruth Cobb, of Polk county, was awarded \$25 for taking third place.

1,000 In Attendance.

Last night's contest was heard by more than 1,000 people, who sat through the three hours and displayed a lively interest in the entire procedure.

Men and women from the far eastern counties had come to hear their candidates for the honor of state champion speller. Some had made the journey from the mountain counties while others had motored from the nearby cities to hear their favorites.

The three winners were from widely scattered sections of the state. First prize went to a piedmont county girl. Second prize was awarded to a boy

bailing from the flat, sandy reaches of the coastal plain. The third prize was taken by a girl living in the mountains of the west.

Smallest Girl Favorite.

Most popular of any of the contestants with the audience was a midget of a girl, Mary Washington, from Granville county, the smallest of the crowd. She was ten but looked hardly over seven or eight. When she sat down, fourth from the last on the word "continuously" she was accorded an ovation, the like of which was not given any other boy or girl in the contest, not even the winners.

Louise Eford, best based in words of the 31 erudite children assembled on the auditorium stage last night, is an orphan. Both her father and mother died, she said after the contest, when she was very young. She now lives with her grandfather, J. W. Eford.

Winner Is Thrilled.

Never before, she says, has she been as far north as Washington and she is "thrilled" at the prospect. One of her aunts, with whom she came to Charlotte last night, will accompany her on the trip in the capacity of chaperon.

When she finished the match, she was tearful but made no demonstration.

Charles Griffin lives in Woodville, is also in the eighth grade and is 13 years of age. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Griffin.

The chivalry of the east was shown when he gallantly said, during an argument between the judges about

whether Louise Eford had actually won the prize, that he would rather have the girl "go ahead and take the trip."

He has already decided to go to State college and will study chemistry.

Municipal Band Plays.

The program last night was begun with selections by the community band under the direction of Prof. Leopold Steinert. At the conclusion of the music the first of the twenty-minute periods of spelling were held, during which time only one of the contestants was stumped. A second twenty minutes saw thirteen still standing and the last period lasted way into a half hour.

The first girl to sit down was Fannie Whitlow, of Iredell, but confusion as to whether or not she had actually missed the word caused her to be brought back. Roy Watkins, of Forest City, representing Rutherford county sat down next on "quotations."

The following was the order in which the contestants misspelled words and the words they were unable to spell:

Elizabeth Jackson, of Perquimans county, on "assure." Frances McDowell, of Edgecombe county, on "renewal." Billie Sloan, of Macon county, on "capacity." Lena Ray, of Robeson county, on "alfalfa." Augusta Katz, of Burke, on "excellent." Stella Keekie, of Caldwell, on "succeed." Dora Reece, of Gaston, on "association."

Josephine Deal, of Catawba, on "correspond." Edith Robbins, of Avery, on "advisable." Halbert Cochran, of Surry, and Audry James, of Scotland, both sat down on the

word "assessment." Jean Cromartie, of Bladen, on "quantities." Leona Johnson, of Anson, on "client." Fannie Whitlowe, of Iredell, on "courteous." Sarah Hurwitz, of Moore, on "equipped." Mattie Parson, of Wilkes, on "candidacy." Edward Todd, of Rowan, on "zephyr."

The last thirteen, standing at the conclusion of the second period, sat down in the order as follows:

Alice Armfield, of Cabarrus, on "persuade." Lorena Rutledge, of Davie, on "mottoes." Agnes Harrill, of Cleveland, on "metropolis." Allan McLean, of Charlotte, on "rummage." Effie Baker, of Union, on "counseled." Rosanelle Cash, of Forsythe, on "ethereal." Mary Alice Long, of Mecklenburg, on "susceptability." Perry Parks, of Richmond, on "abhor." Mary Washington, of Granville, on "continuously." Ruth Cobb, of Polk, on "stupefied." Chas. B. Griffin, of Bertie, on "crystallize."

Mr. Lucas read a telegram from Governor McLean, the text of which was as follows:

Wire From Governor.

"I am genuinely interested in your spelling bee finals to take place Saturday. I have been watching the county contest very closely and the assembling of the county winners to enter the contest for the state championship is an event of prime importance to all of us who have been watching the program up to today. I believe the spelling bee which you have conducted will result in the revival of better spelling methods. Please extend to the contestants my salutations.

(Signed) Angus W. McLean, governor.

The contestants in the spelling bee

last night were at first obviously nervous, spelling their words so indistinctly that not only the audience but also the judges had trouble in hearing what was being said. As time wore on, the "spellers gradually became more at ease until the very last when the signs of nervousness were again exhibited.

The contest was presided over by John Paul Lucas. R. E. Sentell, county superintendent of Edgecombe county, and A. M. Elliot, principal of Alexander Graham Junior high school here, were the official pronouncers. The bee was under the management of Miss Cora A. Harris.

Mr. Sentell, in a brief talk, congratulated The Observer on the contest, declaring that the paper had stimulated interest in one of the fundamentals of learning.

Features.

During intermissions, Miss Alice Morris Whitfield gave an exhibition dance and the Central High school glee club sang. A fashion show with a number of Alexander Graham High schools girls as models, was given as an extra number.

Among the people in the audience was J. W. Mansfield, of Danville, an employe of the Southern railway, who declared that he had read every word about the spelling bee from its beginning and had arranged to come to the city last night to hear the boys and girls.

Judges last night were Mayor Ab-ernethy, Miss Julia Alexander, Mrs. J. A. Parham, Mrs. I. W. Faison, Herbert Spaugh. Miss Susan Stephens, a member of Alexander Graham school faculty, was secretary.

Did you ever hear of a poor shoemaker who wished very much that the Christ would visit him? He made his little shop neat and clean, and waited day after day for the wonderful visitor. A tiny little girl, cold and hungry, stopped, and the cobbler gave her a glass of warm milk and some food. Another time an old, old woman stopped to rest as she was carrying a great bundle of wood to her home, and the old cobbler took the wood from her, and after giving her food, carried it the rest of the way. A beggar was passing in the driving rain and the old cobbler called him in and gave him shoes for his bruised feet.

At night as the cobbler was going to bed he was sad, for the Guest he so longed for had not come. And then he heard a voice which said,

“Three times I came to your friendly door,
 Three times my shadow was on your floor;
 I was the beggar with bruised feet,
 I was the woman you gave to eat,
 I was the child on the friendless street.”

THE PARK PROJECT.

(R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.)

It will no doubt be a matter of general regret in the state if the national park proposition should fail. Not so many of us outside contiguous territory have become sufficiently enthused to put up money for the park, but on the whole we would consider it a state asset and would be disappointed if the project doesn't succeed. But the story from Washington that persons who own land within the park boundary want to know how they stand isn't surprising, nor is their attitude worthy of condemnation less it appear that there is a hold-up game afoot or that sheer obstinacy will prevail over patriotism. All of us think we are patriots, and most of us are in a way, when it doesn't cost too much. But mountain land is land these days, and it is more than land if it is timbered. It would distress those of us who haven't anything to lose, or who may perchance stand to gain if the park is established, if some grasping individual would try to profiteer, or to hold his land for private purposes rather than make some sacrifice for the general good. But of course it is easy to tell the other

fellow how to be patriotic at his own expense. Therefore if some of the landowners in the national park boundary are simply trying to ascertain just what is to happen to them they are hardly due criticism. If their reasons appear unworthy later on, that is another matter.

Financing the park project has come hard. It has been almost impossible to arouse enthusiasm outside the mountain territory that would produce. Most of us have good wishes, and let it go at that. Representative Weaver and others have given assurance at Washington that the next legislature will make up any financial deficiency. It has been apparent that the legislature will be asked for funds for the park, and an appropriation will doubtless be made. Certainly the state has given objects less deserving of public funds. But when the composition of the next assembly and the prevailing atmosphere at the next sitting are a guess, a promise as to legislative action is based on the idea that conditions will be as they have been when it is believed the thing promised would have been granted.

In looking over a photo of those in control in Italy it is no longer necessary to read from left to right.—Detroit News.

A GREAT EVENT HAPPENS.

(Asheville Citizen)

North Carolina's dream has come true—a great national park is a certainty. With the passage of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park measure by Congress, and its approval by President Coolidge assured, the wonderful 150,000-acre area in the mighty mountains will in a comparatively brief time become a nation's playground.

What we have so long been hoping for and earnestly working for despite a horde of difficulties has practically come to be, and yet, thanks to a fine management of which we will speak at another time, so easily did it come at the finale that we scarce realize its actuality. We are dazed with victory and we must remind ourselves of what a tremendous asset the park will be to State and section in order to make us cheer and throw up our collective hat.

We have acquired a gold mine—an inexhaustible gold mine in this park. It will draw visitors here by the thousands annually when it is made accessible by roads, and untold thousands when its high masses are crested and ribboned by boulevards giving access to cloudland peaks with verdant valleys, where crystal waters cascade against great boulders and meander in ferny, tree-canopied dells. Every delighted visitor will make the park, and so North Carolina, this section in particular, known to many others—it will be an endless chain advertising we will have without cost.

Why, the very passage of the measure has given us a wealth of the best publicity. It was told by all

the 1,200 Associated Press papers alone, as well as others. All magazines of general nature and most of the others will have stories of the new park the United States is to have. We have already benefited.

The mere passage is a boom argument for Western North Carolina. If land was listed like stocks are in the exchanges prices would leap forward with the flash of Congressional action. And they should—land here is now more valuable. The President's approval is to this section the equivalent of the location of a great industrial plant in a small town.

There are some matters to be accomplished ere the park becomes an actuality but they are relatively minor. Opposition has ceased—the park plan is now universally accepted. The Legislature when it meets in January will cheerfully rush through legislation necessary to cede title to the government, and acquirement of land by purchase or condemnation promises no particular difficulties.

Behold the park which had its origin in a movement started in Asheville in 1900 when the Southern Appalachian Park Association was formed. It was that movement which brought about the Weeks Law and National Forests. A lion's share of credit goes to Dr. Chase P. Ambler for initiative and diligent effort, and, were he living, to George S. Powell, who sometimes almost single-handed persisted in park promotion. Of those who took up the work and finished it we must speak later.

THE BIBLE, THE BEST OF CLASSICS.

There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophesy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels, yea, even of "God, manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever."

If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover, that it came from heaven, in vision and prophesy, under the sanction of Him, who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom.

If we inquire, who are the men, that have recorded its truths, vindi-

cated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer: the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr.

If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, of injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth.

And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect, from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraph, from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

Such is the best of classics the world has even admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

The friends thou hast and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.—Shakespeare.

MR. REDFIELD STAYS AT HOME.

(Asheville Citizen)

The Honorable William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce in the Wilson Cabinet and one of the country's most successful business men, has given up going to the theater. And for a good reason. "It has been so often more comfortable," he told a New York American reporter the other day, "for Mrs. Redfield and myself to get up and leave a theater than to stay for the rot they tried to serve us, that we do not go much any more."

Mr. Redfield's disgust with the theatrical offerings of Broadway is interesting to people far beyond the environs of New York City. Unless we are sadly mistaken Broadway's devotion to the off-color production is largely responsible for the tremendous reduction in numbers of the road companies. Mr. Redfield refers to this when he points out that the off-color shows on Broadway are attended largely by the country "cut-ups" who, being away from the restraints of home, go to them to gratify their baser instincts. "But," he says, "they don't go to these shows when the shows come to their home towns."

That's the point exactly. A national drama can not be built up by ca-

tering to the base and hidden side of human nature. A theater that can not attract decent people, and people who pretend to be decent, in their home towns is too rotten at the core to thrive long anywhere or to thrive at all among the people generally. If every theater in New York presenting off-color shows, says Mr. Redfield, were crowded to capacity every night, its audiences would represent only a very small fraction of our hundred million people.

So it is that, for the enrichment of a few conscienceless producers on Broadway, the nation is denied an uplifting and artistic theater. The people, says the former member of the Cabinet, are turning more and more to the movie and to vaudeville. There are, however, some good plays presented. There are producers who care for artistic work as well as for money. We have seen such shows in Asheville during the past season and have patronized them liberally. Asheville, like every other American town, will support good and wholesome plays. Asheville proves the statement of "Roxie" that the American public always responds to the finest in art in the theater.

Scientist says we retain the same brain cells we had in infancy. That explains a good deal.—Winston-Salem Journal.

GROWING OUR STRAWBERRIES.

By Earle W. Gage.

The strawberry plant is the most profitable and prolific member of the American garden family. Not only does it produce golden profits to the more than 325,000 growers who specialize in its culture, producing 250,000,000 quarts of commercial berries each year, worth more than \$50,000,000, but it also provides American consumers with one of the most delicious dishes, healthful and tasty, served on our modern menu.

So popular has become the strawberry that it has been necessary for the past decade to add more than 5,000 acres a year to the plantations in order to meet the normal increased demand for berries, and each succeeding year finds the supply far behind the demand. It seems that there is never an excess of luscious, red, juicy strawberries to glut the market, and only in very rare cases do city consumers find the market flooded.

More strawberries are grown and marketed in the United States each year than all other berries combined, which is testimony to the large place the strawberry plant occupies in the modern scheme of affairs. Although the plant breeder has contributed different varieties which provide consumers with ripe fruit throughout the year, the bulk of the crop moves to market during the spring and summer months. Then mile-long express trains of high-grade strawberries leave the principal berry-growing sections, moving toward consuming centers throughout the land.

The story of the origin and evolution of the garden strawberry forms

a romantic chapter in the history of economic plants of interest to every grower and consumer. Although wild strawberries have been growing for centuries, it is only within the past 250 years that man has transplanted these into his garden, resulting in larger, more luscious fruit. For generations botanists passed the garden strawberry and left it without even a name, while horticulturists contented themselves with giving the plant its generic name, *Fragaria*.

The plant is a native of the north temperate zone, and the father of the modern berry has been traced to the mountain slopes of the Andes region, in Chile. Botanists described some 130 different species, which are considered as members of a dozen different species, which are again reduced to only two or three. The number of hybrids—crosses and varieties—is enormous and actively changing annually, as new varieties are introduced into cultivation and inferior ones are discarded. In the United States alone there are some 1,500 varieties offered for sale each year, and half that number are tested in a single season at some of our experiment stations.

Spanish explorers introduced the first strawberries into Europe about 1710, but these attracted little attention for several years, when another berry, having a pleasant, pineapple-like aroma, found its way into Europe under the name of Pineapple Strawberry. This strain produced cultural varieties rapidly and soon gained a wide distribution, gradually replac-

ing those kinds cultivated which had come from the scarlet class of America, the parents of which were the ever-bearing type, which is a native of Europe.

During early Colonial days the wild strawberries of the field were abundant and furnished a high-prized article of diet. The plants were transplanted to the home gardens and produced fruit of increased size, but only a few commercial varieties resulted, for the plant breeding art was as yet unknown.

The first successful American variety, the Hovey seedling, was introduced in 1834, up to which time the European varieties had been cultivated mostly in our gardens. But not until 1854, when the Wilson berry was introduced, did strawberry growing gain a footing upon a commercial scale. This firm-fleshed, large-berried variety quickly proved itself adaptable to a great variety of soils throughout the whole country, and its wonderful productivity led to its extensive planting. The growth of the industry has been so rapid and has reached such proportions that mere strawberries are now shipped into New York City in a single day, during the height of the season, than were produced on all the American plantations previous to 1840.

To day the garden strawberry is an essentially American product, for it has been so transformed in the various stages of plant breeding, by the leaders of that art, that it stands out distinctive compared with the wild plants introduced from abroad. It adapts itself to a wider range of latitude and to greater extremes in environment than any other cultivated fruit. It is successfully culti-

vated all the way from near the tropics to the very edge of the Arctic snows, and is universally liked and is cosmopolitan in its adaptations.

Starting in Florida and the Mississippi Delta, during February or earlier, the strawberry season travels northward to Canada, where it closes in July and August. And during the season, which lasts usually from two to three weeks in a given locality, there are often trainloads of berries sent to market each day. In many of the more important commercial-growing sections, such as the coastal plain of North Carolina, the Chesapeake Peninsula and western New York, the rate often reaches a carload a day for each mile of railroad through the shipping district. "Berry towns" are scattered all over the land, from California to Arkansas, the Ozark, Mo., section now being rated as one of the most prolific strawberry sections on the map. Eastward to the Atlantic we find great plantations, or communities where growers devote from one to 100 acres to this crop.

With the passing of the last snows of spring, metropolitan consumers, in the quiet residential districts, hear echoing the shouts of the street hucksters, eager and willing to sell "Strad-d-'-reez." Thrifty housewives may purchase by windowsill negotiations, secure in the knowledge that the berries are good. They are good, because the large consuming centers gobble up the best of the early strawberry crop.

Hucksters load their wagons and trucks at the docks, where shipments from the South find their journey's end. Thousands of crates of perfect berries are disposed of here each day.

But strawberries have much more of a background than a train, a dock and a huckster or a store. Like the little boy who thought that milk came out of a bottle, there are yet some city consumers who would tell us that strawberries come out of a basket!

More than 100,000 quarts of strawberries are grown, picked, packed and shipped from one farm in Princess Anne County, Virginia. The crates are loaded into refrigerator cars on a siding at a station marked "Lands, Va.," a dozen miles out from Norfolk. Other farms in the immediate neighborhood ship through Norfolk, but the Lands crop goes straight through to the big markets.

This large crop of berries is produced in two fields, amounting to more than 35 acres of ground. It is all flat land, so that the visitor can "see as far as he can look." Where the berry rows stop dense woods start, and woe unto the little colored boy who wanders over into the forest for the chiggers and ticks are already out in full force.

In these times of good roads and throbbing motors of automobiles, the farmer no longer is forced to rely entirely on the colored people of his own neighborhood for help to handle his berry crop, but he now imports helpers from the city. A strawberry field has a short life, if a merry one; and unless the crop is gathered quickly the owner will lose money on his investment.

On this large Virginia plantation you may find more than 150 hands at work each day during the strawberry season, picking the two fields alternately, rain or shine. Each morning two large motor trucks go

to town and gather up the negro help, who collect at a stated corner. At 6:30 or 7 o'clock it is not an unusual sight to pass half a dozen such trucks carrying pickers to the fields. In the clear morning sunlight they seem gay and happy as if going to a picnic.

Picking strawberries is one of the favorite forms of toil, much to be preferred to domestic or industrial service. Years ago, before the plan of having a group of city hands was organized, the wagons would drive through the residential districts of the city, calling for pickers to join the merry throng; and the older people will tell with a laugh of having a cook walk right out without a moments warning, leaving waffles in the iron to their fate. Although many servants now ask for three weeks off "to go in the berry fields," one is seldom left high and dry without aid. It is now organized, this business of assembling the help.

Aside from the delight of toiling in the open, after months in the town or city, the job of picking red berries is most profitable. Wages are much more than they used to be, just as prices for berries have traveled up the price ladder, and the picker receives three cents a quart. A good picker is able to make more than \$5 a day, checking in as many as 200 quarts. While the season is brief, three weeks to a month at the most, prosperity reigns supreme in the colored quarters of the "berry towns." The mid-day meal is a happy hour to the help, and everybody seems delighted with the way of the world is treating them. The big boss provides plenty of cornbread, cabbage, pigsfeet and hogshead. Not only is

the commissary free, but there is a truck fitted up like a country store where the help may purchase any supplies they may want.

Near at hand we find another truck used as a sort of day nursery. Here children too little to help in the fields are parked, off the ground and out of harm's reach. Like all negroes, they are quiet and good, playing contentedly with one another, and immediately diverted at having their pictures "took."

When the berries are brought into the packing shed they are checked in and the pickers receive a little card indicating what money is due them for their work. The berries are shaken down and packed carefully, thirty-two quarts to the crate. In the afternoon the crates are carefully loaded upon the trucks and hauled to the station, where the loading of the railroad cars is done. Each car holds between 200 and 300 crates.

New York, Boston and Philadelphia are the chief markets for Tidewater Virginia's strawberry crop. Pittsburgh is the extreme western limit for shipments. Handling strawberries runs on a schedule of operations like a summer thunder shower. All was serene, not a strawberry in sight, until April 27, then in two days 57 crates went out of Norfolk, and the remainder of the waning month saw more than 35,000 crates shipped. The big storm broke after May 1, and all those concerned are busy working fast and furiously to get the crop to market before the prices go to pieces.

Unless the strawberry crop returns the grower at least 12 cents a quart, they are not worth handling these days. When prices go below that

point, the "juice man" has his day. This is the title given to the buyer of the conserving factories.

In value, the strawberry crop in the United States is surpassed among fruits only by the apple, peach and grape, and is a far more dependable crop to grow, year in and year out, than any of these. The average value of the crop, according to the last census report, was \$125 per acre, as compared with an average value of \$15 per acre for wheat and corn crops. This explains, linked with its popularity, why the strawberry is the bumper crop produced among small fruits cultivated in America.

In years pasts the strawberry was grown only in the home garden and by gardeners located within a few miles of the market. The fruit was consumed during a very short season, the average length being about three weeks. Since about 1860 the period of its consumption has been greatly extended, and now in the large city markets strawberries can be obtained throughout the year.

With the growth of the strawberry industry in so many different regions and under such different conditions, cultural methods particularly adapted to the local requirements in each region have been developed. In arid regions strawberries must be irrigated and all cultured methods adapted to irrigation conditions. In Florida, the climate makes it necessary to adopt special cultural practices not required elsewhere. There plants must be set in late summer and early autumn in order to secure fruit at the season of highest prices, the late winter and earliest spring.

In all regions it is necessary that the grower select varieties which

will ripen at times when the market is in the best condition and when there is the least competition from other berry-growing districts. Thus in Florida, strawberries ripen and are shipped to northern markets from the first of December until the last of March, or into April. As the season advances localities to the north and nearer to the large consuming centers supply the markets, until in June the territory around Philadelphia, New York and Boston supplies the same market which was supplied in March largely by Florida.

The contribution of the Ozark strawberry fields to the American "short cake" is very large. Inconspicuous railroad sidings, boasting perhaps a single store, ship from 40 to 50 carloads of berries a season, while the larger centers send from 20 to 30 carloads a day throughout the season. Of the thousands of acres devoted to the crop, practically all are in tracts of less than 10 acres. It has been found that best results are obtained from intensive rather than extensive cultivation. Largest yields are found on land that has recently been cleared of timber growth, and into which the leaf mold has been worked. The more stones the better, for Ozark farms are noted for their rocks and these not only hold the moisture in the soil but also draw the rays of the sun, making the fruit more sweet.

Most of the berries produced in the Ozark region are of the Aroma variety, which ripens within a period of two to three weeks. Within recent years the "everbearing strawberry" has made its appearance. Not only does this variety yield a normal crop in the spring, but also bears

throughout the summer and then, as a final blessing, produces another crop in the fall.

This useful variety was produced by crossing the standard variety with the Alpine strawberry, introduced from Switzerland, and which bears berries throughout the year. The autumn crop brings the Ozark grower an out-of-the-season price, while the crop harvested for several months gives him an income over a longer period than when he picked and shipped only for a few days. Blossoms, green fruit and ripe berries may be seen on the vines at any time until they have been killed by fall frosts.

Moisture, fed to the growing plants and maturing berries, is one of the first essentials. In event the crop faces a long dry season, this may mean the loss of thousands of quarts of berries to each acre devoted to strawberries, or a loss of several hundred dollars per acre to the grower. By use of the overhead irrigation system several eastern growers have been able to harvest as high as 8,000 quarts to the acre, as compared with 2,500 or 3,000 considered a bumper yield where nature is unaided.

The overhead irrigation system may be installed at a cost of from \$100 to \$300 per acre, and with berries selling at twenty cents per quart, as these growers sell them, the 5,000 extra quarts mean an increased income of \$1,000 per acre in favor of irrigation. The water is turned on after the sun has fallen, so that there will be no damage from burning the plants and is sprinkled over the plants much as would be a moderate rainfall. This freshens up the plants, allowing them

to better fill out the berries, and warm weather seasons, and for this makes the crop of a much better reason more, and more growers in grade. Berries from irrigated fields the eastern districts have adopted bring the top prices during excessive this system.

THE BLOTTED PAGE.

By Douglas Malloch.

I saw a verse in Shelley's hand,
 Yes, written by that lovely youth.
 And ev'ry liltin'g measure scanned,
 With every word a word of truth;
 And yet I noticed, when he took
 The pen at first, his fingers shook,
 And, at the very top, I think,
 I found a blot, a blot of ink.

Well, some might look upon a blot,
 And sigh, and throw the page away,
 And some who had some lovely thought
 Might say, "I cannot write today."
 But Shelley took the blotted page
 And wrote the lyric of the age,
 Yes, made that blotted page a thing
 For centuries of men to sing.

And we who have a life to pen,
 A page to write for God to read,
 So we may falter now and then,
 Yes, blot it with some foolish deed.
 But shall we let one blot destroy
 Our hope of heaven and of joy?—
 Or turn aside from sin and wrong.
 And make the future still a song?

HAY FEVER.

(N. C. Health Bulletin)

There is much that is not known about hay fever but for the person who has it there is much he would like to know. He may care little about what causes his suffering but he would like to know what will relieve it.

Although there is much that is not known, there is sufficient knowledge of hay fever to aid greatly in preventing it. Success depends in great measure on the individual himself and therefore it is worth while to get all of the information possible.

It has now been a little over one hundred years since the subject of hay fever began to be discussed in medical literature. Since this time this condition has gradually but constantly increased in prevalence until at present it is quite common.

The name "hay fever" was first given to the condition because of a noticed connection with it and the harvesting of hay. Persons having it had either come in contact with harvested hay or become afflicted at a time when grasses used for hay were blooming. Later it was found that the pollen of flowering grasses acted as the irritant to bring on an attack. Still later it was proven that a great variety of pollens were equally offenders with hay in bringing on an attack. Now it is known that any plant which sheds a pollen may cause the disease and furthermore that any foreign protein, although not a pollen, will do likewise. The original name, however, still remains and is now made to include the whole group of pollen fevers although other names are used to design-

ate the reactions to other foreign proteins.

Hay fever then today indicates a fever resulting from contact or association with pollens, including "rose cold," "autumnal fever," "hay asthma," "ragweed fever," and various names of plants common in different localities.

In North Carolina the principal offenders are timothy, blue grass, Johnson grass, corn, sorghum, ragweeds and cockleburs. The person susceptible to one pollen may or may not be susceptible to other pollens but is more likely to be. A peculiarity of the condition is that one person reacts while another person in identical circumstances suffers no visible ill-effects of any nature. To explain the reason for this difference in individuals would be like trying to explain why one person is more susceptible to poison oak or to bee stings than another. One person will scarcely notice the sting of a bee nor can the spot where the sting occurred be seen. Another person stung by a bee will be made sick and the region of the sting swell enormously. So with pollen fevers, one person suffers while another does not. For the susceptible person any part of the body reacts to these irritant poisons. The pollen, however, must come in contact with the true skin, the conjunctiva or mucous membrane. On those parts of the body covered by a protecting epidermis the pollen cannot reach the deeper skin except through abrasions in this epidermis. This is why the symptoms of hay fever are so largely confined to eyes, nose,

throat and lungs. This fact will be referred to later in discussing tests to identify the offending pollen.

Plants that are self-fertilized, or that depend on contact for cross fertilization, cause little trouble. Also plants that depend on insects, like bees, for cross-fertilization, do not create much of a hay fever problem. The plants that depend on air currents to carry the pollen from one to another are the biggest problem, for since obviously only a small part of such pollen can accomplish its purpose, nature provides a great abundance. This pollen carried by the winds is indeed a great menace to hay fever sufferers.

Those who are interested in the subject already know the symptoms quite well but to analyze briefly these symptoms may be pardoned if such analysis brings out knowledge of practical value.

Statistics show that the most universal complaint of the hay fever sufferer is of the eyes. Forty per cent of all hay fever patients complain most of the eyes. When the offending pollen comes in contact with the conjunctiva there results acute inflammation. The eyes smart and the conjunctiva swells. Nature in an effort to wash out this irritant secretes an abundance of tears. Ordinarily these tears drain down into the nose through a small duct, but the swelling of the conjunctiva closes up this small drainage tube and hence the tears overflow over the face. With the inflammation of the eyes, persons seek the protection of darkened rooms and refrain from reading or using the eyes for any close work. In the nose there is inflammation of the mucous lining of all the nasal

cavities. There is tingling, burning and smarting. In an effort to expel the irritant, sneezing may be quite violent. In a further effort to get rid of the irritant by washing it out, there is abundant secretion of fluid. Eyes and nose both "run" profusely. With the swelling of the nasal mucosa, the air passages become blocked and the patient resorts to mouth breathing. This permits the direct entry of the irritant poison into the throat and bronchial tubes. The tongue tingles and burns. The throat is irritated and the person is compelled to cough. In the bronchial tubes the swelling and irritation results in spasm of the tubes and makes breathing difficult.

The general constitutional symptoms are those of toxemia. The person feels as if he had cold or influenza, and there is some fever. Difficult breathing and the local conditions interfere with sleep and rest, and the patient soon becomes exhausted. There is usually enough stomach and intestinal disturbance to destroy the appetite. Lack of nourishment, lack of oxygenation in the lungs, disturbed rest, the fever and local annoyance makes the hay fever sufferer miserable and really sick.

The severity of the condition depends on the degree of susceptibility of the individual and also on the duration of the exposure. Even a very susceptible person may be exposed to the pollen momentarily and suffer slight reaction. The condition rapidly improves as soon as the cause is removed.

This fact, along with the fact that any part of the body surface reacts, makes it possible to test individuals for their susceptibility. By making

a slight scratch on the skin of the arm just short of making it bleed, and then rubbing onto this abraded spot some of the suspected pollen (a sterile extract), there will appear, if the person is susceptible to that specific pollen, in ten to thirty minutes a wheal surrounded by an area of redness. The severity of this local reaction indicates the degree of susceptibility of that individual to that pollen. Where there are several suspected pollens, a number of scratches may be made a short distance apart at the same time and a different pollen extract applied to each scratch. In this way the reaction of each may be compared and the fact determined as to which of several irritating pollens is the most irritant to that individual.

Having, then, definitely determined in the individual patient the specific cause of the hay fever, the patient is enabled to avoid, in so far as possible, contact with that pollen. Avoiding the cause avoids hay fever.

However much this information is worth to the patient in helping him

avoid contact with the causative pollen, that is not the only reason for making skin tests.

Having definitely determined the specific pollen, it is possible in many cases to "vaccinate" the individual and produce an immunity to that specific pollen which will last from one to four years. This vaccination is done by daily injections of small amounts of the pollen extract. The process requires many inoculations, and it is vitally important that not more than two or three days at most elapse between inoculations, during the process of immunizations else there is danger of producing an increased instead of a decreased susceptibility.

While this procedure has given splendid results in the hands of some physicians, there are others that feel less enthusiastic about it. The matter of making the skin tests is not difficult nor dangerous, but the matter of inoculation should be left entirely to the decision of your own physician.

ANOTHER VIEW.

(News and Observer).

The spirit of intolerance is not confined to those who favor the object of the committee at Charlotte. It is often seen in its ugliest form in those of the extreme view. They are illiberal, vindictive, contemptuous in declaring that all Fundamentalists are ignoramuses or worse names. Indeed, it was in part the uncalled for attacks by extreme Modernists upon their opponents which helped to bring about the unfortunate discussion. Demanding tolerance, they became themselves intolerant of all who did not accept their unproved definitions. Most of the religious leaders see no good purpose in the legislation proposed and oppose such action. They deplore alike the intolerance of the Modernists, so-called, and the Fundamentalists, so-called. We emphasize "so-called" because the sincere and reverent men and women so designated are not so far apart as definitions that do not define would indicate.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Mr. Grier and a number of the boys have been picking strawberries during the past few days.

Brevard Bradshaw and Beaufort Carter, former boys at this institution, were visitors here last Sunday.

Mr. Carriker and the shop boys have been repairing plows during the past week. They have also been repainting them.

Earl Edwards, a member of the seventh cottage, was paroled last week. He was also a member of the chicken force.

Last week some of the print shop boys and Mr. Godown planted some dahlias and asters in the flower beds near the print shop.

The following boys: Mutt Padget, Lather Mason, Oldom Williams, Bill Billings and Fred Lindsey were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Vergil Shipes returned to the institution after spending a few days with his parents in Gastonia. Herbert Poteat also returned to the institution after spending several days with his parents in Salisbury.

The sixth cottage now has the best looking lawn at the Jackson Training School. It stays pretty and green all the time. Violets are planted along the cottage walk which helps the looks of the lawn very much.

The seventh and eighth cottage lawns have also been sodded and are being fixed up. If the other cottage officers would follow suit, the lawns of the cottages would look a great deal better. This would be a help to the cottage also.

The thirteenth cottage was opened up recently. The name of the boys that are now in this cottage are: Charles Morrow, Horace Bridges, Jennings Freeman, Reggie Payne, Samuel McIntyre, Earl Greene, Willard Gilliland, Roy Johnson, Jack Walker, Otis Dhue, Guy Haddock, Amaziah Corbett, Solomon Thompson, Albert Buck, Clifton Heddrick, Bill Rising, Vergil Shipes, Charley Beaver, Robert Hayes, Rex Allen, Clarence Rogers, Bloyce Johnson, Tom Grose, Alfred Mayberry and Simon Wade. Mr. and Mrs. Sappinfield are the officer and matron appointed for this new cottage.

“Abraham and the Strangers,” was the subject of last Sunday’s lesson. This lesson was taken from the book of Genesis, the eighteenth chapter. “And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre: and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground: and said: “My Lord,” I have found favor in thy sight, do not leave my tents until you have eaten and drinken, sit down and I will have

your feet washed. ("He offered to have cool water brought in a basin, that the dust of the road might be washed from their weary feet." As it was the custom of the olden times, when the men only wore sandals to protect the feet and they would be tired and dusty after a long journey. So Abraham had these stranger's feet washed). Abraham went out himself and "selected a fine calf," and fixed it for his three guests. "The last three verses show how Abraham was rewarded for his hospitality. . . . He should have his reward for all the kindness he had shown the strangers and in this reward 'all the nations of the earth' should share." The golden text for this lesson was: "All the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him."—Genesis 18: 18.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Hansel, of Concord. His scripture reading was from the books of Nehemiah and Isaiah. He took his text from the twentieth chapter of Exodus. The verses which he took his text from reads: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor the son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy

cattle, nor thy stranger within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made the heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the Sabbath day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it." One of Rev. Hansel's illustrations how a farmer would not break the law of the Sabbath, and would not let a stranger do so was: "Some men were driving a herd of sheep to the market, they were trying to reach some place (as it was late Saturday afternoon) to put their sheep in a pasture and secure lodging for themselves. Just before dark they came to a man's house who had a large pasture, and where they could secure lodging for the night. They went up and asked the old fellow if they could secure a place in his pasture for their sheep, and lodging for themselves. The man said: 'I will give you lodging and let you put those sheep in my pasture on one condition. That is for you to stay here over Sunday.' The other men agreed. So by this the old man kept the herdsmen from going on to market the next day. He then told how France had only one rest every ten days, soon and people were plundering and doing other crimes. Now France has come back to God's Sunday, "the seventh day." Rev. Hansel's sermon to the boys was a very interesting one.

A college diploma dosen't become of much value to a man until he learns it isn't worth anything as an alibi.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A day's work on the Southern

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big days work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., MAY 29, 1926

No. 26

THE MAJESTY OF LOVE.

Without love, the world would only echo cries of pain; the sun would only shine to show us grief; each rustle of the leaf would be a sigh; and all the flowers only fit to garland graves.—Elbert Hubbard.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE SCHOLAR IN BUSINESS.

In the June number of the American Magazine will be found the picture and the write-up of Frank Wetmore, who rose from the position of messenger boy to the position of president and then chairman of the board of directors of the First National Bank of Chicago. He was a country boy as most successful men are. He made a poor out at school. He failed twice in succession in passing his examination in the eighth grade on all subjects except arithmetic.

Becoming disgusted with his efforts at the school business, he quit and went out in the world to battle for his living. Doubtless Wetmore thanks his stars for the subject of Arithmetic, which saved him from a complete skunk. By the way, arithmetic is the most important subject, and the poorest taught in the public and graded schools of all the subjects—in importance it is not even a poor second to reading. It has been declared that the average high school graduate cannot do the common mathematical problems that confront the average business man—it is known, at any rate, that some of them do not freely know even the multiplication tables.

But here is Wetmore, along with numerous others who get proclaimed in

the magazines, who had but a smattering of an education. It is thus with the majority of your acquaintances—mighty few of them can justly be called scholars. Just stop a moment and count on your fingers the men in your midst who are making things go who cannot be classified as scholars. You don't need both hands in making this inventory.

Moral: Would it not be better to put more emphasis on the rudiments of an education in our public schools than to lay so much stress on the frills that have crept into the system?

These things will count most when one meets the world and its demands face to face.

* * * * *

MAKE IT YOUR SERVANT. .

The most happy and optimistic writer, whose daily contributions brighten the editorial page of the Asheville Citizen, gives the advice about an Obstacle in this injunction "Give It A Battle." He instructs you to "waste no time wishing it could be avoided." Make up your mind that an obstacle, to be of any service to you, has got to be pounded into a stepping stone on which you may set foot for the next forward stride.

That's the story of every man, who has lived a worthwhile life, who has accomplished things, left his mark upon the sands of time and who is remembered by the fruits of his achievements which live after him. Such a man was the late James William Cannon. He cannot be forgotten—too many men were put on the road of success by him; Kannapolis is too big to cease to be a conspicuous place on the map; the products of that mammoth establishment reach around the world too often and constantly, for the author and the genius and the captain who conceived it and builded it to pass from the pages of memory.

He did it all by crushing obstacles into stepping stones, which he commanded to be his servants.

* * * * *

WHO'S BEHIND THE UNDERMINING?

The presence in the state of certain campaigners from the outside has given rise to the question, "who is paying for the activities of the speaking and laboring fundamentalists?" It has occurred to us all the time that somewhere and somehow there must be an organization financing the idea of modernism in this state.

Who finances the atheists and the agnostic crowd? Have the modernists

not set their hooks to catch some vain-glorious, hungry folks in our own state? We cannot, now for a long time, believe that certain men, occupying high positions in the social and educational realm in this state, have not been influenced by some rewards not altogether righteous? How could men trifle with their own souls and those of the young and unsophisticated without having something at stake? Of course, the aspiring "me-toos" along the lines are easy subjects for a propaganda that promises a little lime-light and notoriety.

It is now generally accepted that the unfortunate situation that arose at the recent meeting of the Committee of One Hundred was occasioned by men, who went there for the prime purpose of putting it under a cloud.

The Uplift is impressed with an editorial in the Charlotte Observer under the title, "What's The Big Idea," and we here reproduce it:

The statements out of the mass of recent discussion of the question of teaching anti-Bible theories in the State-supported schools need to be emphasized, and they can be repeated without indulgence in argument for or against the theory of evolution itself.

First, a Rock Hill woman gave what seems to be the essence of the whole argument on the side of those who oppose the teaching, in State-supported schools and colleges, of what they regard as anti-Bible theories.

She said that since the Bible cannot be legally taught in the public schools, the Bible ought not to be legally attached in the public schools.

Most of the people of North Carolina, we believe, are in accord with the proposition that the law ought not to require the teaching of the Bible in the public schools and State-supported institutions. But it appears that many fail to agree to the proposition that the law ought not to require parents to pay taxes to support and send their children to schools in which the Bible is attached by the teachers. The law requires that the citizens pay taxes to support the schools. It requires even that the parents send their children to school, and most of them are unable to comply with the law in this respect except they patronize the public schools. Therefore, if the Bible is attached by teachers in the State-supported schools, then the citizens are forced by law to have their children taught that which is contrary to the religion they have been taught by their parents and Sunday School teachers and pastors all their lives. It is contended that this violates the spirit of the Constitution.

Second, it was contended that teaching which is calculated to undermine the religious faith of the youth of plastic mind and character and therefore to undo largely what has been done in the home and the Sunday School through religious teaching is not essential to the purposes of the schools, which should be devoted to the task of preparing the young

people to meet the problems of life and to discharge the duties of good citizenship, and that it is not necessary for the purpose of character building, which Governor McLean declares is one of the greatest duties of schools and teachers.

Why are some people so zealous in their desire to have taught in the public schools and the State-supported institutions those things which are calculated to undermine one's faith in God and in the Bible?

What is the motive behind the Nation-wide agitation today against the Bible and the Christian religion? Here and there throughout the land men are becoming almost desperate apparently in their zealous endeavor to break down the faith of the people, to destroy all faith in the Bible and the Christian religion. What harm is the Bible doing the country? What harm is the religion and the faith of the father doing? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Bible is not inspired; that most of it is mythical; that Jesus Christ was nothing more than a good moral teacher. What good can come to the State or the Nation or the world by convincing the great mass of future citizens that religion is nothing more than a sort of man-made moral code and that the Bible is nothing more than a book of poetry and interesting literature?

Does any one think if atheism or paganism prevailed in this country that taxes would be lower? That there would be less of crime? That men would be more honest? That the morals of the people would be better? That men and women would be more kindly to one another? That there would be less of war? That homes would be happier? That the Nation would be stronger? That the rights of men and women would be more respected? That the orphan and the widow and the helpless would be better cared for?

What is the great idea?

* * * * *

Julius C. Dellinger, a carpenter of Lincoln county, has gone North in the hope of finding out just who he is. More or less interesting information has been assembled that indicates that he is in reality Charlie Ross, the child kidnapped more than fifty years ago from his Philadelphia home. If Dellinger finally establishes that he is Charlie Ross, it will make him a Chitauqua prospect and, incidentally, The Shelby Star rather famous, for it is that enterprising paper that started the ball to rolling. If Charlie Ross has at last been found, the next agonizing puzzle that needs solution is, "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

* * * * *

Gov. "Ma" Ferguson, of Texas, is having the time of her life. She is in a campaign for re-election. Against her are three or four. Among them is the attorney-general of the state. They have no love or respect for each

other. She told him that if she didn't poll 25,000 more votes than he did, she would resign instanter. Texas is mighty far off, but here's hoping that "Ma" will not have to resign—but, gracious, what a load she has to carry in her husband. But other women, some of them, know just what "Ma" has to bear.

* * * * *

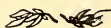
The guesses the Census Bureau is issuing regarding the probable population of the several conspicuous cities of various states are not worth the space they occupy in print. The real and actual census-taking, every tenth year, is not too accurate; and how could an estimate by a flying survey—oh, the dear old survey often bobs up—approximate accuracy?

* * * * *

The policy of the Presbyterians, as is reflected by the General Synod in session in Florida, is to keep women out of the pulpit. But ye paragrapher opines that with the Presbyterans, as with all denominations, a welcoming spirit prevails for their continued activities in other spheres, which have proved most powerful in the work of the Christian Church.

* * * * *

Greensboro has staged another educational campaign and brought it to a successful conclusion. She enlarged her public school territory, taking in a mill district; and voted \$2,300,000 for new equipment. People seem to have no fear of bonds.



BY THE WAY—

By Jim Reddick.

Despite its being discredited by people with advanced ideas, such as the modernist, the psychologist, and the conceited social welfare worker from the highest to the lowest, the finest type of womanhood, and the highest place of honor for woman, is that of the plain, sensible American woman, whose home is her castle, and whose jewels are a family of pure, conservative daughters and healthy, dutiful sons.

There has been and is now going on a lot of old-fashioned and humdrum sermonizing, and we are promised more of it as the months and years roll on. But when the subject has been exhausted, the ideal home, with its accessories, will be where a sensible woman reigns—a woman, unstung with the crazy quilt of fashion and the nerve-racking demands of frivolous society and the insatiable ambition to exploit her daughter as the leading figure in the personal columns of the local paper.

There are mothers like this—they exist in every community. They are, with certainty in the estimate, selfish, everything centered upon themselves, with no thought of how they may contribute to the welfare of the community or so live as to leave an impression upon life when they have gone hence.

This is abnormal, is unchristian, unwise and unAmerican.

I had a mission to a well-regulated community the other day. I

stopped at a farm on quest of information. It was a plain farm house, but an object lesson in ordiliness, neatness, surrounded by flowers and everything in its place. I was greeted by an elderly woman with a welcome that made me feel I had known the lady for years and years.

When you reach such a home, it is always "come in" and followed by a manifestation of a kindly interest such as comes from an unsophisticated, natural and sincere woman.

This woman had lived here for years—she was the mother of a flock of children—not a one of them the proverbial "black sheep"—all of them of sterling qualities, manly and womanly, who regarded their heritage as a something they must honor in living lives of usefulness, rectitude and public service. It always turns out that way where happens to be training and example.

"I see you have many young chickens," I remarked when about to depart. "Oh, yes, I have succeeded pretty well inspite of the cold spring. I have all I want, and round here I have a bunch of biddies I am raising for two of my boys who live in cities. When they reach frying size I shall send them; you see preachers do not have the opportunities the rest of us do." "And you have two sons that are preachers?" The bright eyes and smiling face of that old mother in Israel attested the

joy that her heart felt in that she had done a good part for the world—contentment, peace and happiness were hers.

I left that peaceful home, where lived a contented woman, conscious that she was doing the best she could and was happy in so doing, really concerned about the innumerable flappers that were racing up and down streets, many of them immodestly dressed, some quite vulgarly, merely consumed with a quest for what they now regard "a good time"—a phantom that years hence, I fear, will bring them sore regrets, regrets for wasted moments, frivolities and no serious training for exercising the highest purposes and mission of womanhood.

But why criticism or be surprised at the life and aspiration of the flapper? Why not try to fathom what their mothers are thinking about in the present. They could stop this tragedy, if they would; but they, too, seem

to have——

Surrendered to the fads that are consuming their daughters, preferring to drift in a course of the least resistance.

Not so with that mother of attractive daughters and dutiful sons—she resisted the temptations of her time, living a natural and useful life, and, now facing the sunset, she rests secure and contented. May be the flapper's sunset will be fraught with such happiness and assurance. I entertain a sneaking doubt.

Webster defines "aristocracy" as "the noble or chief persons in a state; a privileged class; popularly, those regarded as superior to the rest of the community, as in rank, fortune or intellect."

All that may be so; but my observation reveals two kinds of aristocrats: those that think they are, and those that show they are. This old mother of two preacher sons belongs to the latter class.

A NARROW WINDOW.

By Florence Earle Coates.

A narrow window may let in the light,
A tiny star dispel the gloom of night,
A little deed a mighty wrong set right—

A rose, abloom, may make a desert fair,
A single cloud may darken all the air,
A spark may kindle ruin and despair.

A smile, and there may be an end of strife;
A look of love, and Hate may sheathe the knife;
A word—ah, it may be a word of life!

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

When a woman digs and rakes in the garden, then you will see an example of the Charleston in the good old-fashioned way it was performed originally.

The expressions now used in "taking the air," is somewhat confusing to the novice. You are not certain whether a fellow is going to ride on balloon tires; fly in an airplane; or listen to a radio. A great many people are "up in the air" on these things.

So many of the women are bobbing their hair in these days that it is difficult for a wife to tell the hair she finds on her hubby's shoulder is that of a woman or a man. It is really distressing to the wives, but a tickling hallucination to hubb, who frequently fools his wife with her own hair—if it is bobbed. The wretch.

It is estimated that women spend \$12,000,000,000 annually for clothes. You wouldn't think it, would you, judging from the abbreviated skirts being worn these days.

I saw a Ford roadster going about the city Friday bearing a placard which read, "Flapper Chariot." The placard was the only thing I saw flapping about it, and that had evidences of a bad spell.

Lot was a man who could really and truly refer to his wife as being the "salt of the earth." There

are men to this day who refer to their wives in the same manner; but one is not to infer from such reference that they have deserted their better two-thirds, and left them to their fate.

When twilight comes! The penitential air is vibrant with a holy hush. It is nature's hour of prayer. In the west there gleams one splash of vivid color. Careless day has dropped down one crimson rose upon pale evening's dusky, loosened hair. Brief time when waiting souls the universal heart may share its quietude. Brooding words their deepest truths disclose. One candle lights the pale-green eastern sky. It is a golden candle gleaming where the faint, sad night lies dreaming. I love to think of a flower garden when twilight comes. When the buds and blossoms go to sleep like tired, weary babes, upon mother's breast. Priestly moths some ghostly solace bear to supplant the blossoms in the flower garden. But there the shrouded hearts of gold shall be disclosed with dawn's first kiss. They hold a sweet expectance. Around the sleeping flowers flows a soft-breathing peace. Their exquisite perfume tinctures the very air you inhale with sweetness. For, to a garden, as of old, God doth repair—when twilight comes.

One man may command a modern battleship. He is the man with ten talents. Another is a stoker on board the same ship, who keeps up

the engine fires. He is the man with one talent. But one is as important in his place as the other. A famous architect designs a grand cathedral with his ten talents, but he cannot carry out the designs without the men of one talent, the bricklayers and stone-cutters. So it is in the service of God. We cannot all serve in high places; we cannot all preach eloquent sermons; but we can kneel and say a simple earnest prayer for ourselves, our family, our friends and our neighbors. We can say a kind word to our fellowmen; perhaps dissuade a companion from drunkenness or dishonesty. We all have talents enough to enable us to walk straight; to tell the truth; to keep our hands from picking and stealing; our tongues from lying and slander; to go to church and worship God; and this is all He requires of us. He does not expect of us more than we are able to do; but He does expect us to serve Him faithfully. It is the man who buries his talent and does nothing for God who is punished. We must serve God, whether we are in the pulpit or pew; palace or cottage; whether rich or poor; clever or ignorant; and we must give this service willingly. He does not wish us as slaves. His service is not penal servitude, but glorious freedom. In all sincerity and truth; "and the truth shall make you free."

The signal lights appear to be all right for those going straight ahead; to come to a stop in order to allow pedestrians a chance to cross streets. People have come to

regard the red light as a signal of safety, in crossing. But it is not. Guided by the red light, and you think the way is clear for you to move, and you start across the street, automobiles will whirl around the corners, from either right or left and you barely escape in safety. It occurs to me there should be some rule about this running around corners when the cars and vehicles on the straight line have stopped on the red signal. All should stop, no matter which way they are going. If an automobile driver murders me in one of the runs around the corner freaks, I'll never speak to him or her again.

A court incident. It was before being tried upon the charge of obtaining the recorder. The defendant was ing whisky at a certain house. He testified that as soon as he took a drink "the law came in." On cross examination, by the prosecution, he was asked: "Now are you not mistaken in saying the 'law came in?' 'As a matter of fact wasn't it justice that came in?'" Defendant replied, "Yes, you are right. I believe his name was Justice." It was revealed that the police officer, who went in the house and arrested him was named Justice. Circumstances a little out of the usual, but line up with dry humor on a wet subject.

Duke Memorial Methodist church, of this city, last Sunday introduced somewhat of an innovation in church music, when at the evening service, the choir rendered Negro spirituals.

which were received with pleasing enthusiasm. The talented experienced organist of that church, Mrs. S. W. Venable, is ever on the alert for attractive music and in this instance she made a happy musical hit. The three songs rendered on this occasion were sung with a musical sangfroid that would make the Negro blush pink to hear his melodies reproduced by the whites with such faithfulness, precision and melody tones. The new idea in choir singing attracted a large congregation. The songs rendered were "Go Down Moses," "My Lord what Morning," and "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray."

People who inch up make greater progress than those who go with a blow and bluster for a short time and then get out of breath. The world and great bodies are not moved all at once. Moving by inches means

careful advance. Additions to character are made day by day, as the minutes roll off the hours. Inch by inch the world moves on; and minute by minute life passes. The height of the niche in the hall of fame holds an awe for some folks. But it should not. The higher it is the farther it can be seen. The brighter the light the further it shines. Any one that is worthy can reach it by inching up. The hardest goals in life are those that must be made by the burrying of self in the effort. It is the only divine right that most of us can ever lay claim to. The world has not yet displayed its best. Beyond its proudest capstone is a pinnacle that can be reached only by perfect ideal. Inch on, brother. The prize of ages goes to him who deserves it most. Inch up to those things that make for eternal peace and joy. The victory is yours if you but inch on and strive in the right way.

IN THE HIGHER ALTITUDES.

The naturalist, John Burroughs, said that when a hawk is attacked by crows or kingbirds, as he is occasionally, he does not make a counter attack, but soars in ever-widening circles higher and higher, until his pestilent tormentors no longer feel safe to follow him, and at last leave him in peace.

Many of us might well profit by his example. How often the good man or the successful man finds himself the object of pestilent attacks by little souls, who are perhaps unsympathetic with his ideals or envious of his success! He cannot retaliate in kind without belittling himself. There is just one thing to do—mount to those higher altitudes of patience and forbearance and self-control which are always attainable with God's help. There he shall be secure against attack and no enemy can possibly defeat him.—Exchange.

THE NEIGHBOR SPIRIT.

Mrs. M. T. Jordan in *The Silver Cross*.

No thinking person can live in the modern world and fail to see the nearness of world relationships. Modern inventions, such as steam, electricity, telephone, telegraph, radio, air transportation have brought the whole world close together, until it is now one vast neighborhood. What concerns one part of the world concerns the other. This nearness of the people of the world to each other forces on our attention the matter of human relationships. We cannot live in the world isolated from other people. The Great Teacher said, "No man liveth to himself." We cannot fail to see the truth of this statement unless we deliberately close our eyes to modern conditions.

A man may be a cosmopolitan in his business enterprises and a Robinson Crusoe in his sympathies but it is impossible to do so without paying a heavy penalty. A person might as well decide that he will henceforth refuse to submit to the of gravitation and walk off into space from the roof of a tall building, in the hope of escaping the consequences of his folly, as to attempt to wall himself in from his fellows in his sympathies and outlook upon life. There is a law as unchangeable as that of gravitation, which clutches us tenaciously, subjecting us to itself and saying, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

This standard may seem too high for a modern world, and suited only to a community of saints cut off from the rest of creation. Yet,

even though one may not have the spirit of neighborliness and may feel no desire to minister to his fellows, he cannot fail to see that human beings are closely related, and what effects one section or group, effects others. There may seem to be little in common between the steerage passengers and those in the cabins on an ocean liner yet, if a deadly pestilence breaks out in the steerage, it will effect the first class passengers. We may not think there is much relation between the inhabitants of the slums in a great city and those who live on society row yet a deadly scourge of disease in the slums will endanger the whole city. Furthermore, the fact that breeds crime and vice should give us concern.

Even those who have little interest in the moral and physical welfare of the lower classes cannot fail to see (if they will open their eyes) that the presence of crime and disease breeding communities is a menace to the social life of the world. We cannot live to ourselves; we cannot afford to ignore conditions that need remedies applied; we must see that the world is a neighborhood; we must also learn the spirit of neighborliness; and we must learn that our neighbor is not only who lives next door, but people everywhere.

What is the spirit of neighborliness? Is it not the spirit of service? He who is neighborly is he who serves; not with the idea of being compensated for that service,

but unselfishly and with the desire to help humanity and make this a better world. To live for others, suppressing and subordinating self, is a high ideal, but we need a high ideal and we need to strive after that ideal in order to make life worth living.

The spirit of neighborliness impels us to interest ourselves in behalf of those who are less fortunate than we are. There are multitudes of our fellowmen whose existence is dark, confused and bitter. Some of them groan under the burden of want, partly, perhaps, because of their own idleness or incapacity but partly also because of ignorance and the rapacity, greed and injustice of others. Some are tortured in the bondage of vice because of their own ignorant false choice, no doubt, but nevertheless partly from want of guidance, good counsel and human sympathy. Every great city contains centers of moral decay which an upright person cannot think of without horror and dread. The trouble is that many people dislike these emotions so much that they shut their eyes and walk through the world with their heads in the air, breathing a little atmosphere of their own and congratulating themselves that the world goes well.

If we practice the spirit of neighborliness we will take cognizance of such conditions and put forth some effort to remedy them. The Master said to His disciples: "Ye are the salt of the earth." He evidently meant that their mission was to be in the world; they were to preserve, cleanse and sweeten the world in which they lived, to keep it

from decay, to give a new and wholesome flavor to human existence. Their character was not to be passive, but active and their sphere this present life.

While this is not an attempt to sermonize, yet we must point out, what we all realize, that the truest spirit of neighborliness is the spirit of Christianity; that this spirit in people will generate the neighbor-spirit in its highest and noblest sense. All the streams of service can be traced back to Him who came, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

Truly, good people in the world are to be its salt; they are to help preserve the world from moral decay and to exercise a seasoning savouring influence. In order to do this their actions must be positive; it is not enough to say "touch not the unclean thing;" on the contrary we must touch it. If good people do not touch the unclean to cleanse it, then the unclean will become so putrid as to contaminate the clean. Good people must come in contact with the bad as the physician and nurse come in contact with disease to heal, help and make strong. Good men and women are not meant to be simply trees planted by the rivers of water, flourishing in their own pride and for their own sakes; they ought to be like the Eucalyptus trees, which have been set out in the marshes, from which a healthful, tonic influence is said to be diffused to counteract malaria.

There is a loftier ambition than to stand high in the world. It is to stoop down and lift humanity a little higher. There is nobler charac-

ter than that which is merely incorruptible. It is the character which acts as an antidote and preventative of corruption. Fearlessly to speak the words which bear witness to justice, truth and purity; patiently to do deeds which strengthen virtue and kindle hope in your fellowmen; generously to lend a hand to those who are trying to climb upward; faithfully to give your support and your personal help to the efforts which are being made to elevate and purify the social life of the world; these will make your life interesting and powerful.

There are numbers of people who need, not so much a lecture as a lifting hand; not so much sermons as service; not so much charity as a chance, a chance to do better, live better.

The greatest service we can render needy humanity is that service which helps the human being to help himself; next to that is to give him a chance to help himself. Many a woman is bound with the chains of

vice because, in the first place, she did not have a chance, or because she had once taken a wrong step and then had again tried to walk straight, she received the "cold shoulder." Good people should show the neighbor spirit and give to these unfortunates a helping hand instead of a kick, courage instead of caustic criticism, strength and uplift instead of stinging rebuke and a downward thrust.

We need people to-day who have the spirit of service; time was when the test of service was the willingness of one to die for a great principle, now the test is the willingness of one to live for great principles. The principle of mutual helpfulness is worth living for. It is worth our best efforts. May we all catch the neighbor spirit and may we each and all do our best to make this world, which has come to a neighborhood, a good world in which to live by showing this spirit of neighborliness and thus serving humanity.

DEFECTIVE CHILDREN.

(Hendersonville News.)

The sage of long ago declared that each generation gets wiser and weaker finds substantiation of his philosophy in the fact that out of forty children who enter the first grade next year in the local school only one appeared to be without physical defects. This demonstrates that we are physically weak and that there is great work in the line of prevention as well as that of cure.

THE JUST JUDGE.

(McGuffey's Reader).

A gentleman who possessed an estate worth about five hundred a year, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The elder, being of a rambling disposition, went abroad. After several years, his father died, when the younger son, destroying his will, seized upon the estate. He gave out that his elder brother was dead, and bribed false witnesses to attest the truth of it.

In the course of time, the elder brother returned; but came home in destitute circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, and told him that he was an impostor and a cheat. He asserted that his real brother was dead long ago; and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a sad situation. He went round the parish making complaints, and, at last, to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's story, replied, "You have nothing to give me. If I undertake your cause and lose it, it will bring me into disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence are on your brother's side.

"However, I will undertake it on this condition; you shall enter into an obligation to pay me one thousand guineas, if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequences; and I venture with my eyes open." Accordingly, he entered an action against the younger brother, which was to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex.

The lawyer, having engaged in the cause of the young man, and being stimulated by the prospect of a thou-

sand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best method to gain his end. At last, he hit upon this happy thought, that he would consult the first judge of his age, Lord Chief-Justice Hale. Accordingly, he hastened up to London, and laid open the cause, and all its circumstances. The judge, who was a great lover of justice, heard the cause attentively and promised him all the assistance in his power.

The lawyer having taken leave, the judge contrived matters so as to finish all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When within a short distance of the place, he dismissed his man and horses, and sought a single house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object.

Accordingly, the Judge shifted from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with a miller's hat, and shoes, and stick, he walked to Chelmsford, and procured good lodgings, suitable for the assizes, that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country fellow, backward and forward, along the county hall. He observed narrowly what passed around him; and when the court began to fill, he found out the poor fellow who was the plaintiff.

As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest

friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why, my cause is in a very precarious situation, and, if I lose it, I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you in a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman out of the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason, and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I will do you all the service in my power."

Accordingly, when the clerk had called over the names of the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them. The judge on the bench was highly offended at this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why."

The judge, who had been highly bribed, in order to conceal it by a show of candor, and having a confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I will grant it. Whom would you wish to have in the room of that man excepted?" After a short time, taken in consideration, "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chosen in;" and looking round the court—"my lord, there is that miller in the court; we will have him, if you please." Accordingly, the miller was chosen in.

As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a dexterous little fellow came into the

apartment, and slipped ten golden guineas into the hands of each of eleven jurymen, and gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor, in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. But he concealed what he had got himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favor.

The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses and pleaders, all plentifully bribed, as well as the judge. The witnesses deposed, that they were in the self-same country when the brother died, and saw him buried. The counselors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence; and every thing went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidences with great gravity and deliberation; "and now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just."

They waited but for a few minutes, before they determined in favor of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed? and who shall speak for you?" "We are all agreed, my lord," replied one, "and our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller; "we are not all agreed." "Why?" said the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you? What reasons have you for disagreeing?"

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller; "the first is, they have given to each of these gentle-

men of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; which, you know, is not fair. Besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this, the miller began a discourse, which discovered such a vast penetration of judgment, such extensive knowledge of law, and was expressed with such manly and energetic eloquence, that it astonished the judge and the whole court.

As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge, in great surprise, stopped him. "Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller; "my name is Matthew Hale; I am Lord Chief-Justice

of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; therefore, come down from a seat which you are not worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business. I will come up this moment and try the cause all over again."

Accordingly, Sir Matthew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very commencement, and searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood. He envied the elder brother's title to the estate, from the contradictory evidence of the witnesses, and the false reasoning of the pleaders; unraveled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

THE CREATION.

By C. M. Van Poole, M. D.

May I claim sufficient space in your valuable paper to express my honest convictions on the much discussed question of the creation? I am not overstating the facts when I say that the first chapter of Genesis is a most remarkable account of creation. It is a survey in epochs of the successive stages by which the Creator brought order out of chaos. The more frequently I read it the more deeply am I impressed with its dignity, its beauty, its truthfulness and its divine origin.

It would be very foolish to deny that Moses was acquainted and familiar with some of those creative stories. However, its superiority to them more than hints that he wrote under divine inspiration. He did it under the direction of the divine

Spirit. What we have here is pre-eminently a religious document, and therefore it is a revelation of God.

I would not if I could start a controversy between religion and science. The whole trouble is that we do not know enough about either to effect a reconciliation between the two. The record of creation is so brief that we are in danger of being very dogmatic without having good ground for it. The major question is settled for most of us with the statement that God created the heaven and the earth and that He created man in his own image. We must also remember that scientists are not in agreement among themselves. Some are ardent believers in God while others are unbelievers. The explanations of various matters

given in the Word of God are indeed simple and satisfying. It seems strange to think of their being rejected on that account. It is reassuring, however, to remember that scientists of the highest rank, such as Dr. Howard Kelly, Faraday, Lord Kelvin, and others who have profound respect for the researches and findings of true science, and whose own investigations command the respect of the scientific world, nevertheless have a still more profound respect for the Word of God, and accept it unquestioningly, even when it offers plausible, simple solutions of large questions. We owe much to science, we welcome its light. The God of the Word is also the God of the world, and He will not be found contradicting Himself when we know as much as we should.

Back of all creation we find God. We have no other way of accounting for what our eyes see and our hearts feel than by the acceptance of the belief that God was before all things. When we see the tracks of an animal in the sand we conclude that an animal has passed that way. There is only one rational accounting for this universe, and that is the faith that puts God before all things. Before the stars sang together He was. Before the hills arose, or the trees budded, or the sun shone, or the human pulse beat He was. Begin with God and we have the solid ground of a working faith. God was the first great cause, science knows nothing to the contrary. For that reason many of the foremost scientists have been devout believers. As a matter of fact, science has nothing to do with the Creator. It concerns itself with second causes. But it is our privilege to see God in the

things He has made. All things around us are His witnesses. It is still true that the heavens declare His glory and the firmament shows His handiwork. He may be seen in the stars, in the flowers, in the waterfalls, in the laws of nature, and in the human personality. He is a person. To say that He is energy does not define Him. He thinks, chooses, wills, and entertains a purpose. He possesses and evidences all the attributes of a person. He is also all-powerful. A hasty glance at the universe that He has made convinces us on this point. If we remember that it takes the light of the nearest star four years to reach this earth, and the light of the farthest star 800,000 years to reach this earth, with light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, we have some conception of the overwhelming bigness of the universe. Nothing short of omnipotence could throw it out into space. He is our Father also, He made us. Our breath is from Him. We do well to speak of the Fatherhood of God. What have we that we did not receive from Him?

Man, on the one hand, is dust, for his body was made out of the dust of the ground, and to that same state it returns at death. Some people think that that is all there is to him. But he is more than dust. He bears the image of the eternal God. He is constituted of two component parts, the earthly and the heavenly. He is a living soul, which he has from God. He is able to think, to choose, to will, and to realize the Almighty's purpose for him. In his breast is the likeness of the Infinite. He is endowed with reason, self-determining choice, memory, will, conscience,

emotions, faculties moral and religious. It is his glory that he can hold communion with Jehovah.

There is a chasm between man and all other forms of animal life. He was a separate creation. A distinct act brought him into being. The fact that the structure of his body and the qualities of his blood resemble those of certain other animals does not militate against this theory. His life is another life from theirs. It only proves that all were created by the same all-wise God. No man can look at what man has thought and planned and accomplished, and then consider what other animals have done, without concluding that the missing link will always remain missing. Man alone is religious and that puts him in a class by himself.

It was intended that man should rule everything—except his fellow-man. He was to subdue the earth and be its lord and master. He was not to let the earth and its diverse interests rule him. His place, by divine appointment, was to be one of dignity and undisputed authority. All else was made to serve his interests and to promote his happiness. His triumphs on land, on sea, and in the air, despite the weakness of his body when compared with the

strength of other animals, proves the uniqueness and the majesty of his mental and moral make-up. It is a necessary conclusion that God is related to man and man is related to Him. He created us, He understands us, He governs us, He provides for us, He knows our destiny; therefore He is our Lord and God. The reverse of all this is: We are His offspring, we are His subjects, we are dependent on Him, and our destiny is wrapped up in His good providence. It is evident, therefore, that there are daily debts which we owe Him. Some of these are trust, gratitude, obedience and love. We are bound to Him with bonds which cannot be broken without marring our life and robbing it of its purpose and meaning.

It is not difficult to read in the first chapters of the Bible the love of God. We know very well that the fullest flow of that love comes to us in Jesus Christ, but there are rich streams of it back here in these early stories too. God's love with God's power moved in the midst of cosmos. His power may make us fear Him, but that He had us in His thought and made such bountiful provision for us should make us love Him.

A Magazine writer tells us that a dog fills an empty space in a man's life.

This is especially true of the hot dog.—American Boy.

GALILEO THE ASTRONOMER.

By A. C. Crews.

The science of astronomy is really one of the most wonderful in the world. That men are able to trace the movements of the planets and stars, and to predict many years in advance, with absolute accuracy, an eclipse of the sun or moon is indeed astonishing.

It is well to remember, however, that what modern astronomers are able to accomplish is due largely to the faithful and laborious efforts of old-time investigators who had to endure all kinds of opposition, persecution and ridicule. There are many striking illustrations of the Master's words: "Other men labored, and we are entered into their labors."

Galileo, who is generally credited with being the first telescopic observer, was born at Pisa, Italy, February 15, 1564. His father intended him for the medical profession, but the lad did not take very kindly to the study of medicine, but turned his attention to mathematics in which he delighted. His unusual talents in this direction attracted attention, and in 1589 he was appointed mathematical lecturer in the University of Pisa.

He proved himself to be an original investigator, and was not at any time fettered by the opinions or conclusions of others. When he concluded that any of the so-called authorities were wrong he said so, and taught his pupils his own views. Such a man could not hope to be very popular. Some unpleasant disputes arose, in consequence of which Galileo left Pisa, and accepted a professorship in mathematics in Padua, where he

seems to have been highly appreciated. His lectures became so popular and were so well attended that sometimes he had to adjourn them to the open air.

During this period he wrote numerous books on the most difficult and abstruse subjects, such as "The System and Structure of the Universe."

In the year 1609 Galileo heard that a spectacle maker in Holland had made an instrument by which it was possible to bring distant objects near. The great mathematician gave his attention to the subject, and succeeded in manufacturing a telescope, on quite a different plan from that of the Dutch optician.

With this instrument Galileo began to study the heavenly bodies, starting with the moon. He discovered that its surface instead of being smooth and perfectly spherical was rough with mountains, and apparently varied, like the earth, by land and water. Then he announced that he had located many stars that were altogether invisible to the naked eye. When he appeared in Venice with his telescope he was surrounded by a crowd of curious persons who craved the privilege of looking through his glass. The philosophers of this day did not join in this enthusiasm, but seemed to be jealous of his popularity. They raised an outcry against Galileo, and upon one occasion a college professor refused to look through the telescope for fear that he might see what he had declared did not exist.

To his great gratification, Galileo was offered his old position in Pisa at

a good salary, with the opportunity of pursuing his investigations. He rejected absolutely the old notion that had been accepted for centuries and taught that the earth revolves around the sun. This got him into trouble with the ecclesiastical tribunal known as "The Inquisition." It was no joke to incur the displeasure of this court, for it had the power of life and death, and knew no mercy when heresy was scented. The Inquisition declared that the teaching of Galileo was contrary to Scripture, and his books, together with those of Copernicus were placed under ban.

Then the astronomer was summoned to go to Rome to undergo a personal examination. He pleaded age and infirmity as reasons why he should be excused, but in vain. He appeared before the inquisitors in Rome and explained his beliefs, but might as well have talked to a stone wall as to these prejudiced and bigoted ecclesiastics. They heard him several times and then condemned him to curse and abjure the "false doctrines" which he had so widely promulgated. He was also sentenced to be confined in the prison of the "Holy Office" indefinitely and to recite the seven penitential psalms once a week during three years.

His biographer tells us that Galileo, as he rose from his knees, whispered to one of his friends: "The world does move, though." His imprisonment was not severe. After a time he received permission to return to his villa near Florence, but was kept under strict observance and was not allowed to receive any of his friends.

The poor old man had rather a

hard time during his latter days. He suffered under a painful infirmity, said to have been produced by torture applied in the prisons of the inquisition to extort a recantation. He consoled his solitude, and lightened his hours of sickness by pursuing his favorite studies, but he was not allowed to publish any more books. As a sort of unhappy climax to his trouble, he lost the sight of both eyes. He spoke of this affliction in words of resignation, saying: "So it pleases God, it shall please me also." In 1638 he obtained permission to leave Florence, and to receive his friends, who crowded around him. Many distinguished visitors from abroad also came to see him.

Though blind and nearly deaf Galileo retained to the last his intellectual powers. He died January 8th, 1642, aged seventy-eight. After his death there was considerable wrangling as to whether, as a prisoner of the inquisition, he had a right to be buried in consecrated ground. The point was conceded, but the pope himself interfered to prevent the erection of a monument to him in the Church Santa Croce in Florence, for which a large sum had been subscribed. It is gratifying, however, to know that a monument now covers the spot where his remains repose.

One of Galileo's biographers, after giving an account of his life, thus sums up his good qualities: "Idolized by his friends, he deserved their affection by numberless acts of kindness; by his good humor, his affability, and by the benevolent generosity with which he devoted himself, and a great part of his limited income, to advance their talents and fortunes. If an

intense desire of being useful is everywhere worthy of honor; if its value is immeasurably increased when united to genius of the highest order; if we feel for one, who notwithstand-

ing such titles to regard, is harassed by cruel persecution, then none deserve our sympathy, our admiration and our gratitude, more than Galileo."

CONTROL YOUR TEMPER.

(McGuffey's Reader).

No one has a temper naturally so good, that it does not need attention and cultivation, and no one has a temper so bad, that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. One of the best disciplined tempers ever seen, was that of a gentleman who was naturally quick, irritable, rash, and violent; but, by having the care of the sick, and especially of deranged people, he so completely mastered himself, that he was never known to be thrown off his guard.

The difference in the happiness which is received or bestowed by the man who governs his temper, and that by the man who does not, is immense. There is no misery so constant, so distressing, and so intolerable to others, as that of having a disposition, which is your master, and which is continually fretting itself. There are corners enough, at every turn in life, against which we may run, and at which we may break out in impatience, if we choose.

Look at Roger Sherman, who rose, from a humble occupation, to a seat in the first Congress of the United States, and whose judgment was received with great deference by that body of distinguished men. He made himself master of his temper, and cultivated it as a great business in life. There are one or two in-

stances which show this part of his character in a light that is beautiful.

One day, after having received his highest honors, he was sitting and reading in his parlor. A roguish student, in a room close by, held a looking-glass in such a position, as to pour the reflected rays of the sun directly in Mr. Sherman's face. He moved his chair, and the thing was repeated. A third time the chair was moved, but the looking-glass still reflected the sun in his eyes. He laid aside his book, went to the window, and many witnesses of the impudence expected to hear the ungentlemanly student severely reprimanded. He raised the window gently, and then—shut the window-blind!

I can not forbear adducing another instance of the power he had acquired over himself. He was naturally possessed of strong passions; but over these he at length obtained an extraordinary control. He became habitually calm, sedate, and self-possessed. Mr. Sherman was one of those men who are not ashamed to maintain the forms of religion in their families. One morning, he called them all together, as usual, to lead them in prayer to God; the "old family Bible" was brought

out, and laid on the table.

Mr. Sherman took his seat, and placed beside him one of his children, a child of his old age; the rest of the family were seated around the room; several of these were now grown up. Beside these, some of the tutors of the college were boarders in the family, and were present at the time alluded to. His aged and superannuated mother occupied a corner of the room, opposite the place where the distinguished judge sat.

At length, he opened the Bible, and began to read. The child who was seated beside him, made some little disturbance, upon which Mr. Sherman paused, and told it to be still. Again he proceeded; but again he paused, to reprimand the little offender, whose playful disposition would scarcely permit it to be still. And this time, he gently tapped its ear. The blow, if blow it might be called, caught the attention of his aged moth-

er, who now, with some effort, rose from the seat, and tottered across the room. At length, she reached the chair of Mr. Sherman, and, in a moment, most unexpectedly to him, she gave him a blow on the ear with all the force she could summon. "There," said she, "you strike your child, and I will strike mine."

For a moment, the blood was seen mounting the face of Mr. Sherman; but it was only for a moment, when all was calm and mild as usual. He paused; he raised his spectacles; he cast his eye upon his mother; again it fell upon the book from which he had been reading. Not a word escaped him; but again he calmly pursued the service, and soon after sought in prayer an ability to set an example before his household, which should be worthy of their imitation. Such a victory was worth more, than the proudest one ever achieved on the field of battle.

TRAILING THE SILVER SMELT.

By *Etta Squier Seley.*

When anyone speaks of the fishing industry of the Northwest, we at once think of salmon and halibut. Every one has read or heard of the fishing fleets that leave Seattle and other Sound cities each year for the great fishing grounds off the Alaskan coast, and of how the fish are caught in nets or traps by the thousands, some being sent frozen to the markets in the States, and more being canned for distribution all over the world.

It will be a revelation to the uninitiated, if visiting in Seattle, to go

down to the waterfront and stop at the numerous fish markets. The display in front of these shops is interesting and varied. Several kinds of cod, colorful kelp fish, flounder, sole, herring and smelts. Then there are crabs in great piles, cooked ready for the housewife to take home, and many burlap sacks of clams dug from the sands around the Puget Sound shores by the Siwash Indians. And the Indians work hard for these clams, too. The selling season for clams is the same as for oysters, and for the greater part of the season they must

be dug at the low tides at night, as the day tides in the winter do not go out far enough to permit profitable digging. That means that most of the work is done by lantern light and in the rains; and several hours of having one's hands in the cold sea water, which rapidly oozes into the holes dug to extract the clams, is far from being what one might call a comfortable occupation.

Next to salmon and halibut, smelt seems to be in popular favor. These small fish are about six or eight inches long and perhaps two inches wide, and have a most delicate flavor. There are two sources of supply in the Northwest. The Columbia River furnishes countless thousands. When the schools run in the river, people go for miles to get them and the cars are parked thick along the river banks, or as near as they can get. There the fish come in such masses that one can dip them up by the basket full, pail full or even tub full. They run close to the shore and it is not necessary to get even your feet wet in order to secure a plentiful supply to salt down for family use, and all a family can possibly use can be dipped up in a very short time.

When these fish come to the markets they are inexpensive because they arrive in such vast quantities. I have personally bought a whole box for a dollar after they had been shipped seventy miles and passed through the retailer's hands.

Fine as are the Columbia River smelt, the silver smelt of the Puget Sound region are better. A bit smaller than the river fish, but of more delicate flavor and never so cheap because they have different habits and are harder to catch. Fish-

ermen on the trail of the silver smelt have almost all of the catch to make at night. The men become very expert at locating a school. They row silently up and down about the usual spawning grounds, watching and listening. Two fishermen told me that the fish make a peculiar "zip" with their tails on the surface of the water, and trained ears can detect it from some distance.

When a school is located, the net is set by fastening one end of it to a stake or tree on shore; then one man rows the boat in which the net is plied while the other pays out the net over the roller in the stern of the boat. They make a wide circle, and if necessary, one man can haul in the catch, but it is very heavy work and usually two men work together.

One thing keeps the fishermen guessing. The fish do not go each season to the same spawning grounds. Why, no one knows, but it keeps the men traveling quite a bit to find them. Sometimes they run around the shores of Whidby Island; again they have scurried down past Seattle near Riche's Pass, opposite Bainbridge Island or perhaps clear up to the head of Sinclair Inlet, beyond the U. S. Navy Yard at Bremerton. There used to be a fine spawning ground off Benson's Point, almost opposite the Navy Yard, but the fishermen say it is not good now because of the oil discharged on the water from the big ships.

The care of the nets used in this work is very important. When they can be afforded, linen nets are preferred, but many use cotton nets. Even a cotton net is expensive, costing a dollar a foot, and the average length is three hundred feet. Then

there are the floats for the upper edge of the net. If of cork, these cost five cents apiece. A cotton net, if not given proper care, will not last long. Possibly not more than four months. This fishing, done near the shore as it is, collects more than smelt in the meshes of the net. Quantities of sea grasses and kelp become entangled, and the slimy substances clinging to them are exceedingly destructive to a net. So after each catch of fish, no matter what may be the uncanny hour of the night, the careful fisherman does not consider his work done until the net has been rinsed as well as may be done in the dark, to rid it of most of the slimy accumulations. That done, it is again piled loosely in the small boat and the tired workers snatch a few hours of needed rest aboard their launch. Their lunches while never very large, have a snug cabin equipped to meet their simple living needs while on the work.

The next morning after the catch, the fish must be boxed for market and the nets washed a second time. For this work they go to some convenient clean beach, where, donning

their slicker garments, the two men haul the net over the roller into shallow water and taking it in short sections, give it a thorough beating until it is entirely cleared of all foreign substances.

I asked one of the men how long a net would last if properly cared for, and he smiled and said they had one that had been doing service for eight years. Every four or six weeks they boil the nets in a mixture of hemlock bark, Stockholm tar and cochineal. This dyes the thread a reddish brown and acts as a preservative.

To the suggestion that it seemed very hard work, they replied that it was, but so was anything worth while, and that by contributing to supplying a public need they were rendering a service to mankind. They said they envy no man. They can live comfortably aboard their launch, by using good sense and industry can be reasonably sure of a decent living income, their work is in the open with beauty all about them, and they recall that even in the Scriptures are recorded the names of a number of men who were fishermen.

ENNOBLING THE PROFESSION.

By Paul W. Wager.

In a recent issue the News Letter carried an article showing the dearth of doctors in the rural regions of the state. The purpose of this article is to point out one community which is particularly favored.

Down in the southwest corner of Randolph county is a country doctor who is a real "medical missionary." For twenty years Dr. C. C. Hubbard,

who was trained in one of the best medical schools in the country, has been giving this community—and his circuit is a long one—the benefit of his skill and training. In daylight or in darkness, over good roads and bad, his Ford may be heard chugging along, carrying to rich and poor alike the ministrations of medical service. But he carries to his patients more

than medical skill; the back of his car is filled with magazines, religious tracts, apples and oranges, and even toys. He ministers to both body and soul. He sometimes goes into homes which do not have a scrap of reading matter. One little girl, sick with typhoid fever, had never had a doll until he brought her one. Through his influence he secures for his patients the services of highly trained specialists at a trifling cost, or at no cost at all. One poor woman was terribly scalded; nothing but skin grafting and the service of experts could save her from being badly disfigured. Through his influence he got her into John Hopkins hospital in Baltimore where she was completely healed.

No family is too poor to claim his most careful services, but he gauges his fees to their pocketbooks, charg-

ing just enough to make them think they have paid. Even a good portion of his collections goes back into some form of charity. Dr. Hubbard is a Quaker and embodies the Quaker ideals of service.

But this article would not be complete without mentioning his wife and his daughter. Mrs. Hubbard is almost a doctor herself. When people come to the house and find the doctor away, she can prescribe for them, and minister a vaccine, or dress a wound almost as well as he. She goes with him and assists in surgical cases. The daughter is almost as versatile as her parents.

Fortunate indeed is a community with such people in its midst. Young doctors should find inspiration in the life of this splendid doctor. He is ennobling an already noble profession.

COMING BACK STRONG.

The packets have come back to the Mississippi. New Orleans and Natchez and Memphis and Cairo and other riverside towns are once more ports of call for a system of water-borne traffic comparable in size, and infinitely more valuable as to cargoes, with that of the romantic days of the Robert E. Lee, the Natchez, the Eclipse, the Shotwell, and a score of other palatial stern-wheelers that made river history. Uncle Sam has put these new packets on the trade routes of the old, carrying 10,000 tons of freight, where the stern-wheeler of the periods before and after the Civil War carried 200 to 500 tons. Instead of three and one-half to four days between New Or-

leans and St. Louis—the time of the fastest of the old packets—they require a week or so for the downstream voyage and twelve days or more for the upstream journey.

Where the steamboats used to make stops at every landing on the Mississippi, and on some of the streams feeding into that river, until they were driven out by the railroads, now the new steel, steam inland freighters are calling regularly at all ports on the Father of Waters, and smaller steamers and motor craft are carrying their cargoes up and down the side streams. The new packets are the largest, most powerful and most modern, as well as the costliest carriers of cargo ever installed on in-

land waterways. They consist of three types of towboats and two types of barges.

Two of the towboats are for towing exclusively; they are used on the Mississippi, while the third, used on the Warrior, combines a huge barge and a tug in one, with the further ability to tow five or six loaded steel barges behind it. This is used on the Warrior River and between New Orleans and Mobile. Upward of forty steel barges for use on the Mississippi River have been delivered and are in service. They are 230 feet long, 45 feet molded beam, and 11 feet deep, with a cargo box 184 feet long, 37 feet wide, and rising nine feet above the deck. The hull is divided into eight compartments in the hold, and the total cargo capacity is approximately 1,800 tons on an eight-foot draft.

To tow these barges, a number of the most powerful towboats ever used on inland waterways have been

provided. They are propelled by steam engines, of the same type and size as those used in deep-sea going vessels built during the war at the Hog Island yard. They are all steel, 200 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 10 feet deep, drawing six and one-half feet of water.

The dwellers along the river and those who work on the mighty stream admire the new system of inland freighters, but they look with regret on the passing of the old river steamer. Some of them cling with the greatest tenacity to travel by boat, and there are hundreds of persons living along the shores of the Mississippi who always ride on the America and the few other remaining steamers, in preference to the "steam eyes."

One of the relics of the old days is the Mississippi pilot, and he is in no danger of passing away.—Dear-born Independent.

THAT LINE FENCE.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been "lawed over" for years. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red hot to fight that line fence question on his own hook. That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the field

one day. Said Hackett: "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"Your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been enough fight

over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, both tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned

him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett:

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wasn't nothing in the fight anyway but the principle of the thing."—Tarbell's Guide.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Mr. Talbert and a number of the boys have been hoeing cabbage several days during the past week.

Mr. Walker and a number of the smaller boys have been keeping the flower beds in good shape during the past month.

The Training School base-ball team is proud of its record this season. It has played four games and won three. The percentage being .750.

Since the coming of warm weather a large number of the boys are now going barefooted. The shoes that are not being used were put in sacks and sent to the shoe shop.

The barn boys have plowed up the lawn in front of the lower cottages. They have also been busy doing a great deal of harrowing and planting during the past week.

Mr. Carriker and the shop boys have been busy during the past week making some wagon beds for the barn force. They have also been painting them.

The following boys: Charlie Ward, Perry Quinn, Bill Goss, David White, Gordon Ellis, Ennis Harper, Clarence Hendley, Troy Norris, Jesse Ross, Nolan Woodford and Elias Warren were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, of Charlotte, came out to the institution last Sunday afternoon and brought with him Rev. A. D. Wilcox of the Trinity Methodist Church, Charlotte, to speak to the boys. A verse which he spoke from reads as follows: "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I be there will ye be also." He told the boys how many other lads of their age had made good. The boys who had been bad, in trouble, getting drunk and other bad things have repented and are now serving the Lord. Rev. Wilcox's sermon to the boys was a very interesting one. It was enjoyed by all present.

The Roberta Mill team visited the

local diamond last Saturday afternoon and was defeated by the score of 4 to 3. It was a hard fought game and required ten innings to decide the contest. This was the second extra inning game played here this season. Lisk was a trifle unsteady, issuing several passes in the early innings, but settled down and held the visitors to four hits. He was backed up by excellent fielding. MacArthur, the little left-fielder saved the game for the J. T. S. by going over the bank and making two catches that seemed impossible. Brown and Pickett, playing third base and shortstop, also fielded in great style. In the eighth inning with the score 3 to 1 in favor of the visitors, the local team tied the count when Godown was hit by a pitched ball and White, Russell and Brown followed with safe hits. With one out in the tenth, Godown hit safely and scored the winning run when the visiting players threw the ball around wildly. The box score was:

R. H. E.

J. T. S. 0001000201—4 7 3

Roberta 0020100000—3 4 3

The subject of last Sunday's lesson was: "Isaac and His Wells." "Then Isaac sowed in that land, and received in the same year an hundred fold, and the Lord blessed him." Isaac became powerful and rich, he left the city where he was then living and went to the city of Gerrar. Isaac had large possessions of flocks and herds, he also had a large number of servants. The wells which his father Abraham had dug was filled with dirt by the envious Philistines. They envied Isaac because he was rich. Isaac dug two wells and they were claimed and taken by the herdsmen, Isaac did not quarrel, but he left them. The third well that his servants dug none came to lay claim to it so he said: "Now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land." Then Isaac built an altar there "and called upon the name of the Lord, and pitched his tent there: and there Isaac's servants digged a well." The golden text for this lesson was: "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger."—Proverbs 15:1.

MARY AND HER CHOP.

Mary had a little lamb,
 You've heard this tale before;
 But have you heard she passed her plate
 And had a little more?

—Tit-Bits,

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 5, 1926

No. 27

MAN'S ATTITUDE.

One of the primal characteristics of man is dissatisfaction with the present attainments. The great progress of the human race is due to that noble discontent which finds expression in new avenue of service and higher heights of endeavor.

The robin and the wren and all of God's feathered creatures are content with the songs and nests of a thousand generations. Centuries come and go and the squirrel still cracks his nuts, the ox eats grass and the horse his accustomed feed. All of the lower order of animals find satisfaction and contentment in following the same course through the ages. They are not interested in progress.

Not so with man. The thought of dominion is ever uppermost in his mind and he is striving and struggling to ascend the difficult heights and unearth more of the hidden truths of God.—Clyde R. Hoey.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of 4, 1923.

THE PLACE TO INVEST.

This is a most timely question. People have caught a "complaint" from automobiles and Fords—they are perfectly inoculated with the moving disease. Of course, the most ideal place to live is out in the open country, unmolested with the ills that a city congestion always produces.

Lots of town people have their eyes turned country-wise. But leaving town for a twenty-five or even a fifty foot lot, thus thinking that they are moving to the country and taking on an individuality (to quote one person, who is too far gone to make an intimate acquaintance of the goddess of personality,) robs the movement of all its romance and charming benefits.

If you are moving to the country to avoid the noise, the congestion, and the annoyances of a city living, get yourself at least two acres, but ten or twenty acres approach more towards the ideal of a country home. When one gets his little castle, garage and chicken coop located on his twenty-five foot suburban lot, there is no room for the faithful cow or the biddies to exercise into friers.

But in this seductive period of advertising tempting investments in developments, we will play safe if we bear in mind:

The best place for a Southerner to invest his money is the South—the

South is coming into its own;

The best place for a North Carolinian to invest his money is in North Carolina—North Carolina is the liveliest state in the Union today;

The best place for a citizen of Cabarrus county to invest his money is in Cabarrus county—for it is your home, and what helps your county will help you—it is bread cast upon the waters.

Your home and its territory deserve your first and last consideration when you are itching to invest.*

Every banker and successful business man will tell you this.

* * * * *

LAWYER TILLETTS RELIEVES HIMSELF.

Charlie Tillett, a member of the Charlotte bar, couldn't stand it any longer. He wrote a piece for the Charlotte Observer against the Fundamentalists and Modernists controversy. Not satisfied with that means of publicity, he has issued it in pamphlet form for distribution.

His first paragraph is calculated to make one read through the entire pamphlet whether he agrees with the attorney or not. It runs like this: "I can't stay out of this thing any longer. My entry upon the arena is due to the effects of a malignant disease with which I have been afflicted for many years. The first sufferer from this ailment, so far as I know, was that old Roman satirist, Juvenal, who lived in the first century. The malady has a queer sounding Latin name: Cacoethes scribendi. Plain folks like you and me call it: "The itch of Writing." Well, I "itch" and I must "scratch; so here goes."

It is probably settled now.

* * * * *

"THERE'S THE RUB."

"There's the rub!" exclaimed the man. And he said it sadly and brokenly. He had felt the rub.

But that was what a violin also said one day, when the master drew the bow across its bosom. It whined and scolded and cried. Later it laughed and sang.

It wakened hope in a heart where hope had died. It kindled faith where faith had flickered and blown out. It inspired love where hatred had burned.

"There's the rub!" it had said; but the rub became a sonata. The rub became the sweetest song of love the world has ever known.

"There's the rub!" The "E" string said, "I will stand it no longer. I

will not have him saw upon me—he may saw me in two. I am stretched so tight now I am likely to break.”

Finally it grew discouraged and snapped. It snapped in the middle of a fantasy. The master sighed. The audience groaned. The foolish knew not what it did.

There are rubs that polish, and there are rubs that smooth off the corners of character, and there are rubs that bring warmth and health and heart action back to the chilling limbs and lives.

There are rubs that bring the perfume from rose petals. There are rubs that work out wrinkles and comfort pain. There are rubs that wash out the soil and soot and make bright and white again.

“There’s the rub!” is it?

It may be the hand of God feeling for your hand!—W. L. Y. Davis, in N. Y. Advocate.

* * * * *

IS THIS EDUCATION?

Just for a moment your attention is directed to a list of most interesting sentences that constitute a confession by Bernadine Freeman. She is frank to say:

“I can solve a quadratic equation, but I can not keep my bank balance straight.

I can read “Goethe’s Faust” in the original, but I can not ask for a piece of bread in German.

I can name the Kings of England since War of the Roses, but I do not know the qualifications of the candidates in the coming election.

I know the economic theories of Malthus and Adam Smith, but I can not live without my income.

I can recognize the ‘leit-motif’ of a Wagner Opera, but I can not sing a tune.

I can explain the principles of hydraulics, but I can not fix a leak in the kitchen faucet.

I can read the plays of Moliere in the original, but I can not order a meal in French.

I have studied the psychology of James and Titchener, but I can not control my temper.

I can conjugate Latin verbs, but I can not write legibly.”

A writer in the Reformed Church Messenger takes this up and, observing that the first half of each of these statements represents knowledge, the latter half the lack of wisdom, makes this astounding statement:

The mere school-boy of today knows more than Moses or Isaiah or

University Commencement, moves the Raleigh News & Observer to exclaim, 'this is proof to explode the theory that beauty and brains do not mix.' Looking at her picture is convincing. The lady wears a fine suite of most beautiful hair.

* * * * *

If, solicitor Evans, who has made the lawless in his district most miserable and who has suffered a defeat by a small margin and asking a recount, is correct in the alleged irregularities, it might be well to make the Raleigh District a law unto itself.

* * * * *

A FAMILY SECRET.

When Ma Gets Sick.

When ma is sick she pegs away;
She's quiet, though; not much to say;
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings.
She says she don't feel extra well,
But that it's just a kind of spell.

She'll be all right tomorrow, sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' pa he sniffs an' makes no kick,
For women folk is always sick.
An' ma, she smiles, let's on she's glad
When ma is sick it ain't so bad.

When Pa Gets Sick.

When pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An ma an' us just holds our breath.
He crawls in bed, an' puffs and grunts,
And does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc" Brown, an' mighty quick,
For when pa's sick he's awful sick.
He gasps and groans, an' sort o' sighs
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.
Ma jumps an' runs an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss.
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce—
When pa is sick, it's something fierce.

BY THE WAY—

By Jim Reddick.

FINDING OUT THINGS.

There are two kinds of knowledge. This is certain.

The learned in their lectures will tell you that one of these is "what you know yourself," and the other is "to know where to find it." The plain common-day man will tell you that one kind of knowledge is "what you hear," and the other kind "is experience and observation."

I have in mind a certain little Louisiana boy, in the years past. Once upon a time he found the late Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court, while on a visit home, stuck in the mud. That was in the days before autos and when carriages were fashionable.

The harness had broken, and the Chief Justice, after a long trial and his failure to adjust it, called upon a small, tousle-headed boy in sight for aid. In a few moments the boy had things in shape. In his astonishment, Mr. White was pleased to ask the boy "how he did that so easily and quickly."

The youngster, looking the unknown gentleman square in the eyes, simply replied, "you know, mister, some folks is just simply born with sense." That's it—sense cuts a big and important caper in the affairs of men. It has done so in the ages past; it is doing so today; and will be at the stand doing business in the tomorrows.

It was sense that made the late James William Cannon a multi-mil-

lionaire and the creator of a mammoth industry, robbing a mere clerkship in a store. It was sense that made a conspicuous business success out of a tin-type photographer, lately returned bare-footed from the War Between the States, in the person of the venerable and esteemed D. B. Coltrane, president of the Concord National Bank; it was sense that took W. J. Swink from a twenty-five cent a-day job when a boy and made him a man of great affairs and of wealth; it was sense that made the Efrid brothers of our community merchant princes; it was sense that transplanted a small Concord boy in the person of A. Luther Brown into an amazingly successful executive and leader of men; it was sense that took John G. Parks from behind an unpromising cotton plough and planted him into a wonderfully important and growing mercantile business; it was sense that has kept hundreds of our best citizens on the farm, where they have made remarkable successes and lived upright and useful lives, rather than seducing them into town where failure was sure to follow; and it was sense that backed Homer Smith, who seven years ago, with limited education, went into debt for a worn-out cotton farm, corrugated with innumerable gullies, but to-day has it paid for and the old farm has become a blooming garden spot.

There are hundreds of others, and none of them can or could lay claim to a college education. Pick 'em out

girl, suffering the tortures of the sting of a "bobbed-tailed" black-snake. This Yankee surgeon's heart melted at the sight of the child—he sought nothing other than to tender his kindly services for the relief of the suffering child. He prescribed a tea made of whiskey and mullin. When informed that there was no whiskey in the house and no greenbacks but lots of Confederate Notes, which had lost their standing in the purchasing kingdom, and all neighbors suffered a like condition—

That Yankee Surgeon pulled from his pocket a two dollar greenback, handed it to the mother and commanded her to hasten in her search for the prescribed remedy. She did

so; the child recovered; and the next day the marauding Federal soldiers departed from the neighborhood, but—

Sixty years afterwards this one deed of brotherly kindness at the hands of a Yankee Surgeon, who had gotten into bad company, is vividly recalled in appreciation and gratitude. In chaff one often finds a fine, good grain—this Yankee Doctor was the Good Grain; and I wonder what his name is, and is he alive, and if so, where does he live?

I'd like to mail this evidence of appreciation of his gracious act to him, that he might see how a lady rebel remembers his nobleness at a very dark hour in her experience.

Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all person.—Ruskin.

A SCOWL AND A SMILE.

Two little children boarded a train with their mothers at a certain station. One of them had a smile for every-body; the other was whining and scolding and fussing continually. Soon the attention of everyone in the car was attracted to them. The smiling child received much attention and many a friendly look of interest. The scowling youngster seemed to annoy every passenger. Both are remembered, one with pleasure, the other with anything but pleasure. This is a parable of life. When we smile on the world, the world smiles back. If we scowl and are cross, men will resent it. It is far better to take things cheerfully and

greet the people and the world with a smile. That little smiling child, happily playing by its mother's side in the train, has a good start in life. We once had a lecture on "The Contagion of a Smile." It is certainly true, for nearly everyone in the car that caught the smile of the child and it made many passengers have a moment of supreme pleasure to see the happiness of a little two-year-old. There are many things that are contagious besides the measles, and if we can give pleasure to others by carrying a smile with us which is catching, fortunate indeed are we.—Exchange.

THEY ARE COMING BACK!

Asheville Citizen.

Between 1865 and 1900 five million Southern-born whites migrated from their beloved Southland, hard hit by the War Between the States into the North and West and Texas in search of bigger opportunity and swifter returns upon their labor and money than they could get in this section.

And now they are coming back!

They are coming back to invest their capital and enterprise in the land from which they and their ancestors turned so little time ago. They are coming back in hundreds of thousands, in millions. Some of them come to stay. Others come as tourists, and among these tourists are some of the South's most munificent investors.

Commenting on this in the leading article in the 1926 Blue Book of Southern Progress, Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, Editor of The Manufacturers Record, points out: "During 19-25 approximately 500,000 people entered Florida in automobiles. A far greater number went by railroads, and thousands by steamship lines. It has been estimated that during the winter there were from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 tourists in Florida."

What this means he explains, is

best understood when it is recalled that Henry M. Flagler was a tourist to Florida, and that he spent from seventy-five to a hundred millions of dollars in opening up the State. So was Henry B. Plant, another great builder of Florida railroads and hotels, a tourist.

But it is not only to Florida that the tourist is going, Mr. Edmonds says. Every State in the South is being enriched by such a tide of travel as the world has never seen in such a short period of time. And everywhere "the tourist is the forerunner of vast constructive upbuilding operations."

The author of the article then quotes Mr. W. D. Keley, one time "father of the House of Representatives," who said more than a third of a century ago:

"The development of the South means the enrichment of the nation. It is the most glorious country upon which my feet or eyes have ever rested. It is to be the coming El Dorado of American adventure."

His prophecy is being fulfilled. They are coming back to the South.

And the South is coming back.

Concord Golfer: "Notice any improvement since last year?"

His Caddie: "Had your clubs shined up and your uniform washed, haven't you, sir?"

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Long about this time there are more people, apparently, interested in the National League than they are in the League of Nations. The latter appears to be leagues away from its starting point.

The man who doesn't believe in himself can scarcely expect others to believe in him. Distrust your own ability and others will distrust you. This is an inevitable rule of the world.

I know a Durham man who bought a \$1.25 straw hat, and for fear his wife might think he was too cheap, he removed the cost mark and instead put down \$3.00 in large figures. When his wife saw the hat and the substituted cost price, she remarked upon its good looks and becomingness. It tickled the husband to shakes like he had the chills. And the poor wife enjoyed it, not knowing any better. These awful husbands.

Speaking of wives, do you ever give your wife a chance to tell you how she thinks you might improve your business; or how to save money? I was about to order something I saw advertised, and my wife advised against it. I took her advice and saved 2 cents. Now that's the way to economize and save. Let your wife help you.

An optimist is a man who swallows all of the propagander that is handed out these days of promotions

of every kind.

Bootleggers are getting so rich that some of them will soon appear in 'Who's Who,' and the public will want to know "Why."

Statistics and static are two of the prominent things these days. Both are hard to understand. Static came along in company with the radio—and seems likely to stay with it, to the annoyance of radio fans. Statistics harnessed for business are a new version of the law of averages. A thing that happens three times out of five is likely to happen again. The only gambles that have defied the statistician are dice, roulettem and Wall street, where anything can happen after the boys have talked it over. A crop is a big money maker if the sun hangs at a certain angle in the sky and the chaps in Europe do not decide to slay one another with or without excuse. A woman who has shot one husband, divorced another, and is making eyes at a third is very likely to be lively company. Certain facts, coupled with certain suppositions, keep statistics steady. Religious beliefs are the only thing a man can swallow whole and escape. They do him more good than harm, but the same theory does not apply in any other sphere of operations. Yes; statistics are a great thing in these days.

The ability to see the funny side of life can be cultivated. Make it

a point to look for the funny situations and you will marvel at the number of things waiting to be laughed at. One doesn't have to be queer to have a sense of humor. Most of the time it merely means being natural. A sense of humor tends to team work. Fellows like to be with those who make them forget their labors. They work just as hard or harder because they have a chance to laugh. And it's fun to be able to make the other fellow wear smiles instead of frowns. So if you want life's nearest approach to an elixir, "can" the frowns and smile all you can. It may not be a royal road but it's about the nearest approach to one. Take life seriously but see the funny side wherever you can.

All of our churches usually stand open all the time, an invitation to people to come in at anytime for a season, short or long, of prayer and meditation. Where you can be all alone with yourself and your God. Sometimes some people are in mighty bad company when they are alone with themselves. But did you ever experience retiring to the house of God, during the busy week-day affairs of the world, and for a few minutes relax from business cares, and commune with your maker in an honest, earnest manner as to the kind of sinner you are; and praise and magnify His holy name with thanksgiving for all His blessing and mercies showered upon you? It is the most refreshing thing a person can do. The quietness and restfulness of the sanctuary brings a holy calm over your soul.

and your meditations will reveal to you untold blessings; bring you to a sense of gratitude and thankfulness as refreshing as a draft of the cooling "waters that flow by the tree of life."

A man stepped into a store where they sell birds and remarked: "I see you advertise for a man to retail canaries." "Yes," replied the dealer; "are you a salesman?" "No; I just had a curiosity to find out how little birds lost their tails in the first place."

The linotype machines play the wilds with copy sometimes. A report of a marriage contained this sentence: "Her four bridesmaids and two brain-bearers." That is a useful innovation for brides who are apt to lose their heads on these occasions. What about the grooms? I heard of one, not long ago, who was so excited at the ceremony, that he took the brides flowers and made them into bouquets and presented them to two of his former sweet hearts.

When Ford cars run into drug stores to get cocolas you can put it down that Durham is some progressive town. It happened; for it came about. On the corner of Magnun and Chapel Hill streets is a drug store. By a sign displayed it makes a specialty of "Curb Service." It got some service Wednesday. A Reo car, lady driving, came humming jollily along Mangum street. A Ford, man driving, was rattling along Chapel Hill street, and to avoid a collision, and keep out of the Reo lady's way, he

went right into the drug store, and didn't touch either door facing. When a Ford is careful, it is the most careful thing I know of.

THE LESSON STUART TAUGHT.

(Charlotte Observer).

Underneath the spreading elms at the intersection of two streets in the residence section of the attractive little town of Cleveland, Tenn., stands a white marble monument, erected something like 40 years ago to the memory of three very prominent young men of the town who were killed in a railroad wreck at Thaxton, Va. Their names were Marshall, Steed and Hardwick, their families being among the most prominent and wealthy of the town.

The late George R. Stuart, who died at Birmingham, Ala., a few days ago, has often told most interestingly and dramatically the story of that monument and how it came about that there is not a fourth name carved on its face and that name his. He told the story hundreds of times from one end of the country to the other and made of it one of the strongest pleas ever put before American audiences for the honoring by children of their parents. His name was not on the monument because, much against this will, he gave in to his mother's uncompromising refusal to let him go abroad, even though he was a grown man and had a family of his own.

Here is the story as he told it himself over and over again:

I owe all that I am, morally and religiously, to the authority of a good mother. I also owe my life to that authority. I give this little history,

which is sacred to me. A few years ago I and three other young men planned a trip to Europe. We had read and talked and planned for months. A few months before we were ready to start I mentioned the trip to my mother who, since my father's death has made her home with me—and it has been my sweetest pleasure to give her the sunniest and best room in my house. When I mentioned the trip she said: "George, I am getting old; you are my only stay; I am afraid of the ocean; I cannot let you go while I live. Wait till I am gone and then you can go to Europe." I thought it was a mere kind of sentiment with mother, and that I would get all things ready for the trip, and that in the kindness of her heart she would yield her consent. I had made arrangements, temporarily as some of you possibly have done permanently, to have my father-in-law take care of my wife and children, and all things were ready for the trip. A short while before we were ready to start I stated in the presence of my mother, "Well, we are off soon for Europe." She looked up and said, "What is that, George?" I said, "We have everything ready, the trip is organized, and we are to start for Europe soon." Straightening up in her chair, she looked me straight in the face and said: "George, I told you once I did not want you to go. I

have thought over this trip and have prayed over it, and I cannot give my consent for you to go; and now I tell you so that you will understand it: You shall not go." I said "Mother, do not put it that way." I tried to argue the question with her saying, "It is one of the sweetest hopes of my life that you are crushing." She said, "George, I have prayed over it; my mind is made up. We will not discuss it; you shall not go, and that settles it." And when she said that I knew it did settle it and I surrender what to me was one of the most pleasant hopes of my life. I hunted up my companions, and said, "I'm not going." They excitedly exclaimed, "What's the matter?" I said, "Mother won't let me go." They said, "Are you not twenty-one, married and got children and yet tied to your mother's apron strings?" I said, "I would not cross the old Atlantic against my mother's wishes for a million dollars."

A few days later I got a letter from Brother Jones (Sam Jones) asking me to accompany him on a trip to Canada. The following week we were ploughing across Lake Ontario. It was a bright day. Brother Jones wife and I were sitting on the deck of the vessel, and as she ploughed the blue waters I said, "This is glorious; how I wish it were on the Atlantic and I were headed for Europe. I shall always feel that mother was a little harsh in breaking up my European trip." Brother Jones said, "Well, old boy, the whales might have gotten you in the Atlantic," and we dropped the subject. On our return we were going in to the supper table at Buffalo, N. Y.

Brother Jones bought The New York World. Just as we reached the dining room he said, "George, there has been a terrible railroad wreck at Thaxton, Va. My, what a list of the killed." Looking at the list I saw "Cleveland, Tenn." I snatched the paper from his hand and read, while my blood ran cold: "John M. Hardwick, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned; William Marshall, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned; Willie Steed, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned." I threw up my hands and said, "Oh, Sam, the next name would have been, 'George Stuart, Cleveland, Tenn., killed and burned,' but for the authority of my precious mother."

In the early days of the original Chautauqua, in New York State, its founder, the late Bishop John H. Vincent, invited Stuart to lecture there and for many years he was heard each summer on the platform at Chautauqua. It is stated that Bishop Vincent said of Stuart that he was the finest entertainer on the American platform. Certainly he knew human nature as few men know it and had the ability to grip great audiences by the plain and simple yet compelling and powerful portrayal of the faults and foibles of his fellow man. One of his earliest lectures was entitled "People I've Met and What I've Learned From Them." Up to the very end of his life Stuart was able to pack his church in Birmingham to capacity every Sunday and usually, it is said, many persons were turned away from the doors.

As an evangelist, as a pastor and as a lecturer George Stuart went up and down the country preaching the doc-

trine that in the home is to be found the solution of our problems and the salvation of our country. He spent his life largely pleading for a return of the people of this age to the standards of the Christian home where the children were brought up to honor their fathers and their mothers.

Stuart was one of the three originators of the Southern Assembly of the Methodist Church at Lake Junaluska, this State, and his work in establishing that great center of religion thought and teaching will probably

stand as his greatest achievement. He, together with the late Bishop James Atkins and Mr. John R. Pepper, a prominent business man and layman of Memphis, Tenn., were the leaders in promoting that great enterprise.

With all his achievements, however, Stuart's greatest work was as a champion of the Christian home and its influences. America needs more men who are interested in the same thing that gripped and held his mind and his heart.

THERE ARE TWO SIDES.

There are hosts of people who think there is only one side to a question, and, naturally, that is the side they are on. Now if we look around we shall find good men and able men who are on the other side. Would this not be a monotonous world if every question the human mind could raise had only one side? It would be so uninteresting. There would not be much need for us to do any thinking. It is difficult to see how there could be very much progress. Yes, to political questions, social questions, industrial questions and religious questions there are two sides. And both sides have been held since the world began, and they will go on being held until the end of time.

And I think that is the way God intended it to be. He gave us our minds so that we could ponder over subjects, cast them about in our minds, discuss them with one another and thus arrive at a conclusion that satisfies our best judgment.

That there are two sides to practically every question does not mean that we are to be men and women without convictions. How could we have convictions on any subjects that did not have two sides? There must be one view to reject and one to accept. The ability to arrive at a conclusion that commends itself to our conscience makes us men of strength. Let a person think a thing through. Let a person think a thing through, weight the arguments on both sides carefully, and as a result of this process say, "I take my stand on this side," and you have the type of individual who will defend his position at any cost.

At the same time we are in duty bound to respect the opinions of those who honestly differ from us. They may be as sincere in their view as we are. Truth is a big thing, and we must all work together if we would come to know all that is to be known about it.—Young Folks.

DR. JOHN WHITEHEAD.

By way of The Wachovia Magazine, we find this most beautiful and highly deserved appreciation of Dr. John Whitehead, the outstanding physician of Salisbury for fifty years. It is from the pen of Hon. Hayden Clement, of the Salisbury bar. It pictures what we consider a true man in such fine manner that The Uplift desires to pass it on to its readers.

We live in a world of beauty and of tears, a world of sunshine and of flowers. The flowers fall down and wither away, and so do lives. All flowers are not alike; some are more fragrant, others more beautiful. All lives are not alike; some are nearer and dearer to us than others. Every garden has its sweetest rose and every household has its idol plant. The flowers that are gone may come again another year, but lives departed leave only memories behind. It has been said that the world misses no one, that the waves of time bear us away from the grave and we resume the even tenor of our ways. It is not always so. There are men who make themselves necessities—who so impress their usefulness upon the world that we cannot forget them even if we would.

Probably the greatest personal loss that Salisbury and her community has ever sustained was in the death of Dr. John Whitehead, a good physician, a good shepherd. Born in Salisbury, N. C., December 18, 1855, he was not only Salisbury's most beloved physician, but stood deservedly in the front rank of his profession in the State. He received his preparatory education in the Presbyterian High School of Salisbury, then one of the best in the State. In 1871, when fifteen years of age, he entered Davidson College, and after a full four years' course was graduated at

the age of nineteen, with high honors in the Class of 1875, delivering the salutatory address. After leaving college he studied medicine for one and one-half years under the direction of his father, Dr. Marcellus Whitehead, himself a celebrated and distinguished physician. In 1877 he entered the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, whence he was graduated in 1880, the president of a class of one hundred and fifteen graduates.

In high school, in college and in the university an assiduous student, he was thoroughly equipped for his chosen profession when he returned to Salisbury in 1880 and entered into partnership with his distinguished father, beginning a practice which was at once successful and remunerative, and which continued until the time of his death.

Absolutely correct in his habits, neat in his dress, courteous and gentle in his ministrations in the sick room and hospital, as well as his intercourse with his fellows, it is no wonder that he is loved and honored as few men have been.

A surgeon of rare skill himself, he early appreciated the crying need of his community for a hospital, and becoming associated with Dr. J. Ernest Stokes, a surgeon of recognized ability, they founded the Whitehead-Stokes Sanitarium. This institution has proven what Dr. Whitehead and

Dr. Stokes designed it should be, a blessing to suffering humanity.

He was more than a physician in this community; he was the good shepherd, he knew his sheep and was known by them as the friend and sympathetic adviser of the entire community. He was blessed with the two greatest gifts to man, an intellectual mind and a kind and understanding heart. Present at the birth of more than fifteen thousand children, and probably at the death of fifteen thousand more, he knew and shared the troubles, sorrows and pains of the entire community. A true Christian, a true believer, unselfish, painstaking, bearing with fortitude the troubles and ills of his patients and friends, his life was a benediction. To see him at the bedside of the sick and afflicted was to feel that he was surrounded with the great peace that passeth all understanding. Modest, quiet, unassuming, devoted to his God and his people, he served well this community for nearly half a century. His character was built up slowly and solidly, little by little, day by day, week by week, and as firmly as a beautiful mountain. A man of great intellectual attainment, with the character and sympathy to see the faults of others and yet with no word of censure or blame for their misdoings, his life has been an inspiration to this community. No monument of granite, no memorial, however great and costly, could add luster to his memory.

He was a good physician, a good citizen; he took an active part in the civic life of Salisbury; he invested his earnings in the city; he was first to lead and generally the largest contributor to any worthy cause.

A devoted member of the Baptist church, he was rarely absent from its services or its communion. He served his fellow citizens in times past as city alderman and as a member of the water commission, and was always glad to be of service on committees looking for the development of his county and State. He was a stockholder in a number of local corporations, and was for years, a member of the Board of Managers of the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company.

On October 24, 1889, Dr. Whitehead was happily married to Miss Rose Irwin Morris, of Clazmont, Va. To this union three children were born, two of them, Edward Morris and Susie Morris Osborne, survive, little Marcellus having died at an early age.

He had a purpose in life, to work and labor in the vineyard of his Master. He regarded the Gospel of Jesus Christ not as a book of morals, but the story of life; he saw in it the perfection of human character, the divinity of forgiveness, of perpetual mercy, of constant patience, of endless peace, and of everlasting gentleness, and his purpose was to follow in His footsteps. He regarded life as a service, life as a duty, life as a mission. He could not bear to stand idle while his people suffered. Day by day he gave of his great heart and waning strength to the poor, afflicted and distressed, and when at last, on the fifteenth day of April, 1926, the word went forth that Dr. Whitehead had passed away, more than one was reminded of the words of our Saviour, when He said, "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it; but whosoever lose his life for my sake shall save it."

THE LADY SILVER RUFF.

By Frances McKinnon Morton.

Eleanor Curtis had not spoken to her cousin Ralph for more than a week when she looked up to see him coming striding in at the front gate as if he had a perfect right to make her speak to him whether she wanted to or not.

The very sight of him walking that way sent prickles of anger all up and down her spine and made her cheeks burn red. If there had been any one else at the house to answer his call she would not have seen him at all, but as she was there alone she was too honest not to go to the door.

Ralph did not wait for her to speak. "I have proof of it all, Eleanor," he said harshly, "and you had just as well consent to it and be done with it. I told you last week I would do it myself and do it as mercifully as it could be done, but it has to be done, I tell you Uncle Joe isn't going to stand for it any longer."

"What's happened now?" Eleanor asked with an evident effort to seem unconcerned.

"Uncle has had six more sheep killed, said Ralph hotly, "thats what's happened. And last night he saw Silver Ruff go out about nine o'clock and come in about daylight, her coat all matted with cockle-burrs and spattered with blood. After all, you know, Eleanor, she is only a dog and it isn't anything for you to act this way about. You know if your father and mother were only here, they wouldn't allow you to act this way, and I tell you Uncle Joe is surely angry about it. I'm ashamed of you myself, Eleanor, to act that way about

a dog."

Eleanor could feel something like a tight cord contracting around her throat and tears were trembling close to her eyes, but she was determined that Ralph should not see her cry.

"And I'm ashamed of you, Ralph Curtis, after Silver Ruff has saved you from drowning like she did, that you can even believe she would kill Uncle Joe's sheep let alone talk about taking her precious life. You won't do it, I can tell you that, and Uncle Joe won't do it either—while father and mother are gone I am managing things here and he knows better than to trespass on some one else's place."

Ralph turned on his heel and stalked off angrily. He felt that he had made an honest effort to be nice to his cousin and he was angry with her for refusing to understand him; but Eleanor went back to her room to have the cry she was ashamed to have before Ralph.

The dog over which they had quarreled was a beautiful sable and white collie, that even now seemed to sense some unusual atmosphere about the ranch house and scratched and whined to get out of the room where Eleanor had locked her.

Eleanor went at once to answer her whining. "Oh, Silver Ruff," she sobbed, putting her two arms around the snowy white collar that had earned the beautiful creature her name, "they think that you kill their old sheep and they want to kill you, but you didn't do it, you wouldn't do it, would you, Silver Ruff?"

The dog answered with only a low whine that no one in the world could truly interpret, though Eleanor insisted that Silver Ruff only whined in that peculiar way when she had something to say and was sorry she could not put it into human speech.

In spite of the fact that Eleanor stoutly maintained that her dog was innocent of the greatest crime a sheep dog can commit, her mind was not at rest on the subject.

She, too, had been awake when Silver Ruff had come limping home with her matted coat; and even before she had eaten her own breakfast she had washed away the blood stains and picked out the burrs from Silver Ruff's silky coat.

"I don't care if you did have blood on you and if you had been out all night, that's no sign that you killed the sheep, and they ought not to believe it of you."

But there was another knock at the door and Eleanor's Uncle Joe himself appeared on the scene.

"Eleanor," he said gruffly, "we've had enough of this foolishness now, and I tell you you can't keep that sheep-killing dog another day."

But Eleanor flamed up in sudden anger, "Why Uncle Joe, Silver Ruff is mine, and you wouldn't dare do anything to her—you haven't the right—"

"Oh, well, I'll wait until your father comes home," he grumbled as he turned to leave, "but I know he'll see justice done."

Eleanor suffered him to go without another word—she loved her uncle, but she felt outraged that they should all believe her beautiful dog, Silver Ruff, the only pet she had ever had,

guilty of killing the sheep. She was angry over it and all the more so that she could give no explanation of what Silver Ruff had been doing to get her lovely coat all matted with blood.

The two ranches, the one belonging to her father and the one to her uncle were adjoining sections of land, but for companionship they had built their homes each very close to the division fence so they were almost as close as city neighbors, and Silver Ruff had been the pride and delight of both ranches.

"Why," said Eleanor, as she went back to bury her head again in Silver Ruff's lovely white collar, "it hasn't been three weeks since Uncle Joe himself told me the dog was worth a hundred dollars to him, and now he wants to shoot her or give her chloroform—well, they'll never do it—I don't know what's happened, but I'll never believe it of Silver Ruff—she was raised with the sheep from just a tiny puppy and the sheep men all say a dog that comes up like that will never kill sheep—I wouldn't believe it anyhow."

And secure in her faith, Eleanor kept Silver Ruff close at home all day, only letting her out a little while in the afternoon for a run through the fields.

When night came she put a chain through Silver Ruff's collar and fastened the chain to the bed post in her own room.

"Now, Lady Silver Ruff," she said soothingly when the dog whined to be free, "I'm going to keep you right here all night and if anything happens this time I can say you haven't been out of my sight."

Silver Ruff would remain quiet as

long as Eleanor would stay close by and talk to her, but as the darkness came down she whined a good deal and strained at her chain as if some strange, wild instinct were calling her away from her home and her friends.

The dog's behavior troubled Eleanor more than she would acknowledge. What if it could be true that Silver Ruff had turned killer and had gone wild, and what if her uncle had been right in his demands?

But Eleanor always put the thought resolutely back when it came up to trouble her, "I just can't believe it and I'm not keeping her chained because I think it might be so, but because if anything happens again to-night, I can show them she hadn't anything to do with it."

But Silver Ruff seemed not particularly anxious to lie still in the house and thus prove her innocence. As the night wore on she grew more and more restless and eager to be out on some strange quest of the darkness that seemed to be calling her. It troubled Eleanor until finally she went to bed and to sleep with a hand resting on Silver Ruff's head. It seemed to be the only way she could keep the restless dog quiet and even then the creature would point her nose out toward the open window and whine so often that Eleanor fell asleep with the noise still in her ears.

Perhaps that was why she was not easily wakened—she had accustomed her ear to the dog's whining and that particular noise could not easily rouse her.

What did finally arouse her was the sudden jarring of the bed as the roller slipped out and let the post down

hard on the floor, then the clanking of a chain as Silver Ruff went leaping through the open window and out to where some wild instinct seemed to be calling her.

"Oh," gasped Eleanor, "she did get loose—she slipped the chain under the bed roller—she must have been perfectly wild to get out or she never could have done it."

For a few minutes Eleanor lay still and tried to think—what if her dog were the killer, after all, then ought not she to consent to her Uncle Joe's demands? She wanted to do right, but never could she consent to anything like that—if they did it, it would have to be over her protest—there ought to be some way of breaking a dog of that sort of thing—she would lock Silver Ruff in the woodshed—she would do anything but consent to having her killed—that she just couldn't do.

But as she lay and thought she did not realize the passage of time and she was surprised to see the first grey streaks of dawn coming in at the window. She had gone to the window and called frantically after Silver Ruff when she first disappeared, but the dog had gone on unheeding the voice she usually obeyed.

"It can't have been very long," Eleanor told herself, "and it's getting day now—so she must have stayed in nearly all night. I'll get up quickly and follow her and see if I can't bring her back."

Soon Eleanor was out in the dew of the morning racing toward the lower pasture where her father and her uncle kept their flocks together. It had been in that direction that Silver Ruff had gone leaping and run-

ning and clanking her chain when she had escaped.

Through the sage brush and the cactus and the thorny weeds Eleanor made her way quickly to the little stream where the sheep usually drank—the other killings had taken place near there and she knew every step of the way as she knew her own front yard.

As it grew lighter she began to peer behind the clumps of brush for signs of Silver Ruff or for signs of the excited sheep, but she seemed to be looking everywhere except in the right place, for she almost stumbled over the dead body of a sheep lying in the path at her feet.

There was something so appealing about the innocent creature lying dead at her feet that for the first time Eleanor's courage failed her. She slipped to her knees and put her hand on creature's head. "Why you poor thing," she said tenderly, "your body isn't even cold yet—you must have been just killed. Oh, if Silver Ruff would do such a cruel thing I never would forgive her—seeing you lying there like that sort of makes me understand how Ralph and Uncle Joe feel—oh, I want to do right about it, but Silver Ruff, how could you do it? Why didn't you stay where I had you? Didn't you know how I loved you and trusted you and how I wouldn't believe any harm of you? Now I suppose I will just have to go to Uncle Joe this morning and tell him to do as he thinks best about it, but I won't stay here while it is being done. I'll go and stay a week with Agnes in town. I simply couldn't stand to be here."

But in her grief and anxiety Eleanor had ceased to look about her any more—she was sitting still on a little stone beside the pathway—the dead body of the innocent sheep lying so helpless there at her feet, appealing to her pity and calling on her sense of justice to make her consent to her uncle's demand about Silver Ruff.

But into her thinking there broke the sharp crack of a rifle shot and then the distressed cry of Silver Ruff.

Instantly Eleanor was on her feet and running down the path toward where the sound came from. "They wouldn't dare do it," she was saying as she ran, "they wouldn't dare do it."

But in her grief and anxiety Eleanor had seemed that they had, for as she passed from behind a screen of bushes she saw her Uncle Joe running forward with the rifle still in his hand toward where Ralph knelt over the prostrate form of Lady Silver Ruff.

Her heart was too hot and too full for speech and maybe it was just as well for her uncle to get the first word.

"Come here, Nellie," he was calling, "we've found the killer, but it wasn't Silver Ruff after all."

When Eleanor reached the scene she was astonished beyond words, for there beside her torn and bleeding pet lay the great grey body of a Lobo Wolf.

"You see," explained Ralph, "you had the chain on Silver Ruff, but she scented the wolf and broke loose some way. Uncle Joe and I were out watching—we were so sure it was Silver Ruff—but we knew you had her chained, so we grew tired and

must have fallen asleep, for we heard the cry of the sheep and then the clanking of Silver Ruff's chain. We came running up, but Silver Ruff had the Lobo down, with her chain wrapped about his body. I don't know what might have happened if Uncle Joe hadn't been a sure shot. He caught the Lobo right through the head——"

"But Silver Ruff had him down, anyway," boasted Eleanor proudly as she unloosed the chain from the

collar, "and she's just the bravest thing in the world—not even chains could keep her from her duty."

Uncle Joe smiled understandingly and patted Eleanor's bright head, "I came out last night to watch because I saw you believed so in Silver Ruff that I thought I might be mistaken after all, and, thank God I was. She is a mighty fine dog. Eleanor."

And Eleanor was not ashamed to thank God also that her splendid dog had been cleared of suspicion.

MISINTERPRETED STATISTICS.

Asheville Citizen.

Statistics laboriously compiled by The Chicago Tribune showing the amount paid by each state into the national treasury during the past fiscal year, and the amount expended by the government in each state have recently been published—and there-upon has arisen a clamor of criticism from a number of states.

Newspapers of North Carolina noted the figures for this State with interest, and some with decided concern. North Carolina, The Tribune showed, had paid to the treasury in the way of taxes \$166,932,875, and the government had handed back to this State in one form or another \$32,658,551. Contrasted with this was the fact that some states received far more than they contributed—and they were chiefly poor states.

Querulously some asked why this discrimination against North Carolina, and complainingly inquired what were the Congressmen of this State doing that North Carolina did not get a bigger helping of appropri-

tions—since they assumed expenditures in a state meant appropriations there. "What were Simmons and Overman and Zeb. Weaver and Pou and others doing when this foul injustice was perpetrated? Since North Carolina paid in 166 million dollars why in the world could not Mr. Weaver get a measly million for an Asheville Postoffice and Major Steadman a similar sum for the vil-
lage of Greensboro?"

These complaints reaching him, Senator Simmons turns his gift of analysis on the statistics and we see that all our inferences are wrong and our fears of unjust discrimination unfounded. As a matter of fact North Carolina gets back from the national government more than two and half times as much as it contributed—this was really \$12,267,090.

Of the 166 million dollars which the State is credited with paying into the treasury four-fifths was in the form of revenue taxes on cigarets and other tobacco which is ultimately

paid by consumers everywhere. And the amount expended by the government in a state is by no means limited to appropriations for public buildings, states Senator Simmons and the highest expert of the Treasury Department.

On the contrary appropriations may form only a small part of such expenditure. Every penny paid to a resident in a state is charged to that state as an expenditure there. If a million dollars is paid to a resident of New York to take up a matured government bond a million dollars is charged as "expended" in New York. A payment to a soldier at

Oteen is charged to North Carolina.

Such states as Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico are shown to have received much more than they paid in because the government spends large sums there in irrigation work which is—or supposed to be—of national benefit. Large sums are spent on national parks but although these have a national importance the expenditure is charged to the park state. Analysis shows that the more prosperous a state the less is the expenditure of public funds there. North Carolina has no cause for complaint—it had a liberal helping.

"If your own day is dark, make a little sunshine for some one else.
Reflected light is a great deal better than no light."

FIRST AID TO OLD AGE.

There died in Pennsylvania recently a coal miner who had reached the age of 106 years. Sauerkraut was the secret of his longevity, so he said. No matter what else he ate or drank during the course of a day, he always tucked away a few fists-full of sauerkraut. He remained the champion cabbage consumer until the day of his death.

There are undoubtedly those who, given to looking with a turned up nose and a haughty stare at the general appearance, fragrance, and taste of sauerkraut, will declare that Providence merely rewarded this ancient miner with his 106 years because he spent his entire lifetime in such harsh discipline as eating the stuff: But

we may reject this notion with scorn. Let's be fair and give the credit to sauerkraut.

And, indeed, why shouldn't we? Science has proved to us that people have lived to a ripe old age by drinking hard liquor and by smoking tobacco and by not smoking it, by taking plenty of exercise and by not exercising at all, by nine hours sleep each night and by four hours sleep each night, by plenty of intellectual activity and by not thinking a thought. This being the case, why shouldn't we give a little credit to sauerkraut? The manner in which the odor of the stuff can permeate an entire neighborhood certainly gives it some claims to distinction.

THE PRESIDENT'S DESK.

By Julia W. Wolfe in Young Folks.

President Coolidge uses the famous oaken desk that was constructed by Queen Victoria's orders from selected timbers of the *Resolute*, when she was broken up in 1877, and was presented to the President of the United States with an autograph letter from Her Majesty. It has been used by every President since then. It is finely polished and dark-hued.

How many American know the history of the *Resolute*? It may interest you.

It was in 1855, during the cruise of the American whaler *George Henry*, of New London, Captain Buddington, a vessel was discovered in a vast field of ice, and drifting oceanward. The strange appearance of the craft caused Captain Buddington to examine her carefully through his glasses. He made out the hull to be battered and weather-worn, showing unmistakable evidences of protracted struggles with Arctic gales, while aloft everything was in disorder.

Fragments of canvas, whipped into streaming, tangled shreds and bunches of threads, fluttered from yards and stays, while running-gear swayed back forth with every undulation of the sea. The standing rigging was apparently intact, but thickly encrusted with salt, while over the entire ship rested an uncanny air of desolation and silence, an unusual condition.

There she heaved, amid the grinding masses of the ice-floe, with no sign of life apparent on her spacious deck.

From the whaler there was no

means of determining, at that distance, the identity of the craft, and so Captain Buddington ordered his whale-boat lowered for the purpose of boarding the ship, which might be a valuable prize. He resorted to promises of reward in order to overcome the fears and superstitions of some of his men, and their boat was forced through the ice to a huge hummock, when it was left, and the party went the rest of the way over great rifts and boulders of ice, until the vessel was reached.

Clambering up her sides, they discovered her to be Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Resolute*, which had sailed from England in 1852, under command of Captain Kellett, in search of Sir John Franklin and his party.

Being ice-bound in Barrow Strait, running short of provisions, and without hope of relief or of releasing the vessel, the officers and crew, consisting of one hundred and sixty men, with supplies and instruments, abandoned her on May 14, 1854, and after a dangerous sledge journey joined another ship of the expedition.

Directly after abandonment a heavy snowstorm prevailed, the ice-pack was to a great extent broken up, and when the storm cleared, two days after, the vessel had disappeared. It was supposed that she had been destroyed by ice pressure, and she was reported to the Admiralty as lost, and stricken from the lists of the royal navy.

When boarded by Captain Buddington she had drifted into Davis Strait,

nearly a thousand miles from the point at which she had been abandoned.

Captain Buddington took possession of the vessel, and at once began operations to save her. After many days of arduous labor, he freed her from the grasp of the ice-pack. Her spars and riggings were overhauled, a few spare sails bent, and a volunteer crew brought her safely to New London.

The facts of the rescue being brought to the attention of the government, Congress appropriated forty thousand dollars for her purchase from the salvors. She was then taken to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and refitted, everything on board being restored as nearly as possible to its condition when she was manned by British sailors.

By direction of the President of the United States, under the authority of Congress, a crew was placed on board of her, with sailing orders for Portsmouth, England, and directions to her commanding officer, given in the name of the United States, to restore the ship to Her Majesty's government.

Commanded by Commander Henry J. Harstene, of South Carolina, the Resolute sailed from New York, and twenty-five days later reached Portsmouth, early in December, 1856.

The British government, officially advised of this act of friendship on the part of the United States, prepared to receive the ship with dignity and formality.

The day set apart for the ceremony at Cowes was December 16, 1856. The harbor was in gala array. Her Majesty's ships in port displayed the

royal standard of England from their masts and the flag of the United States, and were gayly dressed with bunting. For the greater convenience of the royal personages participating in the ceremony, the Resolute was hauled alongside the wharf.

At noon, amid the booming of guns ashore and afloat, the Queen accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and a large retinue from the court, including the Duchess of Athol—then considered the most beautiful woman in England—and Sir Francis Seymour, commandant Carolina Club Mr. C. W. Edwards of the Portsmouth naval station, went aboard the Resolute.

Captain Hartstene, surrounded by his officers, addressed Queen Victoria, in behalf of the President of the United States. He spoke of the goodwill of our people and our respect to the Queen.

The Queen, in person, thanked the government of the United States through Captain Hartstene for the consideration thus shown her government and herself. She visited every part of the Resolute, and asked numerous questions.

A large painting was executed, by order of Queen Victoria, representing the scene on deck of the Resolute. This painting now hangs in the royal gallery at Windsor.

The desk is a constant reminder of a very graceful international courtesy extended to Great Britain sixty-four years ago, and received by the Queen in that spirit of cordial appreciation of American generosity which she evinced on many occasions, with benefit to the relations between her people and our own.

LOCAL HISTORY.

At a recent meeting of the North Carolina Club Mr. C. W. Edwards presented a paper on Local History. Its Importance, and How Collected and Preserved. The following is a brief of his paper, which will appear in full in the forthcoming Year-Book of the North Carolina Club.

The community is fast becoming a subject for investigation by students in many fields. Economists study towns, cities, and counties as economic units. Specialists in political science and government seek solutions to community problems and offer new kinds of machinery to bolster up or replace old forms. Psychologists wonder about the community mind—is it narrow and provincial, cosmopolitan, tolerant, or what? Social welfare organizations—the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, and others—are investigating town and county as units for social service activity, and sociologists consider them in their sociological bearings. In literature sometimes scenes are laid in small towns, sometimes in the city, and again the county is the background. Some interest in the community has been shown by the historians, but the purpose of this paper is to show that it is to the advantage of the community, and as well to the larger societal units, that a still greater interest should be taken in local history.

In Europe the history of provinces and cities has long been an essential factor in even an elementary education. Nearly every intelligent peasant boy is fairly informed about the annals of his locality. Its heroes are his own, its glory is reflected in

the enthusiasm with which he recites the deeds to the passing stranger. But here in America, and North Carolina is no exception, only slight attention has been paid to local history. It is not even taught in the public schools. Perhaps it is because we have not appreciated its value. It certainly is not that our communities have just grown up, that they have no past worth relating; for every community's past is the foundation upon which the present is built, and for that reason, if no other, it is worthy of record.

The individual is not properly reminded of his duty to the community. Citizens should become saturated in the community's traditions, culture, customs, its builders and heroes, and the development of its several institutions—churches, schools, societies, and others. These make up the community's history.

Why Important.

Every community is historical in character and there are many values in having its past visualized and a study made of this history. In the first place, the study of local history is cultural. Second, through study of our own community we may gain a fuller appreciation of the world in which we live, for each community is something of a world in miniature. In the third place, local history furnishes the substances from which is developed pride in and loyalty to the community—in community consciousness, its traditions, the stories of its builders or its contributions to state and national history. In the fourth place, a study of community

history may be useful in solving the many problems which are ever present. Only in a thorough knowledge of the past can we understand our problems and their solution—for now and always like problems will find solutions like those used in the past.

Local historians may relate how the county institution, jail, county home, schools, and others, have functioned. They may describe change in sentiment toward certain new offices, such as that of superintendents of education, welfare officer, and farm demonstrators.

Sources of Local History.

Local history is not produced from tradition, but from sources unwritten, ethnological and archeological and written, that is documentary evidence, whether in printed or in manuscript form. These materials are easily lost or are being swiftly destroyed by fire and moisture, or from lack of interest. The state and every community in it should plan for their collection and preservation. And then the materials so collected and preserved should be exploited so as to reproduce a vision of the community's past in a well written and authentic history.

Most large cities and many towns and villages have had their historians. Newspapers feature bits of local history and every state has a few good county historians. Social and economic surveys are made of communities, but adequate, complete local histories are rare. Since 1907 the North Carolina Historical Commission has constantly encouraged the writing of local history, and patriotic societies have sponsored the work in this field. Durham, Wake, Mecklenburg, Rowan,

Lincoln, and Orange have had good chapters written.

It would be well if every community could have its story told with such breadth of vision and understanding of social and economic forces as has been displayed by Wm. Y. Boyd in his *Story of Durham*. This pictures the development of the city and county of Durham, and at the same time typifies the social and economic developments of the period since the Civil War. But few cities and towns are as fortunate as Durham. Community history in North Carolina remains practically a virgin field.

A Suggested Plan.

The following is in brief a plan outlined for the purpose of reaching success in this field of North Carolina historiography. Its arms will reach into every locality. Provision is made for direction by the State Historical Commission but also for self-expression on the part of the local community in the production of community history. The work of the state organizations in local history preservation and writing—associations, societies, clubs, and the like—will be correlated by the Historical Commission, within the county by the county historian, and in the towns and cities all work shall be directed by a local historian. The secretary of the Commission will be the executive of the historiography machinery, and will direct the activities of the newspaper clipping bureau. He will prepare the lists of eligibles from which county boards of commissioners and city or town councils shall appoint county and local historians. The departments of education and history of the universities and col-

leges of the state, and the State Department of Education, will aid in preparing the lists. Universities and colleges will offer courses in methodology, materials, and historiography which will prepare for teaching local history or for positions as local historians. The county historian will be in charge of writing or editing the county history, of preserving county records, of correlating the activities of the various county organizations, and will keep in touch with what is being done in the various communities of the county.

Local Unit Essential.

The local unit is the most vital part of the whole structure, for it is the history of the community that is desired. The local historian is the keystone of the local machinery. The local history preservation and collection, local libraries, and high schools with their social, economic and historical surveys, the local historical and other patriotic clubs will be supervised and their work outlined and correlated by the local historian.

Local history clubs may do much in making studies, and preserving their results, of prominent men of the

community, the history of its schools, churches and religious movements, the press, business houses, and fraternal organizations, and roads and railways—all in their relation to the community. They may further aid by making collections of historical clippings, old pictures, curios, copies of family histories, folklore, and by arranging programs with the schools, and in other ways they may deal with living history, gathering it while they may.

It would be the duty of the local historian to collect and preserve materials relating to the history of the community, and to file such material in local offices or with the Historical Commission. He would call the attention of local authorities and the State Society to any material of local historic value which should be secured, and he would encourage local authorities to publish valuable records. He should write or edit the local history. If this office of local historian functions properly the work of securing a history of every community would be brought to successful completion.

A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young, mute bird to say "Hello!" in one lesson. Going up to the cage, he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot paying not the least attention. At the final "Hello!" the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man, and snapped out, "Line's busy."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The following boys: Howard Kellar, Claude Cook, Early Brown, Ray Hatley, Herbert Poteat, Auman Bivans, Ralph Hollars, Lee McBride, James Hunnsucker, Elwood Pickett, and Melvin Williams were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

The Sunday School services were held in the auditorium as usual last Sunday morning. The services was opened with the hymn "O, that will be Glory." "Jewels" was the next song, sung by five small boys: (Gerney Tailor, Everett Cavanaugh, Perry Quinn, Robert Stencil and Marsell Weaver). After this hymn these boys were congratulated by Mr. Eoger telling them that it was fine singing, as it was their first time to sing before an audience. The services were closed with the hymn "Where the Gates Swing Outward Never," and the fifteenth Psalm, led by Zeb Trexler.

The game on the local's diamond last Saturday afternoon with Franklin Mill team was lost by the score of 3 to 1. Seven hits were gained by the Franklin Mill nine, and three runs which came over the plate in the fifth. Errors brought in two of these runs, one made by the left fielder and the other by the third baseman. The Training School nine gained ten hits from the visitors during the game. Three base hitters: Ford and McCone, who hit the apple over the center fielder's heads for a three base bit, and a run. Base on balls: Morgan, 1, off Lisk 2. Struck

out by Lisk 12, by Morgan 4. Double plays: McCone and Pickett; Ford Verbal, M. and Kelper. This is the second game the Training School has lost this season, bringing down the percentage from .750 to .600. The score:

		R. H. E.
J. T. S.	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1	10 5
Frank. M.	0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—3	7 2

"Jacob at Bethel," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells how Jacob had his wonderful dream. He went out from Beer-sheba toward Haran. When he came to a certain place he began to fix himself a place to sleep, as the sun had already set. He took stones and "put them for his pillows lay down" to sleep. The following verses gives an account of Jacob's dream. "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending." The Lord spake unto Jacob saying: "And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to he west, and to the east, and to the north and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all families of the earth be blessed." The Lord then told Jacob that he would be with him anywhere that he went, and that he would not leave him. When Jacob woke out of his dream he said that: "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not;" and after he had made a vow unto the Lord he said: "And this stone, which I have set

for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will give the tenth unto thee." The golden text for this lesson was: "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."—Genesis 28:15.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. C. H. Trueblood. His selected Scripture reading was from the book of Phillipians. He used the word "watch" for his text. The first letter of this word begins with "w" which stands for "work." This watch has to work to keep time. The next letter is "a" which we will let stand for "aim." The watch has its aim, to keep time, and to keep running. The letter "t" stands for "trustworthiness or trustworthy." The watch has to work, and its aim is to keep time, and be trustworthy. When the owner of a watch sees that it will keep the time, he will say that his watch is "trustworthy." A ship once had made several successful journeys across the ocean with its cargo, and returned safely home. The captain of this ship was a good one. On one of its journeys the ship ran upon the rocks. As the captain was a good man and also a man of the sea they started an

investigation to see why the ship had gone far out of her course and had run upon the rocks. In going over the ship they were busy, they happened to inspect the compass. When the glass had been taken off they found a small piece of knife blade that had broken off and got it someway, by it being made of iron it drew the pointer a little off the direction (the north) in a course of a few miles the ship was at least a mile off its regular course, so it went upon the rocks. The sailors had depended on the compass, but it was not trustworthy. The next letter is "c" which stands for continuous." The watch is to keep running, not to stop and to say "I'm tired, guess I'll rest awhile," and then lose time. It is to keep up a continuous running. The last letter is "b" and stands for "harmonious." The wheels in the watch large and small depend on each other to keep the watch running. They have to run "continuously and harmoniously." A great writer once said: "Learn all you can about one thing, and a little about everything." Mr. Barnhardt brought Rev. Trueblood to speak to the boys. His talk to them was a very interesting one. It was enjoyed by all present.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Herbert Grimes, Therman Parker, June Marsh, Chas. Tant, Andrew Parker, Earl Torrence, Theodore Carter, Robert Cooper, Myron Tomisian, Tom

Tedder, Ralph Clinard, Norman Buck, J. D. Sprinkle, Claude Wilson, Paul Sapp, Elbert Stansbury, Hazel Robins, Leonard Miller, Lee King, Ray Brown, Robert Munday, Chas. Beaver, Emmett Levy, Tom Parson, Charlie

Morton, Herbert Campbell, Clarence Davis, Arnold Cecil, Munford Glassgow, Lester Whitaker, Walter Quick, R. S. Stencil, Melvin Cauthran, Auman Bivins, Grover Walsh, Eugene Lewis, Wilson Dorsey, Earnest Pleasant, Walter Ruth, Guy Thornburg, Carl Shoaf, Luther Perry, Colon Clapp, Willie Shaw, Tessie Massey, Howard Riddle, Gerney Taylor, Fremcn Gladden, Eldon De Heart, Lonnie Wright, Edgar Cauthorn, Kellie Tedder, Fuller Moore, Allen Cabe and John Kerns.

“B”

Earl Mayfield, Waldo Moore, Dewy Walker, Wendell Ramsey, Aaron Davis, Vernon Jernigan, Ben Chatten, Pinkie Wrenn, Claude Whitaker, Eddie Berdon, Percy Long, Carl Shopshire, Julius Lambeth, Edmond Hodge, Norman Bradford, Amos Ramsey, Hallie Bradley, Reggie Payne, Earnest Carlton, Robert Chatten and Robie Gardner.

Room No. 2.

“A”

Vaughan Rice, Ben. Winders, James Williams, Earle Williams, John Holmes, Langford Hewitt, Paul Sisk, Hoyle Austin, Jack Thompson, Lester

Campbell, Bowling Byrd and Glen Taylor.

“B”

Henry Andrews, Edward Futch, Lawson Beasley, Frank Watson, Romie Miller, Elias Warren, Al Pettigrew, Woodrow Padgett, John Watts, Elmer Mooney, Boone Sherrill, Roland McElveen and James Long.

Room No. 4.

“A”

Lummie McGhee, Ed. Morre, Bill Billings, Byron Ford, James Long, and Paul Lanier.

“B”

Clyde Brown, Obie Bridges, Otis Dhuc, Henry Jackson, Clarence Maynard, Jessie Ross, Fred Williams and Lonnie McGhee.

Room No. 5.

“A”

Everett Goodrich, Jno. Keenan, Howard Keller, Wm. Willer, Floyd McArthur, Clyde Pierce, Donald Pait.

“B”

David Brown, Joe Carroll, Brochie Flowers, Herman Goodman, Chas. Loggins, Whitlock Pridgen, Will Smith, Geo. Stanley, Zeb Trexler, Archie Waddell, Cucell Watkins.

“Half the misery in this world comes for want of courage to speak and to hear the truth.”

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH A DAY'S WORK ON THE SOUTHERN

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives.....	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE

UPLIFT

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VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 12, 1926

No. 28

DIFFERENCE IN PEOPLE.

There are those who never forget an injury. They nurse it until the time comes when they can get square. There are others who live down the evil that has been done them. With them time is the healer of differences and grievances. They come to see that there are bigger things to strive for. We can afford to bury the past and to strike hands upon new and higher levels with those who have done us wrong. Large souls refuse to be dragged down in the mud by hate.—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

DOCTORS OF LAW.

At the 131st commencement of the University of North Carolina the degree of Doctor of Law was conferred upon the following gentlemen: Charles L. Coon, of Wilson, John W. Fries, of Winston-salem Charles L. Minor, William Dodd, Edwin Greenlaw and John Motley Morehead.

Every one of these gentlemen is worthy of the honor conferred, each having demonstrated superior ability in their several spheres and each having contributed a worthwhile service to mankind.

The Uplift is particularly happy over the recognition of the service rendered the state by Prof. Chas. L. Coon, who, besides being possessed of a high order of intellect, had all the while a courage that has rendered him a dynamic force in the educational field. Dr. Coon sounds good.

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THE HUMAN CROP.

There was once a man who worked at night and slept in the day time, and did not get to see his children often: but on Sunday morning would stay up long enough to read the morning paper before retiring for his day's sleep and at which time his children would get a glimpse of him. One morning this man left his work early and went to town on some business. As he

passed by his house, his little baby was out in the yard into some mischief, so he slapped the boy and sent him into the house and went on his way to town. As the little fellow ran into the house, crying in big fashion, the mother was greatly excited and asked what was the trouble, and the child said, "That man that hangs around here or Sunday slapped me." This story is so true to life today in many families where one or both the parents don't see and come in contact with their children often enough to really know them and to give them the proper care, love and training.

Children may well be considered as a crop. If the farmer leaves his crop to shift for itself, it will be a failure. So it is in most cases with children. In preparing for a good farm crop, the farmer must fertilize his crop with nitrogen, phosphate and potash.. Just as the farm crop may be stunted by lack of fertilizer and warmth of environment so may children in the home be stunted by lack of education, knowledge and inspired environment.

—Reidsville Review.

* * * * *

SENATOR OVERMAN

Lee Slater Overman, of Rowan county, has for the fifth time been elected (it amounts to an election by his nomination) to a seat in the United States Senate. This is the result of the Primary on last Saturday.

There was little enthusiasm or interest in the contest, because of the absence of any strenuous campaigns between candidates. Had he been opposed in an old-time way and by an old-time politician, Senator Overman would doubtless have quitted his post for a season to renew his friendships about the state. As it was, he sat supremely assured at his post awaiting the will of the people.

Having completed the term to which he has been nominated, Senator Overman will have served a continuous term in the U. S. Senate of thirty years. He is popular with both sides of the Senate and numbers his personal friends in North Carolina and elsewhere by the thousands, and has an admirable record of service.

It would require a real live wire to defeat such an entrenched statesman for any office.

* * * * *

HEROES AMONGST US.

Several nights ago the city of Hamlet, N. C., had a disastrous fire. Besides the loss of property several lives were lost. It was most distressing.

A high order of bravery was displayed during the course of the fire—so marked that it brands one gentleman a real hero. This is how the Lumberton Robesonian sizes it up:

B. B. Baker, proprietor of the boarding house that was burned to the ground at Hamlet the other night with loss of the lives of three persons, proved himself a hero as brave as any who have won deathless renown on battlefields or elsewhere. He gave his life in the effort to save the lives of others, and greater love hath no man than that. The heartrending tragedy of it is that it had to be so, that a building in which human beings lay down to sleep in fancied security should be so constructed that it would burn like a powder magazine and that fire is so carelessly handled as to result in such sacrifice of life and property.

But met with the sudden supreme test, this B. B. Baker proved to be a man of heroic spirit, metal of refined gold. How many who make a brave outward show could stand a test like that?

A hero is born every minute. It requires just such trying spectacles as the Hamlet fire to spot them. It is the highest conception of duty and service when a man, unhesitatingly and freely, gives his life that others may live.

* * * * *

TO SAVE LIFE AND LIMB.

The peril of the road crossing has become a national problem with the multiplication of automobiles.

The Southern Railway System has eliminated 800 grade crossings, and is eliminating more every year, but over 6,000 remain to be separated on this system alone. The total cost to complete the work is a stupendous sum—probably half as much as the cost to build the railroads.

Even if the money were available, and the public willing to pay the increased freight and passenger rates necessary to provide a fair return on it, many years would be required to do the work.

Protection from the peril for the present generation at least must be found in some other way. Trains cannot stop at every crossing if they are to be run at the sustained speed expected by the public and required to carry the commerce of the country. The train crosses a highway about every mile. The motorist encounters a railroad only occasionally.

It is necessary, therefore, for the automobile driver to stop in order to avoid risk. No one who did this was ever killed.

It is better to save a life than to save a minute.

* * * * *

The Charlotte lady, who won her master's degree in history at the recent

University Commencement, moves the Raleigh News & Observer to exclaim, "this is proof to explode the theory that beauty and brains do not mix." Looking at her picture is convincing. The lady wears a fine suite of most beautiful hair.

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If, solicitor Evans, who has made the lawless in his district most miserable and who has suffered a defeat by a small margin and asking a recount, is correct in the alleged irregularities, it might be well to make the Raleigh District a law unto itself.

* * * * *

A FAMILY SECRET.

When Ma Gets Sick.

When ma is sick she pegs away;
She's quiet, though; not much to say;
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings.
She says she don't feel extra well,
But that it's just a kind of spell.

She'll be all right tomorrow, sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' pa he sniffs an' makes no kick,
For women folk is always sick.
An' ma, she smiles, let's on she's glad
When ma is sick it ain't so bad.

When Pa Gets Sick.

When pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An ma an' us just holds our breath.
He crawls in bed, an' puffs and grunts,
And does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc" Brown, an' mighty quick,
For when pa's sick he's awful sick.
He gasps and groans, an' sort o' sighs
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.
Ma jumps an' runs an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss.
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce—
When pa is sick, it's something fierce.

BY THE WAY—

By Jim Reddick.

FINDING OUT THINGS.

There are two kinds of knowledge. This is certain.

The learned in their lectures will tell you that one of these is "what you know yourself," and the other is "to know where to find it." The plain common-day man will tell you that one kind of knowledge is "what you hear," and the other kind "is experience and observation."

I have in mind a certain little Louisiana boy, in the years past. Once upon a time he found the late Chief Justice White of the United States Supreme Court, while on a visit home, stuck in the mud. That was in the days before autos and when carriages were fashionable.

The harness had brokeu, and the Chief Justice, after a long trial and his failure to adjust it, called upon a small, tousle-headed boy in sight for aid. In a few moments the boy had things in shape. In his astonishment, Mr. White was pleased to ask the boy "how he did that so easily and quickly."

The youngster, looking the unknown gentleman square in the eyes, simply replied, "you know, mister, some folks is just simply born with sense." That's it—sense cuts a big and important caper in the affairs of men. It has done so in the ages past; it is doing so today; and will be at the stand doing business in the tomorrows.

It was sense that made the late James William Cannon a multi-mil-

lionaire and the creator of a mammoth industry, robbing a mere clerkship in a store. It was sense that made a conspicuous business success out of a tin-type photographer, lately returned bare-footed from the War Between the States, in the person of the venerable and esteemed D. B. Coltrane, president of the Concord National Bank; it was sense that took W. J. Swink from a twenty-five cent a-day job when a boy and made him a man of great affairs and of wealth; it was sense that made the Ebird brothers of our community merchant princes; it was sense that transplanted a small Concord boy in the person of A. Luther Brown into an amazingly successful executive and leader of men; it was sense that took John G. Parks from behind an unpromising cotton plough and planted him into a wonderfully important and growing mercantile business; it was sense that has kept hundreds of our best citizens on the farm, where they have made remarkable successes and lived upright and useful lives, rather than seducing them into town where failure was sure to follow; and it was sense that backed Homer Smith, who seven years ago, with limited education, went into debt for a worn-out cotton farm, corrugated with innumerable gullies, but to-day has it paid for and the old farm has become a blooming garden spot.

There are hundreds of others, and none of them can or could lay claim to a college education. Pick 'em out

all about you for yourself. The ability to find one's self on setting sail, and before it is too late, is nothing but—

SENSE—it is not luck; luck is a snare to fool the weak.

A KIND OF ECONOMY.

Cold Springs is the name of a settlement in Cabarrus county. The central feature of that community is a church—in fact, churches are the centers of all well-regulated communities and are the very heart of civilization. Without them we are lost in a whirlpool of doubt and drifting.

In that community lives an example of frugality and saving. He is very outstanding, having enjoyed that reputation for many years. He was the first man in No. 9 township at a tax-returning time to report to the tax-lister that he had some money on hand. The other day his Sunday School teacher, who is a Concord merchant, who clings to his old country church, found himself without a pencil. This frugal man, a member

of his class, came to his rescue. He accompanied the pencil with this remark, "I bought that pencil fifty years ago when I started to school at the Fink School house; the teacher was the late 'Squire Moser—don't break it."

The saving tendency of the man, if nothing else, is indicated by the fact that in fifty years less than one inch of the pencil has been used up.

The Reid Motor Company, when it makes the sale of a fiver, always fills the tank, so the proud purchaser can get away and reach home. This frugal man made his purchase nearly one year ago, and during that time sold a gallon of his gas to a stranded tourist, and today he has enough gas to meet his needs for another six months. It's not the superiority of the Reid kind of fiver, nor the extra quality of gas that Reid sells, but it is the stay-at-home, frugal character of the man who, when he did buy a Ford, surprised the entire neighborhood.

JOAN OF ARC.

She heard "voices" which told her that it was her mission to save France to the French; and, having heard, she doubted neither her ability nor the outcome.

Every woman has within her the divinity that was Joan's. It is her kinship to her Creator.

Every woman can hear "voices" describing her mission in life. They are the promptings of her temperament and tastes, guiding her to the work for which she is best suited.

If you are a woman and have not heard the "voices," listen for them. When you sincerely want to do what you are most fitted for, they will come.

You will know, beyond all doubt, what your calling is.

Then honor your divinity as Joan honored hers. Know always that this kinship to your Creator is unconquerable. Following the "voices," you are bound to seize opportunity and win.—Jas. Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Some of the young boys of this day are getting loony—pantaloony. With the girls wearing bobbed hair and knickerbockers like the boys; and the boys wearing knickers and bobbed hair like the girls, I'll beswitched if I can some times tell one from the other, and my eyesight is not in the least impaired, either. The other day I approached one blooming young fellow, adorning a street corner like a cactus on the plains. He had his back towards me, and before I got up to him his balloon pantoons looked so much like a skirt I couldn't tell whether he was a girl or boy. There is certainly a great criss-cross mixup in the passing fashions in this old whirling world. Some want to appear what they are not; and those that are not want to be what is in the alchemy fashion.

When you talk with a fellow about his town you can rate him booster or bumper in the first five minutes. Both are good in their place. Each is a bigger fraud than the other in proportion as he gets away from the truth. There are several view-points in comparing our town with the other man's town. In either of them a man can become a full fledged liar and have the best of intentions all the time. It's view-point and fact that does the trick. One fellow claims there is nothing good in the other man's town. Does it have great churches and amusement halls? Why they are nothing compared to what he has in his own

town. Now that may be fact or fiction. Be that as it may, its dangerous to say the least. Boost, but boost truthfully, "though the heaven's fall."

These are June days, full of sunshine and soft breezes. The month of June grooms, as well as brides, humming birds and humbugs; when the picnic ant is abroad in the land, when the jiggers are jiggling around and bringing every one to the scratch. But these days! How delightful they are and how they entice one into the great out-of-doors. They seem to have been especially made for vacationing. They call us to the mountains, the seashores. How happy to be able to follow one's impulses upon a delightful June morning; how wise to steal off for a few days' or weeks' vacation, far off in the country—away from the toil and turmoil of civil life. The entire state of North Carolina is an ideal land for a vacation, and for motor travel. From where the blue waters of the Atlantic lave Carolina's feet to the pinnacle of Mount Mitchell, where the mountain breezes give a permanent wave to her flowing tresses, there are glimpses of beauty, and refreshing treats and retreats. It is all beautiful, restful, inviting and fascinating. Dealing in reveries and fancies the summertime is one time when I would I had the wings of a dove, as the old prophet wished, that I might visit the beauty spots in this grand old commonwealth. Good old summer time;

some are going vacation and enjoy it—and some are not going to be able to get far from their present environment.

I recently read on the door of a business place this sign, "No Admittance; This Means You." Of course it meant me, and everybody else who had no business in there. I had no business in there and of course I did not feel much chagrin when I read the sign. But the sign put me in a train of thought. How often people see that sign on the door of opportunity. It had been open into an education, or a business, or professional career, or into a great friendship, or a life crowded with usefulness, but one turn aside for an instant the door had shut. That is what Shakespeare is saying when he observed, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood," and the rest of it. It is a sad day when the door of ability shuts on a person. When the "No Admittance" sign is hung out. Queen Victoria learned Hindustani after she was 60 years old; but few people can learn to read or speak a new language at that age, even if they have the inclination. Esau, we read, found no place for repentance, though he sought it diligently with tears. "The mill will never grind again with the water that is passed."

I see by an announcement sent me that the Concord Daily Tribune and the Times that these splendid papers had moved into a spacious new building, with all modern equipments, and now "at home" to their friends in the "big house." This is indeed

gratifying. John B. Sherrill, the owner, and the writer entered journalism as beardless youths, and they have stuck to it ever since, and have reaped many pleasing rewards. Great blessings have come to both of us. I rejoice with John in his prosperity. Although retired from the active business of a newspaper, he has long been admired throughout North Carolina, as one of the most successful newspaper men in the state. I have not yet gotten far enough along to retire, and that's where John Sherrill has one on me, but I am sending him greetings on moving into his new newspaper home.

There is much truth in the claim that the South is the "Land of opportunity," but I do not believe too much faith should be reposed in the so-called boom sections. Things are overdone in some sections of the South as elsewhere. "Boom" and "Bust" both begin with "B." Watch your steps! The steadily growing centers of trade and traffic in the South offer the surest bets. Speculators buy land and take life insurance and buy automobiles today and fails to pay his obligations and premiums for lack of cash. It is not an encouraging thing to do business with "millionaires" whose checks are frequently "no good" in some bank for a hundred dollars. Watch your steps!

We are fast getting on air on most everything. Now they are putting ballon tires on radio sets. Air-rubber radio cushions. Upon the theory that air is the human shock absorber, these air cushions are used to elimi-

nate tube noises, and reduce to a minimum the vibrations, shocks and jolts to any mechanism, ranging from the most delicate devices to elevators and naval guns. It may come to pass that eventually air cushions will be used on shoe soles and we will be walking on air as well as riding on atmosphere, and the old expression, when confused about

things, of being "up in the air," will not have the same meaning as of old. We are moving in an airy age.

A lady said to a friend the other day, "I hear your husband has given up golf." "Yes, he has, but he still uses the language when he is changing tires."

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world.

NO BETTER MEMORIAL THAN A TREE.

By Antonia J. Stemple.

The women of St. Petersburg, Fla., have a delightful way of observing Flag Day. By the planting of memorial trees on every Flag Day, they not only perpetuate the memory of famous Americans and builders of our nation but beautify their city as well. This is an example which it would be wise for other civic and patriotic organizations throughout the country to follow.

The members of Princess Herringua Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of the city of St. Petersburg, on every Flag Day plant a tree in one of the parks of the city in honor of some great American patriot, statesman, military light or hero who has helped make American history. The tree planting is done by the regent of the chapter, with appro-

prate ceremonies, and the tree is formally given the name of the person in whose honor it is planted and is thereafter always referred to by that name. Thus, in one of St. Petersburg's beautiful parks are palms and other trees bearing the names of Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, General Jackson, John Quincy Adams and others. By this tree planting the beauty and significance of the park is greatly increased.

Each tree is marked with a neat name plate, inscribed after this fashion:

"Princess Herringua Chapter, D. A. R., Mrs. William Thomas Eaton, Regent, planted this tree, Flag Day, 1920, and named it 'George Washington.'"

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man; kites rise against, and not with the wind.

LAWRENCE MCLEOD.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer.

"There's a story in that boy—you ought to get it," said the Old Man one morning when we got out of the car at the LaFayette Hotel in Fayetteville.

"How do you know there's a story in him. Isn't he just a boy who happened to offer to sell you a paper? Pleasant, polite, businesslike and all of that, of course. But why a story?"

"Just one of my hunches," said the Old Man as we turned into the hotel. "You follow it up sometime, and see if I'm not right. He's no ordinary newsboy."

Nobody can get to Fayetteville during the hours of seven and nine in the morning and not have that boy offer to supply a paper. He is inescapable. He has a voice with a range of two blocks, and legs that propel him with amazing swiftness in the wake of his voice. It is not a raucous voice, but a pleasant, throaty, youthful baritone that carries.

Everybody must know him by now. When he offers to sell you a paper he smiles courteously. He doesn't argue the merits of the paper, apparently assuming that everybody is already acquainted with its merits. He offers the paper, and if you buy it he thanks you and is gone. If you don't buy it, he smiles anyhow, and is gone after somebody who will buy it.

That much was all that was apparent to the unhelped eye when he poked a paper into the car as we came to a stop before the hotel. The rest of it was ferreted out after the Old Man's suggestion, at a time one morning when the boy had sold the

last of his papers and had a space of leisure to talk about himself, and the story that instinct found the clue for.

"First morning I sold your paper I made 32 cents," said Lawrence McLeod when the interview was under way. "Next morning I made 54 cents, and for a long time after that it looked like I wouldn't get above that. Then I got to doing better, and one morning when that feller Collins was in the cave I made more'n twelve dollars. Gee, I wish you would keep somebody in a cave."

These were reminiscences, and they are only for the aged, or for the aging. Lawrence McLeod is only 17 now, and by no means elderly. Looked at in another way, he is a pretty old man, for at the age of eight he assumed the burdens of a family, and he has carried it single-handed since that day he made 32 cents. They lived on 32 cents the day he made it, and they lived on 54 cents the next day and the days after until he made more.

"There's our house over there," he said when he had ridden across the river and turned into the Dunn Highway. There was a world of pride in his voice as he pointed out the place. It was a modest cottage, set among trees, on a large lot. At the rear was a small barn, and tethered beside it a very respectable Jersey cow, evidently of good breeding.

"Still owe \$700 on it, but we'll get that paid off this year I hope," he said.

"Does it belong to you?"

"No; papers are made out to my mother. See I'm not of age yet, and anyhow I wanted her to have the house."

"You've got a good sized lot there."

"Yes, sir, we got a garden and a place to keep the cow. We needed a cow for my little sister."

"Looks like a garage there—have you got a car?"

"Yes, sir, I got a Ford. Needed one to deliver the papers in after I got the agency for you all here. Then I can take my family riding, and some times I take the boys down to White Lake. I tell 'em that them that sells so many papers can have a trip, and I take 'em swimmin' once a week."

Lawrence McLeod is not an orphan. His father's health, one judges though the boy didn't discuss it, precludes his contribution to the family. Lawrence is and has been the family's support since he was eight. He has bought a house, an automobile that is paid for, cows, furniture, clothing, food and all things that his family had need for out of his earnings as a salesman for newspapers during the past eight years.

In Fayetteville he is an institution, even though he is of very tender years. Everybody in town knows him. They have known him since he went barefooted through the streets in winter selling his papers and denying himself shoes in order that his little sister might have what she needed, and that his mother might be warmly clad.

Nobody pities him, because there is nothing about him to pity. He accepted his situation, and he has contended with it like a man. He

asked no favors of any man, though many have been offered him. He has chosen rather to take things as he found them, make the most that could be made of them, and complain not at all against fate. Nobody has ever heard him murmur against his condition.

This spirit must be the thing that has carried him. That, plus a most engaging personality. Looking at him you get a pretty index to what is inside of him by seeing his eyes. They are brown and steady, with a perpetual smile in them. It is not an ingratiating smile, but rather something that is intrinsically friendly, but in a measure reserved.

Through the years he has built up a wide patronage throughout the city. Even before he became the agent for the paper in that vicinity, he had his regular customers. Then he was selling 245 News and Observers daily, with a scattering of other papers in the morning. In the evening he sells the Fayetteville Observer, the local afternoon paper.

Some months back he made a bid for the local agency for the paper. He had aspired to it for a long time, and he was beginning to need the increased business for the support of the house he had bought with his savings. He would then control the distribution of the paper, supervise the service to its patrons, and make more money. He bid for it and took over its obligations. It is a business of some magnitude, involving the handling of several hundred dollars weekly.

With the agency he became an employer of assistants. Now it is his business to meet the trains when they

come in with the papers, get them into the hands of his news boys, and to the local news stands, and to the patrons who take their papers by carrier in town. It takes a pretty live man to handle the business, but Lawrence McLeod, from all the accounts gets it done with a minimum of friction.

Lawrence still sticks to his overalls and his dungaree shirt. He is growing up, but he is a working man, and he still has not learned the uses of goose grease for an ointment for the hair. He devotes himself passionately to his business. It is a rather remarkable sight to see him early of a morning directing his dozen employes on their routes, and apportioning the bundles of papers among them. Five of them together have not the energy that he puts into his work.

"Had to quit school when I was nine, and got no further than third grade," he said after a question. "Still I get along. I can read as good as anybody, and what arithmetic I have I have got somewhere. I read the paper. I have read your pieces in it."

"Don't have much time for going fishing and playing ball and that sort of thing, do you?"

"No, sir, not much. I take the boys off on a trip like I told you some times and get around some, though."

"Do you feel sometimes that things

have not broken fairly with you? That you have not had a chance like other boys?"

"No, sir. Never thought of it like that. Had my mother and little sister to look out for, and needed things myself. Rather get 'em like I've got 'em than to have anybody give 'em to me, and I don't know anybody that would have given 'em to me anyhow—Oh! I have a good time enough."

We were coming back into town by this time. We had seen his mother who is a frail, little woman, and very proud of her boy Lawrence. Many times she has been too sick to do much with her family, and it may be surmised that Lawrence's labors have been heavy at home. His little sister was away at school. He was sorry she was not at home. He is very proud of her.

"Here's my Ford here, and I'll get out, if you don't mind," he said. It was a good flivver. "Got me an old one for twenty-five dollars and fixed it up and traded around until I got this one," he said. The actual investment in it is not large, but it is his—and all paid for. "Got to go collect out of the boys now and take up the papers they didn't sell," he said. "And say, I'm coming up there to Raleigh some Sunday and I want to see how you make this paper."

"A smiling face, a sunny temper, and a perserverance that never falters go far toward making that wonderful thing which the world calls luck."

THE MOUNTAINS IN JUNE.

(Lexington Dispatch).

Vacationists who have a preference for the mountains do not usually get away from their work for the annual rest—if they are fortunate enough to take an annual rest—until July or August. Few of them go to the North Carolina mountains in June, especially during the first three weeks of the month. They miss a lot of beauty by this practice. The mountains were never more heavenly than now. Millions of clusters of laurel blossoms hold the great hills in their embrace. The golden honeysuckle, which often is in fact a deep orange hue, now catches the eye with its brightness shining through the woods in the higher altitudes. The rhododendron, gorgeously pink, is now beginning to bloom and for the next week or two will be in its finest glory. Myriads of other smaller blooms of a hundred kinds are to be found here and there. In addition to all the wonders of flora, the trees are in their freshest glory of bright green.

A few weeks later there will be thousands more of people in the mountains and there will be more human activities to attract one's attention. But the flowers will not be quite the same in any other month as they are in June. July or August may suit you best as a time to rest in the mountain breezes, but if you want to enjoy the scenery most go in June, even if only for a day or for the week-end.

Asheville and the nearby mountain country prides itself on being the "land of the sky," but the ultimate

skyland, so far as present accessibility is concerned, is from Blowing Rock across to Boone and stretching away to the Tennessee and Virginia line, where good roads take the traveler now with comparative ease. Up the climb from Patterson to Blowing Rock there are many gorgeous panoramas, scenes familiar to many of our people. But those who have gone both routes generally unite in declaring that the most inspiring scenes are to be caught along the Boone Trail from Boone to North Wilkesboro. There are some wonderful vantage points, from which one may get unobstructed views of the rolling hills for scores of miles and may look down sheer slopes into gorges almost a mile deep and losing their awesome proportions as the far ranges seem to melt together again. On other highways in that country are said to be many views that will compare in grandeur with these.

Our folks have at their command a great amount of these wonders in a motor spin of a few hours. In fact, one can leave here in early morning, drive through Taylorsville and up the Blue Ridge to Blowing Rock, roll along the plateau backbone of this great range for miles and miles and then coast down the same mountain again far from where the ascent was made. The road along the the Trail from Boone to North Wilkesboro is longer than from Lenoir or Patterson to Blowing Rock, so it is perhaps easier on the car and the driver to go up the western route and down the eastern. If one wishes still more

numerous scenes in the course of a trip, a day may be added and another route may be followed up nearer the Tennessee line, perhaps crossing briefly into that State, around through Ashe and Alleghany and down by North Wilkesboro or Elkin.

The Asheville-Hendersonville county is having the big real estate boom right now but the Blowing Rock-Boone section is not asleep. Many new homes are being built here and there. Boone just now is in the throes of a municipal rebirth and the principal street is being laid with concrete. It will be open most of the way inside of a few weeks, for they are hurrying to get ready for the summer visitors. and the said visitors are rushing them. Three cars noted going up the mountain bore tags from Iowa, Ohio and Indiana, indicating the Middle West will descend on the Carolina hills this year. Around Boone a number of out-of-state cars were noted.

They know something about real estate values up on this high plateau, for the big canvas signs are placed here and there calling attention to auction sales to be. The main agricultural activity is along the creeks. The mountains generally rise rather close to the creek basins and the level land is limited in area, but almost unlimited in price. \$400 to \$500 is considered only a fair price for this land—not for speculative purposes but for food growing. Steep hillsides that will grow grass for grazing are said to sell for from \$100 to \$150. But don't get the idea that all steep hillsides are worth that, for there are hundreds of thousands of acres that can serve only by holding the

earth together and furnishing through decaying leaf mold a foot hold for tree and shrub that give the mountains their emerald dress.

Irish potatoes is the big crop along the stream banks and the lower hillsides and Watauga county alone is growing thousands of acres of "spuds" this year. The product is said to compare most favorably with the Maine potatoes. There is much evidence also of a big increase in chicken breeding. Good roads have furnished ready outlets for the great food supplies this country can furnish. There are the cheese factories, of course, and kraut factories. But there are also thousands of cured hams and bacon, a wealth of honey made by busy workers with millions of blooms to aid them, the products of many herds of sheep and other important items in a country's food supply.

Along the good roads in these high mountains one sees only rarely a house that is not neatly painted. They are ahead of the average in Davidson County, for instance. Large new school buildings are dotted here and there, while handsome new churches have arisen or are arising along the way. For instance, the inscription on the cornerstone of one large brick country church notes that this church was founded in 1799. They are fine old American stock along these valleys in the clouds.

The people of the mountains have the people of all North Carolina to thank for much of the good fortune that is now coming their way. Nothing short of statewide effort could have surmounted the engineering difficulties of building good roads up the

mountain sides here and there and extending them along the ridges and down the valleys to unite this great region with the balance of the State. The road from Lenoir to Boone and on across the ridge and down toward Wilkesboro is mostly of gravel construction. A gravel and tar treatment is being given from Patterson toward the top of the mountain. Many other stretches will probably be given binders later on.

Lexington folks who are thinking

about Catchinite would probably get new enthusiasm for this treatment of soil roads or streets if they would travel over the finished stretch from the Wilkes-Yadkin line down to Brooks Cross Roads, and from the latter point to Yadkinville on the road that has received the first two treatments. This road is a delight to the motorist, for there is a minimum of vibration and bumps and no dust or mud.

BLOOD PRESSURE.

(N. C. Health Bulletin).

When one of the larger arteries is cut, or if in a surgical operation, one of the smaller arteries near the heart is cut, the blood will spurt out to a distance of several feet. The contraction of the heart muscle, plus the contraction of the arterial walls puts the blood in the vessels under considerable pressure just as the water in the city water system is under pressure.

The degree of this pressure is of much importance in a consideration of many degenerative diseases, hence the taking of blood pressure has become routine in all important physical examinations.

Blood pressure, whether it is higher or lower than normal, is not itself a disease but only one of the symptoms suggesting disease.

If the capillaries, where the blood passes through these innumerable and exceedingly small tubes from the arterial to the venous system are constricted, much more pressure will be necessary to force a normal amount

of blood through them than if they were dilated. In which case, the heart, in order to supply sufficient circulation works harder and the pressure is much higher.

Measuring Blood Pressure.

The method of determining blood pressure is, in principle, exceedingly simple. It is only the measuring of the amount of pressure required to compress an artery sufficient to shut off the flow of blood through it.

If we take a loop of garden hose, hold up both open ends, and fill it with water then blow into one end the water will be forced out of the other end. The harder we blow the higher will the water be lifted in the free end of the hose.

In taking blood pressure a rubber bag, enclosed in a cloth cover is wrapped around the arm above the elbow, this bag is connected by a soft rubber tube to a glass tube in which there is mercury instead of the water in the garden hose. Air is then pumped into the rubber bag around the

arm and the degree of air pressure in the bag is measured by the height to which it forces the mercury in the glass tube. As the air pressure in the bag around the arm increases, this pressure compresses the arteries against the smooth single bone of the upper arm and shuts off the flow of blood through the arteries until no pulsation can be felt below the compression at the wrist. The pressure in the glass tube in which is the column of mercury is, of course, the same as the pressure in the rubber bag around the arm. By noting the height of the column of mercury in the tube at the moment the pulse can no longer be felt it shows the amount of pressure necessary to compress the artery until the pressure from the heart can no longer force blood through the compression. Usually the scale along the side of the mercury tube is marked in millimeters instead of inches. If a person has a blood pressure of 120 that means that it requires an air pressure in the rubber cuff sufficient to raise the column of mercury 120 millimeters above the base line. If this scale were marked in inches instead of millimeters it would be proper to say the person has a certain number of inches of blood pressure. It may be remarked that 120 millimeters is about the same as four and one-half inches which is an average adult pressure. A pressure gauge with a pointed needle can be and often is used instead of the column of mercury.

When an artery is partly compressed the blood flowing through it makes a characteristic sound. Listening for this sound through a stethoscope is found to be more accurate than feel-

ing the pulse. By this means it is not only possible to know exactly when the blood flow is entirely cut off but also when the flow begins to be impeded. The greater the blood pressure the more pressure will be necessary to impede its flow. When the heart contracts the blood pressure is increased, when the heart dilates the blood pressure is decreased. The amount of air pressure in the bag necessary to completely shut off the flow of blood when this pressure is highest is called the "systolic pressure," (systole meaning the heart in contraction). The amount of air pressure in the bag sufficient to impede the flow of blood when the pressure is the lowest is called the "diastolic pressure," (diastole meaning the heart in dilatation). The difference between the systolic and diastolic pressure is arbitrarily called the "pulse pressure."

Blood Pressure Indicates Condition of Vessels.

When the heart forces blood into very elastic arteries the dilatation of these arteries gives room for the increased amount of blood without greatly increasing the pressure. The contraction of the arteries then continues gradually forcing forward the blood stream while the heart dilates without so much variation between the systolic and diastolic pressure. When the blood is forced into arteries that are hardened and non-elastic they do not dilate, hence the pressure when the heart contracts is high and when the heart dilates the pressure is low. An increased difference, then, between the systolic and diastolic pressure suggests hardened, nonelastic arteries.

The size, or calibre, of capillaries and arteries like the contraction of the heart is controlled by nervous impulses. There are two sets of nerves controlling the vessels, the vaso-constrictors and the vaso-dilators.

Shock.

In the case of shock there is a paralysis of the vaso-constrictors which allows the vessels to dilate and the individual bleeds to death in his own vessels. The vessels have suddenly become so large that there is not enough blood in the system to fill them so that circulation can efficiently be maintained. The blood pressure in shock drops very low. During an anesthetic it is often wise to repeatedly take the blood pressure in order to thus detect early any indication of approaching shock. So, also, will the blood pressure detect any indication of a failing heart.

Action Automatic.

Heart action is regulated by nerve impulses but the stimulus which starts the contractions is believed to be a chemical one, which is within the blood itself. Probably the solution

of the mineral salts, sodium, calcium and potassium chloride, is the stimulating agent. Be this as it may, the entire operation of the mechanical circulation of blood is entirely automatic and can scarcely be influenced to any appreciable degree by the will.

With violent exercise there is a demand for a greatly increased amount of blood to remove waste and supply repair material. Expenditure of energy requires combustion. Automatically, when there is increased need, the capillaries dilate and the frequency of cardiac contractions increase. The face is flushed and the heart action is tumultuous. During sound sleep the heart beats very much more slowly. When there is continued increased need of blood the heart muscle enlarges just as the muscles of the athlete or the village blacksmith are large and hard. Nature in health adjusts the muscle to meet the needs. After a long continued illness the patient must begin again taking exercise very gradually in order that an excess load be not placed on the heart before it has regained its normal muscle power.

RAISING SQUABS.

(Elizabeth City Independent).

From raising fancy pigeons as a hobby for diversion, two Elizabeth City young men may have founded what is to become an important industry in Pasquotank County, the raising of Jumbo squabs for market. There is money in Jumbo squabs, but nobody in this section ever thought much about it before.

With the passing of game from the menus of hotels and restaurants hotel men and restaurateurs have found game substitutes in the guinea hen and the squab. Squab are in good demand and bring from \$9.00 to \$12 a dozen on the Eastern markets. Here at Elizabeth City Harold Foreman and Noah Burfoot, Jr., have de-

veloped a squab farm with 250 pairs of pigeons that are beginning to turn in handsome profits for their owners.

Messrs. Foreman and Burfoot ship from two to three dozen pairs of squabs each week to New York and Philadelphia, getting from \$9 to \$12 a dozen for them. They sell for seventy-five cents each retail on the Elizabeth City market, which is equivalent to \$9 a dozen, Elizabeth City not having to eat squab yet.

From eight to ten pairs of squabs are produced each year from one pair of pigeons. They lay two eggs, and these hatch after 17 days. Four weeks from the time these eggs hatch they are ready to come off the nest, and the squabs are killed the day before they come from the nest, if they are to be sold for the table. A squab that once has left its nest and exercised its legs and wings is a squab no more, but a bird of tough sinews, that any epicure would disdain.

It costs little to feed a pigeon; they are great foragers and require but a moderate amount of mixed grain. The accounts of the Foreman-Burfoot Squab Farm show the cost of feeding to be five cents per bird per month.

But Harold Foreman is more of a pigeon fancier than a squab farmer. Raising squabs for market is just an incident grown out of his hobby for the birds themselves. While he has 250 pairs of working birds on a ten acre farm near the city, he has 21

varieties of birds at the Foreman-Blades Saw Mill nearer town where he can study them at all times. He has gathered these varieties from all parts of the United States from as far West as Kansas City, as far South as Atlanta and as far North and East as Boston. Among them are Pouters, Oriental Frills, Fantails, Parlor Tumblers and Giant Runts.

The tumblers are the most interesting of the pigeons. One variety comes off its nest, struts a few paces and tumbles over and over like a drunken thing on the ground. Still another tumbler soars aloft and does his tumbling in mid-air.

The male pigeon is loyal to his mate and sticks to her through a life time of eight or ten years if man does not meddle. But meddling man can take a male from his self-chosen mate, put him in a coop with a giddier female for a week or ten days and he'll never go back to his old love again. The male is considerate of his mate and sits on the eggs for her from eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, to enable her to do her shopping, lunch out and attend a matinee. The rest of the day is his to disport himself in ways that please a male while his wife sits on the eggs from four o'clock in the afternoon until eight o'clock next morning. They are much alike humans after all, the male considering eight hours a work day for himself and sixteen hours a day for his spouse.

“If you make play out of your work there is a game you will win every time.”

PROBLEMS OF POWER.

(From Public Service).

In its issue of May 20th, the Mecklenburg Times, of Charlotte, a weekly periodical which devotes considerable space to agricultural subjects, carries an interesting editorial under the heading, "Why Farmers Don't Use Electricity."

The Times quotes from Public Service, a statement by General Guy E. Tripp, of the Westinghouse Electric Company, to the effect that "there has been a thorough application of (electric) power to practically all industries except farming and these other industries have forged ahead, while farming has lagged behind."

It is amply apparent that The Times visions the future with clear eye and comprehending estimate of the needs of agriculture, for it recognizes the fact that something toward rural electrification already has been accomplished and at the same time that electric power is essential to the agriculture as an industry.

But The Times errs in the shade of its implications when it attributes to Public Service or to General Tripp the statement that "the backwardness of the farming industry was the failure of the farmers to apply electricity to their work." Neither Public Service nor General Tripp intimates that the farmers are at fault in failing to use electricity. General Tripp specifically says there has been a general application of power to * * * all except farming."

The fault—if we are justified in calling it a fault—is not with the farmer any more than it is with the

merchant or the power companies. The "failure" to apply electricity to farming is not a failure; it is simply undevelopment. There hasn't been time enough, there hasn't been money enough, there haven't been appliances enough yet, to electrify the rural districts. Why, bless your soul, Brother Lowrance, the use of electricity is so new that all the towns are not yet electrified!

The spread of the use of electricity follows the lines of all other community developments. The thickly settled city offers no problem for the users of electricity are in such numbers as to justify the building and maintenance of power lines. The city suburbs came along and a certain point of development had to be reached before lines could be extended to and through them. In the same way, a certain point of natural development will have to be reached before power lines can be extended into strictly rural sections.

If The Times will keep in mind the fact that 8 per cent of the cost of electricity to the consumer is in the item of transmission, it will the more readily apprehend the difficulties attending the task of sending power great distances into the countryside.

Our contemporary says that the power companies "offer no encouragement to the farmers" * * * the companies say it is not profitable." As to profits, The Times well knows that the officials of a business in using their stockholders' funds in ventures that are unsound economically.

It may be certain that all questions are weighed thoroughly and if business judgment is against a proposition (even for the time being) those trustee-officials are not going to undertake the impossible.

But the power companies are offering encouragement to the farmers. If *The Times* will take a casual survey of its own county, Mecklenburg, we venture to say that it will be astonished at the things already accomplished right at its door in the way of rural electrification. The community movement has worked wonders even this early in its activities. Cleveland county offers another example.

Besides, the best brains of the electric power industry are being applied today to the study of the problems attending farm electrification. There are committees and other organizations at work daily on experimentation in both transmission and application. Not only are power company experts at work but they have called in the counsel of university and col-

lege departments and farm organizations.

Those councils of intellect should be trusted to handle this big question. It is something new. Twenty-five years ago the entire matter of electricity was new in North Carolina. There is not another industry in the world which has shown such development in such a short period as has the electric power industry. It is not to be supposed that all the difficulties of a new adventure can be solved in a day but the power companies are solving their as rapidly as any and more rapidly than most.

Give 'em time, Brother Lowrance; give 'em time. Some means will be found—means that actually do not exist just now—to supply this great demand. Men with far greater technical knowledge than yours or ours are working night and day, in laboratory and office and in the field, on the subject. They'll evolve something worth while and they'll do it just about the time the world is ready for it.

“JUST ONE.”

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods.

“I guess just one piece won't hurt any,” and Leonard tossed a greasy wad of paper from his lunch-box into the road.

“But you know how nice everything looked last week, ‘Clean Up Week,’” said Billy. “Miss Prentice said she wished we'd keep right on being careful.”

“Oh, well, just one piece won't matter,” repeated Leonard. “Ho! You won't even throw your banana-

skin down?—you are careful, aren't you?”

Down the street came more boys and girls.

“See what a low mark I got on my grammar paper,” Elsie said to her friend Louise. “I wish I'd studied more.” She tore the paper in half, and then each half into smaller bits, and a little later the wind was scattering those pieces—flinging them onto green lawns and hiding other pieces

in the hollows of a hedge fence.

"Oh, dear, I oughn't to have done that," Elsie suddenly remembered. "Still, just one time doesn't count."

Half a dozen other boys and girls must have felt that "just one more wouldn't count," for by the time the school children had reached their homes, it was hard to believe that there had really been a fine "Clean Up" only the week before.

Next day when Billy was on his way to school, he shook his head at the littered street and yards. He stooped to pick up some of the unsightly trash, "though just one doesn't count for very much," he thought. "I can't stop to pick up much or I'll be late to school. A big

boy coming behind Billy and noticing his efforts to clean up the street, stooped, too, and picked up several large blowing papers which he placed in the big trash box on the corner.

"Good work, Ben," remarked a man who was standing there. "If everybody would do that, we'd be living in Spotless Town all the time."

Ben grinned back. "I saw a little fellow picking up trash on his way to school—and that started me. Well, hello, Gridley," as another boy came up to add some paper to the box, "you in the cleaning up business, too?"

"I'm just copying you," laughed Gridley.—The Child's Gem.

TIME-LOSERS.

A young girl was searching for her notebook. Desk drawers were hastily opened, one after another, and a scrambling followed among their contents. Then came a hurried search through a dozen likely or unlikely places, followed by a return to the desk drawers and from those to the other already explored places. It was at the third attack on the desk that the lost article was found. "And the first place I looked, too," said the girl, giving the notebook vindictive shake, and turning wrathful eyes on the clock; "now I'll be late to school!"

She was not in the mood then to be told that a little thoroughness at the

outset would have saved time in the end. Who does not occasionally need to be reminded of just that fact? We are in too much of a hurry to be thorough, we think, and so we do again and again half-heartedly what could have been done well in a quarter of the time.

We skim through an article on the subject about which we wish to be informed, and after a few humiliating encounters with more careful readers, return to give it the thorough attention it should have had at first. It is the careful, thorough people who have the least occasion to cry out against the flight of time.—Exchange.

Showing appreciation, you inspire it. There is in every man the desire to pay back what he gets.—Jas. Hay, Jr.

HER DAY CAME.

(By Wickes Wambolt, in Charlotte Observer.)

A woman whose husband put in much of his time drinking and gambling, did everything she could for his comfort and happiness. She waited on him, she petted him, she pampered him. Her mother upbraided her for it, her sisters chided her for it, and her friends laughed at her for it. But the woman would only reply, "My time hasn't come yet."

Finally her time came. One night when the husband and his companions were having their usual carousal, the talk turned to the rough way in which wives were apt to treat their mates who came home in the early hours of the morning dead broke and smelling of corn.

"Well, my wife don't," avowed the husband of the kind woman.

"I'll bet you fellows \$5 a piece that we can all go to my house any time of night, and my wife will get up and dress and treat us fine."

And being half drunk they all bet him, and went home with him. They reached his house about 3 o'clock in the morning, and piled into his livingroom. He called his wife and said he had brought some friends; and she dressed herself up as pretty as you please, and came out and welcomed them cordially.

"I know you boys must be hungry," she said.

"You must let me get you a bite to eat."

So she made coffee, and fried ham and eggs, and cooked griddle cakes.

The boys were highly delighted, and the husband was highly gratified. And they all talked, and ate, and

laughed. Right in the midst of it, one of the men said to the wife:

"You're awfully good to your husband—a lot better than he deserves. Tell us why you do it?"

Her time had come.

"Well I'll tell you," she replied in a serious matter-of-fact voice.

"My husband isn't going the way I'm going. I'm going to Heaven when I die. I am leading as clean and careful a life as I know how; and so I know I'm going to Heaven; but my husband isn't. He is going to Hell. After this life he will go into eternal misery; so I am eager to do any kindness I can for him here—because I know (this is the only comfort he will ever have.)"

It was so final—so deliberate—so ominous! Every man jumped inside and gasped inside; and shivered to the marrow in his bones. The hilarity died away, and the eating stopped.

The men awkwardly departed; and the husband got a reflective look in his eyes that stayed with him. From that time on, every kind thing that his wife did for him was portentous. When she handed him a glass of water he thought of Hell-thirst. When she lit his cigarette he thought of fire and brimstone. When she brought him warmed slippers he thought of redhot pavements. Every time he took a little drink he heard the fetters rattle; and every time he shoved the chips across the table he heard the Devil chuckle.

And so one night after he and the

bunch had finished their usual jam-boree, he said, "Boys, this is the last time I'll be with you. I've made up my mind to go the way my wife is going."

And so one night after he and the crowd said he had been thinking about doing the same thing. And the bachelors said that what was good for one gander was good for

another. So the gang broke up, and its members turned their toes into the paths of rectitude.

Sometimes much talking will cause men to leave the ways of iniquity—for the constant dripping of water weareth away a stone; but sometimes prating weareth away the patience. And a single jolt is worth all the talking in the world.

THE THRIFTY BEAVER.

The sun was slowly going down behind the trees and the day was almost over. Shadows were on the pond and the beavers, swimming around, made long lines of silver where the ripples caught little bits of sunlight. It was the end of the day for man, but it was really morning for the beavers. One of them was very big and fine and he was Mr. Strongtooth Beaver. The other beaver was only half the size of the big one and was his son. His name was Billy Beaver.

Billy was teasing his father not to do any work this night but to play with him.

"Say, dad, you miss a lot of good times working all the time. Here we have this beautiful pond with a good strong dam to protect it. On the shore there is plenty of poplar wood to eat that we love. Why do you do all this working and saving?" And Billy looked up to his father for an answer.

Mr. Strongtooth looked out across the pond to the dam. He cared very much for the dam, because, without it, there would not have been any pond, and then the beavers could not

have lived through one winter. Mr. Strongtooth, turning to Billy, said:

"Billy, my little son, you have not lived as long as I or you would see the difference between looking ahead and saving for when you get older, and of just having a good time. When winter storms come, lazy beavers many times die because they have not been careful to look ahead and see that they will be protected.

"Now, this pond didn't grow naturally. I and others planned it all out. We used to live downstream, but when we had cut down and eaten all the bark of the poplar trees, we came up here to find a place where we could build a dam and where there was plenty of food. This dam is over two hundred feet long and fifteen feet high, all made with sticks, stones, and mud. It would take men many days with teams to haul the sticks and stones and dirt we put into that dam, and men say, when they have worked very hard, that they have 'worked like beavers.' Now what do we get for all of our work, Billy? It is this—you have a big and pretty pond to swim in. Now all this wood we are working so hard each day to

cut down and haul to the pond and sink it there, means that we will save up enough during these warm days to last us through the cold winter.

"All we need do when the pond is frozen over and fierce winter storms are howling over our heads is to dive out of the house into the pond, take a stick of wood we are saving now, go back into our nice warm home, and eat the bark. Then we will save up these bare sticks and later put them on the dam of our stone house; so, you see, we waste nothing.

"Now, suppose we did not do this Billy! Suppose I just spent my time in playing as you think I ought to do. What do you suppose would happen?"

Mr. Strongtooth smiled down at the little son of whom he thought so much, and for whose sake he worked so hard.

"Well, Billy, I'll tell you what would happen by telling you of the Bank Beaver."

"The Bank Beaver," said Billy. "What is that?"

"Bank Beavers," said his father, "to tell it in a few words, are beavers who are too lazy to work, but who want all the good things of others who work hard. Good, hard-working beavers won't help the lazy beavers, and they say, 'If you won't work, you can't have what we work for and save.'

"So we tell the lazy beavers they must work or go away, and this is what some of the beavers do: They go away, and, being too lazy to do all the hard work it takes to build a dam and keep it in repair, beside saving

up for the winter, they just dig holes in the bank. That is why they are called Bank Beavers. Being so lazy they cut down wood just as they need it.

"Now it often happens, Bill, that the streams freeze over so much that they can't get out forr their food, and so they starve to death. This is why busy beavers are protected, because sometimes there is fifteen feet of water in the deeper places where the beavers built the dam to hold it. In this way they can always get their food supply far below the ice on top. If they are lazy beavers they do not build a dam, and then the stream is not over two or three feet deep. When it is as shallow as that, it freezes solid, and so the lazy beavers must starve because they cannot reach their food.

"How does all this sound to you Billy? Do you want to grow up to be a Bank Beaver and perhaps starve?"

"Stop, daddy, stop! I understand it all now. I'm going to start right in this minute and save up while we have something to save."

Mr. Strongtooth was smiling very happily.

"That's the way to talk."

Then they raced innto the cold water and, swimming rapidly to the shore, they started to work.

A big popllar tree soon fell to the ground and Billy started in to cut off the smaller branches, while his father, with his strong teeth quickly cut off the larger branches. How hard they worked! And yet the were having a good time. Once a twig cracked back in the woods and at once a beaver who was watching

out in the pond slapped his tail on the quiet water, making a sound almost like a gun. This is the beaver's danger signal, and there was a wild scramble to get into the pond. But it was a false alarm, for, with their heads out of the water, they saw their neighbors, Mrs. Deer and her two young ones, come down to the pond to drink.

Soon the beavers were hard at work again, and they kept at it until it began to grow light and the sun started to come up over a big mountain in the east. Billy was tired but happy.

"Why, daddy," he said. "it gives you a wonderful feeling to work and feel you are saving up something for the future. I like the work more than play."

"It's only a new and better play, my son," said Mr. Strongtooth. "There are a lot of people who work hard but don't save, so they don't get anything from their work."

"But daddy, you and I won't be in that class, will we?"

"No, Billy, we will not. I'm sure of that."—Courtesy of Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.

ENVIRONMENT.

By Rev. Charles William Heathcote, Ph. D.

We have shown that a child is born into the world endowed with certain tendencies which he has inherited from his ancestors. The way those tendencies shall be influenced will largely depend upon his environment. After birth, it is largely environment that determines man's character. By environment we mean those influences which are brought to bear from without on a individual's life after birth.

Among the influences which may be mentioned are climate, health, home, business, religious and secular education, morals, etc. It would indeed be interesting to trace each factor as a contributing agent to the development of an individual's character as we find so many unusual examples all about us. The phase of child development which concerns us here is: To what extent are the hereditary tendencies of the child-life modified by

environments?

Some investigators assert that heredity is a stronger factor in determining character than environment. They state that so strong and important is heredity that it has more influence and power over mental life and character than all surrounding influences. They show that education is a dominant influence but it is so variable that it cannot be counted on as an absolute force. They cite examples of finding very frequently skeptical children in religious families, degenerate men in the midst of good families and very ambitious men in gentle and retiring families.

However, heredity is a stronger factor and of course we want it to be the best for child life. However, we do not agree with their viewpoint that heredity is a stronger factor than environment in determining character.

Our observations have led us to take the side of environment. In this view we are upheld by many scientists, religionists, educators, social workers etc. If education and religion are powerless to uplift humanity, truly, the future of the human race is very dark and gloomy. Even the strong supporters of heredity acknowledge that education has been a most important factor in the developing of the race. History shows that true education has been a great constructive factor in the positive development of humanity.

If we follow at the present time religious, educational, and social reform movements, we see there is the recognition of the powerful influence of environment to uplift and elevate the individual and community alike. We could cite a multitude of examples wherein we could show that environment can and does modify heredity tendencies for the betterment of the individual. For instance, follow the work of the various children's aid societies which have as their mission the saving of children who are the victims of unfavorable circumstances in homes where vice, intemperance, etc., prevail, and who

are afterwards placed in homes where conditions of purity and education obtain. The results obtained are far-reaching. Evil and vicious tendencies in the child-life have been overcome, and the good qualities have been developed and noble characters formed.

The great work of the Church through all of its organizations, particularly the Sunday schools, is to help the individual and community alike to improve their surroundings and build up nobler environment. How quickly the business world advertises a neighborhood or town or city as a community of churches and the best environment. The goodness and love of the Christian is a definite guarantee for better environmental conditions. It remains for us to strengthen, build and construct the best environment possible for the present and future activities of life.

As soon as children are born into the world, every influence of righteousness, honesty and religion should be brought to bear upon them so that every opportunity shall be presented to form the noblest character and to live the best life for God and man.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Letter writing day came around again last week and all the boys at the institution were glad to write to their home folks.

The following boys: Virgil Shipes, Edgar Rochester, Thomas Millis,

Herbert Campbell, Frank Goulf, Richard Pettipher, James Peeler and Vance Cook were visited by their parents and relatives last Wednesday.

The game on the junior diamond

between Franklin Mill and J. T. S. resulted in a victory for the School boys by the score of 25 to 0. This was a seven inning game. Most every boy on the Training School second nine got a hit, Floyd was the luckiest, he slammed one over the right field bank for a home run. The visiting team using three pitchers, but with no runs gained, nor could they stop the slugging, and the constant number of runs coming in. Wade pitching for the Training School allowed only one hit, and the safe hitter was put out trying to steal second. With three men on Wade struck out two and the next was put out at first. The second base stealers were always out at second, our catcher, Massey was right on the job. The score:

	R	H	E		
J. T. S. (2)	6	1	1	2	12 3 x—25 15 3
F. M. T. (2)	0	0	0	0	0 0 0 — 0 1 8

The game at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon resulted in a victory for the Training School by a one-sided score of 14 to 4, defeating the Harrisburg nine, Russell striking out thirteen men, Alexander striking out five. Morrison, second baseman for the School slammed out the apple for a three base hit and two singles. Hobby "connected up" with the pill for a two base hit and a single. McAuther our "little left fielder" landed a safe hit, and making two of the 14 winning runs. He also did some good fielding. Henry, the center fielder let one slip out of his hands, but made up for it by getting a two base hit and two singles. Harrisburg used two pitchers, Alexander was removed from the box in the fifth, R. Harrison pitch-

ing the remainder of the game without success. The score:

	R	H	E		
J. T. S.	15	11	3	0	12 x—14 17 5
Harrisburg	1	0	0	1	0 0 2 0—4 9 0

The game won by the J. T. S. this season and the percentage:

	W	L	Pct.
J. T. S.	4	2	.667

Two base hits: R. Harrison, Hobby, Henry. Three base hits: Morrison. Stolen Bases: Hobby (2), Godown. Base on Balls: off Alexander 6, off R. Harris 1, off Russell 1. Struck out by Russell 13, by Alexander 5, by R. Harris 4. Double Plays: R. Harrison and McEachen, Godown and Morrison.

The subject of last Sunday's lesson was: "Jacob and Esau." In this lesson it tells how Jacob saw Esau coming towards his camp with four hundred armed men. Jacob was afraid that Esau would do him harm so he "divided the children unto Leah, and unto Rachel, and unto the two handmaids. And he put the handmaids and their children foremost, and Leah and her children after, and Rachel and Joseph hindermost." Jacob loved his wife Rachel, and his son Joseph, that is probably the reason that he put them "hindermost" where he was. He had worked seven years for Rachel, to be his wife. He bowed himself seven times to the ground until he came to his brother. Esau ran to meet Jacob and he fell on his neck and kissed him; and they wept. When Esau lifted up his eyes he saw women and children. "Then the handmaids came near, and bowed themselves,"—so did Leah and her children, Joseph and his mother

Rachel. Esau asked what the meaning of this. "And he said: These are to find grace in the sight of the Lord. And Esau told him that he did not want any of his presents, and Jacob said "Nay, I pray thee, if now I have found grace in thy sight, then receive my present at my hand: for therefore I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the God, and thou wast pleased with me. Take, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee: because God hath dealt graciously with me, and he urged him, and he took it." The golden text was: "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Ephesians 4:32.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. W. C. Lylerly of Concord. His selected Scripture reading was from the tenth chapter of Matthew. He took his text from the second, third, and fourth verses of this chapter which reads: "Now the names of the twelve apostles are these, The first Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew his brother; James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, Phillip and Bartholomew; Thomas and Matthew the publican; James the son of Alphaeus, and Lebbaeus whose surname was Thaddaeus; Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed him. Judas, when he was with Jesus, saw a woman come in with a large pot of ointment. She, on seeing Jesus poured the ointment on Jesus' head and feet, washing them. Judas said "Waste, waste! She should have sold the ointment and Jesus said unto Judas Iscariot:

"She is preparing me for my burial." Judas betrayed Jesus, Peter denied Him, both were about the same crime, but Judas went out and hanged himself, Peter asked for forgiveness and got it, he repented. Once an artist was drawing a large picture of the twelve disciples, he had to have a man to pose for every disciple, so he could paint him. When he was ready to paint the picture of John he went out and got a young man, (for John was the youngest of the disciples) and painted the picture of him. He toiled and painted day by day and one day he wanted a man that looked like Judas, mean, hard boiled. He went out in the slums of the city, to the jails, chain gangs, and other places, but he couldn't find the man he wanted. One day he was coming out of an alley in the city and he saw a man on the side of the dark alley walking along slowly, he looked as if sin had hardened his heart the artist went over and asked the man to work for him for thirty days. The man agreed. He appeared at the studio the next morning and the artist began to paint the picture of Judas. Several days before the artist finished his painting, the old man looked at the picture and the artist noticed that he had been looking at it intently for a long time so he asked: "What is it that interests you about that picture? I posed for the picture that you painted of the Apostle John, five years ago. This man was like Judas, he let the devil visit his heart too much, so he went down in life just like Judas did. Rev Lylerly's sermon was enjoyed by all present.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH A DAY'S WORK ON THE SOUTHERN

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and recieved from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	32,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives.....	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE

UPLIFT

University of N. C.

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 19, 1926

No. 29

**THE RICH MAN AND THE
TANNER.**

A rich man lived near a certain tanner, and not being able to bear the unpleasant smell of the tanyard, he asked his neighbor again and again to go away.

The tanner, saying that he would remove soon, put off his departure from time to time.

However, as the tanner still continued to stay, it came to pass, as time went on, that the rich man became used to the smell, and being no longer disturbed, he made no further complaints about it.

An evil first tolerated, may at last be embraced.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

SORROW AND GLADNESS.

There is a peculiar attachment on the part of the public for the medical profession. None have the opportunities thrust upon them to get closer to the average citizen than does the faithful doctor, who strives to honor his profession and puts his heart into the healing of ills and relieving suffering.

When misfortune or accident overtakes one of the faithful servants of the world, there goes out a universal expression of regret and sympathy. Take for instance the case of Dr. Watson Rankin, who suffered, last Friday, a most distressing accident, which at the time brought fears of a probable fatal ending to the hearts of thousands of North Carolinians. There was great sorrow throughout the state. But when assurances were given that the injuries Dr. Rankin sustained when his car skidded and overturned, while painful, are not necessarily serious, there was a feeling of great gladness possessing the people.

We enjoy blessings and opportunities and privileges, but never give proper credit for same until their withdrawal seems probable. Here is a great doctor, an unselfish servant of the people, who has been preaching with wonderful effect and success the lesson of good health and the relief of suffering—the state appreciated him, but not many people have gone out of their way to make it known—but when it looked that there was a possibility of losing his great service to the state, there was great sadness amongst the people.

It requires oftentimes a shock to bring a people to the realization of a truth.

* * * * *

MR. PAGE JUST NEEDS A REST.

Last Sunday Chairman Frank Page of the State Highway Commission, be-

coming suddenly ill, was carried to Rex Hospital. The report is made that with a short rest and quiet, he will soon be himself, which brings a relief to the public, which has come to applaud him for his superb record in road building and to appreciate him for his great personal worth.

The physician is quoted as saying that Mr. Page is suffering from auto-intoxication. Years ago, when bicycles were in their glory, another disease was declared prevalent—they called it "Cycle stare."

The truth of the matter stares us in the face that overworking any cause, the great rush to put two days into one, produces a kind of an intoxication, with a prefix appropriate to the sphere in which men overwork themselves. Frank Page and thousands of others in North Carolina are putting about 48 hours of service of one kind and another into each day.

The remedy is: Stop, relax, rest. The chronic loafer need not get alarmed—he is immune from that kind of intoxication.

* * * * *

WHAT THINK YOU OF THIS?

In all the widespread endeavor to reduce or shift the tax burden, one near-at-hand means is being overlooked. County government, particularly in the agricultural sections, is one of the largest absorbers of tax money. But has anyone questioned the need of so many counties, each with its separate outfit of officials and buildings to be maintained at public expense?

Why, for instance, should there be 161 separate county governments in Georgia—one for each 19,000 persons—for the people to support? Or 114 in Missouri? Or 105 in Kansas?

There is no present-day reason, of course, except local pride and political pottage. The automobile and other forms of modern transportation and communication have removed the need of having county seats at frequent intervals for accessibility's sake. In fact, the present apportionment of counties is a relic of horse-and-buggy days. County government can function over double or more the area it could when most counties projected.

Industry and farming have realized the economy of large units. Under the fire of public criticism the Federal Government is combining or eliminating various bureaus to cut down costs. But local government, the nearest to the taxpayer, is allowed to remain exempt from these money-saving changes.

Yet a reduction in its costs offers a surer and more substantial return to the taxpayers of agricultural sections than most of the more distant reforms being advocated. In an Iowa farm county, taken at random, the salaries and expenses of officeholders along with the maintenance costs of county buildings ran up \$66,903 last year. These same items came to

\$47,939 in a North Dakota county, and to \$43,750 in a Nebraska county.

A reapportionment and reduction in the number of counties would be the biggest tax-saving reform that could be undertaken in a majority of the states.

The foregoing comes to us from The Country Gentleman, via Chapel Hill News Letter. It is interesting. Were North Carolina to decide that one hundred counties are too many and proceed (we know not how) to reduce the number to sixty or even seventy-five, what would happen?

There would follow a regular shaking up of things, is one answer. Of course it would eliminate the necessity of so many judges to cover the territory, and give county courts a boost and a busy time; it would cut down the number of legislators who have to carry money along with them to Raleigh to supplement their per diem to pay board; it would give jailors larger lists of boarders and the risk of visits from sensational spies to make complaint about the quarters and the rations; it would make the position of Road Engineer more powerful than that of a King—in fact, a consolidation of the counties would give dignity and scope and power to lots of officers, which are today regarded merely a painful and expensive necessity. But—

Were Cabarrus returned to her mother of near a century and half ago; and set up in good and regular standing with all the rights of full-fledged citizens of Mecklenburg, we would have the opportunity of standing around, making comments about the new court-house and have the privilege of voting for Miss Julia and Miss Carrie.

Are you ready for the question? A worse solution of the difficult problems that confront many of the counties might possibly be offered. The Country Gentleman has wasted its sweetness on the desert air.

* * * * *

NEWTON IS HAPPY.

Probably if the matter had been left to a vote of the people and all the facts, as they were given to the Supreme Court in connection with the controversy over the location of the highway from Statesville to Newton, the result would have been just as pronounced as was the decision of the Supreme Court.

Honest people on either side of the contest were sincere in their position relative to the location. Newton, had she taken to the woods on the proposition, manifested no righteous indignation and put up no fight for what she conceived her due, the town of Newton would have disgraced herself.

Concord lost, a golden opportunity to have the road law defined on a point—not so acute.

The Supreme Court has spoken; and hereafter we laymen know that the construction of highways, as provided for in the great State Road Law when it says from county seat to county seat, means from county seat to county seat—not jumping over even a county—not simply touching the outer skirts.

* * * * *

SETS AN EXAMPLE.

Haywood county, North Carolina, is a mountain county. Haywood county is progressive and has a care for the proper treatment of its citizenship.

Last Saturday Haywood county voted \$100,000 for the erection of a County Hospital and for a tax for its maintenance. Haywood is right—glorious Haywood!

What Haywood has done can be done by every county in the state with only a few exceptions. Cabarrus county is not one of them. There is not only a crying need of a public hospital in Cabarrus county, but there is not a single reason, in the light of facts before us, or excuse for the county in not having a modern public hospital.

The county can afford it; it needs it; and the experiences of other counties make it a safe movement and a wise undertaking.

* * * * *

The new \$400,000 hotel at Elizabeth City is to be called The Virginia Dare. Very appropriate. Our fine, new hotel is simply Hotel Concord. There is one particular satisfaction in the matter that had Stephen Cabarrus—after whom it seemed fitting to name it—been in the flesh and could have been consulted, he most probably would have said: “In the name of peace and harmony, let’s call it Hotel Concord.” So, all’s well that ends well.

* * * * *

They have so much money in Pennsylvania, that to get rid of it they stuff it in great wads into rat holes. Senator Pepper and Gov. Pinchot will readily bear testimony thereto. The recent primary for Unnited States Senator is a woeful example of the lack of righteousness in discharging a public duty. Will Vare, the successful candidate, duplicate Newberry’s stunt.



BY THE WAY—

By Jim Riddick.

On my desk is a copy of Webster's Secondary School Dictionary. It covers a scope that will meet the needs of the average professional man, the business man, and by its convenient size it will prove, one is inclined to believe, to be the very thing for laborers, farmers and mechanics.

I wonder how many homes in the average county—say Cabarrus, for instance—have access to a dictionary at all, or even a little primary affair?

But the most distressing thought lies in the fact that but few people, who own a dictionary, ever look at it. I know hundreds of people who read in an unknowing manner. They call words, out-loud or to themselves, the meaning of which is as beclouded as the Hindoo language is to me. And it so often occurs that the very word whose meaning is beclouded is the key word of the whole article.

But, I started out to talk about something else—Superstition.

This dictionary, which I have and it shows a long and frequent service, defines Superstition as follows: (1) "An excessive reverence for, or fear of, that which is unknown or mysterious;" (2) "A belief, an act, or a practice, especially of a religious nature, regarded as irrational, idle, or injurious; false religion".

In the light of experiences, observations and revealed truth, the most superstitious folks—if not the vainest and the most smart-alexy—in the

opinion of all normal, believing people are the modern-day EVOLUTIONISTS.

They are so smart and learned that they wave away with a swing of their cultured hand and scholarly voice as ignorant and blind those who have noted that for near unto two thousand years all nations that have tried to stay close to God's way, as taught in The Bible, are the most prosperous and the happiest.

Why, these folks have a contempt for that people, who profess to have regard for certain signs, which experience for long years have proved reliable and true. They laugh in their sleeves at the man who observes signs and phases of the moon. But now comes another class of scientists (?) who confound and further explode theories that heretofore were criticized and belittled.

Reliable scientists, after many experiments, have declared that "the phases of the moon do have influence in the planting of vegetation." That's funny! For one hundreds years that fact has been known in Cabarrus county—handed down from one generation to another. Billy Winecoff, Wiley Earnhardt, the grand children of the late Ransom Blackwelder and scores of others have known to a certainty the influences of signs in planting which the belated and pokey scientists have in the past week discovered and now proclaim to the amusement of the hundreds, who have

prospered in their agricultural endeavors by a close observance of those signs, which years have revealed as perfectly reliable.

For instance—once upon a time Col. G. T. Crowell, who has traveled about the world considerably, having sojourned for several years in South America where they don't believe in much of anything except the Pope, had for years a choice neighbor in the person of the late Alfred Young. These neighbors always conducted a race in gardening. Mr. Young was a farmer; Crowell was the owner and operator of a flouring mill.

Every year the Crowell garden outstripped the Young garden—the two were side by side and of the same nature of soil. "Look here, Giles, I want to know why your stuff does better than mine," inquired Mr. Young.

"Well, sir, Alf," and the colonel straightening up and giving mother earth a stab with his walking-stick, "I'll tell you. I have noticed every since I have lived by you that you never pay any attention to the signs of the moon."

There was an explosion at this juncture.

Mr. Young informed Col. Crowell of an astronomical fact in these words:

"The moon has nothing to do with it—the only thing it does do is to shine, and the old thing only does that half the time." But Col. Crowell always had beans, Irish potatoes, roasting ears and other early vegetables days and days before his neigh-

bor did—and he didn't buy them.

Cabarrus county once enjoyed two other racers on a larger scale. Two big farmers raced to get the first bale of new cotton to market. One was the late John H. Morrison, the father of Pink, W. F. and Eddy Morrison. He represented the big farming interests of Western Cabarrus.

The other racer was the late Martin Ludwig, of the St. John's section on the Eastern side of the county. The race became so exciting, year after year, being boosted by the Concord Register to the extent of making it really a great event. Editor Woodhouse, the father of President Irwin Woodhouse of the Savings Bank, featured this agricultural race in proper and regular style. Like other racers the public came to think of the gentlemen in racing terms: Mr. Ludwig came to be known as the "Star of the East;" Mr. Morrison, "the whirlwind form of the West." Both enjoyed the good-humored racing and were tickled over the excitement they afforded the town shade-farmers, of which Concord at that period was woefully afflicted.

The winnings of these two gentlemen were about even, until Mr. Ludwig discovered the influence of the moon on planting—then, it is remembered, Mr. Ludwig won year after year, until—

That great Reaper appeared, picked two choice Cabarrus citizens, gave them complete and perfect passports to a better clime and surroundings than either St. John's or Pophar Tent section can lay claim to.

RAMBLING AROUND

By Old Hurrygraph.

Disappointments are disheartening. Some poet has said that "disappointment sinks the heart of man." It does for a fact. However, it is the common heritage of humanity. Everybody has them, more or less. I know from experience what disappointment is. I have met many during the course of my life. But this is what disappointments have taught me. Be satisfied even if the thing one gets is not the very thing one wants. This is a hard lesson to learn, but it can be learned. Hide your disappointments and live them down. The world is full of blessings, and if one blessing is denied, there are many more. Grasp the good things that come your way and be thankful for them, for there are many in this sad old world who receive but few of earth's blessings. Whatever may be your condition, even at that, you are more highly favored than many others. Learn to be satisfied.

In olden times people indulged in what they called "constitutional walks" for their health. We have mighty little of that these days. People seem to walk only when it is absolutely necessary to do so. Most everybody is riding in cars. This is a riding generation. Physicians and others who are interested in the public's health agree that most people do not walk enough. They point out that in walking nearly every muscle of the body is brought into use; that the required amount of exercise is obtained; new scenes are visited and the mind thus jolted out of the or-

dinary channels; the appetite and digestion are improved and the physical well being generally is benefitted. Despite this advice and the frequent warnings that the American people are forgetting the original purpose of their legs, a ride is preferred to a walk. The whole theory of present-day American life is to get somewhere in a hurry, and walk as little as possible.

Rambling around the other day, at the bus station, I overheard the following conversation between two pretty young women. One said, "Honey, I do not see what makes your cheeks so round and rosy." The reply came instantly, "Well, I don't know, unless it's the milk I drink. I drink a quart every day and a cup of hot milk before I go to bed." The answer struck me as being succinct, logical and to the point. In that reply there is a world of reason, for exuberant health, poise and beauty. Go into any crowd of people, and with little or no experience, you can pick out those whose food is balanced that is, if you are a student of men and women and their whims: and balanced food means milk. During the summer months, when vitality is lower than usual, milk is the redeeming factor in tissue and energy conservation. Don't forget it—when in doubt drink milk, make it a practice as does this young lady that was at the Durham bus station.

Every game in this life worth watching has its rooters. These are the

scientific (?) artists who throng the bleachers and give free advice to the players. As a rule any one of them knows more than the referee and the team put together. The only thing is, he does all his plying with his mouth. If you don't want to be a bench-warmer you must deliver the goods. Let the "Has-beens" recall the days of glory. It is your business to put a little glory into the present issues by sweeping opponents off their feet. And remember it takes more than a rooter to do that. When you go into a play, play hard. Keep your head and stay on the job. Keep your eyes off the grandstand and the chances are you will give the rooters something to talk about. And in the doing you will have the greatest thrill of all. You must excel if you are to deserve the cheers the grandstand has for its heroes. As a rule people like ability in others when it's beyond their class. Heroes of the field have things pretty much their own way. Applied to business the same rule holds. Show that you are big caliber material and the world will take off its hat and watch you pass by.

My observation is that most people today are eye-minded. Especially is this true as to those you see on the streets. They used to be ear-minded. Your grandfather was ear-minded. If he did not agree with a thing he usually said, "It goes in one ear and out the other." You do not say that. You say, "I can't see that," or "I do not see it that way." The old generation was ear-minded. The new generation is eye-minded. The old generation listened. The new

generation looks. Not long ago men and women gathered the knowledge for which their minds were hungry by listening and talking. People went to lectures. Every great man went on lecture tours, and thousands thronged to hear him. People went to church more, too, to hear things said to them. Education, knowledge, advancement, came through the ear. Now it comes through the eye. Jokes are passed around in comic strips rather than by telling. Many advertisements are nearly all pictures.

Time may be said to "hang heavily upon one's hands" to those who wear big wrist watches.

The lure of beautiful colors has influenced the world's history. Color is the prize vamp of the ages; the language of the changing nature of beautiful women; the key which unlocks the purse strings of every woman who lingers, looks, and finally just has to buy. Women have always used beautiful colors as a weapon and a lure, themselves readily respond to its irresistible appeal when made up in fabrics they need. The combination of colors in dress, for men as well as women, this season is the craziest that fashion has yet decreed. It beats jazz music two to one. The delicate canary; the seductive tan; the perfect pumpkin shade; the flaming red; the large family of blues, from the Indigo to the invisible out-going shade; the apple green; the captivating cockoo, and hundreds of other colors, names of which I don't know, make up a combination that will suit every queer taste. In fact women and men these days can

dress up like a rainbow, and you can hardly tell "which from 'tother." But it's fashion. If variety is the spice of life, today's fashions are the spiciest things extant.

A young, fresh bud just from college, was asked if she could string beans. "No," she replied with a lip like a fellow in love that wants to say something, and doesn't know what to say, "but I can peeper mints and kid gloves."

The board of education, when I was a school boy, was a pine shingle. It's application was regarded as necessary at all seats of learning for the inculcation of lasting knowledge.

I have been told that loaf sugar makee people lazy. If that is so I have seen a good many people who must have eaten a large quantity of the sacchrine loaf.

Many people deem it their duty to feel sorry for those in trouble and tell them so. That is all right in its

place. But they will, in a woeful manner, tell all of the sorrows, woes and ailments they can think of on the theory that it cheers the sorrowful. This is depressing sympathy. True sympathy uplifts. It springs from the desire to help our friends rise above their woes and find the light of cheer. This cannot be done by reciting the woes of others. It is not an easy matter to forget the things which we have allowed to dominate us; the inharmonies which we have ignorantly introduced into our own lives, and the only way to accomplish it is by strict attention to business, and a service for others. We should always hold in our hands the mental sponge with which we can erase every disagreeable picture as soon as it presents itself. If the lachrymal gland begins to swell and ache with tears, stop the mischief at once by a song of joy or praise. Life as we know it is merely an incident in an unending journey. Heaven is a condition to be made manifest right where we are, if we will.

We may do an occasional injustice to a perfectly innocent person, but the prudent man endeavors to be on the safe side, and we always avoid anyone with a brief case, if possible, on the theory that he's probably either a lawyer or an efficiency expert.—Ohio State Journal.

ASSESSING REAL VALUES.

R. B. Clark, in Greensboro News.

In his final talk to the 1926 class at the university Dr. Horace Williams, following the usual course on such occasions, told the class that the state maintains the university to train pilots who will guide the ship when the sea is rough. A major problem which he thought might enlist their interest is the over-emphasis on athletics, which to the public is a physical contest. As is the custom of the elders, Dr. Williams contrasted the former interest in class room studies with present conditions, under which he declares that the major interest is athletics. When Governor Aycock was a freshman, declared the university sage, he attracted the attention of the university by achieving "a one" in Latin. It was the unusual. Now students number their ones by the dozen, continued Dr. Williams, "but there is not a man in the university who is known for the excellence of his academic work outside his circle of friends." Every student in the university who has a state reputation has acquired that reputation in athletics," is a further rather startling statement.

Whether Dr. Williams may not over-emphasize a trifle suggests itself. If university students now get ones by the dozen in academic work it is easy to understand why the achievement does not attract the attention it did in the days when a governor in the making startled the university with the unusual; and it is the more readily understood, under the changed conditions, why

athletics attract. Distinction in college studies being common rather than uncommon, the student who yearns for the applause of the multitude seeks it where it is most readily found. But is it true that every student in the university who has a state reputation has acquired that reputation in athletics?" Dr. Williams says so, and believes it, but it would depend on the definition of reputation. The heroes of the athletic games get the applause of the multitude who follow the fortunes of the physical contests, but is that a lasting reputation, a just appraisal that counts for real value in life work? Dr. Williams would not say it is. Probably he is disturbed by the noise of the hour, and the seeming lack of recognition for those whose trained minds and brains will command respect and admiration through work that will have abiding results long after the physical prowess of the football star is forgotten. The combination is not impossible, they say, but they are treated separately because Dr. Williams has so placed them.

"Does this mean that our leaders in the life of the state are to be athletes? Does the athlete supplant the doctor, the judge, the scholar?" continues the seemingly pessimistic professor. One might think so if he accepted athletic enthusiasm at its face value. But if the leaders come from the ranks of the athletes, obviously it will be when the athletic reputation of the individual is so absorbed in the work of hand and

brain in other fields that it is forgotten. The athletic fans tell you that it is the physical training that is the most valuable aid in intellectual achievement. Here is the over-emphasis of which Dr. Williams complains. It is the fad to list the athletic achievements of the college man near the top in the citations of merit. The preacher, the physician, the lawyer, who bore a part in athletics in his college, even but a humble part, is often touted in his profession because of that fact rather than because of any notable achievement in his profession. While they may not intend to do so, the athletic enthusiasts create the impression that one is necessarily a preacher of distinction, a doctor or a lawyer who ranks above his fellows, simply because he is reputed to have won distinction on the college football team. To the average man that is bunk—and most of it is just that. A candidate for judge, for instance, is lauded as a successful contestant in athletic sports. Whether he knows any law of consequence, has judicial qualities, or is in any respect fitted for the place to which he aspires, is seemingly a secondary matter. Same way in other respects. The physical prowess is over rated.

These are the things, probably, that moved Dr. Williams to call attention to the over-stressing of physical training, and caused him to ask the 1926 class if athletics, which he insists "is not scientific as a system" but is "the method of the savage,"

is worth the price. What return does it make in terms of value to the public?" he asks. Declaring that "athletics is the most expensive form of education," Dr. Williams asserted that the university football game at Thanksgiving "cost the state one-third of a million" dollars. He doesn't mean of course that three hundred and thirty-three and one-third thousand dollars was actually paid out of the state treasury for that game, it is well to explain. The cost is estimated in time and money to spectators and players.

While to the enthusiasts the Williams remarks will be vagaries of an old man too far in the rear of the procession to appreciate present day values, and while it may be he has over-stressed the emphasis on athletics, it is generally admitted, by college men as well as the average citizen, that the over-emphasis of athletics is real and cause for concern. Of course it is expected that, following the usual in such cases, the pendulum will swing back to near normal. In the meantime the orgy of which Dr Williams complains unbalances values and is piling up a bill of costs that can't be estimated in dollars and cents. It is the college men who have the courage to stand against the current that will render most service in checking the swing and hastening the return to normal, when real values will be more evenly proportioned.

If you have knowledge, teach others; if you have strength, help others; if you have the comfort of the Gospel take it to others.

OUR NEIGHBORS IN THE NORTHLAND.

By Emma Mauritz Larson.

All of the world is our neighbor these days. But a land like the Northland country, Sweden, is doubly so because so many of its people have chosen to join us and become Americans. The Swedish people are one of the nationalities that Americanize most readily. Perhaps this is because of the sturdy independence they have developed through the centuries that their fathers have lived in a land of long winters but brilliant summers.

And of those who never come to America, but stay in their own loved land, it can be truly said that the city folks are in most ways so like Americans that it would be hard to pick them out except for their speech. Stockholm with its fine streets and its beautiful public buildings and parks might well be classed with our best American cities. In dress the people there are no different from ourselves.

But fortunately in the country districts some of the quaint customs and costumes, that belong to Sweden alone, can still be found. Each province has its own colorful costume, Rattvik, and Floda and Leksand and all the others. The bright colored bodices of the women, worn over snowy waists, and the woolen aprons striped with green and red and yellow, are a bit different, but they are all picturesque. The men in their tight knee breeches of skin or white linen, their short vests and odd hats have just as strict rules about their provincial costumes. So no man of Vingaker could be taken for a man from Gagnef.

Perhaps most engaging of all are the little children dressed as tiny copies of their elders. Often to strangers they appear as solemn and weighted with responsibility as little old men and women. And yet they are as merry as the children of any land in their real life. If there is any weight on them it is that of proper manners, which can hardly be called "company manners" in Sweden. They have to be used always with older people, age getting a very real and constant reverence in that Northland. So it is a very serious matter when any Swedish parent has to quietly suggest to a child, "Remember your good manners."

Even a little child, who has shared your walk, will say on parting, "Thanks for your good company," as he soberly shakes your hand. The right hand works hard in Sweden in this matter of manners, for hand-shaking accompanies all these quaint expressions of appreciation which the people would not think of neglecting. The country man introduced to a stranger will say, "Thanks for the first time." While the older friend, who has been entertained at a home, on meeting his host or hostess later says, "Thanks for the last time," meaning that he was grateful for the good time.

This politeness gets into the commercial life as well as the social life. A Swedish townsman entering a store will doff his hat to the clerks and say "good day," and on leaving bid them "adieu." The women curtsy by slightly bending one knee

either on the street or to the people who serve them in shops.

No peasant, no matter how much work he has ahead of him, meets an acquaintance without shaking hands and then inquiring about each and every member of the family in turn.

It is no wonder, since there is all this care to be polite in everyday life, that at great occasions like weddings and funerals there should be customs of exact ceremony. When a young couple becomes engaged the general public knows it through the vital statistics columns of the newspapers, where it is recorded as carefully as the births and deaths. Friends get the announcement through engraved cards sent out with the two names and the simple word "betrothed" under them. But the closest friends of all are asked to a very happy party given by the parents of the young lady.

At this party there is a ceremony a little like the wedding ceremony, when the young couple, clasping hands, exchange vows of betrothal, and each gives the other a plain band ring. They exchange gifts too, the girl's gift being something made by her own hands. In the country districts this gift is still a beautiful woven and made linen shirt, which the young man will wear at his wedding ceremony and then not again until his death, when he will be buried in it.

Beside the household treasures of linen then that young Swedish girls may be weaving and embroidering for their "hope chests," they are apt to make this betrothal gift shirt, even before they have met "the right young man." They may be engaged

several years before they are married, but seldom is an engagement broken either in these days when the young people have the privileges of choosing their life-mates for themselves, or in the old days when the parents were apt to arrange the whole matter.

When it comes to the actual wedding there is great rejoicing and even the arched gateway, where two large evergreen or branches and flowers make a fitting entrance, tells where the bride lives. Sometimes the celebration following the solemn ceremony in the church lasts for a week, with merry feasting and games each day.

The country bride of today is likely to wear a metal crown, as Swedish brides have for centuries, though her cousin in the city may have a veil like any American bride. The crowned bride at the festivities following the ceremony is blind-folded and while the maidens present skip around her she places the crown on some head. The girl receiving the crown is to be the next bride, so say the Swedish people, as we say the same thing of the girl who catches the American bride's bouquet.

Instead of gifts of silver and china, such as our girls receive at their weddings these brides of the country districts of the Northland receive from their friends gifts of food, puddings, candies, cakes, or cookies. These food gifts are enjoyed by the guests at the prolonged celebration after the lavish supplies prepared by the bride's mother have all been eaten.

The North land bride is as glad to have sunny weather for her great day as any other bride. But rain is

not so unfortunate either, for the old women say, "It is raining in the brides crown. She will never lack for enough money. If it rains hard she may even by very rich some day."

Country funerals are invitation affairs as well as the weddings, and the guests come early for a lunch before the service at the church. They return to the beraved home for another lunch after the long hours spent in the church, thinking that the family would like to have their friends about them at this sad time.

The Swedish housewives are greatly interested in cooking and are famous for the delicious little cakes they make. "Poor Man's Cake" is one of these, that doesn't seem rightly named at all, for it is rich and crumbly and takes a pound of butter. "If you are having friends in for just a bit of coffee in the afternoon," said the proud old mothers of the last generation, "you must have seven kinds of cookies or cakes. That is the right number. But if you are having a real party it would better be twenty-seven.

No wonder the housewives begin long before Christmas to make the holiday cookies, with such a task on their hands. And they make many kinds that improve with age, so the work does not all have to be done just before Christmas. The men think of the coming holiday long before too, for when they are gathering their summer harvest they make us a sheaf of the finest grain to keep until December and mount on a high pole in the yard for the birds' Christmas. Even the very cattle in the barns are reminded of the joy of Yule-tide by their masters, who are always gentle

with their beasts anyhow. The farmer puts out extra rations on Christmas eve to last the twenty-four hours until Christmas night, and as he does so says to his cattle, "It is Christmas, little one."

Within the house there is great joy, and the very looks of everything seems to reflect this spirit. The housewives bring out cherished copper and silver and brass articles, stored carefully away in chests the rest of the year. The men bring not only the firewood necessary for the open fire and the stoves but a ceremonial armful which is placed diagonally under a bench in the living room. This wood will not be burned until after the long holiday season is over on January 13th or Twentieth Day Knut. It is simply to show that there is plenty of wood in the sheds.

Christmas eve supper is invariably the same, with lut fish and rice pudding. This famous Jule pudding is honored during the meal by the family from old to young making up rhymes about it.

A bit of the pudding is set out of door too by the children for the "tomte," the tiny little man in knee breeches, short, dark coat and red stocking cap, who is supposed to scurry around on that evening and to bring good luck to the family who remember to give him his share of food. All through the year the tomte's influence reaches, so that the peasants say of a farmer who has good crops, "He has a good tomte," or if his harvest is very poor "he has no tomte at all, poor man."

The song that the children of the household sing on Christmas eve before the gift distribution, "Now it is

Christmas-time and Christmas lasts until Easter," seems very appropriate. For the Swedish people do carry their happy celebration, interspersed with certain days of reverent religious services, to almost the middle of January.

In the matter of gifts there is something of the mystery spirit of Saint Valentine's Day, for both in the home and in gifts sent to friends' homes rhymes are written instead of name cards and the recipient is supposed to guess from the verses who the giver is.

After the gladness of Christmas eve the candles burn all night long in the windows, "to light the Christ-child on his way," until the family rises from brief sleep to go to the early morning Yule service at five in the cold and darkness of the northern winter. Candles and flowers are used for every gala occasion.

The love of flowers is so strong that as Jacob Ries says of his Danish grandmothers, in spite of long cold winters and poorly heated homes the house plants are somehow "loved up" into thrifty bloom.

In this matter of the heating of their homes these people of the Northland have an odd fireplace that isn't a fireplace after all. At least it is not like our open hearth. Tall white shafts reach from floor to ceiling, with a couple of brass doors a foot or so above the floor and others higher up. The fire is built in the lower space and gradually heats the mass of the kakelug, as it is called. That means simply "enameled oven," and that is what it really is. It never gets very hot, but it retains its heat for a long time, and many an otherwise frigid Swedish parlor is tem-

pered by a shining white kakelugn.

The brass doors high up open on just a little warming oven about fifteen inches square where things may be put to keep warm. Built-in beds or box ones that form a part of a treasured settee are found in these old-fashioned homes too.

Exactly six months after Christmas comes the other great national celebration, the Midsummer's Eve, on the 24th of June. This is the day expressing joy in the out-of-doors, with Maypoles on the greens and birch boughs brought to decorate all the homes. This slender graceful tree that with the evergreens makes up such a large part of the wooded landscapes, is greatly loved. As Christmas means, "Bring in the spruce trees," so Midsummer's Day has its birch trees.

One of the old folk-customs of the land concerns the maidens. On this holiday they go out alone to pick three flowers each of three kinds of bloom. With the nine flowers making up a bouquet and placed under her pillow at night the maiden will dream of the one who will some day be her true love. It is said that on this day too if a maiden sit silent on a rock the first sound she hears of any kind will come from the direction in which her future lover lives.

In the church this time of the high tide of the year, with the night almost as light as day, is called St. John the Baptist Day.

So throughout the year, life goes on in the quiet countrysides of Sweden in much the same way as it did a century ago. And we are glad that among our Northland neighbors some of the old customs prevail.

MOTHER'S HONEYMOON.

By Florence Scott Bernard in Young Folks.

"Move along, Betsy, move along." Rose switched at the Jersey's flanks but words and switching made no impression on the leisurely cow.

Rose had always been content to linger along the road in the soft June twilight and Betsy saw no special need for haste tonight. She stopped now and then to nibble a clump of grass, only to be driven onward by the girl's persistent switch.

"Old slow poke, can't you hurry?" impatiently begged Rose. "I'm just dying to know whose car is stopping at our front gate. It's a big car—o-o-o-h—shiny and new. It is full of glass windows. You can see them shining in the sun. Hi, boss—Hi!"

Rose was brimming with curiosity as she shaded her eyes with her hand and danced excitedly on. All the way home she tried to figure out who could be the owner of the strange car.

She reasoned—none of their friends and none of their neighbors owned a car of such polish and design. Very few visitors came to the farm for it was some distance off the main traveled road.

Who could it be? Who could it be? She danced and pranced along, making the journey perfectly miserable for old Betsy, with her constant urging and switching.

As she turned into the lane behind the barn she met Joe coming from the opposite direction. She wondered why he was coming from that direction. It was a short cut across the potato field to the woods, a half mile distant. But there was

no reason why Joe should be coming from the woods at that hour of the day.

So often of late she had seen him coming from the direction of the woods and he always acted so secretive about it. One did not trap or hunt in the summer time. What could interest him over there? Surely he would not trot back and forth across the potato lot for nothing.

Joe always told Rose her curiosity bump was over-size. Tonight she did not ask him at once about his affairs. Another matter engrossed her mind.

"Joe," she breathlessly asked, "did you see that big, wonderful car standing at the front gate?"

"Sure," Joe admitted with a sly giggle. "That's why I came rushing home. Wanted to see who was here. Who do you suppose it is, Miss Tidledewinks?"

"Oooo-h, I'm just dying to know," gasped Rose, giving Betsy an impatient push. "Haven't you any idea who it is, Joe?"

The boy grimaced, seized the flapping leg of his overalls and stepped mincingly along as if he were holding up the train of a gown.

"Maybe it's the rich relations come to look us up," he simpered in his most comical manner.

"You big silly!" laughed Rose, then she turned quite earnest again. "Have we really got rich relations, Joe?"

"Maybe." Her brother non-committally shrugged his shoulders. He knew how swiftly Rose's imagination

flared. He liked to tease her.

"Oh, perhaps they have come to take one of mother's children off on a wonderful journey like they always do in stories. Perhaps they'll choose me—and buy me a great trunkful of lovely clothes and a pink chiffon hat and—"

"Come off the high horse, Rose, come off the high horse," laughed Joe. "Most likely it is a rich tourist who has lost his way. He'll beg a glass of milk and then go on his way, unaware that you even exist."

"You horrid thing," pouted Rose, "you always spoil everything. It was such fun to imagine it might be a rich relation.

Father was usually waiting at the barn to milk Betsy but he was not there tonight. They turned the cow into her stall and hurried toward the house. Halfway there Rose turned to her brother, an intriguing grin on her pretty, round face.

"Joe, what's over in the woods? Why do you spend so much time there?"

Joe solemnly shook his head.

"That's for me to know and for you to find out." His tone was most provoking.

"Please, Joey, tell me," coaxed Rose.

"Curiosity killed a cat, Miss Tidledewinks," he laughed. He took two leaps across the back porch and entered the kitchen with Rose close at his heels.

The kitchen bustled with unusual excitement. Mother was placing a pan of fluffy white biscuits into the oven. She looked flushed and very pretty in her light gingham dress. Mother usually a dark house dress.

It must be a very important occasion, thought Rose. Sister Teresa in her blue voile, which was nearly concealed by a huge, calico apron, was frying chicken in the great iron spider.

"Ummm!" sniffed Joe, "smells good to me."

"Who's the company, Mom?" cried Rose.

"Sh-h, where's your manners?" Teresa scolded.

So the wonderful news was told in whispers.

Mother's niece, Cora—that would be the cousin Cora whom they had never seen, but who had corresponded with Teresa when they were fifteen—had married a well-to-do doctor and they were on their way to Niagara Falls! A honeymoon! Truly, the old farmhouse was filled with romance that night.

"Now you and Joe go slick up a bit and go in to entertain the company while pa milks the cow," said Mother.

Rose was thrilled. It was too sweet for anything the way that doctor looked at his new bride. A honeymoon. Romance. Mother smiled like an angel and never objected when Rose clipped all the roses from the crimson rambler and set them in a blue bowl in the center of the table.

Honeymoons were indeed most special occasions. That night the dreadful truth came out. Mother had never had a honeymoon. To Rose that seemed as queer as being married without a wedding ring.

Of course, the conversation that night had drifted to the subject of honeymoons. Rose had been so persistent with her questions. She sat on a stool at mother's feet, all acqui-

er with interest and excitement.

"Mother, where did you and Daddy go on your wedding tour?" she had breathlessly asked.

Mother's eyes looked suddenly bleared and weary. "To the potato patch," she replied. But she was not joking. She was in solemn earnest.

"Oh, Mom," Rose rebuked. "Not really. Where did you honestly go?" She hadn't a doubt—every married couple had a honeymoon.

"Mother is right," father said. His voice was kind and it seemed full of regret. He looked tenderly at mother. "She never had a honeymoon. We were married in the fall—harvest time. My mother—Grandma Freeze that was—died and I was alone here at the farm just when I needed a woman. So Mom and I got married and she came right here to live. We couldn't take a trip. The harvest had to be taken care of. Sara just plunged right in like a good fellow. I guess we did spend most of our honeymoon time in the potato patch. We had to work like sixty to get that north patch dug. There was an early frost that year. 'Member, Sara?" He smiled reminiscently at his wife.

"Yes, Dave, I remember," Mrs. Freeze nodded and gently smiled. Her gaze was misty and far-away.

"You see," father resumed. "We planned to have a honeymoon, a sort of belated one, the next fall. But my hired man left us flat and—well—there wasn't any honeymoon that year."

"Nor the year after that, nor the year after that—or ever at all." Mother had thrown off her sad little mood and she laughed heartily. She

had noticed that Rose was taking the matter seriously to heart. The child seemed grievously unhappy about it.

"Oh, Mom!" Rose's voice quivered with pity. "Why not?"

"Well, Teresa came that year and the following year she was too little to drag off on a honeymoon. Fancy that! And after that came Joe and after that along came Rose. We couldn't afford a family honeymoon—so," Mother broke off and hugged Rose tightly, "well, we are happy anyway. Who cares about honeymoons? Cora won't think of hers twenty years from now."

Cora smiled queerly and exchanged a look with her new husband. One would always remember the bliss of a honeymoon. "Last year we might have taken a short trip," put in Father, "but Mother insisted that we take the money and buy a Ford so the whole family might enjoy it. Nothing selfish about Mother." He clumsily slid his broad hand across her shoulders. Mother's eyes brightened. They were misty.

"Well, she might have had a wedding trip anyway!" Rose was resentful.

The next day, after cousin Cora and her husband had departed, Rose caught mother gazing down the road long after they had disappeared. Her eyes were filled with longing, and somehow Rose knew that she had always yearned for that lost honeymoon.

It wasn't too late yet! Rose was a person of energy and action. She managed to get Teresa and Joe behind the spring house.

"Look here," she said, "it is partly our fault that mother never had a honeymoon. I don't like to have

her deprived of anything. She's tired out. She needs a rest. Oh, she has not said anything, but I can see it in her eyes. What are we going to do about it?"

"What can we do?" calmly asked Tereso. She was mildly stirred by Rose's tirade but she saw no way out of the dilemma. Mother's honeymoon days were over.

"Father said we were hard up this year," Joe said rather sadly. "The wheat crop was almost a failure. It takes money to travel."

Rose crossed her arms and unconsciously assumed a militant pose. "You've got all that money you earned as prizes at the fairs—" She was looking directly at Teresa.

"But I was saving that for—" interrupted Teresa.

Rose cut her short. "Of course. But what does it matter. Mom has given up so much for us. She looks tired. I want her to have a rest. I'll give my twenty dollars gladly. I've been saving ever since Uncle Ben put that first dime in my bank when I was a year old. I thought some day I'd have enough saved to buy a ready-made store dress like Tillie Collins." (In her heart Rose had always nursed a resentment against wearing Teresa's made-over dresses. She wanted more than anything else to own a store dress bought expressly for herself). "But that money is going into the honeymoon fund. Joe has some money. Father let him have the money for that pig whose life he saved after Betsy trampled it. How about it?"

Joe lowered his eyes. He avoided Rose's gaze.

"I'm sorry, Sis," he admitted jerkily. "I can't give any money.

I'm anxious about Mom too. I—you see—I haven't any money."

"Joe Freeze, what did you do with it?" snapped Rose. She could not bear to see her plan fail now. She had lain awake all night thinking it out.

But Joe did not answer. He turned rather sullenly and walked across the potato patch to the wood lot.

"Well' declared Rose, "we'll give our money, eh Teresa? Let Joe be a selfish beast. Mom and Dad can start out in the Ford and go gypsying. That won't cost so much. Aunt Bess will come and stay with us. There isn't a great deal of work now. The planting is all done. The wheat has been cut. The hired man can look after things for a week or so. Do you think it will make a great deal of difference, Tess, having the honeymoon in July when they were married in October?"

"I guess not," smiled Teresa.

At last all the arrangements were the plan, but when she saw with what love and kindness her girls had planned her belated honeymoon and with what eagerness they desired it, she gave in. Father thought he could not leave the farm, but Joe offered to do his share of the work, and at last Father agreed to the plan.

Mother was as joyous as a girl as she helped plan the details of the trip. She was always smiling.

Joe sulked and was away from the house a great deal. The girls did not tell of his refusal to contribute to the fund. The boy seemed very unhappy.

At last all the arrangements were made. They would set out on the morrow. Then a terrible thing happened.

There was an old surrey stored in a corner of the barn. A hen had stolen a nest and Mother went poking around to find it. She stepped onto the step of the old surrey, for she had heard a suspicious sound within. The bolts must have been rusted away, for it slipped just as she put her weight on it and she fell headlong, one arm sprawling between the spokes of the hind wheel. Mrs. Freeze fainted and it was long afterward that Teresa found her where she had fallen. She had broken her arm. So that ended the honeymoon question.

Rose sat behind the barn on a heap of old sacks. She was crying as if her heart would break. Her childish heart was filled with disappointment and bitterness against fate.

"Miss Tiddledewinks!" she heard a familiar voice.

"Go away," she sobbed.

"I won't." Joe stood his ground. "Listen. You thought I was a quitter. I'll show you something. Mother can't go on a honeymoon now—but I can bring a honeymoon to her. Doesn't that knock at your curiosity bump?"

"You are talking silly nonsense," cried Rose. She had not forgotten how Joe had responded to her pet scheme.

"Come with me. 'I'll show you,'" urged Joe.

He started for the path which led through the potato patch. Her curiosity aroused, Rose followed him to the wood lots. Ah, his secret at last!

No wonder she could never find his haunt. One would never have suspected its existence. There was a huge ledge jutting out from a hill.

Thick vines dropped over the ledge forming a natural curtain. But behind the vine curtain, under the ledge, was as neat a little natural chamber as you ever wanted to see. The vines and the stone ledge kept it safe and dry. This was Joe's secret workshop.

In an oilcloth covered box there was a cabinet strung with wires. Rose saw mysterious coils and bulbs. Close beside it there was a loop aerial. Rose was puzzled. She had never seen anything like it.

"This is a radio set," Joe proudly explained. "I made it myself. I have been working on it all summer and at last it works. I just had a concert from New York. This is why I couldn't give any money to the honeymoon fund. I had spent it all for radio parts. I wanted it for a surprise for the family."

"Oh, Joe, how perfectly grand!" Rose screamed with delight.

They set up the apparatus and that evening Mother sat in a big chair with her loyal little group around her. She was allowed to tune in with her good left hand for Joe insisted this was mother's honeymoon.

"Oh, my dears!" She was so excited and pleased. "Here is Scheenectady. Listen! It is the Navy band." Then she turned the dial a bit. "Springfield Massachusetts!" she joyously exclaimed. "Why, they are giving a play. Isn't it delightful. We are traveling fast. Just think, we can visit a different place every ten minutes if we like. Whoever had a honeymoon like that? Father, isn't it exciting?"

Later in the evening they listened to Mary Garden singing "Carmen"

from a Chicago station. Father's had was resting tenderly on Mother's.

"This is the nicest honeymoon I could imagine," she whispered. "I never thought that I should hear grand opera—oh, not in my wildest, most romantic dreams. This honeymoon will go on every day and every night—and we won't have to think about the funds running out or anything. Let's see—" slowly turning the dial, "Why here we are in Boston."

Rose was slyly grinning. Her eyes were shining. She plucked at the end of Joe's ear. She had already told him how grateful she was for he had really saved mother's honeymoon.

"No matter how much you try, Mom, you can't get away from having a family honey-moon," she laughed.

"I know," smiled Mother as she leaned back contentedly. "My dears, that is what makes it all so very precious."

ONE OF THE FIFTY DOES THIS THING.

About one in fifty will remain after the feast and, of his own accord, in order to help clear the things up or wash the dishes.

Do you know this Fiftieth boy? There are forty-nine boys who are seeking jobs: the job seeks the Fiftieth Boy.

The Fiftieth boy makes a confidant of his parents.

The Fiftieth Boy soothes the wrinkles out of his teacher's forehead and takes the worry out of her mind.

The Fiftieth boy makes a confidant of his mother and a companion of his father.

He does not lie, steal nor tattle, because he does not like to.

When he sees a banana peel on the sidewalk, where it is liable to cause some one to slip and fall or a piece of glass in the road where it may puncture a tire, he picks it up. The forty-nine think it's none of their business.

The Fiftieth Boy is a good sport. He does not whine when he loses. He does not sulk when another wins the prize. He does not cry when he is hurt.

He is respectful to all women and girls.

He looks you straight in the eye.

He tells you the truth whether the consequences are pleasant to him or not.

He is not a "sissy" but he stands up straight and honest.

Forty-seven out of forty-nine like him.

He is as pleasant towards his own sister as towards the sisters of the other fellows.

He is not sorry for himself.

He works as hard as he plays.

Everybody is glad to see him.

Do you have that kind of a boy at your house?

If not don't complain; there are not enough to go around.

—The Victorian.

WEDDING GIFTS.

(Asheville Citizen).

Certainly this paper has no wish to discourage the giving of wedding presents—and it doubts if it could do so if it tried; people will persist in presenting their youthful friends some tokens of regard as they embark on the sea of matrimony. But it is to be wished that there was some system for assorting the presents.

An outstanding argument for such a system is furnished by the marriage of the daughter of Governor Al. Smith of New York to Major John A. Warner, Superintendent of State Police. The bride brings no dowry, for her father is far from a rich man, and the groom is only fairly well-to-do, providing a modest cottage for the maid of his choice. But now the couple are rich. Friends of the Governor have given them about half a million dollars with which to set up housekeeping.

This is not in the form of cash or bonds but in valuable articles, some of them really useful in the house and others highly decorative. For instance Mrs. Warner will have an abundance of diamond bracelets and brooches and pendants, hair combs set with sapphires, earrings sparkling with ruby fire. And she will not

need buy certain household equipment for several years for there are fifty sets of imported china, twenty-five chests of silver, a dozen clocks, and twenty-five lamps, besides pictures, tapestries and oriental rugs.

We find no mention, however, of a stove or refrigerator or dining table or vacuum cleaner, although some provident person did send a Chippendale chair which of course is too valuable and fragile for actual use, but no one remembered that necessary household adjunct, a broom, or recalled the need of garden hose or a few tons of coal.

Now seriously, is it not enough to make the Major and his wife alternately laugh and cry when they start housekeeping? Little money in bank but a half million dollars in junk strewn around the cottage! They have enough silverware to furnish twenty-five dining rooms, but no dining table; perchance they have a gold-plated stove lid lifter, but no stove. It is almost a tragic joke which well-meaning people have perpetrated. It has been done before and it will be done again, all for lack of some sensible system of co-operation among givers.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you unless you are wanting in character, and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

INTELLECTUALS.

Uncle Walt Mason.

There are a lot of writers in these unholy days, who pose as fearless fighters of everything we praise: man's faith they would be stealing, his higher hopes congealing, they jeer him when he prays. They laugh at all religion, at every gospel tale, from Noah and his pigeon to Jonah and his whale; the faith that's lived for ages, expounded by the sages, they scorn, in futile rages, as being false and stale. They live in ease and splendor, they have good grub to cook, they draw much legal tender for knocking on the Book; they draw a price gigantic from magazines romantic for proving preachers frantic, insane or on the crook. They do not have to struggle or starve in garrets cold; on cushions soft they snuggle and knock the speed laws cold; in gilded clubs they linger and haply crook a finger at one who is the bringer of cocktails manifold. Their lives are soft and slothful, they loaf

the years away, and throw their wheezes mothful at those who watch and pray; all worshipping is fooling, all clergymen are drooling, philosophy is cooling all pious zeal, they say. If they some day were taken from fortune's kindly care, and found themselves forsaken, in danger and despair, would they keep on their teaching, their atheistic preaching, some solace still beseeching from Ingersoll, Voltaire? If certain shipwreck faced them where angry billows roar, would arguments that braced them when they were safe ashore to peaceful havens steer them, would Huxley's lectures cheer them, or Darwin's chapters clear them of dread that made them sore? When man is fat and hearty, with three square meals a day, he's prone to be a smarty, and foolish things he'll say; but when misfortunes hound him, vicissitudes confound him, he, trembling looks around him for gods to whom to pray.

THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

Laura Bridgman, a young poetess, of Buffalo, is another blind and deaf person who has triumphed over the cruelties of nature through training of the sense of touch. Homer, one of the first and greatest of the world's poets, undoubtedly was blind. So was the great Milton.

But the usefulness of the sense of touch is not confined to those who are deprived of other senses.

I know a cloth merchant who can

tell the value of cloth to within a few cents a yard by feeling it. He can tell how many threads it contains to the inch. He knows instantly whether the material is pure wool or wool mixed with cotton; whether it is pure silk or one of the recently invented artificial silks; whether it is loaded with metallic salts that add apparently to the body of the material, but make it likely to crack and to be short-lived in wearing. He knows

the strength of the fiber, whether it is short or long. This knowledge he has acquired only as a result of persistent training, for he entered the mercantile field as a clerk and had no previous experience in any other field.

His sense of touch is no better than that of the average human being, but he has learned the priceless habit of concentration and attention.—Exchange.

THE SUCKER LIST.

The most impressive thing about the swindling games is the sucker list. Apparently, there are 10 boobs for every confidence man. Their desire to get something for nothing is about as obvious as is his. If they don't lack the cunning a good many of them would be doing as he does.

When you get down to brass tacks, the greed and gullibility of those who are trimmed stand forth as the most astonishing aspect of the whole situation. Confidence is a wonderful thing, but the man or woman who is so confident as to trust strangers on their own sayso carries it too far.

For instance, New England people ought to know when a Texas oil promoter goes out of his own territory, passes Pittsburg and Wall Street, and offers three-cent stock to Maine farmers, there is something wrong.

People anywhere ought to know that, when a clerk offers stock in a company cheaper than it can be bought through regular channels, there is something crooked.

They ought to know, too, that when any scheme promises to earn 100 per cent, or even 50 per cent, the big boys are not going to overlook it if it is sound. They would know it, if they didn't think they were peculiarly smart, or peculiarly favored.

The sucker list is a monument to conceit and credulity.

It is made up of folks who think that they are so cute as to see opportunities everybody else has overlooked or so important as to be tipped off.

—Reidsville Review.

WHAT THE BIRDS DO FOR US

By Alvin M. Peterson.

Birds are not only interesting and beautiful to look at, but many of them are gifted songsters. Who does not enjoy hearing the first soft notes of the bluebird and the "cheer, cheer, cheer-up" of the robin! And who doesn't enjoy hearing the wonderful songs of cardinals, orioles, brown thrashers, thrushes, rose-breasted grosbeaks and scarlet tanagers! Birds make the world more pleasant, greatly add to our enjoyment of life. But birds are not only of value to us because of their beauty and song, but they actually work for our best interests. They are of help to us all, every day of the year.

But how, you ask, do the birds help us all? In the first place, some birds destroy impurities. Gulls for example, the pretty and graceful herring gulls that fly over with scarce a wingbeat, feed on impurities which they find either near or in the waters of our lakes, seas and streams. Garbage is thrown overboard from ships. This the gulls eat. In other words, gulls are scavengers that destroy waste materials of many kinds. The destruction of these waste materials makes the water and air purer, and the land a healthier place in which to live. Buzzards also are scavengers, though they work on land.

Birds, in the second place, destroy many weed seeds. Many birds live almost entirely on the seeds of weeds. Our sparrows constitute a vast seed destroying army. They glean weed seeds from waste places, weedy fields and gardens, in fact from any place boasting a few weeds. How much

work and worry they save our farmers and gardeners! Who knows but what without their help our land might in time be entirely overrun with weeds. Nor are sparrows the only birds that feed on weed seeds. Juncos are great seeds eaters, as also are mourning doves. Mourning doves in the late summer and early fall of the year spend much of their time about fields and waste places gleaning a rich living from the tiny seeds of many weeds.

Here are two concrete cases that illustrate the good work birds do destroying weed seeds. Prof. Beal worked out a careful estimate of the weed seeds destroyed by tree sparrows in the state of Iowa. He determined that tree sparrows in the state of Iowa alone, in a single year, destroy 875 tons of weed seeds. I wonder how many tons they destroy in our whole country! And I wonder how many tons all of our seed eating birds taken together destroy each year in the whole of the United States! The stomachs of three mourning doves were examined by scientists working for the United States Department of Agriculture. Over 23,000 tiny weeds were found in the three stomachs. Imagine, then, how many millions of weed seeds our mourning doves must destroy each year.

Birds, in the next place, destroy large numbers of harmful insects. Bob-whites and rose-breasted grosbeaks destroy many of the troublesome Colorado potato beetles. Cuckoos destroy countless caterpillars which if

not destroyed would injure our trees. Brown thrashers and catbirds destroy many pests they find on or near the ground. Swallows, swifts, night-hawks and flycatchers catch and destroy countless winged pests. Among other things they destroy large numbers of mosquitoes, winged ants, beetles and flies. And the woodpeckers take grubs and other pests from the wood of our trees. Vireos, orioles, chickadees, warblers and some other birds examine the twigs, leaves, buds and branches of trees for the insect pests to be found there, while the creepers and nuthatches examine the

trunks, branches and bark of trees for pests that have escaped the bright eyes of other birds.

Finally, hawks and owls, though persecuted birds, are very useful in destroying mice and other rodents. The owls hunt these destructive little animals by night and the hawks hunt them by day. In spite of the help of these birds, mice, rats, and moles do considerable damage to crops each year. The damage done would perhaps be many times as large were it not for the work of these little appreciated birds.

“As a rule that person whose soul is occupied with great ideas is best prepared to perform small duties.”

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Donald Pate, a member of the seventh cottage, was given a position in the carpenter shop recently.

Straw hats were distributed to all the boys at the institution during the past week. The boys were glad to get these hats.

The boys in several of the cottages have made up cottage baseball teams and have been “taking on” some of the other cottages.

The barn boys do not have much hauling to do during the summer. They are busy most of the time plowing, harrowing and keeping the crops well cultivated.

From the gardens this spring the following vegetables have been gathered: lettuce, spinach, rape, cabbage, beets, mustard and strawberries. We are expecting to have some of the new Irish potatoes soon.

A game is scheduled to be played with the Cannon Mill Junior Team. The last game the Junior Team played was with the Franklin Mill Team and resulted in a score of 25 to 0 in favor of the J. T. S.

A large quantity of oats have been harvested by the barn boys during the past week. The oats was hauled to the barn by the barn boys. The Jackson Training School had 60

acres of the finest oats in Cabarrus County.

Jim Gillespie, Louie Pait and Geo. Howard, former boys of this institution were visitors here during the past few days. Louie Pait and Geo. Howard were members of the print shop. Howard now has a position in a print shop in Dunn, N. C.

Since the sixth and seventh cottages lawns have been improved, they look very good. The lawns of the twelfth and thirteenth cottages also look good. Miss Latimer has some very pretty flowers planted between the third and fourth cottages. Some of the other cottages have some nice looking flowers, also.

Mr. Groover, former officer of this institution, left a few days ago to work for the Champion Shoe Machine Co., at St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Groover was our shoe shop instructor and officer in charge of the tenth cottage. Mr. Hood took Mr. Groover's place as the "shoe man," and cottage officer.

There were a large number of visitors at the institution last Wednesday. The following boys: Lee McBride, Horace McCall, Virgil Shipes, Bill Billings, Jack Stevens, Al Pettigrew, Morvain Thomas, Herbert Poteat, Jake Kelly, Vernon Litteral, George and Robert Glassgow, Harold Ford, and Floyd McArthur were visited by their parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Mr. Fisher and the new band-director, Mr. Bush, selected some new

band boys recently. The boys who are now in the band are: Preston McNeil, Jesse Roundy, Sasser, George Stanly, L. Carlton, A. Parker, Hunnusecker, Rackley, Fullermore, H. Andrews, Mutt Padgett, Lonnie and Lummie McGee, Clarence Rogers, C. Carter, Willie Shaw, J. Mashburn, J. Levy, Lee Wright, Heddrick, Edney, Gilliland and Tessie Massey. These boys are just beginners, and we hope that they will make good in the band.

The game with the Franklin Mill team last Saturday afternoon on the local diamond proved to be a victory for the J. T. S. nine. In the last game with Franklin Mill Team, the Training School was beaten by the score of 3 to 1. In this game the the Training School players ran away with the game, leaving their opponents six runs behind. Lisk, our pitcher, twirled a very good game, and would have registered a shut-out, but for poor fielding by his team-mates. Errors were responsible for all of the runs scored by the visitors. The locals hit the ball hard throughout the game. The score:

	R. H. E.
J. T. S.	5 0 0 0 0 0 4 1 x—10 13 10
Fran. Mill	0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 0—4 5 6

Two-base hits—Kessler, Garman, Godwon, Hobby. Three base hits—Hobby, Lisk. Stolen Bases—Hobby, Godown, M. Verbal. Baase on balls off—Lisk 2, off Mason 1. Struck out by Lisk 12, by Mason 8. Hit by pitcher Ford. Umpires, Simpson and Verbal. A large number of visitors were present at this game.

"Joseph's Fidelity," was the sub-

ject of last Sunday's lesson. It is taken from the thirty-ninth chapter of Genesis which makes a wonderful lesson story. Joseph had been sold and brought down to Egypt as a slave. "And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master, the Egyptian." When "Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh," saw that Joseph obeyed the laws of God, and that God was with him he made him overseer in his house, over all his lands, sheep, and cattle; and his belongings he placed in Joseph's hands. "And he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat. And Joseph was a goodly person and well favored. The verses, from seven to eighteen, are left out. But in these verses it tells how Potiphar's wife brought

an accusation against Joseph and it came to pass, when his master heard the words of his wife, which she spake unto him, saying; after this manner did thy servant do me; that his wrath was kindled." Then Joseph was sent to prison where the king's prisoners were bound. He had not been in prison long before he had in charge all the prisoners. The keeper of the prison knew that God was with him. "The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand; because he knew the Lord was with him and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." The Golden Text for this lesson was: "Seeth thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings—Proverbs 22: 29.

THE BUSY MAN'S CREED.

I believe in the stuff I am handing out, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get results. I believe that honest stuff can be passed out to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of my job. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one deed done today is worth two deeds tomorrow and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing; in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds.

I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good-cheer, in friendship and in honest competition. I believe there is something doing, somewhere, for every man ready to do it. I believe I'm ready—right naw!
—Elbert Hubbard.

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Round trip fare from Concord \$7.50 to Norfolk and \$8.00 to Virginia Beach.

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For further information and sleeping car reservations call on any Southern Railway Agent or address:

R. H. Graham,
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Charlotte, N. C.

THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 26, 1926

No. 30

SOMETHING NEEDED.

Culture fails making an all-round manhood. It increases power. It opens the treasures of the arts and sciences. It discovers new worlds of enjoyment and achievement. But the great task before the individual and before society is the making of a man, the development of personality.

Keen and accurate thinking does not insure lofty character. One may be accomplished and yet brutal; brilliant and at the same time vicious. More than once has genius led a dissolute life.

John Stuart Mill, apostle of modern culture, before the close of his career came to the strong conviction that life needs religion. There are "evils that culture cannot cure; there are blessings it cannot bestow. It cannot give peace to the conscience; it cannot shield life from sorrow; it cannot lessen the anguish of the human heart or dispel the shadow of death."—George R. Grose.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

ADMIRABLE SELECTION.

When Dr. Rankin retired as secretary of the State Board of Health, to take up the duties of the Duke Foundation, the general public had a concern about a continuance of the progressive health measures.

Dr. G. M. Cooper, a very able man, has been looking after the business of that position most acceptably. It is said, however, that Dr. Cooper himself did not desire the position as a permanent arrangement, due to a deafness. The State Board has elected Dr. Charles O'Hagan Laughinghouse, of Greenville, to the secretaryship. Dr. Laughinghouse is one of the state's ablest physicians and surgeons; a man of the highest character, and of an engaging personality.

This important service of the state will have, as in the past, a wise direction.

* * * * *

THOSE TABLETS.

On a high bolder along the National Highway, near the Jackson Training School, the local chapters of D. A. R's and the U. D. C's have placed two bronze tablets. One commemorates the stunt of the Cabarrus Black Boys during the Revolutionary period; and the other is a commemoration of the K. K. K's. Not the modern order, but the one that operated immediately after the close of the War Between the States, the one that had a most important duty to perform—that of protecting our homes and our women and children against vicious negroes intoxicated with a sudden liberty, but more especially against the interloper from the outside, who was a brutal menace to safety, order, and civilization.

Suitable exercises were held in the unveiling of these tablets. This exercise

was more or less impressive; and it was a real pleasure that our boys enjoyed by their attendance and small-participation in the program.

These tablets have already had their influence. Soon after their placement, three small children of Supt. Boger (one a cute, little girl that can hold her own with the boys) taking in the situation, absorbed the meaning of the act of the Cabarrus Black Boys. They proceeded to re-enact that brave deed in so far as it was possible.

Adjourning from a viewing of the tablet, they proceeded to the wash-pot in their back-yard and thoroughly blacked their little faces. They started out on their war-path, but considered it wise to inform mother first.

The re-enactment of the deed that has made Cabarrus famous stopped right there.

* * * * *

VIRGINIA DARE.

We regard it of sufficient moment and of historical interest to reproduce in The Uplift the speech of Hon. Lindsey C. Warren in Congress, giving the reason why Virginia Dare's birth should be memorialized by the nation.

We find book clubs, hotels, organizations and even little girls named after the first child of English speaking parentage born in America. That is historically stated, there be none to successfully deny it. It strikes us that those people and organizations who bear this glorious name should know about the kid that is just immortalized.

Meaning of no harm or offense, we dare say that many who love to employ this musical name know scarcely a thing about the real history that led up to this event that belongs to America in general and to North Carolina in particular. Congressman Warren's clear presentation of the matter will make it hereafter inexcusable for any one not to know all there is to be known about

The little lady that has thus honored us.

* * * * *

"EKE" NOT IN THE STANLY LANGUAGE.

Our best bet and fondest hope did not materialize in the national spelling contest. Little Miss Eford, who represented North Carolina in that great contest, was trapped on the word "eke" after a successful stand for thirty-six rounds. She was not familiar with that word in a Stanly atmosphere. They don't eke in old Stanly—they plan, they control, they move and they go marching on.

Possibly the managers knew this, and to overcome the little North Carolina

girl and incidentally rob her and the state of the honor that was awaiting her they adopted a catch(?) word that is unknown in the habits and life of the Stanly people.

Miss Ebird spelled that word that had never gotten into her vocabulary in this manner "Eek." If eek don't spell eke, what in the name of robbery does it spell?

* * * * *

PLAYED OUT.

The first time we met Dr. McGoodwin, President of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Morganton, he made us all but envious over his boast of having worked out a water scheme that would supply the needs of his institution and became a paying agency in furnishing water to outside consumers.

This institution had to go down in the ground over 900 feet to get a supply that, at the time, seemed a solution of our water problem.

As our population grew, the volume of water seemed to decrease until a radical change in our water supply had to be resorted to.

It is solved now. Our water supply—no better in the state—comes through Concord and the arrangement that city has and is making for her water supply assure that our water trouble is over.

But Dr. McGoodwin's scheme played out. His institution and the asylum are preparing to go to the Catawba for an adequate supply.

* * * * *

WHAT THE YEARS WILL DO.

About one hundred and fifty years ago representatives of the thirteen original states, which became the nucleus of this great nation, assembled in Philadelphia. They resolved. They went on record that this country had no business of being bound to obey the behest of the British government as subjects. They counted the cost, but the cost didn't near equal the patriotism of the patriots who assembled in that great convention that gave to the world the greatest document ever promulgated by humans.

The story of the struggles of the Revolutionary period should be familiar to all, but it isn't. It is a continuous job for a grateful people to keep ever fresh before generations as they come and pass out.

Philadelphia is the scene of the Sequi-centennial of that stirring event. There is already unveiled, along with twelve others, a tablet preserving the names of North Carolinians who put on record North Carolina's attitude on

the question. That bronze tablet is a work of art. It bears at the top the dates, 1776-1926. Following this is this wording:

The Signers for
N O R T H C A R O L I N A
Joseph Hews,
William Hooper
John Penn

In grateful memory of the signers of the
Declaration of Independence
Erected by the city of Philadelphia
June 14, 1926.

Here is a study for us all. Who can tell something about these honored men? What was their achievements in life that brought them to such a responsible duty? What became of them, after their great deed?

And the thing that interests us most: have they any descendants now living in the state? Has time swallowed them all? There are Hews, Hoopers and Penns in the state, but are they related remotely to the signers?

* * * * *

THAT DUEL.

In Sunday's News & Observer Ben Dixon MacNeill had a very interesting article telling how Andrew Jackson, when a young man, "jumped" a hotel bill up in Surry county. Incidentally he made reference to the duel between Jackson and Avery, then Attorney General of North Carolina.

This has caused quite a number to make inquiry about the said duel, seeking to know the circumstances under which it occurred. We have reproduced in another column the story of that duel. Several years ago The Uplift carried the same story; but it is so interesting, showing the temper and habits of the days in the eighteenth century, that it is not amiss to print it again.

This event seems to go against Congressman Hammer's position in establishing Jackson's birthplace, for the impetuosity of Jackson seems to follow the South Carolina form. But the Congressman will not be dismayed.

* * * * *

TICKLES THE WICKED.

The lovers of the sensational are being feasted on the unfortunate condition that confronts Dr. Chappell, the suspended pastor of Central Methodist Church of Asheville.

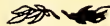
The world rejoices when a preacher gets entangled. It is cowardly. If

the world cannot give a better excuse for being wicked than that of a preacher becoming involved in a scandal, it has founded its cause on sand. The brave and manly thing to do is to withhold judgment, give the victim the benefit of a trial.

Knowing Dr. Boyer as we do, we make bold to say that he is so honest and fearless and just that he would refuse to defend a man if he thought him guilty. As long as Dr. Boyer regards Dr. Chapell as the victim of an unfortunate and uncontrollable circumstance and that he is innocent of any wrong intentions, the public is safe in withholding its condemnation.

* * * * *

The Monroe Golf Club is bidding for a notoriety, if we may believe the Enquirer. These select health seekers (you are made to understand that playing golf not only prolongs the life of the ill ones but actually cures them) have issued an edict which forbids the admission to their grounds of women wearing "tooth-pick heel shoes." It is claimed that these weapons of torture and ungraceful things (the shoes, in question are playing havoc with cement pavements. As a means of creating a fund to repair damages, the municipal authorities are expected to pass an ordinance requiring a license plate to be attached to such heels—a kind of privilege tax. There is plenty of room, besides a nice little sterling silver plate could mar no beauty.



BY THE WAY—

By Jim Riddick.

The world is full of skeptical people. The other day one of this kind approached me, protesting against what I said about the phases of the moon and her influences on the planting of vegetation and her (the moon) influence in other matters.

If that old skeptic were to get out, open his eyes, attempt some honest labor in his own name and by his own volition, rather than being happy and surviving as a parasite on the labors of other people, he might learn something in his old days.

It may be too late!

The experiences of other men, and now that the scientists have declared it to be the truth, have no way of reaching this old fog amongst us.

Who, therefore, among you, will deny that corn planted in the dark of the moon will produce a low stalk and the ear be low enough to pull without a step-ladder?

Or, that the spreading of compost when the "little moon" points down, that but little or no benefit will come to the crop planted that year; but if the spreading is done when the "little moon" it turned up that the crop will that year receive its benefit?

Or, who does not know the proper time for planting peas is when the wind is coming from the East and the "little moon" pointing down, so the bloom will point downward and not be drowned. This applies to snap beans also.

Or, who has not found out the proper time to effectively kill a tree and stop sprouts from it afterwards is to chop around it in the full moon of May?

Or, if you desire to make kraut that will remain firm and solid and not become sobby, that it must be made when the moon is in the sign of the Lion—strong and powerful, you see?

The tacking on of shingles is an important matter, if one desires good results. You have seen roofs where many of the shingles turn upwards, and others where they lie flat and snuggy. The latter, it is asserted and verified by experience, were placed when the "little moon" was turned downward.

The man that brings the best country cured meat to town knows that if you kill a hog when the moon is on the increase that the meat will be greasy and swell up when being fried; but he knows that if he kills his hog when the moon is on the decrease the meat will be firm and dry.

The best cotton farmers have long since learned that planting cotton seed when the sign is in the crab or scorpion, they will get a limby and bunchy cotton stalk.

Ed Erwin, the late Dan Krimminger and other successful watermelon raisers, who made reputations, learned an important fact, which the average run of melon raisers do not

know anything about. If you plant melon seeds in the sign of scales or the balance—the only signs that do not sport mouths—your plants will not be molested by bugs &c. Isn't it reasonable?

And the list could be prolonged. The phases of the moon have a wonderful influence at more places and

in more things than the skeptic has enough reason or disposition to grasp.

The moon is a power amongst us. It is set in the heavens for a purpose, and unerringly it is about its business affecting the affairs of man, vegetation and nature. Even the scientists, after all these years—

Have discovered this fact.

Reading inscriptions in our cemeteries one can but wonder where they bury all the wicked people.—Monroe Enquirer.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is one of the funny things of the times. So many of the crazy figured women's dresses of the present day are so much alike that you cannot tell one from the other. Imagine the feelings of a Durham benedict, the other day, when he saw a lady walking along the street, attired in a dress similar to one his wife wears, and thinking to give her a surprise, walked up behind this lady and giving her a good slap on the back. inquired, "Honey, are you doing much shopping?" His consternation was at a superlative height when she turned around in utter amazement, and he found it was not his wife, and she, in utter indignation, said "I'll honey you; you insulting, street-gazing, big stiff, if I can lay my hands on you," and she made for him. He made his get-away in profuse confusion worse confounded.

It is a noticeable fact that most doctors are good natured. Guess they have to be dealing, as they do,

with so much of the sorrows and woes of humanity in its conglomerated form. I fear many people do not appreciate them as their best friends, if we do have to take their advice whether we want to or not. The doctors are the pillars of society.

A man in this vicinity, after taking a ten-day course through the mails, on "how to succeed in business," is now wondering what kind of business he shall engage in to demonstrate his "business education."

It looks to me like the politicians are doing more farming in Washington than the farmers are on the farms, and getting no where, except raising a lot of confusion. My candid opinion is that when the farmers look to their own good judgment and rely on their energy and thrift instead of looking to congress for relief from their ills, they will be better off.

Everything has a tendency these days to want congress to give them relief. Heaven helps those who help themselves.

It is told that a man wanted to buy a rug as a present for his wife. When asked what color he wished, he replied: "See the ashes on the end of this cigar? Match it. I want to give her as little trouble and work as possible." There's a whole volume of domestic felicity in that last sentence—to him.

A literary critic informs a reading world that Americans are becoming poor conversationalists. One thing is very evident, that critic does not mix much with the masses. If he did he would learn something about how Americans can talk, everywhere and on all occasions about golf, baseball, politics, bridge playing, radio and static, motor cars and motor car drivers, real estate promotion, bobbed hair and crowded barber shops, June brides, and proud papas of two-months-old sons and daughters. Let Mr. Critic get out and "listen in," and he will hear a few lines.

Some persons make bold to say that they do not believe there is a Santa Claus, yet they go on believing there is something that will give a full coat of luxuriant hair to a bald head. Consistency often gets a mighty jar in this old world.

The fat folks who are seeking ways to reduce should go to England. It is told that a man over there lost 50 pounds at a race track.

I read in the paper that a Kentucky preacher preached a sermon against bobbed hair. Whereupon one of his youthful bobbed parishioners slapped his face after the service. He had her arrested, and she was convicted and sentenced to jail for a month for disorderly conduct. The governor pardoned her, and certain of her friends are now raising a collection to enable her to go on the stage, or become a bathing beauty, or something. The moral of this little drama is written large—good Americans should take neither their politics nor their fashions too seriously.

So Brazil, like an impetuous child, has resigned from the league of nations. The world has cracked enough Brazilian nuts for that country to gladly help to crack to war nut, and do away with the "shell of battle. We may pray and we may utter pious platitudes about universal peace, but we never abolish war until we search for and remove the causes of war. That is the place to begin. Foreign policies, which affect international relationships, are often built upon selfish foundations instead of the Golden Rule. We are striving to be just with Mexico, and yet if Mexico were not rich in oil and mineral deposits, and so admirably adapted to raising cattle and sheep on a large scale, we would have less difficulty in dealing with her. The Turkish problem, long a thorn in international diplomacy, would have been settled long ago but for Turkey's productive oil fields. Our views of Philippine independence are colored by hemp, sisal,

prospects of rubber plantations and the like. When a diplomat makes a treaty with an eye to the main chance he is sowing the seeds of war. War germinates in jealousy, suspicion, hatred and things of that sort. Fair agreements, openly arrived at and faithfully carried out are the only way to disarm suspicion. The way to peace is an absolutely unselfish way.

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To me it appears that the alternation of pleasure and pain, battle and rest, prayer and work, is precisely the discipline through which our human natures receive the training required to mature our barren souls. Our seasons of quiet, that sometimes seem to us so barren of results, may be the yeasting periods in which faculties and powers are maturing and being made ready for the full burst into blossom and fruitage when the season of refreshing arrives. We learn by contrasts. No one can now realize how much

he has learned to appreciate the light except by the recurrent of night and darkness. To live in one continual blaze of midday sunlight may seem like an uninterrupted blessing, and a perfectly cloudless sky may seem like the acme of all perfection. Yet how gladly we greet, at the end of a strenuous day, the coming of night, with its darkness, and its opportunity for rest. We are made ready perpetually for the coming of another sunrise by the darkness and the quiet of the night. The hills and mountains of North Carolina never seem so lovely as on the days when the clouds hang low, and the brightness of the landscape is never so charming as when mirrored against a heaven that is overcast. Just so our lives, if lived in perpetual joy, without a single interruption of pain, would doubtless lack some of the gentleness and beauty that comes from the experience of sorrow and suffering bravely borne.

THE GREAT CLOCK.

The clock of life is wound but once,
 And no man has the power
 To tell just when the hand will stop,
 At late or early hour.

Now is the only time you own;
 Live, love, toil with a will;
 Place no faith in tomorrow, for
 The clock may then be still.—Tit-Bits.

THE USES OF FLIES.

(Asheville Citizen).

All living creatures are supposed somehow to fit into the general scheme of things and each has its appropriate function to perform. Women are practically indispensable for the propagation of the human species, while men make up Rotary Clubs, Ku-Klux-Klans and the Democratic and Republican parties. The aard-vark goes about his business day in and day out and the South American sloth is at least partially responsible for the continued existence of cross-word puzzles. Giraffes and sea-lions make themselves useful about the circus and fried chickens form the Sunday piece-de-resistance in a million Southern boarding-houses. The cockroaches in Sandringham and other royal residences have given birth to a famous English remedy for their own extermination—if a remedy can properly be applied to exterminating what has so long been a household pest with our British cousins—and we have dwelt in these pages before on the almost infinite uses of guinea pigs. Nature, it is said, creates nothing without a purpose and even the American touristabroad brings the manna of financial relief to the hungry inhabitants of Europe. A man once wrote an epic poem on rats whom he addressed as the whiskered vermin race, there is hardly an animal up and down the scale who does not play some sort of role, however insignificant, in history or fable, but nowhere have we

ever found anyone who had a good word to say for flies.

We have not the exact figures at hand, but we believe that the progeny of a single female fly and her descendants if left undisturbed in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for a few months and then placed head to tail in a straight line would be found to reach we forget how many times from here to the sun and back again. A friend of the fly might deduce from this undoubted fact that they could be made to serve in some obscure way as a system of measurement for astronomers and so justify their existence, but even outside of the practical difficulty of getting them to stand still long enough for this purpose which will readily occur to anyone who takes the trouble to give the subject more than a passing thought. On the other hand they are notorious carriers of filth and disease, they are a darned nuisance at the best and unless a man keeps a tame spider we don't for our part see any possible use to which flies can be put.

We remember once reading a letter in the London Spectator from an anonymous correspondent who said he had a pet fly who used to come out and greet him every evening on his return home, but that is a unique instance and moreover sadly lacking in confirmation.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he will find.—Bacon.

NOT EVEN SAFE.

Elizabeth City Independent.

A human being isn't the only thing that is experimented on by the doctors and those who aren't doctors, and treated (or mistreated rather) for supposed ailments they aren't afflicted with, according to Dr. Victor Fink, local veterinary, who thinks horses, cattle and dogs are victimized more than humankind.

The useful and good natured family cow is one of the most victimized of creatures, according to Dr. Fink. One supposed ailment of great prevalence for which the cow is treated, is hollow horn; another is hollow tail. "The trouble is usually 'hollow belly'" Dr. Fink says. The idea that a cow loses her cud, and it must be restored by swabbing her throat with a salt herring is just another notion, according to this veterinary. When a cow quits chewing her cud, it is because her stomach is empty. The cow not being fleet of foot, was provided by nature, with sufficient stomach capacity, that she could hastily gather her forage and repair to a place of safety. Here she would lay down, and bringing the food back up to her mouth, carefully masticate it, and swallow it another time, to make digestion easy. What may surprise many is the fact that a cow has four stomachs, while a human has but one. It is a good thing the cow doesn't have appendicitis.

A cow also has 170 feet of intestines, which requires a lot of grass.

Another popular belief is that dogs under certain behavior, have a worm under the tongue, which is really a

ligament of the tongue, and to cut this does no good, although the practice is followed. Dogs when sick are sometimes supposed to have worms in the tongue, and the symptoms are thought to be the small black spots to be found on the tongue, and an application of salt and turpentine by ignorant quacks, quickly gets action from the dog. These are really the nerve ending and naturally any creature would get up and move from this remedy, unless paralyzed. Then there is the belief that a dog has snakes in him, his abdomen swells, and the dog is sick. A snake hasn't crawled in the dog, but the dog has acquired worms through food contaminated by other animals.

The horse is often victimized by quacks who insist that he is suffering with a hook in the eye, something they consider a cancerous growth, and they cut a membrane from the eye to relieve it. Sometimes the horse gets well. What really is the trouble is a disease called moon blindness, a blood trouble that causes the eyeball to shrink. The Membrane cut out, is really a normal organ, known as the third eyelid, designed by nature to protect the horse's eyeball. The proper remedy is the treatment of the blood disease. It is of interest that a horse has 190 feet of intestines.

Recently Dr. Fink treated a cow that was expected to die of colic. She had swallowed a potato, and it couldn't be reached from the throat, it had gone to one of her many stomachs and as it hadn't been chew-

ed it wouldn't digest. The cow was swelled up with wind, and was in great misery. The cow's life was saved by penetrating her side and letting the wind from her stomach. Animals pick up strange objects while grazing. Renovating animals especially, because they do not begin chewing their food, until the stomach is about two-thirds full, and hard objects like pebbles and nails go down, but do not come up when the cow regurgitates her food. Consequently these remain in her stomach for days at the time. Nails often work through the stomach and in the abdominal cavity, mysteriously causing death, since her trouble cannot be readily diagnosed.

The prevailing belief that cattle

and horses do not have so many ailments as humans, may be a mistake according to Dr. Fink. Human beings can always speak, and insist that they are ill. Consequently, their ills are magnified, they give up to their fears, and their condition gets worse thereby. The cow or horse cannot stop for little ailments, they have to exercise, to work, and to develop stamina. And being stronger, they naturally are not subject to so many ills, declares this veterinary, who believes there is more genuine fun and satisfaction in ministering to the natural ill of our useful animals, than in doctoring whining, complaining humans, who have so many imaginary ailments.

DO YOU SEE THE MORAL?

A small boy had trained his dog to work in harness, and had it doing service pulling the lawn mower. The dog took occasion to stop and bark at every passerby, as if to indicate that it still considered that its chief business, and pulling the lawn mower merely a side-line. "Don't need to pay any attention to his barkin' at you," the boy assured a man who seemed to take the "barking" seriously. "He jist barks so's to have en excuse to quit pullin'." We have a faint suspicion that there is a moral to this story, but we will leave it to the reader to discover it, and make the application.—Selected.

THE JACKSON-AVERY DUEL.

The Youth's Companion, some years ago, carried an account of the duel which took place between Andrew Jackson, then (1788) twenty-one years of age, and Waightstill Avery, Attorney General of North Carolina, and it is as follows:

It was Jackson's habit to carry in his saddle-bags a copy of Bacon's Abridgement and to make frequent appeals to it in his cases. This precious book was always carefully done up in coarse brown paper, such as grocers used before the neat paper bags of the present day were invented. The unwrapping of this much-prized volume before a court was a very solemn function, as performed by Jackson.

Avery, uncommonly fond of a joke, procured a piece of bacon, just the size of the book, and while Jackson was addressing the court, slipped the volume out from its wrappings and substituted the bacon. While still addressing the court, Jackson raised the flap of his saddle-bags, drew out the brown paper package, carefully untied the string, unfolded the paper with the decorous gravity of a priest handling the holy things of the altar, and then, without looking at what he held in his hand, exclaimed triumphantly:

"We will now see what Bacon says."

The court, bar, jury and spectators were convulsed with laughter before Jackson saw the trick that had been played on him. He snatched a pen, and on the blank leaf of a law-book wrote a peremptory challenge, which he delivered then and there.

He asked for no apology—nothing but blood would do. He commanded Avery to select a friend and arrange for a meeting at once. Avery made no answer to this peremptory demand thinking his peppery antagonist would laugh rather than fight, as he grew cooler. But he did not know the young man. Jackson grew hotter instead of cooler. Next morning he sent this note:

August 12, 1783.

Sir: When a man's feelings and character are injured, he ought to seek a speedy redress. You received a few lines from me yesterday, and undoubtedly you understood me. My character you have injured; and further you have insulted me in the presence of the court and a large audience. I therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same. And I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without equivocation, and I hope you can do without dinner until the business is done; for it is consistent with the character of a gentleman when he injures another to make a speedy reparation. Therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day. From your obt. st.,

Andrew Jackson.

P. S.: This evening after court adjourns.

The challenge was accepted; and in the dusk of the summer evening the duel came off in the presence of the same crowd that had laughed in the court room. When the word was given, Jackson fired, his ball flicking Avery's ear, scratching it slightly. Now was Avery's chance to change

the later history of his country, but his Puritan blood asserted itself. He fired in the air, then advanced and

offered Jackson his hand, which was accepted.

A TRAIL TO THE CLIFFS.

By James Howard Hull.

Since his arrival at camp, shortly before dark, the ranger had been unaccountably silent, and Sid Turner sensed from the first that something was wrong. Still, he was at a loss to know what it could be. For three weeks he had performed the duties of smoke-chaser and fire patrolman as well as the nature of those duties permitted. The telephone line to the ranger station and the emergency wire connection with Grizzly Mountain lookout cabin were in good repair. He knew where to find his horses on short notice, in case of an unexpected fire report. He had even spent many of the idle hours repairing the trail which led down Beaver Creek to the station, twenty miles distant. There had been much rain and no fire danger. It was only the middle of July, and there was really nothing to do, except to wait until the fire season should begin in earnest. But there was something wrong. Bill Goodwin was silent and too thoughtful for comfort. Something was on his mind.

It was not until late in the evening, when the campfire had died down to mere glowing remnants, that he broached the subject. "Who drug a deer across the trail, down here by the cliffs?"

Turner looked up with a start. It was out of season for deer, and for a forest officer to violate the law in

this manner was a mistake. "I did not," he muttered. Then he realized that he had not really been accused of it. "How far down was it?"

"About a mile," the ranger explained. "Down where the trail leaves the creek bottom and winds up over the cliffs. You can see the hair where a deer has been dragged across the trail and down toward the cliffs. Done only a couple of days ago."

Sid stared straight at the fire, and tried to think. "I don't know who could have done it," he argued weakly.

"I don't," the ranger responded with more assurance. "There isn't a man within twenty miles of here, and nobody's been up the trail this year but you and me."

"Did you notice any tracks down there?"

The ranger shook his head. "None except yours. Oh, it wouldn't be so bad if anybody else did it. Back in the hills like this men take all sorts of liberties with the law. It ain't right, though, and folks like you and me are supposed to set some sort of an example." Then he smiled somewhat bitterly. "Well, if you've got any fresh meat cached around here, you better fetch it out and we'll have some for breakfast."

It was late when they retired to their tents, and for hours Sid lay

thinking. The worst thing about it was that Bill Goodwin was capable of suspecting him. The shreds of friendship that held them together were futile. He knew that Goodwin was relentless in the matter of game laws, and more than once had stated that he would arrest his own brother as soon as anyone else. And Sid realized that the evidence was all against him. He was here alone. He had his rifle and his dog. For three weeks he had had leisure. And the only tracks in the trail down in that vicinity were his own. Something must be done about it. But what?

An hour before daylight he was awake. He rose quietly and was soon outside the tent, wishing for something to occupy his mind until morning. Goodwin was still sleeping. A half-grown fox terrier bounded toward him and emitted a sharp greeting. With a quick motion he hushed the dog to covering silence and made his way in the darkness, down the trail. The dog followed. This must be investigated before breakfast.

Gray twilight came with a sudden bound, and a little red cloud above the ridge at his left gave promise of a pleasant day. The trail left the bottomland and wound upward over the cliffs in two well-constructed switchbacks, through a scattering growth of scrub pines.

At the top the dog ran ahead with a sharp little bark, but soon came excitedly back. Then he ran ahead again, and stopped in a flat, grassy opening, where bushes and tall grass were matted down in a wide path, leading directly toward the creek and the cliffs. Here and there were traces of reddish-gray hair. A deer had

been dragged. There was no mistaking it.

For a hundred feet the trail was easy to follow. Then it passed over flat rocks and under a big pine. The dog led the way down a steep slope. Then came the edge of the canyon, and a hundred feet straight down were the rapids. The dog nosed his way along the flat rocks and down a steep incline. Here again were traces of reddish-gray hair. Sid followed. Whoever the man was who had killed that deer, he had taken the trouble to hide it well; and the hiding place must be close at hand, for there seemed to be nowhere to go.

The break in the rim of the canyon led down a short distance, and terminated in a narrow shelf, some eight feet wide. Sid followed the dog along the shelf. Far below was the roar of water, and above was a vertical cliff. Sid followed on and on. The dog dashed ahead and around a jutting point of rocks. From the distance came a fury of barking, and the dog came back with his tiny stub of tail lowered and trembling with what might be fear.

Around that jutting point of rocks, Sid walked more cautiously. The shelf grew narrower, and the ledge above it seemed to lean outward, forming an excellent shelter from rain. Then it terminated in a distant cave. Here Sid walked ahead, and the dog followed excitedly at his heels.

The rock he walked upon as no longer bare, but seemed to be composed of crumbling little fragments, resembling gravel, and at the outer edge, where rain fell, was a scattered fringe of vegetation. Besides shal-

low soil, there were other things worth noticing. Here and there was a bone.

Again the dog fell into a fury of barking, and Sid stopped, half alarmed and thoroughly gratified at what he saw. Near the end of the cave was the deer; a yearling doe, half buried in the shallow soil which had been scraped over it. Beyond the deer, crouching together at the end of the cave, were three little animals about the size of house cats. Their noses and ears were black, and black rings encircled their tails. Their flanks were curiously marked with rosettes and occasional stripes. Sid smiled. What were they, anyway?

Cautiously he approached them. They eyed him steadily, and close together they slunk back to the end of the cave. Whatever they were, they were only a few weeks old. Perhaps it would be possible to capture one of them.

As Sid was approaching them, the dog turned sharply and with excited yelps dashed back along the ledge. Sid looked back. A dozen feet beyond the dog was a fawn-gray creature with big muscular shoulders and legs: a cougar! It could be nothing else. Sid recalled now that the cubs of a cougar are often mottled with curious markings which they lose during the first year. For the first time he wished he had brought his rifle.

The big cat lay crouched on the ledge, the tip of her tail waving slowly from side to side. Her eyes were centered upon the tiny dog, following every motion as it stood yelping its impotent hostility.

Sid drew back a few steps and waited. Second after second passed.

When would the creature spring? She seemed in some way to realize her advantage and to be enjoying the moments of torment which precede slaughter. How had she guessed so quickly that he was unarmed and as helpless as the tiny yelping dog that stood between them?

Still the cat crouched and hesitated, now and then drawing back a few feet as if for a better leap. The advantage was absolute. On one side was the canyon, dropping off some fifty or sixty feet to a deep, narrow, smooth current of water. On the other side was the ledge above him. Behind were the cubs and the end of the shelf. And ahead was the cougar, with nothing but a diminutive dog to intervene.

Sid thought rapidly. There was one possible means of escape. He looked down over the ledge at the swift current below. The motion of the water made him dizzy, and he lay flat upon the rocks to look down from a more secure position. The water was hardly deep enough for a dive from so great a distance, and directly below the spot where he would land were the rapids. It was out of the question. To make that drop would be as foolish as to attack the big cat that still crouched and crouched, and hesitated for long seconds and minutes.

Again the cat drew back a few feet, still crouching. The little dog seemed to gain courage, and advanced a few feet, always keeping its distance and filling the silent canyon with an uproar of high-pitched little barks. Now and then it advanced with a quick rush almost within reach of the monstrous cat. The paw that

reached out with a quick motion was almost as big as the dog itself, but it missed by several inches and the dog was again back out of reach, barking wildly.

Sid still lay flat upon the rocks and watched the unequal battle. The cat's eyes were constantly upon the dog, following its motions with silent watchfulness. Without rising, Sid crawled back upon the ledge, and lay face downward, hoping to escape notice. To his great surprise, the cat did not appear to see him at all. He moved again and watched closely. The big feline showed no sign that she had detected the motion. Her full attention was devoted to that tiny dog. Sid breathed more easily. Perhaps the cougar did not even realize that he was there!

The battle went on without variation. The cougar occasionally edged her way backward, and the dog closed in a little nearer, with growing self-confidence. At length it stood prancing and yelping, just out of reach. The cat refused to retreat further, but lay motionless, shifting her eyes steadily. The dog came closer.

Then there was a lightning-like motion of a huge paw, so swiftly that it was hardly visible. With one sharp yelp, the dog rolled to the edge of the shelf, struggled at its very brink for a saving foothold, and disappeared. From somewhere below there came a splash. The dog was gone!

Slowly the big cat rose to her feet and with graceful self-assurance came down the ledge toward the three cubs. Sid lay quiet. Until now the little dog had been the only enemy. Now he himself must take

up the fight, and it would be a different kind of a contest. In fact there was nothing whatever that he could do. There remained only the slimmest hope that the cougar would slink past him to the cubs. With his eyes partly closed, he lay motionless and watched the cougar advance listlessly toward him.

She did not pass by, but seemed to have discovered him lying there. Her cold nose touched an outstretched hand. Then a paw rested upon his neck. One little blow of that paw would be enough, if he made a motion or the least sign that he was alive. His temples pounded until he feared the cat would hear the sound. For a instant he stopped breathing.

Then the cat seemed to come to a decision in the matter. Methodically she began to rake the loose earth over him. He was being buried against future needs. The big paws scratched far and wide for further loose soil and gravel. She did not hurry, but worked slowly and methodically. Sometimes she stopped and lay watching him. There was an insufficient supply of sand for her purposes.

At length she gave it up. Then she gripped his coatsleeve and pulling backward, dragged him toward the den. A sharp rock cut his wrist and he made a quick motion, but the cat did not seem to notice it. At length she dropped him. He opened his eyes slightly. She was walking away, purring quietly. Back at the point where the dog had stood she stretched herself in the shade and rested her head upon her paws, watching comfortably.

Slowly one of the three cubs crawl-

ed over him. Then the other two joined them. Playfully one of them seized his thumb and the tiny teeth sank deeply into his hand. With a quick impulse Sid gripped the little cat and threw it back away from him. Then he tried to lie quietly again. But that motion had been a mistake!

A quick growl came from up the ledge. Sid sprang to his feet. The cougar came on with one big leap, then crouched for the final one. Her muscles bulged, and the tip of her tail moved slowly to and fro.

Then she quivered, sprang forward in one little leap, and dropped to the rocks. A heavy echo roared out through the canyon. A man came running up the ledge with his rifle. Bill Goodwin!

Sid struggled to his feet and wondered, for one dazed moment, just what had happened. Then he tried to smile. "Just in time, Bill! About two seconds later and—how did you happen to be here, anyhow?"

"How did you happen to be?" the ranger retorted. "I got up early to investigate a bit. Thought I was leavin' yon asleep back in camp. I was wrong last night, Sid, about that deer. I half thought so all the time; and this morning, after I'd slept on it, I knew I was wrong. A man with your record!" He looked at his watch quickly. "Let's get back to camp. What do you say we catch the little varmints and take 'em along?"

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

There are two sides to the life we are living here, the inner and the outer. The ideal way is to take care of both of them. Any attempt to be all that we should be inwardly without taking any account of our outward appearance and manner may cover a large part of our duty, but it falls far short of covering all of it. If we were to go the rounds and ask people to tell us honestly whether they were trying to be good and upright in heart, or only seeking to make a good appearance and a favorable impression we would get a variety of answers.

All of us are in danger of being influenced too greatly by the consideration of external appearances. We want to appear to good advantage, to impress ourselves favorably on those with whom we come into con-

tact, and our ear itches for the word of commendation. Outward appearances are not to be despised, nor are they to be minimized. But they ought to grow out of a quality of soul. Outer beauty should interpret inner beauty. It is natural for what is within to reflect itself in expression, in word, in general manner and in conduct. And yet we know that all too often fine apparel and a suave exterior cover thoughts and feelings that are not what they ought to be. And one of the things that make life a battle is the need bearing down on all of us that we should be as honest, beautiful and sincere at heart as we want to appear to be. The outer and the inner should be one, and that one fair as the moon and clear as the sun.

VIRGINIA DARE MEMORIAL.

The advent of the first child in a family, in a community, in a state, must necessarily be an event. But when the advent of that child marks the beginning of a great nation, bringing with its establishment the customs, habits and views of a people, it becomes an extraordinary event, worthy of perpetuation.

That is the record which Virginia Dare, the first child of English speaking parentage to be born in America. That our readers may have the privilege and pleasure of the history leading up to this event, we are reproducing the speech of Hon. Lindsey C. Warren in Congress, on May 17, 1926, on "The Memorial To Virginia Dare." He was speaking to a bill providing for a tablet marker at Sir Walter Raleigh's fort on Roanoke Island, N. C.

Mr. Speaker, I deeply appreciate the courtesy you have shown me by permitting this bill to be called up out of order. It seeks to commemorate an important event in the history of the Nation. It was the first attempt of the English to colonize a new empire; and though they failed temporarily, they laid the foundation for a permanent settlement at Jamestown 23 years later and insured English dominion in America. The history of the first attempt made by Englishmen to settle this country, the birth of the first child of English parentage on this soil, and the unsolved fate of the men and women who crossed uncharted seas and attempted to establish a new civilization is therefore the beginning of American history. While the Spaniards many years before had explored Florida, and while there had been a French settlement in South Carolina in 1564 which had been put to the sword, all of the expanse between Canada and Florida was an unbroken wilderness. When the flag of England was raised for the first time on Roanoke Island, N. C., it was the first step in a series of events of the utmost consequence to mankind. For-

fortunate indeed was it for America and for humanity that this first lodgment on our stormy coast was by a race ardently attached to freedom and personal liberty and trained to the usages and customs of the realm of England.

Raleigh's First Expedition.

On Lady Day, March 25, 1584, Queen Elizabeth granted letters patent to her favorite courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh—

for the discovering and plating of new lands and countries, to continue the space of six years and no more.

These letters patent conferred upon him—

all prerogatives, commodities, jurisdictions, royalties, privileges, franchises, and preeminences thereto or thereabouts, both by sea and land, whatsoever we by our letters patent may grant, and as we or any of our noble progenitors have heretofore granted to any person or persons, bodies politique or corporate.

Two vessels were equipped and sent out under command of those great explorers, M. Philip Amadas and M. Arthur Barlowe, the latter of whom wrote an account of the expedition for—

Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, at whose charge and direction the said voyage was set forth.

The 27th day of April, in the year of our redemption 1584—

Barlowe relates—

we departed the west of England with two barks well furnished with men and victuals. . . . The tenth of May we arrived at the Canaries, and the tenth of June in this present yeere we were fallen with the Islands of the West Indies, keeping a more southeasterly course than was needful, because we doubted that the current of the Bay of Mexico, dis-bogging betweene the Cape of Florida and Havana, had been of greater force than afterwards we found it to be

The second of July, we found shole water, wher we smelt so sweet, and so strong a smel, as if we had bene in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be farre distant; and keeping good watch, and bearing but slack saile, the fourth of the same moneth we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and firme lande, and we sayled along the same a hundred and twentie English miles before we could finde any entrance or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto we, we entred * * * and cast anker about three harquebuz-shot within the haven's mouth on the left hand of the same; and after thankes given to God for our safe arrivall thither, we manned our boats, and went to view the land next adjoining, and to take possession of the same, in the right of the

Queene's most excellent Majestie.

Entering at New Inlet or Trinity Harbor, they anchored not far from Roanoke Island.

* * * We came to an island which they call Roanoke, distant from the harbour by which we entered seven leagues; and at the north end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of cedar, and fortified round about with sharpe trees, to keep out their enemies, and the entrance into it made like a turne pike very artificially; when we came towards it, standing neere unto the water's side, the wife of Granganimo, the King's brother, came running out to meete us very cheerfully and friendly * * * ; some of her people she commanded to drawe our boate on shore * * * ; others she appointed to carry us on their backs to the dry ground, and others to bring our oares into the house for fear of stealing. * * *

These first explorers remained only two months on Roanoke Island, and reached England again "about the midst of September," taking with them two of the native Indians, Wanchese and Manteo.

Raleigh's Second Expedition.

On April 9, 1585, Raleigh's second expedition set sail from Plymouth under command of Sir Richard Grenville. On June the 23d they came near shipwreck "on a beach called the Cape of Feare." On the 26th they came to anchor at Wocokon (Oeracoke), and on July 3 they announced their arrival to Wingina (Indian Chief) at Roanoke. On the 27th the ships anchored at Hatorask and there rested. On August 25 Sir Richard sailed for England, leaving the colony

under the government of Ralph Lane—by whom an account of the expedition was written and sent to Sir Walter Raleigh.

On September 3, 1585, Governor Lane wrote to Richard Hakluyt from the "New Fort in Virginia," which he had erected on the site of the fortified Indian village found there by Amadas and Barlowe. In those early days this settlement was called Manteo, but was latter known as Fort Raleigh. He had planned to change the site of the colony to a better location, but the hostility of the Indians rendered all efforts to that end futile. Their situation became finally so precarious that the colonists departed in the following year for England with Sir Francis Drake, when the latter, on—

his prosperous returne from the sacking of Sant Domingo, Cartagena, and Saint Augustine, determined in his way homeward to visit hiis countrymen, the English colony then remaining in Virginia.

About 14 days after their departure Sir Richard Grenville, general of Virginia, arrived at Hatorask; hearing no news of the colony and finding the places which they inhabited desolate—yet 'unwilling to lose possession of the country—he landed 15 men on "the Isle of Roan-oak" and furnished them "plentifully with all manner of provisions for two yeeres."

Raleigh's Third Expedition

In the year 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh—

intending to persevere in the planting of his country of Virginia, prepared a new colony of one hundred and fiftie men to be sent thither, un-

der charge of John White, whom he appointed governor, and also appointed unto him twelve assistants, unto whom gave a charter, and incorporated them by the name of governour and assistants of the citie of Raleigh in Virginia.

It is well, Mr. Speaker, to call the names in this House of these men and women of a sturdy race, who blazed the wilderness, and who endured hardships and privations to build a civilization. The names of all the men, women, and children who safely arrived on Roanoke Island and remained there in 1587 to inhabit it are—

John White, Roger Bailey, Ananias Dare, Chlystopher Cooper, Thomas Stevens, John Sampson, Clement Taylor, William Sole, John Cotsmur, Humphrey Newton, Thomas Colman, Thomas Gramme, Thomas Butler, Edward Powell, John Burdon, James Hinde, John Bright, William Dutton, Maurice Allen, William Waters, Richard Arthur, John Chapman, William Clement, Robert Little, Hugh Taylor, Hugh Wildye, Lewis Wotton, Michael Bishop, Henry Rufoote, Henry Dorrell, Henry Mylton, Thomas Harris, Hugh Pattenson, Martin Sutton, John Farre, John Bridger, Griffin Jones, Richard Shabedge, James Lasie, John Cheven, Thomas Hewet, William Berde, Henry Brown, Richard Tompkins, Charles Florrie, Henry Payne, William Nichols, John Borden, Thomas Ellis, William Browne, Dionys Harvie, Roger Pratt, George Howe, Simon Fernando, Nicholas Johnson, Thomas Warner, Anthony Cage, John Jones, William Willes, John Brooke, Cuthbert White, John Wyles, Bryan Wyles, Thomas Phevens,

Mark Bennett, John Gibbes, John Stillman, Robt. Wilkinson, John Tydway, Ambrose Viccars, Edmund English, Thomas Topan, Henry Berry, Richard Berry, John Spendlove, John Hemington, George Martyn, Michael Myllet, Thomas Smith, Richard Kemme, Thomas Harris, Richard Taverner, John Earnest, Henry Johnson, John Starte, Richard Darrige, William Lucas, Arnold Archand, John Wright, Thomas Scott, and Peter Little.

Women.

Eleanor Dare, Winifred Powell, Elizabeth Glane, Alice Chapman, Margaret Lawrence, Rose Payne, Margery Harvie, Joyce Archard, Jane Pierce, Emma Merimoth, Joan Warren, Elizabeth Vicaars, Agnes Wood, Jane Jones, Audry Tappan,—Colman, and Jane Mannerling.

Boys and Children.

John Sampson, Robert Archard, George Howe, Robert Ellis, Thomas Humphrey, John Pratt, Ambrose, Viccars, Thomas Smart, and William Wythers.

Children Born in Virginia.

Virginia Dare and—Harvie.

(John White and Simon Fernando returned to England and George Howe was murdered).

On July 22 these colonists arrived at Hatorask: the governor, with 40 of his best men, went aboard his pinnace, intending to pass up to Roanoke forthwith and seek those 15 men whom Sir Richard had left there the year before. At sunset the same day they went ashore, and the next day they walked to the north end of the island, where Lane had built his fort, but found no signs of the 15 men. The fort was razed, but all of the houses were standing unhurt—

saving that the neather roomes of them and also of the forte were overgrown with melons, and deere within them were feeding. * * * The same day order was given for the repaying of those houses, and * * * to make other new cottages.

Thus the colonists set to work to rebuild the fort and make for themselves an English home.

On the 13th of August, 1587, the Indian Manteo, who had returned with the expedition from his visit to England, was christened in Roanoke and called lord thereof and of Dasamouguepeuk in reward of his faithful service. This constitutes the first known record of Christian baptism on the American Continent.

Virginia Dare.

On the 18th of August, 1587, Eleanor, daughter of Governor White, and wife to Ananias Dare, gave birth to a daughter in Roanoke. The baby—was christened the Sunday following, and because this child was the first Christian borne in Virginia, shee was named Virginia.

This is the record of Virginia Dare's birth. All historians mention her as the first child born in this country of English parents. The baptism of Manteo and of the first Anglo-American child are the beginnings of the life of the English church in the New World.

(1) The Second Colonie, Hakluyt's Early Voyages, Travels, and Discoveries of the English Nation (V. III, p. 345).

(2) Daves, Edward Graham, Raleigh's New Fort in Virginia, 1586 (pp. 457-468).

(3) Eggleston, Edward, Household History of the United States

(pp. 18-19).

(4) Ashe's History of North Carolina (V. I).

The Lost Colony.

On account of the pressing need for other supplies it was decided that Governor White should return with the fleet, so he embarked for England on August 27. It was agreed that if during his absence the colony was forced to move, that the place of their destination should be carved on a tree near the fort, and should they be in distress a small cross would be carved over that word. When the colonists receded from White's view as he left the shores of Roanoke Island they passed from the domain of history, and all we know is that misfortune and distress overtook them and that they miserably perished, their sad fate being one of those deplorable sacrifices that have always attended the accomplishment of great human purposes.

Governor White, delayed by the Spanish wars, did not return to Roanoke Island until 1591, and, writing to Richard Hakluyt, he gives the following account of his return:

Our boats and all things fitted * * * we put off for Hatorask, being the number of 19 persons in both boats, but before we could get to the place where our planters were left it was so exceedingly darke that we overshoot the place a quarter of a mile. There we espied toward the north end of the island the light of a great fire thorow the woods. Right over against it we let fall our grapnel neere the shore and sounded with a trumpet a call and afterwarde many familiar English tunes of songs and called up to them friendly, but we had no an-

swers * * * From hence we went thorow the woods to that part of the island directly over against Dasamongwepeuk, and from thence we returned by the water side round about the north point of the island until we came to the place where I left our colony in the yeere 1586. In all this way we saw in the sand the print of the Saluages feet * * * and as we entered up the sandy banks upon a tree, in the very brow thereof, were curiously carved these faire Romane letters C R O, which letters presently we knew to signifie the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon betwene them and me at my last departure from them, which was that in any wayes they should not faile to write or carve on the trees or posts of the dores the name of the place where they should be seated, for at my coming away they were prepared to remove from Roanok 50 miles into the maine. Therefore at my departure from them in An. 1587 I willed them that if they should happen to be distressed in any of those places that then they should carve over the letters or name a crosse x in this form, but we found no such signe of distresse. And having well considered of this, we passed toward the place where they were left in sundry houses, but we found the houses taken downe and the place very strongly enclosed with a high palisado of great trees * * * very fortlike, and one of the chiefe trees or postes at the right side of the entrance had the barke taken off and 5 foote from the ground in fayre capital letters were graven C R O A T A N without any cross or sign of distresse.

Governor White did not succeed in finding any trace at all of the colony he had left on Roanoke Island in 1587. The fate of Virginia has remained a matter of conjecture. Some historians incline to the belief that the English settlers became amalgamated with the Croatan or Hatteras Indians; others that they were probably massacred. Maj. Graham Daves cites in this connection the following statement found in the first volume of William Strachey's *The History of Travaile*, with reference to events in the Jamestown Colony, 1608-1610:

At Peccarecemmek and Ochanahoen, by the relation of Machamps, the people have howses built with stone walles, and one story above another, so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke, at what tyme this our Colony under the conduct of Captain Newport landed within the Chesapeake Bay, where the people breed up tame turkies about their howses and take apes in the mountains, and where, at Ritanoë, the Weroance Eyanoco preserved seven of the English alive, fower men, two boys, and one young mayde, who escaped the massacre and fled up the river Chanoke (Chowan).

This "young mayde" may have been Virginia Dare, who at that time

would have been about 22 years of age.

North Carolina, Mr. Speaker, has not been unmindful of this great event that first took place on her soil. For many years the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, of which Bishop Joseph Blount Cheshire is president, has annually observed this epoch in history. The 16 acres comprising Fort Raleigh is owned and preserved by this association, and on the 18th of August in each year distinguished men and women gather there and pay their homage. The occasion this year will be especially significant, as the ambassador from the Court of St. James, Sir Esme Howard, will be the speaker.

The capital of North Carolina bears the name of that gallant knight, Sir Walter Raleigh. The county in which Roanoke Island is situated is called Dare. The two principal villages on Roanoke Island are named after the two friendly Indians Manteo and Wanchese.

It is appropriate that we give this occurrence Federal recognition and that we perpetuate as a shrine in American history the first attempt at colonization by the English-speaking race on this continent and the birth of the first child of English parentage.

"The battle against wrong habits in general can avail nothing. They must be dealt with habit by habit. We cannot rush our way into the life we would live all at once; one by one we must capture the intervening strongholds."

STYLE STIFLES SOUTH.

The style of silken things is stifling the industry of the Southland, according to information cited by O. Max Gardner in an address before the Rotary club of Gastonia meeting at Cleveland Springs last Friday night.

Advancing the "wear more cotton" idea in North Carolina Mr. Gardner used actual commercial facts in showing that home styles, not outside competition, are damaging to the price of cotton goods, and consequently cotton.

Extracts from Mr. Gardner's address, which was entitled "The Cotton Boycott," follows:

It is an economic crime how we, in this textile territory, have contributed to the boycotting of cotton in the home of its benefactors. I have not had sufficient opportunity to observe the apparel of the women present tonight, but I venture to say that if we were to weigh and measure all the cotton, warp and filling, you women have on, it would not exceed, in value, the proverbial "thirty cents," and yet every woman here must rely upon cotton in some form, for the means with which to buy the frequently shabby, but shimmering, silks.

We spend much time complaining about the dearth of business in all branches of textiles, and we profess ignorance of the cause, yet I venture to say that the average secretary and treasurer of the average cotton mill in North Carolina, with his mouth full of misery, sits back with his shoes full of weary feet decorated with brilliant silk socks. Every farm girl is wearing silk stockings; every school girl; every cotton mill girl; every

white girl and every black girl. Five years ago they thought they looked highly attractive, and did, in cotton lisle, but "them days are gone."

From cotton, the inexorable law of style went to wool and everybody was wearing wool hose. Then it abandoned wool and adopted silk. Our women have not only quit calico and alamaance, but gingham is in the discard. A woman wearing a cotton dress today is almost as rare as a woman of twenty-five years ago, with her rustling, starched petticoats.

We are in unconscious conspiracy to kill our greatest industry in North Carolina, and until our people begin to wear more cotton goods, we are entitled to no sympathy, and should quit complaining about over-production, high tariffs, wider markets and better selling agencies.

Style, and style alone, is the proximate cause of the depression in the textile business today. Think of it, every other business in America is good except textiles. Bank clearings are up 5 3-4 percent; railroads are running 15 percent ahead of a year ago; tobacco 13 percent; steel production is ahead of a year ago; industrial activity in May 1926 was 10.7 percent ahead of the monthly rate of last year; railroads are spending a billion, five hundred million dollars for construction this year. Labor is employed in all lines.

It is futile to say we are suffering from imports and foreign competition. There is no dumping of foreign made goods on the American market. There is just one half as many yards of imports of cotton cloth coming

into America now as entered for the first five months of 1925. Ending May 31st the department of commerce in Washington reports the cotton cloth imports into the United States, in yards, at a value of \$7,128,712, while for the first five months of 1925 imports amounted in value to the sum of \$13,423,475. The foreigner is not our trouble. He is bringing into America only a little more than 2 per cent of our possible textile produc-

tion.

There is no agreement of diagnosis as to the cause of the sustained depression in cotton textiles, and I have only touched one symptom tonight, but it seems to me that a national movement, challenging the primitive instinct of self protection and self defense compels us to take the leadership in direct appeal to the American people to rescue the South from the strangling decrees of style.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Mr. R. B. Cloer, former officer of this institution, and also instructor of the carpenter shop, was a visitor here recently.

—

Floyd McAuther, a member of the eighth cottage, and also a member of the base-ball team, returned to the institution last week after spending a few days with his parents in Durham, N. C.

—

Russell Caudill and Charles Carter, members of the seventh and eleventh cottages were paroled recently. Caudill was a member of the carpenter shop and Carter was a member of the milk force.

—

The following boys: David Seagle, Edgar Rochester, Clarence Hendley, Charles Beech, Preston McNeil, Virgil Shipes, Cleveland Byrley, William Crayton, Clarence Davis, James Horne, Robert Munday and James Ford were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron of the seventh cottage, returned to the institution during the past few days after visiting her sister (Mrs. Ethel Wrenn) at her home in Ellerbe, N. C. Miss. Arlene Fitzgerald is visiting at the N. C. C. W. College, Greensboro. Mrs. Olivia Duckett teacher of the third and fourth grades at this institution, returned after spending last week in Atlanta, Ga.

—

“Jack,” the Florida alligator, which was presented by Mr. A. N. Lentz to the Jackson Training School last week, escaped from his pen. Thursday he was put in the pen, which was built several years ago, for another alligator, who died recently. Sometime Thursday night he escaped. It is thought that he is now in some small stream, in which to make his future home. We were very sorry that he escaped, but wish to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Lentz, for his gift.

—

Through the courtesy of the man-

agement of the Y. M. C. A., of Concord, the boys in two of the cottages, at the Jackson Training School are permitted to swim in the "Y's" swimming pool. Last Saturday afternoon was a good one, so the boys in the eighth and eleventh cottages went to the Y. M. C. A., to swim. They had a good time there and liked the pool. The boys in the rest of the cottages will be glad when their time comes to go swimming at the "Y." Arrangements have been made for the baseball players, as they play ball Saturday afternoons, to take their swim at some other time. The boys of the School wish to express their sincere thanks to the managers of the Y. M. C. A., for the privilege of swimming in the pool, Saturday afternoons.

—

Last Wednesday afternoon the Daughters of the Confederacy and the D. A. R. Chapters met at the "large rock" near the Jackson Training School. At This meeting two tablets, were placed upon this rock, dedicated to the memory of the "Black Boys," and the first formation of the Klu Klux Klan organization. The exercises were opened with prayer, by Dr. Rowan, and a song by the Jackson Training School boys, who were also present. Hon. L. T. Hartsell, a prominent lawyer of Concord, was the speaker of the day. His talk was a very interesting one, of the deeds of the "Black Boys" and the organization the Klu Klux Klan. After Mr. Hartsell's most interesting talk "America was sung. Benediction by Dr. Rowan, and the unveiling of the tablets by two little girls.

The game on the junior diamond, Hartsell Mill Juniors vs J. T. S. juniors. The game was a very interesting one. The score being 2 to 1 favor the J. T. S. juniors. Wade pitching for the locals and Carter for the visitors. Phillips, the shortstop for the School juniors let one error count up on him, but made up for it by slugging out two hits, out of two times at the bat. The score:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	0 1 0 0 0 1 x—	2	6	3
H. M. T.	0 0 1 0 0 0 0—	1	4	1

—

The game on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon proved a victory for the visiting team, Flowe's Store, by a score of 10 to 6. The teams scored two runs in the second, and continued to do so during the rest of the struggle. The Training School succeeded in scoring two runs, in the second, sixth and the last of the ninth. Russell, the local's pitcher was removed from the box in the seventh. White, the second baseman, pitching the remainder of the game. Henry, center-fielder for the School pounded out four hits, out of five times at the bat, striking out once. Kiser, third base-man for the visitors also did some heavy hitting. Errors brought in a number of runs for the visitors. The players on the School team pounded out many hits but were unsuccessful in the scoring of enough runs. The score:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	0 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 2—	6	12	7
Flowes S.	0 2 0 1 0 1 3 1 2—	10	13	1
		W	L	Pct.
J. T. S.		5	3	.625

Two base hits: Kiser, Dorton, White. Three base hits: Kiser, Heg-

lar, Morris. Stolen bases: Kiser 2, Sells, Henry 3, McComb, Billings. Base on balls, off: Russell 1. Off: Whitel. Off: Bost W. 6. Hit by pitcher: Garmon. Umpires: Poole and Godown.

“Juda’s plea,” was the subject of last Sunday’s lesson. Very interesting lessons, such as this one, is taken from the book of Genesis. “Then Juda came near unto him, and said: Oh my Lord, let my servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord’s ears, and let not thine vent: for thou art even as Pharaoh. “My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother?” and we said that we have a father, he is an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one. His brother is dead, “he is left of his mother, and his father loveth

him.” Thou said unto thy servant “Bring him down to me.” But we say unto you my lord, that the lad cannot leave his father. Thou said to us that, if we did not bring him to you, we should not see your face again. Already one of my father’s sons have been slain by the beast of the field, and he is afraid to send his only son to you, for fear of losing him. But I say I pray thee “let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brothers. “For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father. The golden text for this lesson was “A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou will not despise—Psalms 51:17.

A new Ford joke.

A mule and a Ford met on the highway.

“And what might you be?” asked the mule.

“An automobile,” answered the Ford, “and you?”

“I’m a horse,” replied the mule.

And they both laughed.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A DAY'S WORK ON THE SOUTHERN

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated	1,270
Passengers carried	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads	8,000
Ton-miles produced	320,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives	14,000
Wages paid	\$220,000
Material purchased	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 3, 1926

No. 31

THE WORLD NEEDS ACTORS.

The world wants actors. It's willing to pay for the fellow who is willing to learn. And there are fellows willing to learn when they know what should be learned. Two are bound together sooner or later.

Then the crowd that wants something for nothing will howl because it has been left out of the account.

If you want to advance get into the stride of the victor. He is not the fellow who crowds the sidelines and tells the runner how to win. He, and he alone, is the one who gets every nerve and muscle correlated into doing the thing that should be done.

He asks neither mercy nor pity. He just does it.—Old Hurrygraph.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

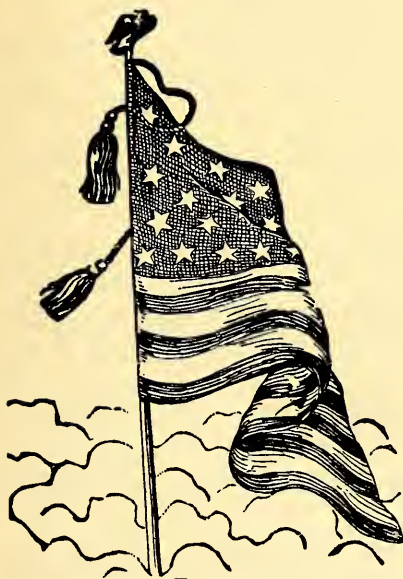
PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.



OFF WITH YOUR HAT

*Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your
eye
That you will not wipe away*

*Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of our sacred dead.*



THE FOURTH.

Today one hundred and fifty years ago, at Philadelphia, the representatives of the determined colonies, informed England where to get off. The author of the immortal document, which declared to the world the Independence of

these united colonies, and the reasons for taking the great step, is historically known to have been Thomas Jefferson, of the state of Virginia.

Today one hundred years ago—fifty years after that great event in Philadelphia—Thomas Jefferson's soul returned to the God who gave it. So today is doubly important among the historical dates which we keep fresh.

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), an American statesman, was born at Shadwell plantation, Albemarle county, Virginia. He clearly showed what three deeds of his public service of half a century he was proudest of when he wrote for his own tomb the following epitaph:

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father Of the University Of Virginia.

From the time when, at the age of twenty-six, he took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, until his death on the 4th of July, 1826, a history of his life is largely a history of our country.

Mr. Jefferson himself recorded an incident that occurred during the consideration of the proposed article of Independence, and given to us as Benjamin Franklin's story. It is:

“There were two or three unlucky expressions in it which gave offense to some members. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was insensible to these criticisms. “I have made it a rule,” said Franklin, “whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open a shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome signboard, with a proper inscription.

He composed it in these words, ‘John Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,’ with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word ‘hatter’ needless, because followed by the words ‘makes hats’ which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out.

The next observed that the word ‘makes’ might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. He struck it out. A third said that he thought the words ‘for ready money’ were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. They were parted with, and the

inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.' 'Sells hats!' says his next friend. Why, nobody will expect you to give them away; what then is the use of the word?

It was stricken out and 'hats' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was at last reduced to 'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

As usual in his life Ben Franklin had sense. To undertake the working of a resolution in a crowd of many minds and some with just a suggestion of a mind is a hazardous undertaking.

* * * * *

BUILDERS VISIT US.

This institution was honored, last week, by a visitation by the state association of Building & Loan delegates. The association was in annual convention at Hotel Concord, and on Wednesday afternoon the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs gave the members a complimentary ride. Among the places visited were the mammoth manufacturing plant at Kannapolis and the Jackson Training School.

The school felt complimented by a visit from these builders of homes in the state. A short program was rendered by some of the boys in the auditorium, which seemed to have delighted our guests. Quite a number of them made it a point to assure us that they were astounded at the appearance and size of the plant, delighted with their entertainment, and surprised to find such superb system in the school's conduct.

To quote a distinguished member of that body, "you have to see the institution and breathe the splendid atmosphere that prevails to get an adequate idea of the great work being done at the Jackson Training School—my eyes were simply opened."

We are always glad to have visitors, who are interested in boys and boy rearing and training. That is the only way to know the problem we have and how we are meeting it. Seeing beats reading about the school and the boys.

* * * * *

"PROVING EXPENSIVE."

"Untrained Teachers Proving Expensive"—a headline in North Carolina newspapers. That has been an observed fact for a long time. It has been the case for all these years; Dr. McIver recognized this when he made a

strenuous campaign in the state in carrying out Maj. Finger's conclusion that the girls of the state deserved at the hands of the state an equal opportunity with the boys.

Dr. McIver stressed the fact that we needed educated women for our public schools and homes, declaring most eloquently that "if you educate a man you educate an individual; if you educate a girl, you educate a family." The State Normal came into existence; Dr. McIver began to make it function for the intended purpose.

It would be interesting to know just how many of its products today find their way into the rural school rooms. The system, along with the general conduct of the schools, has been so shot full of isms and hobbies, that the ultimate object has been lost sight of. The real spot has not been reached.

If McIver's and Maj. Finger's well-thought out ideas and purposes had survived, you would hear but little today about the backwardness of the rural schools. At the forks, they took the wrong road.

It is very largely due to the mechanical system of certification which costs the state many thousands of dollars annually, that helped produce the condition that led Gov. McLean to cry out for "character-forming teachers." That is not possible when instructors are tolerated that belittle The Bible, criticise the genuineness of the basic principles of Christianity, and even stress the subject of birth-control in their lectures.

The rural public schools can not give the rural child advantages comparable with those of the city child until the one and 2-teachers school is abolished, and a system provided for selecting teachers other than by the "certification" corduroy route.

* * * * *

WHILE IN THE FLESH.

Do not keep, says a wise old soul, the alabaster boxes of your kindness and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness; speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things you mean to say when they are dead and gone, say before they are gone. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send now to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have any alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy, good will and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would prefer they would bring them out in my weary and

troubled hours and open them that I may be refreshed, cheered and made better while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and goodwill.

Let us learn to annoint our friends beforehand for their burials. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit; flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance over the weary way. Remember we travel the road of life but once; let us all try to make the world better by our having lived.

* * * * *

WHEN WE KNOW THE TRUTH.

They had a race riot in Brooklyn the other day. Such a thing is all but unknown in the South. The whites resented the negroes taking quarters in their neighborhood, and made fight on them.

While this was going on in New York about 4,500 white citizens of one single county in North Carolina was petitioning the governor to commute the sentence of a negro who was slated, after a fair trial for the nameless crime, to be electrocuted. There seems enough doubt about the negro's guilt to influence a concerted effort on the part of prominent white people to be made to save the negro—if they were in a Brooklyn spirit, there would be no hope for the little negro.

Southern people are the negro's best friends and the best Northern people are coming to recognize this fact.

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NEARING THE END IN FINE SHAPE.

Gov. McLean's leading thesis in his campaign was that the state should be put on a sound financial basis. He was not talking buncombe. He meant just what he said.

As we near the close of his first year's administration, it is observed that he has succeeded. It is the first time in the history of the state that the end of fiscal year had been reached with a real balance to the credit of the state.

Gov. McLean is coming in for no little congratulation for his wisdom and ability in directing the affairs of the state in a business-like manner.

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WHAT SERVICE WILL DO.

This number of The Uplift is very largely a Thomas Jefferson issue. It is the inevitable outcome of the life that is dedicated to the service of fellow-man. It is sure to follow as does the day the night. The name of Jeffer-

son can never die. He contributed to the welfare of a nation, whose subjects are in continuous enjoyment of the fruits of his labors and wise legislation.

We wonder if a person who would make possible a public hospital, that would serve suffering humanity, unable to receive relief otherwise, could ever be forgotten. We cannot carry with us to the great beyond the fruits of our labors, our stocks and bonds, our securities and our property, but we all can leave behind us an act that rebounds to the benefit of hundreds ever afterward—that itself leaves an indelible memory with the people. That's greatness.

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These development concerns have adopted the Florida stunt, in that they are carrying bus loads of people free to the scene of the tanyards. They make a fatal mistake in carrying people from the piedmont and coast section of the state—any part of North Carolina is good enough for a North Carolinian. Let them be. If they desire to better the condition of mankind, go to Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia and even Florida, where the benevolence will not be wasted. The thing is beginning to taste of the can.

* * * * *

There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If you ever wish to go in for some form of philanthropy, if you ever wish to be of any real use in the world, do something for children. If ever you yearn to be wise, study children. If the great army of philanthropists ever exterminate sin and pestilence, ever work out our race salvation, it will be because a little child has led.—David Starr Jordan.

* * * * *

We have scores of new LL.D's today that we didn't have sixty days ago. And no harm has been done—they are all deserving of the honor. The colleges will have to spur up considerably to keep in sight of the judges and notaries public. They are increasing on us at an alarming rate.

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Noting that the degree of LL. D was conferred on Byrd, the alleged North Pole visitor, a state paper deciphers the degree to mean a doctor of latitude and longitude.

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Charlie Ross is contemplating taking up his residence in Shelby—not the Assistant Attorney General Charlie Ross, but the long lost one.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Many North Carolina people are "going abroad" this summer. That reminds me that some people cross an ocean, and sometimes a notion crosses some people. I have never been abroad, but imagine I would like it. Going "abroad" at home is one of the best things a person can do. Any kind of going about is an educational feature. You get out of the narrowness of your circumscribed environment; you learn new things; you meet new people; you find out there is great deal in this world you didn't know, and there are other peoples and other ideas besides your own. "Going abroad," whether across the seas, or in your own America, or even your own state, polishes you up. It rounds off rough corners, and gives you new visions of people and places. It is a great thing to do.

The passing years serve to wrinkle the skin, but to weaken in hope and give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair are the things that make the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. There is in every being's heart whether you are sixteen or seventy, the love of wonder; the sweet amazement of the beautiful world about you; the challenge of events; the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy in the game of life. You are as young as your faith and hope; as old as your doubt and fear. You are a human radio. In your heart

is a wireless station. When you receive messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth; from men, from your surroundings, from the infinite, so long will you be young. When these invisible heart wires down; the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism, cynicism, and you are looking at people and the world through blue goggles; you have grown old and may God have mercy on your soul.

It is told me that a woman, with a very determined air, visited one of Durham's optician shops and wanted a pair of eye-glasses (of extra magnifying power. When asked if she wanted something very strong, replied: "That I do. While in the country I made a painful blunder I do not want to repeat." "Indeed," chimed in the optician. "Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?" "No; not that. I mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry."

Human glory has its price. From time to time ambitious souls become impatient with slow old Mother Nature. "Natural law," they say, "was well enough in its day but, behold, this the new era. Limitations are not for such as us; let us blaze a new trail." Thereupon they announce perpetual motion machines that defy the laws of gravitation and friction; communistic governments that will make every one rich through the abolition of human nature, or, perhaps, real estate booms whose

values always go up and never come down. Eager throngs listen admiringly to these "supermen," but wise patient, old nature merely waits. People rush on madly into all sorts of schemes and devices to get rich quick—over night. Size and speed is now the slogan of success. For a time these people bask in the glory of their enthusiasm, but again nature and those of the conservative school of thought merely wait. Ultimately there comes the inevitable reckoning. The losses which are the natural result of hasty judgment and action come down with a crash. When they have to dig down in their pockets for the cash to repair depleted reserves, they know the price of glory. Yet the human caravan travels on as if there were no warning signs along the rushing railway lines of hasty and unsound business crossings.

Speaking of necking parties wouldn't a pair of giraffs have a wonderful time.

I never could understand why a man will run from a smallpox sign, but will pay no attention to the "Stop, Look, Listen" sign at the grade crossing.

Very few flappers these days are born to blush unseen. They generally know what drug store their blushes come from.

It is pretty tough when the wife says, "Kiss me," and the husband mumbles, "What for?" The wretch. He ought to be put in soli-

tary confinement, in a dungeon at that.

A neighbor told his wife he wished she would hide for a season their little son's kiddy kar. When the wife wanted to know the reason for such an act the husband said: "He took the little girl next door for a ride and made her walk home." It is probable that the little boy was flat, tired.

I have just been given a new definition of a college man. It is a good one. It is: "A college man is a person anywhere between five and six feet tall who wears trousers that are all wool and a yard wide at the bottom; uses a six inch belly band for a belt; wears a lumber jacket for a vest; for a necktie uses half a spanish shawl and pulls one side of his hat brim down over the left eye." That's him.

When you have a desire to express yourself; to say just what you think about people, places and things; the most radical things you can think of, that you really don't believe yourself and no body else will believe, and that would get you into all sorts of a mess if you say them to people's faces; try saying them once, not out loud. Sit down and write out your thoughts. Just say anything, everything, you want to say that you don't believe or do believe, but you would like to get off your chest. The worse you make it on the paper the better you will feel when you burn the paper up afterwards. A day or two after, when you think it over, you will feel hap-

pier that you didn't say what you desired to say when you wanted to say it. Nobody will be hurt in feelings, and you will be wiser. This may seem childish. But men are only children grown up. Some of them know it and act like it; others act like it and don't know it.

Human nature is about the funniest thing on this mundane sphere. It so often works in opposites. The other day, when it was raining so gently, nicely, and refreshingly, one man met another and inquired, "Do you think it is going to stop raining?" And the other man replied, "Well, I dunno, friend; it always has."

In meditative moods I have often thought about and in day dreams, wondered about the steps around the heavenly throne. I have wondered if they were of diamonds, jasper, sardonyx or some other precious

stones. I have wondered if they were made of pearls as white as the virgin snow or are they of pure gold. I have wondered if the steps about the throne were banked with roses, red, yellow, white, pink; every one rare and sweet; or do the lowly lilies grow where my Savior presses his sacred feet. I wonder may not heavenly violets give forth rare perfume. I want to know. I want to see if these are there. I want to hear the heavenly music and smell the heavenly roses sweet. I want to hear the heavenly anthems, by angelic choirs sung. It would thrill me, unspeakably, to feel the heavenly joy—the sweetest ever known to human thought. My eternal desire is that when I cross the "great divide" between time and eternity and enter the gateway to heaven it may be my humble lot to worship Jesus on the steps around the "great white throne." That will be heaven enough for me.

DETERMINATION.

I heard of a man sometime ago who used to drink heavily. Seeing the desolation it was bringing into his life and his home he decided to become an abstainer. But the habit had so fastened itself upon him that he knew he was going to have the battle of his life. But that did not deter him, and he was ready to put into the conflict the moral equivalent of war. His work was so situated that he could go home for lunch. But between his place of employment and his home stood several saloons. The fumes that poured forth from them nearly set him wild with the thirst for drink. He feared he would yield, and yet he did not want to. He could not trust himself to pass leisurely by these places of temptation, and so when he started for his lunch he would go directly to the middle of the road and then run as fast as he could go until he reached home. We have generally thought that it was weak men who run from danger, but strong men do the same thing, and for the reason that they are strong.

GOV. MCLEAN AT VALLEY FORGE.

Extracts from address of Governor Angus W. McLean, upon the occasion of the dedication of the North Carolina Bay in the cloister of the Colonies Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, June 17, 1926.

Governor McLean said in part:

"Nothing can be more essential to a wholesome love of our nation and the exaltation of patriotism among the people, than knowledge of vital moments in our history and the perpetuation of such knowledge in beautiful shrines and monuments.

"Accurate historical knowledge gives due significance to the memorial, and beauty in the memorial itself, insures perpetuation of the knowledge by operation of the poetic law that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

"Under the leadership of Mrs. S. Westray Battle, Chairman of the North Carolina State Commission, a number of our citizens have contributed toward the erection of this shrine at Valley Forge—the North Carolina Bay in the Cloister of the Colonies, and we have come today to take part in these ceremonies and to dedicate this Bay as an everlasting memorial to the valor of the North Carolina Soldiers who bore an honorable part in the momentous events which took place here, one hundred and forty-eight years ago.

"In reverent paraphrase Valley Forge may be called the Gethsemane of the American Revolution where Washington and his men, all but disheartened drank deep of distress and abject despair. And on this occasion

of fitting ceremonial, I embrace the opportunity to read into the record the bare facts of history showing wherein North Carolina has part in the significance and glory of Valley Forge.

"1. North Carolina was present in the personnel of nine battallions of regular Continental troops. The North Carolina Continentals—regulars, as distinguished from State troops and militia—were regimented at or near Wilmington early in 1776.

"Before that time, North Carolina troops had aided in driving Lord Dunmore's forces out of Virginia; and with a loss of only one man of their own, had crushingly defeated a force of Tory Highlanders and former Regulators at Moore's Creek Bridge on February 27, 1776.

"James Moore, of New Hanover County, and Robert Howe, of Brunswick County, were commissioned Brigadier-Generals in the Continental Line on March 1, 1776. Moore afterwards marched his brigade to the vicinity of Charleston, South Carolina, and there fought under Major-General Charles Lee. When Lee was ordered northward, Moore was for a while commander of the Southern Department. After returning to North Carolina he became ill, and died in the spring of 1777. To succeed him Colonel Francis Nash, of the First North Carolina Continental Regiment, was commissioned Brigadier-General. Nash's brigade, which set out to join the "Grand Army" under Washington, contained about 4,500 men when it reached Halifax, North Carolina, on

the march northward. General Nash himself, who had been temporarily absent on recruiting duty, later re-joined his brigade with still further reinforcements, probably running the total up to 5,000. They marched up through Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania to Washington's army, which was encamped at Middlebrook, New Jersey. Washington and his army were jubilant over this splendid accession to their ranks, and a 'salutation of thirteen cannon, each fired thirteen times,' roared out a welcome to the newcomer. The first fight of Nash's brigade, under the high command of Washington, was at Brandywine, September 11, 1777. Less than a month later came the Battle of Germantown (October 4th), and a disastrous fight it was for North Carolina. General Nash's thigh was shattered by a cannon-shot, and he died of his wounds three days later. Colonel Edward Buncombe, of the Fifth Regiment, was wounded and captured—later dying while a prisoner of war in Philadelphia. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Irwin, of the Fifth Regiment, Adjutant Jacob Turner of the Third, and Lieutenant John McCann of the Sixth, were left dead on the field. Major William Polk of the Ninth, Captain John Armstrong of the Second, Lieutenant Joshua Hadley of the Sixth, Ensign John Daves of the Second, and probably others, were among the wounded.

“For some weeks after Germantown, minor fights were engaged in by detachments of the opposing armies; and, on December 19, 1777, began the long and ever-to-be-remembered encampment on the frozen stretches of Valley Forge.’ It is estimated that

of the 5,000 who left North Carolina, but 900 came through the ordeal of Valley Forge.

“2. It should also be remembered to the credit of North Carolina that she offered to march five thousand militia to reinforce Washington's depleted army during those terrible winter months. Of this offer, under date of January 31, 1778, from York, Pennsylvania, Cornelius Harnett, member of the Continental Congress, wrote Governor Caswell as follows:

“‘Congress has a high sense of the offer made by our country of marching 5,000 militia to the assistance of the Grand Army, and greatly applaud their spirit; whether they will be called for is not yet known. I suppose they will not (having so great a distance to march), unless in case of emergency.

“3. North Carolina helped materially to feed the Continental Army at Valley Forge. The only communication from the camp was to the south to Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, and Governor Caswell of North Carolina was unremitting in his efforts to furnish supplies. The little island of Ocracoke became to Washington what later the blockade-running port of Wilmington became to Lee. Edenton and New Bern joined the effort. Tobacco was shipped to foreign countries, supplies were bought, and, being reloaded at these ports, were sent to Washington's army. Caswell employed men in every section of North Carolina to pack and transport pork, skins, leather and blankets. Where purchase could not be made, impressment was resorted to. At one time four brigades

of wagons were sent to North Carolina to haul stores accumulated. The non-combatant Quakers of the State made shoes. By such exertions North Carolina gave supplies as well as men to Washington in his operations in and about Valley Forge.

“As shown in the above record, therefore, North Carolina is linked forever in spirit and in fact with each of the other original States in the significance of Valley Forge. Beyond this statement of the simple facts it is not my purpose or province to go in the brief ceremonies of this occasion. For we unite here in a spiritual act at the present for the purpose of paying tribute to a spiritual act in the past—an act of faith in the justice of the American cause and in the final destiny of America. Such faith on the part of Washington and his men at that fateful time never more justly ran true to the scriptural definition of faith—‘the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.’

“For we behold today what these

men saw only in the faith that fired their high resolve to see the ordeal through: we enjoy in myriad manifestations the opportunities and results of a freedom they could but pursue as hope. Our natural impulse of State pride under such considerations subordinates itself to common gratitude that we are the great nation we are today because ‘great men have been among us’—never so great, never so prophetic of greatness in the nation as were Washington and his men at Valley Forge.

“In the name of the people of North Carolina, who cherish with pardonable pride the brave deeds of their sons, who fought, suffered and died here, I present this memorial. It is worthy and it will endure; but it cannot add one jot or tittle to the fame of those in whose honor it is erected. Their names are immortal and will remain indelibly written upon the pages of history long after this memorial of marble and bronze has crumbled into dust.”

Today there is too much effort on the part of some preachers to soften the meaning of the admonition that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. They know full well how few there are who can handle great wealth without spiritual damage to themselves and others. They know full well that a man can be grossly materialistic on two dollars a day, for that matter. And yet they seek by their homilies to soften the word of Christ and to ‘adjust’ it to the social conditions of their particular charges.—Bishop McConnell.

MASTER OF THE GARDEN AT MONTICELLO.

By Elizabeth Hatcher Sadler in *Charlotte Observer*.

Thomas Jefferson, student philosopher, writer, reformer, and political leader, was primarily a lover of life and beauty. He loved all men. He loved little children, his farm, his wheat lands, his flower beds, and blooming trees at Monticello, and the animals and birds that were a part of the place; and when blossom time came to the little mountain all the earth was filled with glory for him there.

"I arrived in good health at home this day se'n-night," he wrote his daughter, "the mountain had then been in bloom 10 days." And finding his family away, he added, "the bloom of Monticello is chilled by my solitude."

Wherever he went he found his way into a garden and made friends with the flowers. "From the first olive fields of Pierrelatte to the orange-groves of Hieres has been continued rapture to me," he wrote Lafayette while making a journey through southern France and Italy. The meanest flower that grew on the banks of Lake George in New York was not unworthy of his notice there.

Workhouse of Nature.

Monticello, his own workhouse of nature, set as he said, amidst mountains, forests, rocks and rivers, where nature had spread so rich a mantle, was constantly calling to him, away from home as he was in the service of his country for more than 40 years.

The first page in his garden book,

to be seen in the Massachusetts Historical society today, makes note of the blooming of purple hyacinth and narcissus, the fall of the pukeon, and the vanishing of the blue flower from the low grounds of his boyhood home. Early plans recorded for a park and garden revealed the young lover at work making ready for the mistress of Monticello, and a review of his whole life shows the gardener in him always busy. Ten years there with an adored wife, brought suddenly to a close by her death, made him dependent for his happiness on his beloved Patsy and little Poll, his two daughters.

At a time when political strife ran high, he wrote one of his daughters, "I'm tired of a life of contention, I long to be with you, where I know nothing but love and delight." The picture constantly presents itself of a tall, spare form bending over his writing table, as was his custom, pouring out his longings for home and field and flowers, and trying to arouse in others the same love of living, growing things.

"Our birds and flowers are well and send their love to yours," he wrote his granddaughter, and to Martha, then married, with a brood of little children growing up around her, "I congratulate you on the arrival of the mocking bird. Learn all the children to venerate it as a supreme being . . . I shall hope that the multiplication of cedar in the

neighborhood and of trees and shrubs around the house will attract more of them."

"There is not a sprig of grass that shoots that is uninteresting to me," he wrote to his little motherless Maria, and to Ellen, a granddaughter, "you have a thousand little things of which I am fond to hear; for instance the health of everybody" . . . and "how often you and Anne have rowed over to Monticello to see if the tulips are safe."

News from home, though not always satisfactory, meant news from the flowers and birds. "The garden is backward, the enclosure having been but lately finished. I wish you would be so kind as to send me seven yards of cloth like the piece I send you," came back for an answer from Polly.

Ellen later was more dependable. "Fine weather has at length, returned, and the grass and wall flowers both look exceedingly well." Again she says, "I would have written last post if I had had time, but I am determined to do it, though I have not much to say, unless I talk about the plants."

Farm and garden books kept with amazing regularity for two score years or more witness today the progress of the kitchen garden at Monticello and show the adventurous spirit of the master of the orchards and gardens there, for whom nothing was too difficult to undertake from pomegranates and nectarines to raisins and the finest figs.

"No occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, and no culture as that of the garden," he once wrote, and again "No sta-

tion in life is more favorable or happy than that of the farmer."

Gardening, he said, was noted by some as a fine art, the English excelling all people of the earth, and while in England he was found in the stately pleasure gardens of Blenheim, Hampton Court, Stowe, and others, looking for ideas of his own.

Cherished His Garden.

Jefferson watched constantly for new specimens of flowers, cherished his garden book, stored his seed carefully, and shared generously with his friends, whether it was George Washington or the gardener of neighbor Madison. He sought variety and beauty and recognized the practical value of flowers and shrubs for ornamentation.

Back of the gardener in Jefferson must be recognized as the botanist at work; a disciple of Linnaeus and a constant student of plant life, he gave rare impetus to the study of the science and made his greatest contribution to its advance in the results obtained from seeds and plants brought back by the Lewis and Clark expedition, which he so largely fostered and maintained.

Near to the heart of nature, he had a fine eye for its beauties and a peculiar understanding of its secrets. He was interested in the freedom and the growth of the human mind, in the unfolding of life and happiness and beauty, and in the development of the human spirit along natural lines.

Keen to see the principles for which he stood take root in American life, he stayed always at his post, but the great desire for the open was always with him, and the tranquility

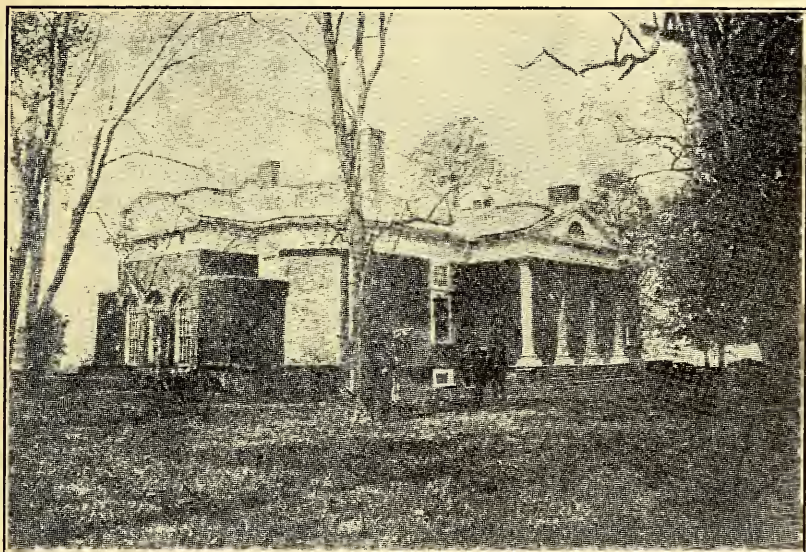
about him, which Margaret Bayard Smith said an inward peace could alone bestow, was due in part to his constant contact with the great sources of nature and life.

If I had the opportunity to say a final word to all the young people in America it would be this: Don't think too much about yourself. When all you can think about is yourself you are in a bad way!

—Charles W. Eliott.

THE MANY-SIDED JEFFERSON.

By Sidney North.



Monticello

The epithet many-sided has long been applied to Dr. Franklin, our country's first great scientist and philosopher, who was printer, author, inventor and statesman as well. It might also be applied to many of his contemporaries of that truly Golden Age, but to none more fittingly than

his ardent admirer, Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia.

Jefferson's own profession was the law, for which he was trained at William and Mary College and later by special study. His father, Thomas Jefferson, Sr., who died when Thomas, Jr., was fourteen, had been a land-

ed proprietor, holding nineteen hundred acres, and serving his country as a justice of the peace and also as a vestryman. His talented son soon showed a similar interest in public affairs. No sooner had he attained his majority than he, too, was elected a justice. After that his life was a succession of public offices until his retirement at an advanced age.

At the age of twenty-five he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, where he remained during the thrilling ante-bellum days and until the Assembly itself was dissolved by the Revolution. He served one year in the so-called Virginia Convention. Then, as every schoolchild knows, he was chosen to represent his state in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. He was thirty-three when he drafted his immortal Declaration of Independence, which he ever considered his most important service to his country. July 4, 1776, he had just fifty years to live, and curiously but one of "the signers" survived him.

Having served with such distinction in the Continental Congress, he was called home to become a war-time Governor of Virginia. After the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in his own state and the cessation of hostilities, he was sent as a member to that very important but very quarrelsome body, the Congress of the Confederation. He was next named to succeed Dr. Franklin as the American representative at the Court of France, where, witnessing the marked respect and veneration of the court for the grand old man, he always answered humbly, "No one can replace him, sir; I am only his successor."

Five years abroad, then he was made Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Washington, whom he so much admired. His next step upward was to the Vice Presidency under John Adams, his last to the Presidency itself, the highest honor his country could bestow. Altogether forty-five years of his life were devoted to the interests of his country, and these in the trying years of the establishment of the republic. A truly superior record! Nor did his patriotic service cease with his retirement from public life. To the end he was a helpful, public-spirited citizen, whose advice and counsel were sought on many subjects. Needless to state, he was honored by old and young.

Judging from the epitaph, which he prepared for himself after the fashion of the great Dr. Franklin, the Declaration of Independence is to be ranked first among his achievements, the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom second, the founding of the University of Virginia third. Certain historians, however, would place the purchase of Louisiana close after the Declaration. Surely in a life so crowded with achievement it is not always easy to say which should have precedence.

As a statesman, he ranked with the greatest of his age. Washington consulted him on the new Constitution, on commerce and navigation laws, and in the end entrusted him with the chief post in his Cabinet. He was ever interested and capable of advising sanely and impartially on such important questions as banks, national credit, foreign treaties, the Indian policy, the spoils system, edu-

educational qualification, slavery and secession. It was to him, years after retirement, that President Monroe turned for consultation and support in his foreign policy now known as the Monroe Doctrine.

Perhaps no finer tribute has been paid to his statesmanship than Lincoln's own: "All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and sagacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

As an author, he made almost no pretensions, yet ranked very high indeed. The beautiful and stately prose of the Declaration bespeaks his skill in the use of the English language, as do also many other state documents of importance. He was the first of the Presidents to present his annual message to Congress in writing. He was throughout his whole life a most indefatigable letter writer, leaving a correspondence of some thirty thousand letters. This alone would entitle him to high place as historian, covering as it does every momentous question and event of his times. For characterizations of his friends and his enemies there is perhaps no better source. Every schoolchild knows, or should know, his delineation of the character of General Washington, beginning: "His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his

penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder."

Similar praise of the wise, good and great man along with the renowned Dr. Franklin is found in Jefferson's first published book called "Notes on Virginia." This work, compiled in answer to the inquiries of the French agent regarding the resources of the colonies, was published in 1784, the year of his appointment to the Court of France. It ran through sixteen editions in his lifetime, appearing in both French and English. And it won the author a reputation second only to Franklin in the scientific world of Europe, a fact which clearly speaks its excellence and Jefferson's versatility.

During the busy years of public life he was always interested and engaged in farming, a pursuit that occupied him still more after retirement. Like Washington, he had large estates in Virginia, Monticello being his home farm; Poplar Forest, ninety miles away, the woodland hermitage to which he fled periodically for rest.

His knowledge of agriculture would surprise, if not shame, many a farmer of cotton belt and the corn belt and no doubt elsewhere the fertility of the soil is exhausted, yet the farmers have still to be convinced of the necessity for crop rotation. Thus Jefferson in 1798: "My rotation is triennial, to wit: one year of wheat and two of clover in the stronger fields, and two of peas in the weaker, with a crop of Indian corn and potatoes between every other rota-

tion, that is to say, once in seven years. Under this easy course of culture, aided with some manure, I hope my fields will recover their pristine fertility, which had in some of them been completely exhausted by perpetual crops of Indian corn and wheat alternately."

He was continually experimenting, studying, testing the merits of clovers, cow-peas, vetches, importing seeds and plants from Europe. He listed among his most important services to his country the importation of "a great number of olive plants, of the best kind, sent from Marseilles to Charleston, for South Carolina and Georgia," also "a cask of heavy upland rice, from the River Denbigh in Africa, about lat. 9 degrees 30 minutes north, which I sent to Charleston, in hopes it might supersede the culture of the wet rice, which renders South Carolina and Georgia so pestilential through the summer," concluding this notation with the statement that "the greatest service which can be rendered any country is to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread grain."

His knowledge of markets was profound, being that of an expert rather than a farmer, as his letters to Washington show. However, the most impressive thing about his farming was his delight in it. Again and again he asserted that the simple life was the only life for him, that he would prefer to be shut up in a very modest cottage with his books, his family, and a few old friends than to occupy the most splendid post in the world. His last days at Monticello were ample proof of this. There he spent his early morning in

correspondence with friends in America and abroad, his days in supervising his shops, gardens and farms, riding many miles on horseback. His evenings were passed in the society of his neighbors, discussing ploughs and harrows, seeding and harvesting, and the ordinary events of farm life. His interest in politics did not wane and he was fond of reading to the last.

His skill at architecture is attested by the classic beauty of his house at Monticello and by the first buildings at the University of Virginia. The University itself was his last great service of a public nature, being opened just the year before his death. He was, however, engaged upon his plans for it for many years, and long before that had taken upon himself the instruction of the young men of his neighborhood.

Indeed his interest in young people was a characteristic and beautiful part of his life. In a letter to his daughter Martha, a schoolgirl in Philadelphia, he encloses detailed plans for her days from eight in the morning until bedtime, urging her to write by every post, informing him what books she read, what tunes she learned, and enclosing her best copy of every lesson in drawing. His excellent though quaint advice on spelling follows. "Take care that you never spell a word wrong. Always before you write a word, consider how it is spelled, and, if you do not remember it, turn to a dictionary. It produces great praise to a lady to spell well."

For young men he advised a thorough training in the classics, tempered with extensive reading in history,

philosophy and poetry, with enough French to master mathematics, natural philosophy, natural history, etc., and enough Spanish to qualify for public service. He was, however, opposed to a foreign education for them. "Cast your eye over America: who are the men of most learning, of most eloquence, most beloved by their countrymen and most trusted and promoted by them? They are those who have been educated among them, and whose manners, morals and habits are perfectly home-grown with those of the country."

To his children, his grandchildren, his ward, his namesakes and such young men as asked for it, he was ever ready to furnish counsel on reading, study, exercise, conduct, character and general improvement including the choice of a profession.

He who resembled the many-sided Franklin in so many phases of his life resembled him also in his simple, common-sense rules for conduct. The following is his Decalogue of Canons

for Observation in Practical Life, set down for a certain Thomas Jefferson Smith:

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.

5. Pride costs us dearer than hunger, thirst and cold.

6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.

9. Take things always by their smooth handle.

10. When hungry, count ten, before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

JUST LIKE A MOTHER.

The first thing I remember is the death of my father. I was four years old. My mother was soon taken sick, and my eldest brother ran away from home about the same time. Trouble never comes singly. Day after day mother would send us one and a half miles to the post-office for letters from my runaway brother. She would often say, "Oh! could I hear that he was dead, it would be such a relief to me." It seemed as if she loved him more than the rest of us. I remember hearing her pray past midnight, "O God, bring back my boy; bring him back, wherever he is." She used to leave a vacant chair at the table for him. I can remember how her hair turned gray. Before I was a Christian I used to pray, "Send back that boy." One day a stranger was seen coming up the hill. He came and stood on the porch outside the window, with arms folded, looking at mother. She said, "Oh! my son, is it possible you have come home? Come in." "No, mother," he said, "not until you forgive me." She rushed to his arms and forgave him.—D. L. Moody.

THE BEST INVESTMENT.

(Asheville Citizen).

The best sure-fire investment in this country today is a piece of land somewhere between Washington, D. C., and the southern part of Florida. The next fifty years, says Clarence Poe in a recent article in *The Review of Reviews*, belong to the South. Clarence Poe is one of the best posted men in the South on conditions in the South. As editor of a farm publication with a circulation of 400,000 copies, he has studied Southern agriculture and familiarized himself with all the other industries and conditions in the South, because agriculture can not stand alone. Each calling or business touches largely every other calling or business.

In one of the New York newspapers appeared this story a few days ago: Frederick Brown, the largest real estate operator in the country, had an opportunity three or four years ago to buy the Vanderbilt New York residence at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue for four and one-half million dollars. When asked why he did not buy it he replied that, while it was undeniably cheap at that price, he

preferred to buy stuff that could be sold to any one of many customers, and purchasers of property as expensive as the Vanderbilt house were limited in number. Nevertheless, before he sailed for Europe a short while ago, this same Frederick Brown bought the Vanderbilt home for \$7,100,000. His delay in making the deal cost him over two and one-half millions of dollars.

The moral is plain. The next fifty years belong to the South. In the next half-century the South is going to dominate the industrial real estate and agricultural development of this nation. Clarence Poe and all the other far-seeing Southerners say so. Northern bankers realize it. Therefore, the man who invests his money in Southern real estate is bound to profit.

Particularly is this true to Asheville and Western North Carolina real estate. This section is going to be, like Florida, a tremendous playground for all Eastern America. People will flock here in increasing thousands each year. And incoming people mean up-going realty values.

First she puts on powder,
Then she applies the paint;
You see—the big idea is,
To look like what she ain't.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY OF A BELL.

One hundred and fifty candles for Liberty Bell's party this year!

The Sesqui-Centennial is being celebrated in Philadelphia. Now the Sesqui-Centennial is a centennial and a half and this means that it has been one hundred and fifty years since Liberty Bell first rang its message of freedom.

Everywhere now you can see its picture, and no perfect bell in all the world is so dear as this bell which is marred by a huge crack. You can see its outline hanging high in brilliant electric lights. Stickers pasted on letters have carried it into all parts of the world, and visitors to the Sesqui-Centennial will find it made up in souvenirs of paper, wood and bronze. Almost everybody will have a Liberty Bell of some size.

Liberty Bell has been a famous traveler. Six long journeys have been made by it in the last twenty-five years. Its last trip was to the St. Louis Fair. No prince ever traveled in more state. All along the way people gathered at the stations to see the bell. One night when the train on which it was traveling reached Springfield, Ill., 20,000 people were waiting to welcome it, although the train was six hours late and did not get in until nearly midnight. Among the 20,000 was a woman nearly eighty years old. As she made her way to the car, the crowd fell back and she was helped up to the car beside the bell. She caressed it as though it were a dear friend, as she told of her grandfather, who used to describe to her when she was a little girl how he heard the liberty bell

ring out its first glad message in 1776. He was one of three triplet brothers born in Philadelphia, who were soldiers under Washington.

In Lansing, Iowa, just before the sunrise one morning, two officers who were guarding the bell at the station was a farmer with his wife and two babies in their arms who had waited several hours for the train to come in. It made a stop of only a few moments, but the farmer holding one baby in his arms and his wife the other, called to the officers, "Please let them touch it, they may never get another chance in their lives." Each officer lifted a child in his arms, and pressed the baby hands on the bell. As the whistle blew and the train started, they handed the babies back to their satisfied parents.

Frank Voelker, a blind boy of Dubuque, Iowa, was led by his grandfather, who was a war veteran, through the thousands who pressed forward to see the bell when it reached that city. Frank rubbed his sensitive fingers all over the surface of the bell in order that he might see with them just what it looked like. Then he threw his arms about it and spelled with his fingers the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The Liberty Bell is not likely to go on any more journeys. There is too much danger of it being damaged in a wreck or in some other way. Every year thousands of visitors come to pay their respects to it in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, and, during its Sesqui-Centennial birthday

year, there will be many hundreds of thousands who will stand about it and read again its message of liberty and give God thanks for the brave men who have helped to make America the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Not many people can qualify for **LLD**. It was given to Dick Byrd on his return from the North Pole. It means Doctor of Longitude and Latitude.

WHEN OUR OWN FREEDOM WAS WON.

By **A. M. Barnes.**

At the beginning of the war for American independence three forms of government were in operation throughout the Colonies. These were the Royal, the Charter and the Proprietary. The colonies under the Royal Government were Virginia, New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Georgia and North and South Carolina.

In each of these seven colonies at the head of affairs was the Royal Governor appointed by the King of England.

The Charter colonies were Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. These three colonies were under the authority of governing bodies of their own people, in accordance with the liberties granted them by the King.

The Proprietary colonies were those that were under the control of the individuals to whom their charters had been granted by the English sovereign. These were Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware. Carolina also in its earliest days had been in the hands of a Proprietary Government; but in 1719, aroused by the injustice of the Proprietary rule, the Carolinians had revolted and appeal-

ed to the King for redress. The King approving the action of the people, Carolina, in 1721, became a Royal Province.

Even in the Royal colonies at this period, however, there was a growing spirit of unrest, of dissatisfaction with the rule of the Royal Governors. The majority of these Governors, sent over from England, had proved to be wholly unfit for their duties. The few who were really capable and just were so restricted and so held back by the rules and regulations that bound them, they could not act upon their own judgment. Thus the greatest injustice prevailed. The laws were enforced as though the people were bondmen instead of freemen. The taxes soon became a heavy burden, while the regulations and restrictions governing trade grew more and more unbearable. So ironclad were the laws governing commerce the colonists were not permitted to buy goods that came from any other country than England. They were forced, too, to send all their products for sale to the English markets. Even the price on each of the products was fixed by law.

Still greater injustice was in the

laws that restricted the people from manufacturing in the colonies any article of a like manufacture in England.

It has been clearly shown that the main cause of the spirit of revolt that so determinately developed among the colonists was in the attitude of the British King.

“George III,” says a prominent historian, “was’ one of the worst monarchs of modern times. His notions of government were altogether despotic. He was a stupid, stubborn, thick-headed man, in whose mind the notion of human rights was entirely wanting. In the management of the British Empire he employed only those who were narrow-minded partisans of his own policies. With such a king and such a ministry, the revolt was inevitable.”

The conditions which led to the throwing overboard from the English ships in Boston harbor of the chests of tea on which a heavy tax had been placed are too well known to be recounted here. Following the “Boston Tea Party,” as it has been facetiously termed by historians, the British Parliament, at the instigation of King George, who was furious over the act of the colonists, passed five harsh laws. The object of their enactment was not only to punish the people of Massachusetts; but also in order to bring “every rebel throughout the colonies into subjection.”

The first of these laws was to the effect that no ship was to be allowed either to enter or to leave Boston harbor until payment had been made for the tea that had been thrown overboard. The second one of these laws gave to the Governor of Massachusetts the authority, without any pre-

liminaries, to arrest and send any person he chose to England for trial. The third law made provision for the taking away of the charter of the province; while the fourth one provided for the quartering of British troops on the colonists. The province was thus to be placed under military rule. The fifth and final law was an enactment that gave all the western land claimed by Massachusetts to the province of Quebec, Canada.

The people of Massachusetts, aroused by the wholesale injustice of these laws, made indignant declaration to the effect that to these “five intolerable Acts, they could not and would not submit.” Promptly the people of the other colonies asserted their intention to stand by the people of Massachusetts in whatever course they decided to take. It was at length arranged that there should be a meeting of delegates from each of the colonies, in which assembly would be discussed the best course to pursue.

In September of 1774 the delegates met in Philadelphia; the assembly now designated in American history as the First Continental Congress. All the colonies were represented with the exception of Georgia. The reason for this absence was because of the fact that the Royal Governor of that province, a rabid Royalist, had prevented an election of delegates.

At this Congress fifty-five delegates assembled, among them a number of men who became famous in the struggle for American independence. Washington was there and Franklin, Samuel and John Adams, Patrick Henry, Peyton Randolph and Richard Henry Lee.

After “careful deliberation” it

was unanimously agreed to send a petition to the King as well as a "declaration of rights." In the petition the King was begged "to reconsider his attitude toward his subjects in America." At the same time the petition clearly stated "the unwillingness of these subjects to submit to oppression." Finally the King was assured that the one ardent desire of the people of the colonies was for "a peaceful adjustment of the difficulties."

King George, with his usual obstinacy, turned a deaf ear to the petition. Instead of granting the plea for "a peaceful adjustment of the difficulties," he was all the more resolved to visit severer punishment upon the colonies. An order was sent to General Gage, who had been recently appointed Governor of Massachusetts "to reduce the colonists by force." In addition to the troops already in the colonies, a fleet and an army of ten thousand soldiers were dispatched to America "to aid in the work of subjugation."

Meanwhile, the colonists, realizing that war was inevitable, had begun to prepare for it. "Military companies," as they were termed, were formed, and every effort made to collect a store of ammunition.

The news of the battle of Lexington, in April of 1775, in which seven of the colonists lost their lives, spread through the country like wildfire. Men in all the colonies, who up to this time had held back in the struggle for liberty because of their love for the Mother Country, now hastened to take up arms in the American cause.

On May 10, 1775, the Second Continental Congress assembled in Phila-

delphia. It was by this time fully realized by the colonies that, as they were now in revolt against the King, the time had come for the forming of a recognized government to take control of affairs.

At this Congress each colony was represented. A final "declaration of rights" was addressed to King George; wherein he was plainly informed that the people of the American colonies had fully determined to become freemen. In addition to this step, the supreme power in the conduct of the affairs of the colonies was assumed by this Congress.

On May 15, 1776, John Adams offered a resolution in Congress proposing that each colony form its own independent government. On June 7, of the same year, a similar resolution was presented by Richard Henry Lee to the effect, "That these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is, and ought to be totally dissolved."

After a long and vigorous debate this resolution was adopted; the only dissenting voice being those of the delegates from Pennsylvania and New York, who still desired to remain loyal to the Mother Land.

On the adoption of this resolution a committee was appointed to draft a "declaration of rights," its object being the independence of the colonies. At the head of this committee was Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, who became the author of the Declaration. The document, "with but few changes," as the records state, was adopted by the Congress

on July 4, 1776; the delegates of twelve of the colonies voting for it. The New York members did not give their sanction till five days later. News of the adoption of the Declaration on July 4, was "received with the wildest rejoicing throughout the country"; and that date became memorable in our nation's history as marking the birth of American independence.

It was not until August 2, 1776, however, that the signatures of the delegates were affixed to the document that was to become the Magna Charta of American liberty. It was a solemn and impressive occasion as each delegate went forward to the

table, to place his name upon a paper that instead of being a declaration of liberty might prove to be the death warrant of each one of them. But there was no faltering on the part of the men within whose breasts the fire of patriotism glowed fervidly.

There were fifty-six signers in all; the larger number being from Pennsylvania and the next largest from Virginia.

The famous old document by which America became "the land of the free" as well as "the home of the brave," is preserved in its original form within a steel case in the State Department at Washington.

The most astonishing thing about Mother Eve is that she landed the first man so quickly without the aid of bobbed hair and a porch swing.

MERELY PROPAGANDA.

(Presbyterian Standard).

Your editor is taking a trip. The lure of the great Rotary International Convention has called him to Denver. He is trying to take the trip with both eyes and ears open. Last night, as the train stood in the station at Kansas City (the home of Senator Jim Reed, the seeming attorney for the wets in the United States Senate), he was a drunk man. Nothing remarkable in that, you say. Well, the remarkable thing is that he has been in fifteen states during the last six months, and this is the second drunk man he has seen. His poor little wife and a friend were getting him on the train and into the drawing room. He was a disgusting

picture. But the fine part was that it is getting to be a rare picture.

Oh, you say, I have seen many drunks in six months. Perhaps you have. The writer has seen two. You and the writer probably mix with different sets of people. He has been as far north as Philadelphia and as far south as Miami; as far east as Atlantic City and as far west as Kansas City; has traveled on train and boat and bus; has walked through great crowds in large cities, and has driven through the country; and he has seen two drunk men in six months.

I turned to the gentleman standing by me and mentioned that fact. He

said: "I am very glad to hear that. I am from California. Out there they tell us in the papers that the East and central parts of our country are dripping wet. But I have just travelled from California to New York and am this far back, and this is the first drunk man I have seen. I am convinced that all this newspaper talk is just propaganda."

I asked him about California. The newspapers say that is wet. He told me that so far as he could see, it was bone dry. There was little drinking and the sentiment was overwhelmingly against liquor. More propaganda. And their propaganda is getting them converts. I was at a

T. P. A. banquet not long ago. Fine fellows those travelling men are. Clean in life and temperate are they. The speaker of the evening was a Presbyterian and a good man. The propaganda had gotten him. "I am convinced," he said, "that because of the vast amount of crime and drinking that we must let them have beer and light wines." Stuff. If you can get enough people to break a law to discredit a law, then the only thing to do is to do away with the law?

The thing to do is to enforce the law. And that, God helping them, the Christian people of this country are going to do. J. M. W.

Congress proposes to adjourn Saturday. Possibly the farmer can get some relief out of that.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Willie Smith, a member of the third cottage was paroled last week. He has gone to live with his parents in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Hattie Fuller, matron of the sixth cottage, returned to the institution last week after taking a trip to New York via. bus.

The boys of the ninth cottage are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. John Brock of Charlotte. Last Saturday afternoon they came out to the institution and distributed to each boy of the ninth cottage a sack of candy.

Mr. Teague has been given charge of the barn force, during the past week. The officers that now have charge of this force are: Mr. Lee White, Mr. Morris, and Mr. Teague. Several mules were purchased last week, for the barn force. The barn boys have been busy during the past week plowing and planting corn.

The following boys: Lee McBride, Russell Bowden, Cleveland Byrely, Walter Massey, Clay Church, Bud Gilbert, Gordon Ellis, William Wofford, James Peeler, Brunell Fink, Hazel Robbins, Clifton Hedrick, Mutt

Padgett, Troy Noris, Roland McEIlween, Arnold Cecil, Bloyce Johnson, Zeb Hunsucker, James Hunsucker, Early Brown and Walter Williams were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Since the days have begun to get longer, the boys have a good time, most every afternoon. After supper there is plenty of time for a base ball game, or some other amusement. The eighth, ninth, and tenth cottages have an amusing time pitching horse shoes. The boys of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth cottages have the front lawn to play on after supper. The boys all like to go out after supper and have a good time.

The boys on the junior team have won their first two games from the visitors. The first game was with the Franklin Junior team, and they won by the score of 25 to 0. The second game was with the Hartsell Mill juniors, who were defeated by the school juniors, the score being 2 to 1. Both of these games ending at the seventh inning. Wade pitching for the school juniors, has two victories to his, and his team mates credit, and they are proud of it.

Mr Thomas Shelton, secretary of the Boy's Y. M. C. A. Charlotte, brought Dr. Tyler of New York City to speak to the boys last Sunday afternoon. His talk was mostly about "character and love." He told the boys how precious "character," would be to them, after they had grown to be men. He told the boys of several men who had made good

in life; he told about crooks, thieves, pickpockets, what kind of character they had; none. His talk to the boys was a very interesting one. Miss Davis, of Charlotte, also came out to the institution to sing for the boys, and her singing was the best ever heard at the school. Dr. Tyler's talk was enjoyed by all present.

The program that was rendered by the boys of the institution last Wednesday afternoon for the members of the Building & Loan Association, in the auditorium was very interesting. The program was as follows: "Carolina! Carolina!" was the opening hymn. A song by twenty boys. "In a Feather Bed," a song by Bill Goss. "O. Max Gardner's Speech at the State Democratic Convention," by David Driver. A song by Carlyle Hardy. "A Charcoal Talk," by Silas Soloman. This being very interesting. "Old Aunt Dinah's Christmas," by Virgil Shipes. The program was closed by singing "America the Beautiful."

The game on the local diamond resulted in a victory for the visiting team, Harrisburg. The score being 14 to 2. Harris pitching a no hit, no run game until the eighth. Godown slamming out the ball for one sack, Pickett slammed out the pill for four sacks, making two runs, Godown being on base. The Training School used three pitchers without success. Lisk started the game off, but was removed from the box in the fourth, Russell taking his place in the box. White was put in the box in the six-

th. Errors made by the School team counted heavily. The score:

	R	H	E	
J. T. S.	0	0	0	0 2 0—2 2 7
Harrisburg	4	0	4	0 6 0 0—14 14 2

Three base hits: J. Davis. Home runs: J. Davis, Pickett. Stolen bases: Brown, Godown (2) Verbal (2) Hudson, MsEachern. Bases on balls off: Lisk 2, off White 1. Struck out: by Harris 14, by Lisk 1, by Russell 2. Hit by pitcher: White. Umpires Wilson and Stafford. The Training School team has won five games and lost four, the percentage being .556.

There was no Sunday School last Sunday morning on account of the rainy weather. The subject of the lesson was: "What We Have Learned from the book of Genesis." These lessons were taken from the Old Testament and were very interesting. The subjects of these lessons were: (1) "Jesus Appears Unto His Disciples." (2) "The Story of Creation." (3) "The Beginning of Sin." (4) "The Story of

Cain and Able." In this lesson it tells how Cain slew his brother and denied it, saying to the Lord: "Am I my brother's keeper?" (5) "God's Covenant With Noah." (6) "Abram and the Kings." (7) "Abraham and the Strangers." "All the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him." (8) "Isaac and His Wells." "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.—Proverbs 15 : 1. (9) "Jacob at Bethel." (10) Jacob and Esau." "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—Eph. 4 : 32. (11) "Joseph's Fidelity." "Seeth thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.—Proverbs 22 : 29. (12) "Judah's Plea." "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psalms 51 : 17. The Golden Text for the Review lesson was: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose.

FEAR CAST OUT.

A little girl who suffered greatly during thunderstorms was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed. One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief. "Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear." The child did so, and when another storm was raging, she said sweetly. "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now." How often do we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to him for shelter and protection. If we would only give God our best, our brightest days, we should have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come on.—Lutheran Observer.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

A DAY'S WORK ON THE SOUTHERN

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	320,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives.....	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

PROVED A BLESSING.

One night, a few years ago, on the wild Newfoundland coast, a fierce storm arose before the fishing fleet could make the harbor. Wives and children strained their tear-dimmed eyes, hoping to see through the darkness and tempest the coming sails. About midnight it was discovered that the cottage of one of the fishermen was on fire, and notwithstanding all their efforts it was totally destroyed.

When the morning dawned the fleet was found safely anchored in the bay. As the wife went to greet her husband with the tidings of their loss, he said, "Wife, I thank God for the burning of the house, for it was by its light that the fleet was able to make port; but for the fire we had all perished."

How little we know what a gain our losses will be to us! If we could see as He sees we should often thank God for our trials.—A. A. Benfield.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

THE BEST POSSESSION—FRIENDS.

A reasonable, well-behaved man can fare mighty well in this world without wealth or riches. In fact, genuine friendships constitute a power second only to an abundance of money. It makes living a joy. But the reasonable and honest poor man will not betray the confidences and trust of a friend. This is a thought that applies alone to individuals.

But take the Jackson Training School economically transacting its business, making every dollar talk, and getting much of its services at prices lower than any institution in the state, drawing on aid that is gratuitously and cheerfully given and basking in the bosom of a general good-will on all sides, it has been able to make a record for efficiency at a nominal cost.

This is made possible by the numerous friends we write in our little book. We have occasion to announce a pleasing command coming from a member of the board, a staunch friend of the purposes of the institution. Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, has issued this order to the management: "You give the boys, teachers, matrons, officers and helpers ice cream twice a week from now until November 1st. Send me the bill."

Wholesome food and a plenty of it is given the boys, but with delicacies we necessarily have to hug close to the shore. This generosity of Mrs. Reynolds makes it possible to give the boys just what a boy particularly is "wild" about, and the grown-ups hereabouts are close seconds.

* * * * *

A CALL FOR READERS.

Papers and books of all kinds are offered the public. Each time a piece of printed matter, says an observant writer, is offered for sale or is distributed free, that is a bid for readers. Publishers would not long maintain them-

selves if they lost all their readers. Of what use would it be to spend hard work in writing articles to be printed and employ workmen at great cost to put the article on a printed page if nobody could read. Even if none of the thousands who can read, would go to the trouble to open a paper, magazine or book to read what these pages contain would there be any justification in having printing done? Every printed page is a call for readers. It is the reader who becomes the knower, and in most paths to usefulness or success it is the man who finally arrives.

Now, Bibles are printed books. On their pages are well-authenticated records of world-effecting events. Every page of the Bible has something to tell. Not every part of every page will be equally interesting or important to everybody. But, there is so much that is invaluable to anybody who will take the trouble to read its pages that it can be set forth as a fine practice for everybody to take enough time out of each day to read something that the Bible has to say.

There is a call for Bible readers. It comes from every publisher of Bibles. It is issued from all who sell Bibles. It finds many clear echoes from the business world as men of fine talents and keen discrimination invite others who would climb to noblest positions to join them in Bible reading. It is broadcasted from schools and churches, by teachers and preachers, with zealous fervency. It is the appeal of God's Spirit to all who can read. This call for readers of the Bible may have a slightly selfish purport when it comes from printers and publishers and salesmen, but this great book whose age is reckoned in centuries asks for readers for their own great and lasting good.

* * * * *

HONORED.

The institution was honored last Thursday by a large delegation of ladies and gentlemen from Rutherford county, who came to officially present to the institution the Rutherford Cottage, which has just been completed.

The Board held that day its regular quarterly meeting; and to make it a good-natured mix-up, all were served a barbecue luncheon on the athletic grounds. After this, a short program was rendered in the auditorium by representatives of the Rutherford delegation, headed by Mr. R. E. Price, the County Welfare Officer, and who called out a number of his people for expressions. For the Commissioners, who were present, Mr. Price in a short but interesting address presented the cottage, and it was accepted by J. P. Cook for the Board. In closing his remarks Mr. Cook recognized Mr. D. B.

Coltrane, treasurer of the institution, and he responded in a practical and interesting short talk.

After this certain of the boys rendered a program of singing, speaking and recitations.

It was a happy event.

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GOOD WORK.

It is a nice piece of work, observes the Greensboro News, the McLean statement on North Carolina for the New York Trust company. It is simple, brief, direct it touches on the familiar subjects, although they may not be familiar to many of those to whom this statement goes and it covers the situation without getting lost in either words or fancies. There is nothing in that statement which every North Carolinian ought not to know, and there is much in it—all of it, in fact—which every North Carolinian ought to know by heart both for the benefit of his own soul and for the benefit of anyone who asks him anything about his state.

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THE OVERLOOKED INVENTORY.

A successful business man who prides himself upon his careful habits remarked to a friend on one occasion: "There are two things I never fail to do at least once every year. One is to take a careful inventory of stock to see how I stand in a business way and the other is to go to my physician, let him look me over, and tell me whether I am holding my own physically."

Might it not be wise to carry the inventory a step further and find out how one stands spiritually as well? A man could profit immeasurably by putting to himself such questions as: "Is my spiritual life becoming more vigorous and healthy?" "Am I growing in faith and trust and liberality?" "Do I find an ever-increasing joy in doing God's will?" An inventory expressed in such questions cannot fail to be productive of the highest and greatest good.—Selected.

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ASSOCIATING WITH THE BEST.

It is our good fortune, says the editor of Young Folks, to be able to choose some of the persons we associate with. If it is true, and none can doubt it, that we become like the persons in whose company we are, there ought to be at least a few very choice spirits in whose company we are privileged to spend some time. All of us feel the need of associations that keep our lives tuned to the better things, and turn our thoughts to subjects that will prove

helpful. There are persons whose company is like a tonic. Being with them is like spending time out in the pure, open air. When we part from them it is with the knowledge that we have been refreshed and strengthened, and that we can play the man better than before.

There are other times when we cannot choose our associates. We are thrown with them by force of circumstances. They may not be to our liking, but then we have to be courteous. And it may be that their company is not an unmixed evil. It is one thing to associate with the best people, and it is another to associate with the best in people. Persons who may not be my ideals may have in them many excellent qualities. It is possible for me to associate with those better qualities. I am not required to be always deploring their weaknesses. Let me think about and emulate what is best in them, and the chances are that the circumstances that throw me with them will be blessings in disguise. He is a poor excuse of a man from whom most of us cannot copy to our improvement.

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By the time this number reaches its readers, the King of England's cup of joy will be running over. Mr. Blanks, the Concord Y. M. C. A. Secretary, who is conducting a special excursion across the seas, is due to reach England today. Of course Mr. Blanks will not fail to inform the occupants of Buckingham Palace that the new hotel in Concord is completed and is a dream, and that Dr. Spencer has issued the catalogue of the coming Cabarrus Fair. What a crowd the coming Fair will have to entertain if assurances are secured that his royal highness contemplates taking in this wonderful exhibition in October.

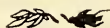
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Miss Mulock declares that "there are no judgments so harsh as those of the erring, the inexperienced, and the young."

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WISDOM.

I would not, says Hillhouse, waste my spring of youth in idle dalliance; I would plant rich seeds, to blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit when I am old.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A friend met another friend whom the former had not seen in some time and remarked: "You are much heavier than formerly, aren't you?" "Yes," replied the latter; "I've been taking a correspondence course of iron."

It is an old saying that "all things comes to him who waits," but he will get them quicker if he will meet them half way in this rushing age. If he waits too long they are liable to turn down a side street.

When we begin to tell to others our troubles, few of us have any idea how big the other fellows troubles are.

The glorious thing about telling the truth is, that when you do, you are not bothered about remembering what you have said; but then it is not expedient to tell the truth about everything you see and hear. This is not intended to convey the inference that you must tell a lie. Silence is sometimes the better part of discretion.

I have known many men to beat down difficulties. Then again, I have known men so weak-hearted and hopeless that difficulties have beaten them down. A faint heart ne'er won much in the battle of life.

There is a difference. When a man has a cold in the head, and

he is wheezing and sneezing; his eyes running water, his wife will immediately provide hot water for him to bathe his feet; pour hot drinks into him; prescribe his going to bed at once; take quinine, aspirin or something of the sort, and stay in doors, wrapped up in quilts and blankets. When his wife has a cold, he merely says, "You ought to do something for that cold," and lets it go at that. The difference is that a married man does not like to say much to his wife, when she has a cold, for fear he may catch a scold.

They are telling it that a Durham man of some age, who is vainly trying to look young again, wrote to a firm that said they could tell you how to take out wrinkles in the face for \$1. The reply he got for his dollar was: "Walk right out in the open air every day and the wrinkles will go out with you." That is the usual result in answering questionable advertisements.

It is not going to kill the prohibition law to execute it. It was meant for enforcement.

It will soon be so that your only recourse will be to park your car at home—if you do not get down town before the other fellow. It will, too, save the expense of burning gas in hunting for a place to park.

I just sit here awishing—wish-

ing that I was across the hills far away. I'd rather be in the mountain fastnesses than "rambling around" in the burning sun, on hot pavements, and writing this stuff today. I hear the woodland birds a calling. I long the cooling breezes—God's breath—to greet. I almost see the blossoms a noddin' "howdydo" in batallions at my feet. So, I'm all the time a'wishing, when the sun is blazing down; that I was in Happy Valley fishing, with the shade of the trees a'fallin' a'round. To tell you the honest-to-goodness truth; I can't stand it much longer. When that reckless Phaeton drives the sun-chariot and—as runs the ancient myth—swings it so close to earth that all life droops beneath its glittering beams; when singing streams forget their songs and leave their mossy beds; when fountains grow small and sleepy and the very grass shrivels under foot, the cry for rest and recreation goes far and wide. Every sultry zephyr seems but to fan the sun's flaming intensity and not even comfortable old grandfather trees can shelter us from its merciless glare. People yearn for cool, deep-shadowed caverns; for moist-sweet grottoes where pungent ferns uncurl in gladdest green. That high-powered chariot, the sun, with its blinding headlights, must perforce follow its destined route—bringing us the seasons according to Phaeton's whim, as the ages roll on—and mortal voices are drowned in the whirl of its wheels! Oh, for a little rest in the mountains. They cannot come to me; guess I'll have to go to them.

Hair cuts have gone up to 50 cents; 15 cents higher than they were during

the war when everything was up. Wonder if this is caused on account of the number of bobs which have come into vogue. It seems to me that hair cuts should come down instead of going up. A man's time is worth something in having to wait on the bobs now to have his head hirsute clipped. It is intimated that hair cuts may eventually go up to 75 cents. Some heads are not worth that much. The trouble is you cannot lay in a bargain supply before the price does go up again. When the price does rise I am thinking that the wearing of long hair will be fashionable.

Falling in love with your work is just as fascinating and thrilling as falling in love with a girl. This attitude toward work is the gasoline that runs the whole machinery of labor. I heard a man say the other day, speaking about a certain class of work, "I just dearly love to do that." That man is going to fill a big niche some day, somewhere. He'll do to depend on, because he has the right attitude and spirit toward work. Love is the greatest incentive, moving power in the world. It is the only bow of hope and promise in life's dark clouds. It is the morning and the evening star. It is the twin sister of faith. It shines upon the cradle of the babe, and sheds its radiance upon the quiet tomb. It is the mother of Art; inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart; builder of every home; kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody, for music is the voice of love. Love is the magi-

cian, the echanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower—the heart—and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven and we are gods.

Do you remember when they made tallow-dip candles at home, and the art of drawing them out of the moulds, from four to six at a time, without breaking them? When for hours and hours at a time you never saw a vehicle of any kind on the streets? When mince pies had a "kick" in them? When the butcher would throw in a pound of liver for the cat? When people economized by eating ham and eggs? When you were a little tot, wearing a ten-cent chip hat and ran in your bare feet? Wade in the branch and try to catch the "minnies" with your hands? When you would hardly eat a mouthful of breakfast in the mornings, and hurry off with a bunch of others boys to pick blackberries, and come home in the evening with your face and hands smeared up with berry juice and bring home about a pint of little dwarf, shriveled blackberries for your day's fun? and mother would say they would come in handy for winter. Then she would tickle you under the chin and give you a smacking big kiss; and father would say that "that good-for-nothing brat is throwing away his time wandering over the country doing nothing." Do you remember that in the fall you

would go over the same old blackberry route and come home with about a quart of nuts and your hands all stained, your clothes torn in several places, two or three stubbed toes, and get a licking if you did not give half of the nuts to your little brother. "Them was the times."

Bereavements are blessings, if we will look at them in the way the Heavenly Father sends them. It is said that He "doeth not willingly afflict the children of men." He has a purpose in sending us sorrow. It is the cord to draw us back to Him. Bereavement may cause the heart to melt itself in tears, but from every briny tear drop there will spring some precious flower of comfort, and from every petal will come sweet odors of solace that will sweeten existence and deaden and sooth with its balm, the bitterest sting of the sorest affliction. From the blackest clouds doth come refreshing rains, and from every ill some precious good is born. We would never see the glittering dew drops had not the sky wept over the shadows of the night, and left her tears to glisten like diamonds in the petals of the flowers. The rainbow is only born in the wedlock of blackened clouds and sunbeams, and is nursed alone upon the bosom of wrestling light and shadow. It takes the night to show us the stars, which twinkle like lamps through the streets of Heaven, and but for the shadows, we would never know how beautifully they sparkle there.

Anyway the fellow who's out of time is always heard.

CONSTITUTION RECOGNIZES GOD.

By James A. Haltness in News & Observer.

Is our State government atheistic or religious in its authority and does it stand for either?

The fact that God made man in His own image and that the scriptures are His inspired word as set out in the Bible, have been questioned at different times in the world's history by atheistic and agnostic writers who assert that man is a process of evolution from elements of lower life and that the scriptures are a myth.

It is alleged that this doctrine is being taught in the schools of the State and the defenders of this theory assert that there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent it. If the seekers after truth will read the constitution of the State, they will receive some enlightenment on this subject.

No people on earth have a deeper faith and are firmer in their convictions that God reigns, rules and holds in His power the destiny of nations and of men. No people on earth rely more implicitly upon Him for their blessings and for protection and guidance in their affairs, human and devile. And the constitution and laws of our State are founded upon this profound faith and deep religious conviction and was framed and intended to forever keep out of the life of the State infielism—that deadly poison of human happiness and good government.

The first thing the people of the State did when they assembled the constitutional convention to frame and construct the State constitution was to petition Almighty God to pre-

side over their deliberations and give them wisdom that they might construct a constitution for His glory and their good; and every law making body in the State from that time until now has followed this example and made the same appeal to a divine Providence for guidance in the enactment of the laws of the State.

Blackstone, the great English law writer, says our human laws are our interpretation of the divine will. We believe man and the law are creatures of God, and that He created the one and declared the other.

The first declaration our constitutional makers made, they placed God at the head of the government by writing into the preamble, "Almighty God is sovereign ruler of nations" and that they were grateful to Him for their civil, political and religious liberties and acknowledged their dependence upon Him for the continuance of these blessings.

They followed this with the solemn avowal that we hold it to be self evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, the enjoyment of the fruits of their own labor and the pursuit of happiness.

They were so firm in their faith and belief and so emphatic in their opposition to atheism, they took the further precaution to write into the constitution in Article Six, Section Eight, the declaration, "that all persons who shall deny the being of Almighty God, shall be disqualified for office in this State."

So it is a fundamental fact and declared to be true and written into our constitution that God is ruler, that He created us, gave us life, and all our liberties, civil and religious, and all our privileges, and before anyone can vote or hold office in this State, they shall take an oath as provided by the constitution that they will support and maintain the same, and when they teach doctrines contrary thereto, they violate their oath and are enemies to the organic law of the State.

It is enacted and is the law of the State that "all persons who may be empowered to administer oaths, shall require the party to be sworn, to lay his hand upon the Holy evangelists of Almighty God, in token of his engagement to speak the truth and that he hopes to be saved in the way and method of salvation pointed out in that blessed volume; and in further token that if he should swerve from the truth, he may be justly deprived of all blessings of the Gospel and made liable to that vengeance which he has imprecated upon his own head; and he shall gill the Holy Bible as a seal of confirmation to said engagement.

Those who have scruples of taking an oath with hand on the Book shall take the oath with hand uplifted toward Heaven. The officials who control the public schools of this state are officers within the meaning of Article Six, Section Eight of the constitution and have taken the oath to support and maintain it and it is their duty to see to it that teachers who believe in atheistic and evolutionary doctrines are not employed to teach in the schools of the state.

All we need in this state is to require all officers and teachers to live

up to their oath and constitutional obligations. We do not need further legislation on this subject, and the strife incident to its enactment.

Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are right—authorized by our government founded upon the acknowledgement of God as ruler and creator and intended as a privilege to please Him and not to deny Him. Our people being a religious people, they wanted the right to worship God, and to give them the right to do so in their own way by whatever manner and method, through any sect or denomination their conscience should dictate, they provided in the constitution that no human authority should in any way, control or interfere with this right. This is a provision intended to promote and encourage the cause of religion. This state is a religious state and its government is founded upon religious principles in harmony with the belief of our people.

A proclamation is made each year by the Governor calling on the people to meet at their various places of worship on a day named by him for the purpose of prayer and thanksgiving to God for His manifold blessings to them.

Again we say in the constitution, Article Nine, Section One, "that religion, morality and knowledge being necessary, to good government and the happiness of mankind, school and the means of education, shall forever be encouraged."

If good government and happiness of mankind, as we declare, depend upon the three great fundamental principles, religion, morality and knowledge, and for these reasons we command that schools and the means of education shall forever be

encouraged, what other conclusion can be reached than that these subjects shall be taught in the public schools of the state?

For a time after the making of the state constitution, the reading of the Bible in the public schools was the practice, and this would be done today, but for denominational objections. Religion is the form by which men indicate their acknowledgment of the existence of a God and there is no book other than the Bible that contains divine truth on this subject. The education of a child is seriously incomplete without the knowledge contained in this Book and it can be taught or read in the schools by segregation of the children into classes according to denominational preference without harm to anyone's conscientious

scruples.

Those who seek truth at variance with the Bible and independence of mind and thought to its teaching and a religion contrary to its inspired word, have wandered into a Godless realm and a hopeless eternity.

And those who have adopted as their creator, biology and science through which they hope to explain the origin and life of man and allege to have traced his existence back to the atom and electron as his beginning and have left the world in the dark as to who breathed the breath of life into the atom and who electrified the electron, have failed to meet the demands of the intelligence of an educated and enlightened civilization.

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name,
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

KEEPING HISTORY STRAIGHT.

(Presbyterian Standard).

There is nothing more important than keeping history straight; yet there is nothing more difficult to do.

Unless history as it is made, written down at once, and then kept secure from emanations, errors are almost bound to creep in.

Nothing grows faster than tradition. Each man who repeats a story, adds a little seasoning to make it more palatable, sometimes unconsciously; and at other times consciously, with the result that the story has grown beyond the bounds of fact; yet in coming years it is accepted as the truth.

We see instances of this in the many corrections of what are known as historic myths, which in our childhood were accepted as facts.

We shall not mention all. The story of William Tell and the apple that thrilled us in youth, has been found to be a myth.

The story of Washington and the cherry tree has shared the same fate.

The history of what is known as the "Lost Cause," so dear to us of the South, is peculiarly exposed to this danger, because the North in a large measure, through its secular press and publication agencies, controls the thought of the country, and it is a temptation to cast a doubt over the exploits of the Southern forces in that terrible struggle.

We of the South, we are very glad to say have gradually recognized the good qualities of our former foes, and we give them credit for persistency, in the face of defeat after defeat, pouring out money and human lives to save the Union.

On the other hand, there are war stories and references that do not reflect credit upon some of the greatest characters among our leaders.

These stories sprang up, no one knows how or where, started it may be as tales of the imagination, but having caught the popular fancy, they have grown and have become enshrined in the poetry of the people, without any thought of their falsity.

For example, there is the story of Barbara Fritchie and Stonewall Jackson, in which Stonewall Jackson does not figure in the light of a Southern gentleman, while the old lady shows the qualities of a Roman matron.

It is now known, by the testimony of Confederate officers who were members of his staff, one of whom was a native of Maryland and familiar with City of Frederick, where the plot of the story is laid, that Jackson never passed the house.

Though the story has been discredited, yet wherever Whittier is read, it is believed.

In a recent Church paper from the city of Boston, a writer describes President Lincoln's feelings, just before he issued his emancipation proclamation, freeing the slaves.

According to this imaginative writer, Mr. Lincoln gazed thoughtfully across the Potomac River, almost in despair as he saw his threatening lines "suffering defeat at the hands of well-fed, well-clothed Confederate armies, and their sleek cavalry horses and artillery mules."

As we read this graphic picture of the war, our memory went

back to our youthful days in Richmond, when a boy of ten or eleven years, we frequented the camps around the city, or when we spent the night with a brother in the camp near Drewry's Bluff, or when we handed out dry corn-bread to a passing line of men, gaunt and hollow-eyed, with feet almost bare, who greedily seized the cold food, eating it with genuine appetite.

We recall the night when we shared a soldier's fare, a small piece of blue beef, as tough as sole leather, a small measure of dirty rice, all washed down by muddy James River water.

We also recall "the sleek cavalry horses and the artillery mules," so thin and weak that the men, at times, had to put their shoulders to the wheels to extricate them from the mud.

Our Boston friend has been drawing on his imagination. If he had lived in the South in those stirring days, he would have painted a different picture.

It has been over fifty-five years since as a boy we witnessed the rise and fall of the Confederacy, and our advice to Northern writers is that whatever else they see fit to saddle on the Confederate soldier, never picture him as well-fed or well clothed.

They were brave men, and they fought a wonderful fight, but in appearance they were not ideal soldiers, such as our imagination loves to picture. They were a set of hungry men, in tatters and often without shoes.

The Confederate horse was like the soldiers. He bore no resemblance to the horse described by Job that that pawed in the valley and rejoiced in his strength, and smelled the battle afar off. They often fell by the way and died in their tracks, or else staggered along under their heavy loads.

Paint them as you please; but do not paint them in colors so far from the truth.

Go to valley Forge, if you wish to see their counterpart.

WHEN DID THE WORLD GET SMALLER?

When it comes to getting over the ground Shelby has an entrant for prize-winning honors.

He's none other than G. V. Hawkins, rural letter carrier of Shelby, and president of the North Carolina Letter Carriers' association.

In his 24 years of service on the mail routes of Cleveland county Hawkins, better known as "Gov.," has reeled off over 216,000 miles. Meaning that his total mileage would have taken him around the world one dozen times—Cleveland Star.

NORTH CAROLINA HOSPITALS.

By Margaret Bridgers.

North Carolina in 1925 had 153 hospitals in 59 counties, with 11,997 beds for 2,812,000 people. The count covers hospitals public, private, semi-public, and institutional—88 general hospitals, 11 nervous and mental hospitals, 25 tuberculosis hospitals, and 29 others.

Included in this count are 9 negro hospitals with 353 beds for a population of 763,400 negroes. These negro hospitals are located in Asheville, Durham, Gastonia, Charlotte, Wilmington, Henderson, Monroe and Raleigh (2).

The counties having no hospitals for either race are 41, as follows: Alexander, Alleghany, Bertie, Bladen, Brunswick, Camden, Caswell, Chatham, Clay, Columbus, Currituck, Dare, Davie, Duplin, Hertford, Hoke, Hyde, Jackson, Jones, Mitchell, Montgomery, Northampton, Onslow, Pamlico, Pender, Perquimans, Person, Sampson, Scotland, Stokes, Swain, Tyrrell, Warren, Washington, Watauga, Yadkin and Yancey.

The law allows county-group hospitals wherever two or more counties can agree on co-partnership terms. So far there is no county-group hospital in North Carolina.

Looking Backward.

The first public hospital in North Carolina was founded as a gracious charity—the Rex Hospital in Raleigh in 1839. Thirty years ago a far sighted North Carolinian, George W. Watts, gave a hospital to his county and then spent more four years wondering if people were going to use it. He had reason to wonder for during the first nine months only

sixty-eight patients came to this hospital. It could have served twice as many more. This county was not ungrateful; its attitude was that of the general public which thought of hospitals at that time simply as places where people went to die.

Since that time public opinion has changed to such an extent that North Carolina now provides one hospital bed to every 496 inhabitants, a decided improvement over the ratio of 1920 which was one bed to every 761 inhabitants. Despite the progress, North Carolina ranks thirty-ninth among the forty-eight states, and fourth among the Southern states in number of inhabitants per hospital bed. The first twenty-four states in the Union range from 154 to 297 inhabitants per hospital bed. Thus half the states provides two hospital beds where North Carolina provides only one.

Urban Location.

The need of hospital facilities is brought even closer home when we realize that North Carolina ranks twenty-eighth according to the percentage of counties without hospitals. In this respect North Carolina with 41 counties without stands first among the Southern states. Georgia ranks forty-eighth with 68.3 percent of the counties without hospitals. Three states, Connecticut, Maine, and New Hampshire, have hospitals in every county.

The tendency toward concentration in urban areas is revealed by the fact that nearly three-fourths of North Carolina hospitals are located in sixty-five towns, of which thirty-

one have less than 2,500 or more inhabitants. More than half the hospitals are located in towns of 5,000 or more inhabitants. All the nine negro hospitals in the state are located in towns of 9,000 or more inhabitants. These hospitals provide one bed for every 2,163 negroes in North Carolina. This rather startling ratio is decreased by the free beds available to negroes in general hospitals, but the reduction is not large according to the latest report.

The Present Situation.

North Carolinians are quite proud of what the state has done in public health work, but they do not seem to realize that our hospital facilities bear directly upon public health. Do they realize that forty-one counties have no hospitals, that only thirty-six have county health departments and that half the doctors are located in towns of 2,500 or more inhabitants? Do they realize that two-thirds of the rural counties have only one hospital per thousand inhabitants where at least five are

needed?

With the number of country doctors decreasing the health needs of the rural sections are pressing. It is true that the state has made laws which facilitate the construction of hospitals by counties, but only the most advanced counties are willing or able to finance these institutions. The extreme eastern and western counties do not fall in this group, and many of them have no great need for hospital facilities.

The Duke Endowment.

It seems then as though help must come from other sources. Within the last year a new source has been found, the Duke Foundation. This foundation offers one dollar per day for every bed occupied by a charity patient in hospitals which are not run solely for private gain. The real value of this gift is apparent, when we realize that two-thirds of the patients in this state fall in the charity group, a proportion slightly higher than that of the whole country.

It is a rare and pleasant experience to encounter a quite genuine and sincere personality, with no veneering whatever, none of the anxiety which cheap wood under a mahogany finish always inspires. Perhaps sincerity of that kind is found as often outside academic circles as within, yet to attain it ought to be one end of a college education.

—Springfield Republican.

THE UNLOVELY SPUD.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer.

If Christendom contains a spectacle more lacking in romance than, say, a lady with her hair in curling papers, it must be found in a sack of potatoes. Unlovely things, with their skinned and dirty faces, and their eyes cocked idiotically. The potato is entirely lacking in personality. It is the drabest and flattest of all the vegetables that grow in the earth or out of it.

It is about the only thing in the created universe about which no verses have been written. No pictures have been painted of it, and save for the seed catalogues, no photographs have ever been taken of it. It is wholly without honor in the world of the arts. There are pictures and poems about strawberries and peaches and carrots and lettuce, and turnips even have broken into what they call "still life" decorative pieces.

Only rude jests have been made about this humble pariah of the vegetable kingdom. The recent war multiplied them into unnumbered reams, and pieces of doggerel were written about the thing that men obscurely called the "spud." Why it got to be called a spud nobody knows with convincing certainty, but in that mongrel word was concentrated all the stomach-weariness of four million young men who peeled them during the war.

Unlovely and unhonored—but how necessary in this world! On an average every man, woman and child on this planet eats a barrel of potatoes every 12 months, and then looks around for another barrel. There

never seems to be enough to go around no matter how assiduously they are planted. Before next year's crop is in hand this year's is gone, and the price goes sky-rocketing. The world can't seem to get enough of potatoes.

People can get along without their strawberries and their peaches and their dewberries and their cantaloupes and even their lettuce, but take their potatoes away from them and forthwith they begin to thicken the air with their cries of famined anguish. We may not like to look at the spud, we may paint no pictures of it, write no verses about it—but we've got to eat it.

Here in North Carolina it seems especially fitting that something should be done in honor of the unlovely but necessary potato. There isn't much written history about the vegetable, but from all the records, it appears to be a native of this commonwealth and by all odds the most widely known and the least celebrated of the things that this area of the earth has contributed to the uplifting of humanity, whether it live in China or Germany or Pasquotank county.

Irish potatoes they call them, but they ought to be called Carolina potatoes. They got their name through a successive series of crop failures in Ireland, when the wheat, the barley and the rye crops had failed through drought, and the potato, recently brought into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, was tried out as an experiment to keep all the Irish from per-

ishing of famine. So admirably did it succeed in the preservation of the race that they named the vegetable after themselves.

Somewhere in the northeastern section of the State some of Sir Walter Raleigh's agents came across the potato in its wild state, and used by the Indians for food. He had some specimens taken up by the roots and carried them off to show the queen. They may have been exhibited at the same time she is reputed to have thrown the water upon him while he demonstrated the Indian custom of smoking.

At any rate the potato got to England before the end of the sixteenth century, and was put into the hands of the horticultural experts of the day. It was held in no great esteem, being thought unfit for civilized dinner tables. But hogs thrive on it, and it was tolerated in the British empire for a half century. Some improvements were made, and new varieties developed. They had no particular name for it.

Along in that same era the Spaniards found a plant on the west coast of South America, and in the Indies, which they introduced on the continent. They brought a name with it, taken from the Indians along with the vegetable. They called it the batata. Not knowing any other name for it, the English called their vegetable a batata also, later Anglicizing it somewhat into potato.

Sir Walter and the queen passed from the stage and England rocked along from decade to decade. Periodically there were reports that the entire Irish population was starving because of the failure of crops. Nobody

seemed to know what could be done about it except let them starve, until somebody finally suggested that the potato might come in handily among them. It withstood drought better than other vegetables, and the Irish might be hungry enough to eat it.

Tried It Out On The Irish.

So they experimented upon the Irish. The vegetables prospered among them, and the Irish ate it in preference to nothing at all. The Irish also thrived upon the potato, and were thankful enough for any respite from starvation. Within 50 years they had become so attached to it that they let go the raising of so much grain and subsisted upon potatoes primarily. They learned to make their liquor from potatoes, and the acclimatization of the potato was complete.

Grown fat from so heartening a ration the Irish multiplied and filled the island with themselves. When the first rush of the British migration to the New World began the Irish came with the rest and brought their potatoes with them. In the meantime they had spread to continental Europe, and the Germans in particular had taken to them with enthusiasm. Soon they were acclimated there and became the principal diet of the people of the burgeoning empire.

Wherever the Irish settled in America they planted their potatoes and called them their own. The vegetable spread until it became known and respected everywhere, but no poems were written about it, and no pictures were painted. It was just a good, honest, substantial and wholly dependable vegetable. It spread mightily, and those who subsisted up-

on it waxed fat and peopled the earth.

In due season it came back to North Carolina, though the exact time is not recorded. The Highlanders had borrowed it before they came and the Cape Fear valley was dotted with potato patches. The Scotch-Irish in the Piedmont had potatoes with them when they came down from Pennsylvania, and the English and their mixed-race neighbors had potatoes when they came down from Virginia toward the end of the 17th century. The potato had come back to the Albemarle Sound country where it had started from a century before.

Throughout the world it grew in public esteem through the generations that followed, but it was probably the World War that brought the vegetable into fulness of universal recognition. It was the universal ration of the army, fed to the men of forty nations three times a day, cooked in a dozen different ways, but mostly just boiled with a piece of meat. The vegetable is a versatile thing, despite its plainness. It can be garnished up until you can't quite recognize it, or it can be taken just so, provided it is cooked. Not even the Irish ate them raw.

North Carolina, with its former

proverbial slowness, was deliberate welcoming the potato home. To be sure every body had a small patch of them planted somewhere about a major crop, though within the past 30 years it has been growing some. Here and there were sporadic efforts at commercial culture but in the aggregate they played little part in the agricultural wealth of the State.

But now they have arrived with a rush. During the past 12 days 4,950 carloads of potatoes have been shipped out of the State, and in return for them the growers have got back upwards of \$7,000,000 in cash. These are shipments from the purely commercial areas. Local consumption, and the crop for home use exclusively, would probably double the figures.

Look for a minute at the length of the train that would be needed to haul them. It would stretch from the Union Station here in Raleigh to five miles beyond Goldsboro. It would reach from here past the Virginia State line. It would reach from here to ten miles beyond Sanford. It would reach from here to Fayetteville, or from here to Graham. It is as long a train as anything except the cotton and tobacco of the State would need to haul it out.

LAGGARD NORTH CAROLINA.

I would appreciate very much the insertion of the following in the columns of your paper:

The people of North Carolina have been asked to contribute to a fund which is being raised for the purpose of purchasing the home of Thom-

as Jefferson and endowing it as a perpetual shrine of patriotism for the American people. The purchase will be consummated the 4th of July, 1926, the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Thomas Jefferson and the one hundred and fiftieth anniver-

sary of the publishing of the declaration of independence. An opportunity to contribute to this cause has been presented to the people of every state. North Carolina is the only state which has not already responded to a laudable extent.

The enterprise has been given wide publicity in this state, and I feel that it is not necessary for me herein to dwell upon details. I am merely taking this means of making an additional appeal: an appeal only to those who really have the spirit of liberty and freedom within them, and who realize how very much we are indebted to Thomas Jefferson for what we have today.

It may be of interest, to those North Carolinians who so far have shown little concern in the matter to know that the largest donations yet credited to North Carolina are from natives of other states—one, a gracious and patriotic woman contributing \$1,000. Two donations to-

taling \$350 have come from a native of Pennsylvania and a native of Maryland, both of whom are disciples of Hamilton rather than of Jefferson; while the vast array of office holders in North Carolina, the majority of whom went into office with praise of Jefferson on their lips, have with one exception contributed nothing. I might add that a federal judge, an appointee of Mr. Coolidge, has very recently sent his check for \$25.

I am sure that our people have not the desire that North Carolina should be the only laggard, and that if they know and appreciate the significance of this movement, they will respond.

Therefore, may I ask all who feel so inclined to send me a check covering the amount which they wish to contribute to this endeavor?

Walter Murphy,

Chairman for North Carolina.

Salisbury.

WHEN A DUDE PITCHER SACRIFICED.

By **Erald A. Schivo.**

Herbert Wilton had heard his name mentioned, and giving way to curiosity had listened to the conversation that no fellow intended him to hear; therefore it was quite by accident that he became an eavesdropper, excusing himself on the pretext that he had a right to defend his name if any defense were needed. With ear to wall, his face first flushed with incredulity; then his jaws snapped closed with the grim determination of a strong young man as he finally realized that the argument against him was correct.

He was no more than a prim statue, a useless fellow in his class, a man evidently incapable of doing any more than he was actually obliged to do in order that he might pass the semi-annual examinations. His face now reddened with shame as he heard the scornful laugh of a fellow senior. The words from the other side of the wall scorched his foppish austerity like a red hot iron.

"This is not a very large school," declared Will Rogers, president of the class. His voice dropped lower until the listening Wilton could but

faintly hear him. "Such men as the Dude should be given the cold shoulder. He's a very strong fellow with intelligence, and with him on our nine we should have little difficulty in winning the game next Saturday with the freshmen."

"Don't be hard on him, Will," came a soft voice that Wilton immediately recognized. "Don't be hard on the fellow because his parents give him too much money for clothes. I might persuade him to join us, he's not a bad fellow when you know him."

A general laugh followed; but Herbert Wilton thanked his lucky star that he had at least one friend in the group in the form of little Ben Bentoni, the best catcher on the Trenton High nine.

Another voice, deliberate, sarcastic, caused his cheeks to flush with anger and a peculiar excitement quite new to him.

"Ha-ha," the voice of Trenton High's star pitcher roared, "ha, ha-ha—the Dude wouldn't know a tennis ball from a baseball to say nothing of the rules of the game. I move that we make no overtures to the fop, he's liable to think he's somebody."

"We need another man," groaned Will Rogers. "I can think of no other fellow."

There was a short period of silence, then Ben Bentoni spoke pleadingly. "You are the captain of the team, Will; allow me to speak to Wilton, I'm certain he'll listen to me."

"Well—" began the capable class president, "if you think—"

The voice of the star pitcher interrupted.

"We'll do without him," the man

broke in with no regard to the class president. "The Dude might listen to Ben, but after poor Ben got finished he'd wish that he had thought of some other fellow. The Dude's a statue, lifeless; he thinks more of posing in the corridor than any sport imaginable. He's good for nothing and never will be. Even if the Dude was persuaded to join the team, I'd leave it, for I have no desire to associate with such a fellow."

The words of the pitcher stung Wilton more than any wasp might. His imagination had caused him to consider himself a supreme being who incited the envy of his classmates, instead these classmates held only contempt for him. "Left" Blakely, as the pitcher was well known, had called him a statue, a lifeless being, one good for nothing, and one who never would be. Of course, he admitted, Blakely was right in part, but that the vigorous Wilton would never be good for anything was a question that the eavesdropper intended should have but one answer. He would oust Blakely from the pitcher's box by superior pitching. Then Blakely would have excellent reason to believe that a dude was good for something.

Knowing that his eavesdropping was not the act of a gentleman, Wilton made his way from the dressing-room adjoining the gymnasium in which the seniors had been speaking. He had resolved to be Trenton's star pitcher, and when Wilton determined upon any action he invariably carried it out to the best of his ability. Nevertheless when he found himself alone in the corridor he had a few premonitions as to his ability. Contrary to Blakely's opinion he was well versed in the rules of baseball,

like many others who do no more than watch others work during a game. He had heard enough of the conversation to know that he had no more prestige with his class than a young puppy has with a wolf. There was only one fellow who seemed to have some liking for him, that was the Trenton catcher, Ben Bentoni.

Wilton readily perceived that there was only one course of action open to him. He must talk the matter over with Ben Bentoni. If he were able to gain the little catcher's support he would have more luck than he deserved.

At the very first opportunity he waylaid Ben when the catcher was alone. The little fellow smiled into the strong, manly face of Wilton, a gleam of admiration showing in his eyes. He liked strong, tall men, and Wilton happened to be one of them.

"Say, Ben," began Wilton without hesitation, "I need your advice!"

Ben Bentoni could not believe his ears. Here was the austere, well-dressed Wilton asking his advice. Surely Wilton did not believe he had any idea of the latest styles in men's neckwear, for instance?

"What is it, Herb?" asked Ben somewhat doubtfully. "I'll be glad to give you any advice within my power."

Wilton smiled. "It's within your power, Ben. How can I make myself the star pitcher of the senior baseball nine?"

If Wilton had told him the school were burning, Ben could not have been more surprised. Thinking, perhaps, that his classmate was joking, the little catcher tried to detect evidence in Wilton's deep-blue eyes. The dude seemed to be very serious.

"Why the sudden change?" asked Ben abruptly.

"Because I overheard your conversation about me while you were in the gym."

"You—you—you're a sn—"

"Don't say it, Ben. I heard my name mentioned and listened merely for the sake of curiosity. I'm not a sneak, but an eavesdropper who could not very well help himself."

"No, you're not a sneak," muttered Ben; "if you were, you'd say nothing about hearing that conversation."

"Quite right." Wilton spoke sharply. "I have no liking for Blakely, who called me a statue, one who is good for nothing and who will never be good for anything. I want to take his place in the pitcher's box next Saturday. According to what I heard, our class needs another man?"

"Yes, we need another man," acquiesced Ben, "we need another man who is a tall fellow like yourself, a fast runner, a good man to play outfield—we don't need another pitcher."

Wilton gazed down upon the little catcher. "Perhaps not," he said, "but if I happen to be a better pitcher than Blakely there's no reason why I shouldn't take his place and he take the outfield, for instance?"

The statement was put in the form of a question and Ben felt obliged to reply. "I don't know of any reason," he said slowly, "but, Herb you have had no baseball experience. It takes quite a bit of practice to make a fairly good pitcher."

"I'm asking your advice, Ben. I think it's possible to get sufficient practice within a few days."

It appeared during the next day

that Wilton was right. He was accepted as a possible pitcher and struck out more men during the day than his opponent, Blakely. On the following day he showed an improvement that was remarkable. This unsuspected development may have been caused by the fact that the team was playing a practice game with Blakely on the opposing side. It was evident that Wilton delighted more when striking out Blakely than any other man.

Ben had not mentioned the fact that Wilton had overheard the conversation that Blakely had been most prominent in. The members had concluded that Ben acting on his own volition had asked Wilton to join them. It appeared that the new man had no intention of telling the team otherwise, and Ben wisely held his tongue.

Despite his threat to quit the senior nine when Wilton became a member it appeared that Blakely had changed his mind. He did his best to pitch a better game than Wilton, but the latter was the stronger man and far more skillful with the ball. On Friday Blakely was informed that he would play in right outfield next day.

When the team was about to retire for the day Captain Will Rogers quietly threw a thunder-bolt into the expectant men. It appeared that instead of playing the freshmen nine the seniors were to be matched against the senior nine of another school. Blakely was strangely crestfallen when he heard the announcement. Wilton's observed his classmate's attitude and smiled grimy. He would teach the former star pitcher that a living statue is not altogether lifeless. It was the opportunity that he

had been waiting for.

The following day a large crowd packed the baseball park. It seemed that news of the coming game between the two schools had spread like the wind. The seats were filled with loud-voiced boys, smiling girls and many older folks. Perhaps half an hour before the game started Blakely detached himself from a group of people and made his way to his comrades. Again Wilton had an opportunity to murmur his satisfaction as he noted the dejected appearance of the young man who had called him a useless statue. How sweet was revenge!

"My!" cried Ben Bentoni, as he gazed over the bleachers. "There must be as many as five hundred people here."

"Good guess, Ben," laughed Captain Will Rogers, "according to the count at the gate there are five hundred and fifty. We were challenged yesterday morning but the news traveled fast."

"I wonder why Blakely looks so down-hearted-" observed little Ben.

Will Rogers grinned. "A number of relatives came up from the city, together with a girl whom Blakely desires to please. He is disappointed that he cannot pitch this game. He wants an important place."

Ben was thoughtful. "If he has such good reasons for pitching the game why not put him in the box? We have a better team than Wrenburgh."

"Perhaps, but Wilton must pitch the game," said the captain desidedly. "It is always the best man that wins!"

The game started with many cheers

from the baseball fans. Wilton pitched skilfully, but if was quite apparent to the audience that they would witness an excellent battle, for the Wrenburgh nine had as much power and skill as the Trenton men. At the end of the third inning there was no score.

Wilton took delight in watching Blakely visit his relatives from the city. Ben had mentioned the girl to him, the situation could not cause him any more satisfaction than he was now experiencing. His pitching was so good that a Wrenburgh man seldom made a hit. Blakely had little opportunity to show any skill in the right field.

At the end of the sixth inning, when Trenton was at bat, Ben motioned Wilton aside. The little catcher was not smiling as he looked up into the steady eyes of his pitcher.

"Say, Herb Wilton," broke out Ben "don't you notice how sad Blakely looks?"

"I certainly do," murmured Wilton with satisfaction. "His girl and several relatives are watching the game while poor Blakely stands in right field like a lifeless statue!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Herb Wilton, that you take any delight in the matter?"

"Quite right, my little friend!"

"Why?" demanded Ben frowning.

"I'm remembering that conversation. He called me a—"

"I know," interrupted Ben, "and Blakely was right. You should thank him for putting a little life into you instead of taking pleasure in his embarrassment. If I were you I'd ask the captain to allow him to pitch at least one inning."

Wilton stared at the back of the

young catcher who had turned on his heel to walk towards the player's bench. He had no further opportunity to speak to his friendly classmate for the Trenton team was again taking the field. His mind continued to dwell on the last words of the catcher with the result that he used poor judgment during the seventh inning. Wrenburgh had gained their first run.

He continued to think of Blakely as he walked to the bench. Ben avoided him. He felt the slight. It was true that he had been delighting in the discomfiture of Blakely. Until Ben had rudely told him, he had not realized that he owed his present position to Blakely, for had not the pitcher been the only incentive that had practically urged him to gain the pitcher's box. Wrenburgh already had one run that was caused by his negligence. It was quite probable that they would gain another if he continued to pitch in his present state of mind.

"Captain Rogers," he said, addressing that individual.

"Yes, Wilton?"

"Put in a substitute for me or we will lose the game.

"Why?"

"If I pitch my mind will not remain on the game, and, as you know, a man is a very poor pitcher who thinks of other things when throwing a ball."

Captain Will Rogers was not the man to ask questions. He simply acted, and loud cheers greeted the substitute pitcher. There were no other men but the nine on the Trenton team and it was necessary that Blakely and Wilton exchange places. The former gave Wilton a smile of

thanks as the player took their places.

Blakely had many reasons for wanting to keep the score where it was insofar as Wrenburgh was concerned, and the girl appeared to be the most conspicuous reason, for she was continually cheering him. At the end of the first half of the eighth inning the score was still one to nothing in favor of Wrenburgh.

It now appeared, during the second half of the eighth inning, that the Wrenburgh pitcher was weakening, for when Blakely went to bat there was already one man on the bases. The first ball that came towards the plate was an easy ball to hit. A loud crack sounded as Blakely struck with terrific force. The crowd looked upward as the ball traveled in a neat arc high over the left field fence. It was a home run.

A wild yell followed by deafening cheers sounded as Blakely crossed the plate after the man who had been on first base. The score was now in favor of Trenton. If Blakely could hold down the score of Wrenburgh during the last inning the game would be won.

When Wrenburgh batted in the be-

ginning of the ninth inning Blakely threw every ball with extreme care and almost perfect judgment. First one batter and then another was called out. As the third man came to bat Blakely recognized Wrenburgh's heaviest hitter. The man smiled grimly, but Blakely was no less determined.

With cool deliberation he threw the ball. The husky batter struck, the crack of the ball sounded as it collided with the bat. It was a neat hit and the ball sped towards right field. The crowd watched in silence. They saw a tall figure in right field give a rapid glance at the speeding sphere. The man judged about where the ball would fall, the spectators noted that he ran for the spot like a deer, and they gazed with bated breath as he posed to receive the ball. Like a meteor it landed in his glove with a dull thud. It bounded out again, but the tall figure was alert. He grasped it before it could fall to the ground. The crowd yelled with enthusiasm. The man whom "Left" Blakely had termed a useless statue had run sixty feet to catch a ball that had been hit by the most powerful batter on the Wrenburgh nine.

WHAT OF THE YOUTH OF TODAY?

By C. W. Hunt.

One has to live to get to the half century mark and beyond to find how little youth cares for age, (I mean in general) and there never was a time in the history of the human race, in this free country, when there was as much discussion of the tendency of youth as there is today; and so much of it directly critical that the

youth of today with ambition, and aspiring to be good and great are overshadowed by the uproar against the wayward, reckless, not to say "hell-bent" boys and girls, so many of whom are before the courts.

Occasionally one runs upon a sage (?) who boldly assert that the youth of today is no worse than those of

former times who drove the horse and buggy; that they are no more guilty of questionable or immoral acts driving the high or low powered car than their parents were jogging along behind the horse. This writer cannot, does not agree with such optimists, nor does he believe any other mature person will so agree, if possessed with the information this writer is possessed of, knows what he knows, sees what he sees and has seen. The youth of a quarter or a half century ago might have been as bad, had it had the opportunity to be bad and the temptations thrown about it as are now thrown out to all young people. They might have been as bad, but they were not.

It is supposed, and most students of psychology and sociology agree that at no time in the history of civilization has the change in custom and modesty been as great in a space of fifty years as it has been in the ten to fifteen years immediately preceding this date, or since the coming of the perfected automobile, with a price in the reach of most people. And the auto is the chief factor. The world war tore morality and modesty in twain and "threw down the bars," as it were, in a way that is hard to account for. It is doubtful if there was ever a time, until the present, when parents who were reared in modesty, gentleness and religion saw their offspring take to utter abandon, in many cases. It has been different with each generation for a century, very much different, but with the coming of the world war and the automobile and the movie, there was a skip of from two to three generations in the progress of youth from the old paths. The foregoing is a

record of facts and expressions of opinion, but what of it all?

Students of human history tell us that since history of man begun there has been a series of hills and valleys; times when men were good and looked to God; times when humanity leaned toward the devil and wickedness, and that we are now in a depression. Be that true or untrue, it accounts in part for the apparent tranquility or indifference of many whom you would think would be exorcised about the tendency of youth. But all this discussion, accusation and defense of youth cannot be without effect. Simple talk, charge and defense is not all there is to it. Youth that reads and thinks will take notice; youth that means well will stiffen the lever that holds the helm that guides the bark to better life. Parents that are not beyond hope will stiffen the right arm of authority that guides the family to safety. It must react. When youth begins to recognize that that wild acts lead to social death and outcasts, it will wake up, pick up, and the youth of today with all the sources of learning and diversion and entertainment cannot be more than half bad. It must improve, and out of the tempest of wild youth of today will come a generation that is stronger in character (it is to be hoped) than were their fathers and mothers.

To see and to know what is outlined in this last paragraph above there needs to be a return to God and religion. It is settled, (in spite of all hell's minions) that there is nothing that will stand except the religion that has kept this old world from destruction since mans fall in the garden of Eden.

COLOR LIGHT SIGNALS.

Color light signals, declared by Southern Railway engineers to be the last word in electric automatic block signal protection, are now in service on the entire Washington-Atlanta double-track line, 637 miles, replacing signals of the three position semaphore type.

The color light signal is a recent development, consisting of a series of three lamps mounted vertically behind colored lenses on a mast with an oblong sheet metal background. These lamps produce a light which can be easily distinguished at from 2,500 to 3,000 feet in bright sun light, giving an indication which enginemen can recognize even more easily than the position of the semaphore.

The color light signal is considered a distinct advance in signal practice since the same indications (RED for stop, YELLOW for caution, and

GREEN for proceed) are used both day and night. As there is no mechanism, the color light signal is less subject to failure than other types. Another advantage is that the lights are placed directly in the enginemen's line of vision.

The Southern was a pioneer in the introduction of color light signals, having installed them on the Atlanta-Birmingham line in 1924. In order to extend them over the Washington-Atlanta line it was necessary to replace 821 signals. The entire line from Washington to Birmingham, 800 miles, is now equipped with this most modern type of signals, operated by alternating current, fed from a power transmission line of equal length. This is the longest continuous installations of this kind in existence.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Silas Solomon, a member of the tenth cottage was given a position in the shoe shop last week.

Letter writing day came around last week. All the boys at the institution were glad to write a letter to their home folks.

The boys in the carpenter shop were very busy several days last week making some tables. They have also been making some benches.

Mr. Johnson, James Torrence, Chas.

Beech, and Gordon Ellis were busy several days during the past week cutting hair. The boys were all very glad to get their hair cut.

The boys of the eighth, ninth, and tenth cottages are very grateful to the party or parties who threw out the base balls, from their automobile, passing along the highway last Tuesday afternoon.

New chairs have been distributed to the different cottages during the last week. The second cottage re-

ceived 15, the third 20, the fourth 21, the sixth 4, the seventh 15, and the ninth cottage 10.

The boys on the junior team lost a hard fought game to the Hartsell Mill juniors. The score being tied several times. The leading hitters for the School juniors were: Pate and Smith. Pate pounded the ball for two sacks twice in succession. Smith hit for three bases, and scored a run, in the first. The score:

	R	H	E
J. T. S. (J)	202	100	—5 5 7
Hart. M. (J)	003	102	—6 7 2

Two base hits: Pate (2) Three base hit: Smith. Bases on balls: off Wade 2, off Carter 1. Struck out by Wade 5; by Carter 4. Double plays: Pate to Floyd. Umpire: Godown.

The game with the visiting team, Rocky River, that was played on the local diamond proved to be another victory for the School, by the score of 5 to 4. All the players on the School team pounded out safe hits. Henry, the center fielder for the School pounded out three. Godown, getting two singles. All were lucky in hitting the pill. While the Training School pitcher held the visitors down to seven hits. The score:

	R	H	E
J. T. S.	200	030	00x—5 13 3
Rocky R.	000	003	010—4 7 3

Two base hits: Henry. Stolen bases: Alexander K., Dorton, Kiser E., Kiser C. (2), Hobby, Henry, White, Godown (3), Lisk. Bases on balls: off Kiser B. 0, off White 1. Struck out by Kiser B. 6; by White 8. Double play: Kiser C. to Kiser E. to Spence. Hit by pitcher: White and Pickett.

Umpires: Wilson and Cachren. The School team has won six and lost four games, for a percentage of .600.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. ————. His selected Scripture reading was from James the third chapter. His text was from the book of Solomon, which reads: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes." In one of his illustrations he told the boys how a little thing helps to ruin the life of a man (a tree as described here). I was brought up on a farm. One day I drug my plow over a small apple tree. The tree stood up and grew, but it had a long scar on it where the bark had been scraped off. When the tree had grown to be a large one, the bark did not grow back over the place. A storm came up one night and the tree broke where the tree had the scar. So is the life of some men. They all let the little things ruin their lives, by having one weak spot, like the scare on the apple tree. Rev. ————'s sermon was enjoyed by all present.

New quaterlies were distributed to all the boys at the institution last week. The subject of the first lesson was, "Israel Enslaved in Egypt." This lesson tells how the Israelites were put into slavery by Pharoah. "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." Pharoah told his councilers, or some of his close friends, that the people of Israel were multiplying very fast and to put them to work. They were put to work irrigating the fields ("in fact nothing was as tiresome

in the daily work of the Egyptians as this irrigating of the fields"). The Egyptians had task masters over them, which always were beating some of their fellow workers. But they worked with rigor and they kept multiplying. They kept working and built the treasure cities of Pithon and Raameses for Pharaoh. "And they

made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in bricks, and in all manner of service in the fields: All their service, wherein they made them serve was with rigour." The Golden Text for the lesson was: "The Lord will not cast off his people."—Proverbs 94 : 14

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Howard Cloaninger, Brochie Flow-
John Keenan, Howard Keller, Chas.
ers, Everett Goodrich, Carl Henry,
Loggins, Lee McBride, Wm. Miller,
Washington Pickett, Clyde Fierce,
Whitlock Pridgen, Donald Pait, Will
Smith, Archie Waddell, Hurley Way,
Clyde Bristow, Jas. Beddingfield,
Smiley Morrow, Herbert Poteat, and
Brantley Pridgen.

"B"

Roy Adams, Gordon Ellis, Walter
Evers, David Fountain, David Brown,
Will Case, Joe Carroll, Claude Evans,
Herman Goodman, John Johnson,
Fred John, Floyd McArthur, Horace
McCall, David Willaims, and Cucell
Watkins.

Room No. 2.

"A"

Landon Macemore.

"B"

John Wilson, Troy Norris, Ed
Moore, Bill Billings, Byron Ford,
Herbert Jackson and J. D. Long.

Room No. 3.

"A"

Paul Elmore, Fred Lindasy, Jake
Kelley, Bloyce Johnson, Sam McIn-
tyre, Theodore Teague, Jesse Hurley,
John Taylor, Daniel Nethercutt.

"B"

Claude Cooke, Thos. Grose, Aus-
tin Surret, Pierson Hunsucker, He-
wett Collier, and Lee Wright.

Room No. 4.

"A"

Paul Sisk, Hoyle Austin, Chas.
Murphy, Jack Thompson, Glenn
Taylor, James Sprinkle, Roy Glover,
Bowling Byrd, Henry Andrews, John
Hill, Bronco Owens, Lankford, He-
witt, Benjamin Winders, John Watts,
Everett Cavanaugh, Paul Burgess,
Bill Ballew, Boone S. Lerrill, and
Walter Bridgeman.

"B"

Edward Futch, Lawson Beasley,
Elias Warren, John Holmes, Benj.
Sasser, William Dunlap, Frank Gough,
Otis Floyd, James Williams, Mar-
shall Weaver, Corbett Watson, Joe
Henderson, and Howard Riddle.

Room No. 5.

"A"

Chas Huggins, Earl Mayfield, Wal-
do Moore, Chas. Beaver, Dewey Wal-
ker, Emmett Levy, Aaron Davis,
Tom Parsons, Herbert Campbell, Ed-
die Lee Budon, Aumon Bivins, Gro-
ver Walsh, Dalton Lanier, Lester
Rouse, Roland Talson, William Hil-
iard, Victor Evans, Chas. Tant,
Andrew Parker, Amos Ramsey, Earl

Torrence, Chas Carter, Robert Cooper, Tom Tedder, Norman Beck, George Bristow, J. D. Sprinkle, Claude Wilson, Paul Sapp, Albert Stamsbury, Hallie Bradley, Roy Brown, Colon Clapp, Tessie Massey, Fermon Gladden, Eldon, DeHeart, Edgar Canthran, Kellie Tedder, Fuller Moore, Robie Gardner, Melvin Canthran, Wendall Ramsey, James Scott, Guy Thornburg, Eugene Lewis,

Clyde Cook, and Earle Brown.

“B”

Roscoe Franklin, Vernon Junigan, Perry Quinn, Arnold Cecil, Claude Whitacker, R. S. Stansil, Carl Sopschire, Wheeler Vandyke, Raymond Lowery, Lee King, Myron Tomisian, Ralph Clinard, Robert Sprinkle, Chas. Norton, Reggie Payne, Willie Shaw, Alen Cabe, and John Herns.

“THE GREAT FEAR.”

“The Great Fear” is the head under which Dr. E. C. Brooks, president of the State College of Agriculture and Engineering, in his annual report to the trustees discusses that institutions position, or rather, positions in the evolution controversy. The extraordinary agility with which Dr. Brooks slides from one position to another is that of a politician of marked talent and long practice. Do you believe in evolution and do you favor the freedom of the State’s educational system? So does Dr. Brooks,—in certain paragraphs. Or are you a Fundamentalist with a deep distrust of science? Then listen with approval while the Doctor questions “minor hypotheses” and denounces “noxious doctrines.” Or perhaps you are in the middle of the road, blowing neither hot nor cold? Then who is arm in arm with you but Dr. Brooks! “The Great Fear” says everything,—and nothing. It is in sharp and painful contrast to the clear, unequivocal, courageous utterances on the same subject by Dr. Harry W. Chase, of the University of North Carolina.

I congratulate Dr. Brooks on the appropriateness of the title,—“The Great fear.”—Nell Battle Lewis.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH A DAY'S WORK ON THE SOUTHERN

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	320,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives.....	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

367

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 17, 1926

No. 33

FINEST SERVICE.

When Napoleon was asked what France most needed his reply was "Mothers." The same need is with us today. No nation can ever rise above the level of its homes. It will be just what its homes are. We cannot go on with our domestic troubles, separation and divorces and build a strong nation.

He renders his country and his God the finest service who builds a Christian home.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

NEW FRIEND.

*After I have known you
I shall still be I,
But I shall see farther
By one degree of sky.*

*From the four windows
And the one door
I shall find many things
Not seen before.*

*And now that I have known you
I drink my eyes' fill
Of a deeper-blue ocean
And a stranger-purple hill.*

*My casement swings wider
And the frame of my door
Makes a wider landscape
Than any there before.*

—Isabel Fiske Conant.

* * * * *

COUNTY HOSPITAL.

We have ample reasons for pride in the completion of Hotel Concord, which is an expression of civic pride. At the same time it is not a donation. After all that may be said the erection of the splendid building involves the idea and hope of a material return, if not direct, certainly indirectly.

This, however, does not detract from the fine spirit that brought it into existence. It is now an accomplished fact; and there seems fine evidence

that it is being and will be run in a style and manner to appeal to the public taste, and in that respect reflect credit on the men and women of the county who made it possible.

There is another proposition that should engage the public spirited people, who wish to do an unselfish service for the county. A Public Hospital for Cabarrus county is a crying necessity. The public is not interested in the making of money, but, following the lessons that we gather from the lowly Nazarene, it is bounded on us as an organized government, a social unit, an orderly community, to provide a place where hundreds of our fellows from time to time may receive surgical attention without humiliation.

The splendid gentlemen, who were selected as an Executive Committee with full power to act—their commission coming from the Mass Meeting—are certainly conversant with the constant needs, and their ability and executive powers are such as to justify the fondest hopes that they will be enabled to bring to successful issue the purpose which the Mass Meeting had in mind and so unanimously endorsed, the same having since received the hearty endorsement of the civic clubs, who have assured the committee of its co-operation.

If Haywood county—a mountain county—patriotically votes one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a County Public Hospital and provides for its maintenance, is there need of the great Piedmont county of Cabarrus to balk?

This is a movement of service in behalf of all the people and not for a class or profession or any part of it.

It is a county community affair. To side-track it into a private affair will rob it of its efficacy, and put us in the attitude of trying to escape a great public duty and privilege.

* * * * *

DEATH BULLETIN.

The average Daily's first page is becoming a death bulletin. Aside from natural deaths recorded, the great majority represents carelessness in driving and the acts of violence.

None of the deaths by violence is excusable in this enlightened age, when there are enough courts to settle all difficulties and an age which ought to teach men and women to control their passions and their acts—much of these are directly traceable to the influences of fashion and manner of living—these themselves are directly traceable to the breaking down of home government.

But nine-tenths of the deaths on the roads, which are attributed to “burst-

ed tires," "failing to take the curve" and other flimsy reasons for fatal accidents, are entirely due to down-right carelessness of the driver or drivers. Scarcely a day passes but that the papers carry the story of deaths because of "a car failing to take the curve, went down the embankment." Why did the car fail to take the curve—it was a dare-devil exhibition of carelessness and no consideration of others on the same road.

Deaths by violence and carelessness in North Carolina make a record not in keeping with the song of progress we sing, and have a material right, if not a moral one, to sing daily.

* * * * *

YOUR SPECIAL WORK.

A woman who stood in the front rank of the medical profession in her city once remarked that the secret of success consists in doing the thing that you can do, and that no one else can do.

"There is nothing I can do that some one else cannot do. I'm not so clever as that," said a young girl who overheard the remark.

When you stop to think of it, you will see that the girl was wrong. There is always something a girl can do that no one but herself can do. No one else can be the same comfort to your mother and your father than you can be. No one else can do the same things that you can do for your brother and your sister. Be especially careful to do those things in particular that you can do better than any other.—Exchange.

* * * * *

BRIGHT COLORS ADOPTED.

Displacing the sombre black which has been the universal garb for locomotives on American railways in recent years, the Southern Railway System has adopted a color scheme of green, gold and burnished steel for 23 heavy Pacific type passenger engines, now being received from the Richmond plant of the American Locomotive Company.

These engines which will be used to pull the Southern's crack trains, have tenders, cabs, smockstacks and other projections above the boiler jackets, drivers and other wheels painted a rich dark green with gold-leaf striping. The boiler jackets, driving rods and other running parts are highly polished. Four of them, to run between Washington and Atlanta, have their tenders lettered, "Crescent Limited," and three, to run between Chattanooga and Meridian, "Queen and Crescent Limited."

Like other heavy Pacifics now in service on the Southern, the new engines

have 73-inch driving wheels, cylinders of 27-inch diameter and 28-inch stroke, and such modern improvements as mechanical stokers, feed water heaters, and brick arches.

The tenders have twelve wheels, being mounted on two six-wheel trucks, and have capacity for 14,000 gallons of water and 16 tons of coal. This increased tender capacity will enable the engines to run through between Atlanta and Greenville, between Greenville and Spencer, between Spencer and Monroe, and between Monroe and Washington without stopping to take on water or coal. The engines alone weigh 300,000 pounds and the tenders when loaded 256,000 pounds.

* * * * *

Gov. McLean's course in commuting the sentence of the little negro Mansell from the electric chair to life imprisonment, has come in for high commendation. It is well. If Mansell committed the deed, he deserved to die; if he didn't, why should he not be liberated. This is the thought that some have expressed. The governor is entirely correct. Since the trial enough additional evidence has come to light, of which the court could not take cognizance at this juncture, that seems to throw such doubt about the case that it is right and proper for the Governor to spare the negro's life. Gov McLean does not recognize his guilt nor his innocence—but the miserable fellow is spared and the future may clear it up.

* * * * *

In The Uplift of last week we announced the generous act of Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston-Salem, ordering us "to serve ice cream to the boys and all of the Jackson Training School population twice a week until November 1st and send the bill to her," made us all indeed happy. There is another lot of God's children that are in the same boat of fortune. Mrs. Reynolds gave similar instructions to Supt. Jackson of the Barium Springs Orphanage.

* * * * *

The Parisian Associated Press was caught short-handed in news when it cabled to the world such inaccurate and startling news about some of Concord's choice citizens. Adding insult to injury it proclaims to the world that Concord people will come to its old town in third-class quarters. There is one comforting feature in the whole thing, even in the face of all the inaccuracy paraded, is that Sir Blanks has arrived safe.

* * * * *

"Old Hurrygraph," another name for Mr. James A. Robinson, of Durham,

who has from week to week contributed such entertaining Ramblings to these columns, is off on his vacation, which he spends in the "Happy Valley" of Caldwell county. He deserves this merited rest at a place which is his second love. The Uplift would like to be with him.

* * * * *

Though it cost money to change, there is compensation in the thought that the miserably unsightly license plates of 1925 are no more. May another such an eyescore be never inflicted on the state.



BY THE WAY—

By Jim Riddick.

THIS—IN A PROGRESSIVE CIVILIZED COUNTY.

I am snatching this from real life in Cabarrus county. It is a genuine case of human suffering in mind and body, with its attending horrors involving four helpless children, the oldest just thirteen and the youngest less than two years. The man, the father—God pity him in his extremity.

We'll call him William Alexander—but that is not his real name. He is a cotton mill operative, residing rurally. He is industrious, faithful, orderly and honest. It is no dishonor to him that he is poor in worldly goods—he is rich in qualities that spell upright manhood.

This man's wife, herself a splendid woman, faithful and loving mother, who lived with her children in perfect devotion to their best interests, fell sick. She was approaching the trials of the twilight zone. Sudden illness attacked her; vital organs became involved; her sickness became most serious; the doctor was faithful (Alexander's name was never in the physician's Black-List Album, one of the modern methods of a collecting agency); and hospital and surgical attention became imperative.

Alexander was advised to carry his wife to the hospital. The poor fellow, all but exhausted physically in nursing the sick woman as she fought through terrible convulsions and taking the woman's place in the family cares, exclaimed "my dear lady, I haven't a cent; I've been able by economy and regular work to support my family and meet my doctor bills, but I never could meet a hospital charge."

A group of people gathered to offer their aid; an organization came forward and sponsored the hospital charge and the poor, suffering, woman was hastened to the hospital—but it was too late!

The delay and the absence of a PUBLIC HOSPITAL in Cabarrus county cost a genuinely good woman her life and added four fine little children to the motherless class amongst us—and this in a community where God has bountifully blessed scores of men and women, who, were the real call and spirit of "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" to pour itself into their souls, could make possible for the county a modern Public Hospital, where hundreds and hundreds, situated just like William Alexander was, could apply for a

prompt service without humiliation
—and

Heaven's blessings would be the benefactors' reward today and forevermore!

The foregoing sad event is of the past few days. It is not an isolated case, for no day passes in Cabarrus County when the kindly hand of charity and merciful aid need to be invoked in the interests of humanity. But—

There is no place in all the county for the many, who need the benefits of a hospital treatment and who are unable to secure same.

In such a predicament, what is the duty of an organized government?

A Move Was Made.

The Civic Organizations, including the Chamber of Commerce, a few months ago, recognizing a dire need for the county in the form of a Public Hospital, as if by a spontaneous kindly impulse, took up the matter in their Clubs. Committees were appointed to take the initial steps to remedy the one defect that reflects no credit upon the civic and humane spirit of the county.

This committee met and certain professional opposition, or a marked lukewarmness, was apparent. It may have been caused by professional jealousy, or a commercial spirit, if not blindness. Finally, all agreed it would be a fine idea to invite Dr. W. S. Rankin to address a public mass meeting.

Dr. Rankin Speaks.

In the court house, a goodly audi-

ence of representative citizens, professional and laymen from every part of the county, heard the distinguished medical leader, who convinced the audience beyond a doubt that a Public Hospital is an imperative need and would result in a fine economical solution of the problem that confronts Cabarrus County.

That mass meeting appointed a committee to select a central committee from the several wards and townships of the county.

Central Committee Meets.

A meeting of this committee was held in the county court house and, after reviewing the situation and all that had gone before, entered into a permanent organization by the election of the following officers, who were clothed with the powers of an Executive Committee:

Mr. Chas. A. Cannon, Chairman,
Mr. G. L. Patterson, Vice-chairman,
Mrs. H. S. Williams, Treasurer,
Dr. T. N. Spencer, Treasurer.

It was the sense of the central committee that the time was ripe for action; that a survey of the county should be had for the requisite number of petitioners to call an election for the proposition of expending one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a Public Hospital; and this Ex. Committee was clothed with the power to make all necessary plans looking to the successful issue of the campaign.

What Has Been Accomplished.

The public has no further information regarding what has been accomplished by the Executive Committee, or has been advised of any definite purposes which this committee enter-

tains. Rumor has it, however, that the professional part of the movement that at the outset insisted on a private Hospital is of the same notion, and has faithfully fathered a propaganda that is in direct opposition to the will and desire of the Mass Meeting.

A Private Hospital.

A private hospital, modern and thoroughly up-to-date, may prove a fine business investment for certain ones; may put Concord and Cabarrus county on the map as forward-looking and enterprising; will give our boosters something to show visitors; and may result in a pecuniary profit for the certain few; and may prove a worthy place for the sick amongst us that are able financially to face the charges of a hospital treatment, thus keeping that money in our midst. But—

That does not answer the call that civilization and humanity have made bounded upon a humane people, who seek to carry the benefits of hospital treatment to the hundreds of deserving and worthy indigent in our midst.

We have had the worthy poor with

us in the past; we have them to day; and we will have them throughout all the years—and it is meeting this condition that the mass meeting had in mind. A certain physician in answer to the suggestion to let the doctors get together and agree, declared, "Why, doctors can't agree on anything but the Black List." In meeting our civic duty in this great piece of humane work for the county, we must not lose sight of the fact that the splendid gentlemen, who compose the medical profession in our midst are not unlike the profession elsewhere—they have never been brought to a unit on a method, and neither have the representatives of other professions ever been wholly of one mind.

The question that confronts Cabarrus county involves the building of a hospital not for the doctors but for the people at large—a private hospital will not answer the call. It may answer the needs of the rich and the able, but it will prove impotent when we come to carry out the involved injunction behind that great question that confronts us all: "AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

Wisdom is more than knowledge. Besides knowledge it includes morality, faith and consistent conduct. It is knowledge put to the best uses. It is a way of life. It differs from modern philosophy in a very important particular. Modern philosophy raises questions, while wisdom makes affirmations. He is not necessarily a wise man who knows many branches of human learning, but who, knowing these branches, pulls his living up to the level of his knowledge. Certainly he is wise who lives on the higher level.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I would like to know where the man is who said we would not have any hot weather this summer. I would like to look upon him once more.

One man was talking about another man when it was asked if the man talked about worked hard. "Work hard!" replied the man doing the talking; "He works about as hard as a weather vane in a dead calm."

The early cantalopes have made for themselves the reputation, "You can't eat." They are too green, hard and insipid. This comes from pulling them green and expecting them to ripen by the time they reach their destination, which they do not do. But they are useful for making two bowls in which you can start the germination of small seed.

Two ladies were discussing a marriage which took place in their church "And do you know," remarked the first, and best informed of the two, "just as Frank and the widow started up the isle for the altar every light in the church went out." "What did the couple do?" inquired the other. "Kept on going. The widow knew the way."

While they have failed to make the world safe for democracy, with what they are now doing, and have been doing for some time, it looks

like they are making it safe for the bootleggers.

Have you ever noticed that every traffic cop is a hero till he pulls you for speeding, then your cop idol is shattered.

It is the part of wisdom for the wise man to separate life into the possible and the impossible—then let the fools work on the impossible.

Many folks rush to the ends of the world for happiness, when they could find it right at home; all around them. In their own hearts, if they cultivate happiness. Happiness comes from within, and is the state of the heart.

The world is moving along in the usual way, notwithstanding the college graduates have turned loose on it a flood of how things should be governed, and the vacation season has begun, and these same graduates will accomplish very little turning the world upside down. Professor Driandchaninoff recently informed a world congress of psychologists that "man is only an imperfect realization of unlimited possibilities." The Russian professor may not know any better, but I agree with him. Many people still glory in the right to be just as mean and ornery as they wish to be when the humor strikes them. And take my word for it, it strikes a

good many quite frequently.

If a person will drop into a reflective mood for a few moments he will be astonished by the sweep that can be taken by the human emotions in a very short time. Within a span of half an hour I have often experienced the height of joy and the depth of misery. Plunged into a mire of unhappiness, I sometimes attempt to reconstruct the events that led to the word, or look, or act that knocked me down. In retrospect the sharp word, look or act, seems entirely unwarranted. Why did I say it; look it; act it? Why does anyone get peeved, angry or jealous? In letting passions rule us we gain a few high moments, but a great many low days of regrets. The sad part about it is that we cannot undo so many things we do, when, upon reflection, we see the folly of what we have done.

A mother was chiding her young son on eating so much sweets, and remarked: "Son, you will spoil your stomach eating so much candy." "No, no, mother," replied the embryo congressman. "That don't matter. I always keep my coat buttoned and it will not show."

The yacca belongs to the West India taxaceous tree and shrub family, of which there are about 70 different varieties. It is a beautiful bloom. It is rich cream white in a plume-shape, filled with small bell-like blossoms that hang gracefully in thick uniform clusters about a foot in height. There is a luxurious

plant of the taxaceous shrub variety at "The Myrtles," the lovely home of Mrs. Minnie L. Yearby, Liberty street, corner Dillard. This special plant has been in the habit of disclosing one beautiful bloom every other year. This year it has out-yaccaed itself and past record by having two blooms which are now in the zenith of their beauty, and attract a great deal of attention. It is one of nature's master pieces.

They were discussing current events, when one lady friend asked another: "Pray tell me upon what grounds did Mrs. Dullworth obtain her divorce?" The husband of the lady speaking, heard the inquiry and remarked: "Upon the court house grounds." This was entirely an impromptu piece of wit, but it answered the query; and the conversation turned to something else.

The spirit of poetry dwells in North Carolina. Now comes Mrs. Ella Z. Harris, of Lenoir, N. C., with a beautiful little brochure, "Carolina Carols," which has all the freshness of the mountain zephyrs; the fascinations of the woodland flowers; and the charm of forest song-bird melody. There are 22 of her productions, which cover the scale of emotions in life, and she tells us "All the air athrill with fragrance; all the birds alit in tune, sweet white clovers star the meadows; the sunlit brooks are all achime." Mrs. Harris weaves many beautiful thoughts into her poetry, and has added a valuable contribution to the songs of the heart. She pays a timely and beautiful tribute to beautiful fomaus Blowing Rock. Perhaps the most

touching of her collection, is the poem on "Ideal and Real," which is rather in the form of prayer on youth, manhood and old age. The last verse is as follows:

"Dear Father, the way was so long
and so hard,

And the plan of our lives we have
blurr'd and marred

We are old, we are tired, we are
spent in the race—

Hast Thou for a wanderer peace
and a place."

It is told that a Presbyterian minister had been summoned to the bedside of a Methodist woman who was very ill. As the Presbyterian went up the walk he was met by the little daughter of the sick woman, and he said to her: "I am sorry to hear your mother is so very sick, but I am glad she remembered me in her illness. Is your minister out of town?" "No," answered the child. "He's at home, but we thought it might be something contagious and we didn't want to expose him to it."

You have to work for happiness just as you do for other desirable attributes. Many persons seem to think that happiness is a thing like

a house or a dress that you can get hold of and keep as though it were a material possession. If you will respond to everything lovely and cheerful; in all things see beauty, enjoy persons; delight in work and be enthusiastic in play, you will be gathering up happiness. Teach yourself interest in the hopes and struggles of others, interest that is useful and true help. Learn to enjoy the many little things that turn up during the day. Make the most of your own mind; your own capacities. Don't sit about wondering whether you are happy or not, and whether or not life is worth living. Live it thoroughly. Keep awake to all the wonders of it, and you will be happy without knowing it at first, until you have progressed far enough to know what happiness is.

If you should happen to hear anyone reckless enough to say, "It isn't hot," tell him Ju'ly. That reminds me—

Oh, shucks; what's the use of being reminded of anything this hot weather—

I'm off to the mountains. Good-bye!

Religion is an essential part of education. It must be given a place in our teaching program. We are being told that religion is caught and not taught, but we have the conviction that if someone had not been faithful in teaching it there would not be much of it to be caught. It is highly necessary that in a formal way we shall teach our faith line upon line and precept upon precept. The teaching process has broken down because too many adults have gone on the assumption that the children would imbibe it in some mysterious way.

THE PORPOISE AND THE PIRATE SHARK.

By Harry Van Demark.

Jed Withrow had often heard of the daring exploits of the Passamaquoddy Indians, performed in hunting the porpoise in birch-bark canoes; but he never believed possible the sights he saw when, one summer, he went to spend his vacation with his Uncle William on Passamaquoddy Bay, one of the famous spots on the Maine coast.

He scraped up an acquaintance with two of the best Indian hunters, Pete and Jim. It took considerable persuasion to induce them to take him out on a porpoise hunt; but after he had shown them that he could handle a paddle pretty well, they at last agreed to initiate him into the art and mystery of porpoise hunting.

The first thing Jed learned was that they never go out in calm weather. When the water is smooth the porpoises do not play and tumble about as they do when the water is rough. The Indians shoots his fish and the more he is jumping about the better chance he has for landing his prize.

And if you think shooting out of a birch-bark canoe is an easy matter suppose you try it some time—but take my advice and do it where the water is smooth and shallow.

Long practice, however, has enabled the members of the Passamaquoddy tribe to accomplish the feat with comparative ease, and some splendid shots they make too, with their old-fashioned guns, standing up as they

fire. They do not mind the rough weather at all, but when the fog shuts down there is nothing to be done but wait for it to lift.

At such times it is dismal enough about Grand Manan, the only relief from the monotony being the occasional tooting of a fisherman's tin horn or the blast of a conch shell, the steady rumble of a mechanical fog-horn, or the dreary "konk, konk" of some majestic raven perched high upon the cliffs.

They say that this is where the mills are kept that grind out all the fog for the Bay of Fundy; though others contend that a good deal of it comes from the Nova Scotia side of the bay. Jed's uncle told him that he had heard the old fog-horn at Cape Sable working away night and day for twenty-six consecutive days in the month of June, and that North Head nearby had nearly the same record. But when it settles down thickly and you hear the melancholy boo-oo-oo of the signal it is dismal enough to make even a boy of seventeen feel blue.

If you have never been out in a bark canoe in rough weather you have no idea how seaworthy a craft it is when worked by skillful hands. It is simply wonderful to watch the masterful fashion in which the Indians handle their canoes. They will go out in a gale that will give schooners under shortened sail a pretty stiff time of it. Their canoes are so light and buoyant that they seem to dance

over the waves like living things; and where the lumbering schooners are pounding the water and sending the spray in sheets over the deck, the canoes flit over the crests of the waves like veritable birds.

In the winter though, it is different. You see, the Indians hunt the porpoise for its blubber, from which they manufacture the porpoise oil that is valuable for so many things, and in the winter the blubber is half an inch thicker than in the summer, and is therefore proportionately richer in oil.

Well, when it comes on squally, and a driving snowstorm is added to the piercing wind, you may imagine that the hunters have a pretty rough time of it. The hardships endured by the Indians during the winter months are almost beyond belief. No white man could stand them—or, at least he wouldn't.

The Indians take the weather as they find it in their usual phlegmatic way; but when it comes to a fight with a shark for a porpoise just shot, even the solemn heaviness of the Indian character gives way, and for once he becomes a being whose nerve and courage are strung to the utmost tension. And when the fight comes to close quarters, and the shark is particularly hungry for a bite of porpoise, it gets to be a mighty ticklish piece of business.

Pete told Jed that such fights were very serious, adding, with a nod toward Jim:

“Him brother lose arm. Shark bite off here.” He indicated the place of amputation by sawing his hand across his own arm just above the elbow.

One morning early in September Pete and Jim consented to take Jed

on a porpoise hunt. The day was fair—in fact, too fair for the best of sport. Jed attributed the Indians' selection of such a day to their doubts of his nerve and steadiness.

Off they started, and with a light breeze filling the little sail of the canoe, simply flew over the rolling swell of the bay. There are no regular hunting grounds. The Indians go out at haphazard, and sail about until a school of their prey is sighted. This day, for many hours, seemed likely to prove unfortunate, for not a sign of a fin could be seen anywhere.

In the afternoon, however, it came on to blow, and they were soon dashing along before a breeze that made it bad weather for good-sized schooners under close reefs.

Jed remonstrated with Pete, who, with the utmost calmness, sat in the stern and managed the sheet and steering paddle.

“All right; no danger 'tall; only little wet,” he advised. “Canoe no swamp. Me watch waves close; water can't come aboard 'tall.” So on they dashed at a lively pace.

Suddenly Jim, who had been reclining in the bows, apparently oblivious to his surroundings, straightened himself up and inquired:

“You hear anything?”

Jed strained his ears, but only the swish-wash of the waters reached him.

“I hear porpoise over dere,” Jim continued. He perked his head in a direction that lay almost directly in their path. A few minutes later he inquired: “Now you hear 'im blow?”

This time Jed certainly did hear what sounded to him like a lot of intermittent steam whistles, but which

he rightly concluded were porpoises blowing, as they leaped and gamboled in the now lively sea.

The Indians picked out a big fellow and Pete worked the canoe around so as to get him dead ahead when he came up.

"I should think you'd want to get that fellow right abeam," Jed remarked.

"No," Tom replied. "If you shoot over gunwale, you would probably upset canoe; but there is no danger of that in shooting straight over the stern."

Suddenly there was a roar that made Jed grip the gunwales and wonder what on earth had happened. Jim had got a bead on Mr. Porpoise and let drive with his old musket. The Indians do not seem to know anything about the size of a charge of powder, but load up their old weapons by the handful, the limit being fixed only by the kick the gun gives the hunter.

Jed some weeks before had shot at a bird with Jim's gun, and though the Indian said he had put in but a little powder, the boy went around with a lame shoulder for some time.

On danced the canoe and by the time Jim had reloaded his gun, they began to see a red tinge on the water.

"Ugh! Him good shot!" Pete remarked. He at once took down the little sail, and both Indians, after placing their spears handy, grasped their paddles and urged the canoe forward with rapid strokes.

Suddenly Jim, who was on his knees in the bow, called out:

"Heap big sharg come!"

Looking ahead Jed saw a black fin rushing through the water, coming almost directly toward them.

"Look out!" he yelled. He's going to charge us!"

But Pete shook his head and observed: "Him after porpus." And so it proved; for now, not ten yards ahead, lay the porpoise in a crimson sea. He was apparently nearly dead.

It was now a race between the Indians and the shark as to which should get there first. The men had the advantage in distance and were soon lying alongside their prize.

Jed scrambled into the stern and grabbed the gunwales, while Pete and Jim jumped amidships and prepared to haul their prize aboard. But the shark was not to be done out of his prey without a fight, so on he came with a mad rush.

Pete and Jim seized their spears and awaited the result. Down went the sea monster, and the next instant Jed saw an enormous white belly and the awful maw, set with rows of cruel-looking teeth, swiftly rising to the surface close beside the porpoise.

"Now!" cried Pete and together the Indians lunged forward with their spears.

"Ah, him got it dat time," grinned Jim, and so it seemed, for the piratical monster rolled over and dived under the canoe. He was not to be denied, however, and hardly had Jed shouted, "Look out!" when back he darted. Again the well-directed spears made him beat a hasty retreat. Then Pete and Jim, dropping their spears, with marvelous dexterity grabbed the porpoise and in the wink of an eye had him half into the canoe.

"Quick—spear!" yelled Pete, and while he held the great fish firmly, to keep it from slipping back into the water, Jim single-handed prepar-

ed to receive a fresh attack from the shark.

A quick dart, a snap, and Jim was standing with only the handle of the spear in his hand. He had struck the monster squarely in the jaw and the pain had caused the shark to snap his mouth shut.

This move undoubtedly saved the porpoise, for before the shark could recover himself, the impetus of his rush took him past the canoe, and before he could return the prize was safely landed.

"Ugh! Dat hard fight; pretty near lose um porpus. What you t'ink?" said Pete, turning to Jed with a pleased look on his face.

But Jed was speechless. His heart was pounding so hard he could not hear what Pete said. Fortunately for his reputation, however, he regained control of his vocal powers sufficiently to reply:

"Yes, it was a close shave!"

"Pretty near upset," commented Jim. "But him fine porpus—worth hard fight," he added, as he looked down at the five-foot seaboy lying in the bottom of the canoe.

The sail was again set and soon they were once more scudding along in the direction the school of porpoises had taken.

"Me think porpus run down through rips," volunteered Jim.

"What you tink? All right, take him through dere?" asked Pete with a nod toward Jed.

"Oh, yes, him berry good canoe-man," answered Jim to Jed's satisfaction, for the boy was anxious to run down through the Grand Manan rips in a bark canoe. The rips is the name given to the swift current the tide makes rushing around a

point through the narrow channel between the island and the shore. When there is any wind, especially if it is blowing against the tide, a very nasty sea is kicked up, and to run through in a canoe is considered a bit of daring.

The Indians evidently believed this was their lucky day, and determined to follow the porpoise, so the canoe was headed for the opening, now near at hand.

A moment later in they plunged. At the first dip into the swirling, lashing current, Jed grew pale; but Pete was equal to the occasion and by a clever piece of steering pulled them through in good shape with nothing worse than a wetting.

Plenty of porpoises were to be seen coming through the rips, but not even Jed's daring companions had the hardihood to attack them there. Once more out in the open, however, Jim was able again and again to use his antiquated firearm with good effect, until the canoe was loaded down with three fine fish, ranging in weight from ninety to one hundred and fifty pounds each.

They had no more fights with sharks—that day, and Jed was not anxious to repeat his experience. On the way home he asked many questions and learned that oil from the blubber of the porpoise is used for lubricating all sorts of fine machinery. It was also at one time used in all the lighthouses along the coast, and gives a soft, steady light. When pure, it has no odor, never gets sticky and isn't affected by cold weather.

"It's what the watchmaker's use on time-pieces isn't it?" queried Jed.

“Yes; but dat oil come from jaws of fish only,” Pete replied. “The jaws are hung in de sun and the oil caught as it drips down.”

A good-sized porpoise will yield about three gallons of blubber oil and nearly half a pint from the jaws.

This half-pint is worth more than all the rest together.

Jed told his Uncle William that while he wasn't anxious to go porpoise hunting again, he considered it the most interesting and instructive trip he had ever had.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN BOTANY.

By M. Wilma Stubbs.

JOHN BARTRAM, BORN AT DARBY, PA.,
1699; DIED NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
1777.

One day, when the New World was really new, a gentle-minded Quaker farmer ploughed and dreamed in the warm sunshine. “And being weary,” this same John Bartram has written, “I sat me beneath the shade of a tree to rest myself.” From the grass nearby a daisy smiled up at him. “I picked the pretty flower,” he continues, “and viewing it with more closeness than common farmers are wont to bestow upon a weed, I observed therein many curious and distinct parts, each perfect in itself and each in its way tending to enhance the beauty of the flower. ‘What a shame,’ said my mind or something within my mind, ‘what a shame that thou hast spent so many years in the ruthless destroying of that which the Lord, in His infinite goodness, hath made so perfect in its humble place, without thy trying to understand one of its simplest leaves. This thought awakened my curiosity, for these are not the thoughts to which I had been accustomed. I returned to my plough once more, but this new desire for inquiry into the perfectness the Lord hath granted to

all about us did not quit my mind nor hath it since.”

A quaint “homey” house built of stone quarried by the botanist's own hands; some remnants of the garden he planted and loved so much that his death was probably hastened by fear that it fall into the hands of the Redcoats and be destroyed; his journals and correspondence and his name perpetuated in a species of moss—these are the connecting links between the Father of American Botany and our own time. The house and a part of John Bartram's farm, including his garden of rare plants and trees (of which some are still living) are now the property of the City of Philadelphia. Only a few copies of Bartram's books are extant, yet Linnaeus termed him “the greatest natural botanist in the world.”

John Bartram's grandfather, also a John, came to America in 1682 in that sturdy company of Quaker colonists whose leading spirit was William Penn. “A simple ploughman” the younger John Bartram terms himself, but withal, if we read his story aright, a resourceful man, intelligent, thrifty, as the American farmer is wont to be. Nor was he, as he has intimated, a common farmer ev-

en on the practical side of his vocation. With a small inheritance coming to him from his father and an uncle, he purchased for a modest figure some acres of swampy land near the union of the Schuylkill River with the Delaware. By diking and ditching, he reclaimed broad fields and meadows and, prospering in his undertaking, proceeded to erect for himself a homestead. He was then a little over thirty years of age and ambitious. (This building bears the date of 1731). The erection of the dwelling, which is still standing after the lapse of nearly two hundred years, he accomplished himself. Into the building of it he wrought his very soul, quarrying, squaring the blocks of material, fashioning with no small skill lintel, winding stairway and quaint window carving. Later, when he had added greenhouses and gardens filled with plant friends in hundreds from the Old World and the New, he handed the estate on to his sons to be cared for and enlarged by them in their turn. It was during the occupancy of this second generation that the old house welcomed to its hospitality the future author of "American Ornithology," who here received from William, John Bartram's fourth son, himself an eminent naturalist, the inspiration for the initial pages of his great work and labor of love.

An enthusiasm for the things of the wild, long and dangerous—and often lonely—expeditions in search of rare native trees and plants and shrubs, some study of Latin and much study of such books as Parkinson's "Herbal" and "The Gardener's Dictionary" did not keep John Bartram from giving himself to his duties as

a farmer or from success in his calling. No farm thereabouts brought forth such crops of grain and hay as his reclaimed bottom lands yielded him and though he never became wealthy, John Bartram through the income from his acres reared to manhood and womanhood a family of twelve sons and daughters.

A botanical garden in Bartram's day was not so simple a matter as one might suppose. The wilderness with its perils as well as its riches pressed in upon the newlyfounded colony. Wild beast and wilder savage roamed the forests and made the gathering of plants a matter of real heroism. Frequently Bartram found no one courageous or interested enough to accompany him on his long tramps or collecting expeditions. Alone he braved swamp and moorland and the depths of the primeval forests, bringing back treasure-trove of lilies and goldenrod, of lovely ferns and all manner of evergreen and deciduous trees. Besides enriching his own five acres of garden land, many of these shrubs and plants and trees, splendid specimens of our native flora, found their way to England to grace the gardens of enthusiastic and well-to-do garden-makers of the Old Country.

For already Bartram had begun correspondence with the scientific minds of Europe. Through some common friend, the American botanist had been introduced to a wholesale woolen merchant of London, one Peter Collinson, a friend of Linnaeus and of Englishmen of means interested in the collection of foreign plants for their estates. So the number of the Quaker plant-lover's acquaintances broadened. We find him writing

to the great Swedish botanist; to Sir Hans Sloane, whose scientific collections became the nucleus of the treasures of the British museum; to Dr. Dillenium, German botanist and Oxford professor, who interested Bartram in the study of mosses; and to many others. These men Bartram was never to see in the flesh, not reaching a time when he felt himself justified in undertaking the expense of an ocean voyage. But he found himself bound to them by the cords of a common enthusiasm, supplying them with almost unlimited specimens of New World flora (dangers of plant extinction had not yet arisen) and receiving in return from them rare and exotic plants for his garden and books and materials for his labors.

For some of the plant gifts presented to the botanist which were unfitted to withstand the cold of our northern winters, Bartram provided a conservatory, later building him a commodious hothouse. From the study adjoining the conservatory this enthusiastic garden-maker looked out upon his acres planted with guests from the wilderness and plant travelers from all parts of the world, and occupying a terraced southernly slope to the river, a situation to delight the heart of any garden-lover.

In other ways than in farming methods and in sharing the newly-awakened Old World enthusiasm for plant study and collecting did this American nature student prove himself ahead of his time. Like his fellow Quaker; Father Pastorius, Bartram held opinions of his own concerning slavery and acted, as all should act when it is a question of conscience, in accordance with his convictions. Following this inner

light, he emancipated his own slaves and employed on his farm and in the care of his garden only free negroes, to whom he paid wages. One of these remained with Bartram until his death and is buried on the estate.

Besides the friendships which common interests brought him in England and on the Continent, John Bartram won the respect of prominent figures in the American life of his time. Across the floating bridge spanning the river came men of affairs and scholarship to be entertained simply but hospitably at the Bartram farm, for the estate, now surrounded by factories, lay then far outside the city's limits. The list of these visitors includes the patriots Washington and Franklin; Logan, whose two thousand books helped found the Philadelphia Public Library, he himself a botanist and author; the astronomer, Rittenhouse; the jurist, Shippen; and Rush, the physician and writer.

On certain memorable occasions, the Quaker naturalist left his home to undertake journeys almost as momentous to the traveler of that early day as a round-the-world voyage seems in the twentieth century. On one such undertaking, he accompanied a party sent to conduct negotiations with the Six Nations at Onondaga. In this age of the automobile and airplane and railroad, when the Far West is a next-door neighbor, a trip from Philadelphia to central New York seems an everyday occurrence. But to John Bartram an expedition into the tropical wilds of Borneo would hardly have seemed a greater adventure. No wonder that on his return he felt profound gratitude and in his diary

give thanks to the Almighty Power me safe from a savage land to home
 "that preserved us all and returned and family again."

TALKING OF WORMS.

(Ben Dixon MacNeill in News & Observer).

Persons who may find themselves unable to assimilate all that is set forth in paragraphs about to be written and appended hereunto or, in other words, persons who, after reading them, feel disposed to call me a liar, are at liberty to betake themselves unto the village of Roseboro and verify these thing for themselves. Only I charge them to fortify themselves beforehand, lest their reason get to tottering on them.

First they ought to ask Dr. Payne to show them a fiddle-string taken bodily from the carcass of a silk worm. Then they ought to get him to show them a piece of surgeon's sewing thread, commonly spoken of as a suture, taken from the same worm, only by a slightly different process. If their reasons is still with them they then ought to ask him why he burns a combination of incense and myrrh for its psychological effect upon tender young worms.

These things I saw and heard with some wonder yesterday. I consented to the demonstration with skepticism. In the first place, I didn't believe a common worm had a fiddle-string in his tummy, any more than I believed that he had a piece of surgeon's sewing thread in him, sometimes vulgarly referred to as catgut. Nor did I believe that three million idiotic worms cared what they smelled.

After examining a finished cocoon I had little difficulty in believing that

if all the fibre that had gone into its construction were unraveled and stretched out it would reach a mile and a half. In other words, there is enough fibre in a pound of silk to reach from New York to San Francisco, as an airplane flies with the mail. That I could believe, but at the rest I balked and he had to show me.

Whereupon Dr. Payne seized a squirming worm by the scruff of the neck, pinched open its throat, pulled something out of it and dipped it in vinegar. Immediately it began to look like a fiddle-string as he stretched it, and presently he handed it to me. It was a fiddle-string. I have it here beside me as I write. Then he opened another worm and took out another organ. This time he ran it between the nails of his thumb and forefinger and the gum came off. It was the same sort of stuff Tick West used when he sewed up the inside of my mouth. It is here with the fiddle-string.

After I had rested by reason for a little I submitted myself to the demonstration about the nasal sensibilities of the worms. Dr. Payne told me that the worms, when they were hatched, adjusted themselves to the odor of the attendant. If the attendant were changed at any time during the period of development, the worms would languish. They would refuse to eat. They react instantly to the odor of any new per-

son who comes among them.

If the person to whom they are accustomed accompanies a stranger into the room where they are being kept, the worms don't mind it. But if a stranger goes in alone, they recoil immediately. The only way to change nurses for them is to burn a combination of incense and myrrh among them. This completely weans them from the "parent odor" in which they were born. New attendants can then be introduced.

Then he told me that if a woman in a condition that is peculiar to women went among the worms, they not only resented her presence by refusal to eat, but they began dying almost instantly. That I could scarcely believe, until he brought medical opinion to corroborate him, and cited unquestionable instances that had occurred there in Roseboro. One Sunday they almost lost the entire hatch

of three million worms on this account.

At this I marveled greatly. And then he showed me a few hundred worms that had been given to a new attendant three days after they were hatched. Hundreds of thousands of other worms hatched at the same time had passed through successive stages and were then arrived at full maturity, but these who had not their old nurse were attenuated and listless. He burned a little incense for a few of them and they immediately fell to among the mulberry leaves.

All of which made me feel very small, somehow. Who can know all of the strange things that are in this world, and who can but know that back of this maze of diverse currents there is a vast Intelligence, directing things with an omnipotent hand. I learned a lot from worms yesterday. Ben Dixon MacNeill.

THERE IS A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING.

(Mecklenburg Times).

Just a few weeks ago a skilled laborer lost his job through no fault of his own, but because the company for which he was working discontinued the plant here. He was forced to leave Charlotte, family and home and go elsewhere to find employment. While it was not entirely necessary his good wife conceived the idea of helping to buy the necessities of the home and pay the building and loan dues. She is now making sandwiches and fried apple tarts and selling them to those who work in a big office where her sister is employed and has a profit of about \$2.00 daily. Today we read in a newspaper where a boy in Raleigh needed some extra money and conceived the idea of furnishing the fishermen with bait. Today he is operating a small minnow pond and a red worm farm. He finds a ready market for this bait and is making a handsome profit. A man in Union county has made a nice income this spring from a quarter of an acre of cabbage plants. Numerous other instances could be cited where people who want to work can make a living. Even many of those who are badly handicapped and crippled are making a good living for themselves and family. This all goes to prove that it is not necessary to beg or starve to death if one is only inclined to work.

FEAR.

(Health Bulletin).

Children may, while yet very young, acquire their mother's fears but it is not probable that the new-born baby knows any form of fear. Little birds and little chickens when first hatched, and in fact the young of any animals, may be picked up without trying to move away. Very soon, however, they will do just what their mother does. If the mother is a pet cat or a pet hen the kittens or the chickens will never know fear. The little birds at the time they leave the nest, the chickens of a wild hen or the kittens of a fearful cat will be as hard to catch as their mothers.

Parents are often responsible for implanting dangerous fears in their children. It is right and proper for children to be taught to be afraid of dangerous things but very unfortunate if they are taught to be afraid of things they should not be afraid of. How often one hears the remark made by highly intelligent people, "I have always been afraid of such and such thing. I know it is perfectly silly of me but I can't help it." That fear was implanted in the child by an unthinking mother or nurse before the child was old enough to remember how the fear was acquired, and that person continues through life enduring an unreasonable fear. Some persons are able to mostly overcome these foolish fears after they are old enough to understand and see how foolish they are but many are not.

It is especially reprehensible to threaten children with boggy men, policemen, doctors and dentists. These are really dangerous fears for

when there comes a time when doctors, dentists or policemen are needed to help the child, an almost unsurmountable fear stands in the way. So also there are a great many other fears that hinder people in life from doing the things that would enable them to succeed. A certain degree of aggressiveness is essential to success and how can a child learn to be aggressive if every time he turns around he meets a "Don't do that?" If he talks he is told to keep quiet, if he runs and plays he is told to be still. Because experience is the most effective teacher such children sometimes learn to be deceitful. When bubbling over activity leads them to do things, it is natural for a child to do and the don'ts are emphasized with slaps or other punishment the child learns to conceal the truth. The child may know what if he tells a lie and it is found out he will be punished, but when he has made a mistake for which he knows he will be punished if he tells about it he takes a chance on telling a lie, hoping it will not be found out.

Fear of truthfulness has probably been the cause of the first steps on the road to crime in more cases than any of us realize. Many mothers wonder "Why did my child go wrong, when I was always so very careful?" Many mothers' heart would break if they realized that the child went wrong because it was afraid of her. Yet that is the truth, it was more afraid of her than of the things about which she was most careful.

In the aggregate, it is fear perhaps

that rules our lives. Many fears are essential, and it is not always easy to separate the dangerous from the essential. The little child should be prevented from playing alone in water where it might be drowned but if fear of the water is so implanted in that child that it can never learn to swim, then that fear may cause the loss of a life rather than save it. To a certain degree, teaching the child to fear water was all right but beyond that degree it becomes dangerous.

People are not all alike and fears that paralyze some people are only tonics for others. Some people enjoy performing, or seeing others perform, a hazardous feat because it gives them a thrill. Yet there would

be no thrill if there was not an element of fear. Not the fear that paralyzes but the fear that is a tonic. It is this sort of fear that makes gambling for some an obsession.

As essential as it may be to implant certain fears and avoid implanting other fears in the child mind it is not an easy matter to do. The mother who possesses unwholesome fears can scarcely keep from imparting these fears to her children. Only by persistently reasoning herself out of that fear may the child escape. If she still retains it the child will see and imitate it. This is one of the responsibilities of being a parent and there are many others of less importance.

BETTER FINISH No. 10.

(Monroe Enquirer).

Gastonia will be connected with Charlotte with a new 40-foot boulevard which will cost the State upwards of umpty hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now Concord is desirous of a boulevard leading toward the Queen City and is making effort to secure it.

Then, no doubt, Lincolnton, Statesville, Albemarle, Rock Hill and Monroe—all having fine roads leading toward Charlotte—will want boulevards.

Wouldn't it be good business to build hard-surfaced roads where they are greatly needed, rather than build boulevards that we can do without and for which there is no special demand except from real estate owners along the route?

CHRISTIAN REID HIGHLY PRAISED.

The following letter has been received by the editor of *The Citizen* with a request for its publication: Dear Sir:

I am taking the liberty of calling your attention to what I consider a great injustice to the one woman in North Carolina who has achieved real literary distinction of a higher order, namely; Christian Reid, in private life Mrs. Frances Christine, Fisher Tiernan.

In announcing the four women chosen to represent our State in Literature, Civics, Art and Music in the Sesqui-Centennial Booklet, I notice that the Women's Committee has chosen Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer as North Carolina's foremost representative in literature during the last fifty years.

Mrs. Spencer was a remarkable woman with a fine mind and a magnetic attraction for many people. In working for the restoration of the University she served her State magnificently. But her literary output was small—a booklet, "The Last Ninety Days of the Civil War in North Carolina" and a little elementary text book, "First Steps in North Carolina History" are her only writings published in book form. Her articles and letters in local magazines and newspapers were virtually unnoticed beyond the confines of the State. Her literary efforts were unfortunately, extremely meagre. She was a truly great woman, a remarkable personality, but I am very sure the wo-

man whom Senator Vance called "the brightest woman and the smartest man" in North Carolina would be the first to reject the place given her as our chosen representative in literature.

Christian Reid is a name that stands so far above that of any other woman in North Carolina in the realm of literary achievement that it is almost laughable to make a comparison. Her first novel, "Valerie Aylmer" (1870), was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was submitted, D. Appleton and Co., It was an instant popular success and her talent and promise were warmly praised by the critics of the time. From the outset she worked in competition with the leading authors of the country: "a fair field and no favors." Her national reputation came first; her state reputation was a corollary. The sale of her books kept pace with the growing critical appreciation of her style. Her novels were frequently among the "best sellers" of their day. In descriptive writing she stands without a peer. Her words ring like music in one's ears.

One book alone gave to North Carolina a degree of fame that no other book or article ever written by a North Carolinian has brought to our State. That book is "The Land of the Sky." Until this charming romance of a summer's journey was written, our glorious mountains stood there in all their beauty, lost, imprisoned.

unknown, save to a handful of Carolinians. She, with the magic of her pen, opened the gateway to the world. That inspired phrase, "The Land of the Sky" was a stroke of genius and has been worth, quite literally millions of dollars to North Carolina.

Several of her books were translated into French and Italian and several of her stories appeared in foreign magazines.

Not many years before her death she received the Laetare Medal, a coveted distinction in the literary world. Recently this medal was conferred upon Agnes Repplier, the distinguished American essayist.

Christian Ried also writes an occasional exquisite poem. One of her poems, "Regret," should give her a permanent place in any anthology of American poems.

In the world of creative literature Christian Ried won unquestioned reputation and unsought European recognition. F. Marion Crawford, Frances Hodgson Burnett and Thomas Nelson Page are gently pitied now as romantic sentimentalists, but the Carolina woman, who gallantly and successfully broke lances with them for many years, is not to be lightly dismissed in favor of Mrs. Spencer, a distinguished woman whose reputation rests upon her dynamic personality, upon what she was: certainly not upon what she wrote.

Very truly yours,
Elizabeth H. Cotten.
(Mrs. Lyman A. Cotten)

REGRETS

If I had known, O loyal heart.

When hand to hand, we said fare-
well,
How for all time our paths would
part,
What shadow o'er our friendship
fell,
I should have clasped your hand so
close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still would keep its
gasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide.
We loitered through the summer
land,
What presence wandered by our
side.
And o'er you stretched its awful
hand.
I should have hushed my careless
speech,
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and
sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind
eyes
Met mine in parting, true and
sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise.
And earnest rather more than
glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured
stone,
I should have treasured every
glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions here be-
low,
Unto a purer, higher life,
That you were called, O friend, to
go,

I should have stayed all foolish tears,
 And hushed each idle sigh, and
 moan,
 To bid you a last, long God-speed,
 If I had known.

If I had known to what strange
 place,

What mystic, distant, silent shore,
 You calmly turned your steadfast
 face

What time your footsteps left my
 door,

I should have forged a golden link
 To bind the heart so constant
 grown,

And kept it constant even there,
 If I had known.

If I had known that until Death
 Shall with his fingers touch my
 brow,

And still the quickening of the
 breath

That stirs with life's full meaning
 now,

So long my feet must tread the way
 Of our accustomed paths alone,
 I should have prized your presence
 more,

If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
 Drew near the ending of the fight,
 And on your vision, fair and new,

Eternal peace dawned into sight,
 I should have begged, as love's last
 gift,

That you before God's great white
 throne

Would pray for your poor friend on
 earth,

If I had known.

STRATEGY.

(Baltimore Evening Sun)

Witness a little scene from real
 life.

Four young men were playing tennis. A dozen others looked on. At intervals a ball was driven out of bounds and lost in a tangle of vines that flanked the court. A small boy retrieved the lost balls and for each such service received a promised nickle. He was a red-headed boy, with a temper.

On one occasion he retrieved a ball that was not immediately needed and waited impatiently to exchange it for his wage. He made complaint; he became sullen; and at last he opened his knife and muttered: "I'm goin' to cut this ball if they don't

give me my nickle."

A man who stood near said to another: "Look at that kid; he'll ruin that ball."

The other man, who knew small boys answered for the little fellow's benefit. He answered impersonally and indifferently: "No, he won't he's got too much sense to do a thing like that."

The sullen look on the boy's face gave way to one of surprise and this in turn to one of conscious virtue. He closed his knife and returned it to his pocket.

It is a nice bit of strategy if it is handled right. It is simply a matter of wishing a virtue on the other

fellow and leaving the rest to his vanity.

There is no profit in telling a man he is an ass because he did a certain thing. The profitable procedure is to anticipate his action and tell him you know he won't do it because nobody but an ass would.

Is friend husband averse to sharing his earnings? Do not berate him. Wait until he parts with a dime and

then praise his generosity. Every man who gives his wife a reasonably square deal glories in the thought that he is good to her. Wish a generous nature on him and in a month he'll be making efforts to live up to his reputation.

Let the fortune-teller inform the nobody that he is of royal blood and he will come out of the tent with his chin in the air.

WHERE THEY KNOW WHAT WORK IS.

(Monroe Journal).

Often when one is riding about the country and farm people are seen at work in their fields, the remark is made that such work must test the very soul of a man. It is something else to work in the sun day in and day out, with the monetary returns not to be secured until the crop is harvested.

The man on the farm really knows more about manual labor perhaps, than any other class of laborers taken as a whole. Few there are from the city, regardless of their occupations, who could stand the rigors of the farm life and fewer there are from the city who would be willing to work without wages. The farmer gets what he works for, with the chances always of a bad season. Many of the world's greatest men were reared on the farm and once they had opportunity to get in some other business they could appreciate their advantages, they knew what real work means. Commenting on this, the Dearborn Inde-

pendent says:

"The woodpile is symbolic. It stands for duty and responsibility, for a definite task, to be accomplished without quibble or shirking. A New York man bemoans the passing of the woodpile from city life; to him it is a symbol for work. He is right. City life begets much leisure for boys, and leisure improperly utilized begets mischief.

"The country lad with certain specified tasks to perform each day has a big advantage over the city-bred youth. With his chores he stores us resolve and energy and determination for later life. In manhood he will have the will to do things, the grit to finish what he begins. With the city lad things may be and often are quite different. Much of his work is done for him. He has few duties, few responsibilities. He must devise means for filling in his leisure time—with play. The boy who subsists solely on play is cheated."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Beaufort Carter, former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last Sunday.

Mr. Lanier, principal of school at the Oxford Orphanage, was a visitor at the institution during the past week.

Last Monday the boys in Mr. Johnson's room made short talks on the subject "The Fourth." Some of the boys' talks were very interesting.

The following boys: Virgil Shipes, Edmund Horace, Edgar Rochester, Woodrow Padget, Troy Norris, Ralph Hollars, Zeb Trexler, Auman Bivans, Clyde Smith, Emmett Levy, David White and Jethro Mills, were visited by parents and relatives last week.

Mr. Walker, Mr. Grier and a large number of boys have been canning string beans during the past few days. The boys of Mr. Crook's room have also been working at the cannery during the past week.

John Glenn, a member of the eighth cottage, returned to the institution last week, after spending a few days with his parents near Concord. Kenneth Lewis returned to the school after spending a few days with his parents in Rutherfordton.

There was no scheduled game at the ball grounds last Saturday afternoon, so teams were chosen and a nine inning game was played. Lisk and Henry were the battery for the

winning side. Billings and McBride were the battery for the other team. Several long hits were made. Henry slammed out a home run in the last of the ninth with three men on. The score:

Lisk's team 2 0 0 0 2 1 0 1 4—10
 Billing's team 0 0 0 4 0 2 0 2 0—8

This game was a very interesting one. Several two and three base hits were obtained by the players.

The subject of last Sunday's lesson was: "Childhood and Education of Moses," taken from the book of Exodus, the second chapter. "And there went a man of the house of Levi, and took to a wife a daughter of Levi. And the woman conceived and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months." When she couldn't hide him any longer, for fear of someone finding him," she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river brink." His sister "stood afar off" and witnessed what was done with him. The daughter of Pharaoh came down to the river, and saw the ark of rushes; and sent her maid for it. She opened it, and saw that the child wept. The daughter had "compassion" on him and said, "This is one of the Hebrew children, go and fetch me a Hebrew woman to care for this child. The maid went and brought a Hebrew woman (and it so happened that it was the child's mother) to take the child and care

for it. "And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses: and she said, 'Because I drew him out of the water,' this I will call his name. Moses was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." The golden Text for this lesson was: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it."—Proverbs 22 : 6.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Courtney, of Concord. His selected Scripture reading was from the sixth chapter of John, taking his text from this chapter. In this chapter it tells how Jesus fed the five thousand men. The disciples asked how all these people could be fed: And that two hundred penny worth of "bread is not sufficient" to feed all these people. But Jesus told them to go out and find out how much food they had in the crowd. They came back and told Jesus that there was only a boy in the crowd that had anything and that was five barley loaves and two small fishes: but what is this among so many? The Lord said,

"Make the men sit down," and as there was much grass in the place they all sat down. Jesus took of the barley loaves and fishes and gave thanks and distributed them among the crowd. When they had all finished eating they gathered "up the fragments that remained that nothing be lost." They gathered them and found that they had twelve baskets-full left. The men who had seen this miracle believed on Jesus. The boy who had given to Jesus the five barley loaves and two fishes was the key to this miracle, which Jesus performed on the mountain. He was willing to give what he had to Jesus to feed the multitude of men on the mountain, he was not selfish, with what little he had. Rev. Courtney related a story how God had called to David Livingston to go to preach and teach in Africa, he went. Later when a man was sent to him to try and get him to come back to civilization, he wouldn't go. Later he died in his tent on his knees, praying. He was carried to England and buried. He gave all he had to Jesus for his use. The sermon of Rev. Courtney was very interesting and was enjoyed by all present.

H. P. Deaton, Mooresville editor, has a howl against modern styles. Women's dresses are so abbreviated these days that it is hard to find a piece of cloth in the rag bag large enough to wipe off a press roller in a print shop.—Shelby Star.

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH A DAY'S WORK ON THE SOUTHERN

When a railroad system extends for 8,000 miles across eleven states and employs 60,000 workers, it does a big day's work.

Here are the figures of an average day on the Southern Railway System:

Trains operated.....	1,270
Passengers carried.....	50,000
Carload of freight loaded on our lines and received from other railroads.....	8,000
Ton-miles produced.....	320,000,000
Tons of coal burned in loco- motives.....	14,000
Wages paid.....	\$220,000
Material purchased.....	\$135,000

It takes management, and discipline, and a fine spirit of cooperation throughout the organization, to do this work day after day, and maintain the standards of service that the South expects from the Southern.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 24, 1926

No. 34

KIPLING FORESEES—

And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame.
But each for the joy of the working,
And each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees It
For the God of Things as They are!''

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

TWO MEN

By Bright W. Padgitt in Asheville Citizen.

*I pass along this way each day,
Year in, year out, I pass this way;
Each day the same as was the last
As time drifts on into the past.*

*Two friends I see each day I go
One tells his joy, one shows his woe.
For one the day has just begun;
The other sees the setting sun.*

*The young man seeks what manhood buys;
The old man sits with dreamy eyes.
One greets me with effusion grand;
The other waves a withered hand.*

*Youth wends his way tomorrow-wise
With hope and luster in his eyes;
The day has naught to do with one,—
He dies each time his dream is done.*

STATE'S MENTAL SHOWING.

North Carolina has in hospitals, observes the Lexington Dispatch, for the mentally diseased only 139.3 persons for every 100,000. The average for the United States is 245 per 100,000. New Hampshire, Maryland, California, Oregon, Connecticut, Wisconsin, Vermont, New York and Massachusetts range from 313.5 to 399 per 100,000.

These figures were compiled by a department of the University of North

Carolina from Federal government records. The opinion is voiced by the Federal authorities that "the rate of mentally diseased in hospitals is more nearly an index of facilities for the care and treatment of the mentally ill than an index of mental illness itself."

With this statement this paper cannot altogether agree. It has not observed that there has in the past few years been any serious difficulty in finding room in State and private hospitals in this State for those who are mentally diseased. There are in a number of hospitals and sanitariums in North Carolina a large number of patients from other states. These are more than the number of North Carolina patients in such hospitals outside the State, it is believed.

There is considerable evidence to support the belief that conditions in North Carolina are most conducive to sanity and that this is more responsible for the small number under treatment than any other factor, "authorities" to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * * * *

"HITS NORTH CAROLINA."

H. E. C. Bryant, a Washington correspondent of a number of papers, sent this out to his chain of papers:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 17—New York World of today had a stinging little editorial on North Carolina, in connection with the evidence being brought out at Albemarle."

That's just what we had reasons to expect the busy-bodies, to keep life in their waning reputations would produce when they went back ten or more years for alleged conduct (terribly pictured), based on the testimony of discredited convicts and make no effort to put it in its proper light: that it was purely local and by no means typical of the prison life that North Carolina permits.

The Uplift can not bring itself to believe that Cranford would make a Sunday School superintendent or possesses to a small degree the qualities for a second-rate step-father, but there is no trouble in believing that he is the victim of voluntary and manufactured lies.

North Carolina has to suffer in the eyes of outsiders by all this terrible and harsh stuff being broadcasted, when, if at all true, it does not lie against the state but is purely local and ancient—brought up from the past to satisfy a craving for the sensational.

Convicts in North Carolina, we make believe, share just as well as the conditions of servitude will permit and just as well as those in other states. It reflects no credit upon any agency that will fish up events that have no

bearing on present conditions and practices and which reflects on the good name of the state.

* * * * *

“SO THE SURVEY IS OFF.”

That is the caption which the Charlotte Observer gives to its views bearing on the collapse of the movement looking to making a survey of women in industry.

It seems to take in the situation quite clearly. It now appears that Mrs. Johnson, who is one of the three charged with the direction of the proposed survey, blocked the movement by her opposition to E. F. Carter, whom the other two members thought the logical person to superintend the said survey. Mrs. Johnson, failing to defeat Carter, asked governor to relieve her of further connection or responsibility.

The Observer editorial is reproduced in this number. It about sizes up the attitude of the public.

* * * * *

WAY SOME GOOD THINGS FAIL.

Many a seemingly fine movement fails because of being afflicted with certain official authority that is incompetent or vicious. It is often not a personal matter but results from intellectual incapacity, temperamental unfit-ness or self-glorification—sometimes all of them.

Along the pathway of human endeavor in community and state are the evidences of good impulses wrecked by having to bear the body of death in the person of some one in authority.

The modern classification of these evil influences are come to be properly termed “stormy petrels.” We are having the exhibition of one in these days.

* * * * *

SEEMS PECULIAR TO A LAYMAN.

Some months ago a small boy was called upon by his teacher to write an “essay.” This was the first time the youngster ever was confronted with such a request, and he felt somewhat complimented. After consulting with his father, he chose for his subject “The Negro.”

The little fellow was extremely fond of the colored race; he had played with a little negro about his age and for him he entertained great affection. The youngster thought he knew lots about the subject, and, in the writing of the essay, he would not want for ideas and thoughts. But he soon ran out of ideas, and unconsciously he branched off on a discussion of dogs—the

youngster was simply crazy about his pet dog, which always was a boon companion.

They indicted a fellow for cruelty of certain conflicts, who afterwards were alleged to have died from the effects of their treatment. They were supposed to be trying the fellow for the death of the two, but like the little boy it got swung off on to the charge of alleged general cussedness.

No wonder an attorney insisted at a certain juncture to have the indictment read that the court might have full knowledge of just whose deaths were being investigated, and for which the prisoner was being tried. The whole thing strikes a layman as quite peculiar.

* * * * *

TRYING TO FOOL THE WOMEN.

How to get the women to return more largely to the use of cotton fabrics in their dressing, many kinds of suggestions have been advanced. Up to the time of going to press it has had no effect. Just yesterday we saw a poor young married woman marching up street arrayed in silks that were vulgarly abbreviated.

But the Gastonia Gazette bumps on this latest scheme:

A Charlotte merchant says the women will never go back to wearing cotton as long as silk is to be had. Right. The thing to do is to make silk out of cotton. They are making silk out of cornstalks, cotton stalks and almost every other conceivable source. The next big job for our scientists and cotton experts is to devise some method of converting cotton into silk, or of metamorphosing cotton so that it cannot be distinguished from the real silk.

* * * * *

A GREAT SPIRIT GONE.

The State and Charlotte, in particular has lost a great spirit in the passing of Dr. I. W. Faison, who was a correct man, an ideal citizen, a successful and prominent physician, and one who made life richer by having lived in the world.

The Uplift extends sympathy to Mrs. Faison in her great bereavement. Her loss we share. Mrs. Faison has been an official member of the board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School since its beginning, and, along with her, the institution was the beneficiary of Dr. Faison's warmest interest and support.

* * * * *

Never touched the Scotchman of Lumber River. He's not the kind to be stampeded.

PERSONALITY AND SUCCESS.

By C. W. Hunt.

If all intelligent people could realize that there is such a thing as personality that distinguishes each individual from other individuals, and that personality plays no small part in the success or failures of life, more of us would be more thoughtful of personal charm, as well as more careful of small civilities that make for us friends of those who may dislike us for all time. In politics, the social circle, the home, even the pulpit requires some personal charm if we are to succeed in making ourselves fit for companionship in business in the home, in any race that pertains to this life. Far too many do not know the first principles of personal attraction, else we would be more careful of unkindness and ugly moods that make us dispicable. Many people are born with a pleasing personality, and to be nice and attractive is as easy as the proverbial "falling off a log;" but to many such is not the case; and to many more environment and abuse in raising may have taken all the natural attractive personality out of us; and it is to this class that what is being said here will appeal most. If nature and rearing has not smiled on us in a pleasing attractive personality, we can attain to some of it at least through study and cultivation. There are books written from a scientific standpoint that help wonderfully in making us appear better than we were. The right personality may bring you fame, fortune, companionship you

could not otherwise hope for; and for that or those reasons, if you aspire to be better and more valued you should stick a stake here and work from it.

In no place does a personality count for more than in salesmen and saleswomen. If you appear pleasing with a balance that does not make one think you are flattering in order to sell, you have much of an asset toward fortune. But a pleasing and attractive personality seldom goes with a dirty private life; the two are never at home in the same person for long. I do not think any teacher can mechanically attract pupils, and for that reason no teacher can do what is best for those under he or she, without a personality that attracts the pupil. That done the ability to impart what the teacher knows, to the child, is as important as attractiveness; in fact the two go hand in hand to make one teaching an adept or expert. In fact it is possible that a person with the ability to impart what he or she knows to the pupil would be a more successful teacher, when properly prepared, in comparison, so far as teacher training is concerned than the highly prepared without that knack that helped the child to take in what was being said or demonstrated.

Personality, even an eccentric personality, is a distinguishing quality in many we know, and we like or dislike them for that personal eccentricity. Personality goes as far to help and distinguish a minister

as any other person of everyday life. A doctor may be like a clam, yet if he knows his work and can restore the ailing, knows and does the right thing at the right time, can succeed; but a doctor with a charming, pleasing personality makes him a wonderful man in the eyes of both the young and the mature; but the minister that has only one trait and that to prepare and deliver dogmatic message, void of any personal feeling, and goes out a back door, may be able to attract people in a small way, but if that preacher ever hopes to be a popular helpful man he must have a personal charm and exercise it in a wealth of warm feeling if he would be at his best and fulfil his calling. A few ministers may get ahead by sheer ability in the use of language, but such are minus in the home and social circle. A laborer or a genius or an inventor may be all the better for the want of an attractive manner; in fact attraction might detract and prevent concentration, and such are not included here; for they do not have to come in contact nor to attract to please.

A woman with a pretty face may be a nonentity in personality and knowledge. The beauty charm may be great enough to attract men, but if that admiration of sheer

beauty is to last there must be something back of it. Mere personal beauty of face will not stand the knocks of actual life in the home as wife and husband. As age advances beauty fades, and if there is nothing attached, to the average individual, and there is neither tact or personal charm, love is likely to fade with beauty, for it will appear as hollow mockery. On the other hand a face that is not pretty, in front of a well balanced mind, with an attractive way of dealing with those in contact, there will grow something that will make you forget the unattractive face and the lack of beauty. Such persons grow on us, and we love them for real worth. Then what of all this?

If you are attractive by nature, make the best of it, even improve what is good, by making yourself charming. If you are short on looks, or feel you repel those you wish to attract, get acquainted with yourself, for you may be in need of something very important. Some wise man has said: "Study to know thyself." You may be conceited to the point of being unbearable, in which case you need the more to get hold on self and master the man or woman that is making you despicable.

DO WE LOVE TO BELIEVE EVIL?

There seems to be a too prevalent willingness, not to say desire, to believe evil of those who have held high places in religious work. A breath destroys a reputation. A rumor is seized upon and spread to the four winds.—*News & Observer.*

CORE ISLAND.

By Henry Belk in News & Observer.

I made three important discoveries last week end. I found the cleanest household in North Carolina, and found it preside over by men. I learned for the first time that fig trees on Hog Island and adjacent islands, in Core Sound, Carteret County, produce two crops of fruit each summer. I found a great country just undergoing the quickening influences before coming into its own. The honor for the cleanest household in North Carolina goes to Capt. Freddie C. Gilikin and his nine associates at the Core Island Station of the United States Coast Guard.

"Let me tell you fellows right now," said E. O. Arnold, of Ernul, who was conducting myself and Dr. J. A. Duggan, of Vanceboro, on the tour of discovery, "you fellows don't want to throw any matches or cigarette stubs on the floor or lawn around the station." This as we approached the station from the Sound. The tall building with its lookout cupola above stood out in a lawn which was as well kept as that of any millionaire on upper Fifth Avenue. A lawn which was green and carpet-like in its turf, and which was nothing but blowing sand a half dozen years ago.

The lawn, the station, and the equipment are the pride of Capt. Gilikin's heart. There is not a bit of dust within two miles of the place, so assiduously does the captain keep his men pursuing it.

"Here," he said as he escorted us on a tour of inspection of the place, "is where someone has placed his finger on one of these Lyle gun pro-

jectiles," and going for a piece of waste he carefully erased the damning finger print. Every piece of brass in the place—door locks, hooks for holding the screens open, and even brass covers which conceal flue holes of the building in summer are carefully shined each day. If inadvertently a finger print appears on some surface during the day someone gets a rag and rubs it off at once.

And it all seems to come second nature to the men. Every one of the nine co-operates with the captain in keeping the place spic and span. Their station has the record of presenting the best record of any on the eastern coast between Virginia and Florida—so rated by inspectors—and they all pull together to keep it that way.

Inspectors who visit the station periodically have a hard time finding anything that the captain has overlooked. The latter likes to tell how on one trip of inspection, a streak of dust had been inadvertently missed. Extra oars stored in the attic had failed to receive a wiping in a day or so, and the eagle-eyed inspector located it, but not before the captain did.

"Is there anything that isn't all right?" Capt. Gilikin asked of his superior just before the latter was leaving for another station.

"Just one little thing, captain," replied the inspector.

"And I know what it is. That bit of dust on the oars in the attic," Capt. Killikin had interrupted.

"Yes, you are right," agreed the

inspector, and since that time he has told the story on innumerable occasions. It has become classic among those brawny men who patrol the coast to make it safe for shipping.

Capt. Gillikin is a son of the late Capt. W. T. Gillikin, of Marshallberg, and has been a member of the Coast Guard service for 22 1-2 years. During that time he has lost only nine days from illness—that when he was about 30 years old and suffered an attack of mumps. Prior to entering the service he had followed his father as a boatman on North Carolina's inland waterways. He had risen to No. 1 man in the crew when he resigned from the service for a short time. Shortly after his return he was made captain of the Cape Lookout station and remained there for two years. Then he came to Core Bank—only a few miles from his birthplace—and has remained there ever since. He is a Shriner and holds membership in the Sudan Temple.

Core Bank is a part of the famous banks which divide North Carolina's sounds from the Atlantic. Capt. Gillikin and his men watch from the lookout by day, and by night patrol a six-mile stretch of coast which is a part of that district referred to by sailors as "Sailors' burying grounds." The bank is for the most part sand and about a half mile wide. On the Sound side grasses and small trees grow abundantly, providing luxuriant pasturage for a large flock of sheep. The bank cattle and ponies which formerly ranged the section were practically wiped out as a result of difficult tin penning them for the dipping vat.

"How did that car get over here?"

a member of our party asked, pointing to a Ford, which was parked beside the station barn.

"Drove up from Portsmouth," the captain explained, "following the sand just above the tide. That is a great ride—the waves pounding to one side and the wind whipping you in the face. The sand packs hard and makes an ideal track for the car. As good as the beach race tracks of Florida."

Portsmouth, N. C., is 22 miles to the north of the station, and an enterprising automobile man is already beginning to pick up a pretty penny by carrying visitors for a spin along the beach. A party of New Yorkers, however, went in for a different method recently. They started walking from Cape Lookout and expected to continue through to Cape Henry, Va., stopping at the hunting clubs and coast guard stations along the way.

Everything points to the fact that within a few years the Banks will be dotted with summer homes. A bracing sea breeze sweeps the place 24 hours of the day, and the temperature is 15 degrees lower than the interior of the State. Good surf bathing is to be had on one side and Sound bathing on the other. Deep-sea fishing can be varied with Sound fishing. Clams are to be had in the Sound for the digging, and oyster gardens flourish with a little attention. The real estate boom which is so much in evidence around Morehead has hardly reached this section, and land can be bought very cheaply. The contemplation of the hard-surface road to Atlantic—already surveyed and the necessary filling done in most places—should send real

estate values upward and bring visitors flocking into the section. When the road is completed Atlantic will be only two hours, or a little better, from New Bern.

Capt. Gillikin expects to see the time when a bridle will connect Atlantic and the Banks at a point near the station. Dr. Duggan went so far as to picture the banks dotted with summer homes, mammoth bath-houses serving hundreds of bathers, hot dog stands and corn on the cob booths running at full blast and in Coney Island style. "There will be a bus service regularly between various points, the bus following the packed island, as in the present run between Portsmouth and the Core Bank station," he predicted.

That evening Dr. Duggan and I walked the post with Lee Daniels, fourth man in point of service at the station, and that is a six-mile hike I shall not soon forget. It was that twilight hour of the day when the sun has gone down and darkness has not completely closed in. The waves tore themselves into froth over the reef 50 feet from shore, but continued on to pile up on the sand with a relentless boom. The dunes were objects of mystery and romance, pointing mutely to the sky where the stars were beginning to break through.

"Here," said Daniels, "is the carcass of a cow fish that came ashore last winter. Must have weighed 2,000 pounds. Had a gash on the head as if he had been struck by a ship's propeller. This had evidently stunned him and left him helpless in the waves."

Darkness had now shut completely in, and Daniels carried his signal

light in readiness to warn any coast-wise steamer that should inadvertently come too close to the shore. "Hasn't been one come in now in some time, but you never can tell, and we have to be ready in case one does come. Several years ago some ship evidently miscalculated and was within a few hundred yards of the shore, but the signal saved her and sent her scampering back to deep sea."

Black hulks occasionally loomed against the horizon, and Daniels explained that they were remains of old wrecks. "Here is where a schooner came in a number of years ago," or "Here's where a barge which was dynamited at sea was beaten in," he would say.

The probability is that Daniels has never read three books of poetry in his life, but he has a poet's soul. Year after year now, he has been taking his turn at walking the three miles to the post, winding the time clock at the end of the hike, and returning; still that walk is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to him. He saw things in the waves of the sea that were concealed to Dr. Duggan and myself, and other things in the stars and the sand dunes.

"It's pretty," he said, looking at the stars, and there was a huskiness in his voice that spoke of deep reverence for the Being back of it all. And pretty it was, for the heavens were sprinkled with stars of an exceeding brilliance, for in the coast atmosphere they seem so much nearer than farther inland. "I often think about them, and try to think what it all means," Daniels went on, "for we don't know what it all means." We walked on, quieted by

the waves, the stars, and the idea.

"Professor"—it was Daniels beginning again—"maybe you have read the Bible some. Well, I never go along here and see the morning star standing out there that I don't think about where it says that the morning Christ was born that star appeared, and before then it wasn't there."

Daniels was the same man (but he might have been "spoofing" us up-staters), who on the same walk confessed that he sometimes regretted that government regulations required members of the station to wear shoes. "There have been times when I have been barefooted and my feet would get so tough that I could strike a match on them as easy as pie," he said.

The visitor doesn't get into the section and out again without hearing one story which does not fit any longer. The story as told might have taken place at one time, but it could not take place now. This tale is that a vessel loaded with pianos was blown to pieces and that one of the instruments washed ashore. A native found it, and was terrified when a tinkling sound came forth when he touched the keys. In great haste he ran to his house, secured an axe and returning beat the instrument to pieces, thinking that it was bewitched.

But that couldn't happen in the section now. It was a noticeable fact that in the recent election in Carteret in which an eight months school term was provided for the entire county, the fisher folk along the coast in almost every instance voted unanimously in favor of the propos-

al. Captain Gillikin and his men at the station didn't let slip an opportunity to call attention to the increased school term. More boys and girls go to college from Atlantic than from any other village of the same size. Instruction is provided through the twelfth grade in the Atlantic school.

Most of the 9 men at the station not counting Captain Gillikin, are natives of the section. They are, Roland Styron, ranking officer when Captain Gillikin is away; Melvin Morris, Lee Daniels, Tommie Lewis, Murray Robinson, James W. Gillikin, George Moore, Claude C. Davis and Jim Daniels, the colored cook. Jim is the only negro in miles of the station, has served in his present place for five years and is generally respected by the men.

Hog Island lies eight miles to the northeast of Core Bank Station and is reached by boat. As one approaches it from Core sound it is a beautiful sight at this season—a solid mass of green, the deep green of the coast, with a white tip at one sandy end. The island is little more than 100 acres in extent and vegetables and fruits are grown on it with very little effort, so rich is the soil.

Fig trees on the island produced their first crop some weeks ago and the second crop is now half grown. The first crop was of good size, flavor and yield, and inhabitants of the island stated that the second crop was invariably better than the first. Dr. Duggan—who has had some acquaintance with the Arabian figs grown in California—expressed the opinion that a great opportunity exists for

the coastal counties in the cultivation of this improved fig.

Hog Island, together with the adjacent island and points, is a famous place among duck and geese hunters.

Dr. Maxwell, of Beaufort and associates will within the next two months begin the construction of a 10-room hunting club on the island, is was said by inhabitants.

SO THE SURVEY IS OFF.

(Col. Wade H. Harris in Charlotte Observer).

And so the proposed survey of women in industry in North Carolina has been called off, and there will be none until it is authorized by the Legislature. Thus the efforts of organized women to bring about such a survey and all the agitation about it have been for naught so far as the present is concerned. And, just as it was the women who launched the movement for the proposed survey and pressed it until Governor McLean agreed and authorized the undertaking, so it was a woman who brought about the collapse of the plans for the work just when it should have been about ready to begin.

At the bottom of the wrangle over the employment of the personnel of the staff to do the work, which resulted in such disagreement that the Governor saw no proper course left open but to call off the survey, was the lack of harmony between Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, State Commissioner of Public Welfare, and E. F. Carter, executive secretary of the Welfare Commission. This lack of harmony is nothing new, according to the general understanding of those who have been more or less familiar with the situation down at Raleigh. It has been of long standing. Mrs. Johnson has not fancied what seemed to her like an attitude too friendly toward the owners and executives of

industrial plants, while Mr. Carter has maintained that he was doing his duty under the law and challenged any one to bring evidence to show that he was not. However, he admitted that he looked upon the owners of industrial plants as fellow citizens of the Commonwealth who were entitled to respectful and considerate treatment of Labor, whereas the other two members as criminals or enemies to the public welfare.

On the surface; the crisis in the plans for the survey came when Mrs. Johnson persistently stood out for and demanded that part of the staff personnel for the survey should be imported representatives of the Federal Department of labor, whereas the other two members of the Commission having the selection in charge stood steadfast against such a course, maintaining that the survey should be made entirely by North Carolina people. Their stand was in complete harmony with the position taken by Governor McLean and maintained throughout—that outside agencies should have no part in making any such survey in North Carolina.

Evidently Mrs. Johnson believed that the survey would not be thorough and altogether without fear or favor if none but North Carolina agencies and persons had a hand in it. On the other hand her attitude is

liable to be interpreted as meaning that, since she had insisted upon the survey being made and finally won the fight for a survey, it would prove a failure unless it should result in revelations of some serious conditions to be remedied and she feared that nothing seriously wrong would be found unless some Federal agencies had a part in the work. She was convinced that with Mr. Carter in charge of the survey, in supreme authority in the actual execution of the task, with none but North Carolina folks composing the staff personnel, there would be nothing sensational developing to prove to the public that there

had been real need for such a survey in the first place. On the other hand, neither Mr. Carter nor Governor McLean nor Doctor Cooper nor Supt. A. T. Allen had any disposition to make the survey a muck raking enterprise or a scheme for promoting propaganda against the industrial interests of the State.

Under all the circumstances it is as well perhaps that the matter of the proposed survey go over until the General Assembly convenes. Doubtless it will be the subject of much agitation and discussion in the Legislature.

THE NEW SPIRIT.

Jeremiah Smith is a Boston lawyer and economic expert. Two years ago he was appointed League of Nations financial commissioner to straighten out the affairs of Hungary. He completed his job the other day and a good job he made of it, according to all reports.

When he had completed his work the Premier of Hungary handed him a check for \$100,000 representing two year's salary.

Some lawyers would have turned up their noses at a check for a paltry \$100,000 for two years work straightening out the financial affairs of a bankrupt nation and putting it on its feet again. But Jeremiah Smith didn't. He handed the check back to the Hungarian Premier and asked him to accept it as a gift from the American people for the relief of the poor of Hungary. "All I desire for my services is the gratitude and friendship of the Hungarian people," he said.

One act of that kind by a generous-minded American is calculated to create more international good will than many sessions of a group of selfish patriots gathered together in the name of the League of Nations and striving for a certain advantages for their countries.

But the most hopeful facts of our times is that the spirit of Jeremiah Smith is the spirit that is working in the hearts of millions of men of these modern times. Not all men are mercenary and self-seeking; not all men are working for the cash honorarium that follows the job.

DOROTHEA LYNDIA DIX--ANGEL OF MERCY.

By Annie Leo Graham.

Of all the women produced by America Dorothea Dix was the greatest of philanthropists. "The Angel of Mercy" exerted her influence all over the United States, England and Europe. Living, she was loved by all, but today few know the story of this noble life so willingly spent for suffering humanity.

There are those who hold her to be the most useful and distinguished woman America has yet produced. She is certainly of the most memorable. In all of the annals of Protestantism we will not find her peer. She even surpassed the world famed Catholic, St. Theresa of Spain.

She sounded all the depths of human misery. With the zeal of a christian crusader and the fire of a teacher's ideal she taught pitiful compassion for the ignorant, the degraded, the suffering and the helpless. She was the fervid apostle who led a world-wide crusade against the ignorance and superstition that at that time prevailed in regard to the treatment of God's unfortunates. "An apostle was needed to roll back the stone from the Holy Sepulchre of crucified humanity." This imperative demand was answered by Dorothea Dix.

Her Early Life.

Of the early life of Miss Dorothea Dix we have very bare information. She was probably born in Hampden, Maine, in 1802. "She never knew childhood. Her early life was sad and cheerless and she lacked the tender love and sympathy so dear

to a child."

Her early life must have been filled with serious trials, for all through life this noble, sympathetic woman held sealed lips as to that evidently distressing period and all of its bitterness and sorrows were kept shut in the secrecy of her soul, even down to the end of her advanced years. Only in the hour of confidential intimacy did she ever unlock the silence she maintained as to her early days.

The first example of her great charity is shown in her first work. Teaching school in Boston and struggling to rear and educate her two brothers she opened a second school in an old barn for the neglected children of the neighborhood: to "rescue some of America's children from sin and vice." This stretching out of a helping hand to outcast children led on to far reaching results.

The barn school grew into the Warren Street Chapel. Here were practiced new ideas and ideals in dealing with childhood. Open arms of love and a new world of beauty and freedom were freely offered the little waifs and street urchins. Miss Dix had pride and ambition and she would only use the money that she had herself earned for her charity. Finally, under the terrible strain her health failed and while in Liverpool, England she had to learn the reverse of the teaching that it is more blessed to give than to receive. After a long struggle against illness, during which time she suffered repeated hemorrhages she finally regained her

health and returned home in 1873. Soon after her return to America Miss Dix began in earnest her life work of devotion, sympathy and service.

Treatment of Insane.

At this period there was great awakening going on all over the world as to the treatment of the insane. Up until this time the only treatment had been an effort to "drive the devils out of the victims." This was practised by both the church and the medical profession. In London, England there was a large hospital, for the insane, Bethlehem hospital, commonly called "Old Bedlam." This hospital was a rare show of the city and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed upon witnessing the cursing, raving and fighting of the confined madmen. A small admission fee was charged visitors.

No pity seems to have entered the hearts of the onlookers. A madhouse was a menagerie and the inmates were looked upon as wild beasts. The poor wretches were chained and caged just as wild animals. The wild beast theory had followed the diabolical theory in the popular mind.

Strange as it may seem the first new thought in the treatment and management of the insane came during the height of the French revolution which was fought for individual liberty. Phillipe Pinel was placed in charge of the madhouse in Paris and to him is due the first humane consideration of these poor unfortunates.

"Off with these chains," he exclaimed. "Away with these cages and brutal keepers. They make one hundred mad men where there is only one. Everyone has a germ of

reason, seek for it, build it up."

The work of Pinel in France was soon followed in England by William Tukes, of Yorke, a member of the Society of Friends who founded at his own expense an institution known as "the Retreat" and to its management he gave his personal service. It was not by mere chance that such an institution should have been founded by one of the Society of Friends, for the power of gentleness, patience and inward self control had always been appreciated by this sect. Best of all they understood the elements of reason.

Starts New Epoch.

This action of William Tukes inaugurated a new epoch in the treatment of insanity. Later the work of Tukes was carried on in this country by the Society of Friends who founded a hospital for "men and brethren" near Philadelphia. In these institutions new scientific and humane ideas were used together with the practical application of the humane ideas of William Tukes.

At this time there were four hospitals for the insane in this country. They could very properly have been named the "Chambers of Horrors." They were the one at Philadelphia, established in 1752, at Williamsburg, Va., established in 1773, at New York, established 1791 and at Baltimore, established 1797.

It was about this time, 1841, that Dorothea Dix took charge of the Sunday school class for women in the East Cambridge house of correction. Then began her life of service to prisoners, convicts and the insane. She visited jails, the prisons and the asylum. She went into court and by her representations

compelled the authorities to listen to her plea of mercy. With the aid of influential friends she succeeded in rectifying wrongs and bringing comfort to the inmates. She then left Boston and visited every jail and almshouse in Massachusetts, making a special study of conditions as she found them. She presented a petition to the legislature "on behalf of the insane persons confined within cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens, naked and chained and beaten with rods and lashed into obedience," illustrating the then common belief that the insane were subjects of "moral perversion" and as such no treatment could be too severe for them.

Visited Every State.

Being successful in her own state she then extended her work to other states. She visited every state in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains endeavoring to reach the insane everywhere and to persuade the legislatures to take prompt measures for the relief of the poor wretches. At this time travel was most difficult but in less than four years she traveled over ten thousands miles, visiting 15 penitentiaries, 30 jails and 500 almshouses. No conditions were too bad for her to investigate. She knew "how stern was the conflict of life and how cruel the wounds, inevitable, in a life long struggle to secure redress for the unfortunate.

All over the country she went administering to the poor wretches and begging and pleading for their cause. Remarkable are the stories of her power in the soothing of the raving and frenzied inmates.

Miss Dix gathered information. She "got the facts" and presented

them in her many reports. Starting with New Jersey she succeeded in getting state after state to build hospitals for the insane and to see that such institutions were in the care of a competent humane supervisor. "She made men think." She, it was who drove out the "big demon" from the institutions for the insane and caused the place to be filled with the light of love, pity, protection and kindness.

In North Carolina.

It was in 1848 that Dorothea Dix came to North Carolina. The roads were bad, in some places almost impassable. She came by stage coach as that was the only mode of travel at that time. She soon met many of the state's leaders and was received with courtesy everywhere.

In Raleigh she aroused much attention and no little humor as she told about her varied experiences. She traveled all over North Carolina gathering information after which she presented her report to the legislature.

Speaking to the North Carolina Historical society May 1894, General Barringer said of the work of Dorothea Dix:

"The helpless beings were not only often confined on a slight charge and frequently loaded with clanking chains, all on the idea then commonly prevalent here of there being no practical mode of treatment, but the jails and poorhouses themselves were horrid to look upon, almost invariably filled with fittle and stench. The poor inmates often indiscriminately crowded together.

The correction of these evils was no mere sentiment with Miss Dix. She seemed to despise affections in

any call to high Christian duty. Everything that she recommended was based on sound sense and direct business methods. In speaking to the legislature she touched incidentally and without the least offense the general backwardness of North Carolina. "A state at once so desirable to live in, and so in need of development."

"The North Carolina papers had little to say, but the intelligent men and women of all classes saw that a crisis was upon us."

Having gathered her information Miss Dix presented her petition to the legislature and although she exerted her wonderful powers of persuasion her bill was defeated by a large majority. She had been given little encouragement in North Carolina. Some of the state's leaders had told her "some day, but not now. The present administration is pledged to economy and the people have a great hatred of taxes." She was told that North Carolinians were a most conservative people and that they had to be prepared for any innovation. So, silently Miss Dix watched the legislature vote down her petition.

One More Trump.

But Miss Dix had one more trump. While in North Carolina she had met the sick wife of James C. Dobbin, then speaker of the house of representatives of North Carolina, and had administered to Mrs. Dobbin's suffering in her last illness and had won her true friendship. On her death-bed Mrs. Dobbin asked her husband to aid Miss Dix in her effort and secured his promise.

Mr. Dobbin had not been present when Miss Dix's bill had been voted

upon. Returning to the house of representatives he took the floor and requested reconsideration of the Dix bill. As he had been absent this request was cheerfully granted by the members of the house.

Dobbin's Speech.

Clad in garments of sorrow James C. Dobbin began at once to fulfill the sacred pledge he had made his beloved wife. "He touched the souls and awakened the consciences of men."

"It seemed as if he himself felt the misery of those throughout the state who were deprived of God's noblest gift; as he plead their cause with eloquence personified, the eloquence of manhood, losing sight of himself in his appeal as he pictured his gratitude to Dorothea Dix, his deep sympathy for the smitten of God and expressed his great desire to help the unfortunate. He moved and lifted his generous North Carolina hearers.

"He seemed not to realize that he was effecting anything until he became conscious of the death like stillness in the room and beheld tears falling from the eyes of strong men."

A Great Triumph.

He won a great triumph. The bill passed by a vote of 110 to 10 and the magnificent hospital at Raleigh is a monument no less to the eloquence of James C. Dobbin than to the disinterested philanthrop of Dorothea Dix. No greater service was ever rendered North Carolina. If Mr. Dobbin had never contributed anything else to the happiness and honor of the state this alone would entitle him to the eternal gratitude of the people.

James C. Dobbin turned a new leaf in the history of the state. From that time onward repugnance to the state's doing its duty in the matter of public expenditures faded away and hatred of taxes was lessened.

Thus, Dorothea Dix, witnessed conservative North Carolina become impulsive and on the impulse spend for one institution at one time, and that an asylum for the insane, a larger sum than the whole annual resources of the state government. As we look over North Carolina history we must realize that we are really not conservative, but a people of impulse. Our whole history is full of such incidents. Almost every noteworthy thing that we have done has been in obedience to impulse. Conservative, we are the most impulsive people imaginable.

Dorothea Dix was gracious in her appreciation. She wrote to a friend "through toil, anxiety and tribulation my bill has passed one hundred and ten to ten. I am compensated a thousand fold for my labors."

During the erection of the building which was named in her honor Dorothea Dix made reported visits to Raleigh. February 22, 1865 Dix Hill was completed and the first patient admitted. Indirectly two other hospitals for the insane in North Carolina are the results of the work of Dorothy Dix, one at Morganton and one at Goldsboro, the latter being the first hospital for colored insane ever built in the world. It was completed August 1, 1880.

Address of Julian Carr.

Many worthy tributes have been paid to the work of this noble man but in the annals of North Carolina it is doubtful if a more touching

and beautiful tribute to any cause can be found than the address of Julian S. Carr entitled "The Philanthropy of Dorothea Dix," delivered on the occasion of the presentation to the state of North Carolina by Mrs. W. G. Randall a portrait of Dorothea Dix.

"Now and then in the centuries there have appeared a few men to illustrate the love of man, by self sacrifice by even giving life for the benefit of suffering humanity. By devotion of self to the good of her fellow men this noble woman has earned the blessings of heaven and the appreciation of her countrymen.

"From one who knew Miss Dix most intimately and from her received many testimonials of her favor and esteem we get the hidden story of love that went out in darkness bringing a great sorrow to one of the noblest of the earth, that shaped her life to a great degree and made her a heroine unlike any the world had had, or the genius of sorrow and romance had ever pictured.

"She was betrothed to an accomplished gentleman who was stricken with mental disease and went to an insane asylum. That was the turning point of her destiny, the epochal hour of her shadowed life. Henceforth, she would live for afflicted humanity and be the angel of mercy to the smitten and darkened."

Dorothea Dix lived to be 85 years old and died in the hospital for the insane at Trenton, New Jersey, where she was an honored guest of the state, this hospital being the first that she had caused to be erected by any state legislature. She was

buried at Mount Auburn near Boston, Massachusetts.

Erected Hospitals.

During her long career she caused many hospitals for the insane to be erected in England and other parts of Europe including one she influenced the Catholic Pope to build in Rome, Italy.

After her death it was with great difficulty that her biographer, Francis Tiffany collected the story of her life, for Miss Dix had never allowed anything to be published. There were a few brief magazine articles and newspaper stories which contained no real information. Of correspondence, papers and letters she had a tremendous volume and it was from the chaos of this great volume of material that Miss Tiffany worked out the story of her life.

Two natures lay in her, most strongly contrasted. "The spirit and the strength to dare anything for humanity, but for herself only retirement and modesty."

"Not unto me but unto thy name be the praise" was most strongly exemplified in the life of Dorothea Dix. When sought for a newspaper story by a reporter she once remarked, "Nothing could cause more pain and nothing could cause me more serious annoyance, trespass on my personal rights and interfere most seriously with the real usefulness of my mission."

She possessed pride and dignity of character and considered nothing more degrading than notoriety.

"Of her life, Dorothea Dix said, "My service belongs to my country, my history and my affections to my friends. It will be soon enough when the angel of the last book has arrested my labors to give their history and their results.

"Publicity for the work of women would be singularly at variance with the delicacy, and modesty, which are the most attractive characteristics of the sex. The whole of my years from 10 to 80 differs essentially from those about me. Not being in suitable order for a brief memoir and I could not spare the time for anything more elaborate."

To other women, the world over, who wrote Dorothea Dix wishing to join her in her noble work she replied, "Fall in love, preside over a home."

Memoir of Life.

Finally, during her last few years, her friends refused to obey her instructions as to preparing the story of her life. Being too feeble for the task herself she gave all her papers to Horace A. Lamb to be used in preparing a memoir of her life and work. Her mistaken sense of self effacement seriously interfered with the success of this undertaking.

From the original chaos of papers, manuscripts and letters from all over the world, including communications from various institutions and legislative bodies of the United States, Canada and Europe, Mr. Lamb sought out the life story of Dorothea Dix.

In the life of a young man, the most essential thing for happiness is the gift of friendship.—Sir William Osler.

THE COURAGE OF THE CHRISTOPHERS.

By Florence Kerigan.

Rhoda felt a sudden, sickening sensation like the descent in a rapidly moving elevator, accompanied by a shower of loose earth and stones. Rhoda, in the midst of the sliding earth, clutched wildly at everything that she passed and everything she clutched came up by the roots and went along. Over and over she rolled. Stones thumped her and she hit things with hard edges. Finally she landed with a bump, and lay for instant, breathless and aching.

She had done it. At last it had come. She knew that one of these days she would fall off something and get hurt!

A few years before, her brother, Tom, had, in a spirit of mischief, led her to climb a ladder which he had placed against the hen house, and she had a glorious time playing on the roof until she discovered that it was quite a distance from the ground and that the only way down was to descend the ladder. Tom had stood and laughed at her, and when she had finally reached terra firma white and shaken and dizzy, he had laughed and called her "Fraid Cat."

It wouldn't have mattered so much only Rhoda was a Christopher and for a Christopher to be a "Fraid Cat"—well, it just wasn't being done! She had been too excited then to eat, and when she was excused from the dinner table she went right to bed, to alarm the family an hour later, with a wild shriek. Her mother had run to her room and found nothing

more than a nightmare had been the cause.

The child's nervous excitement had worried her mother, and Tom, feeling guilty, confessed what he had done. Whereupon, Mother and Tom had had a long, serious talk, and Rhoda was left severely alone from that time on. Rhoda, at six, was glad that her ten-year-old brother did ignore her. But at sixteen she was hurt and worried at the continued indifference of her six-foot, good-looking brother, who was a junior at college.

She was outgrowing her un-Christopher-like timidity. She was daring almost to the point of tomboyishness. She played hockey with a reckless abandon. She skated, swam, rode, played tennis, hiked for miles at a time across the hills. But she had never quite outgrown her fear of high places.

Only the day before our story opens she had had occasion to mount a step-ladder and Tom, being home for the Easter vacation, had come along just in time to catch her as she swayed dizzily off the bottom step. The smile she had seen on his lips and in his eyes was maddening.

She decided she'd show him! And she had—by falling off a cliff!

She felt herself carefully. She seemed to be all there. She got to her feet, shaking, and took a tentative step. She was really all right, except for bruises. Then she turned her attention to her camera. That

was all right, too. She had unconsciously shielded it so that not even the leather case was scratched. She heaved a sigh of relief. She would cheerfully have sacrificed a bone or two if that would have saved her camera with that last picture in it.

She limped along stiffly for a few paces, then stopped to consider. It would be impossible for her in her present unstrung condition to climb the almost perpendicular face of the cliff. She would have to walk along the shore of the river until she came to the road, and then take the road around the base of the cliff, and up it by gentle grades to the summit, where the road met the State Highway along which she had come. It would mean an added tramp of almost five miles and Rhoda groaned at the prospect. There was a twinge of pain in her ankle. Although she told herself impatiently that no Christopher—nor any other girl, to her knowledge, except those in books—had ever sprained her ankle, she did admit that it was probably strained, and walking on it for five miles to the State Highway, mostly uphill, and then five miles more to her home wouldn't help the strain any.

She hobbled along gallantly, crawling under twisted vines and over mossy rocks and sinking into boggy places.

A boy sitting on a rock, fishing, looked at her curiously.

"Catching anything?" she called. He shook his head.

"Want to do something for me?" The boy didn't seem very sure whether he did or not. Rhoda fished in her pocket and produced a fifty-cent piece. "Want to earn fifty cents, boy?" The boy decided that

he did and came eagerly with hand-outstretched. "Do you know where the town of Delmar is?" The boy nodded. "Well, you go there. Go to the Post Office, and ask where the Christophers live. Go to their house and give this note to the first person who answers the door."

"Yes, ma'am."

"All right, then. I'll give you the money now, and trust you to hurry just as fast as you can." She took her little memorandum book out of her pocket and scribbled a few lines on it, tore out the sheet and folded it. "There, don't lose that. And hurry!"

She watched the boy going off up the steep bank to cut into the road at a nearer point and then she sighed. Tom would think she was worse than ever, now!

She continued on her way, only now her objective was not home ten miles away, but a little house in the woods a few hundred feet away. The house was supposed to be haunted, but Rhoda was not afraid of that. It was empty, but weathertight, and had a good fireplace in it where the girls had more than once cooked their py hour.

According to the story, the former owner of the house had been a hermit and miser, going by the name of Peter. One day Peter was found dead and his secret place just above the fireplace was found empty. So, the tradition grew up that Peter had been killed for his money and that every month at the full moon, he returned for his gold.

It was certainly a forlorn-looking place! Sadly in need of paint, with sagging doors and window frames and shutters that swung on one hinge, it

was a typical haunted house.

It was not such a bad place inside, though. There was a table with a candle on it, and the big fireplace in which a good fire could be built to take the chill off the early April air. She hobbled about gathering sticks and heavier branches of trees, and putting them in the fireplace and around it, for she knew she would not be "rescued" until after dark. The early spring dusk was falling when she finally felt that she had enough and could start her supper.

She built a fire and set upon it the old coffee pot the girls kept there. Then she opened her pack and took from it her "mess kit" and her sandwiches. She had expected to make a little camp-fire so she had brought coffee with her, and some cream in a little screw-top jar, and some sugar in a paper, and some sandwiches.

She laid them out on the table, put some coffee in the pot and curled up before the fire, watching the flames and listening to the crackle of the wood, enveloped in a most delicious peace.

She stiffened suddenly. She had been half-asleep. The coffee was boiling over with a great spluttering and hissing. She caught the pot up and set it down in a cooler place while she limped over to the table to get her tin cup.

She stopped and listened. From the inner room where the story said that Peter had died—or had been killed—there came a sound. At first Rhoda thought that her nerves were playing her false. Then the sound came again. It was a slight groan, a half-stifled moan, as if someone were suffering.

Had old Peter come back? Was this the full of the moon? Rhoda's heart almost stopped. All the tales she had heard of ghosts and "psychic manifestation" and plain old-fashioned spooks came back to her and she was paralyzed with terror.

"Nonsense, Rhoda!" she told herself. "You're imagining things. Open that door and convince yourself that there's nothing there. That noise is just a shutter banging in the wind, but you won't be satisfied until you see it with your own eyes!"

She went bravely to the door, holding the candle in one hand, and flung it wide. "There is nothing there," she told herself.

But there was!

In one corner of the room upon a couch lay the figure of a man. As she came in, holding the candle high so that its beams would fall into the corners, the light fell full upon him.

He was not a very reassuring specimen of a man. His hair was standing up in all directions, and there was a beard on his chin. His clothes were dishevelled and not too clean. In a word, he looked a typical tramp. Still, his eyes were nice, gray with twinkles in them, and a trace of bewilderment. His voice, too, was not that of the average tramp.

"Well," he remarked dazedly, "I always suspected I'd die sooner or later, but I never supposed heaven would be the same old shack with a smell of coffee in it and—er—? What are you, anyway?" He seemed to wake up, suddenly.

Rhoda backed away, hastily. Her throat and lips were dry and her tongue refused to work. "Are—are—you—Peter?" she managed to stammer.

"Peter? No—at least—I don't think I am. My name is—used to be—Kit." He sat up and grinned engagingly. "I'm sorry if I frightened you. I suppose you're the family, aren't you? If so, I owe you an apology. I'm fully awake now. I must have been asleep and so didn't hear you come in."

"No-no," said Rhoda, shakily, "I'm—I'm not the family."

"Well, you're making coffee, anyway. Did you make enough to spare? I'm so hungry I could eat a brick house, chimney and all."

Rhoda set the candle down on the floor and retreated to the kitchen, returning with her tin cup of coffee and her sandwiches. She gave him the cup with a hand that shook visibly.

The young man looked at her gravely. "Listen," he said, quietly, "you've got me all wrong if you're afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid!" retorted Rhoda with spirit. But she was—desperately. A ghost would have been bad enough, but a real, flesh-and-blood, strange man was worse! He urged her to take a sandwich and she did, and managed to eat it although it seemed that her heart was in the way and nearly choked her.

"Do you live here?" he asked as he drained the cup and reached for another sandwich.

"No. I'm waiting for some friends."

"Oh. The house is vacant then. I thought it was. You see, I was walking from college to visit a friend of mine and I foolishly thought I could avoid climbing the cliff by taking the river bank. It was getting dark and I stepped into a hole and

gave my knee an awful wrench, then on getting out of it, I slipped on a wet rock and put my other ankle out of commission, banging my head at the same time. I managed to crawl here, thinking someone lived here. Then I guess I was unconscious for a while." He ran a hand along his cheek. "Judging by the feel, I should say I had been here for about two days."

"And you haven't eaten anything all that time?"

"Not a bite. And I can't stand on either of my pedal extremities."

That was different of course. Rhoda rather liked him, so she told him she had fallen off the cliff, explaining that high places were always her bugbear. One couldn't sit with a person for hours maybe without speaking, even if they hadn't been introduced—not in a case like that.

"But what on earth were you doing on the ledge?" he asked.

Before she knew it she was telling him about Tom's indifference. She had seen an eagle's nest on one of her hikes and she thought if she could get a picture of it to add to her brother's collection he would appreciate the trouble and risk of it and at least see her once in a while. So she had crawled out on the ledge and taken the picture, and then the earth had given way and she had gone down in a regular avalanche.

"That was an experience," he grinned, then went on dreamily, "Some fellows don't realize what luck they have. I have no sisters, but my roommate has. She seems to be ideal, to hear him talk about her—athletic, but not hard. He told me once that he was the cause of her

getting a severe nervous shock one time several years ago. She was such a fragile thing, his mother told him, that he must be careful with her and not treat her as roughly as he would his boy friends. So he's adored her all the more because she's of finer clay. It's a beautiful thing to hear him talk about her,—how pretty she is, and everything."

"And is she?"

"I don't know," laughed Kit. "He has a picture of her in action in a hockey game. The picture was cut from a local paper. She doesn't look fragile."

"Hardly, if she plays hockey," laughed Rhoda.

"I'm going to visit him—if I ever get out of this shack—and the I'll see if the tin god on wheels has clay feet! That clears up your presence here, but I still don't get the allusion to Peter."

Then, in sepulchral tones, she told him the story. Right at the climax, the front door opened and shut. Rhoda jumped, and Kit looked startled, too. Then Rhoda realized that it might be her rescue party, and limped out into the kitchen.

Tom was there alone. He was white and his eyes were wild, and he panted as if he had been running.

"Rhoda!" he cried, and she was somehow in his arms. "I came down the cliff. Dad is coming the the flivver, but I couldn't wait. I knew you would be scared to death in the haunted house all by yourself."

She looked up at him and laughed. "Well I was," she confessed. "I thought I had the ghost, but it's another cripple to be taken out in the car. Come in meet him."

She opened the door and her brother looked in.

"Tom!" cried Kit.

"Kit Marsden!" cried Tom. "Did you fall down the cliff, too? I wondered when you'd show up, but I wasn't alarmed yet. Kit's my roommate," he explained to Rhoda. She remembered some of the things Kit had said about his roommate's sister and slipped her hand into Tom's, and laid her cheek against his arm. He looked down at her. "Rhoda," he said, his voice husking a little, "what made you do anything so mad? You know it makes you dizzy to climb!"

"Because I'm a Christopher—and I'm not really a coward."

"Oh, that old tradition! A long time ago, Kit, one of our ancestors and his twin sister did something spectacular and since then the courage of the Christophers has been almost a motto. Sometimes it's annoying."

"Was your ancestor's name Eben? His sister Claire? Well, it seems we're related then. My great, great grandmother was Claire. I've been brought up on 'the courage of the Christophers' too." He looked at Rhoda and grinned mischievously. "It isn't close enough to matter," he said, daringly, then added something about idols and clay feet.

It is not difficult to understand the lapse on the part of the printer who in setting up an item about Chicago made it read "the Crook County jail."—Seattle Times.

THE PALM THAT PRODUCES IVORY BUTTONS.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

The growth of the plant which makes the ivory button a possibility is not only enveloped in a mystery, but the plant itself links us with a little known part of the world.

We like to speak the name of our friend as we meet, even if but to ourselves. This one is a member of the palm family and its individual name is *Phytelephas Marrocarpa*, the first word from two Greek words meaning "plant," and "an elephant." Few of us get through life with only one name, but we find out palm has really more than its share. The Spaniards call it *Palma de Marfil*—ivory palm—the Indians along the river where the plant abounds term it *Tagua*; another tribe near the coast know it by the name of *Anta*, and still others as *Pullipunta* and *Homero*.

A journey to the home of the ivory palm will take us to the southern part of Panama, through most of Colombia and Ecuador, and over the northern half of Peru. We will find it along the valley of the Magdalena River and on the slopes of the Cordilleras to a height of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. In damp localities, in confined valleys and along rivulets, here shall we meet it in all its beauty. Clannish it is in nature, for it associates with no outsiders and tolerates the intrusion of no other tribe. Thus one may walk through groves composed of this tree alone and it is like walking in a park, for the ground about is as clean as if swept by a broom. Like a plume of

gigantic ostrich feathers, the wonderful leaves sweep up from the level of the ground and extend themselves to a length of 18 or 20 feet. There are a dozen or two of these leaves, with 160 segments or veins three feet long and two inches wide. If we are so fortunate as to choose the flowering period for our little journey through a grove of taguas, we shall find the atmosphere laden with a most penetrating odor of almonds, and even beyond and into the surrounding country this delicious fragrance is carried.

As excursionists with somewhat of a commercial eye, however, we shall be for examining the fruit which is the forerunner of the prosaic button. This forms clusters of six or eight drupes as large as a man's head, termed aptly by the Spaniards, *Cabeza de Negro*, or negro's head. Breaking into one of these cabezas, we find six, eight or more seeds or nuts, and these seeds and all future tribes of seeds which are to go forth into the world in the shape of buttons were christened by the Spaniards and are known as *Marfil Vegetal*—vegetable ivory. At an early stage one of these seeds, which is not unlike an egg in shape and size, contains a clear insipid fluid with which travelers allay their thirst; later this liquor becomes milky and sweet and changing slowly becomes harder and harder, until it is like ivory. The fruit ripens until it bursts open, allowing the seeds to fall out. Picking up one of the

seeds which have been left by the natives employed to gather them for the market, let us plant it and watch developments.

In the process of germination the seed reverts to its former soft state. Then gradually the seed so recently buried emerges to the surface in a half pulpy, half milky condition. In this state it remains lying on the ground to nourish the young plant until it is old enough to take its substance from the soil, when if we tap the seed we hear it give off a hollow sound, and breaking it open find it completely empty.

A few ivory nuts found their way into England and were veritable curiosities, and in August, 1854, 1,000 nuts were sold in London for 7 shillings and 6 pence. Now 9,000 tons are sent to this country each year and 27,000 tons are shipped to Hamburg (in normal times) to be fashioned into buttons. Shipped in bags, the ivory nuts reach the various factories throughout the world and there must go through two dozen processes ere the familiar button is placed before the shopper at the retail store.

The nut must first be seasoned or dried by artificial means, that the outer shell, thin, hard case, may be easily removed. This drying shrinks the nut, loosens the shell and when placed in the tumbling barrel the shell is quickly cracked off. Sorters then take the nuts and picking them over divide them into different sizes, and look for the flat ones and the round ones, because different sizes and shapes produce different sizes in buttons and each grade being kept separate ensures economy in labor.

By means of circular saws the nut is now cut into slices, which look like

slices of liver sausage. A man holding the nut between the fingers of his two hands, will cut it into three or four pieces in as many seconds. He must work carefully, because the nut is not large and his fingers must pass very close to the revolving saw.

These slices are then thrown into a hopper, feeding to a separating drum, made up of sections of steel plates having circular holes, beginning at the upper end with small and ending at the lower end with large holes. This drum being slightly inclined, as it revolves the pieces tumble about and slowly slide toward the lower end, the small pieces dropping through the first holes and the largest ones passing along until they find holes which will let them through. Thus are the slices divided mechanically into an assortment of sizes.

Dry kilns now claim the nut slices, as they must be hardened for the next step. After they are sufficiently dry and hard they are mixed with waste and dumped into revolving hexagonal tumblers, in which they are thoroughly cleaned. They are then passed to stock sorters, who divide them into sizes and shapes corresponding to the size of the button to be made.

The next operator, the "turner," finds the piece as hard as real ivory, too hard to be cut without dulling his tool, so he fills a wire basket with the "stock" and dips it into hot water just long enough to soften to a working condition. The room is filled with turners, each enclosed in his wire cage and his face protected by a piece of plate glass suspended over his work. The piece inserted in the lathe by a movement of a lever, the machine cuts the button true to

the lines and form it will have when completed. The rapid work of turning sends dust, rings and buttons flying about and all being gathered together are passed through a separating drum similar to the one described above, only having very much finer holes. This partially separates the buttons and waste and the task is completed by hand sifting.

The lathes do not finish the buttons as smoothly as we must have them, so they are next thrown into wooden tumbling barrels, mixed with turnings, sawdust and pumice stone, and the rubbing which they get in this way gives them the desired finish.

Still they are useless without the thread holes. These are drilled by automatic machinery, two or four holes at a time. The buttons are dumped into hoppers over the drills and thence feed one at a time and forty a minute to the machines.

The dyer, who now contributes his services toward completing the button, studies many of his color effects before the opening of the season. With samples of the new styles in suitings before him, he experiments with colors until he evolves something pleasing and novel for the new cloth. The dye maker, too, is busy. A sample reaches the factory from a salesman in a distant territory and the man who gives us the fine markings and impressions on the faces of the buttons sets about making something equally good or better. The steel

dyes or stamps which he makes impart their impressions to the buttons through the medium of presses operated by hand or other power.

The soft ground glass effect noticeable in some designs is secured by the use of a sand blast. Boys having placed four to six dozen buttons in a metal frame, this is set on slowly moving chains and the sand, which is very fine, impinging upon the exposed surface of the button for a length of time, depending upon the speed of the chains, produces the effect sought. The shading and mottled effects on buttons are accomplished in a unique way, by the use of what the manufacturers call "color charts." These are made of thin brass with the design perforated therein and the buttons are set in the frame or chart by hand. Shellac is then spread over the chart and coats the buttons only where the metal is cut away, the part covered by the metal remaining untouched. When dipped into the dye only the unprotected parts of the shellacked buttons are acted upon, the coated portions being only slightly affected by the color. Thus is produced the variety of color designs one sees in ivory buttons.

After dyeing, further polishing is necessary, and then a final inspection is given and the buttons are graded for color and sewed on cards for shipment to the wholesaler.

The worker's attitude toward the public is the final test of both himself and his job. Unless the work is for a higher object than the mere acquiring of profit, it is poison to the soul. The only work that matters, the only work that satisfies the worker, is that which serves others.

—Jas. Hay, Jr.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Gorden Ellis, a member of the twelfth cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last week. Ellis was also a member of the bakery force.

A large number of boys have been cutting grass and clearing up the land near the ball ground during the past few days. This makes it have a better appearance.

Last Sunday afternoon the boys in the lower cottages sat around in the shade of the trees across from their cottages. Some of the boys in the other cottages went walking.

The boys have been getting some of the peaches from the orchard during the past week. All the boys like them very much. They have also been getting string beans from the gardens, for dinner.

The following boys: McHenderson, Lonnie and Lummie McGee, McElvene, Austin Surrent, James Davis, Bill Goss, Morvain Thomas, Alton Ethridge and Perry Quinn were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

All the boys at this institution had a nice chicken dinner last Sunday. This dinner was enjoyed by all of them. Ice cream was also served to them. This gift, giving "the boys, matrons, and the officers of this institution ice cream twice a week, until November the 1st." is a gift of Mrs. W. N. Reynolds of Winston-Salem. Every boy at this institution is very

grateful to Mrs. Reynolds for her generous gift. The boys are served ice cream Thursday and Sunday.

A large number of visitors, the boys and the officers witnessed the game on the local diamond last Saturday afternoon. The Training School nine won from the Harrisburg nine, by the score of 14 to 3. A star-catch was made by the left-fielder, McAuther. He ran over the left field embankment making a catch that seemed almost impossible. Henry, the center-fielder for the School team slammed out the ball for a four sack hit, bringing in two runs. Russell, the local's pitcher allowed only three hits during the nine inning game. Harrisburg used three pitchers trying to hold down the slugging of the Training School, but was useless. The score:

	R	H	E
J. T. S.	00221252x	14	13 5
Harrisb'g	201000000	—	3 3 4

Three base hits: Hudson, Kiser. Home runs: Henry. Stolen bases: McCachern, Kiser, Cleaver, Godown 2, Fickett. Base on balls off: Davis S. 1., off Harris R. 1., off Alexander J. 3., off Russell 0. Struck out by: Davis S., 1, by Harris R. 4, by Alexander J. 4, by Russell 11. Hit by pitcher Poger J., Henry. Umpires: Wilson and Swaingain.

The subject of last Sunday's lesson was: "The Call of Moses." This lesson was taken from the book of Exodus. In this lesson it tells how God called Moses to lead His

people out of Egypt. God appeared to Moses in the burning bush and told him what his task would be. Moses said unto God, when I go down unto the children of Israel what shall I say unto them? There are many Gods. I go and say unto them that "my God" has sent me, and they shall ask me, what god has sent thee? What shall I say to them? The Lord said unto Moses: "I AM THAT I AM and thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel I AM hath sent me unto you. And God said moreover unto Moses, thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you; this is my name forever, and this is my memorial unto all generations." But Moses said unto the Lord, I am slow of speech, and am not eloquent, neither heretofore, "nor since thou hast spoken to thy servant." But the Lord told Moses to go and that he would be with his mouth and will teach thee what thou shall say." The golden text for this lesson was: "Certainly I will be with thee." —Exodus 3:12.

The services were conducted in the

auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Thomas Higgins, of Concord. His selected reading was from Luke. "Every house that has been built, has had a pattern, every thing had a pattern before it was made. 'I was over in the Spencer railroad shops recently and happened to go in where they moulded iron into the shape that they wanted it. After I stood there awhile, I saw that they were making the pieces of iron just a little larger than they wanted them to be. I soon found out that they had done this because when time came to use it the rough edges could be smoothed, as to be a perfect fit, wherever it had to be used.' Every boy should have a pattern or an aim of the future work he is going to do in his life. The most illustrated life is that of Abraham Lincoln. Suppose he would have stayed at his home and waited for something to happen? He would have died there. Instead, he made his future plans or he made a pattern for his life. We soon found him in the White House, President of the United States. All you boys must have a pattern for your future lives, if you wish to succeed." Rev. Higgin's sermon was a very interesting one.

**Life is never so short
But there's time for a word
Of trust and of courage
Faint hearts to upgird;
Through the rush of the mart.
Through the dim of the fray,
Hope finds its every moment,
Faith conquers its way.**

—Priscilla Leonard.

MID-SUMMER EXCURSIONS TO VIRGINIA

VIA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1926

Round trip fare from Concord

TO

<u>Richmond</u>	<u>Norfolk</u>	<u>Virginia Beach</u>
\$6.50	\$7.50	\$8.00

Tickets good going trip on regular trains Friday night, July 30th.

Final limit good to return on all regular trains (except 37 and 38) up to and including train 11 leaving Richmond 10:20 P. M. and train 3 leaving Norfolk 7:00 P. M. Monday, August 2nd.

Tickets good in pullman sleeping cars, parlor cars and day coaches.

No baggage checked. No stop-overs.

Through sleeping cars and day coaches.

Fine opportunity to visit Richmond, Norfolk and Seashore resorts.

For further information and sleeping car reservations call on any Southern Railway agent.

M. E. Woody, T. A.
Concord, N. C.

R. H. Graham, DPA
Charlotte, N. C.

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 31, 1926

No. 35

NEEDING WISDOM.

God grant us wisdom
in these coming days,
And eyes unsealed,
that we clear visions see
Of that new world that He
would have us build
To life's ennoblement
and His high ministry!

—John Oxenham.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

SUMMER.

*Now doth sweet summer dream her sweetest dream;
With full-fringed lids half closed against the sun
And thirsting lips, she nods beside the stream
Within whose silent bed no waters run.*

*Full wearily she stretcheth now her limbs;
Anon her breast is stirred with languid sighs;
Lulled by the murmur of slow forest hymns,
She draws the shadows with her drowsing eyes.*

*And, all above her, busy hands have made
A woven covert of green boughs that keep
The semblance of a painted arch whose shade
Falls on the ground like an enchanted sleep.*

—Metropolitan Magazine.

COMES OFF TRIUMPHANT.

When Dr. H. K. Boyer, after a thorough and personal investigation, announced to the public that Dr. Chappell, the pastor of Central Methodist Church at Asheville, was the victim of circumstances and was innocent, The Uplift felt sure that there was no personal guilt in the ugly reports and damaging statements coming through from Memphis.

The wicked world is robbed of a sweet morsel. Thirteen outstanding ministers of a great denomination received all the testimony and then declared

the popular preacher innocent. This automatically restored Dr. Chappell to his charge, which assumed an attitude of great rejoicing while the scoffers were forced to other fields. It is well, but—

The great preacher will at times, at places and on occasions have to suffer the tyranny of scars unjustly imposed.

* * * * *

IF ANY BLAME—NOT THE GOVERNOR'S.

The sanity of the state has already acknowledged the wisdom of the course Gov. McLean followed in the matter of the proposed survey of women in industry. He remained within the mandates of the law, uninfluenced by excitement, frenzy, bickerings and yellowism.

When the survey was blocked by conceit, if not stubbornness, there was nothing left for the governor to do other than call it off. It is a sad commentary on the sense of justice of North Carolinians if none could be found to ascertain the truth and declare it. There seems to be a hankering after yellowism in certain storm centers.

* * * * *

PRESIDENT HUNEYCUTT.

It is no small honor to be president of the North Carolina Press Association. That honor overtook editor A. C. Huneycutt, of the Albemarle News-Herald, at the recent convention of the Association at Hickory. The Uplift congratulates the Association and felicitates the likeable new president and the discoverer of Morrow Mountain, the highest peak east of Spencer Mountain in Gaston county.

President Huneycutt should forthwith give a function to the brethren at this Stanly county elevation in the form of barbecue and accessories. Oh, come on with your invitation—be sociable.

* * * * *

FEELS THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Uplift feels keenly the disappointment in not being able to reach Hickory for the annual convention of the North Carolina Press Association. To mingle with the men and women, who are telling the stories of North Carolina doings, is in itself a distinctive joy, but to have missed the address of Judge Francis D. Winston in the personal charm of its delivery was a real deprivation.

We carry what the genial and brilliant North Carolinian had to say to

the boys and girls of that interesting body. Its reading will give pleasure and profit.

* * * * *

A RESCUED BIBLE.

Recently, writes a close observer, a fire broke out in an historical church building in a Pennsylvania city. The stately structure was threatened with destruction. Fortunately the fire was controlled so that the damage was confined to only a part of the building. The pastor remembered the old Bible, a book nearly two centuries old, and much prized for its age. At considerable inconvenience to himself and with a no slight risk, he made his way through the smoke and rescued the ancient volume. He was justly praised for what he had done and the people were profoundly gratified that the old book was not injured.

We have been thinking that the Bible often needs rescuing. People grow so used to having it around that they are careless of the dangers threatening it. The dangers of misuse, or of no use, gradually creep towards many Bibles. It may demand exceptional courage to rescue such a Bible, for somehow people tend toward resentment when they are denounced for misuse of the Bible, or for not using it at all. Maybe a pastor braves the storm of protest as he urges the proper respect for the Bible and a diligent use of it. Maybe a mother discovers in her children this proneness to forget the old book and tries at risk of being called an old-fashioned religionist to have the Bible reinstated in its rightful place. Maybe a business man, foreseeing the decline of religious principles, attempts to grasp the Bible before it is submerged in the stream of business demands and have its truths again operative in men's business relationships. Somebody is needed almost everywhere to snatch the Bible from the dangers that destructive agencies are using against it.

It is the truth of the Bible that must be preserved, and happy indeed is anyone who succeeds in giving these age-old, but ever-living truths into the possession of the multitudes. The unthinking masses pass these truths by, heedless of their worth, even though these truths are just what they need, but will roundly applaud the rescuer of these truths when he brings them forth and lets the people see how these truths can function in the daily life. The fires of sin, of indifference, of neglect may be eating their way toward your Bible, threatening its destruction. Break through these fires. Rescue your Bible. You need it.

GOD AND NATURE, HAND IN HAND.

By C. W. Hunt.

A short time ago a preacher said that if he did not know God and Christ he would be a Pantheist and worship nature; the sea, the mountains, the sun the moon and the stars. Well, God made nature, even if nature is responsible for the great and wonderful things we see all about us. You stand on the sea shore and look as far as vision will carry and you see water, water, water and water only, and like a caged animal of prey, the water is never still. Even in a gentle breeze the waves beat constantly on the shore and as the wind increases the waves increase in size and on into fury as the storm breaks. Standing there man realizes as at few other places how insignificant he is and how helpless in the face of God and nature or God in nature. The fact that the sea is always in motion, and its waves irresistible in time of storm, to all small craft, shows that there is a hidden power in the greater part of the earth's surface; and this power is even more than one sees in the waves that beat on the shore. The tides that ebb and flow are governed by the rising and setting of the moon, for it is high tide at the rising of the moon everywhere at different hours, and low tide at the setting of the moon at all places. These tides vary according to location; some places the ebb and flow is quite twice as much as at other places. This power of the sea that is invisible makes the water to cover large areas of low land at high tide and expose it to the sun at low tide.

Often ships get aground at low tide, and are able to float when the tide is at the crest. God who created the earth, the sea "and all that in them is," can and does use these to show man His crowning act of creation, that there is a Higher Power over it all.

All altitudes are based on sea level. Starting at nothing on the coast and travel westward, in the State, you ascend higher and higher above the sea as you approach the mountains. At Charlotte you are seven to nine hundred feet above the sea at Blowing Rock, where this is written, you are more than 4,000 feet above the sea, and many people when they come direct from the coast to this height, feel the effect of the sudden change in the heart action or giddiness until somewhat used to the change or difference in altitude. Some are affected by a change of as much as two thousand feet climb.

On the mountain tops you again find the almost constant breeze, as is at the sea, and cooler than the sea-breeze, both in summer and winter, and at both locations get cooler, much cooler as night approaches, and one finds relief from the heat of the day and is able to sleep and rest in a way that is refreshing, in comparison with the hot nights of the plains and table lands. For these reasons both the mountains and the seashores are places of rest for those living elsewhere. Since the coming of the auto literally thousands of people take the Sabbath of rest to drive to both the mountains and the shore for a day

of recreation, but most of these have small idea of what a difference there is; for they go and come in the middle of the day and get none of the restfulness of the nights.

God in nature; doing God's will go hand in hand to make man and to show him there is hidden power in both, and that the two are one in many of the wonders about us.

PAROLED FROM STATE.

Kenneth McNair, young Lee county white man, who was paroled from the state's prison honor camp at Simms by Governor McLean Thursday, will return to Simms Monday to accept a \$175 job with the road contractor, to whom he had been hired as a convict. He is the third paroled honor man to be employed by the contractor.

McNair served half of a two-year sentence for forging his father's name to a check. His excellent prison record won him the assignment to the "honor camp" where a group of 40 or 50 prisoners were hired by Zeigler brothers, of Greensboro. For his hire, the contractor paid the prison \$3 and of that amount to McNair, as an honor prisoner, received for his own use 50 cents per day.

His work as a prisoner was that of a bookkeeping helper with the contractor. In his work as a free man he will be assistant bookkeeper with a salary of \$7 per day.

McNair came to the central prison here today to "check out" and re-

ceive his discharge papers. He left for a visit to his home folks over the week-end. Prison Superintendent Pou, who told today of his employment by the contractor, said that the type of prisoners who would win assignments to the honor camps usually have little difficulty in finding profitable employment after their discharge.

The honor camp is a comparatively new plan of rewarding prisoners for exceptional records. The first one was established about a year ago and it proved so satisfactory that several additional ones have been started since. Prisoners in the camps work without guarding and because of their records and willingness to work contractors hiring them are usually willing to pay more for their services. That has made it possible for the prison to appropriate 50 cents a day for the personal use of the prisoner. It makes him feel he is getting paid for his work and as a consequence, he works better.

The Charlotte News calls it "an economic disgrace" that North Carolina imports sixteen thousand pounds of butter and twenty seven thousand gallons of milk. It could keep money home if it would make all its milk and butter.

WHAT IS HURTING MUNICIPAL CREDIT?

(Statement By Gov. McLean).

“Municipal bonds—State, county, city and district bonds—constitute the highest form of credit.

They bear the lowest interest rates known.

One reason of their popularity lies in the expectation of absolutely prompt payment of principal and interest.

The owner of a municipal bond clips his coupons a few days before they mature, sends them to a local bank, and rests in the comfortable assurance that on the exact day of their maturity his bank will notify him that they have been paid.

With few exceptions, North Carolina counties, cities and districts realize the responsibility of paying these coupons when due and at the place where due, the place usually being a bank in a financial center.

It is the fact that there are exceptions to this promptness that is likely to reflect upon the credit of the and is hurting the credit of all its counties, cities and districts.

The State officials, under necessity of borrowing millions of dollars every year for roads and permanent institutions, are again and again confronted by the statement of some New York banker that he is unable to get certain county, town or district coupons paid.

Often the complaint is that the local treasurer refuses to remit the funds, or has forgotten to do so, to the bank where they are payable.

Every such failure constitutes a “default.” A default bars savings

banks and trustees from further investment in the bonds of the defaulting district, under nearly all laws regulating investment. The direct effect upon the defaulting county, town or district is a stigma requiring years to live down.

But there is an indirect effect upon other districts and municipalities in the same State and even upon the State itself. There are counties, cities and towns in North Carolina unable to borrow money today at the low interest rate that their own credit warrants because of the occasional carelessness of some county, town or district official in failing to remit funds for interest coupons at the right time and place.

Within the last two years one of the States—not North Carolina—omitted to pay promptly when due interest on certain of its obligations held by a department of the same State. That department exerted no pressure and was evidently content to wait for its money. But the New York State Banking Department was not content and promptly forbade the savings banks within the State of New York from making further investment in any bonds or securities of that State!

If public officials realized the vital importance to their own communities and to the State at large of maintaining absolute strictness as to the time and place of making payment upon bonds and interest, and if they appreciated the spirit of the financial world in referring to short defaults

as constituting breaches of "honor," these things would not happen.

Chapter 100, Public Laws of 1925 is an attempt to put a stop to all municipal bond defaults in this State.

The Clerk of every board issuing bonds is required to register with the State Auditor all bonds before their issuance.

The act makes it a duty of the State Auditor to notify every disbursing public officer, whether of county, city, town or district, thirty days before the time for disbursing funds upon principal or interest of bonds, advising him of the time and place of remittance.

Every failure of a disbursing officer to remit principal and interest funds at the right time and to the right place is made a misdemeanor by this act, and any taxpayer or holder of obligations not promptly paid may sue and collect from the defaulting officer the sum of \$200 for every failure.

Some counties in North Carolina, unfortunately, have a reputation in New

York financial circles for failure to make prompt payment of interest. The bonds of these counties and their cities and towns sell at higher interest rates than the normal rates.

Officials who are about to offer bonds for sale receive printed blanks from bond investment houses, asking for descriptions of bonds and of the issuing municipalities. One of the questions which every such blank presents for answer is "Has your city ever defaulted in the payment of principal or interest of its indebtedness?"

It should be the aim and pride of every public officer to be able to answer that question with a categorical "no."

In the interest of the taxpayers and in order to preserve the financial reputation of the State, the counties, cities, towns and local districts, I earnestly urge the officials who are charged with these important duties to see to it that their obligations are met on the day they are due."

SWEDISH POLITENESS.

One of the most attractive features of Swedish life to strangers is the politeness of the children. As soon as a boy is able to stand on his feet he is taught to make a bow and to shake hands, and a little girl must be able to make a baby curtsy before she has learned to talk. As soon as the right hand is known from the left, it must be offered in greeting, or when a gift or favor has been received, and one of the first words learned by the children after "papa" and "mamma" is "tack," the Swedish term for thanks. It is heard more frequently than any in the language.—Southern Churchman.

FATBACK FISHING.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

"Shove those prunes across, will you," said Bill Blades, pointing with an enormous spoon at an enormous pan anchored at the far end of the table that takes all the room in the galley aboard the William Mace, save that absolutely required for the cook stove, and the benches where the crew sits when of eats. There must have been all of two gallons of prunes in the pan.

Charlie Parker reached for the prunes with the intent to pass them across to the owner of the ship, but by the time he had moved them down the table Bill Blades was gone. He dropped the spoon even as he pointed toward the prunes. He dived out the galley door and the rest of us scrambled uncertainly after him, not knowing whether the ship had foundered unaccountably or whether Bill Blades had been seized with some sort of aberration.

Outside there was a fleeting glimpse of the host jumping off the stern of the Mace. For the instant it looked as if he had jumped into the Atlantic ocean for no reason whatsoever, but an instant later eight oars rose from the spot toward which he had jumped and two long boats shot away through the uncertain light of dawn filtering through the curtain of clouds that hid the sky. The Mace was hove to riding idly on the gentle swell of the ocean.

"There they are over there—see that spot on the water," said the Captain of the Mace, who had strangely, neglected to jump over-

board with the rest of the crew. Astern the two long boats, with mighty sweeps of the oars, were drawing near the faint purple blur on the surface of the water. A long, lazy swell undulated under the purple blur, tilting it up at a right angle until the light caught it, turning it a more pronounced purple.

Almost within oar-reach of the blur on the water, the two long boats suddenly drew apart in the beginning of what was obviously a flanking movement. From the stern of each boat was paid out black folds of a purse seine, rippling over the gunwales. Close-set corks held up the top of the seine and lead weights dragged the bottom of it out of sight under the water encircling the purple blur.

Now the two boats were nose to nose, and then alongside. A shouted order came back across the water and the oars flew high into the air and away from the boats. The oarsmen turned to help the rest of the crew man the seine. Bill Blades, standing in the stern of one of the boats watched it for a moment and then, pulling off his shirt, was at the seine with the rest of the crew.

Slowly they hauled in the seine narrowing down the 100-yard diameter of the circle, heaving the seine back aboard the stern of the boat. Suddenly there was a wild fluttering in the water as the seine caught the first of the closely packed school of fatback. Synchronously with the fluttering of the fish, as they churned the water in a wild

panic, came the throaty shout of the crew. They had caught fish.

From the stern of the Mace we watched the thing that had taken Bill Blades away from his prunes without waiting to so much as say "help yourself—I'm gone." Twenty men in the two boats hauled at the seine, drawing it tighter about the trapped school of fatback, lugging it back aboard the two long boats and drawing the bottom of it tighter forming the thing into a purse, so that that fish would not escape through the bottom by "settling."

Now the dawn had broken fully through the clouds, which still hung thick overhead, blurring the horizon and hauling it close in upon us. The sea was calm as a pond, save for the long, suave ground swell that rose and fell under the two long boats. Now and then the water within the narrowing circle of the seine was whitened with the panic-driven stampede of the fatback, and now and then a more pretentious splash cut through the smaller hub-dub of the little fish.

"Nothin' this side o' hell would stop a shark from eating," observed the master of the Mace, who leaned lazily against a davit, watching for a signal from the long boats. "Got a mess of 'em in that catch, and they'll eat up a thousand fish before we get 'em aboard."

"You mean there are sharks in that net?" demanded Rodney Andrews, who was young in the ways of men who fish for fish.

"Sure," said the master of the Mace briefly.

"Let's get one and take it back to Morehead City with us," proposed Charlie Parker.

"What do you want with him?" demanded the master of the Mace.

"Oh, just take him," said Charlie Parker, not having any adequate reason for lugging a shark into Morehead City, where it would probably likely precipitate panic among prospective bathers in the ocean.

"Might blackmail the hotels with him," suggested Rodney Andrews, who is of a practical turn of mind. "Tell 'em if they'll board us for nothing we'll hide the shark."

Everybody laughed at that, which was what Andrews expected us to do, and then we turned back to watch the seine being drawn tighter about the surging mass of fatback and the sharks and whatever other creatures they had caught up. The master of the Mace had left the rail and gone back to the pilot house. A bell clanged within the ship and the great Diesel motor coughed two or three times and then muttered steadily.

Slowly the Mace got underway swung around and headed for the two long boats. The crew was still tugging at the seine. Presently the Mace drew up beside them. The two long boats put their noses together, and spreading their sterns apart at a 45 degree angle formed two sides of a triangle which the Mace presently closed by forming third side or base. Lines were passed up and the three craft lashed together.

Within the 30-foot triangle were the fish. The giant purse formed by the seine was approximately 90 feet deep. The water was thick with fish. The engineer came above decks and started the gasoline engine that powers the hoist, and

other members of the crew made ready the enormous basket at the end of a wooden pole. The basket holds a ton of fish at a scoop, and presently the hoist would take hold.

Meanwhile below the crews of the small boats were shortening the 90-foot sack, or purse, dragging it up from the bottom and with each tug at the seine they sang a wild, kilting, chantey. Strange, meaningless words, no doubt inherited from an ancient day when the Buccaneers ranged the Carolina coast, but with a wierd, haunting melody. Never, I think, have I heard music so profoundly moving, nor music sung with so magnificent natural beauty.

Nor have I seen a crew of men of such physical perfection. There was one black fellow, a gaint, of muscle and bone, seemingly perfect of body. When he tugged at the seine his muscles knotted in magnificent, lithe movement of velvety smoothness. About them there was a fine rhythm. As they pulled upward leaned down to get a new hold upon the seine their voices swelled in another line of the chantey.

Bill Blades, young and the match of any of them in muscle, pulled with them. His torso was white and smooth, for this was the first time he has been out this year. He sang with them, falling naturally into their movement and their song. Still, there was something anomalous in this millionaire tugging away there at his own seine, man-to-man with his hired crew. But if there was any difference they were unconscious of it. He has been just "Bill" to them since he

was a boy in knickers.

Now they were finished. The chantey ceased and the crew leaned back and rested for a moment. The great basket at the end of the wooden mast descending, and the swift powerful arms of a member of the crew sent it down among the thousands of fish in the seine. Somebody yelled, and the hoist took hold. The basket, filled to the brim with 2,000 squirming fatback and dripping cascade of water, shot up over the side. A deft turn of the powerful arms of the man working the mast dumped the fish into the hold.

Deep down in the hold the fish set up a mighty fluttering. A moment later a new deluge was loosed upon them, and again and again and again. Forty times the basket descended into the narrowing triangle until the last of the 80,000 were scooped up and dumped into the hold of the Mace. The seine was hauled aboard, half of it on the other. The boats were lashed together and a line passed over the stern of the Mace to tow them.

Not one shark, but a dozen, were hauled over the side. The Twins, sons of the boat crew captain, Mr. Lewis, were hanging over the edge of the hatches with a long pole with a hook in the end of it. Beside the shark there were scattered trout, and a few Spanish mackerel. The twins were hauling the edible fish up on deck, and passing them toward the galley. But we were more interested in the shark. They were too heavy for the twins and Charlie Parker took the pole from them.

According to Bill Blades, these shark were of a harmless sort, leav-

ing out their scandalous appetite for fatback. They were the most glutinous, the most rapacious fish imaginable. Even after they were dumped into the hold, where there was no water, they continued to flap about gobbling up fatback. We put a stop to that by heaving them up on deck. Members of the crew came along and kicked them scornfully and, after they were dead, threw them overboard.

"Save that one," implored Charlie Parker as they were about to heave the biggest overboard. He weighed about 100 pounds, and there were fragments of fatback hanging to his teeth. We laid him out on deck out of harm's way and prepared to photograph him. He was very reluctant to die.

Altogether he was a fearsome fish to look at. No wonder they are dreaded, on land and sea. Apparently this school of a dozen or so had sighted the fatback about the time the lookout on the Mace had seen the tell-tale blotch of purple on the surface. They drove in among them and were still raising havoc when the net encircled them. The twelve of them had probably eaten more than a thousand fish by the time they were hoisted aboard the Mace.

No sooner had the Mace got under way again but the crew repaired to the galley room to finish the prunes. Then they lay down on deck and went immediately to sleep. Meantime Captain Lewis mounted the mast to the crow's nest to look out for another purple spot on the blue-green waste of the Atlantic. Bill Blades came forward to wait. Now and then Captain Lewis called

down directions to the helmsman, and the Mace wandered about off shore, looking for purple spots.

"You boys finish your breakfast?" Bill wanted to know when he had settled down in the pilot house with a cigarette.

"How," Charlie Parker wanted to know, "could we eat when you were jumping overboard with no apparent reason?"

Bill Blades laughed. "Have to move when you sight a school. Might settle on you before you get a seine under 'em. Didn't you hear Captain Lewis sing out? No? Well, listen next time."

For an hour the Mace cruised about before anybody sang out, and this interim was utilized in the instruction of the three landlubbers, concerning many matters pertaining to the fatback, or Menhaden, industry in North Carolina. Since the Fisheries Products Co., blew up the fertilizer fish business has had more than one sort of ill odor about it. Bill Blades had a lot of questions to answer, and the residue of his answers is in the aggregate, this:

Nobody knows much about the Menhaden except that there are more of them in the Atlantic ocean than all other species of fish put together. They are the goats of the fish world. Almost every other variety of fish feeds upon them, from shark to trout. If they should disappear all the other fish in the ocean would starve to death. The Menhaden is not a cannibal. He subsists on sediments from the water.

Useless as a food fish, because of the number of bones in him, the quantity of oil in him, the flavor of his flesh, the fatback is good for nothing

but oil and fertilizer, and as food for the rest of the fish in the sea. Viewed from either of these vantages, he is a very valuable fish. The Indians knew about him centuries ago, and taught the whites to fertilize their corn fields by putting a pair of fatback under each hill of corn.

Nobody knows where he comes from. He is a sort of poor relation of the shad. There is a family resemblance. But nobody knows where he spawns or raises his young. He has been trailed by the United States Bureau of Fisheries for 50 years, but his lair has never been found. Whether it is in the depths of the ocean, or along some far and unstudied shores, nobody yet knows. But as a spawner and raiser of families, he is without a peer in the seven oceans.

All that anybody knows is that about this season of the year schools of them begin to appear off the Carolina coast, headed north. They travel in droves, ranging from 40,000 to 50,000, up to a million or more. They go north, preyed upon at every mile by predatory creatures of the deep until they reach the New England coast. There they turn back, running from September to December. There are millions of them in the sea.

Two characteristics make them an easy mark for both fish and fisherman. They travel in close formation, and the oily exudation from their bodies marks the spot where they are hovering. From that arises the purple clot on the water. From the lookout of a ship they are visible for two or three miles. The school can swim 30 miles a day, but their best defense is to "settle" to the bottom in case of attack.

Oil from the fatback is very desirable for dozens of uses. Most that is produced in the Blades factories goes to Proctor & Gamble, and a good deal of it comes back here in Ivory soap. A thousand fish will produce ten or twelve gallons of oil and two or three sacks of excellent fertilizer. The oil is worth about 50 cents per gallon. There is really a good deal of money to be made in the business—if you catch the fish.

Last year the catch in North Carolina water was 412,500,000, with approximately 30 steamers engaged in the business and a half dozen factories engaged in pressing out the oil and grinding up the scrap. An average weight for the catch would be a pound per fish, and in good seasons, a little more than that. Altogether there are about 500,000,000 pounds caught in a good season. There are lean seasons as well as fat seasons. Last year was a good season. The industry is centered in Morehead and Beaufort, with a few boats operating out of the Cape Fear river.

The crews operate on a participating basis. Each member of the crew gets five cents per thousand for the fish caught. Members of the steamer crew get their share also. If no fish are caught nobody gets anything, except his rations while out on the cruise. On the Mace they fare tremendously well, with vast quantities of food. There are 20 men in a boat crew. It took a lot of questioning to get all this from Bill Blades, for he is not a talkative young man. Few men of 30 who don't have to work unless they want to are so economical of words.

"We want to get that X under

water today, boys," he called out to his crew. The letter is painted on the bow, six feet high and stands well above the water line. It is used to enable the lookout from the factory, or the commander of the fleet, when all the Blades boats are out, to distinguish which ship is which. The fleet has to be maneuvered when the fish are running fast. Sometimes a school is found that will fill every boat in the fleet. These are the big days in the business.

From the crow's nest came cryptic directions and the Mace swung off her course. Bill Blades pointed out the purple blot on the water this time, a mile away, while the crew scuttled toward the long boats towed at the ends of lines astern. This time he took the three landlubbers into the boats with him for a close up view of the operation of surrounding them with the seine and pursing them into captivity. The work was done with magnificent celerity, and with perfect timing. But nothing was more spectacular than the throwing away of the oars, which are tied to the boats to keep them from being lost.

Six times that day the Mace sent out the small boats and presently hoisted the catch aboard. The big X painted on the bow sank lower and lower into the water, while the squirming mass in the hold grew higher and higher, until it overran the hatches and overflowed upon the deck. Side boards had to be put up. By 3 o'clock she could hold no more. There were 472,000 fish aboard, not including the shark nor the ten pound mackerel that Rodney

Andrews fished out of the hold and began to invent stories about to tell the people ashore when we got home.

Up under the nose of Cape Lookout, and close in shore under the towering Lookout Light the Mace poked her lowering nose. Now and then we caught sight of smoke on the Atlantic ship lanes where the great liners went their ways in the Gulf Stream. A few yachts from Morehead with festive sportsmen aboard cruised past, and a lot of smaller boats chugging their way to the capes. They studied the Mace with superior looks, and the professionals aboard the fatbacker returned them with a shade of contempt that any real fisherman has for those who fish for sport.

"Put your flag up and let's go home," directed Captain Lewis.

"Why the flag?" Rodney Andrews wanted to know.

"See it with glasses from the factory and know we got a load. Get fires built in boilers and ready for cooking time we get there," explained Bill Blades. The flag was run up, and the Mace, with her X buried in the swell, turned her nose toward the Inlet and home.

"You guys must have brought luck with you today," said the owners of the Mace. "Fine catch we have made for the first of the season." The black and bronzed faces of the crew were seamed with smiles, because 472,000 fish meant that each member of the crew had made near \$25 that day, with more coming when they got their share of the unloading fee back at the factory.

"Let's see if there are any prunes left," said Bill Blades.

JUDGE WINSTON GIVES REMINISCENCES.

Mr. President:

Reminiscences and recollections may be collected under four heads. I learned this psychology in an early law suit in which I was counsel. Old man Bill Coggins, of Snakebite, Bertie county, was called to the witness stand, and told to give his recollection of the transaction on trial. He was the type of man which advancing civilization has displaced; shrewd, hard headed, humorous, untutored, ready for a mastery of repartee with counsel or judge. "What sort of recollections do you want?" asked the old man and the court crowd roared. The unsuspecting attorney, by way of rebuke, informed him there was only one kind; that you either recollected or didn't recollect. "Oh, yes," replied Coggins, "there is more than one kind; there is four kind of memories; one what you seed, one what you heered, one what you're told to tell and one what you makes up."

I hope to remember today only that I "seed" forty-eight years ago.

The members of this association, I am sure, are cautious to know why I have any reminiscences of a Press Convention of 1878; and why I, as a student of the University, was a member of the North Carolina Press Convention held at Sparkling Catawba Springs forty-eight years ago.

I can state definitely the cause of my being a member of that body.

The closed doors of our University sent me in 1873 to Cornell University at Ithaca, New York.

Journalism at Cornell.

There I took the literary course leading to a career in journalism. That course at Cornell, as well as all other courses there, then, as now, required appropriate manual labor. Future engineers worked in machine shops; future farmers worked in fields; future business men worked at desk and counter future editors worked at case and press.

In consequence, during the year of my stay, I took on some knowledge of printing and became proficient as a type-setter and hand-pressman.

Before entering our University at its reopening in 1875 I had worked a year in the office of the "Albemarle Times" at Windsor.

In the summer of 1874 Patrick Henry Winston, Jr., a lawyer, and Moses Gillam, a merchant, decided to establish a weekly paper at Windsor. Daniel Bond, a native of Bertie county, was then conducting the Enfield Times in the town of that name in Halifax county; he was offering his newspaper outfit for sale. Winston and Gillam bought it.

With a two horse wagon I drove across the country to Enfield, fifty odd miles distant. There I assisted in packing and crating presses, furniture, type, boot, key, quoins, cases, tympan, chases, fly, ink-rollers, composing stone, a peck of pie, and the other odds, and ends of an unsuccessful newspaper venture; loaded up my wagon and started across the county for home. No "prince schooner" ever set out across the

plains on a more hopeful journey; nor on a journey less likely to bring success.

Albemarle Times Appears.

Within a week the "Albemarle" 5 Washington hand press, worked by the Cornell freshman.

It was a 28 column four page weekly; with an average of eighteen columns of reading matter. My speed as a type-setter—compositor—speed as a type-setter—compositor—was not remarkable. I could do three galleys a day of long primer—and less, of course, of brevier and small pica. Ten point type is a later designation. As a pressman, I had a record of 550 impressions an hour. You power-pressmen have little knowledge of the hand press—with ten distinct mechanical operations for each impression.

I served a year as pressman, compositor and local editor on the "Albemarle Times."

In my junior year at the University I assisted in reviving the "University Magazine," and was one of its six editors, and its business manager.

In the spring of 1878 Joseph A. Harris, who had worked as type-setter and pressman on "The Sentinel" under Josiah Turner, brought a newspaper outfit to Chapel Hill to locate there. He needed editors. Robert P. Pell, President of Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C., and I were induced to assume that burden.

I was at that time a regular correspondent for the Raleigh News, then partly owned and largely controlled by Col. Walter Clark, afterwards our great Chief Justice.

Armed with my triple authority,

Magazine, Ledger and News, I left Chapel Hill to attend the North Carolina Press Convention to assemble at Sparkling Catawba Springs on July 3, 1878.

Boy Editors Attend

Two events of the journey may interest you. Bound for attendance upon the convention were several boy editors, members of the Amateur Press Association of this State.

I remember the following—E. A. Oldham, "Southern Star," Wilmington; G. M. Carr, "North Carolina Amateurs," Rose Hill; R. N. Engle "Oak City Item," Raleigh; J. M. Howard, "Boys Courier," New Bern; and Josephus Daniels, "Cornucopia," Wilson. There may have been others.

My recollection is clear that these young editors were intent on becoming members of the "grown up" association. A letter from Mr. Daniels tells me they attended at the invitation of W. A. Davis, secretary. I regret that no minutes of the meeting are "come-at-able." When they are found they will disclose that they attended officially as representatives of their association.

I am not mistaken in remembering that in whatever was their purpose, they enlisted my co-operation and it was given. A rather dependable memory tells me that after a fight they were admitted to full memberships. Bob Furman made some sort of a motion about it; and I am sure no one who knows me will contradict me when I say that I made a speech in their interest. It may be they were only made honorary members.

The schedule of the trains carried us no further than Salisbury, the first night out. We spent the night

there, stopping at the small hotel then near the depot, United States Hôtel, I believe.

Early the next morning, Col. R. B. Creecy, Clement Manly, Maj. John D. Cameron, S. M. Carpenter, Dr. George E. Matthews and I and possibly others, called on Miss Frances Christine Fisher to pay our respects. She was then at the pinnacle of her wide fame and renown as "Christian Reid," author of more than a score of romances. Her novel, "The Land of the Sky," first brought our mountain section to world wide notice. She has been the most prolific North Carolina writer in the history of our State. Her novels were faithful and beautiful portrayals of the life of our people, tenderly told and truthfully told by a sympathetic hand and heart.

Fifth Annual Convention.

The fifth annual convention of the North Carolina Press Association convened at Sparkling Catawba Springs, near Hickory at 4 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, July 3, 1878, and was called to order by Col. William L. Saunders, then of The Observer, Raleigh, but recently of The Wilmington Journal. W. A. Davis, Oxford Torchlight, secretary, was at his post. Francis D. Winston, of The Chapel Hill Ledger, was appointed assistant secretary.

I shall later mention names of those who answered the roll call. I was struck by the fact that a number of papers were represented by proxy, which sounded more like an old time Democratic State Convention when Kope Elias attended with all his proxies.

Everything conspired to make the convention a most delightful one; a

large number of the editors throughout the State were present, we were to be the guests of a hospitable and generous host, we met in commodious buildings on beautiful grounds; health giving waters, hot and cold, were at hand; delightful breezes and a most appetizing table added further to our comfort. Sparkling Catawba Springs was then—and should be now—one of the most delightful summer resorts of the South.

Our host on this occasion was Dr. E. O. Elliott, sedate, watchful, hospitable, gentlemanly. His son-in-law W. H. H. Gregory, of Charlotte, supplied every characteristic of the jolly inn keeper, backed by his father-in-law.

W. H. H. Gregory was an ideal host; genial, witty, a good story teller, a good singer, knew good liquid and how to mix it. Dr. Elliott presided above stairs—in halls and parlors. Gregory served in the tap-room below. *Tempora mutantur, et nos cum illis mutamur.* Oh, for a touch of his vanished hand and the sound of his still-voice.

A Running Account.

I give you briefly a running account of the proceedings of the convention.

Rev. C. M. Pepper, of the Carolina Methodist, opened the convention with prayer.

The address of Col. W. L. Saunders was less than fifteen minutes in delivery. Saunders wasted no words; he used words that told what he had to say.

Col. W. H. H. Gregory in behalf of Dr. Elliott, extended a whole hearted welcome; happy and apt in thought, words and delivery. We

soon found out that he was to be our friend. General Johnston Jones of the "Raleigh News" responded to this welcome. I remember that some of the out-of-State newspapers were represented; but can only recall Dr. George E. Matthews, of Ringwood, Halifax County, who represented Captain James Barron Hope's "Norfolk Landmark." Dr. Matthews was then, and long afterwards, a prolific correspondent for our State press. He was a graceful writer of prose and verse; a genial companion and ready at repartee.

The membership of the association was nearly doubled under the enrollment of new members.

Free Smoking Tobacco.

Various announcements and communications were made and read but the greatest applause greeted a letter from R. T. Fulghum, former Secretary of the Association, in which he stated that he had shipped a case of Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco to be distributed gratuitously among the members. The tobacco was received and Col. Buck Blackwell got a rising vote of thanks.

It was also announced by the Secretary that Major J. W. Wilson, President of the Western North Carolina Railroad, would have a special engine and car at Hickory on Friday to convey the association to the Mountains, the end of the road.

Julius S. Tomlinson, well known educator, traveler and lecturer, and fine descriptive writer, then living in Hickory, and afterwards in Durham, on the part of the people of Hickory invited us to a supper and ball on Friday night.

The very weighty matters coming up for discussion were a resolution

favoring State wide prohibition presented by Reverend W. M. Robey, of the Carolina Methodist, and selecting the place of the next meeting.

Convention Was Wet.

When the prohibition resolution was up some wag moved that the Carolina Methodist be selected as the official State organ of that cause. Strange to say the introducer of the resolution did not accept the amendment and rather resented the motion as not germane to the subject. The question of state wide prohibition was then acute in the public mind. The result of the Association's vote was a fair index of what the popular vote was to be three years hence; overwhelming defeat of both propositions. I quote again with cordial approval, but using plain English so all can understand "Times change and happily for all we change with them."

Next Meeting Place.

The oratory of those extending invitations for the next meeting was picturesque and graphic. C. T. C. Deake of the Roan Mountain Republican, wanted the convention to "come to Bakersville, the highest human habitation east of the Rocky Mountains in the land of the skies where mighty rivers are born."

Deake was a picturesque figure, face full of flowing beard; long Alpine stock; genial and open hearted. He constantly described himself "as running a paper for fun and digging mica for a living."

Dorsey Battle invited the convention to meet at the Yarborough House and in doing so imitated the words and manner of that "Prince of Bonifaces," the world's Colonel maker, Geo. W. Blacknall. This came

near getting the convention.

Bob Furman, but lately moved there to conduct the Asheville Citizen with Jordan Stone, wanted us "to go where our Blue Ridge Mountains milk our bluer skies."

Clem Manly with several proxies in his pocket and a majority of the votes already pledged, presented the invitation of Dr. Bagby of the "Atlantic Hotel," "to convene near the golden sands of Hatteras where first the prow of an English ship touched our shore, and to bathe in the ever restless ocean."

Manly won out, but a few days before the next meeting a storm in August 1879 swept away the "Atlantic Hotel" and I am told the convention went to Goldsboro.

Editors Sit For Picture.

Another important matter was making arrangements for a picture of the body. The representative of the "Biblical Recorder" was charged with the duty of arranging with J. F. Engle for that duty work. The picture was taken; a small affair. My copy was destroyed three years ago when a storm wrecked a room of my dwelling and flooded it, destroying manuscripts, notes and valuable documents.

J. F. Engle was a world traveled photographer. I have received letters from him written in Mexico, Honolulu and Cairo.

The oration before the association was delivered by Dorsey Battle of the "Tarboro Southerner." I do not recall his subject. I do remember it was long. I also know it was excellent. I can now hear the ringing applause of the members and large number of visitors at his many sallies of wit; his inimitable humor

and his palpable hits at passing events and his brethren of the press.

He quit the newspaper for a Judge's seat; and was a just judge.

Marriage Notices in Verse.

A unique feature of the "Tarboro Southerner" was his witty verses announcing the various marriages about the country. This custom soon attracted the press of the country, and many queer names were sent to him for versification. He was elected President of the Association at the next meeting in Goldsboro.

Another outstanding and influential member was Colonel Richard Benbury Creecy. He graduated at the University in the class of 1835. His classmate, Haywood W. Guion, was an author of note having written "The Comet," a semi-scientific work. Col. Creecy established the Economist at Elizabeth City a few years before the meeting in 1878. A great feature of his paper was weekly editorial correspondence written from the various courts he attended. This correspondence was filled with local history, short sketches of bench and bar, important trials, forensic wit of the lawyers. He was the historian of "The Albemarle. It was my privilege to aid Hon. H. G. Connor and others in passing through the legislature a bill carrying an appropriation to defray the expense of publishing his "Grand Father's Tales," an interesting compilation of historic matter taken from his paper. He died in harness at ninety-three.

Furman, Man of Battle.

Robert M. Furman, afterwards president of the association, was born in Franklin County. Early in life he entered the office of The Louisburg Times and became owner and editor

of it. He loved a fight and was amply able to take care of his end of the controversy. He was happiest in the heat of a campaign, there his brain was aglow and a-tingle, his wit pungent. He had been in Asheville but a few years. Later he edited The Raleigh Post. He acceptably filled the office of State auditor.

John T. Patrick, of The Wadesboro Herald, was just entering upon the great service he rendered the State. To him almost exclusively may well be given credit for bringing to the notice of investors the Pinehurst-Southern Pines Sandhill country. I wish we had his equal today. We have millions of idle acres wanting the far-sightedness and energy of a Patrick to bring them into development. I now ask you to enlist the press in support of a bill I shall introduce, and hope to secure its passage, in the next General Assembly, providing for an elaborate department of immigration and investment, and bringing to the attention of the world North Carolina's desirability as a place for homes, business, recreation and rest.

Women Writers.

My reference to our visit to Miss Frances Fisher reminds me that during the convention some delegate suggested that an invitation be extended to some of our female writers to attend the next meeting as guests of the association. I recall that the names of Mrs. Mary Bayard Clark, Mrs. Cicero W. Harris, Miss Frances Fisher and maybe others were suggested. It was finally determined that it would be inexpedient to make any invitation. So you see that the 19th as well as the 18th Federal Amendment was peeping up its head.

The association adjourned on Friday to accept Major Wilson's invitation to go to the mountains. We passed Morganton and saw the walls of the Western Hospitals a few feet above ground. The first tunnel had pierced the mountain. Our train stopped at Henry's Station and we walked to the tunnel and through it. In his excellent address Colonel Saunders had urged support of the great project to give Western North Carolina transportation an outlet. After this visit the press of the State was urgent in support of all measures of that character.

Banquet and Ball.

On our return to Hickory we prepared to attend a grand banquet and ball tendered that night by the citizens of Hickory.

At the banquet a number of toasts were responded to. My trip to the mountains was entirely spoiled by a notice that I had been assigned the duty of responding to the toast "Our University." I was busy collecting my material while on the train. I had in mind a description of Mt. Mitchell for my opening and had thought to reproduce its towering peaks with a brilliant description. A heavy cloud hung over it and the excursionists never saw it. My memory however, reminds me that I did extend to the audience and editors a warm invitation to visit the second summer normal school soon to open at Chapel Hill.

At these delightful entertainments here, Col. T. George Walton, Major A. C. Avery, Major James W. Wilson, Major S. McDowell Tate, Captain Joseph C. Mills, Wm. S. Pearson and Charles F. McKesson, all of Burke attended and assisted largely

in our pleasures.

Col. W. L. Saunders was re-elected president. He was soon to become Secretary of State. His great love and labors for North Carolina are known by all of us. For a number of years I took down for him the proceedings of the board of trustees of the University and for two months read proof of the Colonials Records. W. A. Davis was re-elected secretary. The office of assistant secretary expired at adjournment.

Clement Manly as Poet.

Clement Manly was elected poet for the next convention. He attended the convention for the "Nut Shell" of New Bern and the "Atlantic" of Beaufort.

I wrote to him the other day asking for a copy of his poem, and take the liberty of reading an extract from his reply:

"I remember well the meeting of the press convention at 'Catawba Springs' in 1878 and my election as poet. Looking back from this distance, I am sure it was not intended that I should really attempt the role: however with all the indiscretion of youth, I prepared some verses for the Goldsboro meeting the next year. This must have leaked out and it was not surprising to find the meeting fail for want of attendance. It was the poem that did it. I am quite sure it is not now in existence; sunk without a trace." I propose—Clement Manly—

A seeter and a loveiler gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and withal right
royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.

Many Notables There.

Time does not permit me to enlarge upon the characters, characteristics and genius of that able body.

In addition to those I have named, I recall Major Joseph A. Englehard, Secretary of State, former President of the association; Col. John D. Cameron of the "Hillsboro Recorder," and afterwards of the "Asheville Citizen"; J. S. Mannix of the New Bern "Times," E. L. C. Ward of the Murfreesboro "Index," the cynosure of the ladies by reason of his sartorial excellency handsome person; D. J. Whichard, of the Greenville "Express" afterward "Reflector," lately passed, adopted son of all his elders, beautiful in his confidences and friendships; W. W. McDiarmid of the "Robesonian," afterwards President of the Association, who brought joy and laughter by the contagion of his own uncontrolled mirth; S. M. Carpenter, "New Bernian," T. K. Bruner, "Salisbury Watchman," H. M. Blair, of the "Temperance Advocate," P. C. Ennis, "North Carolina Farmer"; J. A. Crews, "Zions Landmark." But I desist. The mist of years is too thick through which to call other names that float before me. It is significant that even then the press was represented in doing the pioneer work of the great upbuilding of our State—the North Carolina Farmer. The Educator and the Temperance Advocate, in departments of our present excellence.

The Equal of Any.

I do not hesitate to declare the press convention of 1878 the equal of any that has assembled. On its roll of names are those of a Lt. Governor, two Secretaries of State,

State auditor, State adjutant general two judges, secretary of the board of agriculture and of the board of trustees of the University; a dozen members of both houses of the General Assembly, a United States district attorney and a secretary of the Navy.

They were pioneer men, outstanding men, engaged in laying the substantial and lasting foundations of courage, character, intelligence, sobriety and Godliness upon which they and their successors have rebuilt and are maintaining our

great State.

Mr. President, I have written "currente calimo"; maybe at too great length, and about things foreign to my coming.

I have given you a picture that has in no essential particular grown dim.

I have lifted the curtain upon that well set stage.

I ring it down and leave the actors to disrobe and enter their long sleep.

Less than half dozen of us survive. Good night.

In the great bargaining called life the biggest sale you can make is self, and on that people want no discount.

USES THE WHIPPING POST.

By Aaron Hardy Ulm in Dearborn Independent.

"The punishment of whipping shall be inflicted publicly by strokes on the bare back well laid on."

So says an 18th-Century statute that is still in force in one American state, Delaware. In one other, Maryland, the whipping post is used sometimes in punishing wife-beaters. In Delaware it is used in punishing various offenders against the laws.

How effectively? An indication of the answer may be in the following, which is taken from a recent Associated Press dispatch:

'The revival of the whipping post in Delaware has made possible a 33 1-3 per cent reduction in rates of hold-up, burglary and theft insurance, the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety underwriters announced today.'

The statement envisages a concrete result more evidential than all speculative findings about the prevention of crime. For facts more than sentiment or mere opinion govern insurance rates.

But the statement is not altogether true. There has been no revival of the whipping post in Delaware for the reason that the use of that device, once common everywhere, has never been suspended there. And many factors enter into the making of the kind of insurance rates referred to in the dispatch.

The prime factor, however, is that of risk, measured by the crime rate as reflected by losses. Rates allowed Delaware were reduced lately and have long been the lowest. Take for example what is known as 100-per-

cent blanket insurance, of the burglary kind, on residences. In Delaware it can be procured for \$15.13 a thousand. In Chicago this kind of insurance costs \$34.38 a thousand.

Some localities other than Delaware get the lowest rates too, some on one or more kind of theft insurance and some on other kinds. A few get the lowest rates on all kinds. Delaware is among these. This fact attests what is claimed on all sides in Delaware; namely, that the crime rate there is lower than that of the country as a whole and probably lower than in other localities properly comparable.

'Delaware has been affected by scarcely any "crime waves" of the kinds complained of elsewhere,' declares one of the state's officials, and one who thinks the whipping post has nothing to do with the condition. 'From some sorts of crime the state is almost free. For instance you can walk the streets of Wilmington as unconcerned about pick-pockets as if you were out on a farm. And there hasn't been a bank robbery in the state in forty years.'

The last bank robbery there—it occurred away back in the last century—has had much to do with keeping the whipping post in active use, despite much criticism both within and from without the state. The job was pulled off by a gang of notorious professionals, led by Jimmy Hope, who evidently thought it would be easy to make a haul and a getaway in little Delaware. The state is so small that one can get out of it from any point in an hour or two. Big cities are nearby. Its prisons seemed fragile.

The robbers were caught. They

were inclined to laugh at the terms in prison that were imposed on them. But they didn't laugh at the floggings which the court said should be applied at once. What has come down about how they took to the whipping post is perhaps largely legendary, but probably contains some fact. One of the stories is that they offered a bribe of \$100,000 to be spared the ordeal, which they viewed as a 'disgrace.' Several of them are reputed to have declared that they would rather take lifetime sentences than be made the laughing stock of all the criminal world, in which their 'standing' was high, by being whipped publicly.

Whatever the reason for it, that type of skillful criminal has not been of much bother in Delaware since then. There is both a police and underworld tradition that professionals take care to keep out of the state—at least when 'working.' There also is a claim that when caught there, these criminals often welcome requests for their presence for trial in other states where there are no whipping posts.

'We must make the criminal steer clear of us,' declared a man who at the time was the state's chief justice. 'We do this by preserving strong means of punishment and these means must be continued . . . We need the whipping post to keep the criminals away.'

The whipping post, however, is only one of the 'antiquated' means used in dealing with criminals in Delaware. Others are energetic prosecutions, avoidance of delays in bringing accused ones to trial, adherence to rules of court procedure, that allow few loopholes for escape on technical grounds, including a method

of dealing with appeals that is as 'tight' as the one prevailing in England. Another are longer prison terms for certain crimes than are imposed in most states.

Along with these 'antiquated' ways of dealing with criminals, there is now in vogue there a system of prison administration that for modernity probably excels any used in like circumstances. A parole law keeps open a door of hope for all who enter the prison, and the prison is operated in great part by its inmates.

Thus one finds there a singular blending of the stern and the pliant, of the old and new, and the old—including the whipping post—is held to as firmly as the new is supported.

Somewhat as a reminder of the stern aspects of the state's attitude toward crime, a stock is preserved, physically in all of its 17th-Century crudity. Standing near the whipping post at the prison that serves as a state penitentiary, that device is kept in as perfect repair as though it might be brought back into use at any time. In fact, it was used until recent years, but, after 1905, for purposes of prison discipline only.

Regularly for many years bills proposing a suspension of the use of the whipping post have been put forward in the state's legislature. None has ever come within a league of passing. The last one received just one vote, that of the member who introduced it.

The only concessions made to those who oppose the whipping post are the exemption—established in 1889—of all females convicted of crimes otherwise punishable by whipping and permitting the courts to omit lashes in sentencing some first offen-

ders. Otherwise, laws having to do with the post have been extended rather than restricted.

In actual practice, however, the whipping post is not used so freely, and perhaps not so vigorously in particular instances, as formerly. The warden of the New Castle County Workhouse, where for many years all whippings for the state have been done, reported 461 whippings for the year of 1904. Many of these no doubt were on the score of prison discipline and not in consequence of court sentences. In recent times there have been only twenty to thirty whippings a year, none being given for disciplinary purposes.

In 1925 there were only sixteen whippings, the smallest number for any year. Five of those whipped were white men and eleven were negroes. The offenses and sentences were as follows:

- Stealing auto tires, 2 yrs. and 5 lashes
- Stealing chickens (2 cases) 18 mos. and 10 lashes
- Robbery (3 cases) 10 yrs. and 40 lashes
- Larceny (3 cases) 2 yrs. and 10 lashes
- Larceny 1 yr. and 10 lashes
- Burglary (2 cases) 4 yrs. and 20 lashes
- Larceny (2 charges) 4 yrs. and 10 lashes
- Theft 2 yrs. and 5 lashes
- Robbery 5 yrs. and 20 lashes.

For some offenses, the court may direct that as many as 60 lashes be imposed. These rarely are committed, however. Twenty and forty lashes are the maximum which may be imposed in most cases. Wife-beaters may be sentenced to receive from 5

to 30 lashes. This offense was brought within the purview of the whipping post not many years ago, and no whipping has been imposed on account of it for a long time. The first wife-beater in five years was sent to the post recently in Maryland, where the device is maintained for only that kind of offender—a kind which even Theodore Roosevelt said should be made subject to whipping-post punishment. Is the whipping post responsible for the extinguishment of wife-beating in those two states?

Many of the persons whipped in Delaware have had prior experience at the post. There are records of the same men being whipped five and six times, each under a different sentence. These usually are of the petty-thief class, in the main negroes of the loafer type; as a rule, the stupid kinds of law-breakers. Lashes appear to have little restraining effect on the stupid class of criminal. Even its defenders say that the whipping post is most effective when used to punish intelligent offenders, those who feel the sting spiritually as well as physically. And these, they say, are the most dangerous, being the ones who commit the difficult kinds of crime.

While the law says that the whippings shall be applied publicly, practice for many years has made the operation a virtually private one in Delaware. The whipping post is in a small inclosure connected with the main prison by an underground route known as the 'tunnel of tears.' The whippings cannot be seen by persons not within the inclosure, and there is not room in it for many. They permit no pictures of actual whippings to be taken. Inmates of the

prison are not among the onlookers. The victim's hands only are fastened to the post. The lashes are given with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Most prisoners take them stoically.

The present warden of the prison where the whippings are administered—and who personally applies the lash—is much opposed to the practice. So was his predecessor, Mordecai S. Plummer, who instituted the honor system of prison management there. Plummer was an old post-office inspector who had had much experience with the yeggman type of criminal. He held that the best way to deal with criminals was so to shape punishment as to arouse a sense of responsibility. Hence when he took hold of the New Castle County Workhouse, he told the inmates that the character of their experience as prisoners would depend mostly on themselves.

He set up a prison court, composed of inmates. It drew up a code of conduct and tries and prescribes punishment for those who violate the rules. All is done subject only to the warden's approval. Guns were put away. Only three paid guards are now used. Though locks and bars are still used, the doors are attended by prisoners with keys. Work is provided for those who want to enjoy privileges given for good conduct, and a schedule of pay was developed. Prisoners earn from four to sixteen dollars a month. Aided by two farms, cultivated by prisoners, the establishment is about one-half self-supporting.

Elmer J. Leach, who had been assistant warden, succeeded Plummer when the institutor of the system died about three years ago, and has

continued to operate the prison by the Plummer method.

He and others who have had to do directly with the establishment claim the method has been eminently successful as an economy, a measure of safety and in the rehabilitation sense.

'The whipping post isn't in harmony, with a prison method of this kind,' says Warden Leach. 'The post merely humiliates and embitters those who are whipped and renders them less amenable to this method. I have seen no evidence of its being otherwise of value, as, for instance, in keeping professional criminals out of the state. It should be abolished.'

Others in Delaware oppose the whipping post outspokenly, but comparatively speaking, not many. One newspaper has been intense in its demand that whipping cease.

'The post should have been abolished a century ago when the other states were dropping it,' that paper declared recently. 'But it exists as a bar sinister upon the state at the close of the first quarter of the 20th Century.'

Persons on that newspaper told this writer, however, that opposition, at the present time at least, is virtually hopeless.

Another Wilmington newspaper said a short time ago:

'Certain it is that the whipping post, though recently the lash has been administered almost as a love tap and is therefore losing its strength does instill into hardened criminals that fear which is the only deterrent they know, as the records very clearly disclose.'

The state's attorney general, who has charge of all prosecutions, was

asked for an opinion but did not express himself further than to say that Delaware has less crime probably than other comparable localities. He called attention, as others did, to the energy and firmness shown by the courts in dealing with persons arraigned for crimes.

Trial judges are appointed for long terms and usually serve for life. They make up the supreme court which passes on appeals, no judge sitting in cases that arise in his own court. Appeals are handled quickly and reversals are rare.

It is not unusual for an offender to be tried, convicted and his appeal disposed of within a few weeks after the crime is committed.

George Black, superintendent of police in Wilmington, Delaware's only large city, is a firm believer in the whipping post. His belief in it is based on more than thirty years' experience as an officer with criminals.

'It is all right to be humane toward persons who violate the law,' he explained, 'but there are types of criminals who yield to nothing but punishment. You must instill fear into them—fear of something they cannot forget, of something that they dread. And the types of criminals to be most feared, the professional kind, dread the whipping post as they dread no prison. They always expect to get out of prison but they can't escape the whipping post—or forget it when the lash is vigorously but not inhumanly applied.'

'Other things have helped to hold crime in check here. One of them is the courts, which give the police all the support we should expect. But the whipping post, especially when seriously employed, has had a lot to

do with it, too.

'Say what one pleases, a lot of criminals pass Delaware by, although the state is geographically an attractive stopping place for the roving type. That's because we are close to two big cities, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and on the border line between North and South. A bunch of "dips" thought they could reap a harvest and make an easy getaway from here not long ago. They operated for a few days. We got them. And they didn't get off with fines or a few weeks in prison. There has been practically no more picking of pockets around here. And we have had very little of the new kind of banditry, the sort that is carried on by youngsters who trust to the automobile for getaways.

Seven or eight years ago we had a sort of wave of highway robberies, mainly on the heavily traveled roads. After a few got long sentences that began with severe lashings, the wave receded. As for bank robberies

there hasn't been one here in Wilmington in my time. There's some safe-blowing, but of the crude type, not often by skilled cracksmen. It is done usually by tramps who use sledge hammers instead of good tools or explosives. The skillful professional rarely operates here in any kind of crime.'

Aside from the elemental equations, the above is the case for and against the whipping post as used and veiwed in Delaware. It is needless to reueiw the sentimental equations, or to inquire as to whether the whipping post is a barbarous or brutal implement. Of these anyone can judge for himself.

The important question seems to be: 'Does the whipping post prevent crime?' A vast majority of the people in Delaware believe that it does. The last bill proposing its abolition received just one vote, that of the man who introduced it, in the state's legislature.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Frank Thompson, former boy of this institution, was a visitor here several days last week.

The Concord Pythian team and the Kannapolis nine had a game on the local diamond last Thursday afternoon. The Pythians won by the score of 16 to 4.

The following boys: Henry Andrews, Austin Surret, David Williams, Walter Massey, and Virgil

Shipes were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

Mr. Carriker and the shop boys have been building some shelves for the stock room at the print shop during the past few days. They have also been fixing some screens, and repairing a wagon bed.

The Jackson Training School team has been playing good base ball this season. The team has good players

all 'round, including our "pint sized" left fielder, who catches every ball that comes in his vicinity. The School team has won seven games and lost four, the percentage being .636.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Stewart, manager of the Pastime Theatre, of Concord, the boys of this institution were able to see a very good picture show last Friday night. This picture consisted of seven reels, "The Bridge of Sighs." All the boys wish to thank Mr. Stewart and the management of this theatre for their generosity.

There was no base-ball game at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. Rain came just at the right time. During the past few days, the sun has been very hot, the corn in the fields at the institution had begun to change its color, and then came the rain that helped everything. It came just in time and put an end to the dry spell. The mercury went up to 92 degrees last Tuesday morning and kept going, that afternoon it read 101 degrees, (in the shade).

A picture of Stonewall Jackson was placed in the auditorium recently. This picture was painted by Mrs. Lura Morrison Brown. In a small frame typewritten on paper, reads: "This portrait of General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson was painted by Mrs. Lura Morrison Brown, the sister of Mrs. Jackson, and who spent a winter in his home the year before the Civil War.

"It is loaned by her son, Bedford J. Brown, to the Stonewall Jackson Training School, with the hope, that

the boys, by looking on the strong face of the great hero of their fathers may be inspired to live better and do great things." We are very grateful to Mrs. Brown for the loaning of the picture. The boys all like to have such a beautiful painted picture of General Jackson in the auditorium.

The subject of last Sunday's lesson was "The Passover." In this lesson it tells how God spake unto Moses telling them that "this month" be to you the first month of the year. Moses told the people of Israel to kill lambs according to their family for the passover. Take a bunch of hyssop, dip it in blood that is in the bason, and strike the lintel on the door-post: and do not leave the house until morning. For the Lord will pass through and smite the Egyptians, and when he sees the blood on the lintel, and on the door-posts he will pass by your house and not smite any one therein * * * * * when your children ask you "What mean ye by this service?" You shall tell them: It is the sacrifice of the Lords passover, who passed over us and smite the Egyptians, and delivered our houses. The people then bowed down and worshiped. The children of Israel then went away, and they did as the Lord and Moses had commanded them. The Golden Text for this lesson was: "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1st. Corinthians 5 : 7.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boy's Work Secretary, Charlotte, came out to the institution last Sunday afternoon and brought Mr. Pharr a lawyer from Charlotte to speak to the boys. He read from Timothy 4 : 10, and from

Romans 8 : 28; taking his text from Romans 8 : 28. "And we all know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." He talked about the life of Joseph. "He was of a family of twelve, next to the youngest, Benjamin being the youngest. He had several other brothers, who were the tenders of sheep. His father gave him a coat of many colors. His father had singled him out from all his other brothers and gave him the coat. One day his father sent him out to find where his brothers were. When his brothers saw him coming they planned to kill him. Ruben told them "Don't kill him, put him in one of these pits!" This suggestion was considered a good one, so they put Joseph in a pit, killed a lamb and dipped his coat in it and presented it to his aged father.**** During this time Joseph had been sold to some members of a caravan that were on their way to Egypt. Joseph was sold into the house of Potiphar as a slave. He soon made

good, and was put at the head of his masters house, looking after all his lands, and his food. His master had trust in him and did not know at times, how much bread he had in his house. About this time Joseph was falsely accused by Potiphar's wife, and was sent to prison. Soon he was taken out of jail to interpret a dream for the king*****He was to fill all the storehouses with grain that were in that city. He saved the lives of the people of this city and the people of the surrounding country. It was about this time that his brothers came to Egypt for grain for their family. All you boys know the rest of Joseph's life, how he prospered in the land of Egypt, how later he brought his father and all his brothers who once had sold him into slavery. He had been faithful to the Lord, his father, as a slave in Potiphar's house and to all under whom he was employed. Mr. and Mrs. Hassell also came out to the institution and sang for the boys. The talk to the boys by Mr. Phair was a very interesting one.

"Sin," says Uldine Maybelle Utley, the fourteen-year-old girl evangelists, "is the same in New York as anywhere else, only there is more of it." The old law of supply and demand, it seems, is still working in our midst.

MID-SUMMER EXCURSIONS TO VIRGINIA

VIA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1926

Round trip fare from Concord

TO

<u>Richmond</u>	<u>Norfolk</u>	<u>Virginia Beach</u>
\$6.50	\$7.50	\$8.00

Tickets good going trip on regular trains Friday night, July 30th.

Final limit good to return on all regular trains (except 37 and 38) up to and including train 11 leaving Richmond 10:20 P. M. and train 3 leaving Norfolk 7:00 P. M. Monday, August 2nd.

Tickets good in pullman sleeping cars, parlor cars and day coaches.

No baggage checked. No stop-overs.

Through sleeping cars and day coaches.

Fine opportunity to visit Richmond, Norfolk and Seashore resorts.

For further information and sleeping car reservations call on any Southern Railway agent.

M. E. Woody, T. A.
Concord, N. C.

R. H. Graham, DPA
Charlotte, N. C.



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THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 7, 1926

No. 36

MOTIVES.

Cowardice asks: "Is it safe;
Expediency asks: "Is it politic?"
Vanity asks: "Is it popular?"
But Conscience asks: "Is it right?"

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,
N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

IN REVERSE.

*I often wonder what we'd do
IF YOU were I and I were you.
I think I would be more inclined
To help the lame, the halt—the blind;
I'd spend YOUR wealth most lavishly
In giving to sweet charity
Instead of on myself, as you
Seem always so inclined to do.*

*And yet, if YOU were I, no doubt,
YOU wouldn't be inclined to pout
As I do, and turn deafened ears
To others' joys and hopes and fears
And difficulties hard to bear
Which drive me almost to despair,
Perhaps you'd overcome with ease.
You might not be so hard to please.*

*I often wonder what we'd do
IF YOU were I and I were you!*
—Selected.

* * * * *

DEATH HAS NO EYES.

It has come down from the ages that the first requisite for a successful

physician is the consuming desire to aid one's fellows in pain and suffering.

That is the prime impulse that leads a good man to enter the medical profession.

In fact that is the impulse that characterizes the motives of all who become outstanding examples in their profession. After all it is the love of the service involved in the profession or occupation.

The Uplift lingered about the beautiful tribute paid Dr. John Wesley Long, a Greensboro physician and surgeon who had passed away, by Dr. Hubert Royster, himself a noted physician and surgeon. The doctor, who seeks to save life or relieve suffering, prompted by an inborn love for his fellows rather than for the hope of personal gain, for which he is truly deserving, will win the hearts of the public.

These thoughts are suggested by the beautiful tributes given Dr. Long, of Greensboro, who just a few days ago departed this life to the sorrow of hundreds. It is almost worth dying to have such loving and appreciative recognition given to the service of a faithful practitioner.

And the Roanoke Rapids Herald records the death of a country doctor in these words:

"There is a story in one of the readers used by the sixth grade in the Halifax county schools which tells of a doctor in Tennessee who went about the country he served practicing his profession and ministering to the needs of his people regardless of whether they had the money to pay or not. He kept no accounts and rendered no statements. When he died, no tombstone being available, one rustic friend took the sign from the little building over which the good doctor had his office and placed it at the head of the grave. It read, "Doctor Doolittle, Office Upstairs."

There was buried another country doctor this week. And there are thousands of people living in the rural communities roundabout the village of Halifax who faithfully believe that his office will continue to be "Upstairs." For forty years Dr. H. B. Ferguson cared for the ills of both white and black, relieving suffering and restoring health where possible. During the epidemic of influenza in 1918 he travelled more than two hundred miles each day up and down roads around Halifax caring for the people.

Some estimate of the regard with which he was held can be had from the fact that from the time of his unexpected death until the funeral, hundreds of farmers came in from their cotton fields to see "Doc Ferguson" once more and to express their sympathy to the family. Among those who came were a goodly number of negroes who approached the remains of the man who had spent the greater part of his life in their service, with bowed head and hat in hand. They believed in him be-

cause he served them in adversity. Their best friend is gone, but his office is still Upstairs."

The foregoing seems the obituary of the late Dr. Barrier, of Mt. Pleasant.

* * * * *

A TRAITOR TO THE END.

Mrs. H. E. Monroe, a very brilliant and scholarly woman of the City of Washington, furnishes a religious journal with a weekly letter. Though flavored all the time with a reference to some of her partisan political idols, her letters are engaging and oftentimes informative.

In one of her recent communications she reports this astonishing piece of alleged history:

"A friend of mine, July 4, attended the New York Avenue Washington church which was used by Mr. Lincoln when President of the United States. Rev. Joseph Sizoo is pastor, and on July 4th he told a story new to me in history: Undoubtedly the most thrilling incident given was that of a dying man, one well known in history and one who had occupied highest position in command of the army, but had been in secret and treasonable correspondence with the British, and at length became a major general in the British Army. But when he came to his death bed, and realized it, he said to the nurse: "Here, take this key and unlock the trunk over there in the corner and bring me the package of papers you will find. She did this, and then he said: "Go again to the trunk and find my uniform and bring it to me." Strange to say it was an American uniform which he had worn in fighting while in the American Army under General George Washington. "Help me put it on," said he to the nurse, "for I want to die with it on." And when he was accoutred in it he raised himself and issued orders, such as "Attention! Shoulder arms! Present arms!" etc. Again and to the last he was an American soldier.

Strangely enough Dr. Sizoo did not give the name of the man who had thus died. But when the service had closed and the audience was passing out, a lady stopped for a moment and asked the question of Dr. Sizoo, "Who was the man that you referred to." And he replied that it was **Benedict Arnold**.

At heart Benedict was treachery—a traitor. He died one in London; and Dr. Sizoo will have a hard time, if called upon, to give any historical proof that this is not a trick of the imagination—a sorry myth.

The old scoundrel, if the alleged occurrence be true, was trying to fool God.

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RAILWAY BOOSTS CORN GROWING IN SOUTH.

The latest issue of the Southern Field, published by the Development

Service of Southern Railway System, is devoted to the 1926 competition for the Southern Railway corn cup. This is a handsome silver cup awarded annually for the best ten ears of any variety of field corn grown and exhibited by the farmer in any one of the following states: Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Tennessee or Virginia.

Competitors in each state will enter their exhibits at any one of the fairs designated in that state where they may first compete for the prizes offered by that fair. The ten ear exhibit judged to be the best entered in competition at each fair is sent in a sealed package to the General Agricultural Agent, Southern Railway System, Atlanta, Ga., with a letter certifying the name and post office address of the grower and exhibitor of the corn, and the county in which it was grown. As soon as the prize winning exhibits have been received from all of the fairs designated, the cup will be awarded by three impartial judges. The name of the winner of the cup with his county, state, and year of winning, will be engraved on a silver plate to be attached to the base of the cup. The winner will hold it until it is awarded to the prize winner of the next following contest.

The Southern Field contains the conditions of the award in detail, and an account of the award of the cup in 1926 to William Patton Boland, a 16-year Corn Club boy of Pomaria, Newberry County, South Carolina, on corn which had been awarded first prize at the South Carolina State Fair at Columbia. It also contains an article on the advantages of the South for profitable corn production and several handsome illustrations, one of them showing young Boland with President Coolidge and others on the White House grounds in Washington when Boland was congratulated by the Presi-

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THIS WEEK'S STORM CENTERS.

we discovered in Lenoir county, according to an industrious correspondent, a breed of rabbits that chew tobacco. That's news!

In Lenoir county the owner of an orchard has discovered that on a certain tree that when ripeness approaches, the heat of the sun actually cooks the apple in such a manner that one would think that it came direct from the hands of a good cook. That's close to a great Summer resort, isn't it?

Finally, however, as the Statesville Landmark informs us, furnishes the interesting event of the week. Here it is:

Two children were born on this same day to two sisters near here recently,

the fathers being father and son, respectively, according to the Statesville Landmark.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Speece, of Concord township, on Wednesday July 14, and 3 1-4 hours later in the same house, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Speece.

Genealogy experts are asking the relationship of the two children. This is a riddle for your quiet study. Can you solve it?

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HELPING AGRICULTURE.

Southern Field, issued by the Southern Railway, gives much space to the 1925 corn contest. It carries a picture of the youth, Boland, of Newberry, S. C., who won the cup in 1925, standing by the side of President Coolidge.

And yet there are folks, who fail to see the great encouragement the President freely offers for the relief of the farmers. To have his picture snapped along with a farmer boy is the outstanding contribution Mr. Coolidge is accused of making towards the betterment of agriculture.

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OVERDONE.

Down on the coast it is asserted that the crowds this year are much smaller than in the season of 1925. The same is understood to be the condition in the mountain section. What's the reason?

The number of ambitious developments everywhere in the state seem to have absorbed the idle cash and put people to balancing accounts. Again, the average person has discovered that just about as much comfort may be had at home where normal conditions prevail and one may choose his own way and manner of living and dressing.

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The Anson county jury, sitting in Stanly county at the trial of Cranford, for the alleged murder of two convicts some eight or ten years ago, upon the testimony of ex-convicts, very properly and quickly rendered a verdict of acquittal. The sum total of this unwise prosecution is the heaping of a large cost upon the county, furnishing sensational stuff to the press in and out of the state to the injury and hurt of the state and reduced the father of a large family of children to the point of financial wreck.

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They have normal schools and special courses for teachers, doctors, preachers, undertakers and musicians. It is beginning to look as if there should be

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The road to death is thick with reckless automobile drivers.

A man, or a woman either, as to that matter, in a hurry is the most uninteresting thing that I know of.

A recent press dispatch from Philadelphia sets forth the fact that the origin of bobbed hair is now definitely laid to the war—the Revolutionary war. It is revolutionary all right, but it goes back farther than that. Sampson had his hair bobbed, and that is about the first instance of hair bobbing on record.

A department store I know of hit upon a happy idea of freeing the elevator from so much uncomfortable congestion by women flocking to it to reach the second floor. He took the mirrors out of the elevator and placed them on the wall of the stairs.

Young ladies with high and quick tempers are now called, "Radio girls." There's so much static in them.

When some one sits upon the picnic pie about the only graceful thing to say is that it is a forcible reminder of the French financial situation.

A Durham lady, who began banking a short time ago, was telling some friends how nice and accommodating the bank was. "Why they

sent me word," she remarked, "that my account was overdrawn. I looked in the synonym book and found that 'overdrawn' is the same as 'exaggerated.' "

Styles usually run to extreme. It's only a question of time until girl's faces under the big hat will be about a block and a half back of the front rim.

If people who are always complaining about this, that and the other, and bemoaning what they call their fate, will begin to enumerate the past goodnesses of God they will have a different vision of life. It refreshes and expands the soul.

Some housewives fire their cooks; and some have fireless cookers.

In these summer days of vacations and recreations most people are not so much concerned about loving their neighbors as they are in keeping up with them.

A Durham philosopher, who has lived on earth a long time and has seen a great deal of life and many happenings, asserts that he has never yet seen anybody strong enough to lower taxes. Speaking of taxes reminds me that when the authorities make them higher, the people have to "raise" them, or pay the penalty.

In my recent travels my eyes feasted on the prettiest railway station flower plot at Statesville I have ever

seen in many a day. It was simply a riot of blossoms, arranged in battalions and the bright, cheerful, gay colors seemed to smile at you in the most cordial "howdy-do" manner. The stop of the train was all too short to dwell upon its beauty. Visions of it lingers with me yet. It makes a fine impression for Statesville.

They have some sharp traders in the mountains as well as the lowlands, or anywhere else. I am told that a purchaser of cattle in the "hills of North Carolina," pulled up at a certain farm and agreed to take all the cattle the farmer would sell. The purchaser got up early in the morning and thought he would look them over, while waiting for breakfast. But the farmer-seller was up ahead of him, it was insisted that the purchaser wait at the nouse till after breakfast, which was done. The purchaser found out something. While he was kept waiting for breakfast, the farmer was feeding the cattle he proposed to sell on apples—all they could eat; to make them weigh more. Others were salted pretty heavily to make them drink water. It is told that one steer took on as much as 100 pounds of water. Can you beat that for steering cattle on the market with heavy weight?

Observing human nature for a good many years, I have about come to the conclusion that God has just two kinds of children very much alike, the only difference being that the first class I shall mention are not so bad as they appear, or as they think they are; and the second class are not so good as they appear or as they think they are. There are just two

kinds of us human beings, and we are very much alike; some are better and some are worse. The story of the Prodigal Son is wonderful to me in the marvelous transformation in the character of that young man. I often wonder what became of the older, sneering, unforgiving brother. Did he finally change? There is no trace of an answer to the question. To me this is pathetic. While we see people who have made mistakes, returning humble and penitent to a newer and better life, still there are many who show no sign of improving their relations to God and to their fellow men. Do we cherish in our hearts any self-righteousness that would exalt us above our weak and erring brothers? The parable mentioned is of God, who is waiting and longing for us to come home; out of either the far country of swinedom where we have wandered, or the plane of self-righteousness where we have felt ourselves above our brothers; to come home and to respond to His eternal patience and love, and put on the robes of Christ-likeness and sonship.

In my humble opinion, there was never a better time for the American people to recognize the blessings with which they are surrounded than today. Just as practically all business methods are subject to improvement, so are governmental methods subject to improvement. But the well managed business moves cautiously in adopting any scheme which makes hasty or radical changes in a policy which has successfully withstood the test of time and experience. The same general rule should apply to our government, in

which we are all stockholders. The people of the nation listen to countless schemes for changing or improving their government, just as do the stockholders of a private business listen to countless schemes for changing and improving their business. Out of the whole mass of proposals for either government or business changes, only a few are worth consideration, and still fewer are practical for adoption. We must all realize that sound government and prosperous conditions do not result from chance, but are largely the result of the mental attitude of the people. On no body of men does such a responsibility rest, as upon editors, for placing before the people of the nation the fundamentals of sound government.

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When I was up in the mountains, there was a haze o'er the other distant peaks that piled up skyward, that hung like a blue veil over the emerald hues of the rugged wooded lands that stood like a Jacob's ladder to heaven. The sunshine poured out a warm flood of amber light between kissing the mountain tops on one side good morning, and on the other good night, and shimmered

over the landscape meanwhile. The earth is sweet with the contentment of plentitude. Gleaned fields and mountain sides breathe fragrant memories of the wild flowers which dwelt 'mongst the golden grain which has been garnered. The meadows, pungent with soft velvet green, are waning into winter's topaz pallor, for the want of rain to refresh their thirsty hearts. Orchards, swooning beneath the weight of luscious fruits, begin to whisper their ripening enticements and fill the air with intoxicating flavors. The gardens and yards flaunt here and there members of the majestic families of dahlias, zinnias and their kindred, brave blossom-flame crimson to flecker aloft amidst the souls of early departing flowers; while in the woodlands hover a few wistful glances of the queenly rhododendron that play with summer zephyrs as bees and butterflies hobnobbed nearby. The mountains are full of beauty, whatever may be the weather. I love to carry these scenes in memory. Everyone should drink of the mountain's vintage of beauty and chant a psalm of praise to the generosity of nature, and nature's God.

Sin to us is like the beard; we are shaved today, and tomorrow behold!
'Tis grown again.—Luther.

UNIVERSE RUNNING DOWN.

University, Va.

"The Universe is either running down to a state of complete rest. or it is running down and being wound up again," said Dr. William A. Kepner, professor of zoology of the University of Virginia, speaking to the students of the summer quarter at assembly hour.

"It matters not which contention of the physicians be correct for in either case we may have no progress. The one is devolution; the other revolution. Throughout the great stretches of known inanimate universe one finds no progressive development or evolution. Progressive development is encountered only in living forms.

"To the extent that living forms make use of this tendency of the universe to either devolution or revolution they are made free. Plants make use of gravity rather than light as a guide and have become independent of variations of light. Animals leaving water to enter the air have freed themselves of restrictions of aquatic conditions. In the various methods of widening control over forces of nature animals have been limited to the development of the race. They are wholly dependent upon the experience of the species.

"Man, as a rational animal, has not only the experience of his race to fall back upon, but also the experience of the individual. His conquests may be handed on to the next generation. When one remem-

bers that ants have remained unchanged for 50,000,000 years one appreciates how tardily instinctive freedom grows.

"Within the last century man has widened his knowledge so that he now travels in the sea in a manner far superior to what the whale's ancestors accomplished in perhaps many millions of years. Within my lifetime he has so mastered his knowledge that he flies more independently than the eagle, if not as well. Has not an alumnus of this University recently crossed over the North pole, where no eagle could have gone?

"Man even dreams of being emancipated from plants for his food supply and we may expect the day to come when we will make our foods synthetically.

"But not even man's extended knowledge can make him wholly free. He is yet bound by superstition, fear, and hate. He is bound by the two mysteries, matter and personality. The outstanding reality in the universe for each of us is his personality.

"Thus knowledge today prompts us to exclaim what does it benefit a man if he wins purse and fail to realize the potentialities of his own personality. 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul,' he said in conclusion.

JOY OF LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

From an address by Mrs. T. H. Dickens, President of the Federation of Home Demonstration Clubs at the State Farmers Convention.

William Cullen Bryant says "The Oaks were God's first temples," and of course, we think of the big magnificent forest king referred to here, with its long uplifted arms extended towards the heavens and the wealth of joy and comfort to all beast and mankind who rest in its generous shade and think of the years it has withstood the tempest and torrents, and then to think of the stories of History and Romance this beauty of nature could unfold, if only its lips were made for human ears. This is a joy we sons and daughters of the farm enjoy almost every day, yet many times pass it by unheeded.

To my mind farming and country living is the most sacred of the professions, because it is what God told man to do when he was driven from the Garden of Eden. The care of the surface of the earth was left in the hands of man, and Oh! what a beauty some people have made of it by putting so much of their time, talent and money on it that the landscape will be a joy forever.

But alas, how I shudder when I pass along some places and see how the land is torn to pieces and left in gullies and holes, the timber scattered broadcast over the ground, and the streams losing their force and ripple. I do not have to tell you which picture is pleasing to the eye. But friends let's go back home determined that our farm and home will be 50 per cent better looking in efforts expended next year.

The Joy of Living.

There is something about plant-

ing seeds, watching them sprout and grow, that links one with the creative process. We put the seed in the soft warm earth and feel the glow of creative joy, we have joined with God in giving life, and when we reap the harvest we join with him in taking it again. The farm is the great school of life, and no man's early education is fairly begun until he has taken a course in it.

The whole round of country life is a joyful, thrilling, daily drama for a child, and should not be denied him. When the country child is tired of play, how he explores the barn in search of hen nests and finds them in the most unheard of places, sometimes under the floor, sometimes high up on the hay rack near the ceiling. He watches the ducks to their nest, then hurries them to the pond to see them dive and swim. Let him hunt for birds nests in the hedgerows. Maybe at first he may rob them, but it is easy to teach him there is more pleasure in listening to their various songs and watching them build nests, than in destroying the nests.

Narrow and poor is the boy's life who has never roamed the fields alone with his gun on his shoulder and his dog by his side. He may make a man without it, but he will not have an equal chance with the boy whose heart has thrilled with elemental joy that links him to the habits and instincts of 4,000 years of human history. The first man was a hunter, trapper and fisherman, so when man

ceases to care for these things there is something wrong with him.

Yet, the boy who likes the sports that draw him close to nature learns her laws. Every element of his character is strengthened by the care skill, patience, judgment and zeal with which he follows his game. Such boys rarely commit crime or display mental weakness. They make the strong, clean, sane men needed on the American farm today.

Not All Happiness

All of farm life is not joy. Who can measure the anguish of the farmer as he watches the fleeting clouds in the brazen heat of summer and sees no sign of rain, knowing that every hour is burning to ashes the hopes he has cherished for his family in the crop of that year. Yet there is something fascinating in this fight with sun and storm, earth and air, their mysterious moods and lives. Man has not been baptized into the life of our planet until he has felt the challenge and tested the sinews of his soul in this combat.

There is something still more stirring in the great human struggle pending between the American farmer, the most intellectual, aggressive and powerful producer in the world and the forces of distribution. At present the distributor appears to get all the profit, which is not fair.

It requires more brain and moral fibre muscle and soul patience to run a farm successfully today than to conduct any other enterprise of modern civilization. Just here I want to point out to you some problems that we should consider.

Three Major Problems.

First, a method of making and marketing farm produce which will make

the business of farming as remunerative as other occupations with equal expenditure of labor and money. Just what this will be I cannot tell. The farmers must learn to hold themselves together, as other business men do, and solve their important problems.

The second problem is to secure better educational advantages for juniors and fill the schools with teachers who have a knowledge of and sympathy for country life.

Third, to make the country home satisfying from the standpoint of beauty, convenience and contact, through the improvement of interiors and the use of native trees and shrubbery, the installation of labor saving convenience which will take the drudgery out of the housework, and bring about more wholesome rural recreation.

Let's solve these three problems intelligently and I am sure we will have a Back-to-the-Farm movement in a short time.

Plenty of Art On Farm.

We country people do not need to visit the art galleries of Florence or Rome to gaze on the masterpieces of art. What more beautiful paintings can be had than those of nature? The late Indian summer sunset, the distant clusters of dark pine mingled with the gay, holiday garments of the oak, maple and poplar outlined against the cool pink of the western sky, or the large rolling plains of brown broomsedge swaying in the fierce cold winds of winter, or yet again has the artist been able to portray on canvas the majestic beauty of the gathering of a great black cloud driven by a strong wind with an occasional flash of lightning accom-

panied by the deep roll of distant thunder.

Coming a little nearer, pass with me if you please down a neat, well kept roadside and veiw to the right a neat little cottage nestled among a setting of native trees and shrubs, with here and there a group of flowering plants to the back of which we can see a long slope of pasture land extending back to the creek and a herd of pure-bred Jerseys browsing knee deep in meadow grass. In the foreground is the tall luxuriant corn whispering in the summer breeze, and the well kept garden and orchard delight the eye.

There's Music, Too.

The music of nature is hard to rival as we sit on the porch on a hot summer night and listen to the song of the Katydid or the glorious song of king mocking bird as his throat pours forth his song. Music is a joy the country home should not be denied. It is one of the uplifting, soul-thrilling arts that every child should grow up with and appreciate. On winter nights with a big log fire rolling up the chimney and all the family gathered around the piano or victrola listening to the masters of music, or maybe joining in the singing of old-time ballads and plantation melodies. It is far better for the boy or girl to be amused in this way than to be at some 10-cent show listening to the jazz, fox trot, or other questionable amusements.

People, there are so many things we country folks enjoy that our city neighbor does not, that probably the best way to sum it up is to find the ideals of each. The ideal of the city is things—wealth, material possessions. The ideal of the country is

life—happiness, peace, independence, family life, creative work and nearness to nature. We are taught in the Holy Book that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment. What is life but the flowering and development of all our God-given faculties of body, mind, and soul?

The store, factory or shop may give us more money and things, but it fails to give us satisfaction through skill and art of self expression. The worker in present-day industry is merely a cog in the wheel who goes through a certain set of motions already dictated by someone else. On the farm the creative impulse within every mind finds expression in ways that promote peace and health of mind and spirit. You farmers look back at sunset over the newly-plowed field which at sunrise so badly needed plowing. Or perhaps there is a field over which nature is brooding with summer sun and showers which since dawn has been seeded to some crop which promises an abundant yield. Or yet, it may be you have set a shade or fruit tree that will be a blessing to generations to come. At any rate you can say with Longfellow: "Each morning sees some task begun, Each evening sees it close, Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose."

All Can Make A Living.

While farmers never reach the dizzy heights of wealth, the city man often does, yet he never falls so low into the depths of poverty as the city's poorest classes. Often, to be sure, there is not satisfactory remunerative work in the country, but there is always enough to keep the wolf from the door. Even the tenant

can have "a garden, a cow, and 50 hens."

People, while speaking of tenants, why not let's try to beautify our tenant houses, let's build them larger, give them a touch of paint inside and out, and above all do allow some ground about them for a few shade trees and native shrubs. In the end you will be repaid by being able to retain the best of tenants.

When the farmer gets sick there is someone of the family to carry on his work. If his illness is long, the neighbors enjoy going over and helping to get the work in shape, which I never heard of being done in a city. Someone has said:

"The Highlands, the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy
faces

And the young fair maidens quiet
eyes."

The healthful environment of country life and wholesome peace of country living do make for rosy cheeks and composed eyes of old men and young girls not found in the feverish hurrying of the crowded throng. The soothing music of the weird among the pines about the country home is far more peaceful than the clash of the noise in the dance hall.

Some Modern Conveniences.

There are lots of modern conveniences that take the drudgery out of home and farm work and makes it a pleasure instead. The Ford is one which takes the farmer and his family out for an evening's recreation after a day's work. It also makes him

neighbors with people he used to meet only occasionally.

The telephone is becoming more generally used in rural life. The farm electric light and water systems are a joy to the housewife, as they do away with the hardest work she has to do. Do not be content until everyone of you have one installed for your wife's use, as well as the barnyard work.

The radio is another means of keeping the farmer in touch with the world and also furnishes amusement.

I would not have you forget the good fellowship of country church gatherings, especially the Sunday school picnic and the revival meeting series.

Nothing can be more enjoyed than a plunge in the Old Swimming Hole on a hot summer day. Then the camping and fishing trips galore. When the cool days of autumn come a busking bee or a quilting party can not be surpassed for life and fun. In a recent issue of the Progressive Farmer we were told of a splendid way of enjoying a vacation. This was a family reunion of a Mississippi family. They were scattered from Mexico to Maine. But all saved their vacation for last week in August when they met back at the old homestead and had a week of camping out together. This must be a glorious way of keeping up the family interest. Why not more families of our Southland make the family reunion an annual picnic forever, and let's do it before the older people pass away.

A fool is always meditating how he shall begin his life; a wise man, how he shall end it.—McDonald.

GLORY OF THE RAIN.

(Asheville Citizen).

The days of their desolation passed, the streams of Western North Carolina's mountains are running again full tilt with a wealth of water. Many a Minnehaha is racing seaward singing a fuller-volumed song, its rocky bed once more buried under a foam-flecked tide.

There is water everywhere in the mountains—water in the stream courses, water in the reservoirs even up to the high tops crowned with balsam. The streams overflow, the fern beds and galax meadows are sponges trickling moisture from under their tree canopies, and all the little branches once dead have come to vivid life. The fountains in the wildernesses are playing in the shadows of laurel and rhododendron.

The drought was cruel to these beautiful streams. It slowly drained their life-blood, reducing them from day to day, ever bringing them nearer to starvation. Full-flowing channels dwindled to meager courses, exposing more and more of rocky bed, turning to trickles and then perhaps disappearing leaving no sign of their bright existence save meandering paths of water-worn pebbles. Many a Minnehaha perished in the desolation.

But now the dead have come to joyous life and run rejoicing as in the days when the earth was not parched by unceasing heat and the sun not a demon of destruction blazing from cloudless skies, filling the supersti-

tious with fear. From out of the tropic south came a storm king riding the wind and trailed by rain-laden clouds, a hurricane that came up the coast and dissolved in an ocean of rain. Here the storm gave its benediction.

Now the streams run riot. The Raven, Santeetla where the water plunges and rises up in green-gold bubbles; Looking Glass with its mirror-mountain reflecting the play of the spray on its up-tilted rock-tables Oconaluftee coming from the Great Smoky peaks; the Ivy, the many Laurels and Beaverdams, the Panthertown, turning abruptly from its placid course to a wild beast of nature rioting in a frenzy of clamorous voices as it plunges down and down—all these have come back to bless the mountain land.

The rain-soaked watersheds assure the cities ample supplies and normal sources. The branches and rivulets of Asheville's North Fork are running full and all the ferny springs up on the sides of Blackstock's Range and the balsam-girt Potato Top trickle unceasing their contribution to the bright-watered stream that perforce has faltered at times but never yet failed to supply more water than could really have been expected of it. And even the erratic Bee Tree Basin shows an abundance of source-pure supply behind its barrier dam. The bright waters have come back to us.

“Your son must be the idol of the family.”

“Yes. He has been idle for 21 years.”

GIVES HIS REASONS.

By Rev. Searight in *Charlotte Observer*.

The Bible is purposely omitted from this discussion, because I do not believe it would be constitutional to establish a religious test for teachers in our public schools. Atheists are barred from public office by our State Constitution, and surely this applies to teachers paid out of public funds. For this evidence of the piety and wisdom of our fathers let us be duly thankful.

Aside from its conflict with Genesis there are three good and sufficient reasons for not teaching this doctrine in our tax-supported institutions.

1. Evolution, or man's ape ancestry, is an unproved hypothesis. There is no scientific proof that one species has ever been evolved from another. Frantic search has been made for such evidence during the past 70 years, and the earth has been ransacked for missing links, but in vain. When men like President Po-teat and Professor Newman, of Chicago University, affirm that "evolution is taken for granted by all responsible biologists as much as the law of gravitation, or the germ origin of disease," it only shows that intelligent and learned men can speak recklessly and think illogically. Neither gravity, nor the germ theory of disease, is "taken for granted." They are demonstrated facts, and any one may verify them for himself by tossing a ball in the air, or inoculating a victim with typhoid germs. Let the evolutionists produce a genuine new species—one that will stand the tests of cross-sterility, and

viability—and then we will listen to them. "The production of an indus-putable sterile hybrid from completely fertile parents under critical observation is the event for which we wait," to use the words of Professor Bateson.

We object in the name of true science to this unverified dogma of evolution being taught to our children as a demonstrated fact.

2. It does violence to the deepest and most sacred religious convictions of a multitude of good people, pious citizens and taxpayers. For the State to compel them to send their children to school, and then teach them anti-Biblical and unreligious doctrines, is for the State to do a tyrannical and sinful thing. Evolution contradicts the Bible, denies special creation, and dishonors God. Christian parents have a right to object to their children being taught such doctrines. The Supreme Court of the United States has recognized their rights and responsibilities in such matters of faith and morals.

In some States the Bible has been excluded from the public schools out of regard for the religious scruples of Jews and Catholics. It is strange that no respect should be shown the religious convictions of pious Protestants, and it is intolerable to have the Bible excluded and then allow infidels and materialists to teach their evolutionary philosophy in the name of "liberty of speech," and "freedom of science."

How long will the State continue to offend and oppress the consciences

of a host of her best citizens in this manner?

3. It is an immoral and degrading doctrine. It dishonors both God and man by substituting animal descent for Divine creation. Teach men that they evolved from the beast, and they will live and behave accordingly. Deny a man's Divine origin and immortality, and you take away the strongest incentives to a virtuous and godly life. The inventors of this theory, Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Haeckle, were atheists and agnostics. Most of its thoroughgoing advocates today are infidels and materialists. There are some theistic evolutionists, worshippers of God and Baal, but they are a strange sect of sterile hybrids.

Bishop Candler described them accurately when he said: "Of course a man may be a Christian evolutionist provided he is neither much of a Christian nor much of an evolutionist."

The proper and mature fruits of Darwinism are to be found in Nietzsche's philosophy, German militarism,

and the World War. It is the chief cause of the moral confusion and corruption in which the world is wallowing today. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Its baneful moral effects are a sufficient reason for banishing it from our public schools.

The State Board of Education has the authority to eliminate this discredited and degrading dogma from the textbooks used in our high schools. Let them be induced to adopt such books as McMillian and other companies are now issuing for Tennessee, Texas and Florida. They are reasonable men, anxious to serve the people faithfully and acceptably.

Let the religious people of the State express their minds and make known their desires by such moral and unimpeachable means as protest, petition and persuasion, and no appeal to the Legislature will be necessary. Surely this is the better way of obtaining redress, because in harmony with the genius of Christianity and democracy.

Washington, N. C.

THE FOLLY CALLED WAR.

Once, high above a pasture, where a sheep and a lamb were grazing an eagle was circling around and gazing hungrily down upon the lamb. As he was about to descend and seize his prey another eagle appeared and hovered above the sheep and her young with the same intent. Then the two rivals began to fight, filling the sky with their fierce cries.

The sheep looked up and was much surprised. She turned to the lamb and said:

"How strange, my child, that these two noble birds should attack one another. Is not the vast sky large enough for both of them? Pray my little one, pray in your heart that God may make peace between your winged brothers."

And the lamb prayed in his heart.—The Churchman.

IF YOU ARE NOT BIG ENOUGH TO LEAD.

By W. O. Saunders.

Every now and then I pick up a book by some pseudo-scientist who is running up the storm warnings and yelling with all his might that we are headed for Hatteras because the non-intellectual masses are breeding children faster than our intellectuals.

Army tests and other facts are cited to prove that the intelligence of little old humanity is steadily on the decline and that the earth will surely be over-run with morons in a few generations.

* * *

I refuse to be alarmed. It has been my lot to live among non-intellectuals nearly all my life and I have found them generally the salt of the earth. They are the world's happiest, most contented, God-fearing and industrious people and without them our intellectual minority would rot in their own filth and perish from the earth.

It is the chap with an intelligence quotient of C. D. of D. minus who plows our fields, digs our ditches, mines our coal, makes our breiks and mortar, digs our ores and converts them into the steel beams and girders of our boasted civilization, puts the ice in our refrigerators, fetches us milk before sun-up every morning, and has our automobile ready for us when we are ready to go down town from breakfast. Really, I don't know how we could get along without a human majority of C's, D's and D.

minuses!

There are precious few intellectuals in our own little old town and most of them will bear watching. Few of them are concerned about anything but their own comfort, their own hobbies and their peculiar methods of exploiting their mental inferiors.

* * *

For real neighbors you had better pick the non-intellectuals humble, industrious, laughing, singing, mortals without an intellectual ache or pain, who believe that God made everything just so and made it good who do a day's work uncomplainingly and are content with a modest reward for their work. It is they who always find time to search out and minister to the sick and afflicted; it is they who grow flowers for the sheer joy of growing flowers and pluck them and send them freely where they will carry most cheer.

They are the people who know how to laugh and how to play, who carry a song on their lips and a prayer in their hearts. And it is they who carry on the commerce and industry of our town and fill our churches on Sunday.

I have no doubt that these same non-intellectuals, the C's, D's and the D minuses have always been the world's greatest breeders, and up to the present moment we have come through in pretty good shape, in spite of the fact that gentlemen boasting high intelligence quotients

But recently plunged us into a war that nearly bakrupted civilization.

* * *

We have a lot of morons in our town and even they are generally good citizens. Most of them with whom I have dealt are scrupulously honest. I have had some of them in my employ and while their bone-headedness is often appalling, it is a fact that when once you drill a thing into their skulls they never forget it and they will go right on doing the thing they have learned the rest of the lives without entertaining any schemes of expropriating your business.

It is my firm conviction that this would be a cold, drab and heartless practical world if it were not for the fact that the Lord made the great majority of us with an intelligence quotient low enough to be

satisfied with things as they are.

* * *

My greater fear is that those of us who boast the gift of a higher intelligence quotient forget our own responsibilities and obligations to the social group. The humble masses are hungry for the companionship and understanding of those who are their intellectual superiors and will follow meekly and confidently the leadership of understanding men and women in whom they have faith. But there is the point.

It is my firm conviction that we don't have to fear the increasing numbers of those who can not think too well for themselves, so much as we need fear the failure of our intellectual groups to qualify as great minded leaders of those who must be led.

OUTSIDE "TALENT" WANTED.

Says The Raleigh News and Observer:

The Governor said the survey should be made by "home talent." It seems the survey is not to be made because of the 2,500,000 people in North Carolina there is only one with the necessary "talent" and the Commission could not agree on him. It seems that North Carolina is rich in everything except the "talent" needed to ascertain the condition of women in industry. It has the "talent" to survey boys and girls, ascertain the number of infected cattle, guide farm and home demonstration, and educational conditions. The State is poverty stricken only in "talent" to give the answer to statements reflecting upon treatment of labor.

Well, who was it that insisted upon going outside the State—to Washington—for "talent" to help make the proposed survey?

—Charlotte Observer.

OLD VETERAN VISITS FAMOUS FORT FISHER.

(News & Observer).

First Lieutenant Charlie Williams, of the Confederate army, on last Wednesday paid his second visit to Fort Fisher, east of Wilmington, where with a number of other gallant Confederates he was forced to surrender to the federal forces on January 16, 1865. Last Wednesday the former first lieutenant, now known by everyone in and around Wallace, Sampson county, as "Uncle Charlie," following persuasion on the part of three children, Rev. R. Murphy Williams, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, this city; Mrs. R. J. Potter and Mrs. George R. Ward, of Wallace, consented to re-visit Fort Fisher and tell them of the battle, an experience he has never been prone to discuss at great length.

"Uncle Charlie," who is 91 years old and a remarkable old gentleman, led the party composed of his three children, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild, to the fort. Although he has been living within 50 miles of the scene of the greatest engagement of its kind ever fought up to the World war he had been back but once since the surrender, even refusing to go in 1921 when both Federal and Confederate survivors of the battle held a joint reunion there.

The trip, conducted by a veteran of the memorable battle, was described yesterday by his son, the local minister, as the outstanding feature of his vacation. "Father said: 'Let me get my eyes on Bald

Head island and then I'll have my bearings,' " the minister said yesterday.

Going to the highest of the remaining mounds of the once strong fort, the last bulwark of the Confederacy to fall, "Uncle Charlie" showed his children and their children where he had commanded a battery during the battle. Not only had he commanded the battery, but he had personally fired one of the largest guns time after time at the great armada the union forces had assembled to batter down the fort. Further, he had helped, with his own hands, to rear that mound, and finally back in 1865 more than 61 years ago he had tried to turn his biggest gun to bear on a force of union soldiers who had been landed and were executing an encircling movement to attack the fort and its defenders from the rear. When the then Confederate officer realized the gun was mounted so it could not be used against the advancing infantry, he led as many men as he could assemble in hand to hand conflict. He was wounded twice during this battle and still carries the scars.

The fall of Fort Fisher closed the last port of importance, Wilmington, on which the hopes of the Confederacy were based. After being held prisoner for a while he was discharged and returned to his home at the Sampson county town, where he is now known by every resident.

Despite his 91 years, "Uncle Charlie" Williams is hale, hearty and

vigorous and can read as well without his glasses as with them, according to his son. His favorite forms of recreation are horseback riding and fox hunting, and he will never use an automobile for a short trip where a horse and saddle will serve the purpose. Recently, while out riding, the aged man was caught in a shower and he headed for home, riding his horse at full speed through the town of Wallace. He got home all right, but was soaked to the skin.

As a fox hunter he ranks ace high. He is president of the Rock Fish Fox Hunting club, which held its annual meeting at Clear Run last

week. Rev. Mr. Williams went with his father, and upwards of 300 people from all sections of eastern North Carolina were present. There were a number of speakers, fiddlers galore, and the president of the club, carrying his 91 years like a feather, topped off the program by cutting a nifty "pigeon wing" to the queen's taste.

The old warrior has a keen interest in public affairs and keeps informed and abreast of the times by constant reading of newspapers and periodicals.

"He is a great old man," said his son in discussing his father a day or so ago.

WAS NINETY-THREE' ON LAST FRIDAY.

(Lexington Dispatch).

Capt. Frank C. Robbins, Davidson County's best known citizen, was ninety-three years old last Friday. Captain Robbins spent the day quietly at his home here and thoroughly enjoyed the companionship of several friends who called to extend greetings. Several sent tokens of remembrance on this natal day.

Captain Robbins is not only perhaps the best known and the best loved man in Davidson County but is one of the oldest if not indeed the oldest man living in the county. He is also probably the oldest living North Carolina lawyer. For several years he has not been active in practice, having retired after spending fifty years in the work of this profession, but he still holds the office of president

emeritus of the Davidson County bar. This honor was conferred upon him at a banquet held when he was ninety years old, at which time his fellow lawyers presented him with a handsome gold handled walking stick.

For the past four months Captain Robbins has been confined to his room and bed much of the time but in recent weeks has regained some of his strength. He is now able to walk about the home and during the past week went for an automobile ride with Capt. C. M. Thompson, ten years his junior, who has just recovered after beating out a severe attack of pneumonia with aggravating complications.

Captain Robbins is adjutant of the local camp of Confederate veterans and the recent reunion was one of

the few meetings of the body he has missed since its organization. He is also judge advocate general of the North Carolina Confederate veterans.

His mind is keen and alert and he keeps well posted on current events through reading the newspapers and magazines.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE BUILDER IS DEAD.

Trenton, N. J.

Construction of the Brooklyn Bridge which, when completed in 1883, was the longest suspension bridge in the world, brought international fame to Washington Augustus Roebling as an engineer. The structure, unique in bridge building, was regarded as a remarkable feat in engineering skill. Colonel Roebling was beset with many serious obstacles and disadvantages from the beginning of the work, being left by the untimely death of his father, John A. Roebling, to undertake alone the difficult task for which his father had contracted. The latter was injured while making a survey at the Brooklyn side of the river and died 16 days later of lockjaw.

At the time of the death of John A. Roebling not a stroke of actual construction work had been done on the proposed bridge and the plans which he left his son were general in character, not a single detail of which had been considered. Before undertaking the sinking of the foundations for the bridge, Washington A. Roebling went to Europe where he made a special study of pneumatic foundations. When work was commenced he took up his residence in Brooklyn and during the sinking of the caissons never left Brook-

lyn for an hour. He personally supervised all the important preliminary work, spending the larger part of each 24 hours on the job, frequently making visits to the scene of operations at night after being there through the day.

The devotion of Colonel Roebling to his work resulted in impaired health and in December, 1872, he was obliged to cease his visits. Fearing that he might not live to see the work completed and knowing how incomplete were the plans and instructions, he spent the winter drawing and writing, and the papers written while he was too sick to leave his room contained the most minute and exact directions for making the cables and the erection of all the complicated parts which compose the superstructure. In the spring of 1873, upon the insistence of his physicians, he completely suspended his work and went to Germany, where he remained six months. Upon his return he resumed supervision of the work and when the bridge was completed it was said that no great project had been ever conducted by a man under so many disadvantages.

Colonel Roebling made an excellent record during the Civil War.

He received three brevets for gallant conduct, including that of colonel. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the Sixth New York Artillery and served for a year with that battery. During the remainder of the war he did staff duty. He was on duty at general headquarters during the battle of Chancellorsville and each morning ascended in a balloon to reconnoiter the enemy. From one of those ascensions he was the first to discover, and announce, that General Lee was moving toward Gettysburg. In January, 1865, he resigned his commission in the army and went to Cincinnati to assist his father in the completion of the Cincinnati and Covington bridge. Since the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge he had devoted his time to the direction of a wire manufacturing business at Trenton, N. J.

Colonel Roebling was born at Saxonburg, Pa., May 26, 1837, the son of John A. and Johnna Herting Roebling. His father, a native of Prussia, was a civil engineer, having received his degree from the Royal Polytechnic School of Berlin. The son was graduated as civil engineer from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., in 1857. He immediately became an assistant to his father, his first engineering work being done on the Allegheny suspension bridge. He was a man of versatile attainments, being a classical scholar, a linguist and an excellent musician. As a mineralogist it was said that he hardly had a superior in this country. He had a valuable collection of mineral specimens, numbering approximately 15,000.

JUST BEING CAREFUL.

By F. Moulton McLane.

Two boys trudged along the dirt walk, one with a strap of papers lung on his shoulder, the other with a list and a pencil.

"So you haven't got a job yet, Tom?"

"No—not yet. That's why I thought I'd do this for two weeks you're away. I never ran a paper route before. Weren't you lucky to get sent to camp for two whole weeks!"

"All the fellows were that've been on their routes for a year. See—that white house over there is the next one. She's a cranky old maid, and must have hers put just in the hammock hook by the door. Ten ex-

tra steps for me every night! Most houses I can just shy the paper onto the porch."

"You won't mind ten extra steps in camp," laughed Tom. "What's the next?"

"That brick house over there. Say, you haven't ever run a paper route before, have you?"

"No. Why?"

"By the time you've walked it every night for a year, you'll learn to cut every single step you can. Cut corners!" instructed the bigger boy, illustrating by a long "cut" across a grassy lawn.

"But Joe, do they like to have you cut across their nice lawns? I

shouldn't. Look, there's a regular path across that one."

"Aw, what's the difference? Everybody else does, why shouldn't I?" growled Joe.

"Here's one where you don't," laughed the smaller boy. "Just look at that barbed wire!"

"Mean old fellow!"

But Tom was still unconvinced about the "cutting." He had hardly ever been in this section of the town where lived the comfortable well-to-do people, in their trim wood cottages or larger brick houses, all surrounded by pretty gardens and marvelously smooth, green lawns. He himself lived up three flights (or rather, up three climbs) in the tenement district. He would never have dared to tramp across those beautiful lawns as Joe did. He felt that if he owned them, he would not like to have people cut across and wear faint, bare paths.

He confided his doubts to his mother the next day, before he went out really delivering papers on the route he had just learned. She did washing in the same part of town, and she emphatically agreed with him.

"Never mind what Joe does, don't you cut across lawns and through yards. People don't like it," she said in italicized emphasis.

So Tom didn't; not in his hurry of the first day, when he expected to be slower than Joe had been. He ran, as much as he could, with the heavy shoulder strap of papers, so that his "customers'" papers should not be any later than necessary. He could not begin any earlier, because he started as soon as the evening edition was given out to the newsboys. He was later, that first trip, he found

renewly, as he heard the town clock begin to strike as he delivered the next to the last paper.

"But I'll get used to it. I had to stop and look at my list of numbers real often," he consoled himself.

That last house was two blocks farther than any on the route, and up a steep hill. He was late—so late, he thought to himself, that the man of the house was already on the porch, looking uneasily down the street for his evening paper. Tom quickened his steps, mastered a strong temptation to make just this one cut across the velvety lawn, and ran up the steps to deliver the paper into the gentleman's own hands.

"Hey, what's this? Aren't you late tonight?" sputtered the old gentleman. "Press break down again? That's the usual excuse. Oh, you're not the same boy, are you?"

"No, sir," panted Tom, holding out the paper. "I'm taking his route while he's away at the newsboys' camp. I'm sorry I was late tonight. I shan't be again after I've got the route learned."

"Umph! We'll see," muttered the other. "What's this? Oh, thanks." He turned abruptly and went in.

Tom mastered another temptation to make that long cut and save himself half a block, and turned homeward slowly. Now that the last paper was gone, he felt out of breath and tired in the legs; and his unaccustomed shoulder ached a little where he had carried the weight of the papers.

The next day the old gentleman was again waiting, though Tom knew he was on time this evening. Again Tom ran up the steps and delivered

his paper into his hands, hoping he would realize that his paper was not late.

"Why don't you cut across the corner?" the man asked suddenly.

"Other boy did."

"It makes paths," answered Tom, rather taken back at the suddenness and the fierceness of the question. "I talked it over with my mother, and she advised me not to."

"But it would save you half a block," persisted the other.

"I—I'd ruther not. I'd jes' as soon go 'round," stammered Tom.

"My!" he thought, "does he want me to wear a path on his lawn? He prob'ly thinks I'm foolish not to save myself."

The old gentleman took his paper without another word, except a grunt, and Tom retired thankfully.

"Umph!" mocked Tom mentally, at a safe distance. "Hope you won't be out again the rest of the two weeks!"

And he wasn't. Tom never saw him again during the rest of the fortnight.

The boy was really sorry to give up the job when two weeks ended. He knew the old weary round would begin again, of answering "boy wanted" advertisements and calling at offices, only to find the places had been filled.

The first "ad" he answered was for a boy at an address which he found to be the largest bank in town. "I shan't get it," thought Tom, "just because I'd like it better than anything I could think of!" And he swung his feet disconsolately as he waited on the bench outside the chief's door; but he was careful not to knock off any of the shine he had

just put on his well-worn shoes.

But at last the stenographer appeared and beckoned with a supercilious finger. Lo and behold! when Tom stepped into that inner office, the arbiter of his fate seated at the glass-topped desk was none other than his old gentleman of the paper route.

"Umph!" he gave the same grunt and snort that Tom knew so well. But he proceeded to put the boy through the usual series of questions so rapidly that Tom began to hope that he had not recognized his erstwhile newsboy.

"Thought you'd like this better than delivering papers, did ye?" he asked, suddenly. "Get tired of walking so far? Or get tired of doing one thing so long?"

"No, sir," answered Tom, his last hope vanishing. "I was only a substitute at that. The other boy came back."

"Don't tell me!" retorted the old gentleman. "I know he's come back! I've put up my barbed wire again for his benefit!" and he chuckled, and actually smiled, in Tom's face. Then he went on:

Your being careful of other people's property makes you a good sort of person to have in a bank," he said. "And while you were careful about not making a pathway across other folks' lawns, you were making a pathway to a job! I had my eye on you from the first day—I watched you keep to the walk every one of those fourteen days. Don't thank me!" he roared.

"Report tomorrow at eight-thirty—and don't be as late your first day here as you were the first day on your paper route!"

STEPPING ON OTHERS' TOES.

By Janet Gargan.

"Come on, girls, let's dodge around the corner—Louise just came out of the grocery!"

The girls responded to Ann's appeal without showing any surprise, except Beth Larkin, a newcomer to Millidgeville, who wondered why they wanted to avoid the girl she saw approaching.

When Louise Driscoll had passed, the girls continued on their way down the street and Beth asked, "Why did you hide from that girl?"

"Oh, she isn't agreeable company! She prides herself on being frank-spoken—and she says it is not being honest to refrain from telling people of their faults," replied Ann.

"Girls are afraid to correct a fault in another for fear that doing so will make them unpopular," said Beth, reflectively.

"Oh, but it's got to be a habit with Louise—to find fault—and she never gives any praise. Even the worst of us must have some traits that might be praised!" exclaimed Janie. "Wait until she steps on your toes and then we will see how much you appreciate her 'frankness.'"

Beth said nothing, but thought to herself that it was probably girlish prejudice that caused Louise to be shunned. So the next morning when she saw her down the street, she hurried to greet her. "I am so glad you came this way, for now I have company on the way to school," she said smilingly.

"You are Beth Larkin, who has just moved to Millidgeville! Well, I hope you don't think I came just

this way to meet you and get acquainted—I like to be honest! But I suppose you said what you did to be agreeable? But you did not need to, for I like folks to be honest above everything."

Beth felt as if a pail of cold water had been dashed over her, and was too confused to attempt to right herself with Louise. After a pause, she made a further attempt to carry on conversation by asking Louise's opinion of her string of beads, a gift just that morning.

"The beads are pretty, but it is very bad taste to wear red beads with a yellow dress," said Louise.

Beth flushed and began to think that the girls were not very wrong in wishing to shun Louise. At this moment they reached school, and she felt in it a relief to part and join Ann and Janie, who said, teasingly, "Well, did she step on your toes?"

"Yes, not only once, but twice," Beth replied. "But I believe she means well and does not realize how uncomfortable she makes others feel."

When school closed, Beth waited for Louise and joined her, saying, "I hope you are going home by my way, so I'll have company."

Louise tossed her head and said, "There you are trying to be agreeable again!"

"But I'm being honest, too, which you say you like above everything. It isn't impossible for one to be honest and agreeable at the same time!"

Louise did not reply to this and it

was her turn to look uncomfortable. After a moment Beth said, "How well those pale blue beads look with your pink dress—you have very good taste!"

Louise's face flushed deeply and she said pettishly, "Trying to heap coals of fire on my head, are you?"

"No, indeed," and Beth smiled in a friendly way. "I am just being honest in telling you that you have good taste. When you spoke about my beads, you could not know that they had been given to my by a

friend, just this morning—and she fastened them around my neck without ever giving a thought to the color of my dress. It would have hurt her if I had taken them off."

Louise turned her head away and Both could see that she was having a struggle with her pride. At last she said, "You are right, Beth, it is as easy to find something to praise in others as something to find fault with—and you have corrected my fault without saying anything unkind."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

A large number of boys and Mr. Walker were very busy several days past picking tomatoes.

George Cox, former boy of this institution, and member of the fifth cottage, was a visitor here last week.

A dollar prize was offered to the boy who made the best improvement in his schoolwork, or in his averages in Mr. Johnson's room. Clyde Peterson, a member of the ninth cottage was the winner.

Last Sunday afternoon watermelon was served to all the boys at this institution. All the boys enjoyed this "feast" and hope to have another one soon.

Cucell Watkins, Clifton Heddrick, Ralph Hollars, Joe Carroll, and Roy Johnson members of the third, thirteenth fifth, eleventh and

thirteenth cottages were paroled by Supt. Boger last week. Watkins and Hollars were members of the print shop. Carroll and Heddrick were members of the barn force.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Arrowood, of Concord. He read for his Scripture lesson from the thirty seventh chapter of Genesis. He told the boys that his subject was: "Sold for \$120., or twenty pieces of silver. He told the boys about the life of Joseph. "Joseph was sent to find out how his brothers were getting along with their flocks. He did not find them at the place they were supposed to be. Instead of going back to his father with this poor excuse, that he could not find them he asked the whereabouts of them, and went to find them. His brothers saw him coming toward them and planned to kill him. Reuben told them not to kill Joseph so they would not have the

blood of their brother on their hands. ****The brothers looking over the plains saw a caravan coming and planned to sell their brother. He was sold into slavery for twenty pieces of silver or \$120. This story that Rev. Arrowwood told the boys about Joseph was very interesting. The game with the visiting team, Winecoff, last Saturday afternoon on the local diamond proved a victory for the J. T. S. nine. Lisk twirling a fine game although several errors were made by his teammates.

It was enjoyed by all present allowing two of the visitors runs. The Training School in the last of the first inning and again in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth. McAuthur our "little left fielder" came to the bat three times and succeeded in getting two hits, scoring three of the evening runs. Cox the center-

fielder, hit the "pill" out for two singles. The other players on the J. T. S. nine hitting was good. The number of hits received were nine, while the visitors only received only six. Thomas was substituted for McCone in the seventh inning, taking his position in right field. The score:

J. T. S. 101111100x— 5 9 5

Winecoff 002100010— 4 6 1

Three base hits: F. Goodman, Umberger 2. Stolen bases: Cox, Godown, McCone. Base on balls off: Lisk 2, Misenheimer 1. Struck out by Lisk 5, by Misenheimer 9. Hit by pitcher (Lisk) Scott and Barrier. Umpire Wilson. The Training School has won eight games and lost four, the percentage being .500. For the first three Saturday afternoons on this month, the School team is to play the Harrisburg team.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. 1.

"A"

Joe Carrol, Howard Keller, Chas. Loggins, Floyd McAuthur, Wm. Miller, Clyde Peterson, Clyde Pierce, Cucell Watkins.

"B"

Bill Case, Everett Goodrich, Herman Goodman, Pat Henry, Horace McCall, Geo. Stanly, John Hargrove.

Room No. 3

"A"

Clarence Henley, Virgil Shipes, Claude Cooke, Woodrow Kivett, John Taylor, Daniel Nethercut, Wm. Harmon, Marvin Kelly.

"B"

Thos. Gross, Carl Richards, Austin

Surrett, Pearson Hunnsucker, Harold Ford, Frank Ledford, Jas. McCoy.

Room No. 4.

"A"

J. Henderson, E. Mooney, Clyde Cook, H. Riddle, E. Cavanaugh, B. Sasser, W. Bridgman, B. Balleau, J. Thompson, G. Taylor, W. Padget, W. Rackley.

"B"

L. Perry, R. Hays, R. Turner, B. Wilson, M. Weaver, J. Stinson, D. Ewing, F. Earp, S. Solomon, B. Byrd, R. Miller, R. McElveen, J. Watts, J. Sherril.

Room No. 5

"A"

Charles Beaver, Emmet Levy, Tom

Parsons, Herbert Campbell, Aumon
Bivins, Grover Walsh, Charles Tant,
Earl Torrence, Charles Carter, Rob-
ert Cooper, Tom Tedder, Norman
Beck, J. D. Sprinkle, Claude Wilson,
Elbert Stansberry, Colon Clapp,
Fessie Massey, Ferman Gladden,
Kellie Tedder, Robie Gardner, Mel-
vin Couthran, Wendall Ramsey, Guy
Thornburg, Eugene Lewis.

Roscoe Franklin, Aaron Davis, Ver-
non Jernigan, Arnold Cecil, Eddie
Lee Berdon, Robert Stancil, Carl
Sopshire, Raymond Lowery, Andrew
Parker, Amos Ramsey, Myron Tomia-
son, Ralph Clinard, George Bristow,
Paul Sapp, Charles Norton, Ray
Brown, Willie Shaw, Elden DeHart,
Edgar Cowthran, Fuller Moore,
James Scott.

"B"

Charles Huggins, Earl Mayfield,

CONVENTION.

By Bright W. Padgitt in Asheville Citizen.

*I have a mood that beats against a wall!
It chafes impatiently in slavish chains
That hold my heart in leash among the mob
And make my frantic cry a muted call.
I hate the tyranny of social frames
That I must wear to please hypocrisy,
These little laws that cling to precedent
And cater to the whim of worn out names.*

*And I, who harbor dreams that move my heart
And know of ways that I would wander on,
Must heed a harsh and cold conformity
While all my fancied castles fall apart,—
I know that when my dreams take eager wing
I have a mood for songs I cannot sing.*

MID-SUMMER EXCURSIONS TO VIRGINIA

VIA

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1926

Round trip fare from Concord

TO

<u>Richmond</u>	<u>Norfolk</u>	<u>Virginia Beach</u>
\$6.50	\$7.50	\$8.00

Tickets good going trip on regular trains Friday night, July 30th.

Final limit good to return on all regular trains (except 37 and 38) up to and including train 11 leaving Richmond 10:20 P. M. and train 3 leaving Norfolk 7:00 P. M. Monday, August 2nd.

Tickets good in pullman sleeping cars, parlor cars and day coaches.

No baggage checked. No stop-overs.

Through sleeping cars and day coaches.

Fine opportunity to visit Richmond, Norfolk and Seashore resorts.

For further information and sleeping car reservations call on any Southern Railway agent.

M. E. Woody, T. A.
Concord, N. C.

R. H. Graham, DPA
Charlotte, N. C.



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VOL XIV

CONCORD, N.

AUGUST 14, 1926

No. 37

A DYNAMO.

Here is one quality without which no man may succeed, though he be mentally brilliant and have millions of money.

With it, any man, even if he is mediocre, can work wonders.

It leads every army that wins victories, inspires every mind that produces a lovely picture, hurries every hand that writes a masterpiece. It has taught men to weigh the sun, to make thunderbolts dance upon a wire, to carry whisperm around the globe on the wings of the wind.

It disregards derision, conquers doubt, beats down obstacles and goes victoriously to the heights.

It is Enthusiasm.

—James Hay, Jr.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,
N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

SOME ADVICE.

"Square your shoulders to the world!

It's easy to give in—

Lift your chin a little higher!

You were made to win.

Grit your teeth, but smile, don't frown,

We all must bear our bit.

It's not the load that weighs us down,

It's the way we carry it."

HAPPINESS.

With some people, observes a student of folks, it comes natural to be happy. It is a frame of mind that was born in them. If they are themselves they are happy. We hardly think it worth while to give them credit for it. It is a piece of good fortune that has come their way. If a book should be written of them it would be made up of smiles, cheerful sayings and good nature. It might be called "The Jolly Book." We like to be with them. They radiate cheer and their life is a song. Nor are we to think of them as light and trifling. They may think deeply and live richly. Humor and sunshine do not necessarily indicate superficiality.

Then there is another class of people for whom it is difficult to be happy. There is no accounting for their nature. They look on the dark side of things. They see the hole rather than the doughnut. They comment on what is missing and overlook what is present. It takes so little to spoil a day for them. But there is really no occasion for this. If happiness is not natural with us it may be cultivated. Joy is a grace that grows like

any other grace. The person who is naturally cheery deserves no credit for being so; but the person who takes a stubborn nature and whips it into state of good will and bright thoughts deserves a world of credit for his achievement. He is to be pitied who imagines he ought to stay grouchy because it is his nature to be so. Love out the gloom and live in the gladness. "Sulk not" is just as much a divine command as "steal not."

* * * * *

GULLABILITY.

This is a dangerous affliction, often very costly, and it seems to be fastened on many, says the editor of Young Folk. Probably it is neither contagious, nor infectious. People just get that way. Its symptoms are easily detected in others, but not so readily recognized in self. The best way to explain this disease is to illustrate how it acts. For example, a young man falls into companionship with an individual given to remarkable statements about his experiences, achievements and successes. There is a large element of the braggart in him and his extravagant declarations about himself have all the earmarks of truth. What he says may be true, but it is quite likely that what he omits from his tale would change its value. His listener—this young man—is taken in by the glamour of the descriptions of extensive travel and the rare privileges enjoyed, the whole affair being set forth as though it would be a comparatively easy matter for anyone else to be equally privileged, if he ventured forth. The attitude of gullability makes the listener a victim of discontent with his lot and he is seized with a spasmodic ambition to break loose from every tie that binds and take his turn at learning the world. Gullability if unchecked will unbalance the young man and send him on a rainbow pilgrimage for the pots of gold that ever elude his grasp. Under the spell of gullability he cannot recognize the difficulties in the way; he cannot face the proposition with a practical judgment. He has been drinking in what he has heard and is filled with the one idea of going and doing likewise. This is the child's attitude towards his elder, but it should not control the reactions of youth. Paul gave sane advice, which by adaption can be applied here, when he wrote, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." This is an approved safeguard against gullability.

* * * * *

RESENTING FALSE STATEMENTS.

The state has been furnished with an object lesson in a recent experience with an outsider gathering information by way of a survey. An out-

sider has written a book, giving an account of the Homes for the Poor in the state. He seems to have singled out the Wake county institution; at any rate the authorities, including the county welfare officers, resented the exhibit, and demanded the author's authority.

He responded by telling his authority, who alleged that he had secured his information from the office of State Board of Charities. That department does not recall the seeker after information, for no visitor's register is maintained.

When one of these professional surveyors into other people's affairs go out, they never fail to see the unusual and handle it as typical of conditions throughout the state. That's their business—if they found nothing wrong and unwholesome and did not have something yellow to parade, their business would be destroyed and their jobs go by the board.

It is not hard to imagine the stir in the state had the attempt to secure outsiders to nose about in the state's industries. A little thing like reflecting on the management of a County Home brought forth indignant replies from very conservative and amiable officials.

* * * * *

A NORTH CAROLINA BURBANK.

We have for our next issue the story of how Mrs. R. W. Sales, a Buncombe county lady, has followed arboricultural experiments for the past thirty-five years. In all probability she never heard of Burbank; and Burbank never heard of Mrs. Sales. So the Buncombe county lady is entitled in full measure to the credit of certain marvelous achievements.

Ill of health, but not knowing the language of quit and pining over her condition, she has made a number of experiments. She has crossed a peach and a plumb; and the tree is bearing this year a most attractive fruit, which is neither a peach nor a plumb. The Citizen's smart man has named it the Pleach.

Some may think this is an example of curiosity; but it is nothing but the fruits of an inquiring mind. Burbank, who spoilt an otherwise useful life by foolish statements ere he died, had the benefit of an advertising agent—Mrs. Sales finches from the reporter.

* * * * *

CONSOLIDATION AND TRANSPORTATION.

“State School Facts,” the bulletin issued by the Department of Education at Raleigh, devoted a recent issue to statistics covering the activities

of the county educational authorities toward the consolidation of school districts and the transportation of pupils.

The exhibit is interesting. Every county in the state has fallen in with this advanced idea, seeing the great benefit to be derived, except five counties. They are: Alleghany, Cabarrus, Cherokee, Madison and Perquimans.

The light, however, is breaking. These counties may sooner or later become tired of occupying unenviable positions in the educational cause, and do the sensible thing in eliminating the one and two-teacher schools through consolidation and transportation.

* * * * *

AND THE MAJORITY EX-SLAVES.

The Charlotte News, delving into some statistics, makes this announcement:

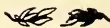
It is an interesting fact that in this Country there are 4,267 persons who are more than a century old and a more interesting fact that two-thirds of them are negroes.

And all of the negroes, who have attained unto and beyond the century mark, were in their lives at one time slaves. This exhibit refutes the alleged cruelty of slavery. It remains to see what freedom will do for the prolongation of life among the colored people.

* * * * *

KEEPING TAB ON US.

A letter from Col. Al. Fairbrother, who with Mrs. Fairbrother is now making his home in California, writes giving instruction where to send The Uplift. The Colonel, an enthusiastic friend of the institution and in thorough sympathy with the manner in which we are conducting the affairs of the school and our handling of the youngsters committed to us, wants to keep tab on us though he lives on the otherside of this glorious country.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I see it stated that America's bill for chewing gum exceeds \$47,000,000 annually. That is some chew, but I have no idea that it comes up to the cost of "chewing the rag."

A writer on "polite society" says: "If crackers are served with soup you should not break them into the soup." Another satisfaction of soup eating in boyhood days, among the old-time farmers, is gone glimmering down the toboggan of "polite society." How we do progress.

Mrs. "Hurrygraph" came home yesterday very enthusiastic over some peaches in a certain store window. "You just ought to see them," says she. I went; I saw; I concurred with her as to their beauty. But I noticed over a box containing several dozen very pretty ones, a card bearing this inscription: "This package will make an ideal present for her." Women are so considerate. She gets the peaches for her cleverness.

An Irishwoman sent a parcel to her son, in which she enclosed the following note: "Pat, I am sending you the waistcoat; to save weight, I have cut off all the buttons. Your loving mother. P. S.—you will find them in the top pocket." That reminds me of the old darkey that was going to the mill with a very poor, lean old horse, hardly able to carry himself much less a bag of corn. The darkey says to the horse: "Come on, now, Monach; I'se gwine to ride you to de mill, and to make your

load lighter, I'se gwine to carry dis sack of corn on my back."

A writer in one of the papers tells us that "Songs in the night prove that we have true courage." They certainly do. A fellow who will sing in the dead of the night, when people seek rest, is a nuisance. He certainly has courage of a certain kind, which is not at all commendable. A courage that receives the compliments of old shoes, and anything else handy to throw, is not the kind that is popularly admired. Songs in the night frenzy tranquil minds, and I don't mind saying so.

Interest is the thing in this life. It is a magic lantern. Aladdin's mysteries are not confined to Arabian Nights. A reasonable interest in anything will produce results that you can see and make the way smoother and easier. Instead of grind there is satisfaction. Uphill trails lose their steepness. There are no limitations to reasonable interest once started. It creates. Interest in the known gives promise of the unknown. It is a prophesy of what may be and incentive to realize it. The moral of this is get interested in something laudable as quick as you can. Don't stop to calculate. Investigate. Achieve. Do.

A good disposition and good looks are close kin. So close that one has a great bearing on the other. There would be a larger number of good-looking folks in the world if this the-

ory was more generally realized. I met a man the other day with a monstrous grouch. When I left I felt like a cucumber in a jar of vinegar. Sour! The whole atmosphere was sour, and made one feel like he was in a crab-apple orchard trying to rot the fruit. A sour disposition spoils a perfectly good countenance. Don't believe this? Look in the mirror when you are feeling pleasant and in a good humor with all the world and the rest of mankind; and then view yourself in the same mirror when you have a bad grouch on. The contrast in the images that confront you will be proof enough.

I have often heard people crowing over their automobiles, but not until a day or so ago did I ever hear an automobile cackling like a hen. One went through town with a horn giving a perfect imitation of the voice of Mr. Rooster's wife. Poetically speaking, it might be termed "The lay of the automobile." The thought occurred to me that if they should make these horns to imitate roosters, hens, cows, donkeys, and other animals, we will have a perfect barnyard of noises playing upon the tympanum of our ears. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Old man Jonathan Doolittle, who lives up to his name, as he will do as little as he can possibly help, came in from Hardserabble the other day and I asked him how the Hardserabble folks were getting on. He said they were doing pretty well now. The Hardserabble community was getting to be quite a lively place. That Mary Jane Gotham bussed to Greensboro Sunday. Mrs. Jamimie See'em-

all motored to Durham Monday. John Goings bicycled to Roxboro Tuesday. Mrs. Lidia Joyful tricycled to Raleigh Wednesday. Joe Stepon oxcarted to Durham Thursday. Hot Summers airplaned to New York Friday; and Lavenia Allgood buggied to Mebane Saturday, he said.

I hear people speak of a faithless man. There are different degrees and kinds of faith. Some people have a great abundance of the kind to make them happy, strong and useful. They are the 'salt of the earth. Other people are unhappy, weak and futile, because they have not enough of it; their faith is small and weak in God, in people, places and things. Man must have some degree of faith to live. If he is faithless he could not even make plans for tomorrow. The man who projects any sort of enterprises has faith. The world has never been run willy-nilly. I am sure it never will be. That is faith. If you lay by money in the bank; that is faith. Faith is the substance of things hoped for; not seen with the natural eye. The more faith a man has the more he gets out of life.

It looks sometimes like the schedule of life is a little mixed, or made up wrong in some particulars. He hardly gets the ice man paid before the coal man comes along. Be we ever so economical, and at times use little or no gas or water, the meters register twice as high, or more than we think we have used, and accuse the meters of fudging on us. We spend a life time in wooing Dame Fortune and she often smiles on us when we are too old to spend her bounty. We let the time of play go by and spend

years in hard study, and about the time we have our lessons learned well, we die. This moralizing only brings to mind that we should use the joy powders as we go along, or perchance we will not get a chance to use them.

—

A young man from the Middle West, about to be married, has written the Department of Agriculture at Washington asking how large a family they would advise him to have. Well, there are families and families. Some families have a dozen children with credit to themselves and the nation, while in others one is far too many. The department ought to advise this young man to wait a year or two and then send the department a sample. It would be better able to tell more about it at that time.

—

Main street of Durham is a veritable New York Broadway. On Saturday's it is more so. The tide of humanity ebbs and flows like the crowds on the plank walk at Atlantic City. With automobiles on either side of the street, and two lines going and coming like the shuttles in a weaving mill, occupying what is left of the street space; and the pavements filled with people see-sawing their way pass each other, it is a panorama of a moving picture, true to life.

And the people that pass in the day and the night! The colors of their costumes are as numerable as the stars in the firmament. Some wear hats as varied in shape as the leaves in the forests; and some wear bobs, with cheeks, necks and arms of tan. Some carry bundles and some carry babies. Some hurry, push and shove their way along; and some take their time in getting out of the way of others, and they don't get anywhere much. Some go with their heads up, and some with their heads down. Some smile and chat as merrily as a flock of robins, and some go along as if they were in a funeral procession, and had lost their last friend. The display of hosiery is past man's understanding, but covers the understanding of the women. The painted beauties dart in and out among the passing throngs like butterflies flitting in a flower garden.

Not like Gray's *Elegy* the weary workman has no chance to homeward plod his way. No room to plod. When he gets in line he has to go; or else the multitude will go over him. So it goes. The greatest study of man is man—and more frequently—women, and to see humanity as it moves on the streets of Durham, especially on Saturday's, is a human nature study you get nowhere else. It's great.

We are told that parrots live to be one hundred years old. Some naturalists who were on an exploration tour in South America recently, claimed to have made the acquaintance of a parrot which spoke a language used by a people who had vanished from the earth more than one hundred years before the discovery of the parrot.—Boys Comrade.

INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS.

Many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge, beside a frozen stream in the forest. His locks and beard were long and white with age. He was heavily clad in furs, for snow and ice were everywhere.

The winds blew wildly through the forest, and the old man went about searching in the deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge, and sitting down by the iast lodge., and sitting down by the last few dying coals, he cried to Mann-aboosho that he might not perish.

The wind blew aside the door, and there came in a beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were red and made of wild roses; her eyes were large, and her hair touched the ground as she walked. Her hands were covered with willow buds, and her clothing was of sweet grasses and ferns, her moccasins of white lilies, and when she breathed the air of the lodge became warm.

The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see you. My lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will shield you from the tempest. Tell me who you are. I am Manito. I blow my breath and the warters of the rivers stand still."

The maiden said: I breathe and

the flowers spring up in all the plains. When I walk about plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing." thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept.

Then the sun came out, and a blue bird came to the top of the lodge and called, "Say-ee say-ee! I am thirtys!" and the river called, "I am free, come and drink."

And as the old man slept the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow small. Streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground. His clothes turned to green leaves, and the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took the most precious flowers and hid them under the leaves:

Then she breathed upon them and said, "I give thee my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee must do so on bended knee." Then the maiden moved away through the woods and over the plains. All the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.

Little Boy—"Look, ma, the circus has come to town; there's one of the clowns."

Ma—"Hush, darling. That's not a clown. That's just a college man."

THE MASTER FLYER.

By D. Stockton Porter.

The greatest known flyer is the frigate aquila, a bird which is the world's most perfect airship. Its body is smaller than that of a hen, but it is a masterpiece, each atom in it being finished with that exquisite care that the divine power bestows upon whatever it fashions, whether it be a rose petal, a tree, or a star.

This amazing bird that rides a storm as easily as a bit of leaf rides a breeze is built for lightness and speed, its high-power body possessing so few joints that when the mighty wings are opened, the entire boney structure becomes as rigid as the steel frame of a fine umbrella.

The bones in this living airplane are small and so full of tiny air cells that when the bird is hurtling about among the thunder clouds, it is really a living balloon formed of many smaller balloons.

Attached to this bubble of a body, the frigate bird has a deeply forked tail that is eighteen inches long and formed of feathers that are as light as air and as strong and elastic as fine steel. Going out on each side, he flies high-power wings that have a spread of eight feet.

When he launches himself in the air, the frigate bird mounts in a magnificent sweep, that for grace and beauty of movement has no equal among either human or feathered fliers. Once he is high in the air, that queer compass in his tiny head revealing to him the path he means to follow, he locks his wings, points his long bill toward his destination,

and is off on a flight that can be surpassed by nothing that lives. In these wonder flights the wings of the frigate bird remain almost motionless, the forked tail acting as a propeller, opening and closing rapidly, like a pair of scissors. As he hurtles along, going easily and lightly with the speed of a skyrocket, his little head moves from side to side, very much as does that of a pigeon when it takes a walk abroad.

A storm affords the frigate bird pure delight; the fiercer the gale, the greater his glee, and he will literally play tag with the wind, letting it blow him along his chosen way. Or, turning himself, he will take the gale head on, diving straight into its teeth, very much as a human swimmer will dive into deep water. He is a master navigator, and when he flies straight into the turbulent heart of a storm he reefs in his sails, furling his wings until only the powerful outer feather are exposed to the buffeting of the wind. His joy in a storm has won for him the name of the hurricane bird.

He is also called the man-of-war bird, this name coming in the high-handed fashion in which he demands from other birds. He is a crack fisherman; but if he is high in the air investigating the earth's ceiling, and his telescopic eyes detect a bird with a choice fish, he drops like a plummet after the tidbit. Usually the humbler fisherman gives up his catch; but if he clings tenaciously to his own, the man-of-war grabs him by the tail and shakes him so vigo-

rously that he loses both his breath and his fish. This is not a tale told on the frigate bird behind his back. It is a fact that was told the writer by a world famous naturalist who had often watched the feathered pirate pulling the tail of his victim.

Like all the birds that are great flyers, the feet of the frigate bird are small and weak. He is the acme of grace in the air, but on the ground is very awkward, and it is an awesome thing to watch him try to fold himself up into a neat package. This is vastly difficult, for as often as he gets his wings packed, they come loose, get under his feet and trip him up. When he comes in from an air trip he usually rests in a tree top, or else spreads himself out on bushes, resembling nothing so much as a gigantic spider hung up to dry.

This little sailor of the skies wears an aviation suit of dull chocolate brown with a bright red balloon decorating his short neck. This is inflated when he makes a flight and doubtless does its part in buoying him up in the air. His head is beautifully formed, with a long curved beak, on each side of which gleams a diamond-bright eye. His mate's flying suit is very nearly like his own, with the addition of a white pinafore and pink satin boots.

The nest of the frigate bird is placed in the top of a tree, or a thick bush, and is the object of an almost pitiful devotion to both birds. The female lays but one egg, and to her that is earth's greatest and most precious treasure. The most timid of birds, she is off like a flash of light

at the approach of a human being—except during nesting time. Love does strange things, and none stranger or more beautiful than the way it transforms this tiny bird from a quivering ball of fear, seeking safety in flight, into a gallant little mother who will be slain on her nest rather than desert her egg or her young.

A baby frigate bird is funnier than the funniest thing in the world! He wears rompers of thick white fuzz that sticks out in every direction, making him look like a two-legged puff ball. He has a string for a neck, to which is attached a bobbing head that is composed of a hooked nose, two big pop eyes and a rampant scalp lock of white fuzz.

He does his daily dozen with his long, unfeathered wing frames; he waggles them to and fro, steps on them, sits on them, and finally gets all tangled up in them and falls flat on his fat back! Then he squeals shrilly until one of his parents seizes him by the belt and flops him over, right side up, when he at once begins to do it all over again. He is deliciously funny, and he is rather awesome too, for it is a trifle impressive to watch the determination with which so tiny a thing keeps steadily at his lesson of learning how to manage the most wonderful wings in the world.

These strange birds are found in the tropic lands that border the summer seas, and wherever found they are always interesting, and a never-ceasing joy and delight to the sailors and nature lovers of the world.

'Circumstances are a foundation of sand when it comes to a question of character-building.'

ELIZABETH WALES' OPPORTUNITY FOR SERVICE.

By Sarah M. McCreery.

Elizabeth Wales' eyes filled with tears as the train moved out and she lost from view the face of her friend, Elsie Farrington. The tears were caused by the long good-bye that had been said and by the deep feeling of disappointment in Elizabeth's own heart, because Elsie had started for the mission school where the two girls had expected to go together. It was just before her graduation from college that Elizabeth's mother had been taken ill with a nervous trouble, there were smaller children who needed care, and the doctor said freedom from responsibility was the thing that would restore Mrs. Wales' health, so that meant the daughter must give up, for a time, at least, the cherished plan of teaching in a mission school.

Elizabeth wanted to help at home and she had tried to take her disappointment cheerfully, but her heart was heavy as she turned the automobile toward home. When she reached home there were things that demanded her attention so she had no time to think of service elsewhere. It was just after lunch that a Chinaman called for her father's shirts and collars, for Mr. Wales said nobody could do them as they were done at the Chinese laundry.

Elizabeth gave the man a pleasant greeting as she handed him the bundle. "It's a fine day," she remarked.

The man nodded smilingly. "Me no speak Englees."

He had tried to tell her he did not

understand, and Elizabeth thought how hard it must be to live in a country and be shut out from the life by the lack of ability to speak the language. She remembered with a smile the time a Spaniard had visited the college and how hard she had tried to use her smattering knowledge of that language. The visitor had tactfully told her that perhaps she spoke a provincial Spanish with which he was unacquainted. She thought how dreadful it would be to live in a country and not know the language, then she wondered how many foreigners there were in Kingsbury and what was being done to teach them English and patriotism.

"Father, what is being done for the foreigners here?" she asked at dinner that evening.

"Why, I don't know; of course, the children go to the public schools. what made you ask?"

"The man who came for your laundry could not speak English or understand it, it seems a pity if nothing is done for the older people among the foreigners. It looks to me that it is an opportunity for service neglected," Elizabeth replied. "If we as Americans do not care enough to teach the foreigners our language and love of country, we cannot be much surprised if they do not wish to become citizens."

"I guess that is true," her father agreed mildly. "I confess, Betty," this was always his name for her, "I never gave the subject much thought.

I go to the little Italian to have my shoes shined, he hasn't been in this country long; of course, he can speak only a few sentences of English, but I confess I never felt any concern about his not knowing the language. He can shine my shoes, he can give me the right change, and that was all I needed.

"That isn't the way that we as inhabitants of Kingsbury should feel," Elizabeth declared stoutly. "it is our responsibility to teach the older people among the foreigners the habits and customs of our country, and to tell them of God, who is the foundation-stone. I intend to find out what can be done about it."

"But, Betty, haven't you just about as much as you can do with the management of the house, then you want to be company for your mother, the children will take some of your time, and—and it doesn't look to me as if you would have time for things like that," her father stated.

Elizabeth smiled, "We give Mrs. Cole four evenings a week off, and two whole afternoons, so I guess I can expect one afternoon and two evenings to do as I like."

Mr. Wales laughed. "That's right, I don't want you to work all the time, but I thought you would need your leisure for pleasure, for recreation," he returned.

"Professor Ellsworth always said that change of work was recreation, and that if change of work gave one pleasure it really recreated as much as leisure. I am so interested in this right now that I feel that I would get a lot of pleasure in teaching the foreigners English, and I would be benefited as much as if I spent my time doing things, that just pleased

me. I shall probably enlist your help before I have gone far with my plan," she warned her father.

Mr. Wales looked doubtful. "That looks to me like a big undertaking for you, Betty, but I am willing to help any way I can. I only ask that you do not overtax your strength," he answered as she went to attend her mother's wants.

Elizabeth's head was busy with plans the next few days as she went about her work. On Wednesday afternoon, when her father's law office was closed and he could spend the time with his wife, Elizabeth went to tell Dr. Post, the pastor, about her plan and asked if he objected to the use of the church basement for a class in English for foreigners. When she had his consent, she called on the man in charge of renting the church and asked for the free use of the basement two nights a week. She anticipated his objection when she said she felt sure her Sunday school class would furnish the coal to heat the church. When she left he had promised that he would call a committee meeting, and said he had no objection to the plan, if it met the approval of the other men.

"Don't you feel that I accomplished quite a bit?" Elizabeth asked her father when she reported her afternoon's work to him. "I just feel sure that I will be given the use of the church."

Mr. Wales looked fondly at his daughter's eager face. "Then I will give the first ton of coal. I guess I can afford that, you know your class might not have much money on hand, and it takes time to earn it."

"Oh, Father, you always know what

'will be the biggest boost for a thing,' and Elizabeth gave him a hug. "I can scarcely wait until I get everything settled and ready to start the class."

Sure enough, when Elizabeth told the plan to her Sunday school class, Miss Gray, the teacher, readily promised to help buy the coal and the treasurer reported twenty-five dollars on hand. Then the committee reported that the church basement was at her disposal, rent free, as many nights a week as she wished. Her father had suggested that she use the two stoves in the basement room and save the time and trouble of firing the big furnace, and that would save coal too. The greatest surprise came when she consulted the janitor about heating the room two nights a week extra. She had expected that he would object, and with sublime faith that she would secure the money somehow, she promised him additional pay.

Gus Johnson looked at Elizabeth a moment and she felt sure that he was going to refuse. "If you do that much for the foreigners in the city, I guess I can make a fire without charging extra," he replied. "I can't teach, I can do that much, and I will."

Elizabeth tactfully sent the Chinaman, who had the laundry, to tell the other Chinese of the English class, the Italian of the shoe shining parlor to tell the Italians, the Greek with a little stand to tell the other Greeks. When the Monday evening for the first lesson arrived she feared there might not be a pupil respond, she felt a lot of her courage had gone by the time she and her father reached the church. The plans had gone so

well, and "what if I should now fail from lack of pupils?" was what she asked herself.

When the clock struck eight there were twenty men and women gathered in the room and the plan was a success in point of attendance, and Elizabeth's heart beat fast as she realized for the first time the really big task that she had undertaken. The first lesson was difficult, one Chinese wanted to study "Home Geography," another had an Adult Sunday School Quarterly that he wanted to use as a textbook, but finally, by the use of a blackboard all were interested.

The school increased to twenty-five and Elizabeth taught faithfully two nights a week. She told little stories of men who did patriotic deeds, she taught of the Great Teacher by means of Bible stories; it was hard but she grew to love the work, and best of all, she had found her mission work right in her own little city. She became more and more interested as the work grew and found a real field of service.

When the Christmas season approached, Elizabeth wanted a special treat for her pupils so she asked the Sunday school to give a banquet before the class disbanded for the holidays. "I want a Christmas tree and everything as nice as if it were a class in our own school," she told the committee, "I want all the officers of the church, the Sunday school teachers and Dr. Post to be invited, and I will be responsible for the program," she added.

When the night for the banquet arrived, Henley Avenue Church never looked prettier than it did with the bright holly and Christmas bells,

and the Christmas tree dazzling with silver and gold trimmings, popcorn, cranberries and gay electric lights. There never was a banquet more appreciated or never did one cause the guests to forget English and lapse into their native tongues so quickly. When the meal was finished, the church choir sung Christmas carols, an Italian in very broken English told the Christmas story. The Chinese laundryman tried to tell what the class had mean to him, it was a mixture of Chinese and English, but he did manage to say, "Children leave me hind, now I go up to them," with a radiant smile. Then without being invited, Dr. Post spoke to the class of the value of the work Elizabeth was doing, and how proud he was that a girl would take time to do it. The members of the class understood little of what was said, but they knew it was something about "Miss Wales," so they applauded loud and long.

"The flag salute will be followed by the closing number," Elizabeth finally announced. When the salute to the American and Christian flags had been given with a will, she struck firmly and strongly the familiar chords and twenty-five voices in nine different languages joined her in the wonderful Christmas song, "Holy Night."

As the last notes of the piano died away, Dr. Post rose. "I never heard anything more impressive," he said, while his eyes were moist and his voice was full of emotion. "I want to tell you, Miss Elizabeth, you have given these people a splendid Christmas gift in the power to speak a little English, and you have given them an appreciation of America, her people and her God."

Then Elizabeth Wales knew that she was very happy at the Christmas season, although she was far from the mission school where she had expected to work.

JUST IMAGINE.

Esprit de corps in French means "a spirit of common devotion, honor, interest, binding together, men of the same profession, society, etc." South Carolina watermelon growers have in a fine degree this spirit of co-operation and brotherliness.

For the past several days persons living on the Pageland road have been surprised to see the number of trucks returning home from market half-filled with watermelons. Inquiry has revealed that some days the market is flooded with melons and a few growers are unable to sell. When this is the case prices are not lowered and the melons unsold are carried back home. By so doing a standard price is maintained, and the consumer is not allowed to name the price to the producer.

Only imagine what might result if cotton farmers of the South could have this spirit of esprit de corps!

—Monroe Enquirer.

STILL LIVES.

The will of Dr. John Wesley Long, prominent physician and surgeon, who died at his home in Greensboro last Saturday morning after an illness of several days, was filed for probate on Friday.

The will provides for the division of the estate four ways after the death of Mrs. Long, one-fourth to each of the three children and the other fourth to philanthropic purposes through the establishment of a Mary Long Foundation, which is to be used for the education of poor boys and girls, the care of aged ministers and their widows of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the care of needy doctors, and of helpless nurses.

"I have no means of knowing at this time what my estate will be worth, whether much or little, but, having provided for the members of my own household, I direct that the remaining fourth of my estate be set aside for philanthropic purposes and be known as the Mary Long Foundation. This is the Lord's part of whatever I may possess, and I pray His blessings upon its benevolent mission," says one paragraph in the will.

VERY SIMPLE--HAPPINESS.

Somewhere I have read an Eastern legend which runs something like this: A powerful genii, promised a beauteous maiden a gift of rare value on certain conditions. The conditions were that she should walk through a field of corn from beginning to end without stopping, going backwards, or wandering hither and thither, pluck the largest and ripest ear she could find. The value of the gift was to be in proportion to the size and perfection of the ear she should choose. Joyously the young maid set out on her task. As she walked along she saw a great many ears worth gathering but passed them all, hoping to find a larger and more perfect one. So, on she went, until she came to a part of the field where the corn stalks grew stunted and inferior. Disdaining to take any of these, she passed on until, to her dismay, she found herself at the other end of the field

without having gathered an ear of any kind.

This legend illustrates a great truth, as do most Oriental legends. Like the maiden, going through the field of corn, how many millions of people go through the rich fields of life, passing by a thousand possible chances of success and happiness, because they are always looking forward to something more, bigger and worth while?

No device has ever been discovered which gives a title of the satisfaction and real happiness as a good hard, healthful day's work; industry under a noble purpose seems to be the highest of human bliss. To be constantly, usefully and happily employed is the summum bonum of human life.

One trouble with many of us is that we try to make happiness too complicated an affair. But happiness really flees from complication, cere-

mony and pretense. Real happiness is so simple that most people do not recognize it. They think it comes from doing something on a big scale, from a big fortune or from great achievement, when as a matter of fact, it is derived from the simplest, the quietest, the most unpretentious things in the world.

Little kindnesses, little encouragements, duties faithfully done, unselfish service, work that we enjoy, friendships, love and affection—all these are simple things yet they are

what constitute happiness.

Almost every person I know is living in anticipation, not in reality. He is not actually living the life he always looked forward to, or expected to attain, but is just getting ready to live, just getting ready to enjoy it. When he gets a little more money, a little better house, a little more of the comforts of life, a little more leisure, a little more freedom from responsibility he will then be ready to enjoy life.—Dr. Orison Swett Marchand.

“Well, Mrs. Johnsing,” announced the colored physician, after taking her husband’s temperature, “Ah has knocked the fever out of him. Dat’s one good thing.”

“Sho ’nuff,” was the excited reply. “Does dat mean dat he’s gwine git well den?”

“No,” replied the doctor, “dey’s no hope fo’ him; but yo’ has the satisfaction ob knowin’ dat he died cured.”

LOYALTY.

Every fellow knows what loyalty is, or if he doesn’t he’d better step right off the front porch and hunt him up an education on that point. Loyalty is like good health—you can’t have too much of it, nor too many varieties. And there are such a great many varieties. There is loyalty to your country. There is loyalty to your friends. There is loyalty to yourself. And there are a lot more kinds of loyalty if you want to go and nose them out.

Everybody admires loyalty, and rightly. Even history admires it, and the ancient loyalty of Damon and Pythias is one of the finest things that ever happened in the world. Ev-

en folks who haven’t loyalty admire it in others. It is such a splendid thing that even people who stand outside the law and are looked upon as being very wicked hold loyalty a virtue. It seems as if some folks who haven’t any other virtue at all find it necessary to hold to loyalty, and that makes it pretty important, doesn’t it?

Loyalty is a sort of mortar holding together the bricks and stones that make up the edifice of life. If it were not for it, the whole building would come tumbling down, and there we would be up to our necks in rubbish.

Loyalty and selfishness will not ride

in the same wagon. They are not on speaking terms. If you are the sort of a fellow who is always out for himself, you want to stay as far away from loyalty as you can, because it will cramp your style. A little bit of loyalty has ruined any number of men who have set out to establish a record of selfishness. The thing to do is to take your pick. If you own game and works for his own advantage and never cares a rap what happens to anybody else—then see to it that you eliminate every scrap of loyalty in your system. If, on the other hand, you want to be the sort other men tie to, then reduce your selfishness to as small a pimple as you can.

In any event there will be some selfishness left. We can't get away from it. Probably a tincture of selfishness is necessary. So is a tincture of vanilla necessary to ice cream, but if you pour in the whole bottle you make a pretty bitter dish. In this world every fellow must do a certain amount of looking out for his own interests. Or at least we have grown to think it necessary. But the man who was most loved of all men we knew of was one who seemed to have no idea of getting anything for himself. He never got rich, and mostly he was pretty poor—if you don't count as an asset the fact that every man and woman he came in contact with loved him. You can not be genuinely poor when people feel that way about you. So unselfishness seems to pay. Yet if being a little selfish will make you feel safer, we're not going to try to argue you out of it—even if it doesn't mix well with loyalty.

If you really want to know what

loyalty is, go and study a good dog. There are several things folks can learn from dogs and not many things dogs can learn from folks. It is a lot more valuable to a man to have a dog teach him than it is for a dog to have a man give him lessons. Dogs know all about loyalty and they work at it twenty-four hours a day. We've never seen a dog, not even a mongrel, that didn't want to be loyal to somebody if somebody would let him. And nobody ever heard of a dog who double crossed a friend.

We have an idea that any employer would rather have a loyal staff of workers than a brilliant staff. And once or twice we have worked for bosses who were so loyal to their workers that somehow salary didn't seem to count. The motto of one of those men who was editor of a great newspaper was, "Anybody who does anything to one of my boys does it to me." And he lived up to it. You can guess whether his boys worked for him.

Then there is the matters of ideas. It's fine to be loyal to people, but it's even finer to be loyal to your ideas. Everybody—even the safe cracker—has ideals. Maybe nobody but yourself ever knows what your ideals are, but you know what they are, and you can't be disloyal to them without catching yourself at it.

When you sit back and take a bird's-eye view of loyalty, you get the idea that it is a pretty important piece of machinery. It holds governments together; it is the backbone of business organizations; it is the foundation of family life. Loyalty to yourself is the foundation of character. Why, you've even got to be loyal to your stomach or you have to

call in the doctor. Two of the most despised men that ever lived were Judas and Benedict Arnold and all because they were disloyal. So there you are. You have your choice. It doesn't require any genius to be loyal, or any extra muscles. Anybody

can do it with his hands tied behind him. And that is funny, because when you've accomplished it, you have done one of the most important things a human being can do.—American Boy.

The study of words is a pleasant occupation, and the more you learn about them the more you want to know.—Selected.

A NEGRO VIEWS HIS OWN RACE.

Washington Correspondent in Dearborn Independent.

The other day Charles Plummer came into the office. Plummer is a full-blooded Negro and is proud of the fact. He has devoted his life to the problems of his people and has arrived at an exceptional understanding of them. He is striving for racial advancement, amity and good will.

In the first place, Plummer is the representative of The Lowery Institute and Industrial School, of Mayesville, South Carolina. He came into the office armed with letters from Congressmen and Senators, including some of those from his own and other Southern States—showing that he has the support of the leading whites of his state. He is a preacher, and one of the oldschool type of Southern negro, with a personality that grasps a Southerner, like myself, immediately. He is trying to advance the interests of his school, where about 210 Southern negro children were enrolled during 1926. This school is undenominational, but Christian; it has bought a 200-acre tract of land, and is teaching these colored boys

and girls of the South how to live, giving them an education along with their work. Their products help to pay their way as they go.

He did not have to 'sell' me the idea; that he is on the right track cannot be doubted: but I wanted him to discuss the problems of his people, as he saw them, and explain the remedies he would apply. He was not only willing, but ready to talk.

Does not Want a Negro in Congress.

'This is my general outline of the conditions in the South,' he began, 'and what I believe would solve the negro problem. I have advised the negro to stay home on election day and dig potatoes. His vote doesn't count for anything. He only starts trouble. No negro can possibly come to Congress from South Carolina, so why start trouble?'

'That is probably true,' agreed I, 'but enlarge a little.'

'Well, for instance, I was talking to some gentlemen a few days ago. They feel that the colored man is getting too far away from the Republican party. I told them he is

not far enough away from it. In articles last year I advised the negro to drop it. I told them that I personally did not want to see a negro in Congress.'

'What was your reason for that advice?' I asked.

'For the reason that a negro Congressman can do us no good,' he declared. 'He certainly can do us a lot of harm. He will stand on the floor of Congress and try to demand something. What has he got to back up his demands? When they tried to send a negro to Congress in place of Mr. Madden, of Chicago, I told them they were wrong. Why, no negro can go to Congress and help his race like Mr. Madden can.'

'Do you propose to eliminate your race from politics?' I inquired.

Negro's Vote Is Now Wasted.

'Yes, and no. I once told Senator Curtis that if the negro of the South has to come into politics, let him come in knowing what it means. He does not know now. When he goes to the polls now he doesn't know what he is voting. Someone will give him a couple of dollars or a bottle of corn liquor and tell him how to vote—perhaps, they will even mark his ballot for him. In preference to this, I would rather see my people stay away from the polls. I have a proposition I think would help, which I will explain briefly, but let me speak first of another phase or two in connection with our whole racial problem.'

'One of our greatest problems is the 3,500,000 mixed blood, or mulattoes, we have among us. The unfortunate thing about them is that they are not satisfied to be black men and women. They feel that they are

a little bit better than the kinky-headed black—that they are a little nearer to the white. The social castes among the American negroes give us a great deal of trouble.

'Again, the colored people of the North cause us some concern. They feel that they are a little bit better than the colored people of the South,—perhaps that is because they believe they have a little more freedom. They do not seem to realize that the Southern black has something they do not have. As much as some Southern people may declaim against the negro as a race, any colored man in the South who is worth while has a white friend. The Southern white and black have a much better understanding of each other than they do in the North. Oh, Northerners may make a lot of pretenses, some of them may declare that they are willing to associate with the black, but when the two get together both find that neither of them has what he thought. We have too many people trying to make our people believe that they are what they are not. I have as little sympathy for the white man who will go to live with blacks as I have for the black who will go to live with whites. That is not the solution of our problem. We need more faith in our own race.

'Faith is a great thing. The colored man does not believe sufficiently in his race. But that is where he must work. He must remember that he is only five hundred years from the jungle and that he is living among people who have a civilization thousands of years old. Of course there is a racial inferiority, but that should cause the black man no resentment.

On the contrary, he should seize the wonderful opportunities he has to elevate his race. He must do this alongside the white man. He never amounted to anything until the white man took hold; even though the white man sold him into slavery, it has proved his salvation.

'Take the situation of the black man in Africa today. There is a white man's job there. The negro will never be able to do anything for his African brethren. It seems as if God could do nothing with the negro away from the white man. The American white man knows the negro by dealing with him here and he should go to Africa and take over the situation there. He can make that country what it should be.

'We have been dealing with negro leadership 103 years, and have got nowhere. The black man does not have to go to Harvard to understand that he is not of the Anglo-Saxon race and that he has not the background of Anglo-Saxon civilization. What has our 103 years of negro leadership brought us? For over a century we have been trying to do something for our African brethren. Bishop Claire, who has been there so long, says that there are only 15,000 natives over there on whom we can count as really having an idea of what we are trying to do. Only this after a labor of 103 years. It certainly is a white man's job.'

This was interesting. But I wanted to know what he thought of radicalism among the colored people. So I asked him if he thought it would help the negro to become radical or revolutionary.

'Our salvation is by evolution and not revolution,' he replied. 'The pro-

gress we are now making, the progress of the Southland in recent years—it is wonderful what has come about in the Southern people, white and colored, since the war. Down there we are developing racial co-operation and amity. The South is going to be the real base of this country, and the labor of the colored man will be needed in the South as never before. It is a great opportunity, we have, and some of us are determined that the disturbers in our midst shall not spoil it for us. The negro must keep his head. We have these agitators, too many of them. I try to get my people to see the peaceful way.

Negroes Must Use Care in Leadership.

Why should any colored man want to move out from his own people and into a white community? Once he does it he loses identity with his own people and obtains no influence in his new home, but only stirs up antagonism. But, our people are yet in their infancy, and both races must be patient in dealing with the problem.

'As for this radicalism, we must be careful as to the kind of leadership we have in our organizations. It is too easy to be led astray by glib talkers who appeal to the emotions rather than to common sense. Where we have negro leadership we must have men who will look at this thing judicially, and not from embittered hearts or ulterior motives; men who have a little race pride and who are interested in our race as a race, and are not seeking self-advancement.'

'You spoke of having a proposition that would help out on this political situation,' I reminded.

Offers Solution of the Problem.

'Oh, yes.' As he spoke, he hand-

ed me a card. 'Now, this card is of the National Supreme Council of the Coat of Many Colors, of which I am the humble author. I believe the solution of the problem is to let the negroes elect an advisory council to Congress. What I mean is not to let the negroes have the right to the Floor or a vote in Congress, but in every Congressional District wherein there are a sufficient number of negroes let them elect one of their own race who will go into the matters that particularly affect them, and let that man be their adviser to their Congressman—this is simply a representative way of using the right to petition. Many Congressmen would do anything they could for the negro, personally. But, they are in a position where they cannot, officially. To do so would mean political suicide for many of them. All we need is a black man on the ticket as a counselor.'

'Is that practical?' I inquired. 'Would not every other element in the country, racial, religious, national and international, demand also the right of such counselors?'

'I do not think so,' he responded. 'All the people you mention have an old civilization behind them; they would not be willing to suspend their right of franchise for such, the lesser thing, I propose for the negro. My proposition would give the negroes a chance to cooperate with each other as well as with white friends. The negro who cannot cooperate with his own people cannot cooperate with anybody. We get along all right

with our own churches and do not have to crowd the white churches. We have our own churches, and plenty of them. And, we are happy; we shout all we want.'

'What is the significance of that portion of the title of the National Supreme Council, "the Coat of Many Colors," what does that mean?' I asked.

'I use that as a motto,' he said. 'The evolution of the negro is a duplicate of the life of Joseph. All of Joseph's life is typical of the life of the negro. You know Joseph had a coat of many colors. There are in this country about as big a proportion of white men to the negro as there were brothers to Joseph. Joseph was a trustworthy fellow in spite of all he went up against. He went into Egypt and was sold unto Potiphar. Having great love and respect for his master, he did not betray his trust when temptation came. Neither did the negro in the South.'

'A beautiful conception,' I commented.

'Joseph went to jail and stayed there two years,' he continued. 'But he came out; the negro also came out of slavery. Later Potiphar elevated Joseph. Just so the white man will help the negro and will put him in his rightful place—not at the top, but in the place he deserves and where he belongs.'

When Plummer left the office he carried my friendly feelings with him. I reflected, 'Well, here is one viewpoint that is worth the consideration of the white man.'

"It's better to make a poor beginning toward a good end than to make no beginning at all."

INHERITANCE TAX.

By Roe Fulkerson.

(Address at the Montreal Convention of International Kiwanis).

Perhaps the most notable figure that has ornamented the legislative halls of my own City of Washington, D. C., was Sam Houston, the man after whom the city from which Frank Smith comes, was named. Sam Houston first came into fame in this country as the governor of my native State of Tennessee. He had a quarrel with his wife while he was governor, walked out of the gubernatorial mansion, walked out of the City of Nashville, and out of the State of Tennessee, to join a tribe of savage Indians, seeking peace from his domestic troubles.

He next came into prominence as one of the leading fighters for Texas, when she seceded from Mexico; was the first president of that republic, and afterwards a United States Senator from there. Sam was lacking in some of the little social amenities. While in Washington, he was invited to a very formal dinner, and sat near the head of the table talking to his hostess, when the dessert came on. In those wicked days down in the States, they had all sorts of nice things to drink, as well as to eat. This dessert was plum pudding, and flaming as plum pudding used to be. Sam was very busy looking into this woman's beautiful face, and, taking up a spoonful of the flaming dessert, put it into his mouth, and from there dropped it into his hand, and from his hand back into his plate, horrified. Everyone at the saw him, he turned and said to his hostess, "Madam, some darn fools might have swallow-

ed that."

If there were such a thing as an inspiration for the talk I am about to give you it came from a nightmare I had in Janesville, Wisconsin, last year. I woke up in the middle of the night with one of those frightful dreams, which most of you have had, of falling, falling, falling through space almost eternally. And when I did finally wake up, which always happens before you strike the ground—I found that I was clutching madly onto one of the uprights of the bed in which I slept. How many of you sleep holding onto one of the uprights of your bed? How many of you have had that nightmare? Students tell us that it is the inheritance tax, from our arboreal ancestors. Our great grandmamas used to teach us when we were little things that if we let loose of that limb while we were asleep and fell down there on the ground, that the saber-toothed tiger would get us. We have inherited that from our arboreal ancestors, that nightmare and that disposition to clutch onto something while we are asleep.

How many of you have noticed that when little children go along the street they never walk on the sidewalk if there is anything higher on which they can walk. They keep along the edge of a wall. If there is a row of sewer pipes they are always up on top of the sewer pipes. How many of you ever noticed that when they walk along the sidewalk they never step on a crack, but step

very carefully over that? The primitive instincts in a child are more highly developed than they are in a grown person. That is a part of our inheritance tax, from a little later stage among our ancestors. When our great grandmama who lived in a cave, after she came down from a tree, took her little children and went down to the beach to dig clams she taught them wherever there was a trunk of a fallen tree, to walk on that so that the snakes would not bite them and the animals out of the grass would not get them. She taught them also when they stepped on stones to be sure always step in the middle, so the stone would not rock and throw them into the brush where something might get them. That disposition of our children is a part of our inheritance tax from our cave-dwelling ancestors.

Hopping over a century or two, because what is a century or two among friends, we come down to the feudal baron days when every man was not only a workman in the fields of the feudal baron under whom he served, but he was also one of his soldiers. Soldiers in those days fought with a great long pole with a snickersnee on the end of it. They called it a pike. And when they marched out to fight the neighboring feudal baron they carried these pikes in a socket in front of them, so that they would not get all tangled up. This socket was a leather thing like you see a man carry a flag in nowadays in a parade. That leather piece was suspended around his neck by a rawhide thong. The man in those days did not wear such a coat as we wear now. He wore a leather surtout, which had no collar on it. Con-

sequently this thong sawed the back of his neck, until some genius decided to put a collar on a surtout. It was put there, and this thong was put back of that. This turned the collar high up around the man's neck, so he took a jackknife and cut a notch in each side of it for the thong to come through.

But ladies, men talk to you about following fashions. That was hundreds of years ago, but every blooming daddy in this room has a notch in his collar. It serves no useful purpose on earth. It is simply a part of his inheritance tax from those old feudal baron days. But you could not hire him to go down-town with a coat on that did not have a notch in it.

On Sunday, the International President, who spoke at one of our churches, here, had on a cutaway coat. On the back of it were a couple of buttons. Those buttons are on the back of every frock coat that has ever been made in the world, and on the back of every dress coat. They serve no useful purpose except to scratch the mahogany furniture and get tangled in ladies' shawls when we dance. They came from a little later stage in our civilization when every man wore a sword. Those two buttons were put back there so that the sword belt would not slip down. We no longer wear swords. In those days if you opened a jackpot on three aces and some other fellow sat in and drew two cards and came out with a club flush you could give him what he really deserved. Nowadays you can't do anything but just swear about it. But still they have those two buttons on the back of our coats, and probably will have them on un-

til the end of time, a part of our inheritance tax from the days when men wore swords.

Look at the back of your sleeve. You have a couple of buttons there. The same buttons that turned over the ink-stand! The same buttons that spilled that cup of coffee in your lap! The same buttons that drag the papers off your table into the wastebasket and lose them. Back at about this same time men thought that it was the mark of a gentleman to have clean, pretty, white hands in order to show that they never worked. They wore a long fichu or jabot of lace which hung down over their hands. That lace was buttoned into their sleeve with a couple of buttons. We all work. Our hands are horny and hard. But we still have that inheritance tax and those two cussed little buttons on the back of our sleeve. There isn't a man in this room who does not worry the life out of his wife until she sews it back on for him, if he happens to lose one of them, a perfectly useless bit of inheritance tax from some of our old ancestors.

Coming down just a little closer, our ancestors worked in the fields, a great many of them, peasants in Europe, and, like some of the peasants in Europe still, they wore smocks. The smock became annoying when they climbed fences and when they rode a horse, so they gathered her up and stuffed her in. A shirt tail isn't a bit more use to a man than a third hand, and yet, there it is, a foot and a half of it. That thing should have been cut off and buttons put on it like a little boy's shirt waist. But we have worn that foot and a half ever

since, as a part of our inheritance tax, and it serves no useful purpose except to give us this balloon tire effect in the center. Those are but the surface, trifling indications of things which we have inherited from our ancestors.

There are some other things which we have inherited which are not half so funny or half so nice. Through all those ages of which I have been speaking to you, men were selfish—every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, every man fighting for what he saw, regardless of whether he was entitled to it, or not. Through all those ages might made right, and you and I and every one of us as a part of our inheritance tax have, down deep in our make-up, inherited selfishness. If we are made up of the inherited traits of our ancestors then our children are going to be made up of some of our inherited traits. Are we passing on to them the selfishness which we inherited, or are we going to pass on down to them some of the principles of this wonderful organization? You can take all of these reports, all of this work, and everything that we are doing, boil them all down into that little Golden Rule and it covers them all—the essence of unselfishness. And if we, as **Kiwanians** make the impression on this age that we are trying to make, then some day its historians will say that our influence on this day and this age was to give to our children and our children's children a little less of that selfishness which has been so characteristic of the ages which have preceded us.

I sometimes think, although Kiwanis has been going on for ten years,

that we lose some of our enthusiasm, that we do this work almost mechanically.

In East India there is a legend that Buddha once lived on earth as a man and that during those times one night he was overtaken by a storm and sought shelter in the humble hut of a fisherman who took care of him, gave him his supper, gave him a bed, gave him his breakfast, with no knowledge whatever of who his guest was. In the morning before he departed, the great Buddha said to him, "I am the great Buddha. You have been kind. You have been unselfish to me, and I will grant you any wish you may make." The man, being poor, of course asked for gold. The Great Buddha told him that gold suddenly acquired without effort was a curse and not a blessing. He would give him the gold, but he would also give him a method of earning it. He told him that in the little horseshoe curved beach in front of his house was a pebble which, if he would touch it to iron, would transmute the iron to gold.

This East Indian wore an iron bracelet on his wrist. He started that morning in his search of this pebble beginning way up at one end of the beach, picking up pebble after pebble and touching it to the iron and throwing it into the sea so he would not get it again. He worked on up until noon picking up the pebbles and touching the bracelet, until by noon he got a crick in his neck. The sun was not. The perspiration poured down, and after a while this motion became mechanical, and directly he looked down and the bracelet had turned to gold and the pebble had been tossed into the sea. I some-

times think that when we do our Kiwanis work in such a mechanical sort of way just over and over as a matter of rote that we are liable to lose the real gold of the service that we are rendering because we have ceased to enjoy it and it has become a task.

When men say to me, "I am not so much interested in anything outside of my own town," they give me the idea that there is a certain amount of selfishness there. And yet I never tell them so. If each Kiwanis club functioned in the town where it lives then every town would be taken care of and we would not need to worry so much about the outside.

Just one more thought. A little child lived high up on the side of a mountain. On that mountain-side it looked always from its infancy across to the opposite slope where there was a house, which on sunny mornings had perfectly golden windows when the sun struck them. This child had learned to speak of the house across on the other mountain-side as the house with the golden windows and always dreamed of the day when it could go over and see those wonderful golden windows. It grew up, became stronger, and eventually started from this house to go over and see the house with the golden windows. It started in the early morning, climbed down the side of the mountain, scratching its hands and tearing its clothes until it came to the stream in the valley, where it got wet; up that side of the mountain, and eventually came to a house. And there were no golden windows there. It went into the house and asked another child if it could tell him where the house with the golden windows

was. The child said, "Certainly, come out on the verandah and I will show it to you." He took this child out on the verandah and pointing back at his home where the rays of the sun were striking on his windows, said "There is the house with the golden windows. I have always wanted to go to it."

Oftentimes in our lives we do struggle and fight and work and tear our hands getting away off yonder somewhere to something that looks so good to us, only to find that the opportunity for service we left at home. If we get a careful survey of the town in which we live, if we look there for service as Kiwanians almost invariably we can find it just as easily as we can work for something away over on the other side of the world, away over on that other mountain peak where things look so much better to us.

Randall Caton from down in Wash-

ington tells the story of an old professor in a college who sometimes became a bit long-winded. One morning he said to one of his boys, "Jones, I don't mind your looking at your watch, but I do object to your putting it to your ear to see if it is still going." I saw a man looking at his watch, so I am going to give you just one little fragment of poetry and then I am going to stop.

The little fragment of poetry is this:

"If your nose is close to the grindstone rough

And you keep it down there long enough,

You will soon forget there are such things

As a brook which babbles and a bird which sings.

Three things your whole world will compose,

Yourself, the stone, and your blamed old nose."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The flags which have been used during the past several months were replaced by some new ones recently.

Letter writing day came around again several days ago. All the boys were glad to write a letter to their home-folks.

Lawrence Vaughn and T. L. Jackson, members of the eleventh and the second cottages were given positions in the print shop recently. We hope they will succeed in making good printers.

A number of boys have been hauling dirt to the ball ground to fill in the small gullies in the "little diamond." This will make it have a great deal better appearance; it will also make it better for the player to play on .

A bird which was picked up by Ray Hatley, one of the dairy-force boys recently was thought to be a sea-gull. It is not known how the bird came to be so far from the coast, but he was here. This is the second bird that has been picked up,

and that has also aroused much curiosity during the past several months.

The following boys: Walter Evers, Otis Dhue, Claude Evans, Herman Goodman, Clyde Pearce, Zeb Trexler, Brantley Pridgen, Luther Mason, Charles Almond and Jesse Rosse were paroled by Supt. Boger during the past week.

“Water-melons! Gee, but we all like ‘em.” The boys had all the watermelon they could eat last Thursday and last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Morris has sent in some fine watermelons this season. We all say that he “knows his stuff” on growing these watermelons. These watermelons are the best we have had in a good while. Thursday dinner the boys were served ice-cream for their dessert. That night all the boys saw a good moving picture show in the auditorium.

The “junior team” lost to the visiting team, Franklin Mill by the score of 4 to 2, after a seven inning battle. Wade and Massey were the battery for the locals. This victory for the Franklin Mill juniors “evens it up.” In their last game the School boys defeated them by the score of 25 to 0. The score for last Saturday’s game:

	R	H	E
J. T. S.	1 0 0	0 0 1	0— 2 4 7
Franklin M	0 0 0	3 0 0	1— 4 2 3

The Training School lost to the Harrisburg team last Saturday afternoon, after playing hard, trying to score runs, until the last of the eighth. Stafford pitching for the

visitors twirled a very good game. Hobby scored the first run in the first half of the Training School’s inning. The visitors then pounded out the ball during the preceeding innings and scored three runs. The School didn’t put another run over the plate until the last of the fifth, the score then being 3 to 2. Russell, the local pitcher was removed from the mound in the eighth, after doing some fine pitching, he swapped positions with White, our second baseman. White took his place on the mound and struck out the first three men that came to the plate. The game was called at the last half of the eighth because of rain. Good playing was done by both teams. The score.

	R	H	E
J. T. S.	1 0 0	0 1 0	0 0—2 3 6
Harrisburg	0 0 3	0 0 1	0 2—6 5 2

Two base hits: Verbal. Three base hits: Davis E. Stolen bases: Davis J. 2, Hobby 2, Brown, White. Hit by pitcher (Russell) Stafford.

“The Giving of Manna,” was the subject of last Sunday’s lesson. In this lesson it tells how the Israelites began murmuring to Moses, asking him where their food was coming from. Moses told them that the Lord was still with them, that He would give them flesh in the evening and give them bread in the morning. The Israelites did not know of “manna.”

***When the dew arose the next morning, upon the face of the wilderness there lay the manna, but the children of Israel did not know what it was. Moses told them that God had commanded them to gather it everyone according to what he could eat. They did this, and after they did mete it, there was none to little,

nor none too much. When they tried to keep it over until the next day it had worms in it and was not fit to eat. But when they gathered it for Sunday, the manna did not have worms in it nor did it stink. The children of Israel ate this manna for forty years, until they came to the borders of Canaan. The golden text for this lesson was: "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life." —John 6:35.

Dr. W. C. Alexander, pastor of the Leavenworth Presbyterian Church, of Nashville Tenn., conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for his Scripture lesson the one-hundred and nineteenth Psalm. He told the boys about the life of Daniel Boone, and how to make the weakest places, the strongest of all. Boone as all you boys know liked hunting. He went into Kentucky and built a fort which was named after him, Fort Boone, at Boonesboro. One day when Boone and a few of his men were out hunting he was captured by some Indians. They carried him into Canada***** he was finally taken into the tribe as a brother. His hair was pulled out one by one, leaving only a scalplock. He was the hunter for the tribe*** One day news came that the people were getting discouraged at the fort from whence Boone came, and the timbers that protected it was rot-

tening, especially at one place, where they were planning to attack. One place is so rotten that all we have to do is to rush in, and the fort will be in our hands. Boone heard this and thought of his wife and children back there in the fort. He ran away from the camp, going straight on the route to his fort. When he arrived at the fort, his fellowmen didn't believe that he was their long lost leader. His wife at last recognized him. (Boone was then painted, his hair was all gone except his scalplock, making him look like an Indian. That is the reason that the people at the fort didn't believe that his name was Boone at first). Boone went to the place where the Indians said the weakest place was, and made it the strongest place in the whole fort. He also repaired the other places in the fort, getting ready for the attack. At last the war-cry of the Indians was heard and they at once rushed to what they thought was the weakest place in the whole fort. But Boone had beat them to it. The fire of the men soon drove the Indians off in defeat. Boone had won. He had made the "weakest place, the strongest." All you boys ought to do this, make the "weakest thing in your life that is holding you back the strongest to keep going forward with." This talk to the boys by Dr. Alexander was very interesting. His talk was enjoyed by everyone present.

Mother—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?"

Boy—"Yes'm."

Mother—"How did that happen?"

Boy—"Got too many z's in scissors."

MID-SUMMER EXCURSIONS TO VIRGINIA

VIA

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FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1926

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TO

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Concord, N. C.

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Charlotte, N. C.

THE

UPLIFT

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VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 21, 1926

No. 38

WHAT'S YOURS?

It has been my observation that there are only three types of men in the world. The first is the kind you have to tell to do a thing once and you bet your life it will be done. The second are those that you have to tell to do a thing three or four times, and it is likely that it will not be done. The third class is that great business producing, creative lot of men who don't have to be told at all. They know what to do and go ahead and do it.

To which to you belong, Mr. Reader?

—Old Hurrygraph.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

THE LITTLE TRAIL TO BEING FRIENDS.

*The little trail to being friends
Is one that never, never ends.
Upon it you may travel far
To where the nicest places are!
It holds for you great vistas fair,
And sunlit fields and fragrant air,
And better views around the bends;
The little trail to being friends.*

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

* * * * *

PRAYER AT A BUSINESS CONFERENCE.

At a recent meeting held at Albany, New York, of the Second New York District of the United Typothetae of America, an opening prayer was offered by Mr. James Clapham, an old retired printer, which was said to be the keynote of the convention. His invocation was:

“O God, Creator and preserver of the universe, we invoke Thy blessing upon this assembly. May we who have been created in Thine own image recognize our responsibility and be careful that we do not lose or mar that likeness. Thy words tells us that righteousness exalteth a nation; may we take that righteousness into our business, so that lying and shady practices cease, and men live together as brethren in peace and unity. We thank Thee for the spirit of fellowship and co-operation which this organization has

been made to foster; may her influence grow until all members of the industry recognize their dependence upon each other and upon Thee, and work together so that our craft, which has done so much for uplift, education and beauty may soon reach the position to which we believe Thou wouldst have her attain.

“May we use the reason and the common sense with which Thou has endowed us, putting away jealousy, envy and distrust, and learn the lesson of co-operation, trust and friendship, considering each other rather than endeavoring to dominate and control.

“We recognize our limitations, O God, therefore may we trust in Thee more completely, and endeavor in our daily actions to observe the Golden Rule as taught by Thy Son.

“Again we ask Thy blessing and benediction upon all who bring the messages and also upon all who hear them, and may the influence of this gathering be such as shall lift business to a higher plane both in thought and action. Amen.”

How things have changed since the old days. Years ago prayer seemed to have been foreign to the nature of printers—very few were particular about manifesting any degree of piety.

The foregoing beautiful and appropriate prayer, so fitting in thought and sentiment to the business in hand, indicates that business men are more and more seeking God’s blessing and guidance.

* * * * *

EMPTY ROOMS.

A wise proverb, very old, from Chinese lore, says, “In a palace there are many empty rooms.” No explanation of these words is made; perhaps none is needed. Palaces are often more for show than use. They express the inordinate desire for display and set forth the power of wealth or royalty to do great things. Palaces soon deteriorate in utility, because the persons for whom they were erected change, move or die. Others may have wealth enough, or royalty enough to maintain the palace, but for the most part these later ones want a new palace or a changed one. Rooms intended for this or that are found unsuited for the succeeding generations and often are left unoccupied. The palace is too big for all of it to be of practical value. Rooms in abundance, but many of them empty, is the condition cited in the proverb.

Every life is a palace, carefully designed, erected at great cost, royally

permitted. Its purpose is to have every room usable and used. No part of life is merely for display; it is all for occupancy. There is the mind room and the feeling room and the word room and the kindness room and the companionship room and the worship room and the service room—rooms for everything that man and God can need. Each life has a key to each room and can keep the rooms open or closed, if opened the rooms will be filled, if closed they will be empty. The saddest state in a life is the closed rooms, hence the empty rooms. Shut the mind room and it soon empties of thoughts and becomes a useless thing. Close up the feeling room and pity and sympathy and pleasure and worship depart. Turn the key to the companionship room and associates, acquaintances, friends slip away. Empty rooms in the life palace! What can be done about it? The rooms are not too many but just enough. They must not be torn away, for the palace must retain all of them. The answer is easy: keep the rooms open and see to it that they are occupied, as God intends, and life will become more and more a palace beautiful, useful, and unmarred by empty rooms.

—Selected.

* * * * *

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

It used to be, says an observant writer, that we had no difficulty in naming the seven wonders of the world—the pyramids, the Colossus, the hanging gardens, the temple at Ephesus, and the like. But as you think of them you discover that they represent the creative genius of man in the realm of the material. They do not have much to do with persons, or the benefits they bring to humanity. They emphasized the huge and the beautiful in the physical world. We still talk of the colossal, the skyscraper, the longest bridge and the largest engine ever built; but we are coming more and more to speak of the agencies that relieve human suffering, that open up avenues of personal service, that promote educational methods and standards, and advance international good-will,—the telephone, radio, anaesthetic, electrical light and power, labor-saving devices, institutions of learning, surgical skill, the multiplied modern comforts of living. The change of emphasis from the mere physical wonders of those things which minister to the happiness and well-being of mankind records a measure of progress that is to the credit of the last several generations. The individual who sets out to render service to his fellows makes a far larger contribution to the world than he who astonishes us by his skillful workmanship

in the materials of earth, however useful the latter may be. The merely massive has engaged our attention too long; let us now, in this day of newly discovered intellectual and spiritual forces, center our thought on that which is useful.

* * * * *

BABIES TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

The Catch-All Column, which Eugene Ashcraft runs in his Monroe Enquirer, is an out-spoken institution. It is readable, and with it all a lot of old horse-sense bobs up. In a recent issue this appeared:

“In looking over the files of The Enquirer of the year 1900 I was amazed to see the number of deaths of infants here in Union county. And these death notices are ended about alike, “the baby was especially bright and attractive and its parents have the sympathy of the entire community.”

“I remember the late Dr. Watt Ashcraft once made the remark: “If a child has clean milk and the flies kept away, about the only way a baby can be killed is to hit him over the head with a club. Which was another way to express the idea that a child is happy and healthy when it gets proper treatment.”

Pity the child that has a mother, who raises her children by a little book. You see precious little souls being perished by following the new-fangled book outlines for rearing babies; and on the other hand carelessness among some mothers permits their babies to stick any old thing in their mouths—even coca cola.

The doctor quoted is rather extreme, but he is nearer right than wrong. The Uplift has seen quite a number of examples of motherly and fatherly carelessness in the care of children.

* * * * *

A NEW WRINKLE.

Throughout the trial of Cranford in Stanly county this “whispering to the stenographer” was resorted to.

“Whisper it to the stenographer” is a new and novel procedure in the trial of cases in the Superior court. When did stenographers come to have greater rights than juries.

* * * * *

A ride through two Piedmont counties, Cabarrus one of them, will convince that the cotton crop with its fine weed is calculated to make the shade farmers and the cotton reporters put a high estimate on the probable out-

come. But it is a fact that in these two counties, if not others in the state, the fruitage is very limited. The glorious reports sent the government have just one effect: the hammering of the prices, and the farmer has to suffer the results. If the general average of the cotton prospects in the cotton belt is no better than in Cabarrus there is no fourteen million crop possible.

* * * * *

The Kinston out-of-town reporter is a genius—a cheerful one. How he saved a crowd from a sinking boat near Morehead is a classic. The next day he discovered that horses in his neighborhood die, standing and remain standing after the demise. Wonderful fellow is that Kinston reporter, who a few days ago caught rabbits in the act of chewing tobacco in the fields.

* * * * *

Can you think of anything worthier or nobler than making it possible for the worthy poor to have surgical and hospital treatment. They are in our midst: some are known, many eke out a terrible existence because of modesty or timidity in asking aid. The great majority of these could be restored to health and usefulness were the simple, humane and logical thing done by our people: the establishment of a Public Hospital. While in health and prosperity, let us not forget the unfortunate—conditions may get reversed, positions may exchange and then we will know to our sorrow the hurt that is the lot of the unfortunate sick.

* * * * *

Scientists have been doing some more discovering. They proclaim that the bald-headed folks are the furthest removed from the source that evolutionists assign to man. Whoever heard of a bald-headed monkey? That's their theory. See the article from the Presbyterian Standard. In this theory Dr. Poteat, Judge Oglesby, Luther Hartsell, Jr., Dr. Pike and Bob Benson (before the wig-days set in) may rejoice; but it's hard on our friends, Clyde Hoey, R. O. Everett and many other who sport wonderful and becoming suites of hair.

* * * * *

Hon. Josephus Daniels preached at the university Summer School on last Sunday. He preached for and at the audience. He made clear his lack of appreciation of the work of the Modernists. "Modern thinkers," said he, "have stricken sin out of the dictionary and the Bible and have

THE UPLIFT

substituted for it some vague word that makes the sinner a helpless victim of conditions beyond his control." That was a good place for such sound utterances.

* * * * *

AN AUNT.

Of all our folks, of all the rest,
Of course, a mother is the best,
And then a father, I suppose,
Then all the folks a fellow knows.
One person more should not be passed
(I sort of hate to put her last):
Another relative you want,
And ought to have, and that's an aunt.

She dosen't seem to think that boys
Can get along without a noise,
In fact she dosen't speak to you,
I guess, as much as mothers do.
And then she dosen't seem to care
What waists you rip, what pants you tear.
Of course, she dosen't have to buy
Your clothes—I guess that's maybe why.

She isn't quite your mother, no,
And yet she's like a mother, though,
And cakes can make, and puddings stir,
Can nearly cook as well as her.
She lets you sleep till half past eight,
And dosen't scold because it's late,
But makes you just the nicest toast;
She's like your mother is—almost.

—James Hay, Jr.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is noted in the events of this discriminating old world that medalers are not the ones that generally get the medals.

That old saw, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is all right; and it has long since been overworked. The question is, is his work worthy of his hire? That's the milk in the coconut, and its pretty good milk.

It sometimes happens that a man fails to accomplish anything worthwhile because he is too busy criticizing the doings of others.

Behind success-doing there must be success-thinking. Things do not happen just so. You must first have faith in yourself, and then faith in what you do. Babe Ruth and Kenneth Williams are not "lucky" when they hit so many home runs—they do the things that result in success. Think success; do successful things; and success will be yours.

It is a trueism that times change and people change with them. Some fifty years ago no one ever heard a woman tell a barber that her hair was all right in front but she didn't like the way it was trimmed behind. Or last night I got station X U B C on my hetrogeranium. Or nobody interrupted you for a word of six letters, meaning a musical instrument used by the natives of the Archipelago islands. Or "By George, its a flat tire; and I'm out of gas." Or some mother saying, "Zaphanta, pull

down your skirt and don't cross your knees that way." Haven't we changed wonderfully?

You just start out to pay as you go, by heck, you'll get home way ahead of the rest of the crowd.

A rather new rural mail carrier came rushing into town a few days ago, with his horse panting lustily for breath, and he himself in a great state of rather undue excitement. When questioned as to his seeming haste he said he had several letters in his pouch marked, "In haste," and he was doing his duty in hastening them in.

Just suppose that every man was required to issue a statement as to his financial standing periodically, like the banks do quarterly, wouldn't there be some big surprises in social circles? I think so. And some who are financially standing would have sit down, and others who are "setting tight" would have to rise and stand.

Several strangers were walking about the city, the other day, and stopped at a certain residence admiring its beauty and surroundings. Mrs. Banks, viewing them from her window, afterwards told a neighbor that she "believed that house would be robbed sooner or later," as she had seen some men eyeing the place "mighty 'muspiciously'."

After a good deal of discussing,

pro and con, explanations and claims, the Weather Bureau has decided that there is no certain way to make it rain. There may not be but having a picnic; and going out in a thin suit of clothes, without an umbrella, helps a whole lot to bring on a shower.

A boy got on a bus, in the forepart of a sweltering hot afternoon, loaded down with mitt, ball, and mask. "Isn't it too hot to play baseball?" he was asked by Miss Lorena Garrard. His reply was: "Lady, it's not so hot if you jes don't think about it." That boy had good philosophy for hot weather. When you are deeply interested in what you are doing, you are mighty apt to forget all about the sudoriferousness of the weather.

Success may come from many things, but you will never find a true success without courage; the second wind that keeps man in the race when his fellows are dropping out. That is courage.

Any body can catch small fish, in the small streams. I catch them sometimes myself. It takes a fisherman to capture the healthy trout, drumhead and tarpoon and like inhabitants of deep waters. Some fish, like human beings, simply can't stay out of trouble. They'll nibble at any anaemic worm that happens to wink at them. Their days usually come to an early close at the business end of an amateur fisherman's hook. The story is different with the big, game, sophisticated fish. It takes a skillful fisherman with much experience to capture them. After all some hu-

man beings are very much like fish; some can easily be caught on anything; and it takes hard work to catch others. Then, too it depends a great deal on the bait you use in catching human fish.

Lady Astor, Virginia born, first woman member of the British parliament; maiden name Langhorne—one of the celebrated beauties by that name once resident of Richmond—is now in this county for a season of rest and quietness from home and public duties. She is spending a while with her brother-in-law, Charles Dana Gibson, at his summer home at Dark Harbor, Maine. Alphonsus Cobb, of this city, told me that when he was a small boy he played many a day with Lady Astor, who was then a very young girl. The two families lived very near each other in Richmond, Va.; in fact the houses were nearly opposite each other. "Fonney" says the little "Lady" was one of the biggest ("boys") among the youngsters in that day.

Some people like music; and some get grouchy when they hear some people play. It is told that a wife, after the company had left, stormed out at her husband: "You make me so angry! Why do you insist on sitting on the piano stool all evening Everybody knows you can't play a note." "Neither can anybody else while I'M sitting there," explained the docile husband placidly.

People talk about banking, and they think in terms of money when they so converse. But money isn't the only thing to bank. The coin of

the realm is essential in all enterprises and affairs of life. But no amount of coin in itself can guarantee success. Money is a representation of thrift. It has a personality. An old proverb says: "Money gets money." This is not always true. I have known people to lose money, and lose it pretty fast. It's the character of the man who handles your money that makes it safely productive. Some folks have been able to do a big business a small capital. They had small accounts in banks, but they banked heavily on friendship and good will. After all, these are assets above gold standard. And right here is a good place for people to bank if they will. Integrity and downright worth are the items that pull one through. Many a money bankrupt has done business on good

will and ultimately won everything cataloged as success.

—

A liar is said to be a man who neglects to set up a partition between his information and his imagination. Can you give a better definition than that?

—

Isn't it a singular and a remarkable fact for eight months congress discussed and 'cussed the problem of farm relief and got nowhere in all the time consumed and the expense of the debates. Then congress adjourned and went home. Within three weeks after the congressional agitation ceased wheat had advanced 13 cents and corn 9 cents a bushel. I present these facts and figures. You can draw your own conclusion. I've drawn mine.

SLANDERING YOUTH.

(News and Observer).

There are three kinds of liars—the liar, the d——d liar, and the statistician. The Philadelphia man who said "it has been proven that 64 per cent of the young people are dishonest" has been deceived by the statistician. There are no such reliable statistics and such statements are mere slander. The New York Times, which does not believe that youths are dishonest or upworthy, gives this statement made by a young man showing that age needs guidance of youth. He is quoted as saying to another young man:

I'm going over to see father.
He doesn't know I'm coming.
He has planned for me to go to

college this Fall. He's told me that he wants me to have a good time; says he wants me to have the things he missed. But since he's been in Europe I've been looking into things at the office. Heads of departments that father thinks are taking three weeks' vacation are taking six. Father plans to live in Europe most of the time. I don't like the looks of things at the office, and I'm going over to tell father that I'm not going to college. I'm going to work.

There are lots more young men of this type than that so-called statistician would have us believe.

THIS REPORTER WINS CUP.

(Asheville Citizen).

"The ladies kept their heads and were every bit as cool as the men," said Larry Smith, of Kinston, telling of the narrow escape ten persons had a mile off shore Sunday night when the launch, Virginia Dare went down.

"There were no screams," said Mr. Smith, continuing his account of the harrowing experience. "When the craft went down we found ourselves in water more than 60 feet deep and a mile from the shore. We paddled toward the shore, the swimmers assisting those who could not help themselves. I don't know what time we reached the beach. It was long after dark. A stopped watch indicated that we went into the water at 7:17 p. m.

"The water was not cold. At least it was not to me. It was an odd predicament to be in. Ten persons in the ocean, all either cool as cucumbers or manfully concealing their fears. Captain Gutherie said we swam a mile and a half. The tide was at flood, and that helped us, though it drifted us slightly off the direct course at the same time."

It was estimated that the party was in the water at least an hour and a half. Arriving on the shore, they were tired and thirsty. They walked several miles before they could find water. Gutherie had matches under his waterproof hat, and managed to keep them dry. A fire was started.

Gutherie being many hours overdue at his home, his anxious wife had communicated with the Lookout

Coast Guard Station. The surfmen began a search, using searchlights which they played up and down the beach. An hour and a half after midnight a beam picked out the shivering group on the sandy waste some miles from the station, and a minute later a speeding guard boat was headed toward them. The boat was unable to get inshore, so the crew waded ashore and carried the women off in their arms.

"We might have been rescued earlier had we rockets with which to signal the station when we first got in trouble," said Mr. Smith. "But the Virginia Dare was only a pleasure boat and we were a pleasure party, and no one had had a thought of disaster or preparing against it." The rescued party reached Morehead City between 2 and 3 a. m.

Those on board included four Kinston persons, Larry Smith and Miss Venola Woodall. The other passengers were Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Creech, of Kinston; Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Smith, Ayden; Emmerson Wetherington, understood to reside at Ayden and a Miss Jackson. The craft was manned by a boatman named Gutherie, of Moorehead City, and his young son.

The Virginia Dare started leaking at a point some distance from the bar. The pump could not be brought into play or proved inadequate. The boat continued to settle in the water. All on board donned life preservers. Nine were equipped with cork belts and one with a device of another sort. Two of the women were unable to swim.

POINTS OUT DEFECTS.

Seven definite defects in the financial management of county affairs, and definite recommendations as to how to remedy these defects were presented yesterday to the State association of county commissioners in annual convention at Morehead City by the commission on county government named a year ago by Governor A. W. McLean to make a study of county government in North Carolina. The first suggestion made as to necessary changes to enable the counties to improve their methods of administration is to have the board of county commissioners elected for a longer term than two years, and to have them so elected that only one or two will retire in any given year, thus preserving the continuity of business management. The commission found that the principal defects in county government existed in the fiscal year administration, and its report dealt with this phase of the situation. Other recommendations are:

1.—Employment of a county business manager, selected by the board of county commissioners, at a salary fixed by them, to be in full charge of the county's financial affairs.

2.—Creation of the office of supervisor of taxables, selected and salary fixed by county commissioners, to keep an up-to-date record of all sources of revenue and to inspect property in all sections of the county to note improvement or depreciation, and other similar duties.

3.—Employment of a tax collector selected and salary fixed by the board of county commissioners, with

power to select his assistants. He may be the sheriff or an entirely separate individual, whose duty it shall be to collect the county revenue from all sources.

5.—Employment of an auditor, purchasing agent and treasurer, selected and salaries fixed by the board of county commissioners to have full charge of their respective departments.

6.—Employment of a custodian of physical property. He may be a member of the board of commissioners or a separate employee.

It was also recommended that the register of deeds, sheriff and clerk of court be elected as at present, and that the offices of surveyor and coroner be abolished their duties to be performed by some person employed by the commission when necessary. Recommendation was also made that the several boards, such as the board of education, board of health, etc. should be required to report annually to the county commissioners on how money appropriated to each had been spent and what service had been performed as a result. No change is recommended in the present county machinery for the preservation of law and order.

Concerning the relation of the state to the county government, five recommendations are made as follows:

1.—That the General Assembly should make it possible to statute for any county to adopt and maintain an improved form of local government, suitable to the needs of the county.

2.—That the General Assembly adopt a policy of prohibiting an indi-

vidual member of the legislature from interfering with the government of his county, unless it shall appear that the change is demanded by the entire people of the county and is in the interest of better local government.

3.—That the General Assembly should set up a state department of finance and accounting to aid the counties in instituting better fiscal methods.

4.—That the General Assembly should provide for the preparation of

a code of county government law and a manual on county government for the aid of county officials in carrying out the law and safe guarding the county.

5.—It was also recommended that the board of county commissioners have the power to discharge any official who violates the principles of the county government, with the provision that the discharged official should have the right to appeal to the superior court.

'PLEASE, MISTER.

There was a story in the New York Sun one time about a man who lost his temper when the horse he was driving was unable to back a heavy load of coal up against the curb of the sidewalk. Soon he became abusive and beat the animal unmercifully. A crowd gathered, and many exclamations of horror and pity were made, but nothing was done to stop the inhuman treatment. Suddenly a small girl of eight year approached the wagon with the plea: "Please, mister," "Well, what yer want?" growled the irate man. "If you'll only stop, I'll get the children all around here, and we'll carry every piece of coal to the manhole and let you rest while we're doing it." The man cast a defiant glance around the crowd but, meeting only pleasant looks, began to soften and soon smiled outright. "Mebbe he did'nt deserve it, but I'm out of sorts today. There goes the whip," he said flinging it down. "And perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him." The crowd swarmed around the cart with a will, and the co-operative effort got the load to the desired spot with one push."—The Sunday School Journal.

EVOLUTION FOUND IN THE HAIR.

(Presbyterian Standard).

As "in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," so in these days, evolution occupies the thoughts of many, and we see traces of it, not only in books and running brooks, but in everything.

As we follow the development of man from the tiny cell, as it is claimed, to some creature of the Simian group, we find that among the products of this evolution, the possession of hair is prominent. Evolution however, is an active agent, wherever the power to act may reside, and it can never become a passive power. We are not standard authority in the marks characterizing our Simian kin, but it is a remarkable fact that we have never seen a bald-headed monkey.

On the contrary, as we grow older we are impressed by the increase of baldness among men.

Whatever be the cause of this paucity of hair we know not. Whether it results from the action of nature's laws, or whether it is the result of the same law that clothed the head of the first animal evolved from some remote cell, we know not.

Reason would suggest that the same law that caused the hidden hair to evolve from the cell to the cranium, would also keep that hair moving, from "its dead self" to higher things and thus leave the head denuded.

However that may be, and, to pursue the subject further, we may land beyond our depth, our conclusion is that baldheadedness must be the mark of a higher product of the evolution-

ary process. So that the baldheaded men, instead of hiding their shining dome, should glory in it, as a proof that they are to that extent removed from their monkey kin.

As a proof of this superiority of the baldheaded man, let us recall those of Scripture.

The Pharaoh of the Exodus, in our imagination was a complex character rather vacillating and not good in promises, yet a stern warrior of martial mien, flowing locks and sinewy frame.

This picture of the imagination was rudely shattered a few years ago when his mummy was found and exhibited.

It is evident that these pictures of the imagination cannot be relied upon.

An English professor describes him as a fat old gentleman with a bald head.

This combination of fat and baldheadedness explains much that has puzzled men. We have never understood this mental activity, in changing from yes to no, and his slowness of pursuit when the Hebrews started from Egypt. The baldhead accounted for his mental activity, and the fat body his sluggish pursuit. Our theory is that baldheaded man is the highest product of evolution.

Absolom was well developed along certain lines, but his lack of baldness was his undoing. The entire history of Israel was thus dependent upon the hair.

Elisha, is one of the great charac-

ters of the Bible, full of energy and humor, which has always endeared him to us.

That he was baldheaded we know from holy writ, and the Lord seemed to favor the baldheaded, when He sent bears to destroy the children that mocked him, because he had no hair.

In the New Testament long-haired men are held up to public shame which proves that baldness was considered more desirable.

We have no account of the apostle's hair—but tradition seems to imply that Peter was partly baldheaded,

at least the early father's cultivated what was known as the Peterine tonsure, which is a baldhead with a narrow fringe of hair growing around the lower edges. Peter was by long odds the most energetic of the apostles, which seems to sustain our contention that the baldheaded man is a higher product of evolution.

This view is confirmed when we recall the leading men of our Church, whether ministers or elders.

Just as long hair is the glory of woman, so short hair is the glory of man, and the shorter the better.

“KEEP TO THE POINT.”

“After one of the noted infidels had concluded one of his infidel lectures in a village in the North of England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said: ‘Sir, I have a question to put to you.’ Well, my good woman, what is it? ‘Ten years ago’, she said, ‘I was left a widow with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction and looking to God for strength I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That’s what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?’ ‘Well my good lady,’ rejoined the lecturer, ‘I don’t want to disturb your comfort, but—’ ‘O that’s not the question,’ interposed the woman; ‘keep to the point, sir.—What has your way of thinking done for you?’ The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again. The feeling of the meeting found vent in uproarious applause, and the skeptic lecturer had to go away discomfited by an old Christian woman.”

—Sunday School Journal.

INVALID CROSSES PEAR AND APPLE.

(Asheville Citizen).

Mrs. R. W. Sales had heard of Luther Burbank, as everybody else had who was interested in growing things and in celebrities, but is wasn't to emulate the great naturalists that she gratified a pear branch and an apple branch and started an orchard on her farm on the Fairveiv Road 35 years ago.

It was a combination of invalidism, interest in gardening, desire to be outdoors, and a more urgent desire to have some fruit trees that made her send the children down in the woods to look for wild apple seedlings, then to get cuttings here and there, until her own farm, the farms of her two daughters and one son, and many of her friends' farms have fruit trees from her grafting and budding, and after 35 years of "puttering about" as she calls it, she can claim the rights on a fruit that is neither a peach nor a plum, but has the blossom of one, the seed of the other, a combination appearance of both, and a leaf that is neither.

The new fruit that Mrs. Sales has brought out of her "puttering" is the result of the budding of a peach on a plum. The peach is a big clearstone, and the plum was a small red goose plum. The new fruit is a large yellow plum, with a peach seed, and breaks open as easily as a clear seed peach. The tree is now about six years old and has been bearing for three years. Mrs. Sales' daughter, Mrs. Haskew Shook, has preserved some of the new fruit, which she calls prunes and her hus-

band calls apricots, and which Mrs Sales declines to name.

During the 30 or 35 years of invalidism Mrs. Sales has grafted and budded about 500 trees some on her own farm, some on the farms of her neighbors just beyond Oaklyn, and, confined to the limits of her own home unless riding, she has developed her interests in other lines besides gardening, among them basketry, and just as she has kept the pear tree that started her orchard many years ago, she has kept the crocheted basket that started her collection.

Crocheted Baskets.

The baskets are crocheted into all shades and sizes, and then shellaced to stiffen them, and although it has not been necessary to earn her living, Mrs. Sales has "amused herself" by going into several businesses.

"You just can't sit still and do nothing, you know," Mrs. Sales says while she walks slowly about her orchard and garden, "It's not natural. I had to do something."

Her "doing something" has resulted in the making of three complete orchards.

It is the outdoors that appeals to this lady, too. When she was first married and lived "across the creek" she made friends with the animals on the farm and began to collect cats. Now she has nine and the remains of her best, but most peculiar friend, a terrapin, repose on the mantle in the living room.

The terrapin also nameless, was dozing beside the creek one day when

Mrs. Sales came along and found him. She scratched the date and her initials on his back—about all the printed matter he could handle for his size, and turned him loose. The date that she put on was 1891.

A few years later she moved across the creek and one day found the terrapin again. He had crossed over and come to see her. Having grown a bit larger he could carry another date, so she cut 1899 and let him go. At intervals of several years until 1924 she cut the dates, and in 1924

her husband found him frozen to death in the cow path. The shell of the terrapin, faithful soul that he was, was taken in by Mrs. Sales and has now found a resting place that he evidently debated over for thirty-three years.

The new fruit, which is still waiting for a name, and which might, at the suggestion of a visitor in the Citizen office be called a "Pleach," is just ripening, and the tree is loaded this year.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FLEA-BITES.

(Asheville Citizen).

In his long struggle up from the cave of his troglodyte ancestors man has, fortunately for himself, not been without companions. The darkness of the night before the dawn of history would have been unbearable if he had to go through it alone, and so it is that in all countries that we know anything about we find that Mother Nature has given him the dog to go by his side and share with him the trials and tribulations of existence. Cat-lovers will protest that useful and coquettish animal deserves equality high rank among man's friends, and we will not quarrel with her defenders. We grant the cat her right to be heard: in Egypt she was even worshipped as a deity, and the Cat of Bubastes has been honored in both fact and fable. The dog perhaps covers more territory, but no one will deny the cat's influence for good over unruly man. Be that, however, as it may, both dog and cat are secure in their

pride of place, but it is pertinent to our present purpose to call attention to the fact that man has had another companion without whose aid it is doubtful that he would have reached the exalted position from which he now surveys all creation.

We refer of course to the flea. Even at this day the owner of a cat or a dog has at least a vicarious knowledge of fleas, but what is perhaps not so generally appreciated is the importance of that gregarious insect in the mental, moral and material development of man. Primitive man left to himself, was but a sluggish creature. His cat was content to doze by the fire when she had nothing more urgent on her mind, the flattering and sycophantic dog was and is a follower rather than a leader, and while between them they helped their host to cultivate the social amenities they did very little to recall to him the eternal necessity to be up and doing. This role was

reserved to the flea. Waking or sleeping he gave man no rest and played the part of conscience pending the spiritual awakening of the human race. Did man think to take his ease, to lie in bed when he ought to be out hustling for his family's food and clothes the flea was there to see that he did no such thing, and it is to a simple flea-bite often repeated that we owe that primal restlessness which has led man to conquer the world. A flea-bite now passes as a synonym for a trivial thing, a matter of no moment, but in the beginning of history it was something

quite different. Without it to spur him on man would never have gotten to where he is, and, to his credit be it said, he is not entirely forgotten his debt to the flea. Like a fly embedded in amber we may still see that recognition preserved in some of our more ancient turns of speech, as, for instance, when we speak of a horse's color being a flea-bitten grey. For such a color, we understand the expression, means nothing more than a grey flecked with certain fugitive marks of red wherein man still shyly recognizes the sign-manual of his little friend.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

FAILINGS OF THE GREAT.

(Shelby Star).

It has become quite common of late for authors and critics to dig into the private lives of great men, with a view to exposing their human fraailties. There can be no particular objection to this, so long as it is not attempted to betitle the service these men have rendered to mankind.

Every man and woman has certain defects of character, and this haas always been so. It is a further fact that some of those who have contributed most to civilization have been guilty of moral offenses which would sternly condemned today.

As a matter of history many of the world's greatest leaders have led reprehensible private lives, as mea-

sured by commonly accepted standards. It even may be asserted that in the case of the very highest types of genius this has been the rule rather than the exception.

But in estimaating the permanent place which should be accorded men in the esteem of the world, only the service which they rendered to humanity should be considered. A recent writer well expresses this idea, thus:

“Every leader must be tested not by his private conduct, but by his public behavior. Did he serve well his day and generation? If he did, all else will be forgiven and forgotten.”

THE SPIRIT OF A HOME.

(Asheville Citizen).

This dedication, which Arthur Gleason wrote upon building his home carries a noble message to all the husbands and wives who hope, as he did to make the spirit of their home a fine influence upon themselves and their friends:

This home is dedicated to good will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a power higher than they. They desire to be worthy of their high calling as ministers of that grace.

They know their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. They cannot permit so much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice.

Those who come seeking to continue the harmony these two have won are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have already learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome, for it brings the joy which these two would learn. Age is welcome, for it will teach them tenderness."

That, brief as it is, touches all the hopes and fears of those who establish homes. There is in it the average person's trust in love as the source of all worth-while happiness, his unceasing contrivings to repulse the enemies of this love, his eagerness to learn all the ways there may be of buttressing and protecting it against the countless things which threaten its very life.

Man is forever striving after good will, to make his own a powerful agent in the world, to earn and preserve that of others. Discord is his bitterest enemy. If he could have harmony always, to what heights could he not reach? If he can have it always in his home, how mightily armored is he for the battle of life!

So it is that every man should, as Gleason did, guard the portals of his home, repulse from it those who would bring in scorn or malice, and welcome all those who knowing the power and beauty of love enter in as sharers in the happiness of that home, as partakers of the inspiration that dwells for ever within walls unshaken by hates and discords.

RANKIN TALKS.

Dr. W. S. Ranklin formerly of the State Board of Health and now secretary of the Duke Hospital Fund for North and South Carolina, was the guest of honor at an informal luncheon in the dining room of the Hotel Goldsboro Monday evening

from 7 to 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the board of trustees of the Goldsboro Hospital.

Learning that Dr. Ranklin would pass through, W. A. Dees, chairman of the board of trustees of the Goldsboro hospital, made hurried arrange-

ments and invited a limited number of citizens, including the physicians and surgeons and dentists and newspaper men of the city to be the guests of the board of trustees and hear what Dr. Rankin—always an interesting speaker—might have to say.

In the course of his talk he explained that from data gathered, out of a population of 45,000 in Wayne county, an average of 1,000 people were sick in bed every day in the year. This does not include, he said tuberculosis victims who are incapacitated, but not down, nor the helpless cripples. Of this number of 1,000 people in bed about 300 were hospital patients, or belonged in hospitals.

He said that Mr. Duke went thoroughly into all of these facts before he left the major part of his large fortune to hospitals in North and South Carolina, but only to public hospitals that operate through charity and none to private hospitals.

“The Duke Endowment will provide the coming year \$1 per bed for each day for each charity patient who may enter the 52 charity hospitals in North and South Carolina,” said Dr. Rankin, although there was

not quite sufficient funds to give \$1 per bed this year.

In closing his remarks Dr. Rankin asked the question, “Why sickness?” He answered the question in beautiful thought that will probably linger with his intelligent hearers for all time. He cited Bible story of the Good Samaritan to show how one could love his neighbor as himself, and he referred to the blind man to whom Jesus restored his sight and concerning whose affection the people asked Jesus was his sins or that of his parents responsible and His answer, “neither” etc., but that he was born blind that he might glorify His maker in the hour when his sight should be restored.

Dr. Rankin claimed two causes for sickness and felt its effect, and out sympathy may be enkindled in the hearts of well folk who looked upon sickness: First, sin; second, that of sympathy grows love.

So, without sickness there can be no sympathy; without sympathy there can be no reaching out after God.

Dr. Rankin made a splendid short talk and his hearers were completely captivated.

A bather got beyond her depth, and her screams soon brought to the rescue the boatman whose business it was to save anyone in difficulties. A few strokes carried him to the spot, and he reached out a muscular arm to grip the poor girl, who was just about to sink. At this moment her frantic struggles dislodged her bathing cap, which soon floated away, carrying with it, what was more precious, her wig.

“Oh, save my hair,” she cried. “Save my hair!”

“Madam,” replied the gallant rescuer who hauled her into the boat, “I am only a lifesaver, not a hair-restorer.”

SERGEANT JASPER—THE BOY HERO.

By Maude Gardner .

In all the breadth of this great Republic, there is scarcely to be found another town that has been the scene of so many vital events in making the history of the United States as the quaint old city of Charleston on the South Carolina coast. Old relics, monuments, statues and landmarks are now mute but impressive evidence of her glorious toll! And among the names that starred so magnificently on the stage of American history, none is held in greater reverence than that of Sergeant William Jasper, whose story Charlestonians never tire in telling.

He was just an unlearned Irish lad, but on East Battery, one of the Charleston's most beautiful show places, stands a bronze statue to his memory—the figure of a Continental soldier, that gazes seaward across the harbor, his right hand pointing to a flag fixed on a sponge staff. The base of the pedestal contains a battle scene representing Sergeant Jasper in the act of mounting the ramparts with the rescued flag.

Our memories hark backward to that memorable day of June 28, 1776, when the hitherto unknown Irish youth covered himself with glory. It was a trying time for the struggling Americans. Their supply of ammunition was so scarce that the windows of the dwelling houses of Charleston were stripped of their weights to supply the great need of the American musketry with bullets, and the allotment of powder was so small that they knew that the greatest economy must be used in its expenditure. On

a little island set in the blue waters of the Charleston harbor was the crude fort built of palmetto logs, laid in parallel rows, sixteen feet apart and filled in between the rows with sand. With smiles of derision and scorn the British officers, from their well-equipped ships, looked at this rudely built fort. It would be mere child's play to overcome it, they thought—they with their shipload of guns and ammunition against a little band of men with only twenty-five or thirty guns and such a meagre supply of ammunition. But their derisive smiles were changed to looks of surprise as the incessant shower of balls from the well-aimed American guns began to rake the decks of their ship, while the balls from their own guns went over the fort or else sank into the soft palmetto logs.

In the thickest of the fight, the staff of the American flag was struck and it tottered and fell, carrying with it the flag which stood to the little band of struggling Colonists as a symbol of the cause for which they fought. And there it lay—the evanescent flag—on the beach in front of the fort and no one volunteered to replace it. There were older men in the company—ardent patriots who loved their country, but who dared not, amid the torrent of shells from the enemy's ship, risk their lives to restore their beloved flag, and thus it was left to a mere boy, the simple, unlearned, Irish sergeant, who, seeing that no one volunteered, looked into his commander's face, his eyes shining with courage and patriotism

as he said:

“Colonel Moultrie, don’t let us fight without a flag.”

And with bullets whizzing all about him, William Jasper leaped down outside the parapet, passed along the entire front of the fort, seized the flag, attached it to a sponge staff, and, remounting the rampart, deliberately fixed it in position again. This act of heroism by a beardless youth inspired the men to renewed and persistent efforts and crowned them with victory, thus securing the first decisive defeat of the combined British navy and army during the Revolutionary War.

As an appreciation of his heroic deed, a lieutenant’s commission was offered to Sergeant Jasper, but this he modestly declined by saying that his lack of education unfitted him for a higher position than that which he held. What a proof of unselfish, patriotic devotion!

Three years later at the siege of

Savannah, Ga., the flags of France and Carolina were planted side by side on the parapet, and again the flag that Jasper revered was shot away, and the young hero of Fort Moultrie in attempting to repeat his former act of gallantry, was shot as he regained the rampart, and fell back, dying, with the colors for which he had given his life clasped to his heart. With the fall of Charleston this flag was taken by the British officers, and when the war was over, they carried it to England with them and it is said to be now in the tower of London.

In all the school histories of the United States, a brief sketch of Sergeant Jasper is to be found, but in South Carolina and Georgia, especially, his memory is kept in grateful remembrance, and each generation tells to their children the story of the brave Irish lad who gave his life for the flag of his country.

BARNUM PREACHED.

By T. W. Kendall.

Add to the accomplishment and multitudinous adventures of the late P. T. Barnum the fact that at one time in his life he occupied the pulpit and sprinkle the addition with a strictly Tar Heel flavor by the appendage of a footnote stating this his sole venture in the pulpit was made on Tar Heel soil.

On a Sunday morning in the late summer of 1836, Barnum preached a sermon before the congregation of the Rocky Mount Falls Primitive Baptist church, located at the Falls

of the Tar river just beyond the present Rocky Mount mills village and on the site where the village of Rocky Mount originally stood prior to its shifting southward to its present location. The sermon is authenticated by Barnum’s own declaration as he devotes several paragraphs to it in his autobiography.

Elephant Hole.

Naturally no one is alive at the present day to give firsthand impressions of the pulpit declarations of the circus king, at that time just

launching upon his white top career nor is the church at which he delivered his discourse standing although another structure is at present on the same site and even the original foundations of the old church, around which the community life of the section centered for a long period of years. It is significant, however, that hole in Tar river just beyond the site of the church is at the present day known as the elephant hole, and the name is traced directly to the fact that Barnum watered his elephants, or probably it was merely "elephant" then at the place. In those days when circuses were indeed rare and when in all probability the occasion represented the first visit of such an attraction to the then small hamlet of Rocky Mount it was not hard to understand how the watering hole was given this name and how the name has stuck with succeeding generations.

The church at which Barnum preached his one and only sermon, so far as the records go, was long prominent in the history of north-eastern Carolina. It was one of the first houses of worship in the section, being erected about 1740 by pioneer settlers and remaining in continuous service as the religious center of the section until 1840 when it was destroyed under decidedly peculiar circumstances.

Liquor Flowed Freely.

The story which is told by older inhabitants about the destruction of the church is an interesting by-product of the story which I started to tell about Barnum and his venture in the pulpit. This "side show," to revert to the parlance of the circus king himself, was a product of the

days when liquor flowed freely and every cross roads hamlet was made up largely of saloons. The Rocky Mount section was no exception, and the effects of drinking, carousing and accompanying rowdyism evidently gave the church leaders at the Falls considerable trouble and had a decidedly harmful effect upon their efforts for good and the work and services of the church.

The result was that the church leaders got their heads together, so to speak, and out of that gathering of heads came the first "three mile limit." Committees and officials from the church laid their case before their legislators, and through their cooperation succeeded in having a bill passed by the North Carolina general assembly prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within three miles of the Falls church. The bill was evidently aimed at nearby traffickers who operated near the church and took advantage of the gatherings there to do a thriving business "in the devil's name."

The bill, at first purely of a local nature, although later broadened to apply to other churches was passed and put into effect, and shortly thereafter the Falls church, the structure at which Barnum had preached two years previously, was burned to the ground. General belief at the time was to the effect that the church had been burned by the nearby liquor traffickers, who hoped to bring about the removal of the restrictive law by destroying the structure to which it applied. The theory was to the effect that a certain negro had been hired to do the job of church burning. Events developed to the point where the black in question was for-

mally arraigned and given trial on a charge of arson. But the defendant had good lawyers, the authorities could get little on him, and as a result he was acquitted of the charge. The belief, however, that the church was sponsibility for the restrictive liquor legislation still exists despite the fact that the blame for the fire was never fixed in the courts. The present structure was erected about 1870, or right after the Civil war, upon the foundations of the old church, and has remained in continuous use as a house of worship since that time.

Two Versions.

But to get back to the main story of Barnum at his sermon at the Falls church. Tradition offers two versions of the incident. One is to the effect that the preacher at the church: who probably lived some distance away or was more likely a kind of circuit rider with several churches comprising his charge, failed to show up for the service on this particular Sunday when Barnum had pitched his camp near the house of worship and that the circus promoter, rather than see the congregation disappointedly go away without hearing a sermon, volunteered to fill the pulpit and delivered his discourse in the preacher's stead.

The other version is to the effect that Barnum addressed the congregation at the conclusion of the preacher's regular Sunday morning sermon, and this version seems to be substantiated by the circus king's autobiography. The authentic account narrates that Barnum, with his first traveling circus, was heading south through the county from Richmond to New Orleans. Crossing eastern

Carolina, he camped near the Falls church over a week-end and utilized his stay to emerge temporarily from the sawdust ring to the pulpit.

A pity it is that there was no shorthand expert or newspaper reporter on hand in that day to catch a verbatim account of the circus man's one and only recorded attempt at preaching and the reaction which it drew from an audience other than that which munched peanuts and drank lemonade under the gleaming canvas of the big top. Barnum himself leaves a brief quotation from his sermon for he left the statement that he assured the congregation: "We cannot violate the laws of God with impunity, and he will not keep back the wages of well-doing. Diamonds may glitter on a vicious breast, but the soul's claim sunshine and the heartfelt joy is virtue's prize." From this meager quotation it may be seen that Barnum knew how to handle the King's English in the pulpit as effectively as he rolled forth spiels which caused gaping throngs to part with their shekels and pass through the flap in the tent to witness the wonders therein. Barnum goes so far as to say that members of the congregation came forward to shake his hand and congratulate him.

Versatility.

There can be only speculation as to Barnum's motive for venturing into the pulpit. Whether he was sincerely religiously inclined or whether he took advantage of the occasion to garner publicity and foster the notoriety upon which he thrived is a mere matter of guess work. His varied experiences and his continuous efforts at publicity argue for the latter in-

terpretation. Regardless of the motive behind the sermon, however, it served to show his personal versatility. In this same connection, Barnum's negro singer left him the next week at Camden, South Carolina, just before a performance. The man who had just played preacher several days before blackened his face, went through the act, sang the coon songs and received the most hearty sort of encores.

But it may be unjust to Barnum to say that he was actuated in entering the pulpit of the eastern Carolina church by anything but the highest motives. Study of his early life shows that he was brought up in a strictly religious New England home, that he attended church regularly, that he was consistently a Universalist and that he also came under the stern influence of Connecticut Methodism. In this connection Barnum is commenting on his early religious life told a New York Sun reporter when he was 73 years of age that "I was brought up in fear of hell, and when I went to the Methodist prayer meetings, at the age of 13 or 14, I used to go home and pray and cry and beg God to take me out of existence if he would only save me; but I did not see much chance for me in the way they put it." One author declares that doubtlessly as a reaction from the fiery hell of the early Methodist influences Barnum turned to Universalism as soon as he was able to choose for himself.

While the sermon at the Falls church was probably the only one of its kind which Barnum delivered, a biographer records that as a youth he attended a Bible class where the students were supposed to prepare

compositions on whatever text they drew from the clergyman's hat. Barnum drew the text Luke 10:42, "But one thing is needed; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." "Question: What is the one thing needful? Barnum's composition serving as a creed for his later life, was as follows:

"What Is Most Needful?"

"This question, 'What is the one thing needful,?' is capable of receiving various answers, depending much upon the persons to whom it is addressed.

"The merchant might answer that 'the one thing needful is plenty of customers, who buy liberally without beating down, and pay cash for all their purchases.'

"The farmer might reply that 'the one thing needful' is large harvests and high prices.'

"The physician might answer that 'it is plenty of patients.'

"The lawyer might be of the opinion that 'it is an unruly community, always engaged in bickering and litigations.'

"The clergyman might reply 'It is a fat salary with multitude of sinners seeking salvation and paying large pew rents.'

"The bachelor might exclaim, 'It is a pretty wife who loves her husband and who knows how to sew on buttons.'

"The maiden might answer, 'It is a good husband who will love, cherish and protect me while life shall last.'

"But the most proper answer, and doubtless that which applied to the case of Mary, would be, 'The one thing needful is to believe in the Lord

Jesus Christ, follow in his footsteps, love God and obey his commandments, love our fellow-man, and embrace every opportunity of administering to his necessities. In short, the one thing needful to live a life that we can always look back upon with satisfaction and be enabled ever to contemplate its termination with trust in him who has so kindly vouched it to us, surrounding us with innumerable blessings, if we but have the heart and wisdom to receive them in a proper manner."

Founded Paper.

Later, or about 1831, Barnum became so much interested in religious controversy that he founded a paper in which to express his views. At that time religious history was rife in New England, prostrated meetings of the high tension type and hortatory witchery were in vogue and there were even some ministers who agitated a Christian party in politics. Barnum, with many others, became alarmed over the prospects of religious fanaticism, and wrote several articles warning against this impending danger to the nearest paper, published in Danbury, Conn. They were returned by the editor who regretted that he could not find space for their publication. Barnum thereupon took action of his own, purchased a press and type and started "The Herald of Freedom" in Danbury. He continued the publication of the paper for several years and during the period of its publication was sent to jail and fined \$100 because of an article in which he upbraided a deacon of "taking usury

of an orphan boy." The newspaper venture, however, serves to show Barnum's interest in religion and combines with other incidents of his life to show that he had taken part in religious matters, and that his sally into the eastern Carolina pulpit was more than likely actuated by highest motives and not by mere grandstand play for notoriety.

That Barnum believed in publicity and advertising to the fullest extent goes without saying. His policy was to get people to his shows and amusement ventures by any means possible, the means being justified in his opinion if people were given their money's worth after they got there. By his show career, however, as it may, the prince of humbugs preached in Edgecombe county. This title may have applied to his pulpit appearance and again it may not have, but regardless of the interpretation which may be assigned to the motives for his sermon it met just as hearty favor with the members of the congregation as did his offerings beneath the canvas.

And it is altogether likely that the firm handshakes of those pioneer eastern Carolina Baptists as they congratulated Barnum on his sermon that Sabbath morning nearly a 100 years ago meant much more to the then young and struggling circus promoter than the applause which later greeted his sawdust productions. At least the memory of the shakes, lingered sufficiently strong to cause the prince of humbugs to record the incident in his autobiography several score years later.

"We rarely find anyone wearing the crown of success without a few scars of effort on the brow."

PLUCKY BOYS.

A DUMP BOY WHO SAVED SIXTY.

Fred Evans was a boy who worked in the dump in an Illinois coal mine. One day there was a cave-in and the earth and coal in settling imprisoned sixty men. The foreman of the rescuing party saw the small opening that the cave-in had left between the places where these men stood and the outer world, and he spoke to this boy to know if he would dare help him. "The hole is just big enough for you to crawl through," he said, "and to drag a hollow pipe after you. You have to mighty careful, or the coal will settle and crush your life out. But if you can get through to them, then we can pump air enough to keep them alive till we can dig them out. Are you willing to try it?"

All Fred answered was, "I'll try my best."

It was a long crawl and many a time the pipe stopped and those outside gave up hope, but at last there was a faint call through it that told them he was there; they began pump-air and water and milk through the pipe, and kept it up for a week, when Fred and the whole sixty were safely brought out and given back to their families. He was only a boy but these true stories of plucky boys and their heroism and devotion show that not only a prophet but common,

every-day people may hear the Lord's call to the needed work; and that the answer reveals the kind of boy or girl or man or woman it is that hears it.

—

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyroll, with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Conductor: "Your fare, miss."

Miss: "Do you really think so?"

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Guy Tucker and Sherman Hoots were given positions in the print shop during the past week.

Mr. Talbert and a large number of the boys have been hoeing corn during the past several days.

The orchard has sent forth some of its very best peaches this year. They have been distributed among the boys on several occasions.

The boys were served cantaloupes for dinner last Wednesday. These were about the first to be gathered this season. They were very good ones.

The boys had all the watermelon they could eat last Wednesday and Sunday afternoon. All the boys like watermelon, and are glad when the opportunity comes, to have it.

Lee McBride and Joe Stevens were paroled by Supt. Boger last week. McBride was a linotype operator in the print shop. Stevens was also a member of the shop. We wish them both good luck.

Frank Butcher, Al Pettigrew, Roy Houser, George Lewis, Soloman Thompson, Raymond Richards, John and Rudolph Watts, Ennis Harper, Clarence Rogers and Felix Moore were paroled last week.

The Harrisburg team was defeated by the Pythians last Thursday afternoon on the local diamond. Bost,

pitching for the Pythians allowed no runs to be scored during the entire game. The score was 8 to 0.

Amos Ramsey, Earl Mayfield, Jack Walker, Rex Allen, Alfred Stamey, John Foster, Robert Munday, Carl Ballard, Robert Dean and Austin Surret returned to the institution last week after having their tonsils removed. They are now on the road to rapid recovery.

The junior team defeated the Wine-coff junior team last Saturday afternoon. Sisk and Massey were the battery for the School team. The score was 11 to 4 favor the School. This makes the third victory for the junior team, having lost two.

The following boys: Roland McElvene, Lummie and Lonnie McGee, Bill Goss, Perry Quinn, Therman Saunders, Ray Hatley, Jake Kelly, Robert Sprinkle, J. D. Sprinkle, Chas. Murphey, Morvain Thomas, Hurley Way, Austin Surret, James Hunnsucker, Zeb Hunnsucker and Virgil Shipes were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Mr. Jones. He told the boys of another boy he met in Palestine. He was teaching English there in a mission school. He wore a dress, and was exceedingly bright, just to be thirteen years of age. When asked what his fondest hope was he answered: "To go to America." Mr.

Jones' talk to the boys was very interesting.

Jethro's Wise Counsel'' was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells how Moses sat all day long to judge the people. When Jethro, Mose's father-in-laaw came to visit him, he saw that Moses sat all day in one place judging the people***Jethro told Moses to get him some good, honest, able, God-fearing men, to judge the smaller cases. Moses was to judge the most serious ones. He appointed some judges to judge the people, and they went away in peace. The golden text for this lesson was: To every man his work.
—Mark 13:34.

All the boys in Mr. Johnson's morning and afternoon school sections have learned to recite from memory "The Excuse," a poem written by Edgar Guest. This poem is a very interesting one. It is as follows:

THE EXCUSE.

Edgar Guest.

*We strike too late
Or lose our touch of skill,
Then blame on fate
What may be lack of will.*

*One thoughtless deed
Brings failure in its train.
The end has been decreed
We haltingly explain.*

*But oft had courage stayed,
And had we truly tried,
We know we could have made
The goal which was denied.*

*Fight, ere it be too late!
Work, while hope flickers still!
Lose if you must to Fate,
But not to lack of will.*

The Harrisburg team was defeated by the Training School team last Saturday afternoon, by the score of 10 to 3. Brown pitching allowed the visitors to score after the fifth inning. The score:

J. T. S.	1 0 0	2 0 1	6 0 x—10
Harrisburg	0 0 0	0 0 2	0 1 0— 3

Two base hits: Harris, White Henry. Three base hits: Hudson Morris. Stolen bases: Hobby 3, Godown, Lisk 2. Base on balls, off: Brown 2, off Mason 2. Struck out by Brown 10, by Mason 3. Double Plays: Harris to Cochran to Me-Ceachem. Hit by pitcher (Mason) Hobby 2. Umpires Wilson, Stafford.

Consider the mosquito. He gets swatted for making a noise about what he is going to do.—Durham Sun.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SCHEDULE

North Bound

No.	30	2:00	A. M.
"	11	8:05	A. M.
"	33	8:25	A. M.
"	45	3:55	P. M.
"	135	8:35	P. M.
"	35	10:12	P. M.

South Bound

"	136	5:00	A. M.
"	36	10:25	A. M.
"	46	3:15	P. M.
"	34	4:43	P. M.
"	12	7:10	P. M.
"	32	8:36	P. M.
"	40	9:28	P. M.

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 28, 1926

No. 39

HOW TO LIVE.

In every way a person is benefited by obeying the law:

It deters us from evil, and that is good.

It brings us under discipline and self-control, and that is a good thing.

It puts us in right relation with our fellows, and that is decidedly worth while.

It makes for strength of character, and that is highly desirable.

It brings us into harmony with the moral order of the universe, and no other objective needs more to be sought after.

Christians are law-abiding, and others should be compelled to be.

To abide by the law of the land is to join forces with all that is best.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

RECOMPENSE.

By Bright W. Padgitt.

*I have not climbed some eminence
Where many glories are,
But I have found a recompense
In Beauty's avatar.*

*The years have gone as grey clouds go
Across a distant hill,
But I have kept from out the woe
The beauty of them still.*

*If I can catch one fleeting song,
One line of sheer delight,
And give it life to live for long
I shall be happy quite.*

*No higher dream has ever blown,
Or held a call for me,
Than when I go I would be known
As Beauty's votary.*

* * * * *

"WASTE OF TIME."

Dr. J. H. Highsmith, State Supervisor of High Schools, has succeeded in getting himself talked about again. Sometime ago he was alleged to have declared before an assembly of Union county teachers that he did not read North Carolina papers. The inference was that he regarded them too sorry

to "waste time" on. He is quoted as having qualified his wholesale indictment of North Carolina with the confession that he did look at the comic features.

This educational leader in the pay of the state now comes forward, saying that the teaching of Latin and Geometry in the State High Schools is a "waste of time". Declaring that he is in the saddle and what he says will have to go in the matter of the course of study, or words to that effect.

Now, it appears a safe statement to make that no real-to-goodness competent and efficient teacher will ever subscribe to the theory advanced by the State Supervisor. If he has so little conception of the benefit of even a smattering knowledge of Latin and the think-producing power of the study of geometry, it appears, therefore, that this Supervisor is clothed with entirely too much power.

Thus far, according to an observation, every newspaper man, that has had in his life any experience in the school room, has taken issue with the position of Dr. Highsmith: among them is the old teacher who edits the Chatham Record, and in Monday's issue of the Raleigh News & Observer, Dr. Paschal, of Wake Forest College, all but annihilates the Supervisor in his position, which, if he is quoted aright, is foolishly absurd and absurdly foolish. Now that hundreds of thousands, even millions, have been invested in school equipment, and certification of teachers is in full swing, it would appear that some of the leaders would make of public school life a plaything, a joke.

* * * * *

A FELLOW FEELING.

The Americans who bought (that includes some of our esteemed local citizens) bushels and even barrels of German Marks for the song of twenty-one dollars, or thereabouts, have heard of the demonetization of that particular piece of commodity. They know now how in a few months certain suckers and suckeresses will feel who have invested thousands of dollars in Florida submarine lots, or small lots hanging on the side of a North Carolina mountain, or even a seacoast Bluff.

We are trying to recall what Barnum, P. T., once upon a time said as he viewed the run of humanity. Where you live and have your living is the logical place to make your investments, under your eye-sight and where your vine and fig-tree grow best and flourish finest.

We recently attended a Morning Confessional and Exhortation by Experi-

enced Salesmen, who had graduated in the Florida drive. It was held in a specially prepared room in a building that came up as a mushroom overnight, as it were. To this the eloquent fisherman pointed the suckers as the spirit that animated the whole proposition which they were engaged in putting across.

It was touching how serious the assembled hosts dwelt upon the flowery and optimistic forecast of how wealthy all were bound to become—and then the whirlwind tour over the property occurred and the harvest was gathered in at the business office, hard by the highway.

Month later: You recall how the snagged-tooth comedian with a ten-inch stick of candy suspended from his mouth sorrowfully remarked, "I feel like a fool." This is just prophesy.

* * * * *

ABUSE OF "YOUTH."

Scarcely a day passes that the newspaper, giving an account of some misdeed or accident, speaks of the principal as a "youth." One will naturally come to think of youth being the perpetrator of nine-tenths of the crimes and misdemeanors committed. But if the reader will follow the article he will soon learn that the perpetrator of the particular act is twenty-one and over.

This, perhaps, is why some people think that boys are going to the devil a-flying. They forget that in many instances home-life and government have completely broken down, that children are feasted on blood-curdling and shady pictures in the movies; fashions have destroyed modesty; environments have become steeped in temptations; and that men and women are becoming careless of their conduct and speech in the presence of the young. Put your blame where it belongs—on the older ones, even fathers and mothers.

A person over twenty-one years is not a youth. He has passed his adolescent period. Don't pile upon the youth as a class the faults, misdeeds and acts of a man. A person, reaching the age of twenty-one, is a man; if not a man, he is not a youth. We sometimes wonder, therefore, in seeing him loafing on the street, in idleness, with no serious purpose of contributing anything worth while to the growth and betterment of his community—

What Is He, Anyway?

* * * * *

BUILDING FOR OTHERS.

Noble buildings dot our cities, many of them have weathered the storms of years—many great manufacturing plants have risen up and given employment

to men and converted into finished products our raw material, and they still grow—educational and benevolent institutions have had their genesis in the minds and hearts of men; and they have served mankind and left a trail of mercy and benefit through the years.

Who designed them? Who built them? These be the least of our thoughts. There is, however, something in the feeling that if we do as well as they, our work will be a mute witness to our worth to a community, to a state, to a nation, even if our names have been lost.

* * * * *

GOING TO THE EXTREME.

Whenever the sobbers succeed in putting into force their theory that no punishment may be administered for any infraction of the rules that govern any well-regulated prison life, trouble is sure to follow. Remove the fear of punishment, the maintenance of a chain-gang will become a burden upon the tax-payers.

There can be punishment without brutality; and the advocacy of no punishment always puts devilment into the hearts of the wicked, the lawless and the indifferent.

* * * * *

Stanly county continues to hold a place on the front page. Yellowism is getting in its work. Charges are now made against the keeper of her County Home, for the punishment of an inmate, who for time being of the interviewer with her was in the county jail. The Keeper was investigated by the County Welfare Worker; Burleyson, the keeper, wishes and courts a thorough investigation. He is quoted as saying: "I don't want the job unless I have the right to protect these old people from such characters as the McIntyre woman." But in England they sometimes hang women.

* * * * *

Gov. McLean, who has been spending a short and well-deserved vacation in the woods of Wisconsin, is home bound. His return is now looked forward to. The News and Observer, daily presenting the inequalities of prices of school books as between North Carolina and Tennessee, has cut out an important work for him. We may rest assured that the State Board of Education will see that no injustice is continued toward the school children of North Carolina.

* * * * *

The Rutherfordton County News has accomplished a wonder. Last week

it issued a 100-page edition, which it appropriately termed its "Progress Edition." It was so bulky the post clerk tore open the package, believing it contained the papers for a number of subscribers. Editors Price and Miller did themselves proud. But really we were under the impression that the home base of The News was blessed with a modern hospital that played the part of a merciful angel to that whole section.

* * * * *

As we contemplate the many conveniences and advantages we now enjoy, we are impressed with the many lives that have been used up in preparing the things that are our heritage. Faithfully and skillfully they wrought and what they left is a lasting evidence of their great labors. But in our self-satisfaction and selfishness, we scarcely recall the names of those who once were household words. Oh, short-memored men!

* * * * *

"The Call of Copper Creek" in this issue is a very engaging story. It holds aloof the spirit of a humane service to one's fellows under trying circumstances, and, last but not least, it furnishes the absolute proof that there is satisfaction and reward in the acts of mercy and service. Read it.

* * * * *

Gov. Smith, who has been pronounced ineligible for a presidential nomination because of "kissing the ring of a high Catholic dignitary," has distinguished company in the person of Calvin Coolidge, who stooped and kissed the ring of Cardinal O'Connell in the presence of thousands of people.

* * * * *

Not knowing the value of efficient supervision of high schools, an educator of the type of a certain State Supervisor of High Schools wonders if it is not a "waste of money" to maintain one in the state.

* * * * *

President Coolidge's pastor, who took him into church membership over the telephone, deplors prize fights and the purchase of elections.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Human beings are daily planting seed that will bear fruit they will know nothing of. It is not given to mortals to see the results of many of their deeds.

I like "Never say die," better than I do, "What's the use—" The latter saying, so popular in this day has too much of the laments of faithlessness in it; and it's what children invariably say when told to do a thing. So many grown up people never see the use of doing anything.

Be too large for worry; too noble for anger; too strong for fear; and too happy to criticise others.

An Irishman, who had been associating with the bootleggers until he was pretty far gone on locomotion, and very much effected in both sight and language, stumbled in the market and inquired: "Ish dish de meat market?" When told that it was, replied: "Den meet me wife at 4 o'clock for me."

There are some of us who can remember back before these \$3,000,000 primary days when the successful candidates did nothing worse than give away some five cent cigars. And they, in many instances, were fit to smoke.

Some time ago it was announced that hens lay their best when their coops are lighted by electricity, and that cows give more milk when lis-

tening to the strains of a jazz tune. Now if they could get up some night clubs, and dance the Charleston on the farms, possibly the hired man and the cook might be induced to stay a while longer "down on the farm."

There are different shades of men, just as there are different birds and different flowers. But after all it simmers down to just two classes—those who do and those who don't. There are those who do their best work today and forget about it. Then there are those who promise to do their best work tomorrow; and they forget about it.

Speaking about forgetting, reminds me that if people would forget the mistakes of the past, only to profit by them, and the petty jealousies and animosities they hold in their hearts today, and look to the future with hope, forgiveness and good cheer, the world would be so much better in every way, day by day.

One of the best things in the last issue of the *Typographical Journal* was a paragraph taken from the *Industrial Monthly*. It is worth a place in every shop, factory, store and business office. It reads as follows:

"When you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. Speak well of him and stand by the institution he represents. Remember, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must growl, condemn and eternally find fault, re-

sign your position, and when you are on the outside damn to your heart's content; but as long as you are a part of the institution do not condemn it. If you do, the first high wind that comes along will blow you away and probably you will never know why." That is what I call horse sense.

Railway and bus stations are fine places to study folks. You get a line on them without their knowing it. Hundreds may come and go—no two alike. You may forget their sizes and looks; but that is not the main things of interest. It's attitude toward things that make life such a puzzle and study. Watch people in the market places. Some buy with a knowledge of prices. Others seem not to know what things are worth or what they want. Others berate the dealer but buy something anyhow. It's a picnic when you get a real line on folks. There's a great deal of the artificial in life. People try to wear dignity because of the occasion. They make sorry work of it. That's something that can't be put on with clothes. Some try to be funny and never see how funny they really are. Taken on the whole, however, folks are not so very different from each other. But that little difference makes a world of a difference in the pay check. It's the least tiny distinctions that show up the real worth of character.

Trees make up a large part of the beauty of the landscapes, and clothe the mountains in grandeur. Too often trees are neglected and abused. The fact is lost sight of in many instances

that trees are alive; that they are something more than inanimate and more or less useful objects on the earth. A tree lives just as surely as a person lives. It breathes, digests and assimilates its food and has a complete circulatory system. It reproduces itself. It will, to an astonishing extent, adapt itself to the environment in which it lives. Trees are just big plants. The farmer raises small plants of many kinds and from them secures products that bring him a living. The farmer knows that if the soil fertility is low; if the earth is too dry, or too wet, if the disease or insects attack his plants they will do poorly and will possibly die. Trees are susceptible to these same troubles and yet frequently little effort is made to correct the troubles that may develop. Many, many years are required to grow a tree of any considerable size. People are coming to see the wisdom of being examined by a physician at regular intervals of a year or less. Such a procedure insures the finding and curing of many serious vital diseases that would otherwise ravage the body and result in sickness and premature death. People are beginning to see the wisdom of having their trees thoroughly examined in order that troubles may be corrected and the lives of the trees prolonged. Young trees are good to have around as they furnish the "rod of correction," and there is a growing demand that more "correcting rods" be used upon the anatomy of the young to keep them from spoiling. You remember the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." "As the twig is bent the tree is in-

clined.”

I know men who are always on the verge of scoring some amazing success. They are invariably filled with boundless enthusiasm, eyes shining, hopes running high, confident next week or next month of making bags of dollars, or hearing their names spoken with admiration as that of the benefactors of the human race. They live in an atmosphere of perpetual and glorious expectancy. They are quite sincere: believe in themselves and their plans, and are not in the least crazy. Their schemes are perfectly feasible, and they have many on hand. While they have not confided to me any projects on the lines of clever inventions for taking wrinkles out of tripe or extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, I notice their schemes are invariably conditional. There is the little word “if” on the doorway of all their roseate plans. They would go through without a hitch, but unfortunately it depended upon somebody, or something else, this that, or the other contingency. Such people remain a mediocre success, shuttlecock to the battle-dore of chance. You know that it has been said by them of old times that “double-minded” man is unstable in all his ways.”

Next to getting relief from an aching tooth, there is nothing more comforting than a comfortable-fitting shoe. A tight shoe, as Josh Billings once said, “makes you forget all of your other miseries.” It certainly does. And there is not a more abused thing in this universe than the human foot. In the name of fash-

ion it is really persecuted. I have seen people agonize with their feet. I have done a little agonizing myself, in my time, when I was young, giddy and foolish, but it never made my feet one whit smaller. I have seen women with two-and-a-half shoes on four-and-a-half feet that walked like a young calf dancing the Charleston. There are infallible signs by which you can tell when a person has on tight shoes. You may not tell it by their conversation, but you certainly can by their walk, and their facial expressions. I never could understand why some people will persist in getting shoes a size or two smaller than their feet. But they will, and I guess will until the end of time, or as long as feet grow and shoes are made.

You cannot count on the whims of women. What’s the use of man trying? A considerable commotion has been stirred up on women wearing cotton bathing suits, gingham or cretonne. The ladies and their imitators have ways and means of wearing what they want to wear, and as little of it as their fancy dictates, and leave reason to the sages—and still they survive! What have these frail creatures not endured from the bustle, long sweeping skirts, to a Channel swim; from a sweet fainting creature of the 80’s to the bobbed-haired short-skirted flappers of the present day! A cotton bathing suit is only a trifling incident compared to the horrid things they have been through in the name of whim. Suppose the ladies are a little uppish in style, and a little stubborn even; they look nice and cool, and more sensibly sen-

sibly dressed for the summer months than man. Do not argue with them on clothes. Give them what they want. In some things it takes but little. If they want cotton bathing

suits, in the smart colors, for mercy sake, give them these, for if you delay too long they may change their minds before you have gotten your bathing suit on.

WHEN THE CROP'S LAID BY AGIN.

It makes a feller happy when
 The crop's layed by agin,
 Just a walkin' in the cornfield
 A lookin' at the grain;
 The corn it all has ripened
 And hangs with a heavy head;
 The bin is full o' golden wheat,
 The plows are in the shed;
 And taters they are piled up
 More'n you'd wish to buy;
 There's turnips, beans an' maters,
 And bushels more o' rye;
 Gee, it makes a feller happy
 When his prayers are said,
 'Cause all the crops are layed by
 And the plows are in the shed.

I know it's purty lonely
 Way out from the town,
 But I'm happy in the country
 'Cause I've got a yaller hound;
 And when I lay down at night
 I know he vigil keeps;
 Of all the cows and hogs and
 Sheep while I am fast asleep;
 I know it's purty lonely
 But I'm happy when in bed,
 'Cause all the crops are layed by
 And the plows are in the shed.

—By Jeannette B. Weaver, Weaverville, N. C.

COST OF CARELESSNESS.

R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

Considering the enormous increase in fire loss in the United States within a decade, it would seem that instead of making progress in fire prevention we are actually retrograding it. Methods for fighting fire have been much improved. Even the smaller urban places that were dependent on bucket brigades a few years ago, now have water supplies and motor trucks, and most of them have men on the job at all times to answer fire alarms. In the cities the fire-fighting equipment is the latest and the best that money can buy. Buildings are supposed to be constructed with special consideration for fire prevention; and municipalities generally give attention to the prevention of fire risks by a system of inspection. The efficiency in fire departments is in getting on the ground and quenching the blaze before it gets a good start. When the fire gets well under way, as it frequently does, it is as hard to stop, seemingly, as it was in the days before safeguards were considered or fire-fighting apparatus had attained its present efficiency.

While it seems reasonable, in view of the great progress in so many directions, that fire losses should be decreasing, the figures show they have about tripled within a dozen years. In 1913 the estimated fire loss in the country was \$203,763,550. With a single exception—1915, when it fell to \$172,033,220—it moved forward until 1919, which fell about thirty million dollars under 1918. But the next year—1920—there was

a jump of more than a hundred million, the loss that year being more than double that of 1913. In 1924 the last year for which figures have been made, the loss was \$548,810,639, and for 1925 the estimated loss is about two-thirds of a billion dollars, which shows that the loss has more than tripled within the dozen years. The annual loss of life in fires is estimated at 15,000.

What's the matter with us, anyhow that we can't check fire ravages? Of course while we have been making progress in the fire fighting equipment and a little progress in in fire prevention, fire risks have multiplied by the common use of inflammable material. Instead of meeting the new risks as they arise and lessening the fire loss, all the time we are losing ground. Whether we have yet to learn the art of constructing buildings so as to make them near fire-proof, or whether we don't take the trouble to insure safety, are matters for consideration. Probably there is much yet to be learned in construction. There is no doubt about the carelessness, the indifference to fire risk. Talking about the fire loss at the meet of the state firemen at Morehead, the insurance commissioner remarked that "many people have the idea that fires must happen; that they are in the same category as toronadoes, earthquakes and other acts of God which are beyond human control." That fact—and it is a fact—and the criminal carelessness, negligence, which to some extent are a product of the absurd idea that

fires must happen, account in the main for the fire loss. In fact it is estimated that two-thirds of the loss is due to carelessness—could have been prevented.

There is much talk in these later days about the indifference to the loss of life, chiefly from the reckless operation of motor vehicles. It is the same spirit of recklessness, the willingness to risk, to take a chance, that accounts for the mounting costs of the fire loss in the destruction of life and property. We are indifferent to danger and we won't take the pains to play safe. The cost is enormous. It should give us pause if we really consider it. But unless we are directly affected we are not sufficiently concerned to lose sleep or the desire to take food at regular periods. We look with pitying condescension

to that period, only a little way to the rear, when epidemics of fever, smallpox and similar diseases were considered acts of God, something that could not be prevented and had to be endured. We have seen medical science practically obliterate many diseases and bring others under control. We think we are progressive—and we are, in some respects. But in the matter of fire prevention we have learned comparatively nothing, considering our progress in some other respects. We actually play with fire and unlike the burnt child of the proverb, we don't seem to dread it so much when we get burnt. We go on taking chances. If we are burnt out we comfort ourselves with the insurance, if we have that, giving little thought to the cost of the insurance and the net loss.

NOTHING SMALL.

God always does his part handsomely; never in a niggardly half-hearted way. The psalmists knew about this large-heartedness of God, when he said "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and rest in him." A young traveling salesman secured a position with the largest house in his line of business; he had been with a small concern, in cramped circumstances. He had orders to get to a certain place and meet a prospective customer by a certain hour. The train was derailed. He ventured to telegraph to headquarters. "Get automobile and proceed," were his orders. He had feared to incur such an expense. When he got back, he was trying to explain: "Never mind; you understand now that when we give you peremptory orders, you are to charter a train, if you can't get there otherwise. Remember henceforth, that there's nothing small about this house."—Baptist Teacher.

THE DRIFTERS.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

In the great and gruesome collection of proverbs so often repeated by the Topnotchers for the more thorough anaesthetizing of the Tailenders, the one that lays waste the biggest field of human endeavor is this delectable wisecrack:

"Hard work compels success. Be industrious, and nothing will rob you of victory."

Most of the world's hardest workers line up in the cool of every evening to wrap their wearied and caloused hands around life's booby prizes.

Hard work, of itself, gets nobody anywhere. If it were the secret of success, the char-woman would own a bank and the ditch digger take his ease in the White House. The only hard work that lifts a man above the ruck is that which is made dynamic and effective by the power of a fixed and unrelenting purpose.

One man works his head off every day for a corporation and dies working it off in the same job at the same pay as when he started. Another, doing the same amount of labor goes skyrocketing up the ladder of promotion until he foregathers at the counsel table with the bosses of the business.

The one works without a definite ambition, saying: "I hope to get a raise pretty soon now." The other clings with savage intensity to his determination to own an interest in the shop, and, driven by that desire, he makes himself more and more valuable to the corporation.

"What an immense power over

life," said Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "is the power of possessing distinct aims! The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason."

Take your stand on any down-town corner in this city at eight o'clock in the morning and scrutinize the multitude which every day at that hour goes forth to labor.

You will see a few who, by the light in their eyes, the swing of their shoulders and the thump of their heels on the pavement, proclaim that they on the trail of their ambition: this day is another and a higher height from which they march to the realization of their purpose.

You will see, a large army of men and women who, by the sag of their shoulders, the drag of their step and the hurry with which they glance at a clock in a shop window confess that they go to work to draw their pay, not to engage in the great empire of conquering ambition.

These latter are life's drifters. They are the hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are the pawns moved by the master minds of employers and owners on the chess board of enterprise and industry.

They are educated, courteous, honest, moral, fair-minded, God-fearing and hard-working people. Particularly hard-working, for there is no work which so bends the back and saps the vitality as that which is done merely for the money that is in it.

They are the drifters because their

gaze is not fixed on a beckoning goal. They have nowhere specially to go because they have never said to themselves: "I would rather do this or that than anything else in the world." They lack the stuff without which all the other virtues are powerless to reach success. They lack purpose.

"I go at what I am about," explained Charles Kingsley, "as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being."

"The only valuable kind of study," declared Sydney Smith, "is to read so heartily that dinner-time comes two hours before you expect it."

"Daniel Webster," said this same Mr. Smith on another occasion, "struck me much like a steam engine in trousers."

The man who spends his days in slavish labor has no opportunity to get up steam. He has no time to think. He entertains none of those inspiring guests which crowd the minds of those who do such things,

such visitors as fine aims, great designs, the mastering purpose.

Leisure is a concomitant of greatness. Meditation, uninterrupted thought, the making of plans—such habits are the habits of the Big Men. If they devoted all their time and energy to work unenlightened by ambition, the ambition that seeks new methods and maps new approaches, they would stay at the bottom.

It was a wise man, not a maker of saws and maxims for the consolation of quitters and failures who said: "Never study on speculation: all such study is vain. Form a plan. Have an object. What I mean by studying on speculation is the aimless learning of things because they may be useful some day."

It was Alexander Graham Bell who said, "Young man, get a new idea and work for it incessantly."

The "steam engines in trousers" know to what end they are steaming before they throw open the throttle.

NEW ROSE NAMED FOR DORTHY DIX BY FLORAL SOCIETY.

Mrs. H. E. Gilmer, of New Orleans, nationally known as a newspaper columnist under the name of Dorthy Dix, was honored here early today when a new variety of rose was christened "Dorthy Dix" at a banquet of the Society of American Florists and Ornamental Horticulturists.

The flower was christened by Major Patrick Francis O'Keefe, of Boston, originator of the slogan "say it with flowers." He explained that the rose was named "Dorthy Dix" as a tribute to "types of American womanhood whose courage, sympathy, virtue and charity has made them dear to the descendant of the Southern cavalier, the Puritan of New England, and the immigrant of yesterday."

CONCERNING WORDS AND IDEAS.

(Monroe Journal).

If you were to call Casey Caldwell, the chief of the Monroe fire department, a philologist, he would probably be surprised. Nevertheless, he is a philologist in a sense, about the same sense that we are, that is, his love of language goes to the extent of welcoming a new word which pops up through the channel of what is known as slang. 'Way back yonder those of us who are older now were younger, a slang word was regarded in polite circles as about on a par with a cuss word. Now a new slang expression is at once welcomed, and if it be picturesque enough, straightway becomes embodied in the language and receives a place in the dictionary. Language grows, and it grows more rapidly today than ever before. A new word coined in one part of the country and in a little while, through the newspapers and by word of mouth, it has spread all over the country. And while speaking of this fact to The Journal, Mr. Caldwell convinced us that he is a near philologist, for he pointed out that new words mostly originate among people who know nothing of grammar and care less. In fact, it is his idea that language came first and then the grammarians came along and made the grammar according to what they found in use. So in language, as in everything else, the masses run the show sooner or later. The sum of it all was expressed by Casey when he said, "Boisy Stockton gave us a new word the other day at the negro baseball game when he cried out watermelons for sale as 'August

ham.' Watch that 'August ham' stick."

From Words to Ideas.

But the conversation went from words to ideas, and as Casey and The Journal had shown themselves to be near philologists, they now prove equally to their satisfaction that they are near philosophers. "We still use words and expressions," said Casey, "that no longer stand for the ideas that come that they once stood for. For instance, you hear it said that people are money mad, and that everybody is chasing the dollar. We are not money mad. If we are mad at all it is pleasure mad. My observation is that people care less for money now than they ever did. They want pleasure, and to get pleasure they have to hustle to get money. But the old idea of sacredness which attached to money and property is passing away."

And this called to mind what a Shelby banker said the other day about debt.

"People have got into the habit of running into debt," he declared, "and they are becoming more and more careless about debt. It used to be with most people if they contracted a debt it worried them until it was paid. They weren't accustomed to be cramped by obligation, and the rule was the old folks did not rest until they paid every cent they owed.

"But that is so no more. Debt has ceased to worry us. We have become too accustomed to it. It used to be that when a man had a note coming due here at the bank, he would

attend to it promptly. It might be that he couldn't pay it but he would be on hand promptly when it was due to make some arrangement about it. Nowadays, the falling due of a note is often overlooked entirely. We have to jack many people up with a second notice. And I observe that certain people get into the habit of perpetually borrowing money from the bank. They seem to take the position that the bank just ought to carry them.

"All of which represents a changed attitude of the public toward money. We have become too careless about debt and obligation generally. We have got the habit and that applies not only to the bank but to stores as well. It is so easy to run into debt; it is a habit so easily formed.

"A man sees something he wants: it can be bought on credit; why not get it? He can't resist the temptation.

"It used to be that we thought of money as a commodity to be saved. Now we think of it as something to spend.

Henry Ford and Sir Esme.

"I see," said The Journal to Casey, "that in his speech on Roanoke Island yesterday the British ambassador said that America had adopted a new idea that is destined to transform the world, the idea of high wages. He thinks that high wages spell health and happiness to the masses and that when this idea is once grasped by the world as it is in America now, the effect will make more for universal peace than all the peace propaganda that can be put out. He thinks that high wages

will bring what neither the old school political economists on the one hand nor the Karl Marxes on the other ever dreamed of, namely, peace and contentment. That is about the same idea which Henry Ford expressed some time ago when he said that the only way to keep business going was to keep wages high so that the masses would have buying power. What do you think of that?"

"I think," replied Casey, "that this is true but that the theory has not yet reached the farmers. If the farmers could get wages equivalent to those which are paid in industry, the country would boom sure enough. Nearly half the people of this country still live on the farms and high wages have not reached them yet, that is wages measured in buying capacity. In spite of what is said to the contrary, life on the farm is comparatively easy and that is the only reason people stay there. Remember what we said a while ago, that people are seeking pleasure and not money. There is a freedom and a kind of ease on the farm that cannot be found elsewhere, and this is the compensation that the farmers have now for their relatively low wages. Give them buying power in addition to this and they will want to leave the farm, but they will make business hum."

Give and We'll Get.

"There is another thing that would make business hum in this country," continued Casey, and The Journal agreed with him, "that is the settlement of these foreign debts. If they were all wiped out today the ledgers containing them destroyed, business in this country would be humming in

twelve months equal to war times. Why? Business consists in keeping people working and spending. These foreign nations can never pay these debts, for two very good reasons. One is that they will never have the money, and if they did their money would be no good to us, because a foreign debt has to be paid ultimately in goods, not money. The other reason is that if they had the goods to pay us we would not let them send goods over here because that would, according to our protection theory, ruin the home production, by which we live. But since we will not cancel the debts these people cannot now buy our goods. In other words, these debts as they stand halt production throughout the world, and the future production is worth more to us than the past. Forget all these debts as the waste of war and go to work anew and these people could buy goods that they need now from us and we could take in exchange their goods that we need and we could keep production going, labor employed and everybody happy. Holding out on the idea that they owe us and must pay us when they can't give nobody anything." And to Mr. Caldwell's idea about these debts we add that if every war debt in existence were wiped out, the world would be immensely benefited thereby. And the next war would

be harder to make, too.

Still Harping on Debt.

There is a vast difference between debt among the people of one nation and a debt between two nations or the people of two nations. Debts between nations can be cancelled only by transferring physical goods from one to the other. But debt among the people of the same nation is something else entirely. The statisticians have been figuring that the individual debts of the people in the United States amounts to about three-fourths of the entire wealth of the country. And they hold up their hands in horror and imply that this country is as bad off as the European countries, which is not true at all. Nearly every man in this country who owes a debt has debts owing to him, and both of these are counted in figuring up the general indebtedness. Obviously these debts offset each other to a large degree and hence mean nothing but figures on the books. But—

That is enough philology, sociology, political economy and general philosophy from Casey and The Journal today, and we rest. We may not be either profound or orthodox on these subjects, but in the main we have the idea that we have the right lady swine by the auditory antenna.

WHEN CHEERFULNESS COUNTS.

Let poets sing their lilted songs,
 And gayly smite the lyre;
 Give me the man who whistles while
 He's putting on a tire.

—Motor Rays.

THE CALL FROM COPPER CREEK.

By *Blanche Gertrude Robbins.*

The superintendent of the registry turned from the telephone and her gray eyes, shadowed with perplexity, scanned the comfortable lounging room, where three young nurses were busied with needlework. Involuntarily the nurses, waiting a call for duty raised their eyes quizzically.

"A call has come from Copper Creek for a nurse, and the patient is a very old lady," announced Miss Pierson "Copper Creek is a rather isolated settlement, twelve miles up the mountain, and I should judge the patient in this case lives under primitive conditions, for there can be few conveniences in the settlement. The people are anxious for a graduate nurse for they are limited as regards medical attendance, and with these blustering storms blowing up every day or so, the mountain doctor cannot always get out to Copper Creek. It will be quite different from nursing in the city. Who will volunteer to go to Copper Creek?"

There was a silence in the lounging room of the registry, following the announcement of the superintendent. There was little of appeal in the picture she had presented. Lois Montgomery shivered, thinking of the settlement buried in the snows of a stormy winter. She recalled her grandmother's home in an isolated mountain village where she had spent a winter of her childhood. Vividly she pictured the cottage home of the sick, old lady, which doubtless would be heated entirely by wood stoves. With hot water, bath and electricity lacking, the cottage would ill afford

conveniences for the nurse in attendance.

"How would you reach Copper Creek?" demanded Frances Bain.

"You would travel to Mt. Uniacke on the mountain railroad and then drive by bus or sleigh ten miles over the hills. I am afraid you would find the drive cold and perhaps be waylaid by blizzards. But there is the call and—the need."

Another silence followed Miss Pierson's response to Nurse Bain's query. Rose Travis rose to her feet and slipped across the floor to the window. She stood there a moment, studying the skies and the line of wind-blown, naked elms that shaded the hospital opposite the registry. Her glance swept the east side of the hospital building, where a new wing was in the process of construction. And the thoughts of the other two nurses, waiting in the registry, were also centered on the new wing which, within another month, would see completion.

"If we should respond to the call from Copper Creek, we might miss the golden opportunity which is open to some nurse when the new wing of the hospital is opened," thought Lois Montgomery. Dr. McKenna will be returning from his post-graduate study in Edinboro most anytime and will be equipping the new wing which he is to supervise. He is familiar with the work of each one of us, and we stand an equal chance to be named supervisor of nurses in the new pavilion. Nobody wants to be missing from the hospi-

tal when Dr. McKenna returns. It would be wisdom to remain in the city," and, with a little shrug of her shoulders, Lois Montgomery turned away from the call to Copper Creek,

A few minutes later the superintendent of the registry returned to the lounging room and, finding it empty, shook her head with regret. She was sorry for the sick little old lady up in the isolated mountain community, but she had not expected a response to the call. The air was chilled with a gathering storm, and there was much sickness in the city. None of the nurses registered would be kept waiting long off duty. Then the ringing of the telephone again summoned Miss Pierson to procure a nurse for a patient.

Busying herself with simple tasks in her room, Lois Montgomery was thinking of the little old lady in Copper Creek. She, too, was sorry for the poor soul, stricken in the most severe weather of the winter. Of course, she would be surrounded by kindly, helping neighbors, and Lois smiled to herself, picturing the unskilled ministrations of the neighbors, fed up with old rags and stifle the dear thing to death," Lois told herself. "Miss Pierson said that the mountain doctor had pronounced the trouble pneumonia. Goodness me! Suppose the old lady at Copper Creek does not pull through—why, why, I'd almost feel as if her blood were on my head. Dr. McKenna always said I had a special knack in nursing pneumonia. If it were not for the appalling conditions and the fact that the trip would land me so far from the city, I'd like the task of fighting the case. I'd like to come out

victorious. But it seems that in this case I have the right to be fair to myself," and Lois methodically packed a suitcase in readiness for her first city call.

"Miss Montgomery, are you in?"

The call of the superintendent aroused the nurse and she flung open her door, the superintendent explaining the call that had just come over the telephone.

"Mrs. Martin Featherstone—the diamond merchant's mother—is critically ill with pneumonia and they are asking for another nurse. They already have two nurses on the case, but they want a third to help in the fight and to give the poor old lady every possible comfort. I suppose you could be ready to go almost immediately on this case—"

"Yes, it will take me only a few minutes to finish packing," began Lois Montgomery, then suddenly stopped, and a curious picture flashed before her mind. She saw an isolated cottage, buried in the snows of a mountainside, and a little old woman stricken with pneumonia, attended only by neighbor-folk, who in their ignorance would doubtless further the disease instead of checking its course. Why should the diamond merchant's mother be surrounded with a superabundance of skill and comfort, and suffer because of lack of trained the old, old lady of Copper Creek attention?

There was but one answer to this challenging question. The old lady at Copper Creek suffered thus because Lois Montgomery a skilled, trained nurse, refused to give up the comforts and conveniences of this city to take the trip to Copper Creek and nur-

se the dear old soul back to health. She was a coward, and, her cheeks flushed with chagrin because of her own humiliation at her cowardliness, she turned swiftly to the superintendent.

"Listen, Miss Pierson either Miss Bain or Miss Travis will be ready to go to the Featherstone home and are as skilled as I am, but I have decided to go to Copper Creek. That little old lady, so needy and isolated, is calling me, and I dare not refuse this call to duty. Can you understand?" questioned Lois, her breath coming in quick gasps.

"I understand, Miss Montgomery, and—and I applaud," returned the superintendent, her eyes misty. "But there is another point, which should be considered. The Copper Creek people are doubtless poor and may not be able to pay the salary you are accustomed to receive in the city—"

"I am not going to Copper Creek for the purpose of earning a few dollars. I am going to save the life of the little old lady. By the way, do you know her name?" queried the nurse.

"The woman who telephoned called her 'Aunt Kirsty Swanson,'" explained the superintendent as Lois turned back to her suitcase.

An hour later, Lois Montgomery was speeding away from the city on the mountain train, which chugged up the snow-clad hills. The nurse was picturing the quaint, little old lady, whom she delighted in calling "Aunt Kirsty" to herself, waiting perhaps with trepidation for the arrival of the trained nurse.

"I am going to pretend she is my grandmother, and I'll fight to the

bitter end for her life. Like as not it is precious up there in Copper Creek—just as precious as Grandma Featherstone's life is to her city folk," mused Lois.

There was a two long hours' wait at the little dilapidated, chilly station on the mountainside for the mail sled, and Lois watched the fall of the tiny snowflakes with fear in her heart. Suppose the mail should be caught in the grip of the blizzard? Then, tucked in between mail bags buffalo rugs and sacks of flour and stock feed, the nurse, enthroned on the crude mail sled, began the mountain ride of ten miles.

"I allow you'll find Aunt Kirsty quite a care, for she's used to bein' up and doin' for other folks as are worse off than she, an' twill come hard to her to lie to bed an' be waited on," explained the driver, who introduced himself as a neighbor of the sick woman. "We've taken Rilla—the girl she's been motherin' this long time—over to our house, for we allowed you'd have your hands full tendin' to Aunt Kirsty and the house and all. Rilla's a bit queer and simple in her ways—childish, you know, and never seems to grow up, but she's harmless. Aunt Kirsty's been devoted to her and sets a store by the girl, same as if she were her own."

Lois pictured the country home with the kindly old soul living in the cottage alone with the girl of simple ways, who had never grown up in her mind. A stiff gale was blowing from the east and long before the mail sled had reached copper Creek a blizzard was sweeping over the mountain. The nurse was aching in every limb from the intense

cold, and her face stung from the biting wind, when at last the mail driver called a sharp halt and announced with triumph:

"This is where you'll find Aunt Kirsty—guess like as not my wife's inside doin' for her, an' she'll make you at home. You'll need to thaw out with a strong cup o' tea, I'm thinking," he urged as Lois seizing one of her bags, stumbled out of the sled.

As she reached the doorstep of the cottage, a door swung open and a kindly-faced woman welcomed her, drawing her within the warmth of the cheery kitchen. But even as she thawed out. Lois found herself inquiring for the little sick old lady, and a few minutes after making acquaintance of the neighbor folk ministering to the sick woman, the nurse was chatting with Aunt Kirsty and assuring her that she would be up and flying around the kitchen before many moons.

"It is every bit as inconvenient and primitive as I prophesied," groaned Lois that evening as she settled her patient for the night and prepared for an anxious vigil. "Twenty-four-hour duty for this child until the crisis is passed, and Aunt Kirsty is some sick old body. Bless her heart! But, God helping me, we're going to pull her through. I came up the mountainside to fight for her and we'll fight to the last inch."

Lois smiled as she brought an armful of wood from the kitchen shed and heaped it high in the Franklin grate of the sitting room, adjoining Aunt Kirsty's bedroom. She had already frightened the good neighbor

folk by insisting that the windows be pried up and thrown wide open in Aunt Kirsty's room. Even the water must be brought from the pump, which, located at the back porch, had a habit of freezing.

"Looks as if I were enjoying more of an adventure than any of the three nurses sharing the vigil beside the sick bed of Madame Featherstone, but Aunt Kirsty is going to have just as good care, if I am permitted the strength, as the diamond merchant's mother," declared Lois.

It was a long, lonely night, with Lois slipping often from her couch bed in the sitting room to watch for a little beside the sick bed. Early in the evening Aunt Kirsty had become delirious and she slept restlessly. Toward morning she recognized the fact that the little old lady was the victim of some worry that lay heavy on her heart.

"She calls repeatedly for Rilla, and although I assure her that Rilla is being well cared for at a neighbor's she still frets," Lois explained to the neighbors, when, at daybreak, the good woman, belonging to the home next door, came to the house of sickness.

"Probably she is fretting because Rilla is out of her sight. She has been most faithful in taking care of the girl and patient with all her simple and childish ways. I believe that it was a sickness in Rilla's childhood that was accountable for the fact that she has never developed in mind or intellect. But Rilla's harmless and just plays around like a six-year-old, although she must be all of sixteen years old," explained the neighbor.

"Listen, Mrs. Finch, I believe Aunt Kirsty would stop her fretting if she could see Rilla flitting about the cottage the same as ever," broke out Lois. "Bring her home, and I'll manage somehow to take care of the girl. I think, perhaps, I can keep her contented with childish amusements, and as long as Aunt Kirsty knows that she is safe, she will be easier—"

"Well, ain't you a clever one for a city nurse," interrupted the neighbor. "I allowed all those trained nurses were high falutin' and looked to be waited on and were careful not to soil their hands with any jobs outside the sick room. Yes, I guess you'll find Aunt Kirsty will rest a sight easier if she knows Rilla's somewhere near her. We none of us know to which of Aunt Kirsty's kith an' kin the girl belongs, but she's been mothered the finest ever by Aunt Kirsty since she was knee high to a grasshopper. I'll fetch Rilla over as soon as she's had her breakfast."

Pity stirred in the heart of the nurse when, a little later, Lois was introduced to the pretty rosy-cheeked girl with the mind and laughter of a child. Then, as she watched the restlessness leave her patient as occasionally Aunt Kirsty caught glimpses of Rilla flitting through the cottage, she declared her intention of keeping the child-girl in the cottage home. Motherly tenderness crept into her altitude toward Rilla, and as she gave her attention, Lois exercised patience even as Aunt Kirsty had cared for Rilla.

It was a tremendous fight from the very beginning, and as the days passed Lois battled with all the skill and

the strength she could muster, determined that Aunt Kirsty should come through the illness victorious. Unfortunately, the storm, which had blown up the night of her trip over the mountain, continued and the following day Copper Creek was gripped in the throes of a blizzard, which prohibited traffic for several days. Three days passed before the mountain doctor could make his way through the drifts to visit Aunt Kirsty and to offer his aid in the fight which the city nurse was waging.

"I think you will win out," declared the mountain doctor, when he was first able to visit Aunt Kirsty and make the acquaintance of Lois Montgomery.

"Yes, I am sure we shall win out, for while I am fighting I am praying every blessed minute," explained Lois. "You see, Copper Creek needs Aunt Kirsty and Rilla needs her. There is nobody else who can understand and mother Rilla just as Aunt Kirsty—"

"Yes, Rilla needs Aunt Kirsty," echoed the old doctor.

Snowed in the little mountain cottage, with only the nearest neighbors breaking the drifts to offer kindly assistance in the kitchen, Lois Montgomery waged her fight to save Aunt Kirsty. And the fight she forgot the discomforts of the primitive environment. She accustomed herself to the woodbox in the shed, the big kitchen stove, which necessitated replenishing fuel almost constantly, and the pump in the back yard. They were all parts of the armor needed in the fight with death.

Then one night as she kept vigil realizing that the crisis was near,

Lois Montgomery saw the delirium quiet and the little old lady fall into a restful sleep. There were tears in her own eyes and her heart was throbbing with joy. She slipped out to the couch where Rilla—the girl with the mind and the laughter of a child—lay sleeping, and, kneeling down on the floor, lifted her voice in a prayer of thanksgiving.

“Rilla, Rilla, dear you will not lose Aunt Kirsty,” she whispered joyously and kissed the child Rilla.

That day at noon the mail sled made its first trip over the mountainside, and with the mail came the mountain doctor and a stranger to Copper Creek. Lois Montgomery opened the door to the mountain doctor and curiously scrutinized the face of the stranger. Then, with a sharp cry she broke out in eager welcome.

“Dr. McKenna! Dr. McKenna! But—but how do you happen to be up here in Copper Creek?” she demanded confusedly.

“I am not surprised that you are astonished,” laughed the mountain doctor. “You see, Miss Montgomery, when I sent a call for a nurse to the city, I also sent a message to the office of Dr. McKenna, scarcely daring to hope that he would return from the old country in time to reach Aunt Kirsty before her sickness passed the crisis. He only returned two days ago and lost no time in making the trip over the mountain.”

“Aunt Kirsty is very, very dear to our household,” interrupted Dr. McKenna as Lois made them at home in the cheery kitchen. “My father was born up here at Copper Creek—almost next door to this cottage—and when trouble came to my home, I

turned to Aunt Kirsty. My old friend, the mountain doctor, tells me how wonderfully kind you have been to Rilla. She is my own daughter, and I love her dearly, despite her childish prattlings and laughter. When she was a mere baby she was seized with a terrible illness, which left her stunted in development. She will always be a child, and our hearts have broken with our grief. We brought dear little Rilla up to Copper Creek and Aunt Kirsty has been a mother to her. We had hoped the simplicity and quiet of the mountainside would perhaps develop the mind of the little girl. We were doomed to disappointment, but she is happier here in the sweet, homey simplicity of Copper Creek than she is in the excitement of the city, and we have hesitated to take her away from Aunt Kirsty.”

“Dear Rilla!” murmured Lois, her eyes misty. “But come to see Aunt Kirsty,” she urged, and the doctors followed the nurse into the little bedroom that had been the scene of a victorious conflict.

Two weeks later the mail sled climbed the mountainside and came to a halt before the door of Aunt Kirsty, the mail driver waving a letter to the nurse watching from the window. Lois ran eagerly to the gate and as she hurried back to the warmth of the kitchen, she opened the letter. She recognized the handwriting of Dr. McKenna, and as she scanned the brief epistle, her cheeks flushed crimson.

“Dear Miss Montgomery,” she read. “I am busily engaged in equipping the new wing of the Memorial Hospital and within a few days we

shall be making appointments as regards the nursing staff. Your skill, care and rare thoughtfulness exercised in nursing dear Aunt Kirsty under handicaps and conditions which would have floored many a city nurse made a deep impression on me. Your tenderness with little Rilla touched me deeply. I feel that you, as a nurse, possess all the qualities we would wish manifested in the nurse whom we select as supervisor of nurses in the opening of the new hospital wing. We would be most happy if, Miss

Montgomery, you would consider the appointment as supervisor of nurses and would write us to the effect that you will undertake this position."

Lois turned and bent over the old-fashioned armchair, where Aunt Kirsty sat watching the mail sled wind its way over the mountain road. The nurse stooped and kissed the flushed cheek of the little old lady and then slipped an arm affectionately around the girl Rilla, prattling childishly.

"I am glad I responded to the call to Copper Creek," she said softly.

WHEN THE SUN COMES THROUGH.

By Douglas Malloch.

Have you ever seen the sun
 Trying to come through a cloud?—
 Takes a peep, a little one,
 Though the wind is roaring loud,
 Looks around a corner, breaks
 Through the mists a little while,
 Silvers all the edges—takes
 Every vance it finds to smile!

So a cloud will drift across
 Skies of ours, and bring the rain;
 So much gain must have its loss,
 So much joy must have its pain.
 But I know no better way
 Our own hearts to reconcile
 Than to seize, some glommy day,
 Every chance we can to smile!

Other lives have other ills,
 We must struggle with our own,
 When a cloud our heaven fills
 We must master it alone.
 But I know the cloud will break,
 Linger but a little while
 In our skies, if we will take
 Every chance we find to smile!

WHAT HAPPENS IN A RADIO STUDIO.

By Herbert Warren.

If the average American boy is asked to connect up a simple radio receiving set, consisting of mineral detector, tuning inductance, condenser, phones, aerial and ground, he will be able to do it "as easy as rolling off a log." Even try to catch him napping when it comes to audion detectors and the other intricate parts necessary to a powerful and modern receiver!

It is not putting it too strong to say that the boy of today knows as much about the receiving side of radio as experimenters who dabbled in wireless fifteen years ago.

In fact, with neutrodynes, super-heterodynes and reflexes, so prominent in thousands of homes, it is safe to say that any boy can intelligently tune in stations with the most complicated receivers, whereas an old-time radio student, seeing a super-heterodyne for the first time, for instance, would not be able to tune the dial correctly to bring in the desired station.

But although young America knows the wave length and power of scores of broadcasting stations that he hears, very few boys can be found who know about the transmitting side of radio—the unseen station that provides music, announcements, lectures, etc. The following may serve to throw some light on the broadcasting station's studio, transmitting room, and control room for these are the vital parts of the broadcasting station—the necessary elements for successful transmitting of entertainment and general programs.

In the transmitting room of a broadcaster are located the power generators used to provide the current for the transmitting tubes. In this room are also the rheostats, coils, and other instruments used to raise or lower the power of the station, or to increase or decrease the wave length of the antenna.

The powerful transmitting tubes are much similar to the ordinary audion bulbs with which every one is familiar. All broadcasting stations make use of these tubes in order to correctly modulate the voice for transmission.

Another important division of the broadcasting station is the control room. Here are located the various meters and controls showing the amount of power flowing through the apparatus. The operator, who is always on the job starts and stops the instruments upon signal from the studio manager or announcer and attends to the proper working of the controls.

working of the controls.

The United States Government requires broadcasters to have an operator "listening in" at all times while the station is on the air. This man is seen with head receivers on his ears in the act of standing regular watch, while the program is being sent out into the air.

The reason for this special vigilance required by the government is because of the fact that the air must be absolutely silent whenever a vessel sends out a distress signal. The operator, listening in on the

wave length of the ships, immediately shuts down the station, in the middle of a program if necessary, when he hears the well-known S. O. S., telling of some boat in distress at sea. All broadcasters near the disabled ship are then silent until word is received that the ship has been aided.

The broadcasting studio is the room in which the actual broadcasting takes place. Here the visitor enters a veritable palatial living room well furnished with expensive rugs, sofas, unholstered chairs and with many framed portraits adorning the walls. The announcer is in charge of the studio and he does all the speaking except when the program calls for special singers or speakers.

An advertising man recently gave a talk over the radio and he recounts his experience in the studio as follows:

"When I entered the reception room a young man immediately stepped up to me and inquired my business. I tendered him my card and explained that I was scheduled to speak at eight P. M. He then ushered me into the studio proper, which was alongside the reception room. I quickly noticed the hushed silence in the air. Although there were seven or eight persons in the room, I could almost hear a pin drop, so still were they. A violinist had just finished playing a selection and stepped away from the microphone. Then the announcer walked up the microphone spoke, telling his unseen audience of the next selection to be played by the virtuoso.

"After the musician had started playing for the second time the announcer stepped up to me and greeted me by

name. Evidently he was expecting me, for he said that I was to go on ten minutes earlier than scheduled. In fact, I was to be the next performer before the 'mike' as the microphone is called by those in the studio.

"I was a little frightened, not having spoken to a group of people, none of whom I could see, and the resultant effect left me trembling slightly. But I had little time to worry, for in a short time the announcer again spoke and introduced me to the hundreds of thousands in the outside world.

"With firm step I approached the instrument in the center of the room and began my talk. The feeling of fright quickly left me and I had little trouble getting my talk across.

"The announcer stood near me when I began, and when I came too close to the microphone he would gently slide it away until it stood the proper distance from my mouth. At one time I stepped back while consulting a note in my pocket and the announcer quickly shoved the instrument closer to me so that every word would be distinctly heard."

The foregoing gives a general idea of conditions in the studio actually witnessed by a speaker, and series to show how painstaking are the actions of those connected with the station to give the best program possible.

Most large broadcasters have an announcer and several assistants whose duties are similar to the chief announcer. These men are responsible for the many excellent programs you hear and each is a skilled radio man, licensed by the government.

Often you hear the announcer state that a certain selection is being

given by request. These requests come from miles away by telephone, telegram and radio, and the broadcasters are pleased to know that their programs are being enjoyed by the listeners.

In the reception room there is usually a man who does nothing but receive communications, some congratulating the station for the splendid program being given; others requesting certain performers to repeat their selections, and others asking that the orchestra play a particular musical program for the benefit of the distant listener.

As far as possible, the broadcasters attempt to satisfy every one, and many times these request numbers can be heard. It is not out of the

ordinary to receive telegrams from a distant part of the United States complimenting the program for the evening.

Should the opportunity ever present itself by an invitation to the studio of a broadcaster, by all means avail yourself of the privilege. It is very difficult to gain permission to witness a program, chiefly because of the silence demanded inside the room. For this reason only those scheduled to appear are permitted into the studio. However, on rare occasions, special permission may be obtained to watch the regular evening's program, and then you can see for yourself the mysterious room from which emanate the signals you hear over your receiver.

Chemistry Professor—"Name three articles containing starch."

Student—"Two cuffs and a collar."

CUMULUS CLOUDS.

By Dr. A. H. Palmer.

Cumulus clouds are formed by the condensation of water vapor at the tops of ascending columns of air. When they form great rolls of cloud parallel to the horizon they are called strato-cumulus. When they rise to great towering heights and are accompanied by thunder and lightning they are called cumulo-nimbus. When they float serenely in a clear summer sky they are simply called cumulus, and are then a typical accompaniment of fine, settled weather. To the aviator the cumulus cloud in any variety is treacherous, for it marks regions of convection in the atmosphere, not unlike the moving wa-

ter in a boiling kettle. The artist loves the cumulus clouds, for they are always beautiful, and they are our most common type of cloud. Little rain falls from cumulus clouds except in the cumulo-nimbus or thunder-storm type. Few of us fully appreciate these mountains of fairyland, for their beauty is nearly always overhead, but most of us keep our eyes on the ground, or need them to guide us in dodging automobiles. But we would all be benefited if we would occasionally pause in our daily tasks and lift our eyes to the skies for "the firmament showeth His handiwork."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Valton Lee, a former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last Sunday.

About everyone was glad to see the shower that came last Friday afternoon. It has refreshed all of our crops, and now they look fine.

In the Institution Notes of last week it stated that Clarence Rogers was paroled by Supt. Boger. He was allowed to spend a few days with his parents in Gastonia.

Dr Buchanan came out to the institution for the last time last Saturday, for the the vaccinating of a large number of the boys for typhoid fever.

During the past week all the boys have been served cantaloupes. Most all the boys like them very much. Watermelons were given to the boys last Tuesday and Friday afternoons. The boys always have all the melon they want, or all they can eat.

The boys on the canning force have been busy canning during the past week. The boys in Prof. Johnson's morning school section were busy stringing beans. The boys on the canning force have been canning tomatoes and string beans.

Mr. Ross, of Charlotte, came out to the institution to speak to the boys last Sunday afternoon. The fifth chapter of Matthew was read. The sixteenth verse is: "Let your light

so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." He told the boys that they should have their place already picked out in the world. Every boy should have in his mind what kind of trade he is going to follow when he grows up. His talk was very interesting. It was enjoyed by all present.

The Franklin Mill junior team was defeated by the Training School junior team last Saturday afternoon after five innings, the score being 11 to 0. Sisk pitching for the Training School did some fine work. He has already two victories to his credit, having only pitched two games. All the boys on the School team were successful in getting at least one hit. The score:

	R	H	E
J. T. S.	6	4	0
Franklin M	0	0	0

"The Ten Commandments: Duties to God," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. This lesson takes up the study of the Ten Commandments. Moses told the people that God had said for them to keep these Commandments which he had given them, to live by. He also told the people to love Him, and to love his neighbor; and also not to have any other God before Him. Do not take "the name of the Lord thy God in vain," is another Commandment which is given in this lesson. Keep the Sabbath, and worship. This lesson was a very interesting one. The

golden text was: "Thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might."—Deuteronomy 6:5.

The Training School added another victory to its credit last Saturday afternoon after defeating the Harrisburg team by the score of 11 to 2. Brown pitching for the Training School "loosened up" in his pitching in the seventh and allowed the visitors to score two. The Training School sure had "their batting rags" on in this game, for they pounded out the ball for twenty-two hits. The School nine came close to blanking the visitors score, but had an unlucky seventh. Excellent fielding was displayed during the game. The School battery, Brown and Hobby; the

Harrisburg battery, Benson, Harris R., and Verbil. Brown succeeded in striking out his usual ten men, having struck out ten in his last game. The score of the last game with this team was 10 to 3, favor the School, Brown pitching. The J. T. S. nine has won 4 games from Harrisburg and lost 2. Altogether the School team has won 10 games and lost 4, the percentage being .714. The score: J. T. S. 2 0 0 0 0 6 3 0 x—11 22 1
Harrisburg 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2 5 5

Two base hits: Morris, Brown. Three base hits: Hobby. Stolen bases: Hobby, White, Dorton, Russell, Godown (2). Base on balls, off: Harris R., 0; off: Benson 1; off: Brown 0. Double plays: Hudson to Verbil. Hit by pitcher (Benson) Henry. Umpires: Wilson.

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely."

—Henry van Dyke.

**NORTH CAROLINA POPULAR EXCURSION
TO
WASHINGTON, D. C.
VIA
SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1926**

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Arrives Washington 8:35 A. M. September 4, 1926.

Tickets on sale Sept. 3rd. Good on all regular trains to junction points, thence special train.

Final limit to return leaving Washington on all regular trains (Except 37) so as to reach original starting point prior to midnight September 7, 1926.

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THE

UPLIFT

CONSIDERABLY ORGAN- IZED.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler used to tell the following story that has a far wider application than ever imagined by the poor colored man who was interveiwed. Dr. Cuyler said:

“We asked an old colored preacher how his church was getting on, and his answer was: ‘Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder.’ We ventured to ask the trouble and he replied, ‘De ’sieties, de ’sieties. Dey is just drawin’ all de fatness and marrow outen de body and bone of the Lord’s Body. We can’t do nuffin without de ’siety. There is Lincum ’Siety, wid Sister Jones and Brudder Brown to run it. Sister Williams mus’ march right in front of de Daughters of Rebekah, den dar is de Dorcasses, de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham and Liberian Ladies.’ ‘Well, you have your brothers to help in church,’ we suggested. ‘No, sah, dar are de Masons, de Odd Fellows, de Sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Promised Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by de time de brudders and sisters pay all dues, an’ tend all de meetings dere is nuffin left for Mount Pisgah Church but jist de cob! De co’n has all been shelled off and frowed to de speckled chickens.’”

—The Free Methodist.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

A DEED AND A WORD.

*A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern; ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.*

*A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were little thing at first,
But mighty at the last!*

—Charles Mackay.

* * * * *

AN INTERESTING TALK.

Rotarian Luther Hartsell, by invitation, met with the Kiwanis Club of Concord

last week. His theme was the "Crime Wave." His time was necessarily limited, but in that time he gave a very entertaining address. After pointedly citing the evidences of crime, and the many alleged reasons for the increase of same, a thing that the average reader recognizes, he gave it as his unqualified belief that it is largely due, if not entirely, to the absence of discipline and the inculcation of obedience in the home.

"If," asked the earnest speaker "the child is not disciplined at home and impressed with the virtue of obedience to authority in the home, how may you expect him to be observant of the laws of society and the state." This sentiment won the unanimous approval of the Club, as expressed in a hearty applause. Mr. Hartsell recognizes the efficacy of punishment, of course administered with reason, and he is absolutely sound in this position. An authority greater than the sentimentalists that pretend to believe that a prison is one partaking of picnic qualities and arrayed in silk pajamas, has spoken otherwise and the centuries since prove the wisdom thereof."

Lawyer Hartsell's interesting address is not, and wisely so, in harmony with some of the extreme pronouncements we have recently heard by some would-be reformers. It is alleged that there is no law forbidding a correction of a prisoner, who refuses to comply with the terms of his sentence, for instance when it says at "hard labor." Perishing a prisoner, who refuses to labor or abide by the rules of a well-regulated prison, carries the element of cruelty to a greater degree than a genteel flogging in reason, and is slower in producing results.

* * * * *

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

What a debt, remarks the Lexington Dispatch, the American people owe to the churches for their work in public education is shown by a study of some statistics recently presented in an address by Dr. H. B. Schaeffer, new president of Lenior-Rhyne College. Of the first 119 colleges established east of the Mississippi 104 were organized by the church. Not only were the churches pioneers in education but they are still the chief factor in higher education. Recent records, said Dr. Schaeffer, show that there were 150,000 men and 71,000 women enrolled in public educational institutions and 252,000 men and 145,000 women in private institutions, the bulk of which were organized by the church.

In North Carolina, the same figures show, 56 percent of the students are being educated in church colleges without expense to the State. The cost per pupil is also declared to be considerably lower in the church colleges.

Until three or four years ago the church colleges were receiving forty per cent less income than the State owned colleges, but since the rich gifts of J. B. Duke and B. N. Duke, the D. E. Rhyne gifts and the Bostwick bequest to Wake Forest the church colleges have been placed in more favorable financial position, though a number of them still need larger sums to enable them to fulfill their opportunities.

* * * * *

SWELLS THEIR HEADS.

Prof. Charles L. Coon, who was made a doctor in the recent past has escaped a malady that frequently attacks the recipients of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This is clearly shown in an article by Prof. Coon, the same being reproduced in this number.

Drs. Knight and Highsmith have done precious little in promoting education along practical lines in the state—they have led nowhere. It comes with poor grace from men who have accomplished so little and shown such feeble leadership to criticise the educational efforts made by the state, and receiving salary checks from the public tax money. The Lord knows that educationally we are confronted with blunders, galore, and the school-law has been so mutilated by incompetent theorists until the very soul of it is in jeopardy;—so much that a commission was authorized by the legislature of 1925 to diagnose some of the diseases that afflict it and suggests a remedy.

Look at the tangle in Guilford county. That mix-up is a monument to the wildness of just one individual, who, had he remained at the helm much longer, would have succeeded in pulling the structure down on his head.

* * * * *

WHAT I AM.

Servant and master am I; servant of those dead, and master of those living. Through me immortal spirits speak the messages that makes the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship. I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle when men lie dying with me on their lips.,

I am close to the marriage altar, when the graves stand open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths. I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the crash of water on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the

trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers. I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.—I am music.

—Selected.

* * * * *

AFTERSSELF.

Your first duty in life is toward your afterself. So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual.

Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

What will you leave for him?

Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy, let him come as a man among men in his time.

Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has a chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass called wild oats.

Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendship, hallowed through your joys building them on his own?

Or will you fling it all away, decreeing wanton-like, the man you might have been shall never be?

This is your problem in life—the problem vastly more important to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It is your problem today and every day, and the hour of your decision is the crisis in your destiny!—David Starr Jordan.

* * * * *

THE YEAR'S RECORD.

It has been so noticeable. The marriages have been numerous, in the face of an unholy number of divorces, which are credited to the state for the year.

It is a source of pardonable and ungoverned pride to note that the brides and bridegrooms are unusually conspicuous for their beauty, chivalry, promise and popularity. Not a bride during the year has plighted her vows but who was beautiful, winsome and “of statewide prominence.” And the

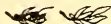
grooms stood high in their communities with a popularity that broke state-bounds, getting across the borderline into distant states.

* * * * *

The automobile continues its carnage of death. It takes its toll irrespective of persons. None seems safe on the road; and when a party starts out, there may be tragedy just ahead. The automobile has carried more sadness and bereavement into our homes than any other agency of death and destruction. Just this week this was brought forcibly home to us in this community. The tragic death of Mrs. Jarret and two others, besides the bodily hurts inflicted on others, plunges the whole community in which she was highly esteemed into the shadows of deep sorrow.

* * * * *

The embarrassment in which a Salisbury B. & L. Association finds itself in is a novel thing for North Carolina. Ordinarily a North Carolina Building & Loan Association is the strongest institution in the state. In addition to their benign influence among men, making homes for families and the means of storing away resources for a rainy day, they have a record of trustworthiness. It is to be regretted that the Salisbury institution should furnish a notable break in this record.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

A local automobile dealer advertises the fact that cars are now within the reach of every man. Shucks! I've known that for a long time. Every time I go out on the street, or undertake to cross one, the cars are right there in easy reach of me: and some come blam-ed nigh reaching me at times.

Some one has been telling that America has a fighting jaw. If she has a fellow by the name of Wrigley helped to make it.

In these days of varigated cosmetics a woman can change her complexion as often as she changes her mind.

A local school teacher says that if young people must sow an oat crop they should at least try sowing tame ones.

A man was walking along Main street the other day, near noon, in the hot sunshine. By his side toddled a little tot some three and a half or four years old. She was a pretty little child. There were dimples in her cheeks and elbows. She wore low white slippers; short blue stockings; a blue dress and a white bonnet with a little blue bow on it. She looked like a baby fairy. Bravely she tried to keep up with her father's long strides. Finally she stopped and looking wistfully into her father's face said: "Daddy take my hand." The father's hand came down in love and raised the

the little arm for support and guidance. There was joy beaming all over the little face. And the father smiled. I thought how like that child are we grown-ups at times. Feet so weary trying to keep up with the pace of the world. So tired, in body and spirit. So helpless at times. How wise and natural it would be if we, like that sweet little girl, would look up and say, "Father, take my hand." We find Him ready and willing to support and lead us. We would find the world brighter and happier, as a little child.

Solomon, through all the ages, since his day, has been regarded as a very wise man. I guess in this enlightened and fast age it is not necessary to have as many wives as Solomon had to be as wise as Solomon. One wife sometimes makes a man wise enough. But was Solomon wise in all things? If the history of his life and that of his son, Rehoboam, is correct, they wrecked their power and their people by excess taxation. Citizens in practically every city, county and state in the United States are facing much the same problem as did the people under Solomon. Enormous expenditures are being made for all kinds of public undertakings. Local taxes have been constantly increasing. All of these taxes are added to the cost of living through increased prices and rents. The ultimate consumer and day laborer cannot pass the taxes on to the other fellow.

They pay them all. Taxes and debts have wrecked more government and impoverished more nations than all the wars of history. At the height of our prosperity is a good time for us to check up our debt and tax situation. The family that spends more than it can afford, is headed for trouble; and the nation which overcrowds the tax payments, is following the same path.

Some children reason out very cute things in their own small minds. Little Frank Seward, four or five year old, son of Mr. and Mrs. Perry F. Seward, did something it became necessary for his mother to correct him. She gathered in hand a switch she kept on the sideboard for cases of emergency. Frank observing the trend of things made a break for the dining room. His mother followed him in. He saw he was trapped, with no way of escaping that switch. Looking up at his mother very wistfully he said: "Mother, my Sunday School teacher told me the Bible says, 'We must love one another.'" Voice from another room from pa: "Mother, spare the rod. That's too cute for you to use that switch." The switch was laid away unused this time.

It's natural for some folks to long for something they cannot get. They are never satisfied. They frown and fret over everything. They crave the earth, the moon, the stars. They would not be satisfied unless they have the sun and Mars. A fellow has a flivver today. He wants a limousine tomorrow. Another buys a cosy bungalow. He's not long satisfied with that. He wants a stone man-

sion with a long concrete drive. Some folks just won't be contented as long as they are alive. And contentment is great riches.

"What nice furniture you have," said a lady caller to the little cherub of the household, to entertain him while the mother was preparing to come down. "Yes, ma'am," replied the precocious hopeful, with apparant pride; "I think the man we bought it from is sorry he sold it to us. He's always coming here to see about it."

So many people in every community play their town affairs from the bleachers. You know how the bleachers work at a baseball game. They tell every player just how he ought to play, and what to do, and raise a racket if their advice is not taken. In the olden days old Si Perkins sat around the town store and grumbled 'cause things weren't going the way he b'lieved they orter. These busy times need action—not advice. The man who runs a popcorn wagon is of more service to humanity than he who is always going to do something, and never does it. Too many sitting up in the bleachers telling the other fellow how to run a town or city, instead of having their coat off, sleeves rolled up, and doing their level best to make their town the best town on earth in which to live.

Booth Tarkington, the Indiana writer, is predicting that fifty years from now women will not think of wearing skirts. He says a skirt will be a mere relic, vestige, and he sees no reason why it should remain. Says he: "I expect to see the time when

all women will wear garments about the same as those worn by men." It is mighty nigh that now. Males are now wearing their hair long, combed and pasted or greased back, use perfume and cosmetics; wear skirt-like trousers, and flounce about drug stores and tea rooms. Females wear men's clothes; cut their hair short like men; smoke, drink, swear and turn up their noses at dish-washing. Men grab the best in all the best places; females make the fight clubs pay, and are taking the good offices. It all seems unnatural. If it keeps on the very young child in the family won't know which parent is which. But thank goodness, there is one thing the women cannot imitate the men in; they haven't begun to shave yet; and the men haven't begun to kiss each other in public. So, let us men take courage and look to the future with abiding hope, even if the time is

fast coming when a married man arising in the morning, will not know which chair his clothes are on, and will care very much either, unless he has considerable change left in his pockets.

An automobile poet has given the public some good advice, in rhyme; on the keeping of a car. In this poem are the following lines:

"Be kind to your car if you want it to last,
You'll shorten its life if you drive it too fast."

Now there's a pointer for automobile owners and drivers. Every car owner wants his car to last as long as possible. Here's the way to do it. This advice, if followed, may prolong the life of your car, and at the same time the life of your friend, a neighbor or a stranger. "Not so fast" is a life policy well to pursue.

"The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,
The wild wood, the wild brook, they will not let me be.
In my boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me."

The lane, the gate, the wildwood, the brook, have no special beauty we should desire them above all others. But the dreams of childhood have enchanted them, and the memories of the halcyon days of youth have both glorified and beautified them. . . About the melting the aroma of childhood and in that place stands the foot of the upon which we have climbed to success. And he fine loyalties of life bring a man with glad steps to the associations of his youthful years.—Greensboro Advocate.

“TWO SLIGHT ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCES.”

Editor of The Daily News

I see “by the papers.” as Mr Doo-ley says, that one of the Raleigh eating clubs has had two Ph. D. near near school teachers telling it recently what is wrong with North Carolina education. Dr. Highsmith seems greatly perturbed about North Carolina high school pupils wasting time on Latin and geometry. And Dr. Knight takes a “fall out” about our self-satisfied, bragging complacency and a number of other sins, especially the “inferior ability and training and sadly deficient qualities of leadership” manifested by many county and city superintendents of schools.

As I happen to be both a county and a city school superintendent and, therefore, possibly stand to be classed by ex-Superintendent Knight as one among the many county and city superintendents who “are inferior in ability and training and sadly deficient in qualities of leadership,” I feel some hesitancy about making any remarks at all just at this time. However, I am humbly presuming that I may not be so sadly lacking in pedagogical “ability, training and leadership” as are some of my professional brethern, according to the bumptiously pharisaical opinion of the young Chapel Hill professor of rural education, and that I may remotely qualify to express some opinions relative to our present North Carolina educational situation.

And, first of all, the thing which really pesters me about the recent speeches of these two young doctors of philosophy which have received a

great deal of undeserved notoriety is that when they had the opportunity to talk about our North Carolina school situation they went gunning for English sparrows and not for big game.

My own private opinion is that any North Carolina youngster ought to have the opportunity to study both Latin and geometry, Dr. Highsmith to the contrary notwithstanding. But the courses of study offered in our high schools will be adjusted in due time by the changing educational ideas of our social order. Our colleges all, except State college, now require a foreign language for entrance. And even State college requires algebra and geometry. As long as those college requirements remain in force, it is useless for any North Carolina pedagogue or eating club to get greatly exercised over the presence of Latin and geometry in our present high school courses of study or to imagine that the elimination of certain subjects from the present course to study can contribute more than a mere bagatelle toward the solution of our real educational problems.

Then, suppose all the charges Dr. Knight makes against our educational system and conditions are true, and most of them are true in some sense, what boots it? The only solution the young professor offers for the education ills he thinks we suffer from is for us all to stop playing little Jack Horner and saying what big boys we are and go to work to lengthen the school term and to read more books and newspapers!

Now isn't that a dainty dish to set before our alleged complacent and ignorant North Carolina? Dr. Knight lamented the fact that less than 300 North Carolinians bought copies of Walter H. Page's *Life and Letters*, and cited that fact as proof of our lack of literacy and as a warning that we ought not to brag about our doings in the realm of our educational Zion. And yet those Page letters are about the most consummate pharisaical bragging yet done by any North Carolinian. Note this sentence in one of his letters to his son, Arthur:

"God has yet made nothing or nobody equal to the American people; and I don't think he ever will or can."

And this also to his son Arthur: "There's no nation in Europe worth a tinker's dam when you come to the real scratch. The whole continent is rotten, or tyrannical, or yellow dog. I wouldn't give Long Island or Moore county for the whole of continental Europe."

How is all that for boasting? Can even Dr. Knight cite two more consummate pieces of brag? Yet this same Ph. D. would have us all buy Page's *Life and Letters* and read them, forsooth that we may become duly humble and meek and so become fully fit to inherit our North Carolina educational earth!

Dr. Knight is a doctor of the philosophy of education, yet he has seemingly failed to learn the poor pedagogy of telling a bad boy in need of reformation that he is just about the sorriest specimen of humanity outside of the state penitentiary. And then Dr. Knight and a lot of others these days forget that the efficiency of our educational

system will never depend primarily on the size and the cost of its physical plant any more than my good citizenship depends on the size and the cost of the house I happen to live in.

But what ought Knight and Highsmith to have talked about to the Raleigh Civitans? In my humble opinion, they ought both to have told those feasting Raleigh uplifters that our first civic educational problem is to secure 100 county-wide school systems, every one of which puts every dollar of property in every county behind the education of every child in every county. Dr. Knight once tried to get Wake county to do that very thing and failed. I would hardly be ungracious enough to say that his failure was due to "inferior ability and training, and sadly deficient qualities of leadership" which he now so blithely hurls in the teeth of many of his erstwhile brethren. Yet every school man, from the state superintendent down to the humblest worker in the educational ranks, will tell you that our future educational progress waits on the adoption by all our 100 counties of the so-called county-wide school system. Yet when those "doctors" had opportunity to tell North Carolina what it ought to do for its educational salvation, one of them could only think of the devastating effects of poorly taught Latin and geometry and the other could only think of the inordinate boasting of some of our ill-mannered contemporaries and the smug indifference of some others to the higher things of life! All of which is a bit discouraging to those of us who would like to see the whole state enter on a really constructive educational program.

And, in addition to the county-wide system we must adopt in order that we may really make a good beginning toward progress out of the educational wilderness, those doctors of philosophy ought also to have been talking about an adequate state system of taxation with which properly to support an efficient program of public education. Surely everyone must realize that North Carolina can never have efficient schools with an income only from the present county system of property taxation. North Carolina must have an equitable state system of property valuation and taxation, supplemented by school taxes on other sources than the present tax on local real and personal property, if she would develop her public schools to the point of even moderate, efficiency. But when Highsmith and Knight had opportunity to tell some of their fellow citizens that wholesome truth and drive it home, they preferred to use wooden guns and blank cartridges. Somehow I can't help but feel a bit discouraged over the fact that a state official and a university professor should fail so ignominiously to grasp the essentials of a modern, constructive North Carolina educational program.

And Dr. Knight talked a lot about inefficient teachers and inefficient superintendents. But he never uttered a word or a syllable of an adequate program remedy to what ever most parents already feel and know—that poor teaching is the rule in our schools and not the exception. Some of us are certain that poor teaching results from the utter indifference of our educational leaders to the vital matters of adequate teacher training and standardizing the

product of the schools. It does not take a Solomon to observe the wholly indefinite and utterly futile nonsense of very much of that which now passes muster as teacher training. May be that is the real reason people are generally so indifferent to what Dr. Knight calls teacher training. Surely the genuine article would merit the adequate support of the state, if only the people could be shown what it is. But there can be no adequate program of teacher training put in operation in North Carolina as long as we make no serious effort to standardize the work of our elementary and our high schools. And yet that is the very work men like Highsmith and Knight ought to lead in. Instead, we have only a job lot of glittering generalities and high sounding words with which the colleges and normal schools regale prospective teachers. The futility of the whole program is too apparent to need demonstration. And when the people do not give more money for more buncombe and humbug, they are told how benighted they are and how far behind they lag in the vital matter of "training teachers."

Briefly there are three things I wish those two "doctors" would talk about the next time any one invites them to speak:

- (1) About the prime necessity of the county-wide school system for the proper financial administration of the schools and their demonstration;

- (2) About the necessity of an efficient system of taxation in order that our schools may be properly supported and developed; and

- (3) About the necessity of standardizing the work of the schools to the end that it may be possible real-

ly to begin the definite training of teachers for work in the schools.

And after all the futile speeches have been made, there will abide in this good state the three educational necessities I have enumerated above. In all humility I commend them to the attention of all North Carolinians

who love their state and would like to engage vitally in its educational progress, and especially do I commend them to Dr. J. Henry Highsmith of Raleigh, and to Dr. Edgar W. Knight of Chapel Hill.

—Charles L. Coon.

Wilson, Aug 27, 1926.

A word or clause may now and then
Have meanings strange and varied;
But it's not a wooden wedding
When a pair of Poles are married.

SHAKE NEIGHBOR.

(Reidsville Reveiw).

It isn't the fellow who lives on the other side of town, or at the end of your street, or who meets you daily, in business, but it is your next door neighbor who knows you. It is the latter who observes your daily habits, gets some insight into home life and forms a reliable estimate of the kind of fellow you are.

To the French press and all foreigners engaged in working themselves up to anti-Americanism, the following editorial from the Western Tribune of Vancouver, British Columbia, is recommended, with the familiar expression, "Please Copy":

"Why should people in Great Britain and Canada who pay their obligations as a matter of principle, join in this mischievous chorus of denunciation and 'Shylock-baiting?' We may not like the United States' form of prohibition, we may think her inclined too much self-glorification, but where in the world can you find a better neighbor? Who would

like to have France or Germany or Jugo-Slavia or Japan across the border in place of the cousinly peoples who share our language, our literature and our enthusiasm and whose traits and foibles we fully understand?

"There are some things we can all stand joking about—often to our profit. There are other things that are listed sanctities which can not be trampled on without inviting trouble. No nation except the British is more ready than the American people to accept a joke about itself or to see and remedy its own mistakes. But to derogate the flag, which the every-day American regards as a sacred emblem, or the national honor which is his religion, is treated as an insult—and rightly so.

"There is scarcely a single large scale industrial development in British Columbia, outside of the B. C. Electric Railway, that was not made possible through American capital and American enterprise.

“France, which has received compensating benefits from the depreciation of the franc, just as Germany benefited from the depreciation of the mark, may have her own good reason for raising the “Uncle Slylock” cry when it comes to paying debts. England, which suffered unemployment as the price of stabilizing the pound while the factories of France and Germany were working overtime, has no need to join the anti-American campaign. Least of all has Canada, which for a cen-

tury has found the American people such good and reliable neighbors that—in spite of occasional minor family disputes—we sleep content of nights without an army or navy, un-Doctrines.

“At least we should wait until Canada has an army and a navy comparable to that of the United States before the half-wits and the nit-wits are given license to poke cheap insults at our friendly neighbor’s flag and honor.”

COW ARISTOCRACY.

They’ve established a family tree for the bovine family in the new animal husbandry building at the College of Agriculture and Engineering. Through 1,400 volumes of records containing the family history of the most distinguished of the cow breed, pedigrees may be traced through families that had their origin across the sea, and came over in the Mayflower, or whatever the name of the boat was. There is this to be said the aristocracy of the milk producers. They must produce, must show they are worthy of their sires and dams, or they are dropped from the record. Only those who make good figure in the family history. With humans it is different. Those who claim long descent, distinguished ancestry, especially those who make the most noise about it, are more than often the type that would be excluded from the family tree if the rule was followed that prevails among the generations of the bovines.

—R. R. Clark.

ONE HENRY FORD PAGE.

Neither optimist nor pessimist will ever be trusted with the reins. People are interested in extremists, but do not place responsible power in their hands. Extremists measure the distance sidewise, they do not extend the road in front. They are like channel lights that mark the shoals on either side, something to steer by, but not to steer toward. Extremists are useful as to limits—and there are two extremes to everything. But we are not journeying between them. Progress comes that way. It will loose many minds from needless burdens if they can learn to look upon extremists, not as leaders, but as way lights showing the width of the road on either side.

The optimist may be a fool who has lost his balance wheel; the pessimist may be a wise man who has lost his buoyancy, which is faith founded on knowledge. Or the optimist may be a wise man who has declined to recognize one-half of life; and the pessimist may be a fool who has let his reason be overpowered by a set of ruffian facts. In any case, both are useless as far as directing the march of humanity is concerned. There is probably something of value in each of these temperaments, something of truth in each of these points of view; it is characteristic of life that absolute zero is unknown in the human plane.

Yet' the extremist is the one person who is most readily heard, although he is the one person to whom we consistently refuse to give over the reins. Extremes of every sort may become something of "successes" among us, and may provide another illustration for the argument that we are a thoughtless, mindless, misdirected generation. But there is another point of view.

It may be granted that the readiness with which the majority listen to extremists is evidence of the possibility of both extremes being

within most persons, according to temperament. But it may also be said with some confidence in the importance of it, that the fact that people do not follow the extremists in great numbers suggests another use for them which we have not recognized.

May it not be that instinctively, and perhaps inarticulately, the people regard the extremes as limits: not as gates opening beyond, but as marking the utmost limit that we may go in their direction. Now, here may be the deep source of the difference between the extremists themselves and the people who hear them but refuse to follow them or give them power. The extremists himself believes that his extreme is the mouth of a new river of life up which the race may sail to endless paradise, a gate of new opportunity which has remained sealed to humanity until he came along to open it. The extremist must believe this to be an extremist. He has no idea of marking a limit, he believes that he is signaling a new opening for the race.

The people, however, see, as it were, the channel of their progress marked on either side by these limit lights. On the right hand the extreme warn-

ing lights of conservatism, on the left the extreme warning lights of radicalism; on the right hand the extreme of optimism, on the left the extreme of pessimism; on the right the extreme of unearthly and unnatural spirituality, on the left the lurid lights of equality unnatural materialism; on the right an uncontained, unanchored and irresponsible altruism, on the left abysmal philosophy of selfishness. All down the channel these extreme lights, right and left, marking the outer limits of safety, beyond which there is no navigation, but menace of shipwreck.

The people are heeding the lights, but not steering toward them; they are not regarding those lights as port lights; they are steering between them.

These are not the extremes the people seek. These are limits—the shoal lights. The extremes which the people seek are extensions. They instinctively know the meaning of those lights alongside the channel; they know they are to be heeded, but not made a goal; they know that the kind of leading which their souls of progress crave must be of another kind, must shine above the channel along which they move. Limitations, when personal, mark the way a man must go—they are not obstacles but guideposts—he does not go toward them, but between them; and it is the same with the limitations of view

marked by the extremists.

It will thus be seen that as society moves along the way that it is to go, a comparatively easy feat is to swing to one side of the march, right or left, and from these extremes of the line attract attention. It is in fact very easy. Extremes, boundaries, peaks, road-ends, walls, shorelines, capes, always attract attention. A man who veers to the extreme 'right' of a question is doing precisely the same thing as a man who veers to the extreme 'left' of the same question, and both of them simply measure for the mass of people the distance the question will stretch sidewise. There is no progress in either. There is no light ahead. To mark the end of the line may serve a purpose, but to bow the line forward from the middle or any other point is a great achievement. It is not of record that the line ever starts its forward march from the right or left or extreme. The line cannot be pulled around and through the extreme right or the extreme left, making it the point of departure for a new forward movement. The line moves from the center, as a rule. The whole line moves, even the extremes, for the extremes of yesterday are not those of today, nor have we moved through the extremes of yesterday to reach the position of today.

Willie was having trouble defining the word "arrears," and the teacher had asked him to use it in a sentence.

Deep thought for a moment, then a great light.

"Helen has dirt behind arrears," he spoke up jubilantly.

CONCERNING THE RETENTION OF ONE'S WILLIAM.

(Monroe Journal).

Brother Honeycutt, of the Stanly News-Herald, is one editor whose editorials we never fail to take a slant at. The one charm about editorial writing is the charm of the unexpected. If an editor has such a mental slant that his readers know what he is going to say before he says it, his editorials cannot be interesting. And the charm of uncertainly Bro. Honeycutt has. True, if the subject of evolution happens to be on top for the time you know just where Bro. Honeycutt is going to hit with all his driving power. Or, if it concerns some of the frequent and embarrassing slips of of his county officials, you may know just how Bro. Honeycutt is going to treat the faux pas of said official, and no other editor can rightly hold it against him. But take him outside of his religion and his necessities and the Uwharrie Mountains, Brother Honeycutt is in the habit of delivering all kinds of sensible and interesting thunderbolts from the editorial Olympus. His last paper has one on the subject of "Keeping Your Goat." It was occasioned by the remark of an Albemarle man, possibly Mr. Cranford, who certainly never lost his over his chain gang incident, or Mr. Burselon, whose goat sundry people are now trying to separate him from because of his admitted indiscretion in tickling one of the old lady inmates in his county home with a peach tree sprout. This remark, the truth of which we are

ready to vouch for, was this: "If I had to sum up the very best piece of advice I could give to any man, woman boy or girl—a piece of all important advice in the fewest words—it would be this—Don't lose your goat."

His Spine Straightened.

Taking his suggestion to heart, Bro. Honeycutt applied it at once in a most useful and successful way. Knowing that the discouraged man is to be pitied and that he often needs but a few encouraging words and friendly sympathy to set him on his feet, Bro. Honeycutt tells the story this way: "The other day a young man, bright, honest, well-bred and otherwise capable, walked into our office. He had lost his job. He had made a mistake. He was down and out. His goat was gone. He was ready to throw up his his hands and quit. We saw our chance. God being our helper, we thought, before that young fellow gets out of our presence he is going to feel differently, he is going to be ready to get another grip on life. We were busy, very busy, and but for the fact that we thought we might help a falling friend we should not have taken up but a little time with him. As we advanced ideas and made suggestions to the discouraged young man, and tried to pour into his discouraged, disheartened, down-cast soul a new spirit of courage and fight and enthusiasm, we could see him responding. Before he went out his spine was straight again, his head was lift-

ed up, there was a new fire in his eyes. 'Well,' said he as he left, 'I may not be able to make it, but I have made up my mind that if I fall my face will be toward the enemy. I will not be a coward.'

"What he will do remains to be seen. But we felt as that young fellow left our presence that possibly we had succeeded in rekindling in his soul a new flame of enthusiasm and courage, and if so our time was not lost.

Folks, the next person you meet who is down and out, for God's sake don't kick him. Say to yourself, here's my chance today to help some one. Slap him on the back and tell him to keep on fighting. Tell him that we all have our moments of discouragement, but that you can't keep a working man down. Tell him to take fresh courage, buckle down and if he must die, to die like a man. Try this and see how much better the discouraged one will feel when he leaves you than when he came to you, and how much better you will feel when at the close of day you say your prayers and lie down to sleep."

We Hand It To Him.

In all seriousness, we wish to "hand it to" Mr. Honeycutt on that act as well as on the soundness of his philosophy about the subject in general. "Keep your goat," like the older one, "Keep a stiff upper lip," is but a slang expression, but it embodies a great truth in human experience. The man who thinks he's whipped is whipped and the man who thinks he is not whipped can never be whipped. Everybody admires the man who keeps his back straight. There is today a man among our

State's noblest and most honored, who went through battles that would have ruined nine men out of ten, and who through the years never lowered his standard or emitted a whine though every kind of adversity known to mortals had come to him. As we write, three pictures of this man come to mind, pictures seen at long intervals and by accident. One was when he was in the height of power, prestige and personal popularity unsurpassed in his day. He, clad in perfect raiment of that day of forty years gone by, raised his hand and graciously saluted a barefoot and unknown lad upon the street. Twenty years passed. Fortune had flown and not a dollar ahead in the world but masses of obligations. With the same elastic step, the same charming and gracious politeness, he still passed down the street with elastic step, bereft of everything except his principle of life—"our folks die game." The third picture? A present one of success, honor, ease and more than three score years of memories untainted.

What would you give for a "goat" like that? We would give anything that we had and know that a good trade was being made. And, Bro. Honeycutt, if you can inspire any one with even a modicum of that spirit, you have done a good day's work not only for that individual, but for humanity.

Well, We Surrender!

The other day we had a discourse touching the use of slang and such like, and it was remarked therein that slang expressions grew up red hot out of human emotions. How it came about that the phrase, "Get-

ting your goat," sprang up we are unable to say. But there was need for some such expression to express this attitude of courage. Courage, bravery, perseverance, and such like words are fine old fellows, but they never served the purpose. They sounded like preaching and moral homilies and their appeal went over the head of those most needing the sentiment. "Getting my goat" sums all these ideas up at the same time adds ginger to them. Tell a boy to be brave and manly and he is not impressed. Say, "Look out, he'll get your goat," makes him come up like a ramrod.

And so, we have decided to quit fighting against words and expressions not provided for in the grammar.

Let the people talk as they will. The language does not belong to us anyway. Of all the expressions that we have fought against, we have held out longest against the Rev. Smith and the Rev. Jones. We have persistently marked that phrase out of copy for a quarter of a century and nobody paid any attention to it. In vain we and others have pointed to the fact that it is a nigger expression. But the preachers themselves have now begun to use it, and also the great news gathering agency, The Associated Press. Therefore, on this point at least, we surrender our William and let it go. From now on, all you preachers and others use "Rev. Smith" as much as you want to.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The Ten Commandments must receive the respect of every thinking man and woman in the world today. Sometimes we hear the intimation that they are out of date, that they belong to an age that is past. Sometimes people assume a kind of a superiority to these ancient words. They seem to think that they have thought themselves beyond them, that they owe no particular allegiance to them. But these ancient laws are no more out of date than sunshine is out of date or than apple blossoms are a thing of the past. On the other hand these words are fundamental and basic. The forms into which these commandments have been thrown may carry with them an antiqueness that is strange to this day, but the substance is as modern as a delicious May-morn-ple

ing mushroom.

We care little about phraseology and strange thought-forms, but we are mightily concerned about eternal ideas and persistent and living principles. No man can think himself or live himself beyond the fact and the necessity of God. No man can live as he ought to live in a world like ours independent of the God-idea. No man can be so modern as to be ahead of God.

God is our eternal contemporary. It is not a case of our outdating God, but it is a case of our keeping up with Him. We get strange ideas of being modern. We think sometimes that to be modern is to cut loose entirely from the past. We are modern according to the thought of some people if we bring nothing out of yes-

terday into today or if we laugh tumultuously at what has been or if we speak with contempt of our grandmother's religion and her way of doing things. But Carlyle suggests that we must never give up anything until we get all of the good out of it and bring it into the present.

It is therefore not God we want to get rid of, but wrong and distorted views of Him. It is not the ten commandments we would throw on the junk pile, but unhappy and arbitrary interpretations and applications of them. We need the ten commandments in these days as we need bridges over streams, as we need pillars in temples, as we need foundations to houses, as we need signboards on highways, as we need scaffolding on rising buildings. The man who is really out of date is the man who has forgotten that God was in the world before he came into it and will be here after he goes out of it, who has overlooked the fact that the thou-shall-nots and the thou-shalts of the world are about as necessary as shoes to feet and wheels to a car. The man who tries to bow God out of the world and life is on a par with the smart son who would put his father out of his own house or dismiss him from his own business.

The first commandment points our duty of recognizing that He is God, and the absolute supremacy of Him. We are told that God is the first doctrine of religion and He is. If I am to do any real and ultimate thinking I must begin with the fact of God. Otherwise thinking can get nowhere. It will run me into a blind alley. God is the very inspiration and justification and rationality of my thinking. He is the explanation of

all things. He is the warm and central glow of all being. Outside of the fact of God all is darkness and chaos. Chance reigns supreme if God is a fiction.

Of course God is the supreme mystery, but He is also the supreme light. He is at once the unknowable and the known. He must sit regnant in the midst of our thought-processes. Nothing or nobody can take His place. Nothing can represent Him. He is not one of many—He is the only One and there must be supreme allegiance to Him. He cannot endure man of the divided mind. He will not suffer man to split his soul and give half of it to Him and half of it to other gods. He claims all of man because He is the ALL of goodness and beauty and truth. Therefore when man has Him he has all that is worth having in the world.

And a second duty is the duty of reverence. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain—that means don't drag it down into the dust of irreverent thinking and unholy talking. Don't put the name of God to that useless use of language named swearing. Don't take a name that has music and beauty and inspiration and hope in it and use it as a discord and a tumult in the harmony of the world. Don't use your tongue as a hammer or hatchet upon that which you should be wearing on your soul as you wear a diamond on your finger. Bow your head and heart before Him whose name you know. Regard it as sacred as you do your mother's love and approach it as you would the beauty of morning.

A third duty to God is respect for

and the right use of His holy day. The Sabbath was made for man—why is use of it a duty to God? Well, we owe it to God to make the most of ourselves. When we injure

ourselves we injure God. When we reach up toward the ideal that God holds in His mind for us we do Him service.

ALL BUT ME.

In a certain village, in a certain county, in the grand old State of Ohio, there once lived an eccentric citizen by the name of John Arbuckle. He was tall and gaunt, with long white hair and he wore a long white beard that came well down over his breast. He had a slow, deep, drawling base voice. He had another peculiarity. He was of such a convivial and bibulous nature that he would absorb large quantities of alcoholic fluids whenever he came in contact with them. In a stupefied condition, he would wander off to some secluded place on the outskirts of the village, drop down in a grassy spot to sleep the sleep of the just. In such a place we will leave him, to await the hour of resurrection, as it were, while we consider more pressing matters.

There were several young couples on their way home, late at night, from a party in the village.

As they sauntered along to their homes in the suburbs many brilliant flashes of wit brought forth hearty and well-timed peals of laughter, giving joy and inspiration to all who might chance to overhear. As they came by the village cemetery, about a half a mile or so out, they decided to enter therein and sit down on some low tombstones to rest awhile, that they might be able to discuss the welfare of the nation.

One of the boys, exceedingly witty, casually remarked that he wondered if they were all dead in there. One of the girls, also noted for her brilliant wit, addressed the dead in her most dramatic manner, asking them, "Are ye all asleep?" At this moment there arose out of the deep grass and weeds beyond a low tombstone, a tall, gaunt figure, the whitened hair and face and long white beard showing only at first. A deep, drawling, bass voice exclaimed, "All but me!" Consternation seized the party. Feminine shrieks, while the boys stood dumbfounded in their tracks. All but one. One more nimble and more thoughtful than the rest, ran with all possible speed to open the gates that the others might more easily escape.

He did not stop to sing "The Girl I left Behind Me," but ran back to village in search of rescuers. The rest of the party soon recovered themselves and ran back to the village to relate their experience.

The town marshal, the constable and some other brave worthies made their way with more or less haste toward the graveyard to meet the redoubtable John Arbuckle slowly making his way toward the town by holding to the fences. So it is recorded in the archives of the village.

—Dr. C. C. Carter.

THEN WE'LL ALL BE RICH.

By W. O. Saunders.

We'll all have flying machines automobiles, iceless refrigerators, electrified homes and every other luxury under the sun within a few more decades.

There will be no such thing as poverty anywhere on earth and things that are today luxuries for the well-to-do will be the common playthings of ordinary wage-earners.

And this is going to be true because science is going to simplify our whole problem of food production and relieve humanity of much of the present arduous labor and expense of feeding itself.

When 30 men working in a factory the size of a city block can produce as much food as 1,000 men working on 75,000 acres of land, food will become so abundant and so cheap that your wage-earner will not have to give up seventy five per cent of his earnings for rations; he will have the bulk of his income to expend upon things that are now considered luxuries.

* * *

Up to the present time our boasted civilization hasn't been all we have tried to crack it up to be. Human civilization is human slavery. Civilization calls for certain standards of appareling, certain standards of shelter, certain social obligations and a number of things that men must work incessantly for to acquire and retain.

While the barbarian takes his ease, living in a simple shelter; eating simple foods, indulging his primitive passions and knowing no fear of tax collectors, we who call ourselves civil-

ized work eight to sixteen hours a day keeping up appearances. We spoil all the sunny days in the prime of our lives laying up something for a rainy day; and the end of it all is just a rainy day. In the making of our little pile we undo our very selves. We gain a bank account and lose our hair, our nerves, our teeth, our eyesight, our virility and the rose color of our dreams.

And all because we must spend so much of our time turning water and sunlight and air into corn; turning the corn into a hog or a cow and turning the hog and the cow back into something to eat. What a wasteful process. Why not take the sunlight, the water and air and turn it directly into something to eat, within clean walls of a sun-lighted factory instead of plowing and sweating in the dirt and following a cow all our lives? Does this sound silly? Let's see.

* * *

A century ago the man who predicted the telephone, the electric light or the horseless carriage was considered a lunatic. Barely two decades ago when the Wright Brothers began to experiment with a heavier than air flying machine they hid themselves among the sand dunes of the North Carolina coast where they could experiment without being laughed to scorn by an unimaginative world. And while they labored at Kill Devil Hill, Lee DeForrest, experimenting with wireless telegraphy on Roanoke Island, was generally regarded as just another "harmless nut."

Eminent scientists now predict with

a feeling of certainty that the modern chemist will find a way to convert the light of the sun and the nitrogen of the air into food for the human family.

This prediction was made by not one, but by a number of conservative scientists in a round table discussion at the Institute of Politics at Williamston, Mass. last week.

It is no wild theory. Something like that is already being done in factories that take nitrogen from the air and make it into fertilizers for the renewal of our worn-out soils and into yeast, an article of food that civilized man would hardly know how dispense with.

With God, to whom a day is as but a thousand years, the process of slowly turning sunlight and air into an ear of corn and as slowly turning the corn into a cow is reasonably swift; but to man, whose days are but few, time is more precious and man will find an easier, simpler and more expeditious way of achieving the same results.

Drawing our alcohol and carbohydrates—the power to keep our bodies fit and going—direct from the ether will be no greater marvel in years to come than the drawing of electricity from the ether.

THREE NOTED DIVINES.

By Jas. T. Nichols.

To hear a Jewish rabbi, a famous Roman Catholic dignitary and a noted Protestant preacher from the same platform is rather an unusual privilege.

It was on the Steamship "President Harding," Sunday afternoon, July 4. A platform had been arranged so that all passengers could attend the celebration.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, was the chairman and one of the speakers. He called attention to the unusual pleasure that was his, a Jewish rabbi, to introduce as speakers both a famous Roman Catholic and a noted Protestant preacher.

The rabbi then said that he had a grievance against a Roman Catholic dignitary, although it was not the one that he was soon to introduce.

Before moving to New York, Mr. Wise said he lived in Oregon. In the city in which he lived a certain Ro-

man Catholic dignitary was sick with smallpox and thought he was going to die.

To the amazement of his own church people, this dying priest asked for a Jewish rabbi to administer the final sacrament. The nun in charge said: "Father, you are not going to die at all, but if you were, surely you would want your own beloved priest to administer extreme unction rather than a Jewish rabbi."

"No, I would not," said the sick man, "I want a Jewish rabbi, for I would not want to give my own priest the smallpox."

Rabbi Wise is a real orator. He began his address by quoting a portion of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg with changes to fit the date and occasion. Though not long, this Fourth of July oration was one of the greatest speeches of its kind this

writer ever heard.

Rev. Thomas Burks of the Catholic university, of Washington, D. C., was the next speaker. He described the Tower of Light at the Sesquicentennial at Philadelphia and declared that it symbolizes America, whose great mission is to give light to all the nations of the earth. It was a masterly effort, but a strange speech to come from a Roman Catholic.

The third speech was made by Rev. Lynn Harold Hough, pastor of the Central M. E. Church of Detroit, Mich. He caught the entire audience from the first word by several amusing stories.

He illustrated the ability of an American to hit the nail on the head by telling of a good, elderly lady visiting Mount Vernon. She asked an American visitor if he really thought it was true that George Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac. He replied that he was certain about that, but he was certain that Washington threw a sovereign across the Atlantic.

The central truth, Mr. Hough emphasized, is that no one nation or race or religion made the United States. Each nation, race and religion made its contribution and thus we have the greatest Government and people of all the earth.

All three speakers made a great plea for tolerance, and that we can

not be true to our own country or religion without putting our arms around the world, not only in effort to help solve the problems of humanity, but to help all nations of the earth gain the freedom that we enjoy.

Steamship men say that never before in the history of transportation has there been such demands for passage across the Atlantic. Many of the best ships are sold out long before sailing dates. The Steamship "President Harding" is crowded to the limit—two sittings at all tables and parts of one smoking-room utilized as temporary dining room. Already staterooms on this ship are being sold for 1927, and for this trip practically every berth was sold for three or four months ago.

This is my first experience on a ship where booze is not sold. It is a delight to be on board such a ship. I have not seen a drunken man on the entire trip, and yet some say that liquor drinking is worse than when we had open saloons. Think of a day in Philadelphia, another in New York, and a trip across the Atlantic without the smell of liquor upon a single breath. A new, but delightful, experience.

The fly in the ointment, however, is the frequent cigarette smoking among girls and women. The Lord pity a cigarette-smoking mother.

"Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?"

"Well, he's very busy, ma'am. What was it you wanted to see him about?"

"About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

INTELLIGENT VOTING.

“Were the women of this country to attend the primaries and bring to bear upon the issues involved the same intelligence and perspicacity that they show in all other pursuits of life, I firmly believe there would be fewer of the slush fund scandals with which we are now so frequently regaled.”

This is the declaration of Mrs. Alfred Broseau, president general of the D. A. R., in her address before the meeting of D. A. R. convention in Rocky Mount this week. In it, Mrs. Broseau cuts through the pessimism and the skepticism which have arisen around the trail of woman's participation in politics. She goes back cleanly and clearly to the high hope with which the advocates of equal suffrage championed their cause.

In North Carolina it has been found that women are not bringing to bear on the issues of politics and government the same intelligence and perspicacity they show in all other pursuits of life. As a matter of fact, it has been demonstrated that too many of them cast their ballots with the same thoughtlessness and disregard to the vital issues as their fathers, husbands and brothers.

Of course, the weight of woman's influence will be found in general cast on the side of morality and the defense of the home. It was too big an order to expect that the sudden franchisement of women would work an instant cure of the evils which have grown up in our political system. It need not have been expected that they would, instantly and en masse have availed themselves of the right

vote and would have brought to bear the exercise of the ballot their full intelligence. The precedent set by fathers and husbands and brothers was too imposing.

But because they do not vote a hundred per cent and because they sometimes disappoint in the treatment of their political rights, there is no room for discouragement. The mistake, if there has been a mistake, was on the part of the over-optimistic champions of equal suffrage who saw in the woman vote a panacea for political wrongs.

Mrs. Broseau stated the need clearly. It isn't enough for women to have the ballot. It isn't enough for them to vote. They must bring to bear on the issues involved the full powers of womanly discrimination and womanly intelligence

That applies to women. Does it not also apply to men? Could Pennsylvania now be corrupt and content if both men and women applied their full intelligence to the business of voting? Would the scandal of elections bought and sold in Pennsylvania and Illinois have been possible if men and women cast their votes rather than allowed themselves to be herded to the ballot boxes by watchers who received \$10 a day for the work?

A democratic system of government is absolutely dependent on a free, untrammelled, informed electorate. The qualifications of the voter is a matter of individual responsibility. But around the ballot must be thrown the safeguards that guarantee a free expression, and a fair count, and that reduce to the minimum the possibility

of corruption by private interests. In North Carolina, as in other states where the primary has been

misused the need is for a strengthened primary, a secret ballot, and a full vote.

KEEPER CITED FOR TRIAL.

By A. C. Huneycutt.

J. C. Burleson, keeper of the Stanly County Home, was today arrested on a warrant issued at the instance of Zeb V. Moss, local welfare officer. The warrant charges Mr. Burleson with an assault and battery on Mrs. Authur McIntyre, an inmate of the home one day last week.

Burleson promptly gave bond and was released. Mrs. McIntyre was an inmate of the county home at the time of the alleged whipping. She was allowed to leave soon afterwards and on arriving in Albemarle was arrested by local police officers and lodged in jail where she remains at this time. Burleson does not deny that he struck her three licks with a small peach tree switch, from which he says he did not strip the leaves. He declares and is corroborated by other inmates that the slight strokes did not hurt her. "I did not intend to hurt her but only whipped her to scare her so that she could be managed," he said today.

The writer drove over to the county home this afternoon to see just what the inmates had to say about the whipping. The fine new brick home which stands on the top of a knoll is one of the most imposing structures in the county, having the appearance of an old English country seat. The grounds are well kept,

with winding driveways bordered with an abundance of shrubbery and flower plants. The new home is built of red pressed brick and is a model of architecture.

I can't think of a man who loves flowers and beautiful grounds, and who works with his flowers with as much interest as does Mr. Burleson as a hard-boiled brute who would beat up feeble old men and women whom the county has placed in his care, and that conclusion is the correct one. A visit to the home and a careful investigation will disclose the fact that J. C. Burleson, although he made a mistake this once, is kind and gentle with those old men and women. Very young children and very old men and women do not know how to pretend to feel what at heart they do not, but that every inmate in the Stanly County Home loves Mr. Burleson as a father, is not doubted by anyone after a visit there. The writer talked with a dozen or more. They seemed very much distressed over the trouble which Mr. Burleson is having, and they all think the woman he whipped was a very bad woman. "Do you want her to come back here?" the writer asked. A roar of "noes" instantaneously came from a dozen throats.

THE WATER LILY.

If you have never seen the surface of a pond covered with large, white, very sweet scented pond lilies and their round, shining green leaves, then you have missed one of the most beautiful sights nature can offer.

The blooming time lasts usually for three days, sometimes four, the flower opening in the morning and closing in the afternoon. On the first day the stigma is nature, on the succeeding days the others open. Both the petals and stamens are very numerous and the innermost petals gradually pass into stamens. The fruit ripens under water.

Castalia, from whom the genius is named was the daughter of Achelous, the god of the largest river in Greece. When she was pursued by Apollo she threw herself into a spring on Mt. Parnassus, which was afterward called Castalia.

The white pond lily is also called water nymph. In ancient Greece the water nymph presided over the wells, springs and streams, and offering of fruit and flowers were made to them by their votaries. In Germany the water nymph was known by the name of Undine, they were carefree, happy sprites without souls, but by marrying a mortal soul might be gained, as Foque has described in his romance "Undine." They often transformed themselves into water lilies in order that they might observe others without being seen themselves.

The Egyptians cultivated a blue flowered and also a white flowered

pond lily. The white lily, commonly known as the lotus lily, is the "Bride of the Nile," covering the surface of this mighty river, as it rises, with its fragrant blossoms. It was dedicated to Osiris, the god of the sun, and the dawn of day was represented by a youth seated upon a lily. In the British Museum there are several Egyptian statues with sceptres of the lotus lily.

In India the lotus lily is not only a sacred flower, but an object of worship. In Hindu theology, or mythology, the white pond lily is constantly associated with the gods and their place of abode. From this mystic blossom came forth Brahma, the Creator. Upon the lovely little lakes of Paradise floated myriads of blue, red and white lilies, each of which had thousands of petals. The gods were seated on these blossoms, and even walked upon them.

In China, the lotus lily is the type of female beauty, and the god of the Chinese is represented as seated on the leaves of this plant. The sun by the Persians is crowned with a lily. In Japan it is an emblem of purity, because it is unsullied by the muddy waters in which it grows.

According to Greek mythology, the white pond lily was once a young girl who was deeply in love with Hercules. Dying of jealousy, she was transformed into this flower. Young Grecian girls made garlands of the flowers, which were regarded as the symbol of beauty.

All efforts of Europe to make us believe it was our war and they came in to help us out will prove unavailing.—Waterloo (Ia). Tribune.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Paul Camp, William Case, Glenn Taylor and Teachey Rich were paroled last week.

Letter writing day came around again last week. All the boys were glad to write a letter to their home folks.

The boys were all glad to have their hair cut last week. This work was done by Messers Richie, John Keenan, Harold Beech and Register.

A carload of coal arrived at the Training School's railroad siding recently. It was unloaded by Mr. Talbert and a number of the boys.

H. W. Faulkner, former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last Thursday. Faulkner is now a Capt. in the U. S. Marines, on board the U. S. S. Arkansas, in Philadelphia.

Nolan Woodford, Cleveland Bylerly, Frank Gouff, Will Van Dyke, Jennings Freeman, Guy Tucker and Obediah Bridgers were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

From Prof. Johnson's morning section recently, the following boys were promoted to his afternoon school section: James Beddingfield, Frank Hill, Clyde Bristow T. L. Jackson, Homer Montgomery, Charles Morrow, Newton Watkins and Nolan Woodford. Boys from other rooms were also promoted to the higher grades.

Approximately 800 or 1,000 water

melos were hauled to the "big tree" near the print shop by the barn boys last Monday afternoon. The boys all had all the watermelon they could eat last Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon.

The Training School's junior team took from the Franklin Mill junior team, a game, by the score of 11 to 1, favor the School. Sisk the local pitcher held out the visitors from scoring until Wade's error in the seventh let them score. This second baseman had already put out nine men at first base. Good playing was done by the School boys. The score:

J. T. S.	112	007	x—11	11	3
F. M. T.	000	000	1—1	1	5

Th subject of last Sunday's lesson was: "The Ten Commandments: Duties to Man." Six commandments take up the study of this lesson. In the twelfth verse of the the twentieth chapter of Exodus it tells us that we must honor our father and our mother, that our days be long on this earth. It also gives the other commandments "Thou shalt not kill, steal covet." When the people heard this and saw the mountains in smoke and heard the thunderings, they stood afar off. The golden text for this lesson was: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The game was lost to the Winecoff team by the Training School team last Saturday afternoon, some hard pitching by Lisk, and Russell. Henry, center-fielder, was the player who lead in hits, he got two triples and one

single. This is the fifth game the Training School team has lost after winning ten. Russell went to the mound on the eighth, Lisk returning to the bench. The score:

J. T. S. 0 3 3 0 0 0 1 0 0—7 9 5

Winecoff 3 0 2 1 1 0 3 2 0—12 22 5

Runs, off: Lisk 10, off Russell 2.

Hits off: Lisk 15, off Russell 7.

Two base hits: Henry (2), Misen-

heimer. Home runs: Goodman. Stolen bases: Boger, Henry (3), Dorton J., Dorton D. Base on balls, off: Lisk 2, off Russell 0. Struck out by Lisk 2, by Russell 1, by Misenheimer 6. Hit by pitcher: (Misenheimer) Hobby. Umpires: Kiser and Wilson. The Training School has won ten games and lost five, the percentage being .667.

AUTUMN.

By Emily Dickinson.

The morns are meeker than they were,
 The nuts are getting brown;
 The berry's cheek is plumper,
 The rose is out of town.
 The maple wears a gayer scarf,
 The field a scarlet gown.
 Lest I should be old-fashioned,
 I'll put a trinket on.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD

SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 32 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

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OUR MISTAKE.

One of the mistakes we commonly make is to suppose that law in any and every realm is our enemy. On the contrary, the law is our friend

Sin is lawlessness, and lawlessness is sin, and let us set it down here once and for all, that a man cannot sin and get away with it.

It fares ill with him who wants to become a law unto himself. Let us take account of the calamities that are befalling us in this country for the widespread violation of law that ought to be held most sacred.

This universe may have many tricks about it, but has a most exact way of registering every infraction of law in the physical and moral sphere.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

*“There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In the 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.”*

* * * * *

IT'S THIRTY FOURTH.

There are 275 life insurance companies in the United States. It is no small achievement for a company, no older than is the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, to rise to the 34th among the 275 companies doing business in this country.

It shows that it is directed by a crowd of wise, energetic men; and it is proof that this fact is recognized by the public in general. It is a pride of the state and is the biggest thing in Greensboro, its home base.

Wonder if some grouchy Ph. D. will not at some period break out before a civic club and tell the folks how backward North Carolina is in the support and maintenance of life insurance companies. Give 'em time to take a European trip, making surveys and, upon their return, tell us about it.

In the face of all the recent blabber—and that's just what it was—North Carolina has done well, wonderfully well, with the proposition that she inherited by the results of the War Between the States, and no man does himself credit in attempting to fly-blow the old state that tolerates him, houses him and who “eats the bread of the state.”

North Carolina has caught the gait, and the Jefferson Standard thoroughly

understands the opportunities and responsibilities that belong to the powerful company.

* * * * *

NIGHT SHIRTS.

Here is a rich opportunity for a survey. The question that confronts the public is: What percentage of the population of the state has made the acquaintance of the night shirt, or pajamas? What percentage actually know what you are talking about when you speak of night shirts?

Men high in the professions have been known to entertain no respect for a night shirt. Go to a political convention, where the hotels pack their guests in a room as if they were sardines, and observe. At the convention which nominated Chas. B. Aycock for governor, now sainted, the Yarborough Hotel crowded eleven cots into one room, each held a man and all save one manifested his contempt for any special night habiliments. In that party was a gentleman, now a judge on the Superior Court Bench; two were prominent lawyers, afterwards became congressmen; one was a doctor, who occupied a high place in the medical world; one was the editor of a conspicuous daily in the state; one was a banker; one was a school teacher and county superintendent; one was a college professor, who, yet living, has not espoused the doctrine of evolution; one was a merchant; and one a big farmer—none save one of the occupants of that room put on any airs; they slept in their drawers and gauze, if you wish to have a correct account.

But we have progressed and have learned a few things, under the agencies that seek to lead us out of old fogvism.

The edict has gone forth that prisoners must be introduced to night shirts. It is well to strive for cleanliness, even with prisoners on the chaingang, but with a few more rules and restrictions, it will be economy to abolish all working prisons and substitute sunparlors, sleeping porches, flower gardens and silk pajamas—go to the limit.

* * * * *

PUFFS AND POWDER.

When the Census Bureau announced, says the Asheville Citizen, that America's bill for cosmetics had risen from 120 million dollars in 1923 to 142 millions in 1925, the jokesmiths laughed and the pessimists sighed. The jesters made sport of the egregious vanity it revealed; the soured gentry lamented the frivolity and extravagance it indicated. It was, however, not a folly but a symptom of national growth, evidence of the American woman's

determination to make the most of herself and her opportunities.

When all is said and done, life holds no higher duty than this: to make the most of oneself. One does it by improving oneself in appearance, character and competence. Whatever mere man may think of the thing, the women have decided that with the aid of cosmetics they are better fitted to go about their business of compelling attention and admiration. They have made up their minds that these aids to beauty increase their efficiency. The rouge pot and the powder puff are parts of their armament.

They have the best of the argument. What would life be without its puffs and powder, the devices and customs which men and women adopt to make themselves more entertaining and life more pleasing? By making the most of oneself, one contributes one's best to the general welfare. And, if a woman neglects to make the most of her appearance, the omission is enough to provoke the belief that she is similarly careless as to her other duties and relationships.

Women drawing upon their ingenuity and spending their money to emphasize and bring out their good looks are, as a rule, women who seek opportunity and cherish ambition to do their best and be at their best in all things. They are awake to their chief duty to keep themselves in such condition as will enable them to get the best out of life. Thus, and thus only, they make their best possible contribution to the community.''

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BREAKFAST.

The man, who can start and do a good day's work without treating himself to a breakfast, has something wrong with him, theories and fads to the contrary notwithstanding. The parent who will send his child to school, through carelessness or indifference, without a breakfast, is a criminal.

Elsewhere in this number is an article taken from the N. C. Health Bulletin that gives a pretty sound reason why folks should have a breakfast. It is worth reading—in fact every child in the public schools, who has learned to read right, should be required to read this article. It will put them wise.

Coca cola and candy suckers will not pass muster as a breakfast for a growing child.

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PRACTICALLY IGNORED.

Labor Day is not much of an institution in North Carolina. Judging

the conduct of the whole state by how the day was locally observed, it amounted to a practical joke in that labor kept right on laboring, and those otherwise classed shut up shop or made no exertion of note.

John Walker, John Query, Henry Winecoff and hundreds and hundreds of others kept right on; but the banks, the lawyers, 'Squire Lore, W. B. Ward and others, who are regarded not exactly guilty of paying court to labor observed the day religiously.

We have too many unobserved holidays.

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Associate Justice Brogden of the State Supreme Court has declined to grant a petition by the State Highway Commission to reopen the Newton road case, which was decided against the commission several weeks ago. This will strike the general public as a righteous decision. If the engineers are unable to go from Statesville to Newton, let them step aside. Why, R. R. Clark could lay out the route for that road between the two points, maintain regard for economy, carry out the spirit and letter of the law and do justice on all sides. It looks like there is some stubbornness at play.

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And Mecklenburg county has seen her duty and done it. Her county tuberculosis hospital, costing \$100,000 has been completed and starts on her way in its ministry of mercy and goodness. It is an occasion for the people to be proud of themselves. Some of these days, somehow, in some way, Cabarrus county will see her duty, hear the call and respond.

* * * * *

The prospects of Rowan county voting \$100,000 dollars for the erection of a Public Hospital and levying a modest tax for its support are said to be very bright. The movement is all about us—the worthy sick and suffering are not always neglected. Soon or late, even Cabarrus will hear the call and respond.

* * * * *

The Wachovia, the monthly journal issued by the Wachovia Bank & Trust Company, of Winston-Salem, with a number of branches, nearly every month contains articles of great interest to the general public. The late number paid its respects, in words and pictures, to a number of developments and industries in the Western part of the state. We appropriate its article on the Champion Fiber Co.

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Who is this fellow Dunning that staged a spectacular raid about Charles-

ton, S. C., and incidentally embarrassed Mr. Sharpe, the head of enforcement of the prohibition law in North and South Carolina and Georgia? Surely he is not the Dunning that messes about in the affairs of the North Carolina State Penitentiary.

* * * * *

The Citizens Bank and Trust Company, a progressive and successful local banking institution, is getting printer's ink on its fingers and on its face, just like other printers. This institution is now issuing a handsome journal under the name of Southern Farmer. The editor's name is not revealed, but President Wagoner and vice-President Goodman are under suspicion. After all, it might be one of the attractive women in that institution. The Southern Farmer is a joy in that it is not burdened with the names and movements of gad-about and ten dollar millionaires.

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To the benefit of the school children and the satisfaction of the public, the conflict in prices of school books, as between Tennessee and North Carolina, has been adjusted. The difference in the prices arose not from any sharp practice on the part of publishers but from the manner and method of distribution obtaining in the two states, the same being authorized by legislative enactment. The way is clear; now let parents see that their children attend regularly—after each has had a wholesome breakfast.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

There would not be any bootleggers if there were no buyers. So the blame is not all on the whiskey peddlers. As to cause and effect, the drinkers are the cause, the bootlegger is the effect.

If the people who are inclined to be grouchy can keep smiling long enough, before long they'll have enough to keep smiling about.

He is a wise man who can keep others from realizing what a blamed fool he really is.

A doctor told a bridge fiend that she had double pneumonia. She replied, "I redouble." Played the game to the last.

Out in St. Louis a judge doesn't think moonlight makes a very modest bathing suit. And they have "moonshiners" out there, too, when the judges nake light of the women's costumes.

They say Ford is building more airplanes. Well, he has given people a "rattling" time on earth, and when it comes to transportation the sky is the limit with him.

A lot of people wait for applause when they cannot give an encore.

When you place seven days end to end they reach too far to go without resting on at least one of them.

From reading the press dispatches from Paul Smith's, N. Y., and what

is going on at the summer White House, White Pine camp, I am led to the belief that Mr. Coolidge seems to think he will like his presidential job in a few years, after he gets used to it.

Some of the schools are teaching the blind to make shoes. That is better than making them baseball umpires.

A slacker is the fellow who always carries out the tea kettle when a stove is being moved.

Man is going to keep on inventing first one thing and then another, until he invents something women will not wear.

It is suggested to the government that when it makes stamps for the air mail it print them on fly paper.

People who are thrifty and save are generally talking about banks. There is one bank that pays heavily on deposits that deals in love. It is just as easy as falling off a log to love some folks. They are just naturally lovely. Anyone who wouldn't love them would be seriously short sighted. There are others you have to learn to love. They become lovely as acquaintance grows. They enrich us when we know them better. If you haven't started to bank virtues begin now. Invest personal worth and the bank you place it in will multiply your dividends. There's joy in watching the account grow. As it grows it multi-

plies in power to increase. Each added virtue banked tends to create happiness and add to life's sum of worth while.

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 Scientists have discovered that fleas are able to go without food for a week. This is an interesting subject. I, myself, have often thought that fleas had't had anything to eat for a month or more from the way they do eat when they begin. But the thing I am most interested in it is not how long a flea can fast for they are fast enough, goodness knows—but what they are willing to do and catch him while he is doing it.

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 A newspaper headline says, "Women are outstripping the men in the avenues of life." Outstripping is correct.

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 When I look around me and see so many labor-saving devices; things that do all kinds of work, everything except talk back at the boss; so many benevolent societies and organizations that are doing something for everybody, and supporting people able to work and won't work, and all kinds of fads not worth supporting, I have about come to the conclusion that the world is suffering for the want of hardships. We, as a people, are living too easy. There was a time when we used to kick because we could not find the boot-jack when we wanted to pull off our boots; a time when no one used a tooth brush, and there were no "three in one" in those days. Now we have no boots, and a boot-jack is not known in some households; and we kick if the tooth brush is not as soft as we desire. In the beginning of civilization it was hardship that

hardened the human race and produced men worth while. The pioneers of America produced the basic American stock. Now we growl if we have to walk to the garage after the car, and phone over to have the car delivered, and we wonder how the folks in the old days got along. Golf is the only thing I know of that is preserving, to a certain degree, the art of walking. Too many people are reclining on "flowery beds of ease." We need some more hardships.

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 September is upon us. Nature's month of romance. Honeymoons and wanderlust bearing in their sheaves. The cycle of suns and moons have risen and set. Time has slipped away and vacationtide is flowing home. September sunlight gleams with the promise of luscious fruits from orchards and vineyards. September smiles a cryptic smile and nods her goldenrod-circled head at the gifts of golden harvests, and brings home an onrush of loved ones, like the children who danced after the Pied Piper of old, come dames and damsels, tripping and skipping with fresh, carefree laughter along the road of romantic lure, answering the voices their own hearts hear. September brings us to the beginning of the fruition of the year; inviting us to new youth for the fall demands; new mirth for the long evenings; new make-believes in our imaginations new happiness that it is as well with us as it is.

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 This walking business, in the day, is beset with dodging automobiles, if you get anywhere. This reminds me that Mayor John M. Manning, when Durham went on that "Good

Will Tour" several years ago, in his talks to the people visited, said if the automobile habit kept up at the rate it was going that a generation would be produced without legs. They would have no use for them, as they rode all the time. The Doctor is prophetic. At the same time the reckless auto drivers are producing a race without legs, arms, and even life. Speaking of walking, there is one time of the twenty-four hours when I really enjoy walking the streets of Durham. It is such a relief from the roar, rush, noise, alertness and safety of the day. It is between the hours of 2 and 3 a. m. the streets are clear and as silent as a graveyard, and you can walk where you please, cross a street where you please, without your head being a spinning top to take in all the points and approaches of automobiles. By the time I reach my domicile I am greatly rested; perfectly calm, and fall to sleep as peacefully and as quietly as the oncoming of evening.

In looking around at the custom and usages of the present day it almost brings one to the conclusion that Nature has made a very grave mistake. She should have used three cupsful of contentment instead of a piece the size of a walnut in her fashioning of human beings; or else she should have moulded all in the same mould, of size shape and looks. In having a variety in the human form and appearance seems to be an error in these days. Behold the world!

See the people who are struggling to make themselves over nearer their heart's desire. The tall women want to be petite; the short woman is desirous of seeing everything over her short sister's shoulders; the generously proportioned sigh for a slender silhouette; and the thin woman looks wistfully at gracious curves. Everybody trying to emulate everybody else. You cannot change a lily into a rose by transferring the petals of one to the other. So many ways are practiced of modifying the architecture of the human form divine. Wonder where it will stop?

A gentleman in the western part of the state told me that he "read every word of 'Rambling Around' just as soon as he could get hold of a paper, with extreme delight." A prominent gentleman in the eastern part of North Carolina told me that "reading 'Rambling Around' was the first thing he did on Sunday mornings." Several ladies in Durham have told me, "You do not know how much I enjoy reading your 'Ramblings'." A Durham man said to me, no longer than last Tuesday, "I have only one criticism to make on your 'Rambling Around,' if I may make it. There's not enough of it. Why don't you write more?" So it goes. Some people can never get enough of a good thing. My reward is in knowing that readers enjoy these hurriedly written rambling remarks. Their appreciation touches a well-spring of joy in my heart.

John: Remember when we first met in the revolving door in post office?"

Liz: "But that wasn't the first time we met."

John: "Well, that's when we began going around together."

WHERE LAWYERS PERISH.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

Those brethren who tear their hair, write pieces to the paper, and otherwise agitate themselves over the congestion of the Superior Court dockets should go down to Dare county. So also ought those brethren who want to reform the judiciary and those who do not want to reform it. Moreover it might be salutary for those who want to multiply the number of judges

Dare county has solved all these problems. It has torn out mighty few locks of its own hair, and none whatever of anybody else's hair. I do not recall that any citizen of the county has ever written a piece to the papers about reforming the judiciary. It loses no sleep whatever over the congestion of its Superior Court docket. It has proposed no legislation about any judicial problem.

Dare county has no problem. It is the only county in this entire Republic that I know of that has not a lawyer living in it, and it is the only county in the Republic, insofar as my agents can find out, that has not a case pending on the civil docket and whose jail is and has been empty of tenants for month and months. Indeed, I could find nobody who could remember when there was a prisoner in jail.

Dare county's only judicial problem is how to entertain the judge when he comes there to hold court. They have two sessions a year, combination terms for both civil and criminal matters. The Judge has to go there and he has to stay a day or so just for appearances sake. They have to entertain him somehow, so they usually arrange to take him fish-

ing, if he is a fishing character.

But why? Now and then a lawyer hangs a shingle in the breeze down there but he usually starves to death. I didn't inquire with particularity where they bury these legalistic victims of starvation, but by now they must have quite a cemetery dedicated to the reception of these unhappy brethren. There just isn't any law business in the county, either civil or criminal.

Superficially we might conclude that the absence of lawyers has a lot to do with the absence of litigation, but that cannot be altogether true, as much as I might like to believe that it is true. I would like mightily to believe that if there were no lawyers there would be litigation, but if that were true people might get to believing that if there were no reporters to report there would be no news, and then I should be starving myself.

The reason must lie deeper. The people of Dare are evidently the most law-abiding people in this republic. I know of my favorite village, Stumpy point where not a man has been arrested in seventy-five years until the tick doctors got to operating among them. They just don't break the law down there. And the rest of Dare is pretty much the same. Of course life down there is not as complex as it has gotten to be among us upState, but the reason is not all there.

The reason, I am persuaded, is to be found in the fact that these people of Dare are the most religious folks I know in North Carolina. It

is not the eaterwauling religion of the revivalist or the formal formalistic religion of the creed worshippers that we see so many of among us. It is just plain, old-fashioned religion, mostly Methodist, that knows what is right and what is wrong, and every body is amenable to it. The obedience to it is fundamental and instinctive.

Of bigotry and intolerance I have seen none in that section. They don't know what the terms mean. They can't comprehend any denial of their faith. It is born into them and they live by it all their lives. Simple, honest, lovable people. I don't know where there are better. I don't know where there are any just as good. I know the people of the State pretty well, and I know none that are like these.

Laugh at the simplicity of their faith if you want to, you moderns who make a great bother about mo-

dernism, but show me among yourselves any good comparable to the good that is in these water peoples down there in Dare and in Hyde and along the Banks that guard the Sound from the sea. Show me a town of 400 people among you that has not so much as a misdemeanor committed within its environs in 75 years.

I do not expect the millennium, nor do I expect the courts to get so reformed that the judges can spend their time fishing. But the judges fish when they go to Dare because the people of Dare behave themselves eve when the judge is not there to watch them. They behave because it is right to behave. And after all, that is about the only reform that can ever help the world much, even though the judges are multiplied a dozen times, and their machinery improved twenty-fold.

PUSH IT THROUGH.

There are some people who seem to accomplish so much more than others. As a rule, these folks who succeed in getting things done are no cleverer, and perhaps more industrious, than the rest of us. Nevertheless, they succeed in having a remarkable number of worthwhile achievements to their credit. They do not seem to be hurried or worried, although if they have planned to attend to some particular duty or task at a certain time, they are not easily distracted or induced to put off the work they have set out to accomplish.

In short, they possess one quality which most of us lack, and this is the secret of their success. *They know what they want to do; they do not postpone beginning; and they push it through.*—Emma Gary Wallace.

START THE DAY WITH BREAKFAST.

(The Health Bulletin).

There is indication of a growing tendency to omit breakfast from the daily routine. As school time again approaches we will find many children neglecting breakfast in the rush to get to school on time. Some persons deliberately accustom themselves to do without breakfast in order that they may regularly have a few extra minutes in bed. Adequate sleep is absolutely essential but so also is adequate food. Burning the candle so late at night that getting up in the morning is a task is proof that the system is not getting adequate rest and relaxation. If in addition to inadequate sleep the body is deprived of food in the morning a double injury is done.

Investigation has repeatedly proven that there is a much higher rate of absence from work and from school among those who go without breakfast than among those who regularly eat an appropriate breakfast. There are two factors accounting for this. One is that doing without breakfast decreases efficiency to the extent of inability to go to work. Another explanation is that the person too lazy to get up in time to eat breakfast is so lazy that it requires little excuse to remain away from work. What is even more noticeable is the fact that the great majority of the children who are chronically tardy are the ones who come without breakfast. Those who get up too late to eat breakfast often get up too late to get to school or to work on time. Lack of time is a poor excuse for doing without breakfast, and persons who give this an excuse had

better rearrange their habits and go early enough to bed to get sufficient sleep.

There are, however, many persons who admit doing without breakfast but say it is because they are not hungry. This is very often true. Hunger is nature's call for building and repair material and fuel to produce energy. If, however, the digestive tract is out of order so that food is not properly digested and assimilated then the natural feeling of hunger may be absent. From seven o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning is twelve hours and this time is much longer than is normally needed to digest food. The healthy person will have an empty stomach in the morning and will be calling for food. Every healthy animal seeks water and food early in the morning.

The person who omits breakfast because he has no appetite needs to give attention to the digestive tract. He is certain to have some trouble there that should be corrected.

With the present fad for "slenderizing" many persons omit breakfast thinking that thus they may reduce. In most cases such persons make up for this omission by eating more at the other meals. Instead of reducing the total food intake for the day, it is taken in the one or two heavy meals instead of being distributed in three or four.

The experience of all time has proven that human beings get along better when the necessary aggregate amount of food is taken in three or four meals at regular hours with equal intervals. During the period of sleep

the digestive apparatus may rest and that interval may rest and that interval may be longest.

The glands secreting digestive fluids cannot perform this function if they do not have an abundant blood supply furnished them from which to get it. During the digestion of a hearty meal the intestinal and gastric blood vessels are dilated for the purpose of admitting this abundant blood flow to the digestive glands. If, after a hearty meal, one engages in violent exercise which demands an abundant blood flow to the muscles to supply that need then this blood is taken away from the intestinal and gastric glands. With a scant blood supply there is scanty secretion of digestive fluids, consequently an impaired digestion. For this reason active or mental or physical exercise should be avoided after a hearty meal. It is a matter of common observation that all animals lay down to sleep when the stomach is full and persons feel sleepy in the afternoon when they have eaten a hearty midday meal. The blood being conducted to the digestive glands leaves a minimum amount going to the brain. The result is drowsiness. It is also a fact that the foods which mainly furnish building and repair material require a longer time for digestion, while, generally speaking, the fuel and energy foods are much more quickly digested and assimilated. The logical conclusion, therefore, is that the heavy meals should be after the day's work is finished when there is time and blood to digest them, and when products of digestion may be utilized for repairing the tissues wasted by the work. The fuel and energy foods should be taken in the morning when fuel and energy are needed for the

activities of the day.

To undertake active work without fuel and energy is like trying to run an engine without steam. The person who begins the day's work without breakfast drags through the day and accomplishes much less than would be possible with an appropriate breakfast.

What is an appropriate breakfast? is then a question which naturally comes to mind. First we must remember that a great amount of liquid is lost by evaporation through the lungs in the exhaled breath, and also from the skin surface of the body. Also the secretion of the kidneys fills the bladder reservoir. All of this means that during the night there has been a great drain of liquid from the blood and hence the first need in the morning is for fluids to replenish this loss. An abundance of water in the morning supplies this need and at the same time flushes out the stomach carrying with it quickly into the intestines any residue of food debris and digestive fluids, leaving the stomach fresh and clean to begin another day's function. While drinking water does this, it also stimulates to activity the muscles of the intestinal walls which leads to normal and easy bowel evacuation. With two or three or more glasses of water the first thing in the morning, the fluid content of the blood and tissues is replenished, the stomach flushed out and the intestines with their accumulated load of waste material and food debris are emptied. The whole system is in good condition for beginning a new day.

After this is done and fuel and energy foods are to be taken we must consider what the needs will

be. This is determined by the activity of the individual and also the time when he will eat his next meal. Mental work uses up energy and fuel at about the same rate as physical work. The person doing hard mental or physical work will need a breakfast supplying much more fuel than the person doing routine work in a factory which requires little physical exertion and a minimum of concentrated study.

For the usual mixed family group where the adults have a moderately sedentary job in mill or factory, the ideal breakfast may consist of fruit, cereal, bread and beverage (children should not have coffee). Milk is always ideal for both children and adults. This breakfast is easily and quickly prepared and furnishes variety while it supplies the needs of each member of the group. To this may be added occasionally, eggs and bacon and some sugar sweets. Sugars such as syrup, jam and preserves is

a valuable fuel and energy food which is quickly burned up and leaves little to be stored up as fats. Sugars are not fattening, but sugar supplies energy and permits the proteins and fats, the building foods, to be stored up as fats. Without the sugars these building foods would, if needed, be used as fuel foods. This gives grounds for the erroneous idea that sugars are fattening.

For the family whose work is very strenuous, either physical or mental, a somewhat heavier breakfast may be necessary. To the above articles may be added some meats and potatoes, or fish.

Except by the direction of a doctor for some specific reason, breakfast should never be omitted. "Well begun is half done," and the day started right with an appropriate breakfast will end with a consciousness of having more easily attained success.

ROE FULKERSON.

(In *Kiwanis Magazine*).

I took him to the Kiwanis club one day because I thought it would be good for his immortal soul.

A divinity student passing the collection plate in a church does not take life one whit more seriously than my friend. I thought a **Kiwanis** luncheon might help him catch some of the spirit of the organization. (

As a small boy, wanting to get out of school for a week or two, I called on another school boy who had measles. They would not let me see him, so I went around to the side of the house and with his help climbed in the window. I rubbed my hands

over his face and chest and sneaked out again. I waited anxiously, but not a single measles stuck to me. I had to stick at school.

It was the same way with this funerially dispositioned friend of mine. Not a **Kiwanis** microbe stuck to him. As he walked home he said "Roe, how do you find time for all this foolishness?" It never touched him. He thought because we laughed kidded each other, called each other Tom and Jerry, that our sole purpose was to have a good time.

A lot of people in the world rob their works of their virtue by doing

them in solemn rote.

If there is any one thing I like about **Kiwanis** more than another, it is that what we do is accompanied by a half ashamed grin. It is one of life's biggest laughs that the average man boasts of his sins and tries to hide his good works.

It is a throwback to our boyhood. When we were kids certain laws of boyhood, like the laws of the Medes and the Persians changed not. They were as inexorable as the laws of gravitation, of the angle of incident and reflection, of alternating nights and days and the change of seasons. Certain things a boy dared to do and other things he did not dare.

He could pull a girl's hair and tease her till he got long pants. When trowsers hid his knobby knees he could walk to school with her and carry her books. There was one fightin' word he could not "take" and still retain his standing in Boyville. He could steal fruit and water-melons, but not money. But you recall these laws as well as I. Some of them are not to be mentioned in a great family monthly.

Every boy must pretend to be a tough guy. He must be hard boiled and so rough-necked you can strike a match anywhere above his collar. He must not be a cry baby. He must pretend to like to fight and pretend to break every law of school and home.

Just why this tough standard is established in Boyville is one of the mysteries which surrounds the lives of our lovable young savages. That is true, every man knows, even though the Boy Scouts and the boys' clubs of the schools and churches have done much to change it.

A lot of it sticks to a boy when he grows up. He will brag how much he won or lost at poker, he will never admit that he is not "a devil among the wimmin," and is always pleased to be teased about them even though he is the most faithful and loving of husbands. He still has his boyish sheepishness when caught red handed in any act which involves sentiment. Sentimental? Him? No, Sir! He leaves that stuff for preachers and women! He's a hard boiled egg, he is! He is as tight as a fruit jar top and anybody who gets anything out of him has to produce the quid pro quo, in fact two of 'em!

In other words, he has brought from Boyville the silly notion that sentiment is not manly. He wants to be manly. From the courts of Boyville he has brought the decision that to be hard is to be admired.

He is a consummate liar! He is not one bit tough! He is as sentimental as a woman and cries at moving picture shows. A song about mother, a picture of a mistreated pup, a sentimental song about home or anything remotely connected with children, melts him like the July sun reducing five cents worth of ice on the sidewalk.

The line between humor and pathos is well nigh invisible. A laugh and a cry are so close to each other in that soul of us where laughs and cries originate, that when we turn on the spigot we are never certain which will come.

Smile wrinkles come rarely in faces not well irrigated with tears. In **Kiwanis** we are lucky. We take a half grown up kid and let him do his work while he plays. We let him laugh at sentiment while doing chari-

ty. We save his face and let him pretend to be a devil of a fellow when we know that in reality he is a devil of a good fellow who is moved by sorrow, who cannot endure to see little children suffer, or sit calmly by and see things happening in this world that ought not to happen.

The big thing is to keep him laughing. If we do not the poor fish will cry! If he cries he will be ashamed of himself and never help us again. Men are not supposed to cry! No indeed! The law is that we are rugged, hard guys, That's the biggest laugh of all! We pretend to be, but we do not fool a soul, not even ourselves! You big liar, as big as I am, you know you are as soft as putty in the hands of a woman, if front of suffering, in the presence of a little child, in handling a stray cat, in everything! G'wan! You know you are!

So we all laugh at each other, all laugh at ourselves, all laugh at the world. As we laugh, we do what we can to help things along, to better

conditions, to make life a little bit more worth living. That we laugh does not discount what we do, one iota!

Time for all this foolishness? Bless my soul, how can any of us spare time not to do it?

So lets meander along the road of life giving a kid or a pup or a cripple a boost whenever we can and remember a bit of poetry Arthur Guiterman wrote:

“Because we laugh they think we cannot feel!

Who laugh the deeper feel the deeper too.

What use are tears? Are tears a balm to heal

Another's wounds? Tears are the gentle dev

Of sweet self pity: laughter is the song

Of those who reach to aid, who strike to save.

Tears for the weakling, laughter for the strong;

Tears for the coward, laughter for the brave!”

HELPING FATHER.

By Lilith Schwab.

Away out in Egypt the brown children of the Nile live in the shadow of old temples and tombs that were built hundreds of years before Christ was born in the little town of Bethlehem. Some of these are Mohammedan children whose fathers are guards in the Valley of the Kings, that great city of sleeping kings who lived and reigned in Egypt so many years ago. The Valley of the Kings is a great hot, sandy ravine,

where the blazing sun shines down on the rocks and sand and makes it almost as hot as a blazing furnace. Years and years ago when the kings died, their bodies were preserved by a secret method and they were buried in tombs away down in the sides of the hills and hidden away from the world. With them were buried their thrones, their golden beds, chariots, weapons, jewels, and all those things which the kings of Egypt had

in that golden age of their history. And then the entrance to the tomb was sealed shut with great heavy stones, and dirt and sand thrown over it to hide it away completely from the prying eyes of robbers and plunderers, so they could not break in and steal all the valuables that belonged to the dead kings.

After all these years, explorers and men who study about things that happened so many years ago and about the religions and writings and customs of these people who lived so many years ago, dug around in these hills and found the entrances to many of these tombs and now many people go to Egypt to visit these old tombs and see the mummies of these old kings. The entrance to a tomb is like a door in the rock, and then the visitor goes away down into the heart of the living rock, down corridors and stairs, over little bridges cut out of the rock, through rooms and chambers and finally comes to a beautifully decorated room in which the mummy of the old king is kept in a great stone box-like tomb.

There are guards in these tombs who help the visitors through the hard places, carry lighted candles to show the way and also see that no one carries away any of the stones or damages the tombs in any way, and the father of these little Mohammedan children does just this kind of work and because it is such

a hot, dusty land, he gets very thirsty, so each day the children tie great water jugs to the sides of the donkeys, and ride them through the hot dusty ravine, carrying cool drinking water to their father, because away off in that desert land they do not get their water by turning on a faucet, as we do in America.

These little children are called Mohammedan children because they and their father and mother believe in the religion that was taught by a man named Mohammed and that man didn't believe Jesus was the Son of God or that He came into this world to save all of us and take us to be with God in heaven, as you and I believe. He taught them to say, "There is no god but God and Mohammed is his Prophet," and he taught them they must pray five times each day—at dawn, just after high noon, two hours before sunset, at sunset and two hours after sunset—and that they must say their prayers not in their own language which they could understand, but in another language which they do not understand, and which is called the Arabic language, so that all the people in the world who call themselves Mohammedans and who pray five times each day with their faces toward Mecca—their holy city—pray these prayers in a language which means nothing to them and which they cannot understand.

It seems the scientists have decided that cockroaches do not cause cancer. Possibly reached this conclusion because comparatively few traveling salesman die of it.—Greensboro News.

THE CHAMPION FIBRE COMPANY.

(In The Wachovia).

The plant of The Champion Firbe Company is located at Canton, Haywood County, North Carolina, and is the largest industrial organization in Western North Carolina.

The company is a pioneer in the industrial development of the State, and has been a large contributing factor in the educational and social progress of this part of the State.

The production of the plant is large and varied and includes one hundred tons of finished paper per day; more than two hundred and fifty tons chemical wood pulp; forty tons of pulp board used in the manufacture of cartoons and shipping cases, one hundred tons of tanning extract, which is distributed to the tanning industry throughout the world; twelve tons of solid caustic soda, which is supplied to the textile industries of the South. Two hundred gallons of turpentine are produced and fifty tons of bindex extract, an adhesive largely used for making foundry cores. All of this is one day's work in the great plant, where over 1,500 men are employed.

The principal raw material is wood, which is brought to the plant from the surrounding area as well as from South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee.

This wood is obtained from the

small farmer's wood lots as well as from the large lumber operators, but the wood used in the pulp mill is of quality unsuited for the more valued use for lumber, so that a serious economic waste is prevented, and valuable products obtained from material which would otherwise be of value only as fuel.

To protect and to insure its supply of raw material the company owns many thousands of acres of mountain woodland within easy access to the plant and by the exercise of sound forestry practice and especially fire prevention, it is expected that a continuous supply of wood will be available for the needs of this large industry.

The company's interest in good citizenship is made evident by the encouragement given to the educational classes conducted at the Champion Y. M. C. A.—a handsome building donated to the use of the local community by the company, and fully equipped for the recreation purposes.

Not only as one of the largest taxpayers in the State, but also by reason of its large purchases in North Carolina The Champion Fibre Company's activities constitute a most valuable asset to the State and contributes to the progress of the South.

A newspaper "Health Talk" announces that it will give "Truth in easy installments." : truth is often hard to swallow at one dose—some people prefer it diluted or sugar-coated with fiction.—Asheville Citizen.

JACK MINER AND HIS CANADIAN BIRD SANCTUARY.

D. A. White, M. D.

Kingsville, the most southern town of Canada, is situated only twenty-five miles from Detroit. It has become internationally famous in a unique way, without cost to the town, since Jack Miner and his bird Sanctuary are located in its suburbs.

Jack Miner was born in the town of Doyer Centre, Ohio, in the year 1865. At the age of thirteen he, with his parents, moved to Canada where they settled on a tract of wooded land one mile north of the above-mentioned town, termed by Jack Miner "A Sportman's Paradise." He was the second oldest of a family of ten children, and, unfortunately, was deprived of a school education. However, he learned many things from nature while roaming the woods and watching the maneuvers of birds and animals which inhabited the forests, where he and his older brother worked day after day clearing the land. Thus, unconsciously, he gained a knowledge not found in books, such as variety and call of birds, the growth and names of trees, and many other things of nature. The early days spent in this way were as food for the man who has become Canada's well-known naturalist, author and lecturer.

When twenty-four years of age, he started making brick and drain tile with a horse-driven machine, on ten acres of his father's property. Continuous work enabled him to buy the whole Miner estate from his brother. This two hundred-acre farm he now possesses and has so beautified

it that not only has the value of his own land increased, but that of his neighbors surrounding the Bird Sanctuary.

From his earliest childhood his desire had been to see the wild Canada geese near at hand. "The birds which pass over the property," he said, "fly so high you have to look twice to see them." Determined to see them close, he evacuated two spots, one near his home and the other some distance back. As the clay had already been taken out to manufacture brick, it was easy to dig a little deeper and form ponds of water for water fowl. After having done this, he secured from a Mr. Julien two pairs of Canadian honkers, which had been trapped. These were placed in the pond farther from the buildings on the property and remained there for four years before any wild birds joined them.

In 1908, however, much to Jack Miner's delight, a flock of eleven very, very wild birds joined the original four. He fed several bushels of corn to them, and the birds, having a good feed came back each day. Gradually the feed was moved from the farther ponds towards the buildings, and then the four geese which acted as decoys, were placed in the pond near the residence. Before a day had passed the wild birds were over in the pond, too—"tamed by degrees," as Jack Miner says.

In March of the following year, the same birds, with their young came back and stayed until the lat-

ter part of April. The next year—March, 1910—three hundred and fifty came, and since then each year there has been a cloud of geese, the flock being estimated between five and ten thousand.

Being anxious to study the migration of these birds, he got a permit in 1911 from the government to put up a net enclosure in which to trap them, in order that a tag might be placed on the legs of each bird. His first attempt at catching them was unsuccessful. At last he built a small canal connecting the two ponds. This he covered with network, a trap door being placed at each end, and as the birds swam under the net from one pond to the other, the doors were dropped down. It was at this point that the real fun of Jack Miner's hobby began.

Several pieces of sheet aluminum were procured, also a stencil so that his address might be put on one side of each tag, and then, as each bird was caught, a piece of the metal was wrapped loosely around one leg, after which the bird was liberated. "No man can study nature and not believe there is a God," says Jack Miner, so to pass the Word of God along, on the opposite side of the tag is printed a verse of Scripture. Thus, Jack Miner is the first man to use the fowls of the air as winged missionaries in spreading the gospel.

By this system of tagging, he has found that the geese nest and spend the summer in Baffins Land and around Hudson Bay. These tags are removed from the birds by the Eskimos and Indians who get them and are taken to the Hudson's Bay dealers, who return them to the naturalist, Jack Miner. On one occasion the Indians, receiving these tags with

verses of Scripture on one side, became so superstitious that they thought they were messages direct from the Lord, and sent their Anglican missionary, who had to travel by canoe from that district to the nearest railway, which is five hundred miles, to interview Jack Miner, bringing several tags with him.

In the winter these birds stay in North Carolina, mostly around Currituck Sound. Tags are returned each winter with letters containing really valuable information to the governments of both Canada and the United States.

That the same birds, with the exception of those killed return year after year to the Miner haven in the spring is evident from the tags which they bear.

Not only has Jack Miner tagged the geese, but hundreds of ducks have been tagged in the same way. Tags have been returned to him from as far south as Guevdon, Louisiana; as far west as Anglefield, Saskatchewan; as far north north as Ste. Marie, Ontario, and as far east as Long Island, New York. That the birds birds within these boundaries know where the Miner Sanctuary is, is thus proved.

Not only has the information received from the tagging of these birds given Jack Miner knowledge as to the whereabouts of the birds, but the facts regarding their migration have never been obtained by any other man on the continent, and have proved to the governments of both Canada and the United States the value of the Migratory Bird Treaty. This is a treaty between Canada and the United States which arbitrates the laws governing the killing of the migratory game birds so that both countries have equal killing

rights and the same length of open season. By this tagging system he also gives officials data as to where the birds are at each season of the year, and proves that the best way to protect the birds is to establish sanctuaries where neither rich nor poor can enter, thus affording the birds the protection they need. Sanctuaries take nothing away from anybody—they only increase the hunter's chance on the outside.

While the property owned by Jack Miner consists of two hundred acres, the Sanctuary covers only thirty acres. On part of the remaining one hundred and seventy acres, wheat is planted, and the rest is left as meadow land. The birds are continually on the thirty acres where the ponds are, and where they are fed. The only time they alight at other places is when disturbed by an eagle. It is a simple matter to keep them off the fields where they are not wanted. The placing of a scarecrow in the center of the field or any kind of handkerchief placed on the end of a stick will keep the birds off any twenty-five acre field. Any person who has ever hunted wild geese knows how little it takes to frighten a wild goose. Away from the thirty acres of Jack Miner's Sanctuary one is unable to get within gunshot of these birds.

As for feed, it costs Jack Miner thousands of dollars each year to maintain this hobby and study, and this, for fifteen years, he has handled practically alone. Now the Canadian Government pays about one-quarter of its maintenance, the balance of the feed being paid for by Jack Miner himself, and a few bird lovers who contribute occasionally.

As the two ponds comprise only

three acres, the balance of the land in the thirty acres is forested with all well-known varieties of native trees, mostly of the evergreen type. This forms a wide break and shelter in the time of storm in both winter and summer for the insectivorous birds. All varieties of fruit-bearing shrubs, such as mulberries and elderberries, are planted in plenty, also the wild choke cherries. Entwining through the forests are paths, arched with rambler roses and bordered with all kinds of wild flowers. Botanists from all parts of Canada who have visited his property, claim that Jack Miner has the largest out-of-door flower garden in Canada.

Not only are ducks and geese attracted to this bird paradise, but thousands of visitors from all parts of the continent come to the Jack Miner Sanctuary each year to watch the maneuvers and habits of the birds. Such visitors include Sir William Mulock, Ty Cobb, Henry Ford, W. H. Kellogg, Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, as well as many men of high official standing—premiers, governors and professors of various universities in both Canada and the United States. On one single Sunday the population of the little town grew from two thousand—its normal population—to fifteen thousand, the increase being accounted for by the sight seers who had swarmed to see the birds.

It has been said that Oakland, California, and Atlantic City grew from mere towns to cities by tourists who had come to see the wild fowl which congregated in those vicinities. Kingsville has got a good start in the same direction.

A newspaper recently made a survey of the town and found that prac-

tically ninety per cent of the summer resorters who had built homes in Kingsville and vicinity had been first attracted there by the ducks and geese on the well-known sanctuary. Several citizens of the village, on being interviewed said that Jack Miner and his sanctuary were so well known that whenever they left the town and said they were from Kingsville, they would be first asked if they knew Jack

Miner and, vice versa, when any visitors came to the town they wanted to see the bird farm.

While the Miner property is all private, during the week Jack Miner himself usually escorts parties around. On Sunday, however, his property is strictly private. When asked why this was, he said, "Sunday is the Lord's day—not a day for visiting Jack Miner and his Sanctuary."

BANKS ON HOME STATE.

The Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company has enjoyed a rapid and substantial growth. It was organized in 1907 and in less than two decades has risen to 34th position, as regards volume in force, among the 275 or more old line companies doing business. It has passed 76 other companies in its climb toward the top, there having been 110 other companies already in the business at the time this concern was organized.

The first hundred million in force was attained in 13 years after its organization. The quarter billion mark was passed early in 1925. To day the amount is well on toward the \$300,000,000 mark, which, it is expected, will be reached this year.

The company is surely not without honor in its own country. North Carolina recognizes the value of this institution. In 1925, it placed over seventeen and one-half millions of new insurance in North Carolina alone, a record equalled by no other company. It now has over one hundred millions in force in this state, which exceeds the amount of any other company.

The company's investments are principally in first mortgages on im-

proved real estate, and are very carefully selected. Its policy is to lend its funds in the localities from which its business originates, thus the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance company is a "home company" whenever it operates. The company has at this writing over seven and one-half millions invested in North Carolina first mortgages.

The home office building is a symbol to the outside world of the past achievements and future hopes of the company. Its granite walls, backed by steel and concrete, represent the Company's solidity; the sheer beauty of line, its conception of its duty to humanity; and the completeness of the finest detail the modernism and ability of the company to keep pace with the times.

The Jefferson Standard building is one of the finest in the South. The company built it with its own future growth in mind. It also supplies a long felt need for office space in Greensboro, therefore being well rented and a paying investment. It adds tone to Greensboro's downtown business section and is symbolic of North Carolina's progress.

No small part of this company's

success has come from guidance and inspirational leadership of its president, Julian Price. He has been well assisted by the other officers of the company, all of whom are men of outstanding ability. They are J. E. Latham, vice-president and chairman of the board of directors; J. Elwood Cox, vice president; George A. Holderness, vice president; A. L. Brooks, vice president and general counsel; Charles W. Gold, vice president and treasurer; W. T. O'Donohue, vice president and agency manager; F. E. Cann, vice president and secretary; R. G. Coit, actuary; Dr. J. P. Turner and Dr. J. T. J. Battle, medical directors.

There are over 225 people employed by the Jefferson Standard in Greensboro. The purchasing power of this group is of great benefit to the State. There are nine branch offices in North Carolina.

This is the largest company south of Philadelphia writing regular old line life insurance exclusively. It issues participating and non-participating insurance on popular forms and with modern features, accepting both standard and substandard business. Policies are issued on both male and females lives for all ages

between one day and 65 years. The maximum limit on one life is \$250,000. The Jefferson Standard has never failed to completely fulfill the terms of its contracts and is particularly prompt in the payment of its claims. Claim checks are mailed the same day that the completed proofs of death are received in home office.

The Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company creates much favorable publicity for North Carolina. It has 830 field men situated at various points over the country. It is licensed in 27 states including the District of Columbia and Porto Rico.

In May this year, 188 of the company's agents from 19 states and the District of Columbia visited Greensboro, North Carolina, as qualified guests of the Jefferson Standard Convention. This was held for men who had paid for a minimum of \$150,000 new business during 1925. The leader had paid for \$1,150,000 in the single year. Many of these men had visited Greensboro before to attend similar affairs. North Carolina people are natural born hosts and the old-time Southern hospitality made all of the visitors leave North Carolina with a desire to come again.

THE FURRIERS.

T. S. Stribbling.

A man sorting squirrel skins inside a dingy Twenty-sixth Street window caught my eye and eventually drew me inside. He had about a bushel of skins on a wooden bench. He would snatch a fur from the pile, pass his palm back and forth over it and lay it on one side of twelve heaps at the other end of the bench.

The rapidity with which he graded the furs was interesting. They looked alike to me.

"I didn't know squirrels were blue," said I, for all the pelts were a slate blue, "and besides that I have never seen a blue squirrel coat."

"They are Chinese squirrels,"

plained the furrier, "and they will be dyed before they are used. Nearly all furs go to the dyer."

How about that leopard skin over there on the box?" I queried, "I shouldn't think you could touch dye to such a richly ornamental fur as that."

The furrier looked at me and smiled.

"We have given it some little assistance, too," he nodded.

"You don't mean," I cried, that those spots have been tinkered with."

"Well now with that particular leopard skin," said the furrier, "the spots were really an afterthought. That leopard skin started out in life as the hide of an Italian sheep. It got ambitious, however, and its wool straightened by an electrical process, then it was sheared to the length of leopard fur, and the spots were printed on in Leipsic. Here you can see the Leipsic trade mark on the skin side," and he went over and showed it to me.

"You see," went on my furrier a little more seriously, "when a certain fur comes into fashion, cheaper grades are demanded by folk who are not millionaires, and the furriers have to produce them. We make leopard and beaver and ermine out of sheep. We also imitate ermine and weasel from goat. One of the oddest imitations I ever knew in the fur trade came about between ermine and weasel. Now as a matter of fact ermine and weasel come from the same animal, the weasel. In the summer the weasel is brown striped and is called weasel, in the winter its fur turns white with black ticks and it is called ermine. For years there was no demand at all for weasel while er-

mine brought fabulous sums. Then some bold cloakmaker turned out a few models in weasel, and after while weasel caught the style. The result was it jumped higher than ermine, and all of us furriers took our white ermines and dyed them into brown weasels. I have always thought that was the more honest imitation the fur trade ever offered to the public. Of course for the cheaper trade we dyed goatskins into weasels. As a matter of fact what we call style in furs simply gives us furriers the design and color which the public prefers its sheep and goat for the season, because as you knew very well, the majority of people cannot afford to pay a fortune for a coat, but they don't want to be out of style either, so the frisky goat grazing on tin cans in Harlem eventually serves his mistress with a new seal skin muff and everybody is satisfied."

"How do you dealers get your raw skins?" I inquired, "are they sent in by trappers?"

"The fur trade has a very peculiar method of distribution," explained my friend, "it is carried on almost entirely by means of auctions. There are just four great fur centers in the world where these auctions are conducted: London, Leipsic, New York and Seattle. Each of these centers have four auctions a year: Spring summer, winter and fall. Now of course if a man has half a million dollars worth of furs, he may not want to wait for an auction to sell. The needs of the fur owners are attended to by auction companies. The fur owner can send his furs to the companies' warehouses; an appraiser will appraise their value and the company will advance the owner about five-sixths of their value in

cash, then when the furs are sold the company reimburses itself.

"For example the fur trade in New York is handled by the New York Auction Company, 212 West 26th Street. This company has just held its winter auction at the McAlpin Hotel. The furs themselves were in the company's warehouse on 35th Street. A catalog covering the complete stock of furs was furnished each buyer. The buyer took the catalog to the warehouse, examined each lot of furs in which he was interested, and wrote the price he would give in his catalog. Then he went to the auction in the McAlpin Hotel and bid what he would give. This same system is in use in all the other centers of fur distribution."

"I suppose you have your good years and bad years in the fur business?" I suggested.

"We are subject to more up and downs than ordinary businesses," admitted my companion. "You see we depend entirely upon style. If we stock up on beaver and the style happens to be fitch, then all we can do is to put our beavers on cold storage and keep them for five or six years until the beaver is stylish again. The worst year we furriers ever had was in 1920. That was just after the war, when America had all the gold in the world in her purse. We furriers thought that fur prices would jump to the skies, and they did. Everybody was buying. The day laborer would buy a silk shirt and a sealskin coat. Then, if you remember, the wealthy people suddenly refused to buy silk any more, thereupon the day laborers followed suit and the bottom went out of the silk market. The same thing was true or furs. Nobody wanted furs because

everybody could buy them. So right in the midst of unexampled prosperity, our furs became valueless. Hundreds of furriers failed in business. All banks containing furriers accounts were hard hit; and the banks still remember that landslide because today the New York banks are not soliciting furriers accounts. We have a bank of our own, Frederick Huth and Company, but the rest of them let us alone."

"How many furriers are there in New York?" I inquired.

"There are about a thousand of us. The fur district extends from Twenty-third Street to Thirty-ninth, and from Broadway to Seventh Avenue. That's about fifty square blocks."

"Well tell me," said I, "how long did it take you to learn the fur trade? How do you start making a furrier out of yourself?"

"I began as a nailer in a fur cloak factory," smiled my friend. "You know when a fur coat is made the pattern is laid on a board, and the pattern is laid out on a board, and nailed around the pattern. When I worked at this I studied the quality of the furs under my hands and I spent my evenings in the New York's Public Library reading about furs. There is a whole library on the subject. I meant all the time to get out of the manufacturing end of the work if I could. It is very unhealthy work. For cutters have a predisposition to contract tuberculosis because they are continually breathing bits of fur and dust. Also as nearly all furs are dyed, they run a continual risk of blood poisoning.

"Well, my master sent me on errands all over the fur district and I fell in the way of asking the

sweat shop men what furs they needed for the day, then if I saw what they wanted I asked the fur owner to credit me for a half hour until I could run back to the cloak maker with the furs and bring the owner his money. So you might say I just gradually inched into the fur trade. When I got together about two thousand dollars, I went to a fur firm and rented a desk in their office for seventy-five dollars a month. Then I had a telephone and my name on the door and I felt I was the biggest fur merchant in New York. My friends would telephone me orders and I would go out and find what they wanted. Finally I got to keeping a few furs on hand and moved into a store of my own. So here I am now, thirty years old, with a one-room store on Thirty-seventh Street. I did a hundred and seventy-three thousand dollar business last year. That's about an average furrier's business here in New York. Of course

there are million dollar corporations in the fur trade, and there are also youngsters just starting in, running around the streets with a goat skin in one hand and a hope of selling it for a profit in their hearts, but I am an average furrier."

"What per cent profit do you make on your turnover?" I inquired.

"From ten to twenty-five I cleaned something over twenty thousand dollars on my business last year."

When I left the fur district and returned to Broadway, one of the first persons I met was a dramatist friend of mine who is just about to bring out a new show on Broadway. He began telling me about a new leopard skin overcoat which he had just bought for himself. He said he had always suffered from low visibility and he thought this overcoat would cure it. It could be seen, he told me, as far as three blocks in a traffic jam, and it was genuine leopard..

"Baa!" said I.

NATURE STUDY.

When I had my first pet chipmunk I thought all chipmunks were alike and judged that all were like him, but from other pets I have learned that they are as different as human beings.

One large chipmunk would gnaw like a rat, while others will not try to gnaw out of a cage at all. Another one tried to kill every chipmunk it could get near, and when shut off from another one by a tin door it managed to get the door open and killed the one that was its neighbor.

The last one of which I have formed an acquaintance has never seemed afraid of persons, but as soon as

caught and has never tried to escape even when the door of its cage is opened. It appears perfectly contented with no longing for the outside world. It has a curious way of standing upright almost as straight as a person when it seems to be listening.

All chipmunks eat horseflies, harvest flies, grasshoppers and moths. They are said to eat bird eggs, and one day when the cage of a chipmunk was in the window a blue-bird would fly down to attack it, which shows that for some reason, either eating of birds eggs or young birds, they are enemies to the bird tribe.

I believe there is a difference also in their habits of thrift. Some seem to store up food more than others. But to all the squirrel family the habit of thrift is strong. That is the real use of the cheek pouches—to carry food to a burrow, so from the little chipmunk we may learn to be saving or thrifty.

Another habit we might learn is to be active or resting and not half way asleep. When he sleeps he sleeps like a log and does not like to wakened any more than does a boy, but when awake he is all awake and ready to play or run his wheel with all his might. He has learned by experience what boys sometimes try to learn by precept.

Work when you work, play when you

play,

That is the way to be happy and gay;

All that you do, do with your might,
Things done by halves are never done right.

The chipmunk is like a motor with the current turned on when awake, and turned off when asleep. But human beings are apt to be running the mind motor of worry about things which may never happen. As Burns says of the mouse:

The present only touches thee,
But, ouch! I backward cast my eye
O'er prospects drear,
And forward where I cannot see,
I guess and fear.

—S. A. Gortner.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

At a well regulated hour, last Friday afternoon, the school section and the work sections assembled on the lawn, where a whole watermelon was given to each boy.

A number of new boys were promoted to Prof. Johnson's afternoon section last week. He now has nearly a full classroom, in the afternoon school section.

Horse-shoe pitching is still a favorite sport here. Several pairs of the said horseshoe champions have already challenged other players. This game goes on most every night after supper has been finished.

Since some new printers have been admitted to the print shop, they have

already taken up work on the type cases. They are improving daily, and doing faster setting. We are expecting some graduates soon, (from the type cases).

Prof. Johnson now has in his possession a young opossum. A box had been made, and this captive was given a new home. Maybe this young captive will find favor with his new home, and decide to stay. So it seemed at the time the captive was presented to Prof. Johnson.

The base-ball season is over, and the Training School players have done good work. They have copped ten games and lost five, the percentage being .667. Last year the School team won ten and lost nine, the per-

centage being .526. A higher average than last year, more good playing done this year, better next.

The carpenter shop has been opened again, after Mr. Carriker returned to the institution, recently. The shop boys have been busy repairing some benches and tables. They have also been doing some work at the third cottage. They always have enough to keep them busy most all the time.

Next month, October, is the month the fair is to be held in Concord, to which all the boys of this institution are expecting to go. Last year all the boys went and enjoyed it very much. They are now looking forward to next month and are thinking, and planning to have a good time this year, at the fair.

Last Sunday afternoon an officer of this institution kept Ray Hinson, Charlotte boy from trying to escape after he had wrecked a Ford coupe. He had stolen this car from Charlotte and started to Gastonia. Somehow he got on the wrong road and came toward Concord. Near the tenth cottage, here, he turned the car over and escaped with out any injuries. He told the officers that he was running away, so he could not be sent to the Jackson Training School, little did he know, that he was already here.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. W. C. Lylery, of Concord. He opened the services with a hymn, and read from the book of Galatians. This chapter from which he made his

talk, was about marks, of good, and of evil. Marks that mean something and marks that did not. Paul had marks on his body put there for the Lord, or for being a Christian. He had been whipped with rods, stoned and put into prison, all for God. These were his good marks. This sermon was a very interesting one. It was enjoyed by all present.

“The Tent of Meeting,” was the subject of last Sunday’s lesson. In this lesson, it tells how Moses pitched the tent of the tabernacle afar from the camp. When Moses went into the tabernacle all the people in the camp stood in their tent door and watched him. The pillar of cloud which had followed the Israelites stood before the door of the tabernacle, out of this cloud God talked with Moses. The people, knowing that God was in the cloud, worshipped in the door of their tents. Moses would had rather stay in the wilderness than to go to the promised land without God, for Moses said: “If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.” The golden text for this interesting lesson was: “The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend.”—Exodus 33:11.

Saturday afternoon brought on a base-ball game between the first and second teams, here. Sisk pitching for the second team held down the first team players, in the hitting, very well, or the best he could. Wade the second-baseman for the second team led in the hits, making three safe hits, and only at bat four times. Lisk was the pitcher for the first team, and who was in for the sure-

victory. Good pitching was done by Lisk. His team mates did some good fielding. Henry and Godown ran neck-in-neck with the hits, they both received three apiece. McCone led, with four singles. The score:

First T. 3 0 5 1 3 0 0 0 3—15 17 6

Sec. T. 0 0 3 0 0 2 0 0 0—5 6 4

Two base hits: McDaniel, Russell,

Godown. Stolen bases: Smith, Kennan, Wade 3, Sisk, McCone 2, Henry 2, Pickett 2, Thompson, Hyler, Lisk. Base on balls off: Sisk 1. off Lisk 2. Struck out by Lisk 3. by Sisk 5. Double plays: Jackson to Smith. Umpire: Levy. Another game was started, but was called with the score 5-5.

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One.

“A”

Chas Loggins and Horace McCall.

“B”

Clyde Bristow, John B. Hargrove, Henry Jackson, Charles Morrow, Clarence Maynard, David Brown, Donald Pait and Archie Waddell.

Room No. Two.

“A”

Guy Tucker and Fred Lindsey.

“B”

Glenn Edney, Alton Etherdige, Har-

old Beech, Paul Elmore, Dan Nethercut, Wm. Harvian, Mark Ward and Lee Wright.

Room No. Three

“A”

Clarence Ballard, John Tomaison, Johnnie Holmes, Sherman Hoots, Elmore Robinson, Woodrow Kivett and Wm. Wofford.

“B”

Tom Grose, Carl Richards, Austin Surret and Melvin Register.

Several rooms were on vacation and for that reason the report is short.

ANOTHER REASON TO REDUCE.

Passenger: “Please conductor, will you help me to get off the train?”

Conductor: “Certainly, Madam.”

Passenger: “You see, it’s this way. Being rather stout, I have to get out backwards—the porters think I’m getting in—so they give me a shove and say, ‘Urrp up, ma’am.’ I’m five stations past where I want to go now.”

SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 42 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

THE UPLIFT

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 18, 1926

No. 42

PLAY SAFE.

The man who believes all he hears will believe much that is not true. Few of us can give an exact account of what we either see or hear. .

Better not tell all you think you know, especially if it be to a neighbor's discredit.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A small boy was much interested in the man at the wheel of a vessel. When told that the wheel controlled the rudder that guided the ship he seemed much mystified. Finally the helmsman permitted him to put his little hand on the spokes, though at the same time he was careful not to relax his own grasp upon them. Nevertheless the little fellow was much delighted when the ship, obedient to his touch, turned first in one direction and then in another.

Thus men from time to time seize the spokes of destiny in their grasp and imagine they have the world at their command. They actually believe that it moves obedient to their will. They cry exultingly, "See what I am doing!" Yet even when they are carrying out their own ambitious projects and designs, unconsciously they are furthering the plans and purposes of the divine Helmsman. His hand is always upon the wheel and the world is steadily moving forward to the ultimate fulfillment of His designs.—Selected.

* * * * *

WE CAN NOT CANCEL—NOW.

Better argument, says The Reidsville Review, for the cancellation of the war debts than that advanced by Newton D. Baker is not likely to be heard. But if the course he suggests ever should come about it will be because statesmen in Europe and America achieve a degree of good sense that has not yet marked much of the debt discussion.

Baker aims at the idea, but it is not a sentimental idea. Behind it is economic common sense. There is everything to justify the United States doing the thing he proposes, save this one thing—

Politics. It would be bad politics. And by this is not meant petty politics

or partisan politics or even American politics. It obviously is not good politics from any of these limited viewpoints. If it were it would not have been left to Baker who is out of office and out of politics, to bring it forward. Professional politicians would have beaten him to it. What is meant here is world politics. For the United States, in the present state of world opinion, to cancel all the obligations owing to this country as a result of the war and conditions following the war, would have an ill effect, not a good effect, upon the world. The validity of all contracts between nations, the whole basis of international friendship would be seriously impaired.

This would not result because of the cancellation itself, but because of conditions under which it would be done, if done now. The picture presented to the limited understanding of the rest of the world would be that of the United States submitting to a particularly mean form of coercion. The lesson that would be drawn would be that any nation that cares to be sufficiently unpleasant and unreasonable about its debts can escape paying them.

In some households the intractable small boy gets his way by lying on the floor and kicking. In some families the husband gets his way by acting ugly, or the wife gets her way by indulging in hysterics.

Something like that is the character that France is unfortunately presenting to the world now. It is not an attitude of mind to be encouraged for our own good, for France's or for the world's.

Baker's proposal can not succeed in the present state. The American people will not permit it.

* * * * *

THE NEXT STOP.

The next event that will hold the attention of the people locally is the Cabarrus County Fair, which, heretofore, has been regarded so excellent in management, exhibits, attractions and patronage that the coming Fair in October is confidently expected to be the very best of its kind.

Dr. Tracey Spencer, the tireless worker in all public causes, has been constantly on the job of making all preparations for an uncommonly ideal entertainment. Enjoying the confidence of his associates to an unlimited degree he has gone forward with the plans in a systematic and earnest manner.

In all of Spencer's career as the executive officer of the Cabarrus institution, which means so much for the people of Cabarrus and adjoining counties socially and otherwise, only one criticism has ever been lodged against the management. It is alleged that among the many premiums and prizes and purses offered, one exhibit, entitled to the blue ribbon, has been ig-

nored for now practically a year. Having offered a premium for about everything that could be thought of or dreamed it was decided to give a five dollar purse to the sorriest and laziest man in the county. That premium has never been paid.

The only explanation for this neglect in carrying out all the pledges of the Cabarrus County Fair Association is the fact that the question was submitted to three judges, and each one chose a different person as qualified for the ribbon—stubbornly holding to their views, it is, after all, the fault of the judges and not Dr. Spencer and Treasurer Swink.

Put these dates in your little book—October 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16—“and govern yourself accordingly,” as the late Captain Alexander used to end his Masonic Calls.

* * * * *

THE IDEAL NOT YET ATTAINED.

The Albemarle Press, proud of two splendid hospitals in its midst, asserts that the ideal provision for the people who need hospital treatment and are unable to bear the cost has not yet been made for its county. That is doubtless true, as it is in every county that does not enjoy the possession of a Public Hospital.

This is what The Press has to say about the situation:

Albemarle has two splendid hospitals, but the ideal has not yet been attained. While the counties of Mecklenburg, Cabarrus, and others are celebrating new hospitals, and Rowan is reaching out for a county hospital under the Duke Foundation plan, Stanly rests serene in the knowledge that she was the first county in the state to be offered benefits coming from the Duke Foundation and has done absolutely nothing to show any recognition of the fact or appreciation therefor. We are ready to spend money for expensive lawsuits, but will not extend a hand towards securing a public hospital for our sick who are unable to pay for treatment. A county controlled hospital offers alone the benefits which seek to aid charity patients, and until we can give aid to a large class in this way our jail and county home may be called upon to serve a purpose for which they are not built or intended to serve. While the Duke Foundation is available, this county should bestir itself towards a public hospital.

* * * * *

SELF-EFFORT.

We never get, says one of great experience, much more than what we work

for. Self-help is the most useful help in the world. Strength represents personal endeavor; knowledge represents personal labor; skill represents personal practice. You will never learn to throw a curve ball so long as you stand by and watch someone else doing it. You will never learn to play a piano though you watch Hofmann all your life. You must do the thing yourself. At the first you will make a bungling job out of it, but your mistakes and discouragements are stepping stones toward achievement. There is nothing particularly new in the educational method that puts pupils to work for themselves. What is new about it is the measure of emphasis that is being laid on it. Education is no longer conceived of as pouring facts into a pupil's mind, much as you would shovel coal into a furnace. That is part of it. But another part is a drawing out of the faculties and powers of the pupil, and the clear discovery of the need of application on his part. He dare not remain passive. He will never get along if he is content with drinking in. He must become active. He must be aroused to self-help. We teachers may work with him, but we are not to work for him. We are the worst enemies to his progress when we try to spare him effort. We may direct and oversee his activities, but it is his strength that must go into them. We have required no study on the part of the scholars. They will never know the truth until they acquire it through personal effort.

* * * * *

WOMEN VACATIONING.

In this number is the story of a crowd of farm women having a good and profitable time, camping out, as it were, in what certainly was a vacation. If any one needs a vacation it is the farm women. The story is cleverly told by a young man, who from affliction has been all but helpless. Besides giving an account of the doings of the women in their special vacation, it breathes a good cheer on the part of the author. When one afflicted as he is can exhibit such good cheer without a studied effort, there is little excuse for us able-bodied folks going about with the grouch.

There were no flappers in this aggregation of farm women; they were practical people, of the very salt of the earth, met to counsel with each other and to relax from a strain that is their's at home. What joy they must have experienced in the thought of the hubbies at home concerned with the care of the children and seeing that canning and preserving were not halted by the absences of their wives. Served the men right—they need to have a taste several times a year, if not oftener, of the trials and burdens that be-

long to country womanhood.

The idea is a fine one and it is to be hoped that it will spread. In truth, however, the rural woman is to be congratulated that she escapes the foolishness, society stunts and the necessity of living out of paper pokes and tin cans, which is the lot of town women: Trot themselves to fragile conditions, trying to keep up with some who give scarcely a serious thought to the great responsibilities and opportunities of life!

By the way, Rekingham county, N. C., is one of the finest and most progressive counties in North Carolina. She oftentimes leads.

* * * * *

Only a few youths become entangled with the law who have been made acquainted with the ten commandments and see their injunctions practiced by their parents. Example and environment play large parts in the proper training of children. The little six-year old boy that told his teacher that "damned if he knew what the letter 'e' is" did not inherit that, through nature, from his parents, but in the home, at the fireside and round the table he was introduced to that sorry and unnecessary word.

* * * * *

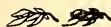
Dr. W. L. Poteat, president of Wake Forest, concludes that all the teaching is done by the mothers, and the teachers conduct the recitations and see how well the mothers perform that duty. Aunt Het, the creation of a South Carolinian, advises a teacher not to remain at one place for more than two years—matrimony is doubtful after that period.

* * * * *

The crop statistician at Raleigh is doing all he can to aid the bears on the New York Cotton Exchange when he publishes his rosy estimate of the North Carolina cotton crop. If reports that come from different parts of the state are to be relied upon, that statistician is far wrong in his estimate.

* * * * *

It's getting to be considerably difficult to become a lawyer. Had this care been exercised at an earlier date no little shady transactions traceable to shyster lawyers would now be matters of memory.



THE COW.

The cow is a female quadruped with an alto voice and a countenance in which there is no guile.

She collaborates with the pump in the production of a liquid called milk, provides the filler for hash, and is last skinned by those she has benefited as mortals commonly are.

The young cow is called a calf, and is used in the manufacture of chicken salad.

The cow's tail is mounted aft and has a universal joint.

It is used to disturb marauding flies, and a tassel at the end has unique educational value. Persons who milk and come often in contact with the tassel have vocabularies of peculiar and impressive force.

The cow has two stomachs. The one on the ground floor is used as a warehouse and has no other function. When this one is filled the

cow retires to a quiet place where her ill manners will occasion no comment and devotes herself to belching. The raw materials thus conveyed for the second time in the interior of her face is pulverized and delivered to the auxiliary stomach, where it is converted into cow.

The cow has no upper plate. All her teeth are parked in the lower part of her face. The arrangement was perfected by an efficiency expert to keep her from gumming things up. As a result she bites things up and gums down.

A slice of cow is worth eight cents in the cow, fourteen cents in the hands of the packer and \$2.40 in a restaurant that specializes in atmosphere.

—Baltimore Sun.

And the Sun could have added that when her cowship had completed her cud performance, she arose unlike other animals, hind-quarters first.

GOT LUNA-TICKS.

If a prize had been offered, we are sure this one would get it. This note was received by a county superintendent of schools in Illinois:

'As we ain't got no itch or lice in our school we don't need no nurse—'
Signed by the school directors. The reply was: "You may not have lice and you may not have itch, but you do have luna-ticks."

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I believe, honestly, that a wife has not the right to arouse her husband from sound slumber and ask him if he is awake.

When one road hog meets another road hog, then follows some rooting around to get from under the debris—if either one is alive

When you go to fairs don't wear your new shoes. New shoes have spoilt many a day's pleasure. People at fairs do not, as a general thing, look at new shoes—unless the person wearing them walked pigeon-toed on one side of the shoe, and look like they are about to have a tooth pulled.

Everybody wants a new wrinkle in every thing but their face. Speaking about wrinkles worry is responsible for these ruts in the flesh. Your face will not betray your years until your mind gives consent to worry. The mind is the sculptor of the face.

Sound asleep—when the person is snoring like a saw-mill in full blast.

Many new lawyers have come upon the scene of court action recently. I haven't heard of one in Durham having the experience of a young one in a town not over a hundred miles distant. A man entered the office of a young and fresh limb of the law, just sprouting. Desiring to impress the caller the young lawyer picked up the phone and began a conversation in this order:

"Ah—indeed—3 o'clock—yes—but

please be prompt; I am extremely busy—yes—ah, yes—\$300—yes; that is my fee—ah—goodby."

He hung up the receiver and turned briskly to the stranger: "Now my good sir, what can I do for you?" "Nothing" said the man. "I've just come to connect your telephone."

There is a land of "Pretty Soon." Few ever get there. The streets are paved with the things we intend to do. Its banks are filled with the money we intend to save. It is banked up with kind words never spoken. Its fields are strewn with broken promises. Jewels of fame lie in the dust. Noble aims and lofty deeds are covered with rust and mold. The road to this mystic land is lined with wrecks. All have a desire, some time, sooner or later, to reach this land of "Pretty Soon." Many may desire; but few reach its golden shores.

Say what you please about crossing streets at places other than converging street corners, and call it "jay-hawking" all you want to, but it has its advantages. To cross the street anywhere you have to look two ways—to your right and to your left, and then proceed. At street corners you have to look four ways, and by the time your head has stopped spinning around, there are four automobiles coming in four directions. No wonder some people lose their head.

Wise folk tell us that "School days are the happiest days." So they are. Those of us who have long since left the school room for good realize that

there is much truth in the statement. There is a vast amount of happiness in the school days of the older ones they did not appreciate at the time. So it will be with the younger ones. School days are not care-free days, if the pupils are serious in most of their opportunities: still, with the studies to be followed, there is a certain element of freedom during school days that is not experienced later in life by most of us. School days are like the days in all the relations of life. There are those who like to study, and there are those who are not especially fond of books, preferring active outdoor things to lessons. This is quite natural when one is young and full of healthful energy. However, none of us can always have things just as we would like them, so it's well to learn early in life to adjust ourselves to the things that must be accepted.

Nations and peoples are continually talking about peace, and have been ever since the great war for peace, but we are getting nowhere, and are no nearer peace than when we fought for it. This crying of "Peace, peace" in the midst of nature's war for existence, reminds me of the old Irish woman, talking to her neighbor, about her son, who was in the mining district, and about the times and things in general. "Jist look at me boy, Dan, will ye?" she insisted. "Dan wuz haulin' a load av damanite for the boss near Ile City, an' de boss sez to Dan—sez he, 'Dan Hooligan, be keerful Oi hev all me cash inveshtid in this load av damanite, an' if ye jolt it too much an' she goes off, bedad, ye'll lose yer job.'" And did it go off for him?"

the neighbor asked "It did that, Mrs. O'Higgins; but Dan had the roight shtuff in him, an' whin he saw de cart drop into a waggin rut wid a jolt, he knowed his job wuz gone, an' begum, he made up his mind in an inshtant an' wint off wid de damanite, so he did.

One sure way of having a thing well done—tell the waiter to bring it rare.

Uncle Gabe ambled into this mahogany burnished sanctum, sanctorum, and said he was just "rambling around," and wanted to have a little talk with this rambler. During the conversation I picked up these nuggets of philosophy from his remarks:

"De nak'd troof kin stan' a heap o' bad grammar; but a lie gin'ally got to be dressed up nice 'fo' it kin do much."

"What yu kin l'arn a nigger 'bout han'lin' a third han' worn out automobile ain't wof payin' for."

"A mule can be tame at one en' and wild at t'udder."

They were talking about a certain young lady, at a recent function, and the way they thought she danced the Charleston, when they did not think she danced. "Dance nothing!" spoke up a young Miss. "Maggie was standing there looking on when a katydid fell down her back." Maggie did.

Doping out a column and a half like this is no rosy dream. If I publish things from another paper, people say I am too lazy to write. If I write jokes, folks say I am silly; if I don't, they say I am too serious-

minded. If I stay in the office, I should be out on the street seeing what is going on; if I do I am letting a whole lot of things pass that should be noticed. If I wear old clothes they say I am unable to pay my debts; if I wear new clothes, they're not paid for. What am I to do, anyhow? Like as not some one will say I swiped this paragraph from an exchange. I did.

He was visiting at a house where there were several daughters, and to entertain the veritable small brother, while sister was rubbing off her nose, he, in an unguarded moment, said: "So, Miss Isabell is your oldest sister" (The one he was calling on.) "Who comes after her?" The smart little fellow, to entertain the caller, replied: "Nobody ain't come yet, as we knows of; but dad says the first fellow who comes can have her."

There are a lot of men in this world who fall over themselves trying to get ahead of somebody else. The photographer is the only person

I know of that can get a-head of every body else, and keep a-head, without falling down.

I was in a home not long ago, and about one room I saw in a corner, a doll crumpled up, with one arm off; in another place I saw a little shoe, with the toe worn off and the heel run down. There was a little go-cart on the floor; one wheel was off. In another corner was a little chair with a bib hanging on one post. This room had not been touched since the "little fairy" went away. The angels beckoned her, and she heeded the call and went off with them. The sunshine had gone from that room. What a flood of memories filled every silent reminder of the little hands that played with the silent toys? The prattles were hushed. How pathetic is this scene in so many homes. Broken toys; worn shoes; useless forever more. Left behind by little hearts once so joyous. Oh, the sighs for the vanished little hands, and the little voices stilled.

ONE PARENT TOO MANY.

I sometimes think that the average child has one parent too many. Maybe that's what ails children. Seldom does one find two parents with the same ideas about raising children. The child is the victim of a conflict of parental authority that at first confounds him and ultimately makes him either indifferent or rebellious.

The mother thinks the child should be coaxed and coddled; the father thinks it should be sternly disciplined; or vice versa. Mother says, "Johnny, you mustn't do that!" The old man says, "Ah, let him go on and do it, it isn't going to hurt him." The poor kid doesn't know where he's "at."—Elizabeth City Independent.

WHERE A TRIAL MAY BE MADE.

(R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News).

Some of the judges have been talking about the desirability, the necessity, in fact, of an institution of correction for males over the age of 16 and up to 21. Taking the cue from their honors, reference has been made to this need, with the suggestion that some thing should be done about it. A well informed county welfare officer calls attention to the fact that the need has been met in part. A recent assembly made provision for the establishment of a training school for white youths in the eastern section of the state. The institution is now functioning with a small number of inmates. The establishment of the school is generally known but it is not generally that, unlike the school at Concord, on which it is supposed to be patterned, it may receive youths up to the age of 18. The age limit for the Concord institution is 16. Commitments to east Carolina institution of persons over the age of 16 and not more than 18 is within the discretion of the court. If the judge believes that an offender within the age limit offers a prospect of reformation he may commit him to the institution mentioned. Obviously it is not open to all. The circumstances are expected to be of such good character as warrant giving the offender a chance to make good.

Whether this institution will be really helpful to offenders of the 16-18 year period will depend on the soundness of the discrimination in commitments, and whether the discipline of the institution is such as will insure control. The most an-

cient of all corrective methods, and by not a few believed to be most effective, can be applied to the boys under 16 without creating disturbance. That would be a doubtful method with older boys, if it is not prohibited. It is obvious, then, that the head of an institution that undertook the reformation of 18-year-olds would have to be a superman in his line if the boys had no disposition to change their ways. Hence the dependence on the discretion of the judge, the sincere effort to make careful selection of the material that will be given a try-out in this Eastern Carolina Training school. The extension of the age limit is in the nature of an experiment. If all sorts and conditions are sent there simply to get rid of them, the experiment may be very discouraging.

In one of our Superior courts a few days ago a youth who had passed the age of 16 was before the court for breaking into two business places—and robbing them, it is presumed—and he had also escaped from jail. His honor refused to send him to the chain gang on account of his age. The boy was paroled in the care of his parents, simply because the court saw no other way out, and there was the usual talk about parental correction, which is about as effective as singing psalms to a dead horse, especially after a boy has reached the age of 16. If the old man attempted correction in the usual way he might get the worst of the encounter, or he might be taken to court to answer for an assault. In any event improvement in the boy

after 16, under home influence, if that influence has failed up to that time, is not promising.

But it's a condition and not a theory that confronts. There is a well-defined public sentiment against committing youths to chain gangs; and it is admitted that at their best chain gangs are not desirable reformatory institutions for boys. It is true that some of the hardboiled might do more to the chain gang than the institution could possibly do to them. The one mentioned is headed for that class, if he isn't already in it. The desire to give youth a chance before closing the door of hope is most creditable to our civilization

but it should take hold on the public conscience that the sentiment that saves youth from chain gangs falls short if it stops there. In the majority of cases it accomplishes nothing except to encourage the evilly inclined to go all the way and be assured of safety in the going. The offender is turned loose on the public to work his will. We can congratulate ourselves on the upbuilding of the sentiment that would give youth a chance only by providing the disciplinary training that will protect him from himself, bring out the good that is in him, if any, and at the same time protect the public from his depredations.

TOO BIG A HURRY.

Mecklenburg County school children are to have a seven-hour school day, beginning this Fall, or one that is said to be seven hours. It begins at 3:45 and closes at 3:30. Deducting an hour for dinner, there is only a day of five and a half hours left for teaching. The law says there should be a six-hour school day. We have never yet seen a school day that ran the full length required by law if a strict interpretation of the law were required.

This is but a sign of one of the many things wrong with present day conditions—we try to do everything in too much of a hurry. We try to push the children through school in record time and they are not grounded in any of the essentials, reading, writing, arithmetic or grammar. We are taking too many short cuts. College students take off a course or two at Summer schools in six weeks or so and get the credit for a full year's work. It is all a part of the fallacy of our hurry-up scheme of things. Life is short, but it is not so short but that we can take time to do things right.

WOMEN VACATIONING.

By Upton G. Wilson.

It was none of your stingy sort of vacation, either, with everybody eating out of tin cans and sleeping on the ground. Not a bit of it. It was a real vacation, with a big pool to swim in, good cots to sleep on and an abundance of well prepared food to eat, yet each of the vacationers paid on \$1.50.

Wouldn't mind taking a vacation like that yourself, would you? Well, if you are a farm woman you may—next year. The vacation period at \$1.50 per vacation is over for this year. Those farm women who took their vacations at a dollar and a half each this year did so last week at the Rockingham county playground. It will be next year, before they vacation again.

So make your plans to go to the one next year while I tell you of the one just held. To begin with, it was a co-operative affair and was organized by Miss Myrtie Keller, home demonstration agent for Rockingham county, and Miss Majorie Holmes, home demonstration agent for Alamance county, and farm women from both counties took part in the vacationing.

It was the first vacation, moreover, that some of the farm women had had for quite a spell and they made the most of it. The old man and the children were left at home to get along the best they could for a few days. Cares were also left behind. All that was brought to the playground, aside from a few clothes, food, etc., was a desire to rest and recreate. And that's just what the farm women did.

They slept till 8 o'clock each morning rose, dipped themselves in the pool, ate breakfast and did just as they pleased until one, when they ate again. The afternoons were also their own. They could swim some more if they chose or they could do any one of a number of other things. There were no husbands present to boss them around.

But it was not an aimless sort of vacation, at that. Many good things had been prepared for them by Misses Keller and Holmes. For instance, J. V. Dabbs, of the Burlington schools, was present to teach swimming. Those women who had never learned to swim had a chance to do so. Mr. Dabbs is a licensed Red Cross life saver. He let no one drown.

And then there was a nurse present to give instructions in first aid, home nursing, etc. Miss Lois Cates, public health nurse, of Burlington, was in charge of this part of the program. Miss Cates gave demonstrations in bathing a bedridden patient and gave the farm women much other helpful information.

Nor was this all, Miss Octovia Evans, home demonstration agent of Durham County, held classes in arts and crafts, explaining rug making and how small ornaments for the home might be made at little cost. Beautiful rugs were made from cotton waste.

E. M. Dickenson, of Greensboro, showed the farm women how to make baskets from honeysuckle vines. This part of the program was considered especially timely inasmuch as honeysuckle vines are plentiful in all parts

of the county and State. One woman in the county, it was said, has sold more than \$100 worth of honeysuckle vine baskets this year.

The general recreation program was under the direction of Miss Ruth Warren, of Burlington, and Mrs. J. B. Miller, of Reidsville. They helped the farm women to play and enjoy themselves, making a plumb good job of it. Misses Keller and Holmes, however, were the official hostess and had general supervision of the encampment. Yes, an encampment is what it was.

I was so busy telling how little their vacation cost the farm women and how much they got for their money that I forgot to mention this in the beginning. But that's what it was, an encampment. Only the women didn't really camp. They lived in the permanent playground buildings.

There's one house down there, a sort of dormitory, that contains 60 cots. That's where the farm women slept. They call this building Chapel Hill, but I don't know whether in honor of the place our university is located or merely as a compliment to the hill it is built on. Anyhow, the building is there and the women slept in it.

On another hill, or ratfier almost under it, is the dinning room. There the women took their meals and there they deposited the provisions they brought to camp when they came. Good cooks prepared the meals. The farm women had nothing to do but eat them. Well, each person, I believe, had to wash the dishes she ate out of, but as the meals were served cafeteria style, this was no great task.

This dish washing and the making of their beds each morning, however, was all the women had to do. The rest of the time they recreated. And did they recreate sure enough? some one may ask. They did. They didn't do anything else but recreate and a big time is exactly what they had.

Why some of those farm women could out-swim a fish and teach a frog tricks in diving. They must have been practicing in the creek down back of the house. Their bathing suits appeared to be a little different from those usually seen about public pools, however. They seemed to be cut a little longer in the legs and a little higher in the neck. Possibly, though, they merely look that way and really were no different.

A few women moreover, affected hiking costumes. You know, breeches brown shirt and black tie. But they wore this sort of raiment as if unaccustomed to it. I think if their husbands had suddenly appeared they would have made a break for the dormitory. Anyway, whether they wear the pants at home or not, some of 'em certainly had 'em on at the playground.

And they may wear 'em when they go back home. They could and make a better out at it than many men do who wear big breeches all the time. For when a woman wears pants she wears 'em for a purpose, not merely to keep her legs from sunburning.

But that's a matter for the women and their men folks to wrestle with. What I started to say is that Fred Walker, Rockingham county farm demonstration agent, made himself very handy about the camp. Mr. Walker spent his nights at the camp and his

days out on the job. Mrs. Walker chaperoned Mr. Walker.

The encampment, however, could never have attained the success it did but for the aid rendered by three Boy Scouts: Julian Page and Charles Woolens, of Chapel Hill, and Charles Conley, of Burlington. These boys helped to get the camp ready to receive the women, it was said, and then helped to make things pleasant for the women after they came. Three finer more obliging boys are not to be found in the state.

They made themselves useful in a hundred different ways.

In addition to the activities of the camp, which included motion pictures at night, pictures depicting labor saving devices for the home or relating to the various other phases of farm life, short trips were made in the afternoons to places of interest in the county. One such trip was to Chinquapenn dairy farm.

J. M. Weatherly, Rockingham road superintendent, obligingly furnished trucks to convey the farm women to the big dairy. The trip was full of interest to the women and they met with very courteous treatment from those in charge of the dairy, it was said. They observed many other interesting things about the big Penn farm and appreciated Mr. Weatherly's courtesy in sending them down. The encampment began on Tuesday and ended on Friday, being attended altogether by about 40 persons. The attendance would have been much larger, it was declared but for the fact that many farm women were busy helping their men folks save the tobacco crop, numbers of those who had expected to attend being unable to do so for this reason.

The number who did attend, how-

ever, was great enough to make the encampment a success. It is certain moreover, that the number next year will be much greater. Those who attended this time will bring others with them next year. As a rule, though, it is hard for farm women to get away from home.

Indeed, some of the women who attended the encampment this year had a hard time getting away. One woman present said she left behind her one husband, eight children and 16 dogs. And the dogs, it was intimated were not very fond of the old man's cooking.

Another woman who lives near Reidsville had planned to attend each of the last three encampments, but the one last week is the only one she has attended. Shortly before the first encampment, two years ago, she was in an automobile accident and received injuries that prevented her from coming. The following year her children were sick, and this time the help she had depended on to look after her home while she was away went back on her, but she came nevertheless.

An Alamance County farm woman, the wife of a former sheriff of the county, drove a truck loaded with provisions from her home to the playground and brought along three other women. And the truck was none of your babies, either. It was a sizable old bus.

Mrs. C. F. Cates, of near Mebane, Alamance County, left her husband at home canning tomatoes and making watermelon rind preserves. The Alamance woman is known far and wide as Mrs. "Pickle" Cates, the making and selling of pickles being the principle vocation of herself and husband. Last year they grew 25

acres of cucumbers. They sell pickles to wholesale dealers in many of the big town of the State. They also sell preserves.

One woman was present last week who has attended each of the three annual encampments. This was Mrs. B. F. Adkins, of near Madison. Mrs. Adkins looks forward with a great deal of pleasure to this annual vacation and lets nothing prevent her from taking a few days off. She is a very busy woman, but finds time to rest once a year.

The \$1.50 that each farm woman paid for her four-day vacation covered the entire cash outlay for the encampment in so far as she was concerned, the money going to pay for the services of a cook, for wood and a few other incidentals. Most of the workers and instructors vol-

unteered their services and received no pay. Each woman brought to camp what she considered enough provisions to last her while she was there.

The food went to stock a common pantry and was used as needed, and there was an abundance of it. The women brought along all sorts of fresh vegetables as well as chickens, butter, eggs and other provisions.

Misses Keller and Holmes, moreover, were constantly on the job to see that everything went as planned. They supervised the serving of meals and saw to it that the farm women lacked nothing to make them happy and comfortable. In a word, they made it possible for the farm women to have the best sort of good time. Their work, futhermore, was appreciated.

“Culture that does not involve God and does not involve service is a failure, however highly endowed and widely speculated.”—Dr. Bateman.

THE SNAKE QUESTION.

(Asheville Citizen).

When Assistant Curator Davis of the State Museum in Raleigh cast a doubt on the theory that some mother snakes swallow their young in order to protect them and that these are ejected when danger is passed he undoubtedly started a number of protesting letters his way.

It is not surprising that this is the case. There is great popular interest in snakes and great deal of misinformation concerning them is current. It is handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation and so has what authority age can confer. It often rests on what some

venerated ancestor declared and so is accepted as law and gospel. A person states that his aged grandfather told him thus and so concerning snakes; this grandfather was a sage observer and therefore what he said must be so.

There are many people who insist that there once existed, although it may be now exterminated, a hoop snake which, taking its tail into its mouth, formed a perfect circle and propelled itself at incredible speed along the highway like an animated wagon wheel. Old people have seen one or more of these motoring snakes

in the far past, or were told of them by reliable people who did see the sight. No use for any one to argue with these people that this belief was a hallucination.

And we do not intend to assert the nonexistence of the hoop snake because scientific information about snakes seems to be sadly incomplete. Mr. Davis, undoubtedly a good authority, does not specially deny that a mother snake swallows her young but merely declares that the theory has never been proved. And there is difficulty in finding authority for it. The leading American treatise on snakes, Dittmar's Reptile Book, is strangely silent on this point.

The most definite claim for the theory we ever found states it with some reserve. In the Americana Encyclopedia, Dr. Percy Moore, Professor of Zoology in the University of Pennsylvania, states that the ground rattlesnake (*sistrus catentus*) "is one of the snakes for which it is pretty clearly established that the newly hatched young seen refuge from danger in the mouth and gullet

of the mother." "Pretty clearly established" implies a possible doubt.

Mr. Davis is either very modest in expressing positive opinion or else there is some shadow of doubt in his mind when he says "I regard it as a fact" that some snakes lay eggs while the progeny of others are born alive. He does not say unqualifiedly, "It is a fact." Dr. Moore is more positive, stating that the *crotalus horridus*, the banded rattler which is most common in the South, gives birth in the late summer to six to nine young about nine inches long.

Some other snakes lay eggs, it appears, but what snakes there are is not stated. Counting the vastly more numerous harmless snakes there are so many that it would seem likely that snake eggs would often be found. But is it not rare to see an exhibit of anything that is even claimed to be a snake's egg? Children claim to find them but often it is some bird eggs they show, and not infrequently they are deceived by small round mushrooms.

SHARING.

If I had candy and you had none,
 Don't you think 'twould be lots of fun
 If I should give some candy to you?
 For then, you see, there'd be candy for two!
 Now, you've only half an apple, I know,
 And that isn't much, but even so,
 If you'd give one little bite to me,
 The rest would taste sweeter to you you'd see.

PIONEER TEACHERS.

Extracts from an address delivered at Cane Creek church, Alamance County, at the unveiling of a tablet to the pioneer Quaker teachers of the state.

We forget too easily the debt we owe to the past. Our intellectual and spiritual heritage merits our deepest appreciation. Because our fathers wrought well, we are what we are today. Pioneer efforts laid the foundation for present achievement. The sobriety, morality, and industry of North Carolina of today are built upon the struggles of yesterday, which in our arrogance we forget all too easily. The harvest which we are gathering now was sown in the toil and travail of yesterday. Fitting then it is that we come at this hour to lay our tribute of appreciation upon the graves of the Old North State.

Present Conditions.

Today, universal public education by the taxation of all our wealth is the state's accepted creed. Creditable high schools are found in every community, and the teaching profession is paid and respected as never before. Over good roads hundreds of motor trucks carry our children to the door of the school room. Progressive counties have large and commodious buildings for the general public education of all the people that surpass even the college structures of this state one generation ago. Hundreds of high school teachers and superintendents are paid salaries exceeding that of the college

president of the past. During the last quarter of a century our educational progress has been by leaps and bounds. A state filled with poverty and depression following the civil war has been transformed into one of wealth, activity, and boundless possibility, thrilling with new life in every vein and artery.

Rip Van Winkle sleeps no longer, but rides through out the 24 hours over ribbons of enduring roadway from the land of the sky to the cool surf of the Atlantic. Electricity lights our homes, and turns our wheel of toil; telephones tie the state into one community; the morning paper is delivered promptly to the remotest hamlet; and the radio sings to us the choicest songs of the continent.

With deepest gratitude for every good gift of this present hour, forget not the toil that marked the way to this good moment. Well may we say of those who labored for us in the past:

“Cold in the dust, the perished heart
may lie,
But that which warmed the heart
can never die.”

Pioneer school teachers of North Carolina, may your names forever find place upon the bead roll of those “immortal names that were not born to die.”

Men often kindle fires they cannot put out. A few foolish words may take but a few seconds to utter, yet they may cause regret that will last for years.—Exchange.

PRIMARY DATE CHANGES.

By A. L. Stockton.

The 54th annual session of the North Carolina Press association, which was held at the Hotel Hickory this week, coming to and end Friday afternoon at Blowing Rock with a barbecue, has been declared by "old timers" at these annual meetings of the publishers of the state, as one of the most enjoyable as well as profitable in the long history of the association. The Hotel Hickory, just completed and formally opened last week, which is under the control of the Lowry Hotels, Inc., and which has the personal attention of Wade Lowry, who is manager of the O. Henry in Greensboro, put that hotel on the map, so to speak, was headquarters for the convention and the members of the association were splendidly accommodated. The new hotel was a joy and the atmosphere of informality infectious. The Hotel Hickory, located almost midway between Asheville and Greensboro on No. 10, or Central highway, is expected to draw an ever increasing patronage. In fact, it was stated this week, that from the day of its formal opening it has been comfortably filled and on one or two days there was an overflow.

In addition to the social activities during the sessions of the state press association and delightful addresses by Judge Francis D. Winston, Thomas Dixon and others and the reports of officers of the association the editors gave various attention to two matters of vital interest to members of the association. One was the decision to employ a whole-time field

representative or manager and the other a resolution strongly urging the changing of the date for the state-wide primary from Saturday to some other day in the week.

This matter of a date for the state-wide primary has given the daily newspapers much concern and the managing editors no end of worry. Under the law the primary election is now held the first Saturday in June. Just why the general assembly which enacted the law picked out Saturday has never been clear to the newspaper folk upon whom devolves the task of assembling the returns on primary night that their readers the next morning may know who was nominated and who was defeated. That they picked the worst day in the week on which to hold the primary, so far as assembling the returns that night and the next day (Sunday), is concerned, practically every daily newspaper management in the state is now agreed. Saturday night is always a heavy night in every morning newspaper office in the state and also with those afternoon papers which print a Sunday morning edition. With the natural slowness of returns due to isolated points and in sections where there is inferior telephone or telegraph service, primary returns are never complete with press time Sunday morning and as a consequence it is generally Monday afternoon or Tuesday morning before anything like complete returns are available because it is practically impossible to get in touch with the precinct officials on Sun-

day. Then, too, telephone or telegraph service on Sunday in a great many of the smaller communities is limited and where a local newspaper correspondent does get the returns on Sunday he is unable to get the information to his paper.

As a result of the delay and almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of assembling anything like complete primary returns on Saturday night both the larger afternoon newspapers and the morning newspapers are agreed that they could secure the returns much easier and thus give the people of the state more complete results of the primary if the state election was held on any day during the week except Saturday. Largely as a result of this conviction was due the action of the press association this week in adopting a resolution urging the next general assembly to change the date of the state-wide primary from Saturday to any other day in the week, preferably Tuesday. newspaper affiliations and that the representative or manager of the North Carolina Press association similar to the manager of the American Newspaper Publishers association and the Southern Newspaper Publishers

association, was discussed at considerable length with the final decision to have a field worker and leaving the selection of the field representative and the working out of details to the executive committee. It was pointed out by those publishers who strongly advocated such a course that state press associations in a number of other states, including some in the middle and western states, have such all-time representatives and that the associations have grown in number of

The question of an all-time field benefits accruing to the publishers have more than justified the expense.

During the convention of the press association a number of cities and towns in North Carolina, including Greensboro, extended invitations to the publishers to hold their next annual convention in the cities extending invitations, but this matter is in the hands of the executive committee which will later select the 1927 meeting place.

One of the high spots of the convention was the banquet and special entertainment given by the Hickory Daily Record at the Hotel Hickory Thursday evening.

The doctor: "Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once."

His Wife: "What's the matter with the boy?"

The Doctor: "I do not know, but Mrs. Brown has a book on 'What To Do Before the Doctor Comes,' and I must hurry there before she does it!"

BILL FINDS A HOME.

Fourteen eager noses pressed against the wire; fourteen pairs of eyes looked up entreatingly; fourteen varieties of barks resounded, and fourteen tails wagged frantically. "Oh, dear, how can I choose just one of all these dogs?" said Jean despairingly. "I never saw such adorable things in all my life, and I never had a welcome like this before! "Hello, you sweet thing," turning to a little fox terrier which was pushing hard to get nearest her. "Isn't he a bright looking little monkey, mother? I'd like—oh but see this enormous thing! Why, he's monstrous. Mother! What kind is he? I think he's a horse or elephant put in there by mistake!"

Jean Elliot had been promised a dog. After thinking the matter over for some time, she decided to look for one at the Animal Rescue League, so that not only would she get a dog, but one of the many poor stray creatures that had been picked up on the streets of the city might find a pleasant home. Her mother had brought her to the league, where they were being shown the dogs by the veterinarian who looked after the animals.

During the warm weather, the dogs were kept in an outdoor space enclosed by wire. Whenever a visitor arrived they became tremendously excited and presented both a comical and pathetic appearance, crowded against the wire speaking for recognition in their loudest and most entreating tones. The warmth of their welcome was sincere.

"I can never tell which of these to take," said Jean. "Which would

you want if you were doing it, doctor?"

"Well," was the answer, "that depends on what you want. If you are looking for show, take this cocker spaniel. If size is right, look at the great Dane! He'd almost need a whole house himself! He's the only dog of that kind we've ever had, and we shan't keep him long. If his owner dosen't look in pretty soon, some one who lives in the country will take him. But if you are hunting for a real friend I'd advise you to take this fellow!" and the doctor pointed to a grayish-brown dog that had stood very still, watching every move that had been made. Now feeling that something more was expected of him, he sat up on his hind legs and begged.

"That homely thing!" cried Mrs. Elliot. "Dear me, Jean, you would like one better looking, wouldn't you. Why you can't even tell what kind he is meant to be!" "Oh, I know, mother, but see him sit up! Look at those wonderful brown eyes. I think he is sweet, and I know he must be awfully smart."

"Your daughter is right madame," said the doctor. "This fellow is a mixture of fifty-seven varieties, to be sure, but he's the brightest dog we've had. You'd never regret taking him. I'd take him myself if my wife would stand for another one. We call him Plain Bill—he's such a homely thing, but believe me, Plain Pill is a dog that is a dog."

Plain Bill recognized his name and seeming to feel that he must put his best foot foremost, offered his right paw through an opening in the wire.

This completely won Jean's heart, but her mother was not so easily swayed.

"I think that the spaniel would be just fine for you, Jean, and how handsome he'd look sitting on the front porch. Couldn't you let him come out of the wire, doctor, so we may see him better?"

The doctor opened the door, and guided the spaniel through so deftly that he prevented a tidal wave of dogs from bursting out. The little spaniel shook his glossy coat, and ran briskly around, as if to say, "Come, I'm ready to go with you. Don't keep me waiting."

"Well, he is lovely, mother," said Jean, patting his soft curly head. "I don't know but that"—but as she spoke her eyes rested on plain Bill, who was sitting on the floor with his head cocked to one side, and his ears standing up as if to catch every word that was said. "Oh, no," cried Jean, "What am I thinking about? Plain Bill's the dog for me. I could never leave him here, watching me, with those brown eyes. Goodbye, you beauty. Someone will choose you next," and she gave the spaniel a farewell pat. Back he went to the cage and out came Plain Bill, stepping carefully and looking up at Jean as much as to say: "I hope this isn't all a ghastly mistake—that you really do mean to take me."

No, the doctor was slipping a collar around his neck, and the girl was holding the other end of a leather strap that was fastened to it and it didn't matter if the lady with glasses had raised her hands in a whimsical gesture of despair. No longer would he have to stay in the wire

yard watching more fortunate dogs led away. Plain Bill's heart gave a mighty thump, and attached itself to his new mistress with shining hair and rosy cheeks. For the rest of his life he would devote himself to her. During the ride home Plain Bill behaved himself in a dignified and interesting manner sitting erectly beside Jean and looking about with quick, keen glances. Jean playfully tweaked his ear every now and then and wondered if this were his first ride in an automobile. But nothing in Plain Bill's attitude betrayed the secret of his past.

Mrs. Elliot turned into the driveway of a comfortable looking brick house which Jean informed Plain Bill was to be his new home. The grass was so green and the flowers so beautiful that the brown-and-gray dog barked rapturously, and felt sure he could not help being happy in such a pleasant place and with such kind friends.

"Is dis yere cur de dog what you done brung to keep miss?" said a musical voice. Plain Bill turned and looked into the scornful black face of Joshua, the gardener. "Yo' isn't gwine ter aim ter 'propriate dis specimen ob an animile, is you?"

"I don't blame you, Joshua," declared Mrs. Elliot with a laugh.

But Jean came quickly to the rescue of her pet. "Why Joshua Washington Brimbleson," she cried, "how can you say such things right before Plain Bill! He's a lovely dog, and you mustn't hurt his feelings. He's very sensitive—see how he's looking at you. Come on Plain Bill, don't pay any attention to him," and leaving Joshua to slap his sides and laugh to himself about some people's

taste, she led the dog into the house.

When Mr. Elliot got home late in the afternoon he had some rather uncomplimentary remarks to make regarding the new addition to the family. "What I want to know," he said to Jean with a twinkle in his eye, "is how do you know it is a dog? I suspect that—" But just then Plain Bill held out his right paw and made a gentle sound in his throat. Mr. Elliot never told what he suspected. "At least he's a gentleman," he said, and shook hands gravely.

As soon as dinner was over, Jean decided that her new friend was tired and should take a nap. So after a bountiful meal, Plain Bill found himself in the comfortable kitchen, with an old quilt to sleep on. He stretched himself slowly—fore legs first, then hind: turned around three times, curled himself up into as small a ball as possible, and settled himself for a nap. The teakettle simmered pleasantly on the back of the stove, the clock ticked peacefully. Plain Bill's thoughts were undoubtedly happy. He was sinking peacefully into pleasant dreams when that sixth sense which is developed more highly in some dogs than in others, caused him to sit up abruptly. After a moment he heard a very faint sound and the hair on his back began to rise. Tick, tick went the kitchen clock—tick, tick, tick—ten times and then slowly slowly the window over the kitchen clock—tick, tick, tick,—ten times and Bill watched this phenomenon tensely and in silence until he saw a grimy hand insert itself and reach out toward a roasted chicken that had been left on the table by Sarah, the cook, before she left the room.

In the living room Mr. and Mrs. Elliot were sitting quietly reading, and Jean had just come from her room upstairs, when a terrific sound shattered the stillness of the house. Woof! Woof! grrr! It did not seem possible that such a ferocious bark could come from any dog in the world—much less from a mild-mannered, gentlemanly Plain Bill. But the sound unmistakably came from the kitchen, and the three Elliots rucked in a groupe to the rear of the house. They were just in time to see Plain Bill disappearing through the screen door.

"Oh dear, oh dear, he's running away! Stop him Oh hurry and let's get him back," cried Jean.

But Plain Bill was not running away: he was pursuing a roughly dressed man who dashed frantically across the garden with a whole roasted chicken under his arm. At the tramp's heels leaped Plain Bill, making dreadful sounds. As the Elliot's watched the man turned, gave a savage kick, then realizing the folly of disputing with such a dog threw the chicken straight at Plain Bill, jumped over the hedge and ran down the street. Plain Bill pursued him a few yards further, then apparently satisfied but still growling, came back, picked up the chicken from under the hedge and trotted with his burden toward his mistress. When he reached Jean he laid the chicken at her feet, and sat down to rest with his tongue hanging out of his mouth and a cut on his head where the tramp's heels had reached him.

"Oh, the man kicked him! The horrid thing! You darling old dog, you weren't goiing to let him steal our chicken, were you? Come into

the house this minute and let me wash your poor head!"

"My word!" said her father "Look at the screen door! Plain Bill went right through it! The wire was old and a little torn but it took some courage to jump into it! Good dog," he said patting Plain Bill, whose tail began to thump the floor. "Quick, get the witch hazel while I wash his face," cried Jean. "Now mother, what do you think of my dog?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to admit," said Mrs Elliot, "that you couldn't have done better, Jean," "Oh, Plain Bill will you listen to that?" cried Jean, as she hugged the dog hard. "You've won the family over and from now on you can look after us, roast chickens and all, and we'll all love you. Is that a bargain Plain Bill?"

And Plain Bill put out his right and solemnly shook hands.

Some people are really not as important as the frequency with which their names appear in the paper would indicate.—Charlotte News.

UNCLE SAM'S ART GALLERY.

By M. R. Merriman.

For more than seventy-five years our government has maintained an art gallery of distinguished persons and great events. The pictures are not on exhibition in a hall where one may enter on paying admission; they are either in circulation, or have been, and collectors may obtain copies of originals at trifling cost. For this art gallery consists of the postage stamps issued by the government since 1847, on which are engraved the best portraits of America's pre-eminent citizens. Many of these portraits are copies of great paintings by famous artists.

The portrait of most prominence, and the one oftenest seen upon postage stamps, is that of George Washington, our first American. Sometimes his fine features are in profile, sometimes full-faced, but always dignified and aristocratic. George Washington's portrait always appears upon

the stamp that carries the letters, the common postage of the day, whether it be two or three cents, or, as it once was, ten cents. In blue, green, carmine or brown, whatever color it may be, when we stamp our letter we attach to the envelope the portrait of George Washington.

Benjamin Franklin's picture adorns one stamp of every issue; Benjamin Franklin, who was a distinguished publisher, the founder of the Saturday Evening Post, and our first Postmaster General. His picture always appears upon the stamp that carries the news, usually the one-cent stamp. There have been whole issues of postage stamps which bore no other than Washington's portrait (excepting the paper and parcel stamps bearing Franklin's head), and other issues carrying Franklin's head alone on the stamps of all denominations except the common let-

fer postage which was Washington's. These two men are most prominent in Uncle Sam's gallery.

Advancing in time, as more and more stamps were needed, we find upon them the pictures of other distinguished Americans. Before 1862, Washington, Franklin and Jefferson were the only men portrayed. But with the War Between the States new issues bore the heads of Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, U. S. Grant, and many others whom the nation desired to honor. Most of our Presidents have, at one time or another, appeared upon the stamps. Abraham Lincoln's portrait has had its place in most of the issues since 1862. But never has any one occupied the eminent places of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin.

There have been Lincoln and Harding memorial stamps for letter postage, but there was issued at the same time the Washington stamp. And though there have been commemorative issues to celebrate historic events the Washington and Franklin stamps have always been in use.

Looking through Uncle Sam's art gallery we find few pictures of women, who do not seem to have been popular on postage stamps. Martha Washington and Pocahontas are shining exceptions.

In speaking of Uncle Sam's art gallery we must not omit the commemorative stamps, or stamps of progress, as they have been fittingly called. The first one of these issues was in 1869, which contained, besides the heads of Washington and Franklin, bright colored square stamps representing the Pony Ex-

press, the Locomotive (not much like the engine of today), the Steamship, and others, all inventions of the day.

In 1892, at the time of the Chicago World's Fair, was issued the beautiful set of Columbus stamps, celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus, and depicting the important stages of Columbus' career in the discovery of the new continent. These pictures on the stamps are most of them copies of famous paintings in old world art galleries.

Later, in 1898, came the Trans-Mississippi Issue for the Omaha Exhibition, showing the romantic history of emmigration to the great West.

In 1901, the Pan-American Issue for the Buffalo Exhibition set forth transportation, Fast Lake and Ocean Navigation, the Automobile, the Bridge over Niagara, and the Locks of Sault Ste. Marie.

The Louisiana Purchase and the Settling of Jamestown brought their own Commemorative issues. In the latter one Pocahontas, the first Indian to appear in American postage, is shown on the five-cent stamp. Only one other Indian shares her fame, and he is a magnificent Sioux chieftain who adorns the fourteen-cent stamp of a recent issue. It is but fitting that the original American should find his place in Uncle Sam's art gallery.

Among the various commemorative issues of late years stand out the Pilgrim Tercentenary in 1920, the Huguenot Emigration, the Norse Emigration, the Lexington and Concord Issue. These are the most recent ones. All of these add their quota of material for Uncle Sam's art gal-

lery. The only one-half-cent stamp ever issued bears the head of Nathan Hale, the young martyr of the Rev-

olution.

One can scarcely guess how large Uncle Sam's art gallery may become.

THE FIRST PRINTED MAP.

By Alexander Valliant.

In the British Museum, in London, the only copy, known of a map completed in 1506 by Giovanni Matteo Contarini, of Florence, Italy. This was the first map to tell of the discoveries made by Christopher Columbus and others of those who sailed a few year later.

Peculiarities of the map are that it has a fan-like form, and that the discoveries made by the Portuguese in Newfoundland led the pioneer geographer to make that land an imaginary extension of the continent of Asia. Attached to this portion of the map is an inscription, in Latin, which means: "The land the seamen of the King of Portugal discovered." The reference was to the voyage of Gaspar Corteal, who visited the coasts of Canada and Newfoundland in the years 1600 and 1601.

Other curious inscriptions on the map were the following, as translated:

In the West Indies: "These are the islands which Master Christopher Columbus discovered at the instance of the most serene King of Spain."

In the Caribbean Sea: "The whole of this sea is fresh water." That is a rather startling statement. Was it thought of as a sort of land-locked lake, formed by the waters of the Mississippi River?

Opposite the north coast of South America: "This is the gulf in which the Spaniards found very many pearls and along the coast, lions, swine,

stags, and other kinds of animals."

One of the West India Islands was called the Island of Cannibals. Early map makers gave this name to several West India islands.

Brazil was called: "That land named Santa Cruz which was lately discovered by the most noble lord Pedro Alvares of the illustrious stock of the most serene king of Portugal in 1499." (This discovery was made by accident, since Alvares was on his way to India by the Cape of Good Hope. He sailed too far to the westward, and went out of his course until he came to the coast of Brazil in April, 1500).

The curious title given to the map, when translated reads:

"The world and all its seas on a flat map,

"Europe, Libya, Asia and the Antipodes,

"The poles and zones and sites of places,

"The parallels for the climbs of the mighty globe,

"Lo! Giovanni Matteo Contarini,

"Famed in the Ptolemaen Art, has computed and marked out.

"Whither away? Stay traveler, and behold new nations, and a new-found world."

Another curious legend is affixed to Madagascar: "This island is larger and richer than any in the world. It is 40,000 miles in circumference." (What a tremendous island that would be!)

Another statement was made that from southeast India to Madagascar the ship voyage was twenty-nine days, but the return voyage could hardly be made in three months, "because the vehement current of that sea runs southwest." Then came the information, "This island has groves of sandal trees and all kinds of spices also elephants, lions, lynxes, leopards, stags, camels, and many birds; and there is great abundance of gold here."

Of Sumatra it was said: "Before Taprobane there are very many islands, which are said to be 1,778 in number. But those shown are the ones of which the names have been handed down."

Of Japan (Zipangu) this odd misinformation is given: "Christopher Columbus, viceroy of Spain, sailing westward, reached the Spanish islands (the West Indies) after many hardships and dangers. Weighing anchor there, he said to the province called Cramba (the old kingdom of Champa next to Cochin China). Afterwards he betook himself to this place (Zipangu or Japan), which, as Christopher himself, that most diligent investigator of maritime things, asserts holds a great store of gold."

Europe was outlined very well. Probably the artist had access to a number of other maps of that country, and so was able to name rivers and mountains, countries, and towns. The Mediterranean was rather correctly drawn, with this explanation: "Our sea with the bays joined to it runs out into the Adriatic Sea, the Sea of Marmora, the Black Sea and the Sea of Agor, but into the ocean only by the Strait of Hercules (i. e., the Strait of Gibraltar) in the like-

ness of a peninsula. The narrow channel is almost an isthmus of sea. But the sea called Hyrcanian (i. e., Caspian) is surrounded by land on all sides."

The map of Asia has a strange combination of facts gathered by travelers like Marco Polo and his successors and pure legends. The Indian Peninsula had little recognition, Ceylon was greatly exaggerated. A smaller Ceylon in its true place, was given as well.

Africa was rather correctly outlined. In common with many other geographers, he insisted on extending far to the northwest the whole Blue Nile System. He had made it extend many degrees south of the equator.

Of course the name America did not appear; this was first used by Martin Waldseemutten, in his map of 1507, a year later. The geographer showed that he realized the possibilities of Central and South America, though he showed that he shared the opinion held by Columbus during the latter part of his life, and believed in Italy even in the year of Columbus' death, that the voyage to the West Indies really terminated on the southeast coast of Asia. At any rate there is no indication that Contarini had grasped the existence of any continuous more northerly barrier of land impeding the approach to China by sea.

The study of old maps like that of Contarini is full of interest. Reproductions of some of them are printed in school books. Information as to others may be found in the article on geography in a good encyclopedia. But there is nothing like the first-hand examination of an old map preserved in some great library or museum.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Carl Henry, a member of the fifth cottage, was paroled last week. He was a member of the base-ball team and also of the carpenter shop.

The following boys: Homer Montgomery, Bud Gilbert, Charlie Carter, Vernon Literal, Bill Goss and Clarence Hendley were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

In a few months, the boys of this institution will drop the base-ball games and begin to play soccer and basket-ball. All the boys like base-ball, but they like the other others mentioned just as well.

The Harrisburg team was defeated by the Cocord Pythian team last Saturday afternoon. Bost, pitching for the Pythian team, with the aid of his team-mates shut-out the visitors by the score of 4-0.

Glass usually breaks when butted into by someone. A certain boy of the thirteenth cottage has already discovered this fact to be true. The other day he accidentally butted a glass panel out of the door of Prof. Crook's school room.

Mr. H. D. Bush, director of music in the Concord High School, and also band instructor at this institution, returned last week from a month's vacation at Marysville, Missouri. He made the trip by auto, and on the return journey was accompanied by his wife and baby. The band boys are again practicing regularly and

making good progress under his direction.

The first team and the second team had another game at the ball ground last Saturday afternoon. The first team won by the score of 17-5. Poole succeeded in getting two home runs in one inning. The score:

1st. Team 0 4 0 3 0 1 9 0 x—17 18 3
2nd. Team 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 2 0—5 6 3

Two base hits: Long, Carriker, Beaman. Three base hits: Godown. Home runs: Poole (2). Stolen Bases: Jackson 2, Sisk, Keenan, Long, Russell, Godown, Pate, Hyler 2. Base on balls off: Sisk 3, off Lisk 2, off Wade 0. Struck out by Sisk 7, by Lisk 9, by Wade 3. Hit by pitcher: (Lisk) Long. Umpires: Hudson Ritchie.

The Training School base-ball team has stopped playing ball with the visitors, for this season, although ball games go on at the ball ground every Saturday afternoon. All the players on our team have been doing some fine work. The leading hitters etc., who have played in more than five games are:

	G	AB	H	S.	B.	Pet.
Henry	14	60	22	7		.366
Hobby	9	43	15	9		.349
Godown	14	52	18	16		.346
White A	13	52	17	6		.346
Pickett	11	43	13	6		.302
Russell	12	40	11	3		.275
Brown	12	45	12	3		.267
McCone	11	37	9	3		.267
McAthur	12	41	9	2		.220
Lisk	7	22	4	4		.181
*White					x	
*Henry						
xHobby						
zPickett						

zzGodown

*Leading two-base hitters. zLeader of three base hits. zOnly home run slugger. zzLeader in stolen bases. This is what our team has been doing this year.

Rev. John K. Linn, Professor of New Testament Greek at the Theological Seminary, Tokyo, Japan, conducted our Chapel services last Sunday afternoon. He read for his Scripture lesson part of the fourth chapter of Phillipians. Taking interest in one verse which was part of his theme for the afternoon's talk. This was the eighth verse of the fourth chapter in the same book mentioned. It reads: "Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Rev Linn's subject for his talk was: "Living Up to Your Best."

He related stories of Palestine and other countries of the far East under this subject, and also other Biblical stories. He asked the boys to read the fourth chapter of Phillipians. His talk to the boys was a very interesting one.

"Gifts of the Tabernacle," was the subject of last Sunday's lesson. After the people had wronged God they were sorry. Moses had planned to build the tabernacle for God. So he askd all the people that were willing to bring "gifts for the tabernacle." The women brought fine linen and spun goatshair. The men brought gold, brass copper, oynx stones, ointments and other things. This shows that they were willing to come to God after they had wronged Him. God spoke with Moses in the tabernacle, and all the people worshipped in their tent doors. The golden text was: "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase."—Proverbs 3:9.

The following sign is displayed above the ice-cream counter of a prominent drug store:

"Take a brick home; it's fine when company comes."

—Union Pacific Magazine.

**SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.**

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 42 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

BE A MAN.

Good training counts. Even a boy can have convictions. When a person says that he must do as the Romans do when he is in Rome he forgets the youthful giants like Daniel.

And do we not find that the average transgressor respects us for daring to be true? He may laugh at us when we raise our colors, but if we stand by them long enough he will soon begin to lower his. The courageous Daniels are the salt of the earth, the light of the world.

Be a man even when it is hard.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

THE JOY OF NATURAL LIFE.

A fashionable confectionery shop asks the question and offers fresh nut meats already opened. It would be hard to find anything that shows more plainly the modern tendency to regard as work what our predecessors considered as a pleasure.

Cracking nuts, like popping corn, is a social diversion. It needs a big wooden bowl, several flatirons of the old-fashioned kind, as many hammers, and an open fireplace for background.—The Youth's Companion.

* * * * *

AND THIS IN A PROSPEROUS COUNTY.

There is in Concord tonight, as this is written, a family in distress. The facts in the case are reported as these: Two children are very ill with a serious and contagious disease; the mother is approaching the twilight zone; an aged lady, the wife of a Confederate soldier, went to serve the family; this widow of the man who gave to his country the best that was in him in the 60's without murmur or whining, herself contracted an illness that has brought her to death's door—and the civilized community in the midst of plenty and fortune up to this good hour has offered no relief, except what is given by a humane organization that goes about doing kindly service but that organization cannot, if it would, practice medicine.

No doctor up to this time has answered a call of distress—maybe the family is on the black-list, that impregnable wall the profession is forced to live under; but what has that old Confederate soldier's widow done to merit such coldness and a stone as she approaches the end?

If the county were to open up its heart and meet face to face a duty that

civilization, humanity and religious impulses lays at her door, this stricken family would be cared for, and not be a burden upon private individuals and force a community to do a grievous violence to its sense of humaneness.

The only solution to avoid this humiliating situation and that of frequent and like occurrence is a PUBLIC HOSPITAL. No private institution will meet this and scores of other cases occurring throughout a year unless a trained hand, a pure heart and opulent purse should endow such an institution with a sufficient charity fund—but up to this good day no way to dispense medical charity and surgical treatment has been discovered that will take the place of a Public Hospital.

It is a responsibility that belongs to the whole people, not to a few chosen ones. We do not question the prerogative of doctors to maintain a blacklist, for the laborer is worthy of his hire, but this does not excuse organized government in ignoring its duty to care for its unfortunates.

* * * * *

HOME—AN INSTITUTION.

Four walls and a roof cannot make a home, truthfully declares the American Building Association News. On the other hand they become the common meeting place and abode of those bound together by family ties and therefore form the basis upon which the home as an institution is built. Many sorts of materials and arrangements have served throughout the centuries to shelter the human head, changing from generation to generation as newer and better materials were found. But through it all with very little change the home,—the family with its hopes and love and dreams—has gone on and on to produce the men and women whose work has brought our civilization to its present standards.

Many forces are working against the home. The present age seeks its pleasures before the footlights, on the beach, or at the steering wheel rather than about the family fireside. And this is by no means confined to the youth of the land; fathers and mothers are almost equally indulgent, thereby removing the two individuals most responsible for the home and most necessary to its ultimate success as an institution. The club or the pleasure trip that numbers the parent among its daily attendants will likewise find the children on its own or on a similar list of patrons.

The result of a tendency can never be safely foretold. Least of all could one surmise the outcome of the tendency away from the home. It is the oldest institution in the world and the only one which during the past five

or six thousand years has not been either destroyed or supplanted by some other organization. It is the only institution or organization in the world which can produce character and without its work in this field there is little hope for continued world progress in the positive direction.

Let us hope that in some way, through some means, there may be a re-dedication to the home as an institution. Without it we are ultimately lost; for the nations and races that have succeeded without the home cannot be found. How much better it would be for the country and for the world if more were thought, if more were said, if more were done to make the home the sort of an institution that it should be, and must be if things move on.

* * * * *

DOES THIS FIT YOUR COMMUNITY?

M. R. Vincent, in *God and Bread*, analyses certain social habits, which he describes as "fast." Hear him:

There is a life going on in certain circles in this city which veils itself under social proprieties and elegancies, but which is aptly described by the term "fast." It is undermining some of the brightest youthful promise, and blighting some of the best young manhood and womanhood of this city. Do you know what the end of that will be? Some of you have seen Couture's great picture, "The Decadence of the Romans," in the gallery of the Luxembourg at Paris—a picture of a luxurious hall where a frenzied orgy is at its height, a carnival of drunkenness and wantonness. A drunken youth, with a wreath of his tangled hair, sits upon a pedestal, while a reeling boy proffers a dripping goblet to the marble mouth of a statue. The old Roman dignity is gone from the brutalized faces of the revellers, which contrast sadly with the noble features of the statues of the old Roman worthies ranged round the hall, and with the sad faces of a group of thoughtful-looking men who are quitting the scene. It is a truth that has been told over again, as one city after another—Antioch, Corinth, Rome, Sybaris—have gone over the precipice. It is the story of the inevitable end of fast life and of fast society.

* * * * *

THE HEART OF A NATION TOUCHED.

The terribly destructive hurricane that swept over the southern end of Florida, leaving death and property damage in its wake to an enormous degree has touched the heart of the American people.

Sympathy—substantial sympathy that is expressed in necessities and means

of relief—has been unstinted. Chicago was the first to load a train with necessities, supplies and helpers and send it hurriedly to the devastated district.

And not least among all the agencies of mercy brought into action at this terrible time in Florida is the prompt activity of the Red Cross—Thank God for such a spirit that thrives in the land, doing its mercy and relief.

* * * * *

SOMETHING TO GIVE.

Unquestionably, a prominent editor says, many people rise to prominence because of their large gifts for worthy causes. Their money puts them into a class of distinguished citizens. It does not always follow that it is only their donation that exalted them in public opinion. Many of the largest gifts come from men and women who bestow more than money on the cause they support. Probably before they assigned their money to the cause they served the cause in other ways long enough and seriously enough to become impressed with its importance. Whether it is money or service that is given, the standing of the individual is made more secure. He is praised for what he has done. He gets more publicity; he finds welcome in more prominent circles. The fact that he counts for something gives him access to persons of larger influence. There is a proverb that sets this forth clearly. A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men. (Proverbs 18:16).

The privilege of associating with the great men is often coveted, and the false notion has taken hold of many of us that we must buy our way into their presence with money. Money may do it some times, but it oftener is true that the man who knows and the man who can do and the man who stands for principles that are worth-while gets a welcome, even among the men whose reputation for greatness rests on their widespread financial powers. Then there is hope for the man who has no wealth to know enough to rise among the recognized great men of the world; his superior knowledge will guarantee his welcome. His special skill may give him access to the great persons of the world; humanity appreciates special skill. His staunch principles may open private doors for him. After all, the proverb is true, for what we have to give makes room for us and gives us standing anywhere.

* * * * *

A STANLY HERO.

You want to read "Lee Mabry" in this number. It is taken from the Albemarle Press. It puts to shame hundreds and hundreds of folks who

whine and give up at the approach of ills and misfortune.

Lee is certainly a hero. The Uplift wishes every boy in the institution to read it. It breathes hope, assurance, faith and heroism. These fine qualities we all need in this life as we go about in our probation for that greater life in the beyond.

* * * * *

Brisbane, who is alleged to be the best paid editor in the world, says many foolish things and suggests many impossibilities. Lately he reports that he was asked: "What is your opinion of Senator Reed's chance of the Democratic nomination in 1928?"

* * * * *

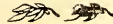
Congressman Hammer has declared himself against the method of the federal department in estimating the cotton crop. There is no question about the department being an aid to the cotton gamblers and to the hurt of the producers.

* * * * *

Eugene Ashcraft, a blockade philosopher that conducts a "Catch-All Column" in his Monroe Enquirer, takes the stand and avers: Paradoxical it may appear, but clothes make a man and abbreviated garments make a women.

* * * * *

Were Gump to visit many sections in the Western part of the state or even Myrtle Beach, S. C., he would be astonished how many other "Paradise Vistas" has got the lead on his developments.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is a physical and moral impossibility to get something for nothing. Somebody always pays.

There are some people—and you may know some of them—who, if they ever wander in their minds, will never give their relatives much uneasiness. They will not go very far.

When a man says he never told a lie in his life, told one right then.

A dry dock is described as a physician who will not give liquor prescriptions. When there are two of them, that's a paradox.

Mother had come in from the farm to visit her daughter in the city. After the kiss of greeting, she noticed her daughter's bobbed hair. Her eyes opened wide with astonishment, and she exclaimed: "Well, for pity's sake, Lizzie, you never even writ me you had the typhoid."

Speaking of a recent automobile accident, the victim of the smash-up was asked if it was a bad affair. "I should say," he replied; "I was knocked speechless and one of my wheels was knocked spokeless."

An operative in one of the Durham industries was fired not long ago. Some time thereafter he was seen standing in front of the establishment, and was asked why he was there; if he was seeking to be taken back. "Not much," he said; "just looking to see if they are still in business."

Colonel Shakespeare was right. "Life is a stage and we're all actors." A man died recently, in a town not a hundred miles from Durham, who one time was mayor of his town; editor of his county paper; a man who knew everybody in his county and everybody knew him; a friend to everybody, and everybody his friend. The country people, when they came to town in the day of his zenith, brought him the first fruits of their labors, large potatoes, tomatoes, pumpkins, hams, sausage, and the like, ostensibly to get their names in the paper. When his paper went the way he did, ceased existence, and he had withdrawn from active public life and was quietly resting behind the curtains of retirement, and finally, surrounded by his immediate family, "crossed over the river," his funeral was scantily attended by those who made so much of him when he was such a factor to them in his activities. It is a pathetic chapter from the book of life. Yet it is the way the world has of using you when it can; when it can't the world passes by on the other side like the Phari see and the Publican. Favors and untold blessings to others but not a sprig of mignonette in return upon the bier.

I am not going to give anybody advice on their conduct. I have my own opinion about such matters and will not inject it here. But I ran across a little verse the other day that struck me most forcibly. It ran this way—

"One kiss on warm and loving lips

Is worth a thousand funeral flowers;
And one glad day of tender love
Outweighs an age of mourning hours”

If we can strew no roses in the pathway of others, let us, at least, plant no thorns for those whose tired feet, already pierced and bleeding, mark the rugged way that cruel Fate has destined they shall tread. Let us be rather in humble imitation of Him through whose love and sympathy an eternal hope was born into the world that caused the very stars of heaven to sing together in joy around the Judean hills, do all we can to lift the burdens from bending shoulders and inspire the fainting heart with new courage and new resolve. Thus may be scattered seeds of kindness and love, whose full fruition will not only carry joy and comfort into some lonely heart, but sometime, somewhere its reflex may bring to us a harvest of happiness of which we little dreamed.

“Let all the year be golden, with our deeds of gracious love,

And the earth will swing the nearer to the sky that bends above.”

Some people are great sticklers for justice. Justice and righteousness is the basis of all moral character and the essential qualities of a good man. But justice is not all. Love mercy. If each man gets his just desserts, as Shakespeare says, “who of us shall escape whipping?” There is no religion without love. The man who does good, but does not love, is lacking the very essence of goodness. Love after all is the only guarantee that a man will do justly. If a man does not love a principle, or a course of action, he will find a way of evading, or partially perform-

ing it. Justice may be hard and cold, and may do real injustice in many instances if it be not tempered with mercy. Therefore in being just, love mercy.

The linotype artist got off a good one on me last week. In one of my paragraphs I transposed the letters in some words to make them give a different sound from the original way. The operator set them up the correct way. I said to him, “You changed some words in my copy.” “Yes,” said he, “I thought you didn’t know how to spell them and would spell them right for you.” Such is a writer’s life. It is full of good and bad “spells.”

You don’t need to have alarm clocks these days, if you live in the city that bristles with activity from daylight to dark. Before the advent of the automobiles and the big trucks, the English sparrows were good arousers. They would begin their chatter at the first faint streak of dawn and from then on there were no early morning naps. But the sparrow has passed. The big auto trucks do the awakening. They begin at daybreak and break up all slumber for the morning. They rumble like thunder and jar the house like the quiverings of an earthquake. On paved streets the poet’s “sweet, balmy sleep,” isn’t sweet any more; and for being balmy, it is as balmy as a boiler factory.

An unemployed man was met on the street one day and asked why he didn’t go to work. “Why should I?” asked the man. “To get money.” “What for?” “So you won’t have

to work." There's a big difference between not working with money, and not working without it. This brings to mind three kinds of workers. First, those whose whole endeavor is to escape from working, a surprisingly large class, some of whom are wretchedly poor and some wretchedly rich. Second, the great bulk who work from sheer necessity with no aim beyond the hope of bread enough to keep from starving, or money enough to free them from the necessity of work—this class, I fear is legion. Perhaps no one has told them that work has any other meaning, or any other goal. And third the smaller group of those who find the joy of life in creative effort, who will go hungry and cold, and live in a garret if they can only find some method of expressing the infinite reality of life surging within them that shall leave a blessing behind them for the world after they have passed away.

An arm-full of vegetables does more good for a family than a truck load of flowers on the bier of one of the members.

A lady said the other day that she would go to a certain function but she didn't have a thing to wear. Eve said that, but she did have something to wear, and wore it. The lady is reminded that getting out a newspaper is similarly situated. After you get one issue out you have to immediately proceed to get out another

with nothing to go in it. But editors do not generally bother. Everything happens out all right by the press hour.

You've seen those old-fashioned rocking chairs, like mother used to have, that would creep sidewise when you rocked, and go nearly across the room. I expect you have rocked in many a one. In the home of a Durham young lady is one of these creeping chairs, which went to the left when you rocked. If the young lady liked a calling beau she generally sat on the left side of that chair; if not, she sat on the right side. The other night she had a caller she didn't particularly like and in the hurry of being seated she got on the left side of the chair, which wasn't right for her. The caller was a vigorous rocker when he wasn't talking, and he didn't talk much. He rocked fast, so much so he rocked on the lady's toe. He doesn't call any more. The old rocker is in the garret.

I have been giving these "Rambblings" for quite two years. It is time, I think to take stock of what is being accomplished. You who read them weekly just sit down and write me a few lines and tell what benefit they have been to you, if any; whether they cheer, amuse or comfort you, or help you in any way. Send me any little personal thought that will make others happy, and add to the pleasures of life. I will appreciate this favor.

"To many of us Paradise is always somewhere else. We can never appreciate the here and the now... This is surely a blunder."

MOTHERS DO THE TEACHING.

"The mothers are doing all the teaching now," said Dr. William Louis Poteat, 70-year-old educator and president of Wake Forest College. "My grandson comes home with eight books with as many lessons to prepare and all the teacher has to do is to hear the recitation. The average teacher is just trying to discover if the mothers have done their work well.

"Of course Dr. Knight is right in what he said about the schools of North Carolina. We have such a long way to go yet, and we have been all along too sensitive to criticism both from within and from without.

"Knight is right. But then, so is Allen. One looks up the road to see how far we have to go and the other looks back to see what tremendous progress we have made.

"Of course, our schools are not bad as compared with what they were 10 years ago. They have made splendid improvement and, after all, although we have gone such a little way, we have good educational spirit.

"I feel that we are perhaps scattering the attention of the children too much—giving them too many subjects and not enough of any one."

Calling Dr. Poteat's attention to the recent changes inaugurated by Dr. J. Henry Highsmith, calling for the deletion from the curriculum of Latin and other subjects foreign to the heart of the average high school student, the reporter learned that the movement was not viewed with absolute approval by the educator.

"Certain studies are necessary for us because we are human beings," he

said. "First, a human being must study his mother tongue, then it behooves him to learn of the progress of his race in history, of the construction of his body and of material things, in pure sciences, chemistry, physics, biology and the like. Those studies are fundamental because they affect things that we come in contact with in living the life of a human being.

"Giving a child as many as eight difficult subjects causes the teacher to have little time to do anything but try to discover how well the mothers, who are forced under this system to teach the children at home, have done their job. The teachers are not to blame, of course. They have all they can do to hear the recitations and have very little time for the actual teaching of the subject," Dr. Poteat declared.

"I think it was a mistake to drop Latin from the high school requirements. The conflict between the students who do not intend to go to college and those who do should be separated so that one group will not impose a hardship upon the other. Those students who intend to go to college should be allowed to pursue such lines of study as may be followed to advantage in college. Too much emphasis on either one is bad."

Dr. Poteat was in a fine humor. He was contemplating a birthday greeting to be extended later in the evening by a royal group of Wake Forest alumni, and his views of North Carolina were seen through rose colored glasses, although the reporter was conscious once in a while that he

peeped around the corners of the rose hued lens occasionally and followed up the surreptitious squint with a keen observation that left little room for argument.

The Wake Forest president is notoriously fond of things simple and his slant on life is one of entire good

humor. Pompous and empty dignity has no place in his maksup and he cannot tolerate it without an effort in others.

"When I see a great, big, dignified gathering," he said confidentially, "I feel like slipping up and saying 'Boo'."

'I'm going to prune those apple trees.'

'But, Frank, you know I don't care for prunes.'

THE MUSKRAT'S TAIL-INDIAN STORY.

By Alice C. Fletcher

Winter is the time for story telling—"in the summer snakes may listen and do mischief." The children sit on the ground beside the lodge fire or on the ends of the long logs that feed the flames, unwilling to go to bed, and teasing for a story, while the women clear away the remains of the evening meal, and the young mother dances her baby in her arms. Finally, the grandfather yields to the children's importunities, and the little black eyes are propped wide open while he tells how the muskrat lost his tail.

"Long ago, the muskrat had a long broad tail. It was very useful and gave the muskrat much pleasure. The beavers, who had no tails at that time, used to watch the muskrat build dams, and they were filled with envy. They saw how he muskrat enjoyed himself when he sat upon his tail and slid down the hills: so the beavers lay in wait for the muskrat. Suddenly they seized him. Some of the beavers took the muskrat by the head, while others caught hold of

his tail and pulled, until finally the broad part of the tail came out and left the muskrat only a thin little stem of a tail. The victorious beavers put on the broad tail and were able to do all that the muskrat had done. But the muskrat was desolate; he wandered over the country, wailing for the loss of his tail. The animals he met offered him such tails as they had, but he despised their offers and gave them hard words in return. The gopher sang a song, and all the other animals repeated it to the muskrat:

"'Ground-tail, Ground-tail, you who dragged your tail over the ground! Ground-tail, Groundtail!'"

As the grandfather sings, slapping his leg to keep the time, up jump the children and begin to dance, bending their knees and bringing down their brown feet with a thud on the ground. The baby crows and jumps, and the old man sings the song over and over again, until finally, the dancers flag and sleep comes easily to the tired children.

THE GIRL WHO FITS IN.

The girls were walking home from high school when a limousine flashed past them and a girl from within waved her hand gaily out the window as the car whirled down the road.

"Carol Rhoads going off to spend the week-end with the Fosters," said Dell Williams, as the girls stopped and looked after the fast-disappearing car.

"Isn't she the lucky one?" exclaimed Ray Bartlett. "I'd give anything to visit at the Fosters.' They say their city home is just grand—very much finer than their country home here in Hilton, and I'm sure that's lovely."

"Yes, and Carol's folks don't know the Fosters any better than ours do," put in Eva Edwards, rather enviously.

"Mrs. Foster came down from the city to superintend some repairs to her house," Dell told them. "She is giving a dinner tomorrow evening at her city home, and one of her guests disappointed her, so she asked Carol to spend the week-end with her and 'fill in' at the dinner. You know that's just what Carol always does 'fit in,' so I think she deserves all the nice things she gets."

"Yes," agreed Ray, "Carol certainly does 'fit in.' I noticed that at camp last summer. If you ever wanted anything in a hurry, or there was an emergency, somehow Carol was always ready. She's so pleasant and good-natured, everyone likes her and wants her around, and then she's always ready to do anything she's asked to help, or entertain. She's not brilliant, but she's accommodating. She will sing, or play, or recite, or, do anything she can to help

entertain, or she will get up games, or take part in them when she's needed. If anyone was ill or lonely, Carol always seemed to be on the spot and ready to do just the right thing. I really don't wonder everyone wants her."

"And you know in the Sewing Circle what a help she is," reminded Dell. "She's always ready to show you a new stitch, or to help you in anything, and she accomplishes more work than any of us, though she's not especially smart."

"I guess it's a real gift—that of 'fitting in,'" said Eva, thoughtfully.

"I think it comes from unselfishness more than anything else," answered Dell. "Carol's unselfish. She doesn't think of herself at all, but just how she can help others, so she's ready to do what she's asked and to fit in anywhere. That accounts for the invitations and popularity she gets. She doesn't do it for that; but that's her reward—and she does deserve it."

"I think we could all imitate her to advantage," decided Ray. "It's hard sometimes to be unselfish, to think of others first; but I'm going to try to be more so, even if I am never as successful as Carol."

"There's no reason why you shouldn't be," Dell assured her. "Any girl can be unselfish and 'fit in' if she tries. If we all try, perhaps by and by we will succeed as well as Carol does. At least, we'll all be better for trying."

"And other people will be happier too," put in Eve. "Mother says unselfishness is a double virtue. It helps others, and it helps you, by making character."

CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

(Asheville Citizen).

It is generally agreed that punishment of prisoners should not be cruel but as to what constitutes cruel punishment opinion differs. There is no exact definition of it—definition seems to differ with locality and with changes of time.

Some consider that whipping with a lash is an extreme of cruel punishment, even though the blows be few and do no definite physical injury. Others deery it because of the personal humiliation of the person whipped. They would substitute bread-and-water rations or imprisonment in a dark cell, considering these as not cruel

But the person whom it is so proposed to half-ration sees in it an extreme form of cruel punishment—the lash might seem milder to him. Such is the report that comes from Nebraska where two prisoners found guilty of violating Prohibition laws are about to begin undergoing sentence passed on them which has been affirmed by the Supreme Court. The sentence is that of a sixty-day imprisonment in jail they are to be served with bread and water only for the first twenty days and the last twenty days.

The two prisoners declared that they are heavy eaters and cannot stand the sentence. They are backed

up by a physician who asserts that, "The bread and water diet is not only cruel but murderous, because it damages the vital organs." It is not suggested that the men will die of starvation since presumably the supply of bread and water will be abundant.

Many will agree with these men that the punishment adjudged is cruel, and we infer that some courts in some states would so hold it. But evidently the highest court of Nebraska has ruled otherwise and we make no doubt that the members of the Court are humane men—certainly the citizenship of the State is of a high class.

Clearly opinion varies with communities as well as in each community as to what is cruel punishment. Our guess is that the bread-and-water diet for twenty days would meet with a great deal of disfavor here among people generally—not merely the few who really oppose any punishment. We have no recollection of such a sentence being passed in this State. If the ruling of Judge A. M. Stack is affirmed by the Supreme Court there could not legally be such sentence. He points out that the Constitution allows only a few specified punishments—neither half-rationing nor dark cell is included in the number.

'No man ever reached a place of prominence without first fitting himself for such a place.'

LEE MABRY—A HERO.

By R. G. Swaringen.

Lee Mabry, Stanly county man, has been flat upon his back for 20 years. And yet anyone who has the "blues" would do well to go and visit him. He can still grin with unaffected cheerfulness, and his company is nothing less than a tonic.

Lee Mabry was born on June 17 1890, and not in a log cabin, either, much as he might prize that honor, but in a frame house. In fact, the house is still occupied by Lee's father. It is weathered and old, and shaded by big oak trees, and in the yard is a well of cool water.

For 15 years Lee Mabry lived like any other farm boy in middle North Carolina. In the spring he helped to till the rolling, hilly fields. In the summer he hoed corn and cotton—as he will tell you with a laugh. "I did when I wasn't able to slip off and go swimming or fishing in old Shankle's mill pond."

Shankle's Mill Pond.

Shankle's mill pond is a part of the background of Lee Mabry's life. Once its water turned a mill that was something of a community center; where farmers from miles around came to have their grinding done. But industries and people have moved toward. Many farms round about have run the course from neglected woodgrown fields to wooded land again. The old mill has rotted to its last heart-pine sill; and for many years the pond has been left to the frogs and fish, its girdle of sapling pines, and boys like Lee.

In autumn he picked cotton, or helped pull the corn and haul and pile

it in long rows beside the barn against some festive night when friends would gather from far and near to help with the "shucking." Then there would be loud talk and laughter, Lee's voice as gay as that of any other—or according to his brother's testimony, louder than most. And while men and boys worked and sang by the light of lanterns or pine torches, the women in the house would be loading tables with all the substantial delights of the old-fashioned corn-shucking supper.

In winter, said Lee, "I walked three miles to school. There was a two month's session in winter and another of one month in summer. I lost many toe-nails hiking to that old Rock Hill school. We were taught in a little frame building which was thoroughly ventilated by cracks and broken window panes."

Some winter nights little Lee would be permitted to tramp with older brothers and friends, under bright stars after hounds that musically bayed some wily old 'possum to refuge in a tall persimmon tree.

A happy, industrious, care-free boy's life—for 15 years.

Horrible Accident.

On the 23rd of January, 1906, Lee was hauling wood to a railway siding at the little village of Porter, a mile or more from his home. On a steep and slippery hill his team became frightened and ran away. Lee was thrown from the wagon, the load of wood piling on top of him.

There he lay on that country hillside in the February cold, his body

bent and twisted under the heavy sticks of wood. Friends finally came to his aid. He was carried home; doctors were called. The strong boy-body was wrecked. Three joints of backbone were crushed, up near the shoulder-blades, and the spinal cord severed. His left arm and thigh were broken, as well as three ribs and the collar-bone. His whole frame was bruised and lacerated and torn.

It was thought that he would die. No one so bruised and shattered had seemingly a chance to live. Nevertheless, his physician attended him faithfully, striving to ease the burden of pain, doing all for the boy that the limited equipment of a country doctor could achieve, and waiting for the end.

But Lee did not die. In his mother's heart was a great love; in her soul the same indomitable spirit that still lives in her son. It was her tireless care that kept life in the broken shell; her nursing that wrought the miracle of snatching him back from the brink of the grave. Slowly the broken body healed.

But what a healing.

High Adventures.

Flat on his back, unable to raise himself or turn on his side, his lower body and legs devoid of strength or feeling—thus Lee Mabry entered into a new life. The boy who had freely trodden the Piedmont hills, under the wide sky, now lay still in bed, his vision bounded by four walls, seeing his beloved out-doors through a window.

Father, mother, brother, sisters and friends came to his bedside with words of cheer from throats choked with pity—then went about affairs wherein he could no longer share.

A living must be earned; the work of the farm must go on. Hitherto onerous tasks of going to school, of planting and reaping, of sowing and chopping, of feeding and milking—or ordinary labors like these became adventures of high desire to the boy who could not do them any more.

There was the need and the wish to earn a living. Lee Mabry now has a saying that "God will provide, but we must do the hustlin'." And a boy who had to lie in bed could not sell his services as readily or as profitably as one with two strong legs to carry a strong body and a pair of willing hands. But Lee had no intention of whining there in idleness while others kept him fed and clothed and warmed.

Making Axe Handles.

He grinned the other day as he said, "I didn't get my start by splitting rails, but by making axe handles." His father and brothers would cut lengths of close-grained hickory and bring them to his bedside. Then Lee would sing while he whittled away, drawing his knife-along the tough grain with the sturdily muscled hands of a farmer boy, patiently scraping and polishing with bits of broken glass. "By selling these axe handles," he said, "I earned my first money after becoming crippled."

Days slipped in and out, and years passed. Lee Mabry's mother died. But she did not leave him alone or uncared for. The Mabrys, father and children, are Methodists, and strong in the faith of their church. An elder brother, John Wesley Mabry, aspired to follow the example of his great namesake and preach. But Methodist ministers seldom receive

large salaries, and are required to move at least once every four years. So the elder brother relinquished his ambition for a churchly education to assume personal responsibility for the care of Lee.

The passing years had not entirely quenched the hope that Lee might some day walk again. Doctors who examined him from time to time did not deny that, in a well-equipped hospital, under the care of specialists, the numbed legs and body might be restored to strength. But for a long time the difficulty of financing such a project reared itself like a stone wall that could not be passed.

Not Rich People.

The Mabrys are what are locally called just "ordinary livers." This means that while they are industrious and thrifty, none of them are rich anymore than any of them are sordidly poor. The father had other children dependent upon him, and a farm that yielded but little more than a living for his family. He could not afford to send the crippled boy and an attendant upon a long journey and pay a heavy hospital bill; especially since any benefit therefrom was decidedly uncertain. So at last, with characteristic decision Lee took the matter into his own hands.

In the north at the time lived a man whose memory will long remain green in the hearts of thousands of people then young, but now verging on middle age. Himself a cripple, Charles Noel Douglass fostered, thru the columns of a well known family magazine, a fraternity of young people for mutual benefit, and particularly for the help of those disabled and shut in.

"I wrote to him," said Lee, "de-

scribing my condition and asking for help." The letter was published, and with it an eloquent appeal by "Uncle Charlie. It was an appeal that spread over the contry and went straight to the big heart of youth. Help came to Lee after that.

Stacks of Mail.

"I got stacks of letters every day," he remarked reminiscently. "Instead of driving past, as before, the mail carrier would stop nearly every day, get out of his buggy and bring my mail into the room. One time I received 384 letters in a single day. 'Uncle Charlie' had requested each of the thousands of 'cousins' to send me as much as 10 cents, and the dimes certainly poured in. I saved them up until there more than enough to fill a peck measure. I sent them to the bank in a flour sack."

After a while there was money enough. Lee had already been to a hospital in the nearby town of Salisbury, but had received no help. Nothing daunted, with the new wealth that had come to him, he and his brother Wesley set out for Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore. That was in April of 1912, six years after the accident.

"I spent five days in the hospital," said Lee, "and was examined by seven doctors. They told me they had no other patient in quite as bad condition as myself. I was the only person they knew living with his spinal cord severed above the heart."

Lee Mabry makes no claim to unusual fortitude. He even looks faintly puzzled, yet he recounts how two of those doctors, veterans of the mercy wards and beds of pain, examined him, and hearing him talk in his usual cheerful way, broke down and

shed actual tears of pity. And with his first breakfast at the hospital, his attendant nurse brought her own little tribute to courage unsubdued—a great white rose.

“The doctors,” he recalls, “offered to amputate my legs at the hips, as they were useless and without feeling—just like so much excess baggage.” He paused, chuckling, “but I told them, I preferred to rest in peace, not in pieces.”

Made An Impression.

Lee seems to have made an impression on Baltimore while he was there. Newspapers and their readers grew interested in him. Chiefly through the efforts of *The Baltimore Sun*, a library of some 500 books was given him. Lee has been reading these ever since, and a good many others as well, supplementing the meagre education he received in the little old schoolhouse. He retains and applies what he reads. A certain college professor has commented that Lee can write the most beautiful letter he ever read.

Even Johns Hopkins, with all its resources and skill, could not help him. The great doctors sent him home with sympathy and kindly advice, and a dream gone glimmering—perhaps the dearest dream a young man ever had. But Lee has not pined or whined. He says that “one way to look up is when you’re on your back.”

He now had a little capital, the money with which he had hoped to buy back his lost strength; and occasional gifts still kept coming in. He tells of once receiving a carelessly wrapped handkerchief which, when he shook it, yielded a \$20 gold piece. After his return from Baltimore he purchased a small farm of his own on

the outskirts of Porter. The brother Wesley, married soon afterwards, and the bride and groom, with Lee, moved into the new home, a little nearer the conveniences and company of town. From that time until now this sister-in-law has been as faithful and devoted to the crippled boy as a real sister could have been.

Making Others Happy.

Lee Mabry says and believes that “one way to be happy yourself is to make others happy.” But it is doubtful if he had thought of that back in those days. It was only that his own suffering and helplessness made him think of others who were crippled and shut in, and he began to wish that he could cheer and help them.

“I started publishing a little magazine, mostly for crippled folks though I tried to make it interesting to others as well. As I still had the addresses of thousands of people who had written to me, I mailed out sample copies and solicited subscriptions. The magazine was founded in 1913. It was called the “Sunny South Sunshine.”

That title describes the publication very well. Every copy was full of its editor’s own unquenchable optimism; for nearly all of its articles little stories, aphorisms, sermonettes and verse were written by himself.

In seven years the axe-handle maker had become an author and editor. A successful author and editor, too. Products of his typewriter—a machine on a table swung above his head—won favorable comment from a number of editors of older and larger publications.

He states:

“Eventually I worked up to a cir-

ulation of about 10,000. Somehing like 2,000 of these subscriptions were given free to other crippled persons. The subscription price was very low, and I got virtually no advertising. It was hard digging to make the magazine pay its own way, much less earn a profit."

At first "Sunny South Sunshine" was printed in Albemarle, some six miles from the author's home. But during the period of its publication the elder Mabry brother, Wesley, purchased a home about a mile south of that town, and the family moved again. Thus Lee was nearer his printing house, and could more easily be driven into town occasionally to look after his business.

"When this country got into the World War," said Lee, "prices of paper and printing started climbing upward. But I sent out my magazine as long as I could for I really believed it was doing something to cheer, encourage and help other cripples."

The young ex-publisher did not say much about the fact that he bought a small hand-press and took to setting up in type the copy he had previously written, the printing being done in spare moments by his brother and sister-in-law. But it is a fact that the author editor became also the type-setter, and kept mailing out his magazine each month.

Is Taken III.

Even these economies were not enough, however; besides, the frail body could not stand such long and close application. Editor Mabry worked himself into a serious illness, and the magazine had to be discontinued. Thus another dream faded. "But maybe not for always," says the dreamer.

While on the subject of this illness of Lee's it may be well to add that the bones of his legs and lower body have become so brittle that he has to be moved about with extreme care. Some years after his first accident he fell from a chair and broke a leg. As there was no pain he did not realize it was broken until swelling set in a day or two later. At another time, while he sat in a buggy, a careless movement of his own snapped another bone in his right leg. He cannot sit up at all unless in a chair, buggy or car, with back and arms to support his body.

The great war and Lee Mabry's little "Sunshine" paper both came to an end about the last of 1918. Having recovered his usual measure of health, Lee again faced the need of a job to keep his energy occupied and bring him in some money. But as he says, "Any one with a brain, two hands and the grit to work can feed his own face, no matter how ugly it is." So, as usual, he met the need.

General Agency.

This time it was by opening a general subscription agency. Lee still had his big and growing list of friends—names and addresses of people all over the country. He secured favorable rates from a large number of magazines and newspapers, had his own catalog printed, and mailed out thousands of copies. He offered a worth-while service. It was much easier to send him a half dozen subscriptions in one order than to send them to as many different publishers. People far away sent him their orders for reading matter, as did other friends close at hand.

The axe-handle maker, author-ed-

tor had become a business man.

The subscription agency grew steadily, and by 1924 had reached sizeable proportions. There was usually a thriving trade in the autumn and early winter months, when folks would be ordering gift subscriptions for their friends. But in other seasons of the year there was often a surplus of spare time. Mabry began looking about for other worlds to conquer.

It was then that the North Carolina department of vocational rehabilitation began to take an interest in him. This department is conducted for the benefit of the partly disabled, and is the direct antithesis of a charitable institution. It is simply a state's somewhat tardy effort to develop and utilize a resource too long neglected; that is, by fitting education to special needs—to make useful citizens of persons who might otherwise be dependent, enabling them thereby to achieve self-support and self-respect.

Art Reed Work.

The department's assistant supervisor visited Lee, making a survey of his needs and abilities. It was then arranged for him to take, at the state's expense, a course in "art reed work." This included the weaving of baskets of all shapes and sizes, floor and table lamps; in fact, any article of reed furniture not too large or too heavy to be handled by a man lying on his back. Lee's small iron bed has the rods of its head and foot-piece wound with this fine cane-work, painted white. He put it there himself, first having the head or foot-piece disconnected and brought within his reach, while that end of the bed rested on a box.

He readily learned what the in-

structors had to teach of this work, and then began to originate new designs of his own. Soon the department officials were talking of appointing him a pattern-maker for other students of the same industry. He lies there and manufactures large numbers of these articles, his decorative and useful articles, his supplies of material being kept within his reach by his sister-in-law or her children. Next door to their dwelling, the brother, Wesley, has erected a little shop with electrically-driven machinery. Here in his spare time he saws the heavier wood bases upon which Lee weaves his baskets.

Lee does his own painting and varnishing. He grumbles good-naturedly at the impossibility of working and keeping his shirt clean at the same time. He is building up a good business in this line of endeavor, keeping his goods on display in one or more of the Albemarle stores, and occasionally advertising in the local papers.

The author-editor-business man thus once more became a craftsman.

Photo Tinting.

But the department was not content with helping him this much, and Lee is always willing to learn. Soon after he completed his course in reed work, arrangements were made for him to take instructions in "art photo tinting." Most of us have seen examples of this kind of work. Lee exhibits a girl's photograph, taken with an ordinary camera, which he, with his tiny brushes, had given the colors of life. Her cheeks were pink, her lips red, her throat and chest the delicate shade of a girl's natural skin. Eyes and hair are life-like and natural. Even

her string of pearls have their own pearl-gray color.

Again he learned fast and well, having a keen eye for the beautiful, for just proportions of line and color. He applies his tints with a nice discrimination, not too much and not too little. And he gets plenty of orders to keep him as busy as he wants to be at this tedious work.

The axe-handle maker had become an artist.

"I don't do much nowadays, however," Mabry declares, his eyes twinkling. "My biggest job is putting off work until tomorrow."

Always At Work

But little of his life has been spent in idleness. If it had been he could not have learned all the things he knows how to do. Plenty of men can sew, even if they don't brag about it for fear their wives will make them attend to their own buttons. But not many will be found sewing while lying flat in bed. Also he can tat. He can crochet. He can make a set of knitting needles do their stuff. Some years ago embroidered dresses were being worn, and Lee's sister-in-law, a sister and a niece had frocks embroidered with many colored threads in intricate designs, made by his own wideflingered, essentially masculine hands. Such garments are out of style now, but probably those dresses are hidden away as keepsakes in as many bureau drawers and trunks.

How many men could shave themselves with body and legs strapped down to their beds? All who think it's easy, try it and see, Lee Mabry shaves himself, and he has stiff, fast-growing whiskers that would be the despair of any safety razor.

If he gets tired of working, and

lonely, Lee can coax tunes from his "fiddle," as he calls it, from his banjo, harmonica and other instruments. He seems able to learn to play any instrument that is not too heavy for him to handle.

Man of Influence.

The influence of this man of 36 is felt in his community. Last year he helped substantially in raising money to build a church. He is a wag-gish soul, who says his favorite verse in the Bible is "Grin and bear it," which he claims ought to be there, whether it is or not. He likes his fun as well as the next, but there is in him, too, a deep vein of serious purpose. He used to pray that he might get well. Now he says his prayer is that he may help those who need help. For when he goes he wants to leave this old world at least a tiny bit brighter than it was before he came.

Lee gets lots of fun out of his love affairs, as he calls them, though he owns that these consist usually in his furnishing inspiration to the girls at a distance. One damsel in another state recently went to the expense of calling him on the long distance telephone to tell him that her happiest moments were spent in thinking of him.

Lee Mabry's life in bed has thus far been busy, varied, full of interest and—happy. At any rate, it has been more useful and successful than the lives of many men who walk upon their feet. Who can say it has not been happier, too?

Here is a sample of the verses he has written.

"While there's a window to look through and a world outside to see,

Life will hold a fact and a fancy
 and color to interest me.
 And though I'm crippled and lone-
 ly, I do not whine or sigh,
 But only lie at the window and
 watch the rest of the world
 go by.
 For high adventure goes swinging
 past with eyes that burn
 and glow;
 And young love whispers and young
 hearts leap and young feet
 saunter slow;
 And life is sometimes lonely, but that
 doesn't weary me
 While there's a window to look
 through, and a world outside
 to see.
 Beauty shall stir and thrill me, and
 power shall move in pride,
 And misery shamble past me, and
 splendor and wealth shall
 ride,
 And in ten thousand faces it shall be
 mine to read
 Goodness and joy and sunshine and
 sorrow, evil and lust and
 greed.
 And I am glad I cannot join the
 crowd that endlessly moves
 along,
 But that I can share its hopes and
 dreams, and, without its
 wrong,
 Watch the rest of the world go by—
 as ever it shall be
 While there's a window to look
 through and a world outside
 to see."

BOB'S GLEE CLUB.

By Med Ransom

Bob Benton liked Camp Walnut Ridge very much, but there were certain things that he missed. He had lived in a distant state, and last year he had attended a camp which was much larger and more up-to-date than this one. There had been many canoes, with rowing matches, whereas at Walnut Ridge there were only two old flat boats. Then there had been a tennis court and a baseball team, which played neighboring teams, and a good many attractions which Walnut Ridge did not offer. Besides all this, Bob, who prided himself somewhat on his tenor voice, had sung on the camp glee club, and they had given some very creditable concerts.

Bob had unfortunately gotten into the habit of saying, 'Now at our

camp we did so and so, while here you don't have anything like that.'

He had kept that up until he was beginning to make himself unpopular with the boys, who liked Walnut Ridge in the primitive wood, with its small advantages despite the attractions it might lack.

One day a young man, a relative of the camp-master, a Mr. Lawrence, came to pay the camp a visit. He listened quietly to Bob's descriptions of the superior advantages of the camp he had formerly attended of the camp he had formally attended and made no reply, but that evening he was assigned to Bob's room to sleep.

"At our camp we had—" Bob started, and Mr. Lawrence interrupted.

"Don't you belong to this camp

now?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I do. At least I am staying here now," said Bob.

"Well, then I'd call this one our camp," said Mr. Lawrence.

"But it isn't my camp. If it were I'd have some things they don't have here," said Bob.

"Yes, it is your camp, if you are a part of it, and, if they don't have things here that you want, why don't you go to work and get those things?" said Mr. Lawrence.

"Oh, they are things they can't have, like a lake with lots of canoes and a tennis court and a baseball team, playing other teams, and a glee club."

"Well, we haven't the lake, but we have a pretty good mountain stream, we haven't a tennis court, but we could with some steady work make one on that level lot outside our grounds, and we have enough fellows to play ball, and we could doubtless find enough mountain boys to form a rival team, and we haven't a glee club, but we could form one."

Bob looked surprisedly at Mr. Lawrence. "I never thought of the possibility of a tennis court on that rough ground. It certainly would take a lot of work to get in shape."

"Yes," Mr. Lawrence agreed, "but it would be better to go to work on it, than to keep harping on the superior advantages of another place."

"I guess we have enough fellows to make a baseball team, but I don't believe we could find a team to play us around here. These mountain boys are busy in the fields."

"Yes," Mr. Lawrence agreed, "but they have Saturday afternoons off, and I happen to know that they play

pretty good ball at their little old log schoolhouse over here in the woods. Doubtless they'd be glad to meet you on the school grounds some Saturday afternoon."

"We couldn't get up a glee club, for we've no material here," said Bob, "I haven't heard a boy sing a song since I came."

"Then you don't know anything about the material or the voices. The way to rouse up a song is to begin singing yourself. You might be glee club manager, and teach the fellows the songs you sang at the other camp. Maybe you might give a concert over at the little log school house some evening."

Bob did not fall asleep at once that evening. He was thinking of the plans Mr. Lawrence had suggested to him. Next day he did not once mention his former camp. Instead he was busy with the pursuits of the present camp.

By the second day he and the other boys were at work on the level green beyond the rail fence. It was in a rough condition, and it took several days steady work to get it in shape, but at last it was ready, and made a very fair tennis court. That evening, in the moonlight, there was a rehearsal of the glee club. It was surprising what material Bob had found since the first night he had "stuck up an air." His mates had readily taken to the music, and he found some good voices amongst them.

After a day or two of tennis the boys formed a baseball team, and then, one day, as some of the mountain boys who lived on a neighboring farm passed on their way o dinner, they stopped to watch the boys play.

"Have you a team at your school?" Bob asked the oldest boy.

"Yes, and school starts next week," said the boy.

"But this is midsummer. Surely you don't start already," said Bob.

"Yes, we start as soon as our plowing is over, and we stop in bad weather when we can't get over the roads," said the mountain lad.

"Then we'd like to play you a game some day," said Bob.

"All right," the boys answered, and it was less than a fortnight before that game took place. The mountain team came out victorious, but the camp boys were not discouraged, and, before the summer was over, they had their victory. The glee club had begun to attract the attention of the neighbors who came over in the evenings to hear the boys sing. And then one day when Bob was down at the

country store and heard the men discussing the need of a new roof on the school building, and wondering how they might raise the money to pay for the material, if they gave their services to put on the roof, Bob suggested that the glee club give a concert in the school house and charge admission, and make the money for the school roof. The idea met with immediate favor. And so the next Friday night, with Bob Benton as leader, a very creditable program was given in the little old log school house which was crowded to the doors.

Enough money was raised for the roof, and the people were deeply grateful to the camp boys, and gave them rousing cheers.

"Our camp has been a good one," said Bob Benton the day he left the mountain for his home and he said "our" with evident pride.

TREES AND THEIR AGES.

By Alvin M. Peterson

It has been estimated that the 'General Sherman Tree' in the Sequoia National Park was two thousand years old when Christ was born. That means that it is now nearly four thousand years old. Enos Mills tells us in "The Story of a Thousand Year Pine" that "Old Pine," the great tree about which he wrote this interesting story, was 1,047 years old when it was cut down. How did Mills find out that "Old Pine" was 1,047 years old? He counted its annual rings and thus learned its age. By counting the annual rings of any tree we are able with fair accuracy to determine its age, unfor-

tunately, however, only after it has been cut. For that reason, the age given for the "General Sherman Tree" must be only an estimate, but perhaps a fairly accurate one, since men have cut other large trees of the same kind and determined their ages.

Trees grow taller year by year but in addition grow larger and larger around or in diameter. Trees grow at the ends of their twigs and the ends of their roots. But a tree also grows all over, adding a new coat of growth each year. Because of the lengthening of its twigs, the "General Sherman Tree" is now nearly 280

feet high, and because of the coat of growth added each year, it is nearly forty feet in diameter.

When looking at a large tree, we notice that it covered with bark which is often rough and more or less furrowed. The rough outer bark is dead and serves only as a protection for the tree. But beneath this, there is a green layer or ring which we know as the cambium layer, which is the most active part of the tree. This contains a great deal of sap. New cells are formed both on the outside and inside of this layer. The cells formed on the outside form new bark which replaces the old, while the inside cells form new wood known as sapwood. In time, the sap leaves this sapwood, the cambium layer moves outward, when new bark and wood cells are formed. Thus a tree adds a new coat of growth for each year.

Trees do not grow during the winter months, but grow very fast during the spring. The cells formed early in the year are large while those formed later are small. Thus we have alternate rings of large and

small cells which give a tree its annual rings. An annual ring is a layer of large cells plus a layer of small cells. By counting the rings of large cells or the rings of small cells we can, after a tree has been cut, determine with fair accuracy the age of a tree.

But we cannot always find out the exact age of a tree by counting its annual rings. This is due to the fact that wet and dry seasons or periods have the same effect upon a tree as summer and winter or spring and autumn. During rainy weather large cells are formed and during dry weather small ones. Thus a wet spring followed by a dry early summer, in turn followed by a wet late summer or early fall, and a dry late fall would cause two rings of large and two rings of small cells to be formed that year. Then the counting of the rings of a tree would show it to be older than it really is. But one, two, or even three such years would not matter a great deal as all we need and care to know is the approximate age of any tree.

COLONIAL GIRLS.

By Mildred Elliot.

Perhaps the prettiest sight that Boston Common ever saw was in 1749, when three hundred spinning wheels were set going on it at once, to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the "Society for Promoting Industry and Frugality." Three hundred young "spinsters" sat and spun on the green grass, under the great arching elms, and made a picture that the historians of colonial days like to chronicle.

These skillful girls wore a quaint and pretty costumes mostly homespun. Rich and poor, they all took pride in their spinning, and many of them won prizes for their accomplishments with wheel and distaff. Good spinsters generally learned to spin early. Sometimes the children, both boys and girls tending sheep or cattle, carried the hand distaff, and spun the thread while they watched the grazing flocks and herds. By early Massachusetts

law, boys and girls must learn to spin, and spinning classes were held. Bounties were offered for the linen that was made.

Every colonial girl spun linen for her dowry chest. A spinning wheel was usually the most prominent part of a bride's outfit when she left her old home for a new home. Travelers going through the towns or the country in warm weather saw the girls sitting at the windows or on the grass, singing psalms or ballads to the whirring accompaniment of the spinning wheel.

Sometimes a girl's brother would carry her wheel for her to the house of a neighbor and the two girls would spin and gossip together. By spinning all day long, a good many skeins of flax or wool could be made. In 1777, Miss Eleanor Fry, of Rhode Island, spun in one day seven skeins of one-knot linen yarn. This was enough to weave a dozen handkerchiefs.

A girl named Abigail Foote, of Connecticut, who kept a diary, has some interesting items of her daily work. "Carded tow, spun linen, hatched flax with Hannah, and we did five pounds apiece, spun linen and did fifty knots, spun thread to whiten, set a red dye, and carded two pounds of whole wool." Yet with all this, Abigail had time to ride horseback, visit other girls, and read sermons and poetry, besides going to school!

It was counted a good day's work to spin six skeins of wool yarn. Wool-

spinning, with the big wool wheel, was a graceful affair. The girl who spun had to step forward and backward quickly and lightly, and let the wool wind itself now and again on the swift spindle. To spin six skeins meant to walk twenty miles back and forth, and it was said to make the spinner vigorous and graceful beyond any other form of exercise. The homespun cloth was of such good quality that it wore for years. A skillful worker could make the most delicate thread and vary the patterns at will.

In Virginia the lawmakers estimated that five girls under 13 could spin and weave enough cloth to keep thirty persons well clothed. Anyone bringing homespun cloth to the county court house could get, by law, six pounds of tobacco per yard. The girl who knitted a dozen pairs of woole hose received twelve pounds of tobacco. Tobacco was used as money in Virginia at that time, so girls could get plenty of pin money in that way.

The girls were proud of their bright scarlet cloaks. They dyed the cloth at home with cochineal or logwood madder, and very beautiful it looked against dark foliage of the pine forest in winter. Indigo was another favorite dye. Mixed with goldenrod, it gave a striking green. The Iris blossom yielded a delicate purple dye for wool. So the colonial girl could have all the bright and fadeless colors she wanted for her clothes.

'What did we get out of the war?'" asks a writer. Looks as if we were about to get a lot of worthless notes.—Charlotte News.

WHAT FRANCE IS FORGETTING.

(Charlotte News).

France seems to have an acute and sensitive memory, but there are some things France is forgetting.

Clemenceau has undertaken to address to the President of the United States a letter intended to show just exactly how good the memory of his Government is and has threatened to write another since the first failed to arouse any action on the part of the Chief Executive of the American people.

The letter, however, was as versatile in showing how France is forgetful as it was in depicting how France is remembering in these days as the discussion of a debt settlement remains to the forefront.

She forgets, for one thing, the frantic spirit in which she implored the United States to come to her aid when Germany was crowding her to the wall; she forgets that the terms given her practically make a present to her of all the war debt contracted with America, and what, in

substance, she is asked to pay are the sums she borrowed following the close of the war; she forgets the immense sums already paid her by Germany in cash and material; she forgets Alsace and Lorraine; she forgets the German imperial domains in Africa which she halved with Great Britain; she forgets the war she recently closed in North Africa, and the one in which she is still engaged in Syria; she forgets her immense military armament, which alone is sufficient to oppress and depress the strongest and richest of nations; and before she begins again to howl and tear her hair, and make an unholly show of herself, it is to be hoped she may look at all the items on the war ledger.

We are considerably "fed up" with the French sneers against Uncle Sam as the Shylock of the world. Never was there a more libelous or unjust aspersion against the great spirit of a great people.

DOING AS OTHERS DO.

It has long been known that what we do speaks louder and counts for more than what we say. We have a number of ways of arriving at that conclusion.

I have a friend who, a few years ago, moved to a small town in the coal regions. Most of his neighbors are foreigners. The work they have been doing through these many years has not served greatly to elevate their standards of life. When he

moved into their midst he found most of the yards filled with rubbish and grown over with weeds. When he was a boy at home he had been taught to tend flowers, with the result that he came to love them. In his new but unfavorable surroundings that love was soon to find expression. He had the heaps of ashes and other trash carted out of his yard and some good soil carted in. He did much hard physical labor

himself, for land neglected and abused does not quickly yield to the cultivated taste and touch.

He did not expend money and labor, in vain. His neighbors stood about watching him work. It was a different looking yard he had even before he planted a seed. But good seed must go in if weeds are to be kept out. He began planting. He knew what to plant and when, so as to have a succession of flowers. And you should see his yard now!

And you well know the story does not end there. His neighbors began laying off their coats and going to work. They got the desire to have flowers in their yards by seeing what he had done. Some of their results would not befit a conservatory but they have flowers, and the yards that were an eye-sore have given place to pretty flower beds, and all because one man led the way.

—Selected

THE TRIUMPH OF PERSONALITY.

The majority of women's clubs throughout the republic, according to the genial Mr. George Jean Nathan, in *The American Mercury*, have informed the more prominent "lecture bureau managers" that they will employ and listen to good-looking lecturers only. They have said, he relates, that they will have "no more bald, knock-kneed, bowlegged or ancient male spectacles for their platforms," which leads Mr. Nathan to observe: "What they want is not the lecture but the lecturer."

The only surprising thing in all this is Mr. Nathan's surprise that the facts should be as they are. They have been so for a long time. They constitute merely another demonstration of the power of personality. It has long been evident that what the voting populace in America desires and supports is the man rather than the platform. They are dazzled and ensnared by the individual who has the power or charm to attract them. And an accurate statement of the women's clubs, from whom Mr. Nathan's information is supposed to

come, is that they will patronize only the speakers who have the personality to impress.

He who would be a leader, whether on the lecture platform or in politics or anywhere else, must look to his personality. If he is devoid of that forcefulness, he will develop it or soon be consigned to the snares and pitfalls of loneliness and obscurity. If he doubts his ability to develop it, he is lost.

Personality is the capacity to think and feel with such intensity that one can move others to think and feel. That capacity springs from enthusiasm, from an absorbing interest in the subject at hand, from a determination to get pleasure out of life and to find something interesting in everybody. The man who is born without those trends can acquire and enlarge them if he will exert his will power. The thing takes time and trouble, but the labor is worth the reward. Club women are not the only people who do homage to personality. It rules the world.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Russell Bowden

William Case, formerly one of our boys, visited the institution last Sunday.

The carpenter shop boys have been making wagon bodies and racks to be used in drying peanuts.

Mr. R. M. Long and a number of boys have been unloading coal at the Training School siding recently.

DeArman Williams has been placed in the shoe shop and all the boys are hoping he will make a success.

Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Hudson have had charge of a large force of boys shocking corn during the past week.

Our entire population, numbering about 450, both boys and officers, enjoyed a chicken dinner last Sunday.

Prof. Johnson, Mr. Poole and Mr. Simpson's school rooms have been picking cotton during the past week.

A shipment of shoes arrived at the institution last week, and all the boys are expecting to receive them soon.

James Long, Earl Wade, Theodore Coleman, Jesse Hurley and Alfred Stamey were paroled last week by Supt. Boger.

Mrs. Maude Harris, matron at the Cannon building, has returned to the school after spending a few days visiting relatives at Harrisburg.

The sewing room boys have been making some fine shirts recently. These will be placed on exhibition at the Cabarrus County Fair next month.

The following boys: Lawrence Vaughan, Clarence Rogers, Robt. Glasgow, Munford Glasgow, Jessie Hurley, Samuel McIntyre, Glenn Edney were visited by parents and relatives last Wednesday.

On last Sunday morning we had the last regular Sunday School lesson of the third quarter. It was the Temperance Lesson, taken from the book of Leviticus and explained the rewards of right living and the penalties of doing otherwise. The leading thought brought out in this lesson was "Living Our Best."

As Rev. Higgins was not able to be here last Sunday afternoon, we did not have the regular preaching service in the auditorium. The boys assembled there at the regular hour and sang a number of their favorite hymns. Two vocal duets by Guy Tucker and Everett Carter were also enjoyed at that time.

We have learned that Mr. Richard Webb, who now resides at Baldwin Park, California, was married on August 29th, to Miss Minnie Wilson, formerly of Warren County, N. C. Mr. Webb is a brother of Prof. A. S. Webb, Superintendent of Concord Public Schools, and was a member of the teaching staff at this institution

about twelve years ago, and is pleasantly remembered by some of our older officers and teachers. Our congratulations are extended to the newlyweds.

A MOTHER'S DISTRESS.

A very pathetic case developed here last week when the 13 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Sneed ran away from home. No news of the wandering boy had been received for several days and the mother became so distracted that her mind became effected and her condition is alarming it is alleged. While the boy has been brought back into the family fold, his mother is raving. Boys and girls do not realize the seriousness of running away from home and mother. If there is a boy or girl who contemplates leaving home for any reason whatever, we implore them to give mother a gentle kiss and say good-bye with all the tenderness that a soul possesses. The average boy or girl can leave home any time and may have many homes, but they never will have but one mother. The consequences of abrupt departure from the home circle causes heart aches that sometimes reaches the breaking point and affects the whole body and mind.

—Harry Deaton, in Mooresville Enterprise.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

LOVERS.

You've seen them on the streets many a time. A young couple walking arm in arm; or fingers linked swinging their arms, perfectly oblivious to all surroundings; interested only in themselves. Lovers, maybe. Absorbed in each other, caring naught of what is going on around them, or what they are passing. He ever and anon gazing benignly at her; and she anon and ever gazing up graciously at him. There was love-light in their eyes.

That was youth.

Yesterday I saw an aged couple, arm in arm, walking along the street, unconscious of all others save the interest in themselves. The hair of both was tinged with the frosts of years. Their steps were measured. She was careful of him and he was careful of her. It was a lovely bond of mutual interest, and confiding love. They appeared joyous in each other's company.

That was age, beautifully blending in the loveliness of a glorious life's sunset.—Old Hurrygraph.

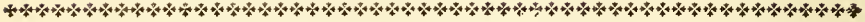
PUBLISHED BY

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



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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

CONTENTMENT.

By Bright W. Fadgitt, in Asheville Citizen.

*On Autumn nights of moonlit silence,
When human sounds are still,
I love to sit alone, inert,
Upon some grassy hill;
And form fantastic, starry figures
Across the blue-black sky,
As back and forth I tune my dreams
To Nature's peaceful sigh.*

*I light my pipe, and as it glows
With intermittent light,
A lone dog bays the mellow moon—
My spirit roams the night,
The cares of day drift peacefully,
Like slowly moving mist;
A subtle langour fills my soul—
The night is memory-kissed.*

TO GATHER IN DURHAM.

On Thursday and Friday of next week the state convention of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters and Sons will be in session at Durham, being the guests of the Sheltering Home Circle of that city. An interesting program has been prepared

Dr. W. S. Rankin is the guest of honor and will address the convention

on the evening of the 7th, taking for his subject a feature of public service that is dear to the hearts of these consecrated women, who go about doing kindly deeds and acts of mercy. Supt. Boger, of this institution, has been specially invited to be present and tell the convention how the institution has outgrown the beautiful chapel, which this order presented to the institution.

Together with the reports, discussions, other addresses and legislation looking to future work this convention, we are told, promises to be of unusual interest and importance. The Durham ladies have planned several functions of a pleasing nature for the delegates; while the order is not a social order the women cannot keep from showing fine hospitality which is expressed in the way that the women have in making folks feel overwhelmingly welcome.

The President of the state organization is a Concord lady and has left no stone unturned to give the order the go-forward-spirit. Among the choice entertainments and features will be an exhibit of a group picture showing the ten ladies who composed the first local circle in North Carolina. To see how these ladies dressed in those days and how they "fixed" their unbobbed hair will be of pleasing information. Part of them have gone to the beyond, but others are with us and their lives reflect the beautiful spirit of the work which they inaugurated.

The North Carolina Branch is not numerically strong, but we have unmistakeable evidences that no order has ever accomplished greater things without boasting about it—they do their work In His Name.

* * * * *

"EVERY SHOP MUST HAVE ONE."

Just whatever you wish to call him, every barber shop seems compelled to have one. A local physician declared that he never knew a barber shop that could survive without having among its staff a——.

We went into a barber shop in a city not fifty miles removed. Looking in the mirror while removing a collar you can see the mugs of the various wonsorial artists and you pick out one. We picked out one that very much favored in physique the brilliant Tom Bost, of Raleigh. We erred in our judgment. Before he completed the first lather application, he asked our name, where we are from, what we did for a living, and what we were doing in his town.

That was the first chapter. Without solicitation or hint, he proceeded to give his biography, coming down to that very hour. This was chapter No. 2 and it continued until we departed. This particuar artist originated in No. — township, Cabarrus county, and have been away from there twenty or more

years—just left home seeking his fortune; and “I stubbled,” said he, “on to the barber business as a very promising field of activity.” He has made a success of it, for he has a lot on a prominent street 112 feet wide with two houses—one his own residence and the other for rent. He has refused time and time again \$500.00 a front foot for the property, but Bill Adams, a wise and keen realtor, advised him to hold on and this property would make him a wealthy man in old age and all he would have to do would be to take life in ease and comfort.

This product of the hoe and plough, according to his estimate, is today worth nearly sixty thousands of dollars and “doesn’t owe a cent.” This volunteered information is not a tenth of the fellow’s story.

When the Highsmith program gets into full operation, we’ll run up with them everywhere and in larger numbers, for the emphasis on the material side of education, getting away from the cultural side, leads to the idea of making a living and not the ideal of making a life.

* * * * *

SOMEDAY IT WILL BE CLEAR.

The big question now before the public is: Do the peoples of France, Spain and Italy hate Americans? It has been answered both ways. Even the President must have sensed something of this kind when he urged tourists abroad to be very circumspect, or words to that effect.

The ubiquitous and energetic Blanks, of our local Y. M. C. A., after leading a party through the above named countries, put a piece in the paper urging Americans to stay away from these countries for awhile, he being thoroughly convinced of their animosity towards us good people. He was impressed, however, with the courteous treatment at the hands of the Austrians.

Dr. J. C. Rowan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Concord, was an invited guest of the local Kiwanis Club and he was requested to speak of his experiences abroad. His was a delightful and engaging story. We felt that we could see and feel what the doctor did as he charmingly told of his hasty trip through these countries.

Dr. Rowan made no personal declaration as to the attitude of these people across the sea; but one may judge from his experiences that he had a rather enjoyably good time and had no complaint to make. He bought himself a gun—he could have gotten it on any kind of terms and on his personal check. Even a rank stranger—a jeweler—urged him to carry a whole tray of fine and splendid breastpins to his hotel and take his time in

making a selection—pleasantly and smilingly the doctor remarked that no home jeweler had given him such urge. (Here a Kiwanian whispered to another Kiwanian that that Italian jeweler had the ability of reading character through an open face).

Concluding his entertaining description of the scenery, telling of the activities of the people and pointing out a number of famous and classic buildings, Dr. Rowan pronounced a wise and sane axiom: "It is not safe and fair to judge the attitude of a people by the conduct of a few." And this is applicable to peoples of all nations.

* * * * *

COST OF RECKLESSNESS.

The weather, observes the Reidsville Review, offers much room for study and achievement. Even if we can't hope to control it, we may get to a point where we can tell what it will do next and that would be of great advantage.

Meanwhile there is another aspect to the situation to remember. Storms, in all their fury, take no such toll of life and limb and property as human carelessness and plain human cussedness.

More people were murdered in the United States last month than died in the Florida storm, and that goes on for every month in the year. More people were killed by autos, too, or committed suicide. Had you thought of the situation in this serious light?

According to a recent survey made by a New York hospital, accidents occur in this country at the rate of 23 every minute, or more than 33,000 a day. One out of every nine persons meets with an accident of some kind each year, and what is more, most of them could be avoided. One death out of every 10 is caused by accident or violence.

If the weather offers room for study and achievement, so do our own shortcomings. Turn where you will and the greatest problem for man to solve is himself.

If a small white cross should be placed by the side of the National Highway from one end to the other where an automobile wreck has occurred since it was thrown open to the traveling public, it would shock the nation and make the speeders slow up and think. Such symbols stick in the mind.

* * * * *

ONE NATION WITH HER FACE TO THE FUTURE.

In these days of difficulty in securing a settlement from the foreign nations

that are heavily indebted to this country, and the consequent ugly disposition towards their benefactors, there comes through a correspondent in a Philadelphia paper a refreshing story that shows that there is one nation across the seas that stands up like a man. It is Norway, where the sense of justice and integrity is highly cultivated and adhered to.

The correspondent give us this:

“Owe no man anything, but to love the brethren,” seems to be Norway’s policy. There is a difference among nations as there is among individuals. Some of the war-ridden and war-riding nations across the “pond” are clamoring to have the United States cancel their war debts and say nothing more about them. They seemed grieved and resentful, if reports are true, because our country does not comply with their demands. Norway shows a different spirit.

Some time ago some liberal-minded Norwegian Americans suggested that a free subscription be circulated among the Norwegians of America for the purpose of reducing Norway’s national debt and putting her on a better financial basis. The movement found its way into the Norwegian papers of this country. The Norwegian Minister at Washington was consulted, and asked to bring the matter before his government. This was done and the reply came back saying, that while Norway’s debt was heavy and burdensome, it was not so heavy but what Norway would be able to handle it. The government through its minister at Washington kindly thanked the friends in America for their kind and liberal feeling, but respectfully declined the offer lest there might be misunderstandings and complications. This report has a different ring from that of some others which have come to us.

* * * * *

After listening in to a conversation by two constituents, who proved themselves well-equipped pessimists, the Monroe Enquirer concludes:

“Long since I have come to the conclusion that figures will tell any tale one wants them to tell, and that money judiciously spent is not thrown away nor destroyed, but may be used over and over again. And last, but not least, the contented man is an energetic and busy man.”

* * * * *

One hundred and two students have enrolled in the law department at the University. Dr. Chase told the class that there are “too many young in law poorly prepared.” Wait until Highsmith’s new program turns out some law students, then note the preparation.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It appears to me that we will lose "interest" in cancelling the debts of our foreign neighbors.

Many who itch for office generally get much scratching at the polls.

A Philadelphia woman held 13 spades in a bridge game and the newspaper notices of the fact led to her receiving seven offers of marriage. Unique way of trying to get her hand by matrimony.

The big city newspapers are saying that some of the foreign countries hate America. It seems to be a habit with countries, as well as with people, to hate those to whom they owe money.

Those who persist in breaking a city's traffic laws, or any other laws, will sooner or later realize the full meaning of some stock market expressions, particularly, that "those who bull the stock market often have to bear the losses."

One of the older citizens was conversationally dilating about how different modern day children are from his day. The thing that makes modern day children different from those of other days is a different set of parents.

Most families have a loud speaker, and they do not own a radio set, either. And oft times the static comes from the heir.

In the old days the only broadcasting we had was the feline variety on the back yard fence. Some of the radio sets now sound, at times, like they had caught the sounds of the old days, in its catalogue of numbers.

I have seen some men who put their souls into everything they do. Then, again, I have seen some who merely put their foot into everything.

Did you know that no one can harm you but yourself. On the other hand no one can help you like yourself. Fact.

A pretty talkative young Miss was entertaining several gentlemen friends with a flow of language swifter than an aeroplane, when another gentleman, who could not get in the circle, or a word edgewise, remarked to a friend standing on the outer circle of the company, it was his opinion that she had been vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

Life should not be all feasting, nor all fasting; all sunshine, nor all clouds. Between the two extremes of ecstatic joy and melancholy lies that elusive thing we call "happiness," which most persons are ever and anon looking for. Agar prayed, "give me neither poverty nor riches," that he might walk in the middle way of life. Everybody has their ups and downs, and with most of us it is generally downs. But that should not

keep us down. Even in the happiest life there is always something to worry about. Some people are just born to worry as the sparks are to fly upward. When things are going pleasantly so many people imagine something is going to happen. They look ahead and anticipate trouble, and they are most sure to find it. These kind of people so often mar the pleasures of other folks who are in their company.

Human nature is human nature. It is an unexplainable compound. I have known some people—and there are possibly some now—who will wait nearly all day before they will call in a physician, and then growl worse than a bull dog because the doctor does not come as soon as the telephone receiver is hung up.

Those who long to be children again have forgotten when they wore a pair of new shoes, and had to sit up prim beside mother or father through a long sermon, on a hot Sunday, and not even allowed to peep over the back of the pew at the boy behind you.

Many go through life with not only their fingers crossed, their legs crossed, but their ideas crossed; eyes crossed: in fact, crossed in every way, except coming across in a humane way.

The really great man in this fast moving age, and "skin 'em alive" modes of some businesses, is the fellow who can go to the very top step of the ladder of success and still wear an ordinary size hat. And he is still

greater if he can recognize all his former friends when he meets them, and treat them as he did in the days when he was struggling for success.

From the kind of questions some city folks ask when they visit the country it would seem that the population is just as dense, if not denser, in the city than it is in the country.

A good story comes to me this week. Two boys had been walnut hunting. With their sack full, the road back lead by a graveyard with a high brick wall. The boys concluded to go inside and divide the walnuts. In getting over the wall they dropped two walnuts on the outside. They began to make the division, saying, "You take this one, and I'll take that one." A negro man passing on the road stopped to listen. He pulled down his hat and went down the road at a breakneck speed. A white man saw him coming and undertook to stop him. "Don't stop me," said the negro, "I heard sumfin' back dar at dat graveyard. Ee Lord and de debil is dividin' up de folks. I heard 'um." Both went back to the graveyard and the boys were still dividing, "You take this one, and I'll take that one." About that time they finished, and one boy said to the other, "Now we'll get the two on the outside." Dust began to rise down the road. The white man was far ahead of the negro. That reminds me of some gentlemen talking about a house being haunted, and they gave a negro named John \$10 if he would stay in it one night. He took the wager.

The next morning the gentlemen went around to see how John had fared. One window sash was torn out and scattered along the lawn. John was missing for three days. When he appeared bedraggled and worn out, they asked him: "John where have you been for the past three days?" "Coming back," replied John, who said "no mo' ha'nted houses for me."

It is well for we older folks to occasionally take stock of ourselves. Polish off our mental furniture, as it were, like the housewives brushing down the cobwebs in the corners, and rubbing off the table tops. We sometimes get wedded to little things that more or less mar our peace of mind. You older fellows remember back yonder when you believed that a horsehair, put in water would turn into a snake or an eel. You've pulled hair out of the horse's tail many a time to try; you know you have. Then when you started anywhere and forgot something and had to turn back, you made a cross mark and spit in it. It was bad luck if you didn't. Sure you did! In believing these things people are the victims of superficial observation and superstition. These two terrible errors have very greatly retarded the development of the human race. Every day and on every hand you will find evidences of these two great sins. Try out your own beliefs; analyze your own actions. Are you free

from these errors, and others that might be mentioned?

In a conversation the other day, a gentleman remarked, "That let's the cat out of the bag." This familiar expression sprang from a custom now little known but interesting nevertheless. It is said that it was formerly a trick of a countryman to substitute a cat for a small pig, and bring it to market in a bag. He then, without careful examination made a hasty bargain, was said to buy a pig in a poke, and might get a cat in a bag. When the bag was opened and the cheat discovered this was known as "letting the cat out of the bag."

Fretful baseball days are over,
The most "striking" time of the
year;
Now we are in football clover
For the kickingest days are here.

Illusion oft times makes people happy, but it is not a lasting thing. It is like a boy blowing soap bubbles. They are liable to burst any moment. A man in business in Durham says he is soon going to be so well off financially that he won't have to hit a lick of work for a month. Five different fellows promised to pay him by next Saturday night. The old adage puts it correctly, "Vain is the hope of man."

"Time halts not for saint or sinner; neither for youth nor age do the moments delay. What we mean to do we had better begin."

THE "REUNITED" LUTHERANS.

(Charlotte Observer).

(Note: Looking back, it is reported, at the time of the merger it was feared by some conservative leaders that friction might arise. It is alleged that no friction has occurred; that a fine fellowship exists, much of it due to exchange of ministers between the three sections, North, South and West.

Many Southern born and reared preachers occupy important positions and fill leading pulpits in the North and West, and not a few Northern reared preachers have found a genuine welcome in Southern pulpits. The past has been buried, the leaders claim, and it is a united look into the future).

Perhaps the gathering in Richmond on October 19th to 25th might be classed as an assemblage of the most interesting religious body in the United States, for it will represent the coming together of the only reunited denomination in the country. The meeting will mark the fifth biennial Convention of the United Lutheran Church in America. The meeting is further distinguished as the first one ever held south of Washington by this reunited Church. Southern cities drew the first three meetings, and in 1920 the Lutherans came to Washington. So the Richmond event will mark "the first time delegates from Northern sections will meet their Southern brethren on Southern soil." Delegates will be at Richmond representing 1,379,742 members from 34 district Synods and the activities of the United Lutheran Church are indicated in the outlines of the program. These delegates, we are told will learn of the great gains that have been made in number of pastors, number of member totals of money raised for benevolences and congregational expenses and in property valuation. They will hear

reports on the increasing effectiveness of home missionary work in hundreds of communities throughout the land and the plans for a consolidation of such work under one leadership. They will note the development of American Lutheran work in the foreign fields in India, Africa, Japan, South America, and the West Indies, and the purchase and occupation of a new field in China. They will receive summaries of vast education and social service work of the Church, and of the efforts made to lighten the burdens of Lutheran immigrants to the United States and Canada from foreign lands. And having passed approval on the accomplishments of past years, they will plan the most effective methods of extending the work into vast new fields as yet almost untouched.

And, dipping into the historical: At the time of the War Between the States schisms developed in the ranks of the great Churches, and Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Lutheran denominations divided into Northern and Southern groups, the separation of three of these denominations continuing to the present day. In

three of these groups almost herculean efforts have been exerted to reunite the divided Churches, but without success so far. In the Lutheran Church alone, the reunion has been effected and for the past eight years through the United Lutheran Church in America the Lutheran people of these two sections of the country have worked together for the common good.

After overtures toward merger on one side or the other had been made during a period of four decades, the first approach being made in 1876, delegates of three outstanding Lutheran bodies met in New York City, in 1918, to organize the present United Lutheran Church in America. Two Northern bodies, the General Synod and the General Council, and the one Southern body, the Unit-

ed Synod of the South, had previously taken definite action favoring the merger and sent representatives to the convention instructed to vote in favor of a union that would at once submerge the animosities and differences of half a century before, and paves the way for effective co-operation of all groups in planning the future great work of the Church. Their unity in the faith outweighed all sectional and political issues, and inner unity found its triumphal expression in union for service. Outside the Lutheran Church, eager eyes have watched the progress of the United Lutheran Church in America for eight years in the hope of finding therein the solution of their own problems of merger.

WOULD CONSIDER IT A CALAMITY.

The Greensboro Christian Advocate asks a question as follows:

'How would you like to be President's dog and accompany the Chief Executive on a summer vacation and have your "picture took" every day or two for the front pages of the big dailies? Unfortunately he is only a dog unmoved by "the boast of heraldry or the pomp of power." The President is kind to his dog, but a barefoot lad in ragged blouse who can run, romp and swim and wrestle could make a more delightful companion than the silent and dignified president of the United States. For boys and dogs were made for each other. Every boy should have a dog and every dog should have a boy and the President, too, is entitled to a dog if he chooses, but his dog has nothing that he can or would brag about. For it is a whole lot more fun to be a boy's dog than the President's dog.'

THE PICTURE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

By Bedford J. Brown.

Looking at the picture I believe you boys feel like I did, when a boy (as there always hung a picture of Stonewall Jackson in my home) that from the calm, stern expression on his face that he was never a boy with troubles and pleasures like the rest of us. Never-the-less his childhood had much sorrow and what we now call hardship and he was of adventurous disposition.

When Thomas was only three years old his father died, leaving his mother with but little and she supported her children by teaching school and taking in sewing. She died when he was seven and the children were divided among their relatives. For some reason, Thomas did not like the one he was put with and took "French leave," walking to the old home of his grandmother, where he had stayed previously.

He was, at an early age, ambitious for knowledge, went to the local school, which was in session only three months, a year, was industrious, helped around the farm and mill and joined in the games and pleasures with other children and was described by people who knew him as a bright merry little fellow. When twelve years old his brother Warren came to see him and the brothers decided to visit their sister, who was living with a relative on an island in the Ohio River. They were very much impressed with this place as it was a very beautiful one and when they heard that it was paid for by cut-

ting the wood and selling it to river steamers they were seized with the spirit of adventure and with, or without their relatives' consent, (statements differ,) they went down the river in a flat boat to an island where they lived in a deserted shack, cutting wood and selling it to the river steamers through the summer. As fall came, Thomas became home-sick and they came back to their uncle's island. They must have made some money, as each bought a new trunk, an unusual article in that day. After a short visit they decided to go home to Jackson Mills, and as they had to walk, the trunks were of no value and were given away, Thomas giving his to his little sister, Laura who kept it to a recent date when she died.

After coming back he studied hard and as the school term was very short, he got all the extra schooling he could, and at sixteen got a place as Deputy Sheriff: so that he could make money to go to a higher school. He then got an appointment to West Point and while he was near the bottom when he entered, four years later when he graduated he was almost at the top.

From this we see that even heroes have boyhoods with troubles and pleasures very much like the rest of us and that as a general thing they have more troubles and handicaps to over-come than the average and thus become so strong that they go beyond ordinary men. In an hum-

ble way we can all imitate them. When things look bad and you become discouraged, remember Stonewall Jackson's motto that did so much to carry him on, "YOU MAY BE WHATEVER YOU RESOLVE TO BE."

I have just returned from a trip to West Virginia, to places where he stayed and was much interested in hearing that the State of West Virginia has taken over the buildings at Jackson Mills and developed an Industrial School and place of recreation, for the children of the state.

Also I saw Mr. Thomas Jackson Arnold, the nephew and nearest living relative of General Jackson. On hearing of the Stonewall Jackson Training School and its work he was very much interested and said he wanted to send a copy of his book "Early Life and Letters of General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson." This book is very interesting, as Mr. Arnold knew much that had not been previously written and had many letters that had never been published before and I believe that as you boys get older you would enjoy reading it.

PENITENCE FOR VAINGLORY.

It is told of Epaminodas, the great soldier of Thebes, that when he came back to his city after driving out the invading Spartans, he was greeted with such adulation by the multitude that his pride swelled almost to the bursting of his mortal frame.

The next day he walked barefooted through the streets of the city with his head hanging low. Being greeted by a friend who asked why his dejection, he said, "Yesterday I was filled with foolish vainglory. And last night, when I reflected, I determined to chastise myself publicly today and come to humiliation as an atonement. The time to hold one's head high is in adversity. The time to be lowly of spirit is in the midst of victory."

Epaminodas told of a truth which is just as significant now as it was twenty-three hundred years ago; when he rode in triumph on the one day and then walked barefooted in humiliation as a penance.

—The Christian Statesman.

STATE RESPONSIBILITY.

By Hon. Albert C. Ritchie, Gov. of Maryland.

Is it better to concentrate the powers of government, or is it better to distribute them? Is it better to centralize the governmental structure in one place, so that all its activities reach out from there to all parts and peoples of the country: or is it better to divide the country, along natural and appropriate lines, into different units and leave the people of each unit free to govern themselves, except as to matters which concern them all and to which a uniform standard can be applied?

For this country, that question was settled by the adoption of a government in which only two classes of powers were centralized. First, those powers which affect our relations and contact with other nations. These must be centralized so that our foreign policy may be a united one. Secondly, those powers which the Federal Government must have in order to operate as a government at home: powers which affect everybody in the country and which, therefore, have to be exercised for everybody by a central authority. In all respects, the people were left free to govern themselves through political units or states, set up for that express purpose.

It was one hundred and thirty-nine years ago that this distinction between the functions of the Federal Government and of the State Governments was made. The states then began to assume the responsibility thus placed upon them—the responsibility of dealing with every governmental purpose not national or inter-

national in its scope in such manner as their own people willed.

This view of state responsibility was sound. It is still sound. On no other theory is national unity and national harmony possible in a country of 110,000,000 people, including 14,000,000 of foreign birth, as well as a great colored population, residing throughout a territory 3,000 miles from sea to sea, comprising agricultural communities and industrial communities, urban settlements, rural areas and the vast spaces of the west and reflecting everywhere differing opinions, wants and needs.

For a century and a quarter, this theory was the base rock of our institutions. The states fulfilled their responsibility of local self-government, within the field reserved to them as their peoples willed.

These were the years which witnessed the growth and development of the country from small beginnings to the greatest nation on the earth. We grew from thirteen states to forty-eight states. Foreign possessions were added to our domain. The sail boat was superseded by the ocean liner; the stage coach became the transcontinental railway; Morse gave us the telegraph; Bell the telephone; and the Wrights conquered the air. In business and finance, in industry, agriculture, medicine, science and inventive genius, we were surpassed by none.

We did all this in the span of a century and a quarter and with the states meeting and fulfilling all the responsibilities which the Con-

stitution placed upon them. Indeed, with the one exception of writing into the Constitution the political amendments which reflected the result of the Civil War, we did it all without a single change in our organic law as it had existed for more than a century.

Thus our country down to the beginning of the last decade, or nearly to it. And it has remained for this last decade to witness an increase in federal power and a decrease in state responsibility which constitutes a governmental revolution. Only a short ten, or at most twelve years, but this has sufficed to wrest from their moorings, definite and long settled principles. It has sufficed to fashion institutions entirely foreign to the philosophy under which our Government grew to world ascendancy.

Consider the revolution which the past twelve years have wrought in the Federal Government's power over the earnings and property of its citizens.

Upon nothing were the men who drew the Constitution more determined, than that the Federal Government should never exercise the great power of taxation in an arbitrary or despotic manner. So in the Constitution itself, they placed clear and exact limitations on the exercise by Congress of its taxing power.

Under these limitations, for a century and a quarter, the Federal Government could levy no direct tax unless it was distributed among the states on the basis of the number of their inhabitants. In 1913, the Sixteenth Amendment was adopted and this provided that one kind of a di-

rect tax need not be apportioned among the states on the basis of population. This was an income tax, the easiest and most tempting of all ways for the government to raise money. In the case of an income tax, the requirement of apportionment, which the Constitution had imposed for the protection of the people, was removed and no other limitation was put in its place.

Therefore, there is now no limitation on the Federal Government's power to tax incomes. It can tax them as high as it pleases. It does tax them to the aggregate amount of \$1,644,883,576. It can take as much more of the citizens' earnings as it wants. The government's power is complete, arbitrary and despotic. Nothing like it was ever contemplated. On the contrary, the very thing was denied.

So much for the Federal Government's new born power to take the income from labor and property during life. Now for the government's power to take property itself upon death.

There have been altogether, four federal inheritance taxes in this country. The first three were avowedly war measures. They yielded comparatively little money, and all were repealed within a few years, as soon as the war necessity had passed.

The fourth is the present Federal Estate Tax enacted in 1916. This was not passed as a war measure at all, but as a revenue measure in time of peace. Subsequent amendments doubtless had war expenses in view, but the war ended nearly eight years ago and the tax is still here. The maximum rate has risen from 10

per cent to 40 per cent. In 1924, it yielded \$102,000,000, and the estimated yield for 1925 is \$114,000,000.

Except in great and sudden emergency, the proceeds from a tax of this kind do not belong to the nation at all. They belong to the state in which the citizen who possessed the property lived, because it was under that state's protection that he worked and acquired and invested his earnings.

For exactly one hundred and twenty-eight years, the Federal Government recognized this. For one hundred and twenty-eight years the government regarded no emergency except war sufficient to justify it in taking any part of the citizen's property upon his death. For one hundred and twenty-eight years it released this source of revenue to the exclusive use of the states again as soon as the war was over.

But ten years ago, the Federal Government adopted an inheritance tax as a permanent, peace-time revenue measure and under it takes and therefore destroys as much of the citizen's capital as it pleases as soon as he dies.

Consider, next, the hold which the Federal Government has taken upon the very heart and life blood of industry—power.

Under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, the Federal Government has the right to exercise jurisdiction over navigable streams, in order to keep navigation open. Under this power, the government asserts control over every water power development in the country, if the stream is navigable at its mouth or anywhere below the development.

At the point where the power is developed, the stream may be non-navigable. In fact, the development may have not the slightest effect upon navigation below or at the mouth, perhaps miles and miles away; yet on the claim that it might have some effect, the government, whether the claim is true or not, regulates such developments to the minutest detail.

Since practically all streams capable of water power development do finally become navigable, if not before, then when they empty into the oceans or the lakes or the gulf, the government under this theory, asserts control over practically every water power development in the land. When this control has become complete, the government contemplates apportioning the power among the states.

The government has for years exercised control over the railroads. This is proper as interstate transportation is one thing which, with the growth of the country has overlapped state boundaries. But to railroad control, the government now adds the control of hydro-electric power, which is the life of a vast portion of our industry at present, and perhaps of all industry in the future.

There must be those who believe that American institutions were builded wisely and soundly; that the American character and the American resources which were the proud products of the first century and a quarter of our governmental existence, reflected, in large measure at least, state fulfillment of state responsibilities.

What must those who believe that think when they behold a Federal

Government which, in a short twelve years, has acquired the power to take as much of their earnings as it wants, while they live; and their property, if it wants, when they die; and which does both these things and now reaches out to grasp the force and energy which make the wheels of all industry turn and with this added to the control of transportation it already has, will hold within its hand not only the earnings and the property of the citizens but the industrial life of the nation as well!

And what of the individual's personal rights and freedom? For the destruction of State responsibility does more than destroy or imperil property rights. It destroys or imperils liberty and freedom too. Both of these things—property rights and personal rights—are dependent upon the state. They can only be safe when the state is free to fulfill its responsibility of local self-government guaranteed by the Constitution. Neither is safe when control over them proceeds from a central source.

The advocates of federal control over a child labor are doing their part to strike down state responsibility. They will not trust the states to legislate fairly and humanely in this great field so clearly and so properly left to them by the Constitution. They seek to nationalize and standardize the control of the child.

The advocates of federal control over education are doing their part to strike down state responsibility. They will not trust the states to educate their children as seems best to them, a right clearly and properly left to the states by the Constitution.

The advocates of federal aid are

doing their part to strike down state responsibility. They will not leave the states to build their own roads and internal improvements, to develop their own agriculture, to exact their own health standards. They prefer instead, that the Federal Government, in exchange for its munificence in paying back to the states money which it taxed them first to raise, should exact the right of federal control and supervision over local works and local affairs which the Federal Government could not possibly exercise directly under the Constitution, or in any other way than through this subterfuge.

So the story could go on. And its inevitable sequel goes on too—local conditions met with standardized federal remedies, instead of by the people back home in their respective ways; resentment at laws and regulations which reflect not what the people at home need, but what others somewhere else want them to have; incentive and initiative giving way before the deadly effects of paternalism and standardization; ever mounting expense of federal bureaus, whose personnel has grown 25 per cent since 1914 and five times faster than the population of the country; federal inspectors and investigators, often irresponsible and incompetent continually prying into business which ought to be private and into affairs which ought to be personal and exercising supervision and demanding reports and audits of almost every conceivable kind; and lastly, when the individual finds himself confronted with the obstacle of incompetent red tape, he is utterly unable to see and present his case to the federal official who is theoretically in charge,

as could be done without difficulty to the State official who ought to be in charge.

Is not this new order amazing in the swiftness of its coming and in the destruction it has wrought?

A new experiment in government ordained for a new sovereign land by the men whose valor and whose sacrifice had won independence and who to fashion it drew on all the lessons taught by the rise and fall of nations in the centuries gone before.

That history had taught them that the government which would secure for them and their posterity, the blessings of liberty was one which struck the balance between federal power on the one hand and state responsibility and individual freedom

on the other.

On that rock they builded and to them and to their posterity came in truth the blessings of liberty. For a century and a quarter these blessings were preserved inviolate and they enveloped the land as it progressed to leadership among the nations of the earth. Then, in a short twelve years, they are stricken and wounded one by one.

May it not be too much to hope that they are only wounded, and not destroyed; that in the nearness of time, the pendulum may swing back again. May it not be too much to hope for a re-dedication to the constitutional guarantee of state responsibility, which for so long a time made the blessings of liberty secure.

“STOP THE CAR!”

An amusing little paragraph is going the rounds about a little fellow on one of the street-cars who stopped the car for a very important reason. He had been to Sunday school where he had been given a picture card with the verse on it, “Have faith in God.” He had evidently learned it by heart, and on the open car was still spelling out the words when a vagrant breeze took it out of his fingers. He instantly sprang up crying shrilly, “Stop the car! Stop the car! Oh, I’ve lost my ‘Faith in God!’ Stop the car.” People began to laugh, but the conductor was good-natured, and took in the importance of the loss to the little fellow. He at once halted the car, and the card was restored to the child who was happy again. One smiling passenger was heard to say to another, “Wouldn’t it be a good thing if we older ones called a halt when we found that we had lost our faith in God?”—The Pilgrim Teacher.

PROUD OF OUR ACHIEVEMENTS.

Dr. J. Howell Way, of Waynesville, a member of the State Board of Health, taking notice of an editorial in the Asheville Citizen which made reference to some gratuitous suggestion by Secretary Herbert Hoover, whom the late Governor Bickett wished the Democrats to nominate as its presidential candidate, revives some pleasing history of North Carolina achievements.

Your editorial reference in this morning's issue relative to Mr. Hoover's advice to the South to develop further its engineers, chemists and other trained workers to the end that we may be fully equipped to cope with the problems our proper industrial development is sure to bring to us was well timed. Mr. Hoover's interview in the paper as quoted by you is also worthy the careful consideration of every lover of the South and believer in its great future: His advice is timely; yet I am loth to believe we should accept it as the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," or seeking to arouse a section of people to their opportunities and necessities. The South fortunately has been able, from the period when the American Colonies of Great Britain were seeking a voice to proclaim to the world their convictions as to the "rights of freemen," or seeking a leader to carry their armies forward to victory in the championing of these rights against the superior military power of England, to develop leadership whenever the demand for action rose. I firmly believe with the consideration being given all over the South to industrial and technical education, that as we need additional skilled laborers they will be found readily right at hand and ready for the job. I appreciate the ad-

casual reader of Mr. Hoover's article come too quickly to the most logical inference the South was not improving its opportunities along these lines.

Permit me to refer you to the great engineering feat accomplished right at your own door when the winter of 1879-80 Major James W. Wilson of Morganton, N. C. crossed the Blue Ridge between Old Fort and Ridgecrest. A total rise of 891 feet lay between these two points, less than 350 miles apart, and this great engineer, with his trustworthy aid, Coleman of Reems Creek, Buncombe County, cut six tunnels ranging from 77 to 1832 feet in length, made the ascent in around nine miles of trackage, though it was, so the engineers tell us, done with a total curvature of 2,776.4 degrees.

And this too with the crude methods of moving earth and rock in those days!

And this work was so carefully engineered that after the lapse of all these years, with the great Southern Railway running its many trains daily over this line, the road-bed remains substantially exactly where it was located by Major Wilson. It is related that Major Wilson, growing weary of the long time consumed in the construction of the long tunnel, transported with cattle and horses across the top of the mountains from the Old Fort side

to this side an engine and attacked the Swannanoa tunnel from the Buncombe side, enabling him to hasten the completion of the job and to send to Governor Zeb Vance on March 11, 1897, the telegram reading: "Daylight entered Buncombe County today through Swannanoa tunnel. Grade and centers met exactly."

So much for the W. N. C. engineer.

When the late James B. Duke began his stupendous development of the water powers of America, he secured the services of a young South Carolina engineer named W. S. Lee, who was educated at the Citadel in Charleston, as his trusted engineering guide. The successful development of the Southern water powers of Mr. Duke impelled him to wander with his far-seeing eye into other and more distant fields in far away Canada where the wonderful Saugenay possibilities lay. The Canadian Government had essayed the stupendous task

of attempting to develop the great power there, but the most favored engineers of the East did not encourage the feasibility of the proposition. Not many months before his going, Mr. Duke had his young South Carolina engineer carefully study the Saugenay River power with the result that the power plant, the greatest in this or any other country, is approaching completion under the supervision of Mr. Lee.

The South is appreciative of all the good advice, and it sincerely respects the distinguished gentleman who gave us this friendly word of admonition, but it is respectfully insisted that when the South is already doing such fine work on technical industrial lines, admonishers ought in fairness to give credit for what is being done.

J. Howell Way,
Waynesville, N. C.

FAITHFUL TO THE END.

Alexander Cruden, seventy years of age giving to the world his concordance, died in want because he had given so freely to others. Going into his room, they found him kneeling, his face buried in the Bible, his white hair falling down upon the chair, his spirit gone, the very angels filling the room where he had been . . . The natives looked into David Livingstone's tent-door in Africa, and said one to another, "Keep Silence, the great leader is in prayer," for he was on his knees. After a little while they came back, and he seemed to be still praying; then again, half an hour later; and when they touched him they found that Livingstone was dead.

“WORKING FOR NOTHING.”

By Roe Fulkerson, in *Kiwanis Magazine*.

Tommy was by way of being a newspaper man. When a chap has once the smell of printer's ink in his system he is useless for any worth while occupation. Tommy had been with one conservative old paper for many, many years. Then he was offered a job with a rival paper. Loyalty held him for a long time, but the offer rose and rose till it reached a sum no man could resist so he went to a lawyer and had an iron-bound contract drawn.

This contract guaranteed him absolute control of the editorial policy of the paper. Be it said for Tommy, that while the sheet had been losing over a thousand dollars a week, Tommy took it out of the red and put it as far into the black as it had been on the wrong side.

Then came trouble. The big boss in another city began to send editorials which Tommy did not like. According to the terms of his contract he did not publish them. This happened several times. One day Tommy was discharged out of hand. He was glad of it, I guess, for he had been unhappy in his job swimming against the current.

Now he was all set. His contract had a couple of years to run. He would be paid his handsome salary for that time with nothing to do but to go out to the country club and beat a gutta percha ball all over a cow pasture. He had had a lot of important reading and sleeping to be done too and felt that in two years he could catch up with these. For the first time in his life he was a

gentleman of leisure able to “leis” to his heart's content.

He rose late, of course, and read his paper in bed. He went out into the yard and watched a worm. He had seen lots of worms, all of which seemed to be going some place, and had always wondered where they were going. Now he had the leisure to find out. He planted some morning glories and moved the lawn.

Then he went down to call on some of the boys in the **Kiwanis** club whose acquaintance he had never found time to cultivate. He found them all so busy that he realized his call was not timely. It took him a couple of weeks to understand that there is proper time to pay a social call on a business man.

Then he oiled up the old clubs and went out to the golf club. He played every day for a week. The only people who played at the club in the forenoons were men so old their joints creaked and a set of young cubs whose only claim to fame was that they were papa's son.

Then he turned to his books. A man who has led a busy life cannot read more than a couple of hours a day without wanting to get out and go somewhere to pull something. He got around to the place where he argued with his wife. The kids began to irritate him. He wanted to go. There he was; all dressed up and no place to go!

At last he made up his mind. He had loafed for two months and simply could not endure it any longer. He visited the lawyer who drew his

nice air-tight contract and had a consultation with him. The result was that the lawyer drew an agreement which the newspaper man signed. He was permitted to go to work for any one he cared to, but whatever money he earned was to go to the newspaper man who was still paying him his nice salary.

Tommy found himself a job selling bonds. Now he is as happy as the proverbial clam although every cent of money he earns is sent to the newspaper man on whose salary roll he still is.

Tommy made a big discovery. He found he was happier working for nothing than loafing on a fat pay envelope. In common with most of us, Tommy felt that true happiness meant having enough money to forget toil and be able to play. There is no greater mistake in life than to think that leisure means happiness.

The only true happiness in life must be gotten out of work. The only place a man can experience joy and pride of accomplishment is in doing something creative. It may be painting a picture or excavating a sewer. It may be writing a poem or selling a piece of real estate. It may be curing a sick man or embalming a dead one. But every man must have his work in life and out of the joy of this work he must find happiness.

We envy the millionaire in his big limousine, his private car, his yacht and cry to ourselves as we see him pass "Lucky stiff" when in reality we are twice as happy as he is.

Where we make our mistake is in making a task out of our jobs. We work too hard at them. We feel that the works would not go with-

out our personal attention to every detail. Some **Kiwanis** philosopher has said "The man who cannot leave his work has a job too big for him," and there is a lot of truth in it.

We are all poorly tied bundles of egotism and conceit. It takes a month in the hospital or something of that sort to give us a true perspective on our unimportance in the world and in our own business. The best bet is to begin to slip the load to other shoulders; to take longer vacations, to leave work earlier in the afternoon, to catch joy on the fly and keep physically fit so we can leap high for it.

The crocus, the narcissus, the hyacinths are gone for this year. Something may happen before next spring. If we neglected to stop long enough to sniff the fragrance of them this spring we may not have another chance. I am going to waste a lot of time around the dahlias, the cosmos and the asters this fall. A lot more than I usually do for the time for taking tarts is when they are passing.

There is one important thing missing in this absolutely authentic story. It is worrying me and I fear it may worry you, too. I totally neglected to ask Tommy where that worm was going! I too, have seen those little green worms humping themselves along. Like Tommy I thought, "Ouo Vadis, Mister Worm?" But I have never stopped long enough to find out. I am not going to ask Tommy, however. I am going to catch me a worm on my own hook! You have more fun working for nothing than loafing with a pocket full of money.

A PICNIC AMONG THE DUNES.

By Wilma Stubbs.

The morning was perfect and the young folks eager for the trip. They weren' sure just what it was to be like, it is true, for as yet they had not been far away from home. But it was to be a good time, trust young folks for believing that.

Of course they were up before the sun, but not to catch a train or river boat, nor yet to pack themselves into the family automobile. They had no need for any of these aids to travel. They—but presently we shall see how they did travel.

It was a sleepy world there by the streamside when the first swallow awoke and called to his neighbors that it was morning. Sometimes, do you know, young folks only yawn and turn over when they are told that it is time to get up. Or if they do get up then, are cross and fretty because they wanted to sleep longer. But these youngsters weren't like that. They woke, glad that it was day, and bounded into the cool fresh air of the morning as gleefully as if getting up were the greatest fun in the world. But then, you see, they had gone to bed with the sun the night before.

How wonderfully the great sea of air upbore those staunch little engines that would carry them to the seashore and later on a long trip to the South.

Just how far it was from the home of the swallows to the sand dunes and whether the trip required more than a day for the making I am sure I do not know. Of course they had to get their meals of nice fat flies and

insects by the way. But I think they hurried a little, not wanting to be late at the big gathering on the beach just as you try to avoid being a late comer at your picnics.

Now cutting the air with their strong wings in search of food or skimming low over ponds and streams now playing games on the wing with their comrades, again sailing high in strong sure flight, this neighborhood flock of white-breasted swallows at last reached the seashore, "a world of marsh that borders a world of sea."

At the dunes, among the hills and valleys of sand bordering the ocean, the swallow picnickers found plenty to eat and some new delicacies that tasted, oh so good. One of these new items on the swallow menu was the aromatic bayberry with its wax-covered fruit, used by our grandmothers in candle making. What a fine dessert these berries formed after a substantial first course of insects. And of course it was necessary to lay in a goodly supply of fuel for their long journey, just as people coal an ocean liner before crossing the Atlantic. And that of course was one reason for the picnic among the dunes. These travelers knew they must put on a good layer of fat, enough to last them until they reached the Gulf.

There is an enthusiasm in numbers. It's lots nicer to have a crowd at a picnic than just a handful. When our group of swallows arrived at the dunes, they found other bands of picnickers already there and a few small companies of barn swallows.

Within a short time, however, the number of arriving bands grew to startling figures. From all points of the compass—except the ocean side—they came, parents and youngsters all eager for a holiday. For the anxiety and cares of bringing up a model swallow family are heavy enough to make a vacation "good time" quite acceptable.

And what good times they did have searching for food and strengthening their wings for the long journey before them. Sometimes they sailed on sure wings over the sea-bordered beach. Sometimes they wandered through the sand valleys and sometimes on a stranded log, a bit of fence or a telegraph wire gossiped with their fellow vacationists. At other times they played games in the air or went through wing exercises as you go through gymnastic drills. Once they made a visit inland. Here, above the cool waters of a pond, they stationed themselves at intervals, then threw themselves downward upon its surface, gleefully covering the water with splendid great splashes—an experience to delight the soul of any normal young swallow—or older one either for that matter.

Tired enough they were as you may imagine, by the time the slant rays of sunlight told them dusk was on the way. It was time then to return to the grove of birches which had been chosen as their headquarters for the night. Of course if it had not been vacation time, these swallows would have roosted among the rushes by the streamside. But now the thousands of them would gather at this inland grove. Skimming low over the sand, they came flying landward, a never-ending com-

pany of sleepy folk bound for a long night rest. It took them some time to get well settled, but when they were ready for sleep, you wouldn't have known there was a single swallow in the grove, so snugly were they hidden away among the dusky branches.

At last the great day arrived, the day for beginning that longer journey of which I am sure they must have heard much during those sleepy, gossipy afternoons among the sand hills.

If these swallow youngsters had thought the picnic company fairly "sizable," one wonders what was their impression of the final gathering of the clans. Company after company, larger and smaller, from near and from far, how they poured into the dunes, filling to to overflow all the fences and telegraph wires and even the bare spots of the ground on the landward side of that wide sea of sand. And still they came, more and yet more, until they were a host no man could number.

How did they know the day and the hour for departure? How could they be sure when all or nearly all of the travelers had arrived? What messengers, scouts, had been sent out? What reports did they bring back? Or what mysterious bird radio exists of which we "humans" know nothing? Who of us can say? But some leadership there must have been; some means for communication. For year after year such great picnic gatherings as this are held by the white-breasted swallows before they all start off together for the sunny Southland.

With what excitement these youngsters of a summer watched events and

with what fluttering hearts they finally formed a part of the great spiral rising from the dunes with wonderful precision. At last the long journey of many hundreds of miles was begun.

It was in September that our friends began their southward "trek."

At Christmas they will be "somewhere in the South." And then spring will come and they will set out once more for the home stream, over the waters of which they will float and skim on outspread wings through all the warm May and June days.

"WHO'S WHO," RACY READING

(Charlotte Observer).

That new and priceless volume of literature, the 1926-27 edition of "Who's Who in America," has at last made its appearance and the hundreds of readers, who have waited breathlessly for months for its publication, are spending their spare moments perusing its myriad pages.

And well they might be breathless!

No such delightful as "Who's Who" has been reviewed in many a day. The authors have surpassed their past high achievements and have literally gone over the top.

Point With Pride

In the preface these authors point with pride to the thickness of the edition, the addition of a large number of new names and the standards by which they judge the entries.

They point with pride to the fact that education pays and they proceed to devote an entire page of their 2,270 pages to a diagram, showing the large proportion of college men whose names are found within its confines.

Rather in the manner of a boast, they refer to the fact that there are 26,915 sketches of the coun-

try's 26,915 most prominent citizens, 3,491 of which are names hitherto unpublished.

Complicated Plot.

The plot of the book is quite complicated, it seems.

The first chapter opens with an account of the adventures of Charles Dettie Aaron, a physician who was born in Lockport, N. Y., and who finally finds himself living in Detroit.

Aasgaard, John Arnd, a Lutheran clergymen, then comes on the scene, closely followed by Abarbanel, Lima, actress and singer. Mr. Abbatte, the sculptor, next makes an entry.

More Characters.

From this time on, there is a succession of characters, cleverly introduced by the authors in alphabetic order. The closing chapters as may be imagined, are devoted to the "ZZ." Here are the very last ones: Zunts, James Edwin; Zurcher, George Zewifel, Henry; Zewmer, Samuel Marinus, and Zwick, Calius Lawton.

Between the "As" and the "Zs" there is some racy reading. One is apt to become a bit bored, however

as one wades through the life history of 303 Smiths.

Browns, Johnsons, Jones.

Ennui settles round like a blanket during the perusal of the 229 Browns, the 146 Johnsons and the 140 Jones. It seems rather hard that so many by these names should have been included when only one Quisenberry, one Schladermindt and one Zdanowicz was admitted.

It turns out that Mr. Joseph Williams Schereschiewsky was born in Pekin, China, but now lives in Massachusetts where he practices medicine, specializing in industrial hygiene and occupational diseases. William Scheppegrell, it seems, also practices medicine, but is a laryngologist in New Orleans.

The late lamented Valentino would doubtless have been jealous if he had known that Herman John Schiek was no sheik but is a clergyman,

The number of North Carolinians who burst proudly into Who's Who' totals 305. The Tar Heels rank 22nd among state aggregations. In Charlotte there are 16.

The gladsome group here who broke into three ripping cheers on the receipt of the news that they were among the elect are as follows:

Winston D. Adams, A. G. Brenizer, Rev. James R. Bridges, William H. Frazer, Mary O. Graham Wade H. Haris, Rev. Albert S. Johnson, Thomas L. Kirkpatrick,

Dr. Joseph Collins wisely says:

The first duty of a parent is to provide food and shelter for his child, the next to aid him to satisfy his curiosity. He should be fed with facts, not fictions. He should be told that the body is the soul's temple, that he should be proud of it and that it should not be defiled. He should be taught not threatened, shown not coerced, encouraged not suppressed. He should not be told that life is an adventure and that only the venturesome live it fully and fruitfully."

LATIN OR A PICKLE.

By Oliver Whang, L. L. D.

What is all this fuss about Professor J. Henry Highsmith, State Inspector of High Schools, deciding to put Latin out of the North Carolina educational system?

Hasn't he a right to put it out if he wants to? Look at what the people by the name of Henry have done for the world! There's Patriek for instance—and—well, aren't there some others?

And there's Carnegie. His name's not exactly Henry, but it's Andrew. And the Andrews are no small potatoes or tomatoes when it comes to putting anything in or taking anything out of a system. And Andrew was one of the disciples, wasn't he? Probably a tax collector.

What good is Latin, anyhow? Look at the time Tennyson, Woodrow Wilson, Virgil and Stanley Baldwin wasted on it!

I tell you, these days and times, what we need is one of these high-pressure, soda-water-jerker educational systems—one of these tailor-made-shirt fellows which can turn out house-to-house and hand-to-mouth canvassers and sell second-rate Syrian-made blue serge suits faster than people have a chance to examine them. That's the only way the citizenry of this State can become cultured.

All this mush-for-breakfast bosh about the Roman being an imperial race, ruling the world for hundreds

of years, speaking an imperial language—all of it is hoodle-doodle. They never sold one-half of the paints, oils and vinegars this country has sold. Down with Caesar and Cicero, and up with Carnegie and canned soup!

What we need is a thinking citizenry—a thinking citizenry which can sell more glass beads, sausage and ring-worm salve than any other nation. This is exactly why Woodrow Wilson couldn't put over the League of Nations. He fooled away all his time studying Latin. And what did Marcus Aurelius have to do with Daugherty, anyhow? Answer me that, will you?

North Carolinians, I appeal to your patriotism! The "Salesmen Wanted" advertisements are increasing. What are we going to do about it? Posterity calls for an answer! Our educational system must be purged, and pale pills have got to have a showing. It is needless, fellow citizens, to take up your time. We must not lag behind other States. We must educate a sufficient number of supermen to answer these "Salesmen Wanted" advertisements. The State Inspector of High Schools has spoken. Salted popcorn is knocking at your door!

Are you ready to answer Patriek Henry's immortal call? "Give me a pickle—and death before I'll ask for it in Latin."

The Cleveland County Fair drew 20,000 people first day, trying to match the Cabarrus Fair.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The barn boys hauled coal to all of the cottages recently.

The carpenter shop boys are busy making different articles to be placed on exhibition at the County Fair next month.

Cotton picking season is here again. The boys in both morning and afternoon school sections have been helping the boys of the work forces in doing this work.

The boys all wrote a letter to their home-folks last week. They were all glad to see letter writing day come again, as it gives them their opportunity to write home.

During the past few weeks, the corn has been shocked, peanuts have been pulled and stacked under some trees to dry. All of which reminds us of the approaching winter season.

Some of the boys have started to play with footballs at the ball ground. While we do not play the regular foot-ball game here at this school, it is probable that a good soccer team will be developed later.

The boys of Prof. Johnson's room have written compositions on the subject: "My Plans for the Fair." The winners of this contest will probably be selected to stay at the Training School booth in the Exhibit Hall.

Although the boys on the tractor

force have not been mentioned in these columns for some time, they are usually very busy. Recently Mr. Ritchie has had them busily engaged in plowing and harrowing the orchard after the peanuts had been pulled up.

The Sunday School lesson last week was a review of the lessons in the third quarter. All of these lessons were taken from the Old Testament and concerned the life of the Israelites from the time Moses led them out of Egypt until they reached the borders of the promised land.

Mr. Shelton, Boys' Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Charlotte, had charge of the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He brought with him Hon. J. J. Parker, District Court Judge, of Charlotte, who made a very interesting talk to the boys. Judge Parker's subject for this address was: "Opportunity." He told the boys how to prepare themselves to be ready for the opportunity when it came to them. He said: "Be ready at any time, for no man knows when his opportunity is coming." He also told the boys the kind of character they must build up while here, in order to make good when they left this institution. Judge Parker congratulated the boys on being the most attentive audience he had ever talked to. The boys all enjoyed his talk and many expressed the desire to hear him again. A vocal solo by a lady of Charlotte was well rendered, and enjoyed by all present.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL XIV

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 9, 1926

No. 45

WE MOVE.

We are all travelers. We are journeying from one place to another.

We may live in one house all of our lives, but we are journeying just the same. In no other sense do we live at the same spot.

We are journeying through the years. In a little while the youngest of us become old.

We are journeying in experiences. We are advancing in our knowledge and conception of things. We are expanding and maturing. And we are journeying towards another land. We shall not remain here. There is a country beyond that awaits us.

————— PUBLISHED BY —————

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

Two Dollars the Year in Advance

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

OCTOBER.

*October rare, October air,
The prize month of the year!
Now fascinating, hesitating
Between the green and sear.*

*The flaming woods with colored hoods
To whispering breezes bend,
An Indian Summer's lazy haze
The skies of Autumn blend.*

*What care I for the sorry side?
I brush aside the tear
With Nature's bliss, October's kiss,
The prize month of the year.*

Robt. M. Padgitt.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

A determined and a non-surrendering kind of investigator into things and ways and customs of yesterday years has won a success. As it comes to us a woman has been trying for years to learn whom her great, great grandfather married. She has succeeded.

There was found in the home of a Washington rector a sampler, framed and in a fine state of preservation. It was made in 1818 by a twelve year old school girl. Of course, you know what a sampler is; but for fear some

may be like us for a time, totally ignorant of just what a sampler looks like, The Uplift quotes an authority: a piece of needlework. This particular specimen made by the twelve year old girl back in 1818 took the form of a family tree.

On the piece of silk the little girl had artistically worked with a needle and thread the names of a certain family, reaching back into the years prior. And on this sampler the local investigator, through another similarly inclined person (a lawyer) has found the maiden name of her great, great grandmother. Blessed little girl of the year 1818, who had learned useful arts!

We wonder how many of the charming, feasted and heralded brides of 1926 can sew a button at the right place on a garment, or can work a button hole, or has had time to learn, being intoxicated with the hundreds of foolish fads and customs of the present day. Do you think present day customs warrant the development of womanhood comparable with your grandmother?

* * * * *

ANDY IS STILL WITH US.

Andy Jackson, though dead, still lives hereabouts. Last Sunday's Greensboro News carried a long story credited to Archibald Henderson. The same story appeared in the Charlotte Observer of that date as the contribution of Archibald Johnson; and now comes the Greensboro News complaining that much of Cicero Hammer's research may have been appropriated. This is the way The News views it:

"Archibald Henderson having offered what is called "conclusive" evidence that Andy was a Tar Heel, it remains to be seen whether Congressman Hammer will greet the historian as an ally or merely as a stealer of thunder."

Andy Jackson was seen the other day mowing a lawn with his faithful old scythe. He has heard of all this controversy about the birthplace of Andrew Jackson and says that it is useless to waste so much time in argument. "Why," declares Andy, "I'se a native of Cabarrus; co'rse dis is in No'th Calina."

* * * * *

SOLICITOUS.

Standing on the roadside Sunday afternoon, an observer was impressed with the thoughtfulness of young folks as they went leisurely and some swiftly by in their machines.

If the girl was driving, the boy sat near-by, practically in the middle of the seat; if the boy or young man was driving, the girl sat close up, in the

middle of the seat. In each instance the driver had the comfort of an arm around about him, or her. The innocent observer was impressed with the solicitation about the safety these young people manifested for each other. The observer thought it a spirit of caution to keep the occupants from falling out of the car should the door of the car come open or the steering gear become locked or a telephone pole come in contact with the moving car.

Sixty per cent of the numerous joy riders as they passed were maintaining this attitude and posture of great caution.

All these boys may have sisters—what would they feel were their sisters manifesting such caution against falling from the car. All these girls have mothers—what would they think, if they knew how considerate their daughters are of the safety of the young men with whom they are riding.

Has modesty become a discarded quality in the lives of many of the young? The observer concluded as much.

* * * * *

DISTURBED OVER A PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE.

Captain Elbridge Colby is looking into the future. He is conversant with the rules of warfare on land, but they seem not to be applicable to warfare among the flying instruments of death in the air, and he sounds an alarm, which is indicated by the following from his pen in *The Independent*:

The old rules of warfare said you should not kill an enemy who surrendered. But when you are up in the air flying at a hundred miles an hour, how are you going to take the machine gun off another plane also flying at a hundred miles an hour? How are you going to disarm him, as you would a squad of infantry? How are you going to march him back to a stockade behind the lines when by a quick turn he can dive out of your reach, or perhaps into a cloud, and escape entirely. You have him in your power as you pilot your plane, practically only as long as you are 'on his tail.' But if he has a slow machine and you have a fast one, and you cannot run your little monoplane as slowly as he can, you'll run right past him and he may be 'on your tail' and in a position to shoot machine-gun bullets into you. In the air, it must be war to the death. There can be no surrender.

* * * * *

WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES.

Down south, writes the editor of *Young Folks*, there is a philosopher who writes under the fictitious name of "Hambone." He is able to crowd the wisdom of a volume into a single sentence. He is a student of human nature and he knows how to extol virtue and how to expose folly. He has much to say about the Church and church people. Some of his sayings are like

two-edged swords. At first you are disposed to laugh at them, and then you begin to wonder at the truth of them and how deep they go. What do you think of this one?

“Ole Tom wanter know what de church does wid all de money hit git—well, I spec dey bought a broom er sumpin wid what he done paid in.”

The critics of our benevolent operations, those who do not hesitate to say that extravagance and waste are being practiced, are not the people who hurt themselves giving. They still try to believe that not more than five per cent of the amount contributed ever reaches its destination. Well, what most of them give per week to this cause would not pay for a shoe shine. The philosopher is generous when he thinks of buying a broom with it, but then he is probably thinking of the gifts per year. The way to be sold to the benevolent ambitions of the Church is to become an hilarious giver.

* * * * *

THE PUMPKIN VINE.

Brother A. C. Huneycutt, editor of the Albemarle News-Herald, and president of the North Carolina Press Association, gives us a thrill over the discovery of a monstrous pumpkin vine in Stanly County which has made a record that is astounding and all out of reason.

One of his devoted parishoners furnishes him with the account of the extraordinary conduct of a particular pumpkin vine in his neighborhood. This vine has been measured carefully with a tape measure. The combined length of all its branches reaches a little over five miles and still a-growing; and along the various branches thereof are being nursed at the last writing 500 pumpkins.

Pity that pumpkin vine could not be bodily transplanted for the Cabarrus County Fair in order to arouse a return to the culture of this delicious fruit and to the end that more ground would be planted to this particular breed of pumpkin and disgust farmers with raising twelve cent (Prosperity) Cotton.

Seed from that pumpkin would make a rousing success as a premium in a subscription drive.

* * * * *

A MARVEL.

What next? The whole country is being treated with the doings over the country, stage by stage. Those who enjoy the brutish game such as the Tunney-Dempsey fight could follow the fight as it proceeded without leaving their homes if supplied with a radio.

The radios told the story of the champions, the New York and St. Louis

teams, in regular order as each fellow took the bat. In every village, town, city and out in the country radios were entertaining a free party.

The next step, after overcoming the static (whatever that is) we may confidently expect that the instrument will be so perfected as to flash the picture along with the story. It hasn't been so long since many people laughingly enjoyed hearing the late beloved J. P. Caldwell declare that "we would fly." And flying has become a very common and unexciting actuality. The radio is even now a marvel.

* * * * *

A CHOICE GIFT.

Col. Al Fairbrother, as noted before, has removed to California. Before leaving he had crated a large and beautiful walnut book-case and had same shipped to The Uplift to become the property of the Jackson Training School. It is now safely at home in the Cannon Memorial Building.

This book-case has a history. It is the result of an inspiration that came to Col. Fairbrother when yet a very young man and starting out in the newspaper field. He has carried it with him wherever he made his home. It has been a great companion. But in our next it is our purpose to give the details that make a very readable and pleasing story, which the Colonel himself has given us in his own way.

When we get our library, this appreciated gift of Col. Fairbrother will occupy a choice position.

* * * * *

A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

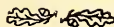
Rev. C. F. Sherrill, an esteemed personal friend and a well-wisher of the the Jackson Training School, occasionally sends The Uplift a contribution, pertinent to the seasons and other occasions.

Accompanying an article for a coming edition, Mr. Sherrill takes occasion out of the goodness of his heart to write:

"I also write to tell you how much I enjoy The Uplift. It comes in such an attractive form, beautifully printed, and full of good reading matter. You will never know the good you are doing. Long may you live to enjoy and do your good work."

"Old Hurrygraphs are fine."

Shelby, N. C.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

It is a hard matter for a mountain farmer to do his level best on his mountain farm. Too many mountains for him to keep anything level.

A fellow told me the other day that it was easy to get along if you know how to spread soft soap. He'll slip up on that if he doesn't watch out.

The congregations at all of the churches ought to be largely increased along about this season of the year. The new fall hats are here.

The motorcycle is the static among the motor vehicles, as far as sensitive nerve can judge.

There's one advantage of bobbed hair among the men. Wifey will not be able to tell a girl's strand of hair from a man's, when one is found on hubby's coat lapel—unless it be of a different color from his.

I was asked the other day why it was that women, in walking, come down on the heel with a more pronounced sound than men. It stumped me. I had noticed it but never had given the matter much attention. The only thing I could think of was that the heels of women's shoes are now so much higher, or longer, if you please, that they get to the pavement before the men's low heels. Then I thought of that saying in holy writ, that "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head," and I advanced the idea that women come down on their heels in an emphasis

to man what to do when he sees a snake. But he said they wanted to hear themselves walk. I hope the printer will not make this last word talk.

When I first started in the newspaper business, and like a fledgling, spread my wings for the first time, I thought I knew more about the game than Horace Greeley, Charles Dana, James Gordon Bennett, and the rest of the fellows I had heard about in the profession preceeding me. But I was just like the young fellows who come on the stage now with more modern ideas. Since I have been in the business for quite a number of years, I am learning something new every day. I find I do not know as much about it as I thought I did. Not that I have forgotten what I did know, but I have picked up an armful of erudition since I began my career. Every other fellow who engages in the newspaper business is going to come to the conclusion, sooner or later, that what he knows is going to make him realize how much there is to the subject that he doesn't know.

Ignorance is bad enough, goodness knows; but knowing everything is worse.

Every printing office is the land, especially with so much machinery in these days, at some time or other, furnishes a "comedy of errors." Not long ago the linotype machines made some ludicrous errors. Speaking of the achievements of a young man, it

d he was the "sin" of Mr. So-and-

Another one describing the cen-
 said piece on a table at a function,
 said "the table was decorated with
 said large white 'oak.'" It should have
 lar in white cake. These errors re-
 be and me of a play once given at a
 mi lege. It was "The Taming of a
 col rew." The account of the event
 Sh taken in a newspaper office, over
 wa telephone, which is always diffi-
 the to have news thus given correct.
 cul hen the account of the play, "The
 W ming of a Shrew" appeared it was
 Ta titled "The Cleaning of a Shoe."

ent People are fond of saying that
 poets are born, not made." If we
 could stop to think seriously about
 we should realize that it is just as
 wo e of the "butcher, the baker, the
 it, candlestick maker." The power
 tru do anything in the physical, men-
 the or spiritual world comes from
 to same and only source. "In God
 fal live and move and have our be-
 the ." If Jesus could say "Of my-
 we self I can do nothing," how much
 ing re does the same assertion become
 sel ry one of us. If Saint Paul could
 mo say "I can do all things through
 eve m that strengtheneth me," why
 say should not all of us join in that
 Hi ertion also? On an English tomb-
 shc ne is this epitaph: "Hiram Golf,
 ass remaker, by the grace of God." I
 sto bt if a nobler epitaph was ever
 shc litten. Some may think there was
 do ing very fine about such a career.
 wr t who could do more, whatever his
 not k, than to work with entire ren-
 Bu nce upon God for strength? That
 tas kes any task noble and splendid,
 lia d links one very closely with the
 ma eator because by using the power
 an ich God supplies, one brings into
 Cr wh

being things that otherwise would
 never be.

—
 If you want to hear something,
 just norate around that you have
 some kind of ailment. To bring re-
 sults quicker, just tell every one you
 meet or have conversation with, that
 you are suffering from this or that
 complaint. One person will recomend
 one thing and another person reco-
 mend another thing. You never be-
 fore heard of so many things good
 to relieve one particular ailment, for-
 getful of the fact that "what is one
 person's remedy is another's poison."
 But everybody has a remedy for every
 ailment under sun—and some have as
 many as half a dozen. It reminds
 me of the fellow who had a sick
 mule and everybody recommended a
 different remedy to cure the animal.
 One fellow told him to reduce his
 feed every feeding time. He took
 this fellow's advice. When he got
 the mule down to one straw, the mule
 died.

—
 Many of the failures in life, I am
 persuaded, result from the attempt
 to do something for which one is not
 fitted. A poet does not often succeed
 as a business man. Splendid carpen-
 ters and farmers have been lost to
 the world in mediocre surgeons and
 preachers. The world needs poems
 and vegetables as well as business
 deals and sermons. Some men are
 able to furnish fruits of the soil;
 others products of the mind, not
 because the one class has had no head
 and the other no hands, but because
 God has wisely fitted men for differ-
 ent tasks, thus making sure that all
 work of the world should be done.
 The time and spirit of individualism

is rapidly passing. No man lives or dies to himself alone. Co-operation is taking the place of competition. Provincialism is giving away to internationalism. Great tasks are appearing everywhere, all bent towards the one great goal of making the world what God has planned it to be. A new China, India, Europe, America are being raised up, and the work of everyone should in some way contribute to the reconstruction. One may be only a mixer of mortar, but the strength and permanence of the building depends largely upon the quality of his work.

Said a young married man to me Thursday: "I see by the papers that a couple of our dear ladies shared honors in being the first to turn a shovelful of dirt in laying the foundation for a new Y. M. C. A. building. This will be good news to the husbands of Durham, as they hand the coal scuttle and spade to the Misses and give them honors galore—so long as they "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Then he added: "Strange how some of the dear ladies will get out in the open and shovel dirt; and some of them will sweep the dirt from their living room under the davenport." Horrible man to be giving the dear ladies away in this fashion.

This has been a distressing year for the male sex. Man seems to be occupying the rear seats in the theatre of the world. The women have crowded in and filled up the front seats where was wont to shine the bald pate. The women have crowded

the isles of business, the courts of athletics, the channels of waters, and other endeavors to such an extent that the only thing left for man to excel in is spitting tobacco juice and growing whiskers. Even at that man is forced to produce a hirsute crop because he has to wait so long for so many women to have their hair bobbed. Bobbed hair, you are no doubt aware by this time continually needs bobbing, and for this reason the girls are so frequently bobbing around the present day "bobber" shops, which in olden times were known as "barber" shops. Poor man; he has many "hair breadth" escapes in this life, and in these times.

A bishop recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday School children, and wound up by asking, in a very paternal way: "And now is there any little boy or any little girl, who would like to ask me a question?" A thin, shrill voice at the back of the room called out, "Please sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop. "And now is there any little girl who would like to answer this question?"

It is a true saying that nature "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb." The man who is down can dispel all fears of falling.

Horace Walpole once said, and philosophically, too: "The world is a comedy to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel." Too true.

Keep in mind the Cabarrus Fair starts next Tuesday.

LIFE'S EARLY DELUSIONS AND LIFE'S HIGH IDEALS.

(Greensboro Advocate).

"And he gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on: yet he promised that he would give it to him for a possession."---Acts vii:5.

The Bible tells the truth, "a plain, unvarnished tale," about the men and women of whom it has a record. Few books do that. Biographers and autobiographers do not hesitate, where blemishes exist, to apply the white-wash brush, and upon virtues, these skilled writers employ the fine art of embellishment. But nothing of the sort can be found in the Word of God. When this book gives an account of a man's life though ever so brief, it is done with perfect candor. If he was bad it says so. If he was good it says so.

This accuracy and candor of the Book appears, even, in Abraham's inability to interpret correctly the promises of God. When Abraham, at the call of God, left his Chaldean home to go out into a land that should be shown him, the ancient patriarch believed that God was to give him that country for a possession. But it turned out in the end that he never owned a foot of it, except a small plot that he purchased under sorrowful circumstances, when his beloved Sarah lay a corpse. This little piece of ground in which he tenderly placed the dead body of his dear wife, and when in later years his own body was laid to rest, marked the limit of his real estate holdings in Canaan. Yet as an immigrant started to Canaan with God's promise, as he understood it, "to give it to him for a possession."

How is this to be explained? In one way only. Abraham was the subject of a delusion. By delusion we mean an erroneous conception of life as it is to be. And we need not hesitate to assert that this erroneous conception of what our lives are to be is universal experience of youth.

What girl, for example, has not seen visions of her future home? In fancy her husband was to be such a man as few women had ever enjoyed the good fortune to possess, and she herself would become a wife well worthy of so splendid a gentleman. She saw every room of her house as it was to be, and the perfected whole equalled an artist's dream of the ideal.

Boys looking into the future with a prophet's vision behold the success of their business ventures. In the years to come their hands are filled with stocks, bonds and titles to fertile acres. Youths by the score see themselves great lawyers, eminent jurists, renowned statesmen, or brave and eloquent ministers of the gospel.

What happens in most, if not all cases? Just exactly what happened to Abraham. The promises as these understood them have not been fulfilled.

The girlish dream of a future home was a delusion. She did not get the carpets of the shade, the walls of the tint, and the china closet of the

design that she had planned; and that husband was a mere man without the suggestion of angelic wings.

The boy's dream of business success turned out to be a delusion. His ship has not yet come in. The promised million has not yet arrived. Where are the mighty lawyers, eminent jurists, renowned statesmen and great preachers? They, too, have gone with the delusive dreams that brought them into existence. By the time that men and women reach middle life most of their delusions, like the delightful breezes of a summer morning, have passed away and they are weary with the burden and heat of the day.

Here is the greatest danger of middle life, that with the departure of the delusions of youth will go, also, the highest ideals of life. By ideal, we mean the standards of living or the goal of life really worth striving for.

A man, for instance, starts out in business with lofty notions of life and of business integrity. While anxious to make money, he is determined that no dirty dollar shall ever touch his fingers. But after while he learns more about the world and how business is conducted. He sees that men get money by crooked dealings, and that a dirty dollar seems to buy as much in the markets as a clean one. Why not, therefore, put away the old notions of honor and honesty, and adopt the practices of others? So by and by not a vestige remains of those ideals of business integrity which promised, at one time, to become the crown of his old age.

Here is a man who began life as a lawyer with high ideals for him-

self in this honorable profession. After a while he sees life and the law in a new light, flings away those high standards that once were sacred to him, and steps down upon the low plane of a common trickster.

A youth just out of college begins a career of promise with vision and the purpose of a statesman. His ambition, as an idealist and patriot is to serve his country in a manner that will bring credit to himself and honor to his fatherland. But he comes to see that men stoop mighty low in politics, that there seems to be a premium upon the fellow who will get down in the dirt. Consequently, he tramples underfoot all that was best in early life, and he that had aspirations to become a statesman drops down into the mire with the lowest politicians.

A young man aspires to the high calling of a gospel minister. He has been where the bush burned. There is no question of his call. With unsandled feet he has stood by the trembling cliffs of Sinai, and swore eternal fidelity to the law of God. To the vision of this youth, filled with holy aspirations, the cross towers high above all other objects of earth. Thus commissioned and equipped, he goes out to become a prophet of the Lord. But he learns that true prophets have always had a hard time in the world; that their reward is not crowns but crucifixions. He becomes aware, also, that whitened sepulchers are full of pious pretensions which seem to satisfy, the very elect. Then with the passing of the delusions that promised so much, he dares to let slip his ideals, which were none other than the voice of God calling him to be a true prophet,

and the youth of such a sublime consecration becomes a time server, truckling like a cowardly hound at the feet of the multitude whose slave he has become.

We talk gravely about the sins of youth and they are many. But they are, generally sins of impulse prompted by the hot blood of youth. Bad enough are these, but trivial in comparison to the dangers of middle life, when the alluring promises of youth have fled, and seeing the world as it is, men in consequence, are tempted to surrender thereto and become abject time servers.

You no doubt have already asked, are these delusions bad? No. They are desirable, they are essential. If Abraham had not believed in the prospects and promises that were never fulfilled, it is a question whether he would have ever obeyed the call of God. Beyond all controversy, few would now begin the journey of life if there were no delusions at the start. The promises that are never fulfilled help more than most

of us ever dared to say. But unspeakably bad is it, when the anticipations and promises of other days seem to go up in smoke, to allow those ideals of life and standards of conduct that would hold one above the common level, to be trampled underfoot or to be cast upon the scrapheap by the wayside. In this begins the deepest tragedy of life.

Keep in mind also, that the delusions of life are not confined to the period of youth, but continue to claim a place in human experience to the end. The writer of Hebrews says of Abraham and other Old Testament worthies: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

Though the promises were not fulfilled, Abraham believed God, was satisfied to pitch his tent and erect his altar upon land not his own, and in triumphant faith look "for a city which hath foundations whose bulid-er and maker is God."

The clock of life is wound but once,
 And no man has the power
 To tell just when the hands will stop,
 At late or early hour.

Now is the only time you own;
 Live, love, toil with a will;
 Place no faith in to-morrow, for
 The clock may then be still.

“THROUGH GRACE.”

By **Nora I. Mitchell.**

“I thought the house across the way was empty, but since yesterday Crepe on the door makes me aware that someone has been living there.”

The Madison Avenue cable street car, as it passed out from the main business street in Seattle, Washington, stopped suddenly, as the cars on those very steep grades so often do.

A tall, dark-haired, tired-looking Polish woman, in a gray, faded, but clean dress, with a bright red and green striped scarf on her head climbed up the steps into the car. She carried a heavy basket of groceries which she deposited in the aisle in front of her, and as all the seats were occupied, she hung awkwardly to one of the car straps.

The car stopped again and again, letting more people on until the Polish woman had been pushed ahead, nearly to the front of the car. She stopped opposite the seat where two well dressed women sat; one a middle-aged lady with graying locks, Mrs. Wallace Hinchens, and the other her daughter, Grace, just out of her teens.

They were busily engaged in conversation and paid no attention to the Polish mother, Mrs. Michael O' Ginsky, but she knew them and would have smiled back at them had she been given the opportunity to do so.

The whole city had read the startling news, in the daily paper, the *Intelligencer*, about the boat on the Yukon river going down, when the rich lumberman, Wallace Hinchens,

was aboard, on his way home from Alaska, and instead of leaving a legacy of a million and a half, as it was reported at first, his wife and daughter found themselves in quite straitened circumstances.

“What makes you go way out there, mother dear,” the daughter was saying.

“I know we shall have to leave our beautiful home on Capitol Hill, and so many things we have enjoyed but it is nothing but a Polish settlement out there.” Mrs. O'Ginsky straightened her shoulders and looked straight ahead, but she couldn't help but hear.

“Why, dear, the Berkley Flats are new and rents are cheap,” the mother answered. “And while there is a large foreign element living in that suburb, none are allowed to occupy those apartments, so I think we can be quite exclusive. I thought you enjoyed working with the foreign children at the mission school, daughter.”

“Oh I do. Some of them are just as bright as can be. There is one child, a little Polish girl, who has been in the school only a short time. She has such a queer name, Glinka. She is just as bright. She is as keen as any American child I ever saw, I know we should help to Americanize the foreigners, but to go and live with them is a very different thing.”

If they had looked at Mrs. O'Ginsky they might have wondered why her face was brightened by a smile as she listened to their conversation.

“Well, think we will have to make the best of it for a time, at least,”

Mrs. Hinchens continued. "The apartment is ready and we will move next week. The big flat opposite is unoccupied at present so there will be no little dirty urchins around on the streets for a time anyway."

Four weeks later Grace Hinchens hurriedly entered a side door out of a pouring rain into the apartment in Berkley Flats, the place that was now home for her. She found her mother busy hanging some plain scrim curtains at the living room windows.

"That's right, mother, do shut out the sight of that horrid street, I almost hate it," Grace said and burst into tears, as she sat down near the table.

"Why daughter?"

"I don't want to be foolish, mother, but I've had such a dark day, Grace said, straightening up. "In the first place, Blanche Whiting came into my room during the first intermission and told me all about the party her aunt was givin in her honor—a wonderful birthday party—and she sort of apologized because she couldn't include me among the guests, since we no longer live on Capitol Hill. It just spoiled the day for me. The Czrnsey children came to school so dirty again I had to make them go and scrub up. It seemsd as if none of the children had good lessons. I wondered if it pays to work so hard to help those youngsters to become good American citizens after all. The only bright ray I've seen all day was little Glinka. I told you about that little Polish girl. She is always so bright-eyed and clean you can't help but love her. She seemed to realize something was th ematter and she came up to my desk and patted my hand—a pretty was she has, and said: 'I love you. I think you

have a pretty name, Miss Hinchens. My mother she say we must all have grace of God in our hearts. She pray every day and read us stories out of the Bible, that we be good.'

"I asked her about her name, how they happened to call her Glinka, and she told me that her father named her for the man he knew in Poland who wrote operas. I judge her father was quite a noted player. 'He play the violin to many peoples,' she said. 'He love the sound Pappa, he make sweet music. He died for our country, too,' and she patted a small American flag I have on my desk. It seems that he played in a big orchestra and when the world war broke out he enlisted and went to work in a factory where high explosives were manufactured and was killed in a terrible explosion. By their not understanding his insurance papers, they got only enough money to give him a decent burial. Her mother works all of the time. She cooks the meats down at Huyler's on Third Street. Glinka has an older brother by the name of Frantz who sells papers. He is one of the Post's newsboys. Then there is a little boy only six, named Josef. An old lady next door to them looks after him when the mother is away working."

"Bring your little Glinka home to dinner with you some day," suggested her mother.

I doubt if she would come, I asked her one day where she lived but she would not tell me. She said her mother told her she must not."

"Why, look, daughter!" Mrs. Hinchens exclaimed, "It has stopped raining. It is a beautiful view we have of the mountains," and she fastened the last curtain back with

a small strip of the scrim. "Oh, come and see."

They both looked away across Puget Sound, sixty miles to the west, where the Olympics, all snow-capped, arose in majesty, lighted now with a golden gleam from the setting sun.

"I always think 'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help' when I see that picture," the mother said. "It surely does help one to forget the tall empty buildings opposite and the dirty street and the noise and hurry of the city."

"Isn't that queer, say, mother, what is that fastened to that door?" asked Grace, pointing to a door at the end of a group of doors in the apartment opposite.

"It's a wreath of flowers tied with white ribbon, it surely is! Why, I didn't know anyone lived there."

"That is strange," her mother answered. "We never see anyone go in there."

The next morning as Grace Hinchens and her mother was eating breakfast a loud rap sounded on their door.

Grace arose and opened the door and exclaimed, "Why, Miss Murray, what brought you out here so early?" She was surprised to see one of the teachers from her school.

"So this is where you live," Miss Murray said, coming into the room.

"I was looking for the apartment where the O'Ginskey's live. There was an accident last evening down on Fourth and Cherry Streets and Frantz O'Ginskey was badly hurt. You have his little sister, Glinka, in your room. They told me it was Union Street, but it must be North Union where they live."

"This is Union. What number is it?"

"1196," Miss Murray answered

"Well, that is the apartment opposite. I will go with you."

As they crossed the street, Miss Murray told how an old lady fell on a street car track. Quick as a flash, a newsboy, who was Frantz O'Ginskey, she learned afterwards, rushed out and pushed her off the track, but tripped and fell and was badly hurt.

"Oh, dear, I'm too late," Miss Murray said when she saw the death seal upon the door.

Mrs. O'Ginskey met them at the door. "Come in. You come to see my Frantz," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "I lost my boy, I lost my boy, too," she repeated, leading them into a small bedroom.

While Miss Murray was talking to the stricken mother, Glinka and little Joseph came into the room. Glinka came shyly to Miss Hinchens and patted her hand.

"I didn't know that you were my neighbor Glinka."

"Mother she did know. She say you don't want to bother with children, so she make us go in by the side door all the time," the little girl explained.

The reason for Glinka's not wanting to tell where she lived flashed through her mind.

Everything in the apartment was spotlessly clean.

"That is an exceptional mother," Miss Murray said as they walked slowly back, "She is a real Christian. She seems to have a supply of the grace of God in her heart and it that which makes lives different from their environment. It is that

influence of God which makes human life blossom in beauty and power. I am convinced more than ever that we, as teachers, can do more to Americanize the foreigner and make good citizens of them by bringing those in our midst in contact with Christianity, by getting Christ into their lives, than all the other things we teach them. The Christian fortitude that poor Polish mother has shown is wonderful! Her home was quite a contrast to some of the other apartments."

Miss Murray left Grace when they reached Berkley Flats.

"Who do you suppose we found living in the house across the street, mother?" Grace asked as she entered the door of her home.

"Tell me about it, I am so anxious to know," her mother answered.

So Grace rehearsed the whole story to her. With tears in her eyes she told of the accident; of the brave little newsboy, who gave his life to save a life. He was Glinka's brother, Frantz. She told of the younger brother, beautiful little Josef; the poor Polish mother, who so keenly felt her loss, yet with such a true Christian spirit tried to say, "Thy will be done."

"It seems a pity Frantz had to be taken, when she needs him so and he would have made such a good American."

By the time she had finished the story she was shaking with sobs.

"Someone has said: 'He has lived long and well whose death enforces tears from his neighbors,'" quoted her mother.

MEXICAN LABOR.

Commissioner Frank D. Grist has suggested that Mexican laborers be brought to North Carolina to pick cotton now blooming so abundantly in the fields. Mr. Grist qualifies his suggestion, however, with the condition that we should be able to get rid of them as soon as we have no further need for their services. It is not likely that we could dismiss them easily, and they are not desirable citizens even for a temporary season. One Mexican laborer in Texas declared he was one-third Spaniard, one-third negro, one-third Indian and the balance was a general mixture. We want no such mongrels in North Carolina, even if the cotton has to go unpicked. It does seem, though, that laborers from the Northern States could be induced to spend a season in Dixie. It wouldn't hurt to offer them a chance at any rate.—James E. Carraway.

A DAY NURSERY.

(Albemarle News Herald).

The Wiscassett Day Nursery is one institution in Albemarle that very few people know anything about except the people employed by the Wiscassett Mill Company; yet it is one of the greatest in the county. The training and service it renders can not be measured in dollars and cents because it is instrumental in moulding and forming the characters of countless little children. Each year large numbers of little children receive training that will abide with them all the days of their lives.

But to know the Wiscassett Day Nursery, one must know Mrs. Dora Jenkins, matron and general manager. She it is, who has charge and oversight of the children from morning until night. She is the woman who acts as mother to an average of twenty-five little fellows each day, ranging in age from one year to twelve. And she loves them almost as well as though they were her own.

The Wiscassett Nursery is maintained by the Wiscassett Mill Company for the convenience and advantage of its employees. By leaving her children at the nursery during day a mother is enabled to work. All she has to do is to carry the children to the nursery in the morning as she starts to work and get them again in the afternoon when she comes home.

Widows who are compelled to make a living for themselves and their families find the nursery a great help. If they have small children, or a baby only one year old, they

have only to leave them at the nursery and go to their jobs knowing that their children will be well cared for. Even more skillfully cared for than they themselves would be able to do. The mill company provides a trained nurse to examine and administer to children who are in need of medical attention.

Mrs. Jenkins, however, is not satisfied with just caring for her children, as she calls them, physically. She goes further than that. She teaches them of Christ. Tells them stories that are destined to inspire them with some noble and lofty vision. She even provides books on her own initiative from which she reads to them.

She also teaches them correct table manners. In fact, teaches them all that a mother would.

Only children six years of age and under are given their meals at the nursery. For these regular meal hours are observed. At 9 o'clock lunch is served; at 12 o'clock regular dinner, and lunch again at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

Some of the children are so small that Mrs. Jenkins has to feed them with a spoon. Yet, even these little fellows when they have finished their meal say "Thank you, I'm through;" or "Excuse me, I don't care for any more." While talking with Mrs. Jenkins Wednesday afternoon she called a little black headed fellow who has just learned to speak a few words, and gave him a sandwich. He took it eagerly, but before eating any said, "Thank you."

Children who are of school age are sent to school at the proper time in the morning by Mrs. Jenkins. When school is over they return and remain at the nursery until their parents come for them. However, some of the children who attend school are allowed to go home by themselves at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

All children under six years of age are put to bed at 1 o'clock in the afternoon to stay there until 3 o'clock, thereby giving each child two hours extra sleep each day.

The nursery is provided with a good sized yard which is fenced and this makes an excellent play ground for the boys. Unlike most boys, they stay on the inside of the fence and never without unless by permission of Mrs. Jenkins. The girls stay with-

in the house and play with dolls.

Upon being questioned which she found to be easier managed and controlled, girls or boys, Mrs. Jenkins said, "Give me boys every time; I simply love boys, they are different from the girls in many ways. Boys will listen attentively to you while you help them plan a career; plan with them to be a big business man, a physician, a minister, or anything, but girls are not that way. Girls like to play with dolls."

But all of the children like Mrs. Jenkins, for she only has to tell them once to do a thing. One of the babies, who is only about a year old goes toddling over the floor by himself. He was taught the walking habit by Mrs. Jenkins.

TYPES OF BOOK MAKERS.

By Rev. N. R. Melhorn, D. D.

By book makers we refer to writers; not to printers and publishers. Not long since, we received a book for advertisement, along with others marketed by the same reputable house. It was accompanied by an encomium which we accepted, only to find by later personal examination of the volume that we utterly disagreed with the commendation we had received. We wrote our correspondent, and he replied by mailing us a group of reviews which had been published by the secular press. They praised the book; one prophesied it would be "a best seller." Its contents deal with religion.

A few weeks ago we read a list of "best sellers" dating back to 1850, and some comments on the changes

of taste that takes place in what a bookseller calls "the public mind." Our own recollections are not so extended nor so accurate, but we do recall a few books that captured the attention of the multitude.

We were still in the 'teen age when Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" gave us a romantic vision of socialism. It completely captivated us and was the basis of some furious debating in the college literary society. We were at that time somewhat conversant with the novels of Dickens and Scott. We were suspicious of Darwin's "Ascent of Man." When Sheldon put out "What Would Jesus Do?" which by the way still surpasses in the number of volumes that have been sold

any other American publication, we read it and even preached about it. "The Inside of the Cup" got similar interest. We were then in parish work. Next came the vogue of the "historical novel." One recalls "The Honorable Peter Sterling," "Janice Meredith," and "Richard Carvel." For some reason or other, perhaps because it was our good fortune to have lived in a small town, where most people were very respectable and the rest did not count, we did not get hold hold of Zola's and Thomas Hardy's books until they were "old stuff." They were described to us as "Realistic Fiction." Zola was said to have spent a night watching a man die from delirium tremens in order to get real data for one of his stories.

We make no pretensions of knowing present-day fiction except from reviews and from occasional volumes. It claims to represent **Life as It Is**. Its means of circulation are books and a certain class of magazines so far as fiction literature is concerned. On the basis of these a recent reviewer, whose business it is to know the most widely circulated books, calls this decade *The Age of Pornography*. Pornography is derived from the word used in the New Testament for adultery and sex lust.

We suggest that the period of realistic fiction—the Zola-Hardy age—produced a series of books and stories that described conditions among masses of people with the hope that their portrayals might arouse public sentiment toward reforms. It is said that a measure of success resulted from them. They used data depicting wickedness, the exploiting of the weak and social inequalities, in order

to do something besides sell books and gain notoriety. Those historical novels of which present-day adventures "in the wide open spaces" are less worthy copies, were delightful in the response one's imagination made to the deeds of their heroes and heroines. But this Age of Pornography seems to have produced a group of filth examiners, who infest the dives and alleys of society, study its dupes and degenerates, and then assert that the majority of the people are like these, if one could only uncover their lives to the public gaze. Mere commercialism does not account for them. They have the evil eye.

Other Literature Infected.

That much of the fictional output of the day is of so vile and misleading character is bad enough, but authors in other fields of our current books and magazines use a similar sort of data as a basis of their writing. No institution, however laboriously constructed, is safe from their maligning analysis. They sneer at idealism, mock the patriot's love of country, and impugn the motives of the most virtuous. Recently religion has attracted them. A few bones, a few traditions and a few crimes are their weapons for attacking the citadel of faith.

A recent breed of writers, whose forte it is to "popularize" religion, is particularly in our mind. The medical profession was long afflicted, perhaps is yet, with practitioners who drew their remedies from nature, or compounded medicines from herbs or extracted oil from snakes. One met them at crossroads and street corners; they first played a banjo and then cured the diseases of the

bystanders. It does not seem possible that similar quacks could separate folk from their trust in revelation and from loyalty to their Church and their service of Christ. We do not know that many are permanently alienated; we only see numerous efforts being made. That reputable publishing houses will package this misrepresentation of the truth into seducing volumes, and seek to circulate it, is at least discouraging; at most indicative of a willingness to exploit their public.

A Duty.

While no complete overthrow of the Church and dethronement of the Christian religion can result from this misuse of print, one does see with sadness an effect on individuals. We have in mind a young person who has been temporarily seduced from faith by a magazine and books it recommends. No doubt there are many such. We take space to call attention to the evil. A counteracting force should be set up. It is

likely that congregations should enlist the services of Christian teachers, Christian college professors, and Christian librarians to provide information on books worthwhile. There was great merit in the Sunday school libraries that used to supply homes with books. We know of a few congregations where a library committee still functions to the great benefit of at least the young people. The reading circle is probably too ancient an organization to be recommended to this generation. It bore good fruit in its day, we can testify from experience.

Of one thing we are sure; mere legal censorship is not a constructive remedy. Neither pleading nor abuse will bring about reform. This depraved taste of the reading public must be ridiculed, then persuaded to change. With the change there must be a supply of books and periodicals that will fill the vacuum of minds hungry for attractive nourishing mental food.

GIVING THE "LIFT."

The dangers of giving the wayfarer a lift in the auto have been again emphasized in the case of Farmer Dogget, of Rutherford County. The passengers he aided were of unsuspecting appearance—man and woman of good address—and just the sort to undo any well-meaning autoist. Only in cases of known safety to the drivers should wanderers on the highway be picked up. Self-preservation requires an apparent exhibition of hard-heartedness at times. It may look "rough," but the best policy is to let the next fellow pick them up.—Charlotte Observer.

BOB-WHITE—THE HUNTER'S FAVORITE.

By John B. Behrends.

The bob-white or quail is the most popular game bird in the United States and is found in most parts of the country. These plump little brown birds with white throats make excellent eating, and every fall city sportsman scour the country side to bag a few of these birds, but the farmers have learned to know the value of the bob-whites as insect and weed seed destroyers and have protected them from the hunters on many farms. Many farmers that have seen them eating chinch bugs, army worms, and other very harmful insects even provide food and shelter for them during the storms of winter, and are trying very hard to have the birds placed on the songbird list so as to protect them from the hunters the year round.

Quail hunting is now extinct in the States of Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. In the remaining states the average open season on quails in 1923 was for forty-one days, and the average daily bag limit thirteen birds, making the total killing possible each year, per gun, five hundred and thirty three birds. Bob-whites have been protected by law in Ohio for over seven years.

Eighty-five different weeds have been found to contribute largely to the bob-white's menu, and his marvelous appetite is his most valuable asset. Beside this he has to his credit a list of twenty-seven varieties of bugs,

fifty-seven different beetles, and thirteen sorts of caterpillars, besides ants, flies, wasps, spiders, ect. Crops and stomachs of bob-whites have been found which were crowded with rag-weed seeds to the number of 1,000, while another had eaten as many seeds of crab grass. A bob-white shot in October 1902 at Pine Brook, in New Jersey, had eaten 5,000 seeds of green fox-tail grass, and one killed on Christmas Day of 1901 at Kinsdale, Va., had taken about 10,000 pig-weed seed. About two tablespoonfuls of chinch bugs were found in the crop of one bob-white and the crop of another contained 100 potato bugs. In relation to bob-whites' valuable service as weed destroyers in only two states the government says: "It is reasonable to suppose that in the States of Virginia and North Carolina from September to April 30 there the four bob-whites to each square mile of land, 354,820 in the two states. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seed and is filled twice each day. Since at each of the two daily meals weeds constitute at least half of the contents of the crop or one-fourth of an ounce, a half ounce daily is consumed by each bird. On this basis the total consumption of weed seeds by bob-whites from September to April 30 in Virginia and North Carolina amounts to 1,341 tons." Bob-whites eat ticks that cause Texas fever among cattle, and are highly praised by southern farmers because they eat the cotton boll weevil that has ruined the cotton industry in many states, and Mexi-

can quail have been imported to help rid the country of this pest. Besides weed seeds and grain, the bob-white also eats more or less of the seeds of the pine and maple, acorns and beech nuts, as well as of various wild fruits in their season, including the berries of poison ivy.

Bob-whites are met with in stubble fields and brushy pastures, being probably most numerous in the southern part of the United States, Denton, North Carolina, being considered the greatest quail country in the whole United States. In the fall and winter months they run about over the ground, feeding together in coveys that contain an average number of about twenty-five birds, but some coveys in the south contain hundreds of birds. While feeding in this way they keep talking to one another in low melodious notes, but in the spring when the birds pair for nesting one may also see them engaged in a few fights. They use their feet in fighting like real fighting cocks. They roost on the ground, all huddled together against a bunch of grass or weeds, with their heads facing outward. They do not fear an attack from above, having found out that the owls cannot distinguish them when they keep quiet. They remain in the same vicinity year after year and are said to live out their entire lives within ten miles of their birthplace. On wet mornings they drink dew from the grass instead of going to a stream or pond for water. I have often seen a pair of them pattering through the dust on a country road, running ahead of the team of horses for quite a distance before turning off to the side to dissappear in the grass. Many

birds like to take dust baths in the middle of country highways in summer as the fine dust helps them to get rid of lice. Their wings make a loud whirring sound as the birds fly up ahead of us in a swift flight. They fly at the rate of seventy-five feet per second, so gunners must get into action quickly or the birds will be safely out of range. In the gunning season many a quail are wounded in the wings, but escape by running and hiding. If a cat, fox or other enemy does not catch a winged bird within about two weeks after the injury, the wing will usually have knit sufficiently to permit the bird once more to fly when necessary.

His cherry whistled call is a familiar sound in spring and summer and we may often see him, sitting on some fence post overlooking a field of grain near his nest, repeating his name for many minutes at a time. The nest is built at the end of a tunnel in the tall grass bordering fields, and in it are laid from eight to sixteen white eggs. Sometimes these eggs are arranged in two or three tiers on top of each other, and once I was surprised to find some quail eggs in the nest of a domestic hen in the tall grass in the corner of an orchard. During the past year, Wm. B. Coleman, superintendent of the Virginia State Game Farm, reared and shipped to sanctuaries in that state more than two thousand native bob-whites. Many men versed in the raising the game in captivity have contended that our native bob-white could not be successively reared in sufficient numbers for stocking purposes. All breeders of game birds know that furnishing proper feed for the young birds is

most difficult. This feature is not only the most troublesome but perhaps the most expensive. In the spring of 1923 Mr. Coleman tried the experiment of feeding clabber to the first brood of bob-whites to hatch. Every bird in the brood except one was reared to maturity. The little quail thrived so well on the clabber that he continued to feed the birds on it through the summer, using no egg or custard. He states that he has always fed some curd, but never before just the clabbered milk. The clabber is fed after all the cream has been removed. The little quail have nothing except the clabber for the first few days. When they are five days old German millet seeds are scattered on the ground and in their runs, and they soon learn to eat them. It is of course necessary to continue feeding clabber, which is given to the birds on a small piece of board three times daily. After the quail are about a week old the clabber is kept before them at all times in small shallow plates.

One day while walking along a

hedge-row near a farmhouse I was suddenly startled by a rush of wings as I flushed some half-a-dozen bob-whites. I watched them sail away across the road and under some maple trees directly in front of the house. A few minutes later when I passed around a corner of the house I was surprised to see a bob-white lying dead on the ground in front of me, and two others fluttering about on the ground badly injured. In their fright and haste they had flown against the house without seeing it. During the hunting season these birds become crazed with fear and do many funny things, such as alighting in the water of rivers or ponds, settling in trees—something that quails otherwise never do—and flying into cities and running around in bewildered fashion over the streets. Several coveys of bob-whites roost every night on a small island in a swift river in New Jersey. No doubt they have learned that on this small patch of ground they are safe from the attacks of foxes, cats and other four-footed animals.

CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

There's a music of the river, there's a music of the trees—water ripples o'er the pebbles, branches sway before the breeze, but the music most entrancing, which sets the heart a-dancing, is the music of the laughter of a child.

Tripping lightly o'er the meadows when the year is at the spring, comes a child amid the glory Love throws over everything. Life has found its proper measure, and it thrills the heart with pleasure to hear music in the laughter of a child.

But in sad and gloomy places, and mid perils of the way, the melody is broken and the music dies away. Who will help, then to recapture and restore that early rapture of the music in the laughter of a child?

THE TOWER OF PISA.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

Lately we read that Pisa's leaning tower is leaning more than ever. In a hundred years it has added nearly a foot to its inclination, and now is a trifle more than fourteen feet out of plumb. How much further the campanile can lean and still be considered safe Italy's engineers and architects are not prepared to say. They are sufficiently aroused, however to cause the government to appoint a commission to take measures to insure that the six century old wonder shall stand for ages to come.

It will be a feat of engineering to jack up this monument and replace the ancient foundations.

When you visit Pisa and go to this tower the guides lead you to the winding stairs to the belfry and you go around to the lower side, and then they tell you to look down. That look frightens you, for from the top the effect of the list is so striking as to give you the impression at first that the tower is actually falling, and you draw back. It is related that many visitors to this tower have had to be restrained from attempting to jump, the effect of the falling is so real.

In the twelfth century the Pisans reached the height of their greatness and wealth. A proud, aristocratic, Ghibelline city, a centre of art and culture, it had already begun to commemorate the achievements of its people in noble monuments. In 1063 the foundations of the cathedral were laid and its consecration took place in 1118. Fifty-six years later the Pisans started their campaign to raise funds to build the campanile,

as a revival to the campanile of Venice.

The result was one of the richest and most striking of Italian bell towers, a round tower fifty-three feet in diameter and 150 feet high. Its design is in harmony with that of the neighboring cathedral, consisting of a series of super-imposed arcades, of which the first, about thirty-five feet high, is composed of fifteen blind arches springing from engaged shafts with Corinthian capitals, the arch heads filled with lozenge-shaped inlays of colored marbles.

There has been dispute as to when the tower first began to lean. Authorities agree that in many respects its 150 feet of white marble compose the finest example of a variety of Romanesque architecture. But many regarded its list toward the south as a defect, while others, loyal to the Pisan tradition, have declared that the tower was purposely built in this manner.

Except for the way the Tower of Pisa leans, these supporters of tradition held that Galileo and other mathematicians and astronomers would never have been able to prove their theories.

History tells us that the famous Pisan astronomer who lived between 1564 and 1642, proved from the south side of the tower that all falling bodies of whatever weight or with whatever lateral propulsion fall to earth with the same velocity (in a vacuum). In this same tall laboratory Galileo learned the properties of the pendulum, invented the tele-

scope and worked out the laws by which he invented the hydrostatic balance for the measurement of the specific gravity of solids.

Like all the churches, palaces and towers of maritime Italy, Pisa's tower was built on piles driven down close together. Great care appears to have been taken with the foundations, but the evidence of progressive and dangerous settlement appears with the completion of the first gallery, thirty-five feet above the ground. Probably the foundations began to settle unevenly when the first blocks of heavy marble were laid. By the time the first arcade had been built, with its walls thirteen feet thick, the list was quite perceptible, and the architect, Bonnano, a Pisan, took the measures accordingly.

He introduced slight additions in the height of the masonry for each stage on the south side, at the same time increasing the weight of the stone on the north or high side. His corrective scheme apparently did not satisfy him. With the completion of the third gallery the work was abandoned for over sixty years.

William of Innsbruck recommenced the work in 1234. The floor of the fourth gallery was then eleven inches out of level in spite of the corrections made by his predecessor. William of Innsbruck continued the corrections by making the columns on the south side of the fourth gallery about five inches longer than those on the north, and continuing the plan in the fifth and sixth galleries. At this point there was a second suspension of the work and the belfry was added in 1350 by Thomas of Pisa.

The settling of the foundations and subsequent corrections by the engineers are responsible for one remarkable feature of the tower not at once discernible to the layman. The lean of each successive story above the first is slightly less than that of the story preceding. The lines of the tower thus show a return curve straightening toward the perpendicular, the curve being produced by the rectitudes of the architects in each stage.

These features have backed the arguments of those who declare the tower to have been built with its peculiar list purposely. The steps of the stairway, they say, have not the full inclination which the position of the tower would lead one to expect if that inclination had been accidental.

There are two other leaning campaniles in Pisa, and this fact has been added to the argument that the engineers of Pisa built their towers that way because they wanted to. However, it is hardly possible that Bonnano and William of Innsbruck anticipated that their tower would lean beyond the marks they had set, even if the specifications had called for a list to the south.

The foundations are set in only about ten feet and are no larger in circumference than the tower itself. Around the base there is a trench set down to further accentuate the beauties of the tower.

This trench, present-day architects believe, has been responsible for the tower's most recent movement. It was dug about one hundred years ago, and a century of rains filtering down has so softened the earth around the foundations as to cause

it to yield to the thrust of the marble's weight. The commission expects to fill this trench after pump-

ing out the water, and, if the inclination increases, to build new foundations.

THE STORY OF "MOLLIE PITCHER."

(Selected).

After the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the courageous patriots, who endangered their lives and their property when they put their "John Hancock" to that wonderful document, came years of struggle and many a hard-fought battle.

One of the battles of the Revolutionary War was the Monmouth battle in New Jersey not far from the seaboard. In itself it was not a battle of great importance.

Sir Henry Clinton, in charge of the British forces, was under the necessity of moving his forces from Philadelphia to New York, not an easy thing to do, as he had to cross the hot sands of New Jersey and the marshes of the Raritan. It was in June 1778, that Clinton was taking his forces, with an immense quantity of baggage, across New Jersey. The baggage consisted, in large part, of the property of loyalists who were seeking to escape.

While Clinton was thus moving, Washington left Valley Forge, crossing the Delaware some miles above Trenton, and marched in a direction to intercept Clinton with his British forces. They met in the battle of Monmouth.

One thing the brave Colonists had to deal with was revealed in this battle. General Charles Lee was assigned to make the attack early in

the morning, but Lee declined. When he discovered that the attack would be made anyhow under Lafayette, he begged the Frenchman to permit him to lead, and Washington granted the request. Lee led forward as if with full intention of giving battle in earnest, but at the critical moment he retreated. The British turned upon him and it was only the heroic action of Washington who rushed in that prevented complete disaster. Lee may have been acting sincerely, but he was court martialed and suspended from command for a year. He fought a duel with one of Washington's men and wrote a sneering letter to Congress and was dismissed from the army. There-after he associated himself with the loyalists.

But it was about "Mollie Pitcher" that I set out to write. During the indecisive engagement at Monmouth, "Mol Pitcher," wife of one of the cannoneers, was carrying water from a spring to the perspiring men. It was a June day with the thermometer at ninety-six, according to the stories. As she approached with water her husband fell at his post wounded. Overhearing the officer in command order the cannon withdrawn, as he had no one to take the fallen man's place, "Mol Pitcher" dropped her pail (or some say pitcher) seized the rammer, took her husband's place, a duty she performed with

such skill and courage that it attracted the attention of all.

On the following morning dressed in her bedraggled clothes, she was presented to General Washington, who conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. She continued to follow the army and was called "Captain Mollie."

The story of "Mollie Pitcher" is told in a poem by Laura E. Richards, one stanza which is:

No one to serve in Pitcher's stead?
Wheel back the gun!" the captain
said;

When like a flash, before him stood,
A figure dashed with smoke and blood,
With streaming hair, with eyes of
flame,
And lips that falter the gunner's
name.

"Wheel back his gun that never yet
His fighting duty did forget?

His voice shall speak, though he lies
dead;

I'll serve my husband's gun" she
said.

Oh, Molly, now your hour has come!

Up girl and strike the linstock home!
Leap out swift ball! Away! Away!
Avenge the gunner's death today!

Some years ago I visited the grave of this heroine in the old Cemetery at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. At that time a well-worn path led from the stone gateway to the grave, showing that many persons went there to pay tribute to the renowned "Captain Mol." A flag staff planted close by made it easy to find the spot. A cannon stood by the grave. The inscription on the plain marble slab is:

MOLLIE McCAULEY

Renowned in history as

Mollie Pitcher,

The heroine of Monmouth,

Died January, 1823,

aged 79 years.

Erected by the citizens of Cumberland County, July 4, 1876.

Recent efforts of the booze friends to start a wet organization bearing the name of "Mollie Pitcher" is an insult to the cause she represented.

A dear old Quaker lady was asked what she used to make her complexion so lovely, and her whole being so attractive and she answered: "I use for the lips, truth; for the voice, prayer; for the eyes, pity; for the hands, charity; for the figure, uprightness and for the heart, love."

—Charlotte Observer.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Mr. Ritchie and a number of the larger boys which were picked from Prof. Crook's morning school section were very busy several days last week cutting corn, and shocking it in the field.

The boys in Profs. Johnson's and Crook's morning and afternoon school sections have been picking cotton during the past few days.

Shoes were distributed to all the boys at the institution last Saturday afternoon.

The silo is being filled by a large number of the boys. This silage will help very much towards the feeding of the cows and other stock at the dairy barn during the winter.

Crows are very easily fooled. Not long ago, when Capt. Grier and a number of boys were working in a field they were attracted by shrill cries and caws made by some crows, in the edge of some woods, nearby. Capt. Grier went over to investigate why the crows were making so much fuss and found a black leather belt hanging over a low bush, the belt buckle hanging out of sight in the grass, which gave the appearance of a black snake. Mr. Grier came back with the "black snake belt" and the cawing soon ceased. The crows had gone.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. W. C. Lyerly. He had all the

boys to read from their song books with him, the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians. He selected for his text a verse from the 3rd chapter of John. "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Rev. Lyerly took the first word, "God," and asked who made the earth. He answered this question by saying that God did. Who made man and how? God made man from the dust of the ground. Everything is of God. "So loved." God showed His love for us when he sent His only Son into the world. Just because He saw some good in His people, here, who were living in sin. "So loved." means that He loves us all. "That whosoever believeth in Him." All Christians believe there is a God. Fools say in their hearts, "there is no God." The blind man who asked God to give him his eyesight so he could see Him, and He gave this man his sight. Because the man believed in Christ, and wanted to see Him, He gave this man his wish. "Shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Everyone that lives in the right way, believes in Christ shall not perish. Rev. Lyerly used several illustrations which brought out several things in his interesting talk to the boys.

The fourth quarterlies were distributed to the boys last week, after having finished the third quarterly. The subject of the first lesson was: "Journeying Toward Canaan." The

Israelites left the wilderness, near Mount Sinai and journeyed three days until they came to the land of Paran, in the wilderness. Hobab, who had come to visit Moses, was also journeying with him. Moses asked Hobab to go on with him, that good would come to him and that he could help them very much. He knowing where the water was and

where to make camp, as he was familiar with this territory. But Hobab refused, he wanted to return to his people. The cloud of the Lord still followed them. Moses asked the Lord to remember the thousands of Israelites and to be with them. The golden text was: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." —Numbers 10:29.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Room No. One.

T. L. Jackson, John Keenan, Horace McCall, Robert McDaniels, Smiley Morrow, Homer Montgomery, Donald Pate, Washington Pickett, Archie Waddell, Alton Ethridge, Brit Gatlin, Clawson Johnson, Glenn Edney, Byron Ford and Henry Bowman.

"B"

Russell Bowden, Amaziah Corbett, Brochie Flowers, Fred John, James Phillips, Don Scroggs, Hurley Way, Obie Bridges, David Fountain, Henry Jackson, Jack Mayberry, Jas Reddick, Theodore Teague, Guy Tucker, Harold Cray, Edward Moore and Vernon Literal.

Room No. Two.

"A"

Louis Pleasants.

"B"

Milton Mashburn, Jesse Roundy, Fred Lindsay, Clarence Rogers, Wm.

Ballon, Frank Gough, Chas. Horne, Hilton Register, Virgil Shipes.

Room No. Three

"A"

James McCoy, Roy Lee Lingerfelt, Rexie Allen, Edgar Rochester, Carl Richards.

"B"

Kennett Lewis, Roy Swindell, Zeb Hunnsucker, Lawrence Fisher.

Room No. Four.

"A"

Samuel Devon, Vaughn Rice, Carl Ballard, Warnie Frink, James Long, Manning Spell, John Hill, Gibson Lanier, Howard Riddle, Jesse Mashburn, James Williams, Rauph Barnett, Earle Williams, Otis Floyd, Elmer Mooney Samuel Ellis, Millard Leonard, Ralph Clinard, Ralph Tal-
lent.

"B"

Hazel Robbins, Nicola Bristow, Myron Tomasian.

CONCERNED.

President Coolidge may return to Washington convinced that the United States should do something about the mosquito.—The Muncie Star.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

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THE UPLIFT

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VOL XIV CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 16, 1926 No. 46

GROWING BETTER.

Friend of mine asked if I did not believe the world is growing worse?

This question I have been pondering for the past day or two, and have come to the conclusion that everybody's father was a mighty good man, his grandfather still better and great grandpa a paragon.

We, in a sense, are like the Chinese—ancestor worshippers—and think of the departed as saintly. Why, even newspaper men glorify the good in a man when he passes into the Great Beyond and minimize his faults. No, the world is not growing worse.—Eugene Ashcraft.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

A PURPOSE.

*Let's live our life each day and year;
Helping others their cares to bear;
Plucking thorns from out their life,
Checking all that might cause strife;
Whispering a word of kindly cheer
Into each troubled heedless ear;
Bringing to each all the while
Little things that cause a smile
On faces where there is a frown
Causing all joy to be drowned.
We can if only we just will,
In manner e'er so quiet and still,
Bring joy and peace to those around,
Making such happiness abound.*

—Cora J. Roberts.

FAITHFUL IN THEIR WORK.

From published reports it seems that the state Branch of The King's Daughters wound up a most successful year at their convention recently held in Durham. This is a band of faithful and unselfish women, who go about seeking to do good.

Numerically it is not a strong body, but in spirit and service it is a wonderful organization. During the past year it expended for the benefit of the

sick and suffering over twenty-five thousand dollars; but this does not take into account the kindly visits, the donation of clothes, fuel and food—a work that no other organization has learned to do outside of their affiliations.

When the eternal truth that we are our brother's keeper becomes more generally accepted and lived up to the order may be expected to grow to greater numbers. As it is now confronted with social stunts and functions where glad raiment parades and self is the most important personage, it is even marvelous that such an organization survives to do its deeds of mercy and love.

The happiest person in the world is he who enjoys putting into life's affairs more than he gets out of it or expects. Sorry is the life of those who pay court alone to the social side and feast on self-satisfaction.

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The new home for the Charlotte Observer is nearing completion. It makes a splendid appearance and has been constructed along modern lines looking to the securement of an ideal printing house. It indicates a great prosperity in this wonderful newspaper which has been faithfully observing now for these many years. Col. Harris is not so aged that in mind he enjoys the mental picture the comparison between the office of the old Concord Sun and his to-be new sanctum.

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A NOVEL SUGGESTED REMEDY.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce a cotton-price remedy suggested by Hon. J. William Bailey, a lawyer of Raleigh, and who was an aspirant for the democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1924. Mr. Bailey's suggestion would most certainly accomplish the boosting of the price of cotton, but who, in the wide world, could organize the farmers to this end? The plan, while it would be effective, is absolutely non-feasible and impractical.

In summing the advantages of his scheme, Mr. Bailey might have proceeded to work out what an advantage to the soil would accrue by plowing under all this growth of cotton weed, cotton and seed, and figure out the immense saving in fertilizer for the coming year.

In certain quarters a little abuse is gratuitously heaped upon the farmer for his idleness; and now that he has humped himself and produced what the government asserts is a bumper crop, it is fashionable to declare the farmer as a foolish individual, if not a suicide.

The remedy lies almost entirely with the consuming world, the matter of boosting the price of cotton to that point where there is an existing wage in

its cultivation. If the social, moral and commercial agencies of the government and welfare workers could prevail on the Chinaman to add one inch to his shirt and the women of our own land to wear enough clothes made of cotton to hide their persons (extracting the vulgarity of the present day fashions) there would be a demand for cotton in such quantities as to make it serve the producer and the consumer in a just and pleasing manner.

The committee, the president proposes will accomplish nothing but draw its per diem. His committee will probably consist of a bunch that is ignorant enough to believe that the cotton plant is perennial. The wonderful Pat Covington, of local fame, could render a superior service.

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VIOLATORS.

The Uplift notes how all but unanimously the state press has condemned the participants in the "riot speed call" that was pulled off recently.

There is great regret over the fatalities connected with that foolish stunt, but the wonder is that many innocent travelers were not numbered among the maimed or dead.

Some folks become intoxicated with a little brief authority and act if the law is their servant and intended only to govern the other fellow. The Uplift was astonished some time ago at the confession of a Superior Court judge, who, criticising the speed limit, admitted that he himself violated the law. He exceeded his authority when he did this and he violated the law which he as a high and sworn officer should respect.

There are others who do not like certain laws and make no effort to observe them, but on the contrary violate them with impunity. Law is law, and they are no more guilty than were these policemen and the judge that exhibited a contempt for the law they did not like.

Impeachment might be too severe, but some folks are due a shock.

* * * * *

HIGH AMBITION.

I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and in body, unaffected ready to say "I do not know," if so it be—to meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear. I wish others to live their lives, too—up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people I will do it by giving them a chance to help themselves;

and if I can uplift or inspire, let it be by example, inference and suggestion, rather than by injunction and dictation. I desire to Radiate Life.

—Elbert Hubbard.

* * * * *

KNOW THYSELF.

Self-confidence is an asset only when it is built on a substantial foundation. Some students feel sure they will get through their examinations without really exerting themselves to study. Young fellows start on a business career, confidently expecting success without paying the price of hard work, and this sort of self-confidence is a handicap.

Success is not likely to come to the self-distrustful. If you are ambitious to make your mark, you must believe in yourself. Be sure, however, that this confidence has a substantial foundation, that you believe in yourself because you know yourself and your ability.

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A GREAT SPEECH.

The Uplift carries this week an address, delivered in Norfolk, Va., by Judge Francis D. Winston, of Bertie county.

It is so sound and running over with the spirit of good citizenship that we are sure all of our readers will enjoy it. Judge Winston is an engaging speaker and, as The Uplift once before intimated, to hear him in action furnishes additional thrills.

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CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

The Greensboro News paragrapher observes as follows:

“Women take on smoking, and the tobacco farmer is sitting pretty. Women take off this, that and t’other, and the cotton farmer gets it in the neck.”

* * * * *

It does not pay to talk and listen carelessly. In order to talk well, cultivate sincerity and sympathy, and also acquire patience and good grace in listening. “We win friends by the qualities we possess.”

* * * * *

It does not pay to make a friend of everybody you meet. ‘There can be no friendship without confidence and no friendship without integrity.’ Be courteous to all, and “be slow to make a close friend.”

TEACHING STATES' RIGHTS.

(Asheville Citizen).

The current issue of The Uplift, the weekly paper published by the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School at Concord, N. C., carries in full the recent speech of Governor Ritchie of Maryland, on the rights and responsibilities of the States. Obviously, Mr. James P. Cook, editor of the paper, has reached the conclusion that one good way to develop an effective patriotism in the rising generation is to lay before it the eloquent pronouncements of able citizens on the duties and problems of American citizenship.

In this address Mr. Ritchie explains that originally the Federal authority was intended to exercise only two sets of powers: those affecting our relations with other nations, and those affecting alike the interests of everybody in this country. He continues:

“This view (that the States must deal with every governmental purpose not national or international in its scope in such manner as their own people willed) was sound. It is still sound. On no other theory

is national unity and national harmony possible in a country of 110,000,000 people including 14,000,000 of foreign birth, as well as a great colored population, residing throughout a territory 3,000 miles from sea to sea.”

If every school in the land taught this doctrine, its pupils would go out in the world with the conviction that they had to do their share, not only in governing their own communities, but also in resisting the incessant tendency at Washington to centralize in the Federal Government the powers of the States. Local self-government is the cradle and the inspiration of patriotism. Let the young man regard his government as a thing located far away in Washington and operated by men whom he does not know, and his tendency is to regard it as something in which he can have no part. To do his duty as a citizen, he must be taught that he has a right to choose his public servants and so dictate the policies of his local government.

The world sometimes says of a minister, “he has failed.” And the people make a great ado over the fact that he has not measured up to their expectations. But why should they express so great amazement? It is said that 80 per cent of those who enter business fail to make good. If the business world presents such a showing, why should the people heap ashes on their heads and put on sackcloth because an occasional minister of the gospel fails to make good?—Greensboro Advocate.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

Ideas are the most peculiar things in this world. They have to be carried out, if they bring anything in.

When a fellow thinks he is putting something over on the boss, the boss is not thinking of making him a boss over others.

Another definition has been pounded for the word "go-getter." He's the chap who runs out of gas three miles from a filling station.

Rumania's queen, Marie, is to make a visit to Washington. A party of Durhamites were discussing the idea of going to the national capital to see and greet her. I up and says that I did not have to go to Washington to see and greet a queen.

Durham's postmaster, Joe K. Mason, has been on a month's visit to the state of Wisconsin. He says they do not observe Sundays out there. All kinds of business is wide open, and they do work on Sundays as on other days, with theatres going all the time. I guess that is what put "sin" in Wisconsin.

To avoid many hard bumps in this world, and be a top-notch in whatever you undertake you must learn to turn up each time with a smile; and when you are turned down, smile.

So many people let go too quick. The successful man is a man who has held himself to what he set out to do, and doing everything its accomplishment involved, regardless of his

inclinations or feelings. The distinguished violinist who plays involved compositions with such apparent ease, held that violin to his shoulder at times when every fibre of his being protested. The apparently gifted writer wrote words when they wouldn't come. The successful business executive held himself to fighting on when the walls shrieked that he was a fool to hold himself to the task of building up so hopeless an enterprise. Hold yourself to what you set out to do. Lash yourself to it. That's all the art and all the secret there ever is to accomplishment. It simply calls for being deaf to all calls to quit, once you have set yourself to doing a thing.

As individuals, as people, as a city, as a nation, we have so much to be thankful for. And so many never think of offering thanks or praises for what they enjoy. The recent Florida disaster, for an example, should arouse every soul to prayers of gratitude for the blessings vouchsafed them, and open up the fountains of sympathy and brotherly kindness for "other's woes." People with a sore throat should be thankful that they are not a giraffe. Persons with corns, or sore, aching feet, should be thankful they are not centipedes. We are showered with blessings, and so many fail to express gratitude to the giver.

Some ideas of the young folks we get to work for us these days sure do beat me. Contemplating them all I can think of is an old darkey friend

of mine hired to be a handy man around the place. The first day Moses just around, like he was thinking. "Is that all the work you can do in a day?" asked my friend, toward evening. "Well suh," replied Moses, scratching his head. "Mebbe ah could do mo', but ah nevvah was no hand f'r showin' off." Maybe these youngsters are too modest to show off; who knows? But some do very effectually.

A firm in a Northern city has been pleased to pick me out as a capitalist who deals in stocks and bonds, and sends me a little paper, entitled, "Financial Forecast." I appreciate the compliment, but can very readily make a pretty accurate financial forecast by placing my hands in my pants pockets.

What else can you think of—except a prize fight—where so many men will stand in eager expectancy, and much silent curiosity, for two hours or more, and gaze intently on an electric board giving the plays of a game of baseball. That's sport. And a man won't stand still ten seconds to let his wife fix his tie, or brush his hair or coat lapels. And yet women are accredited with having all of the curiosity. I believe the assertion is a false alarm.

I am told that an Irishman named Pat was a man who did the chores about a certain place and owing to so many petty thefts, his employer instructed him to get a good yard dog. Pat was out all day and in the evening landed at home with a dachshund. "What on earth have you got there?" queried his employer.

"Well, sir," replied Pat, "he's the nearest I could get to a yard; he's two feet eleven inches long."

I believe in sentiment. It is the sunshine of life. It is the mainspring of enjoyment. It is the well of refreshing waters in a barren land. Note the effect in mingling with people the results produced by sentiment. Some people are as frigid as a cold storage plant. They chill your feelings and almost freeze your thoughts. Contact with them is depressing. On the other hand friendship, with sentiment, stands out like personal friends in the thoughts of those who love humanity and who desire to go through life in that "peace which passeth all understanding," and scatter joys, like often you remember the kind word some one spoke, the friendly hospitality of others, or even the encouraging smile or nod. It seasons life so tastefully and beautifully. Sentiment is the flower of kindness that we plant in the garden of love; love for our fellow men and the world at large. There is such warmth in the clasp of a genuinely friendly hand; such tenderness in the glint of honest eyes; such cheer in the curves of happy smiles, that gives one hope and courage, and seems like the whole world is kind, and helpful, and that there can be nowhere that can mar the perfection of joy in the heart. Sentiment is a great life promotor.

Every day or so I am impressed with the idea that as a nation; as communities, as individuals, we deal largely in excuses. It has been

so for ages. In our Savior's time, you remember, when those bidden to the supper, "all with one accord began to make exercise." It has been going on ever since. I am reminded of the old story about the Arabian Sheik, who was noted for being rather thrifty, and looked after his business closely and carefully. One day a neighbor went over to borrow a piece of rope. In answer to the request the Sheik said that he was sorry he could not let him have the rope because he was using it to tie up his milk. To this the neighbor very indignantly asked: "Whoever heard of tying up milk with a rope?" The old Sheik replied: "My friend, when you don't want to do anything, one excuse is just as good as another."

There are some people in this world very much like a Ford car. When it begins to rattle, it does the rattling act in a rattling manner but it keeps going under the worse conditions.

Saint James tells us that "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I believe that if one could penetrate into the unseen world, he would discover that God is continually using prayer more than anything else to work out His purposes in the world. He seeks for some saint who lives close to Him to discern His will; to such a one reveals His purpose; that saint breathes the thought back to God in prayer, and then God responds, asserts His divine power and brings things to pass. But there is a condition attached to such effect-

ual praying. It is not any man's prayer that is said to put forth this energy, but the prayer of a "righteous" man. Who is a righteous man? For practical purposes, leaving theological meanings aside, it may be said that a righteous man is a right man. It is the man who is right—perpendicularly right in his relations with God, and horizontally right in his relations with his fellow men—who alone can claim the prayer promises, has power with God and prevails in this mighty ministry of intercession.

I was reading an article the other day on "When pearls and roses fall from coral lips." I immediately thought of "Delicate voices, like silver bells," I have heard during my career on this mundane sphere. Centuries ago a poet sang of a lady whose name was as lovely as her voice—Jacqueline—"Her voice, whate'er she she said enchanted, like music to the heart it went." The name and the voice echo mellifluously down the ages. A woman's voice! Glamorous memories of ineffable allurements rise with the words. What can equal a mother's cooings to her first-born? Or the whisperings of fancy in the dreams of young lover's hearts? The soft cadences and symphony of the gentle female voice! From the beginning of time the beauty, the enchantment, the mystery of the world have been inherent in its tender nuances, its delicate harmonies, its dulcet sweetness. Visions of Cleopatra with her subtle, languorous loveliness, murmuring in honeyed accents in the warmth of the mystic tropic night; of Juliet, ranging the gamut of emotions in her silver-soft young voice—gay in that coming-out ball of long

ago, arch, adoring, throbbing, vivid on the balcony above the perfumed-drenched gardens and not less sweet in final despair; of Joan d'Arc herself called by voices of a "harmony divine," then raising the voice of her fresh, unspoiled young girlhood in sweetly ringing words of high command that made men follow her over crimson-flooded fields to victory! Fashionable Dress, a woman's publication for women, takes occasion to say on the subject of voices, "nor may we in America blame the less melodious English language for our lack of euphony in speech—for note the rich vibrant medium it be-

comes on the tongue of the cultivated Englishwoman." We have the excuse of our climate, true, but we must take the blame for many, many other delinquencies in our manner of speech. We need not match our syllables to our hurried mode of life; need not talk against time. We must, perhaps, talk against noise, but need we slur our words, elip our syllables, fail to take the time to shape our thoughts and so talk in half sentences—or save the mark—in slang? The gentleness of a woman's voice is the symphony of the ages!

HEALTH COMES FIRST.

(Reidsville Review).

Health is an exact science, so exact that it is possible to prescribe a regime which, if followed conscientiously, one may live his full span of years without being sick.

When the people come to understand this and begin to realize that it is more rational to practice health than healing they will see to it that their children are taught how to maintain health.

What people should do, and what they will do, is to employ physicians to keep them well. This will be much easier than curing them after they have become sick.

Health studies will be one of the special features of the new education.

And why not? Is there anything of greater importance to a man than his health? He was intended to be hale and hearty, and the duties assigned him are those belonging to

hale, hearty, sane men, and not to weaklings or sick ones.

As we grow wiser and are better taught, we will begin to see the beauty, the comfort and the profit in living simply and sanely. As a matter of fact all things sane are simple and much more easy to comprehend, and to apply, than things far-fetched or mysterious.

Seek the plainer, simpler way of living and you will find it strewn with comfort and leading into a beautiful garden.

The strenuous way is strewn with human wreck, with many signs of struggles and suffering, and leads to an arena dazzling with artificial lights and filled with gladiators and wild beasts that are to make sport for a few who have gained possession of the boxes for a brief hour.

Get wise and you will be healthy and happy and live long.

KING'S DAUGHTERS BRING ENTHUSIAS- TIC CONVENTION TO END.

(Durham Herald).

The state convention of the international King's Daughters ended its 37th annual session of two days last night at Trinity Methodist church as guests of Sheltering Home circle of this city. Delegates from 17 state circles were enthusiasts in declaring Durham a gracious host at what was pronounced one of the most profitable, interesting, and pleasant sessions ever held. Two days of activity have marked the convention session, which came to a close last night with Henderson chosen as the 1927 meeting place.

Chapel Hill joined this city in entertaining the delegates, with the Burden Bearers circle hostess to the convention body at luncheon in the basement of the Methodist church. At the order of Chief of Police Walter H. Doby, two mounted policemen headed the cars which carried the entire convention delegates to Chapel Hill at the conclusion of the morning's business session with the Burden Bearers greeting the visitors there and accompanying them on a tour through the University of North Carolina grounds. Following the luncheon the entire afternoon was given over to automobile rides through interesting places of Chapel Hill and Durham, with the delegates assembling again at Trinity church last night for an impressive closing program.

The day started off with a devotional service led by Mrs. R. E. Ridenhour, Jr., followed by a vocal

solo by Geo. P. Harper.

One of the most impressive parts of the entire convention program was a memorial service honoring those King's Daughters who have died during the year which has elapsed since the last meeting. A sincere message of appreciation for the lives of the departed members was given by Mrs. C. J. Kelloway, of Wilmington, depicting Christ as the King who takes away the bitterness of death and brings an abiding peace. A white rose was then placed on the altar in memory of each, Mrs. L. James, Miss Ida Pickett and Mrs. Saunders deceased inmates of the King's Daughters home, Durham, Mrs. T. D. Mancress and Mrs. Hal Jarret, of Concord; Mrs. Lola Stanland, of Southport, and Mrs. Addie Hewlett, of Wilmington.

Representatives from several circles took part in the general discussion led by Mrs. R. G. Kizer, on "How Can We Strengthen Our Organization?" Intended to send the delegates forth with renewed effort to secure greater strength in membership, instill fire and enthusiasm into the meetings, keep in touch with the national work of the order, and organize the children for assured perpetuation of the order. Mrs. T. R. Manning, of Rosemary, Mrs. J. R. Patton, of Durham, Mrs. Hennessee, of Salisbury, Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, of Durham, and Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh each rose to the occasion with interesting messages.

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn of Raleigh, gave a report on the Chapel building costing \$7,514 recently erected by the state order at Samarcand, Girls' State Training School announcing gifts from individuals and organizations who helped to put the work across, with the Duke foundation as donor of seats for the building.

Chapel Hill duplicated the welcome of Durham to the visitors at the luncheon given for the delegates. Mrs. Paul Patton extended words of greeting to the state representatives in behalf of the Burden Bearer's Circle and Dr. W. R. Nathan brought words of welcome from the city, expressing his heartfelt appreciation for what the King's Daughters order has done in the progress of Chapel Hill's civic growth and development. The state president, Mrs. James P. Cook of Concord, responded to the welcome.

Mrs. J. B. Cherry of Greenville gave several readings and songs after the luncheon.

The body disbanded for the afternoon and Durham women, who placed their cars at the disposal of the delegates for the afternoon, acted as hostesses in a sightseeing tour of Chapel Hill and Durham, visiting places of interest in both cities.

Two days of activity came to a close last night with a program featuring the talk of Superintendent C. E. Boger of the Jackson Training School and a presentation of slides thrown upon a screen showing the work of the King's Daughters throughout the entire world, where they are ministering to suffering humanity through the medium of

hospitals, homes for the aged, day nurseries, community houses, clinics, and orphanages located in every country except Persia. Development of spiritual life and stimulation of Christian activities were given as the two outstanding principles of the order.

Prior to Mr. Boger's speech Guy Tucker and Everett Carter young boys of the Training School, gave a program of vocal solos and declamations, in an excellent rendition under the direction of Miss Vernie Goodman, musical director of the institution.

"The King's Daughters of North Carolina have been the great outstanding force responsible for making our state boys' training school a home where their ideals are lifted to a plane which has enabled them to go forth with high purpose and make useful citizens of themselves," Mr. Boger declared.

In an appeal for enlargement of the chapel building erected by the King's Daughters and rendered no longer valuable to the institution since the increase in number of inmates has made the seating capacity inadequate to take care of the boys at their worship hour, the speaker stressed the invaluable reverential atmosphere conducive to a worshipful frame of mind which is secured in the use of a building devoted solely to religious gatherings.

Giving the King's Daughters credit for the high moral standard set at the Training School, the speaker said in the beginning "The King's Daughters built our first little cottage and made a true home of it even before state appropriation made a large state institution

of our Jackson Training School. The state legislature would have been satisfied to build shacks and make the Jackson Training School a mere housing place for the unfortunate youths of the state if the Kings Daughters had not set this high standard of home training which it dared not lower."

"The beautiful Margaret-Burgwyn chapel later erected is a monument to your order and presents a challenge in the closing of its doors because of inadequacy to take care of the boys," the speaker said in closing.

In remarks on the Margaret Burgwyn chapel, erected in her honor, Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn of Raleigh who was president of the state order for 20 years, declared that the Christian influence thrown about the Jackson Training School was responsible for sending 20 boys to the World War, with one of them among the first North Carolinians to be killed in action.

Miss Easdale Shaw, state vice-president of King's Daughters an-

swered the challenge in behalf of the order, declaring that enlargement of the chapel at Jackson Training School will be among the first new work to be undertaken in this state.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

Mrs. James P. Cook, Concord, president. Miss Easdale Shaw, Rockingham, vice-president. Mrs. H. C. Daniel, Salisbury, secretary. Mrs. Z. A. Rochelle, Durham, treasurer. Mrs. J. B. Cherry, Greenville, chaplain. Mrs. Thad Manning, Rosemary Central Council member.

The first day of the convention was taken up with circle reports and the President's message by Mrs. Cook. Following this in the evening the chief feature of the program was the address of Dr. W. S. Rankin, of the Duke Foundation. Dr. Rankin's address was inspiring and so helpful to the intelligent and serious women, who fully understand the great missionary spirit that obsesses this wonderfully brilliant and able servant of the people.

Thinking has been made so unnecessary. Doctors, lawyers, teachers, preachers, and editors do our thinking for us. What we egotistically consider as our own thoughts are but a jumble of impressions which we have picked up here and there and dumped into our subconscious minds. Often these impressions have no relationship at all and we have made no mental effort to co-relate them. That would require thinking.—W. O. Saunders.

CUT OUT SURPLUS COTTON.

By J. W. Bailey.

The Department of Agriculture estimated (as of September 15) that the South would produce 15,810,000 500 pound bales of cotton. The price for middling cotton has dropped to 13 cents.

But remember:

1. This is an estimate as of the condition on September 15—it is not final; it purports only to be an estimate. It was not intended to be accepted as final. The Department has made reasonably accurate estimates of the crop on December 1 of any year; but it has frequently missed it by millions of bales earlier in the year. Do not sell your cotton on a Government's guess as of September 15.

2. It is known that cotton is from two to four weeks late over large sections of the belt. Late crops run unusual risks—storms, frosts, worms, weevils, cold weather (when picking is difficult). Granted that on September 15 the prospect was for 15,810,000 bales, the crop may be cut from two to four million bales yet. The farmers have it in their power to cut it, as we shall show.

3. At 13 cents much cotton will be left in the fields. Many tenants, seeing that there is nothing in it for them, not a dollar, will not work for nothing. Landlords and merchants will not be able to hire pickers at \$1 a hundred when ginning and picking will take from \$15 to \$18 per bale of a \$65 bale. Moreover, we do not have to pick our cotton. We may stop November 1 and leave from two to four million

bales in the fields.

4. Thirteen cents for middling cotton means about 10 cents for lower grades. At this price the late cotton will not be picked, and it ought not be picked, since to do so will depress the price of the entire crop.

5. The consumption of cotton goods will increase since cotton is selling below 20 cents. A better demand is in early prospect.

6. The cotton mills in America are doing better business than in two years. When they come into the market for cotton, prices will tend to rise. They are holding off now; but when they come there will be a rush.

7. English mills are depressed by the prolonged coal strike; but since all strikes end, every day brings us nearer to the end of that strike. When it comes, English mills will come into the market and they will try to make up for lost time.

8. Europe is at last approaching stabilization. Germany has been welcomed into the League of Nations and the prospect for lasting peace in Europe is higher than it has ever been. The pact of Locarno is in force. This means better conditions and better demand for cotton goods in Europe.

9. Large sections of the human race have been able to buy only very limited supplies of cotton goods. There is no big supply ahead of this crop. When the business of selling gets to going it will go strong.

10. To sell cotton now means disaster for all—the farmer, the merchant, the banker, and free school. You cannot lose by holding; but you stand to gain much.

11. The only course to keep the price of cotton from going up is to sell your cotton as you gin it. Hold much of it, and the price improves. Sell it, and you ruin yourself and your neighbor.

12. There is a way to cut this year's crop now. We can cut it by two more millions of bales by refusing to pick out any cotton.

Consider these figures. Assume that the present crop is 16,000,000 bales. At 13 cents this will bring us in dollars \$1,040,000,000.

Cut this crop to 14,000,000 bales by going on strike and leaving the November crop in the field.

14,000,000 bales at 15 cents comes to \$1,050,000,000—a gain of \$10,000,000. Is it not worth \$10,000,000 not to pick cotton in November?

14,000,000 bales at 16 cents comes to \$1,120,000,000—a gain of \$80,000,000.

14,000,000 bales at 17 cents comes

to \$1,190,000,000—a gain of \$150,000,000. Is not worth \$150,000,000 not to pick cotton in November?

14,000,000 bales at 18 cents comes to \$1,260,000,000—a gain of \$220,000,000. Is it not worth \$220,000,000 not to pick cotton in November?

14,000,000 bales at 20 cents comes to \$1,400,000,000—a gain of 360,000,000. Is it not worth \$360,000,000 not to pick cotton in November?

And a 14,000,000 out turn will bring 20 cents a pound or more. But any way you figure it, by leaving the November cotton in the fields we have millions to gain and nothing to lose. Why then shall we not leave it.

Hold your cotton and tell the world that not a bale will be picked after November 1. There are millions in it.

13. The cotton farmers of the South are not helpless: They can cut their 1926 crop November 1 even more accurately than they might have at planting time. The matter is in their hands. They can cut the crop or cut their own throats—it is for them to make the choice. ..

PENN WAS RIGHT.

William Penn advised the colonists to plant trees in one acre in every five. When he said it the country was woods and not much else, and Penn's advice sounded foolish then.

But today we have 81,000,000 acres of idle land in the United States, most of it east of the Mississippi river, and are confronted with a shortage in timber.

The center of the lumber business today is in the Rocky Mountain country. For the eastern states that means big freight bills. It is not too late, even now, to take Penn's advice. We need trees.

FINE CITIZENSHIP.

Delivered Tuesday night, Oct. 5th. 1926, before Fraternal Bible Class of Fairmont Baptist Church, Norfolk, Va., by Judge Francis D. Winston, of Bertie county.

Recently a friend of mine, who is a steady movie goer in a small town, was discussing with me the the general outline of a speech. He said that there should be the Pathe News part and then the main show, and he insisted that the goodness of one often offset the sorriness of the other. Upon reflection I have concluded that he was right. At any rate I shall follow his suggestion and try the plan on you.

I call your attention to the following isolated facts, information and opinions taken from the daily press last week.

A. J. Volstead says: "If the officers charged with law enforcement had the mind to do so, they could close every illegitimate drinking place in fifteen minutes, and keep them closed."

The other day two men in a heated argument in a North Carolina town lost control of themselves and had a fist fight. They were fined ten dollars each and costs. The law must be respected.

On the same day 132,000 American Citizens, men and women, mothers and fathers sat for hours water soaked and hungry; and spent millions of dollars to see two American Citizens with deliberation and premeditation and for pay beat each other to a pulp. There were hundreds of officers of the law there to preserve order not to uphold the law. Up to now no arrests have been made. One must not arrest the

champion of the world.

A New York news item to the *Virginian Pilot* said: Two hours before 10,000 clamoring fans jammed the Pennsylvania Station today to welcome Gene Tunney home to New York City, a former president of the United States William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States, paced up and down a train platform, almost unnoticed. Newspaper reporter came to interview him, but otherwise his presence was ignored, even the Pullman porters seemingly being unaware of the distinguished person's identity. A striking contrast.

Two ancient laws in England are still unrepealed. Under them every English woman is a law breaker unless she wears flannels; and English wives, who disobey their husbands, may be whipped. America is not the only country in which reasonable regulations are disregarded.

When opened recently a 3000 year old jar of perfume, found in an Egyptian Tomb, still retained its fragrance. There is no report available on talcum powder and lipsticks.

Tipping in all Spanish hotels is prohibited by law. A tipping charge however is added to your bill.

Frock coats and silk hats are a necessary part of the dress of every successful commercial traveler in South America.

Metal furniture, manufactured in the United States, finds a ready sale

in the tropical countries, to the exclusion of wooden articles. It furnishes better resistance to ants and other insects.

It costs the United States approximately \$2,000.00 a year to maintain one of its soldiers; Great Britain \$1572.00, and France \$263.00. Peace is expensive to its chief advocates.

"I have never met a person who could truthfully claim he had not made a mistake, and I do not know that I would care to meet any such mortal."—Chauncey Depew.

An English Scientist has discovered and reports that lobsters make love to their mates much as do human beings. Petting parties are therefore of the crustacean period.

In his letter conveying your gracious invitation, my friend and fellow country man gave me full liberty and free range of subject and opinion, but he strongly intimated that a word or two about this occasion, and the broad lines along which this club is projected and purposes to work would be in order.

Friendship, Religion, Patriotism.

Fortunately I do not have to discuss them separately or at length. They mean much the same and are inherent virtues. You know them and feel them.

In structure these words differ greatly; and in fact are entirely dissimilar. There is not a syllable in one which is in either of the others.

It is therefore the more remarkable that the fundamental meaning of each is the same, that the very essence of each is Love. Friendship-Love of Mankind. Religion-Love of God. Patriotism-Love of our Country. The origin, or original root, of these words is in three dif-

ferent languages.

Friendship is Anglo Saxon. Religion is Roman. Patriotism is Greek.

The languages of these three peoples dominate the vocabularies of the world.

You have taken your motto from three dissimilar civilizations, Teuton, Roman, and Greek, law, war, art.

To get the real twentieth century meaning of these three words, we must enlarge the original meaning of the words Friendship and Patriotism. Changed conditions, changed relationships often broaden and extend the meaning and scope of words defining man's relations to others under those conditions.

The word Religion stands today as originally coined. It speaks of a spirit born in men. Time, circumstance and change leave it untouched. Adam felt it. All human beings have felt it and do feel it.

It is man's inborn longing to touch his creator. It is man's first recognition that there is a God, all powerful, all wise, all creative, omnipresent, ever touching the lives of all who do not repel him and turn from him.

Religion is the tie that binds man to God.

Religion and Christianity are not the same. There may be Religion without Christianity. There can be no Christianity without Religion.

There may be, and are, many Religions. There is but one Christianity.

As used in your charter, Religion embraces Christianity; Religion imbued with the Christ spirit. The Fatherhood of God is fixed and unchangeable.

The Friendship of today is not the Friendship of a century ago. Then the term was local in significance and neighborliness. Today the Friendship of an American in its larger sense, in the sense of your charter, in the sense of brotherhood of men, embraces every dweller on the habitable globe. The true American is concerned about mankind the world over. In that respect the most provincial American is cosmopolitan. Bloody wars, destructive storms desolating diseases, expanding trade, our complex national life have made of all nations, so far as America is concerned one family; "of one blood, all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

The future therefore hold on its keeping world peace under world unity.

The Patriotism of today is not the Patriotism of the Revolution. An American's love of his own land does not exclude sympathy for every land under the sun; a sympathy that is akin to love.

The dominant note of hope for the worlds future peace and happiness in America today, is that under God, all peoples may dwell in unity and all lands become one united country. In no other way can America fulfill her Heaven appointed destiny, than by being the chief instrument in bringing about this unity of folks and lands.

America's outposts of love for mankind and love for country, must be set up, on the remotest verge of the habitable globe.

It is clear that America was destined in creation,, and reserved

until now, to be the final stand for the accomplishment of the divine purpose, of making the world one country, and the inhabitants thereof one people.

The ships that found America in 1492 were not looking for this continent. The captains sailed in complete ignorance of this land, and were looking eastward. A divine hand pointed the Pinta's prow to a new world. America was discovered not for plunder, not for exploitation, but for planting here a God fearing and home loving race, which in time was to guide the world in paths of righteousness and peace. You are proclaiming tonight that the purpose, aims, and aspirations of your club are Godward and world wide. You are instituting your club in a most propitious hour. We are in the darkness just preceeding the dawn of a new day. The world is yet wet with patriot blood, and all the world over righteous men and women weep and pray for peace, world over peace.

Let us briefly consider the coming of the English to our shores, and the spirit they brought to the James, almost within call of this meeting. It was the spirit that is permeating America and England and all the lands and the islands of the seas: the God spirit of oneness, of all climes and people.

From the landing on our shores every step in the life of the refugees and every step taken to organize self-government here have brought our nation nearer to that oneness.

In tracing the development of a country there are two periods that engage the attention of a historian;

the period of discovery and the period of colonization.

The period of discovery passes away with the record of its occurrence. From the period of colonization we estimate and sum up results.

The people who laid the foundation of colonization in this new world were nearly all refugees, exiles, wanderers, pilgrims. They were urged across the ocean by a common impulse: and that impulse was the desire to escape from some form of oppression in the Old World. Sometimes it was the oppression of the state. Sometimes it was the oppression of the society. Sometimes it was the oppression of the church.

In the wake of the emigrant ship there was always tyranny. Men loved freedom; to find it they braved the perils of the deep, traversed the solitary forests of Maine, built log huts on the shores of New England; entered the Hudson, explored the Jerseys; found shelter in the Chesapeake; met starvation and death on the banks of the James; were buffeted by storms around the capes of the Carolinas; bravely dared Hatteras to disappear in mystery; built towns by the estuaries of mighty rivers; made roads through pine forests, and carried the dwellings of men to the very margin of the fever haunted swamps of the south. It is all one story, the story of human race seeking for liberty, world liberty.

The first planting of the English race in America was on North Carolina soil. Raleigh's colony came for that purpose. Others had come before but not to plant a race. The Norsemen had come across frozen seas with the daring and the endurance of demi-

gods. They sought only adventure. The Spaniards had come, but, only for the love of gold. Cortez had conquered Mexico and Pizarro, Peru. The Spanish flag waved and the Spanish cross glistened on the peaks of the Andes and the shores of the Pacific, but nowhere in the new world, until Raleigh sent his colony to America, was heard the cry of an infant child of pure Caucassian blood, proclaiming the birth of the white race on the western hemisphere. The Spanish came with sword and cannon, with cross and crucifix, to conquer and to plunder. Soldiers and sailors, priests and friars, adventurers and plunderers, pirates of the sea and robbers of the land, forsaking wives, children and homes, they sought in the new world fields for lust, avarice and conquest. They left their women behind and took to wife the savage women of America. Behold the result today in the hybrid races of Mexico, and of Central America! Spanish fathers and Indian mothers, hybrid children homes of lust and tyranny! Immeasurable inequalities between father, mother, and children!

Raleigh knew better. Scholar, soldier, orator, statesman, philosopher, he knew that the English race, with its splendid civilization could be transplanted to America only by transplanting the English home. He knew that civilization everywhere is built upon the home and that every home is what the mother makes it. He filled his ships with women as well as men; he sent out colonies, not pirates: he planted in America not English forts but the English race. The governor of his colony set the example of taking his wife

and family, among them a grown daughter, Eleanor, a young wife and an expectant mother. Here was life in all its gentleness and fulness. What need for guns and cannon? When the infant cry of Virginia Dare was heard on Roanoke Island, it sounded around the world and called across the seas to all the millions who have since come to build the American Nation. It was a new cry, in a new land, a mightier sound than the clash of sword or the roar of cannon; a sweeter call than the vesper bell of hooded priest with his vows of celibacy.

With imposing ceremonies and democratic simplicity and surroundings the first effort at English colonization of America was recently celebrated on Roanoke Island.

The main event was the eloquent oration of the able and cholarily ambassador from the court of St. James. On the identical spot where John White's colony pitched their tents more than 300 years ago, and in the presence of White's lineal descendants honored guests of the occasion, a great Englishman uttered authoritative words amid the plaudits of thousands and declared the world predominance of the Anglo Saxon, and predicted world peace under segis of England and America.

I shall not detail the small beginnings on the James or at Plymouth Rock. The goal here and there was freedom and peace.

Out of the landing on that seagirt shore have been born the events, culminating in stable government in the new found land.

Neither time, nor propriety, will permit now and here telling in detail the incidents, small and great, and

the events local and nation wide leading to our freedom from England. The colonists lived here near one and a half centuries without combining their aspirations, hopes or purposes of such freedom.

A small group here and there under giant oak; a few kneeling around some sacred altar; a family gathered about some holy fireside; a giant pioneer felling forests primeval, had counselled, prayed, whispered or dreamed that in the fear of God a new nation would be born unto righteousness, and to so dominate the world.

With the motto of this club for our guide there is little chance to misjudge the problems before the United States in its relation to other peoples and to all countries; and not only the problem of the United States, but that of civilization the world over.

The pressing problem of civilization is to organize and maintain the peace of the world. America must abandon her policy of isolation, or that problem will remain unsolved. What chance is there to lay deep the foundation of world wide peace in the hearts of mighty nations, when the mightiest of them all remains aloof, or stands afar off, or passes by on the other side? Washington's plea for non-intervention was against entangling alliances of arms and force. God's intervention through America will be by kindness, sympathy and love.

It is the supreme irony of history, that the League of Nations, which was a conception born in the minds of American Statesmen, and brought into being by their fostering care, should today be doing effective work,

looking to universal peace without American cooperation or support.

There is a vacant chair in the Assembly at Geneva, and until America, its rightful occupant, takes her place there, the proceedings of the great body will always have about them something of the atmosphere of a sham; and the day will be long deferred before the "nations shall beat their swords into plow shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither learn war any more; delaying the coming of God's Kingdom on earth, a kingdom not of meat and drink, but of righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Your club comes on the scene at a crucial hour in our national and international life. To bring about real cordial friendship, a state of brotherhood, between the two English speaking continents is the first work of sincere peace lovers. At no time since 1776 have England and America been closer together. There is no diplomatic jar between them. Our disputes have all been settled. Even future disputes have been provided against. Diplomatically we are one. But diplomatic peace is negative. It gets nations no where. If these two all powerful nations are to be a power for good in the world; shall dominate world in paths of peace and friendliness, there must be active deep-seated sympathy and friendship between the great masses of their peoples, which will bring forth fruit, and point the way to performing those high duties to the world, which their joint efforts alone can fulfill. There is today no will to cooperate between England and America. Call-

ing America "Uncle Shylock" in London, and twisting the "British Lions tail" in Washington, make no tracks on the road to universal peace. America was destined to hold and does hold a predominance among nations that is unique. Our wealth, our possibilities of material development, our population, both numerical and in quality, our superb-geographical position, our great peaceful traditions give us that preeminence and predominance. An able writer has recently said: "America's position carries with it great privileges, but it also involves great responsibilities which can not be envaded. The doctrine of isolation is not only selfish; it is out of touch with realition. The modern world is a unit, and no single nation, no matter how great its wealth or wide its territories, can remain detached from the other nations without endangering its own interests. It is not and cannot be a matter of indifference to America, that the balance of the world should be in political chaos."

These are words of truth; and a prophecy that will be realized. But the question of material advantage is beside the mark. It is not a question of dollars and cents.

Cowardice asks, "Is it safe?"

Expendiency asks, "Is it polite?"

Vanity asks, "Is it proper?"

Commercialism asks, "Does it pay?"

But conscience asks, "Is it right?"

Let the real heart of America respond in this crucial hour. If America could remain detached from the balance of the world, without jeopardizing her material interests, we are then met with the question whether it is right for her to do so. I quote

again from A. J. Gardiner—

“For any nation which regards its position in the world from any but the lowest standpoint, the question of what is right for it to do, is not a question of what it can get out of the world but what it can do for the world. The material greatness of America will avail her but little before the great impartial tribunal of history, if, when her record comes to be examined, it is discovered that to the healing of nations she contributed nothing but demand notes for debt payment, and smug aphorisms on the decadence of Europe.”

The plain indisputable fact is, that today America could save the world and that without her the world will not find salvation.

You are entering upon that great enterprise tonight. Let your first national activities be to arouse the real American conscience to the duty of establishing a “sure enough” warm hearted friendship between these great English speaking peoples. It is a matter of capital importance. Bound together by a common language; by a thousand intimate ties of a common ancestry; and a political heritage which we could not repudiate, if we would, we have it in our power not only to restore peace to this troubled world, but to organize it, so as to remove once and for all the shadow of war and all its barbarous associations, which now make civilized existence little short of a night-mare. The peace of the world is to be bound up with heart strings; not purse strings. The prayer book and not the pocket book; the Bible and not bonds, must lead the way to universal peace. The

British Ambassador, standing on the sand dunes of North Carolina, dared extend a friendly hand to America, and held aloft the torch of friendship that will light the world as it gropes its way to become the “United States of the World.” Will America grasp the hand and sustain the uplifted arm?

You are lighting a spark here tonight that may help kindle these fires of peace. God grant that you may light it in every hamlet of creation; and thereby become a mighty force in bringing the world to its God appointed goal of “Peace on earth and good will among all men.”

The words of the patriot Wilson comes ringing to us—

“Men’s hearts wait upon us; men’s lives hang in the balance; men’s hopes call upon us to say what we will do.

Who dares to fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward looking men to my side. God helping me I will not fail them if they will but counsel and sustain me.”

This is the clarion call which comes ringing down Cathedral aisle where sleeps one who gave his life for world peace. Demagogues may stifle it; but it will sound down the ages, and America will hear and heed; and lead the world to that peace for which Woodrow Wilson died.

Once high above a pasture, where a sheep and a lamb were grazing, an eagle was circling around, and gazing hungrily down upon the lamb. As he was about to descend and seize his prey, another eagle appeared and hovered above the sheep and her young with the same intent. Then the two rivals began to fight filling

the sky with their fierce cries. The sheep looked up and was much surprised. She turned to the lamb and said: "How strange, my child, that those two noble birds attack one another. Is not the vast sky large

enough for both of them? Pray, my little one, pray in your heart that God may make peace between your winged brothers.

And the lamb prayed in his heart.

THE POWER OF YOUTH.

By James Hay, Jr., in Asheville Citizen.

Youth is a powerful stuff a fact somewhat muddled and obscured by the misguided parental watchword of the present day: "I had a hard time when I was young, so I'm going to see to it that my children have enough time and money to enjoy themselves.

The sad and discouraging result of this "good time" laxity is a lot of slick-haired sheiks whose top-most idea of brave adventure is cruising the rough places in the city streets in father's luxuriously upholstered limousine, and an army of drugstore cowboys whose reckless horsemanship is confined to riding three-legged chairs around the soda water tables.

The thing to do is to jar them loose from their imitation dissipations with the reminder that boys and men of their age have again and again set the world on fire.

Put ambition into them, and the dynamite of their dreams and daring will begin to pop.

"This is the young man's age," is true today. It always has been true.

—

Dip into the records and observe how youth has crashed the gates of Fame and shot to pieces the battlements of difficulty.

Marcus Aurelius, who eventually ruled the Roman Empire, was sixteen when he was appointed to one of the highest offices in the City of Rome.

At eighteen Sir Isaac Newton had so mastered the science of mathematics that he remarked: "Euclid is a trifling book. I have mastered it and thrown it away."

Jane Austen wrote her first novel when she was twenty.

Youth was powerful and dominating stuff back in the days of Old Testament history. Most of the rulers of Israel and Judah were young men. Azariah ascended the throne when he was sixteen, Jehoiakim when he was eighteen, Ahaz when he was twenty.

European annals tell the same story. Gustavus Adolphus was king when he was sixteen. Charles the Fifth of Germany had the throne of Spain in his seventeenth year. And Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, a king at fifteen, won a brilliant victory over the Russian army at Narva when he was eighteen.

The younger Pitt was seated in the British Parliament at the age of twenty-three, Robert Peel at twenty-one, and Charles James Fox even younger.

America furnishes similar ex-

amples. John Quincy Adams had reached the mature and sapient age of fourteen when he served as secretary to Mr. Dana, at the Russian Court, and at thirty he was Minister to Prussia.

Storey was a Justice of the United States Supreme Court when he was thirty-two. Alexander Hamilton was a leader in Revolutionary affairs in his early twenties.

Henry P. Davidson, one of the country's greatest bankers, was teaching school in his sixteenth year. At twenty-four Thomas A. Edison got \$40,000 for one patent. James E. Duke, when he was fourteen was manager of his father's tobacco factory.

Ever since the race began to climb upward, youth has, when it felt so inclined, lunged to the forefront. And always Old Age has counseled it to hold back, not to take a chance, to look around twice with caution before leaping ahead.

Libraries of tomes have been written about the recklessness, ignorance and inexperience of youth, the certainty of its coming a cropper, the duty of the elders to restrain it with cold and paralyzing hand.

That is because Age fears Youth.

Age likes to hold on to what it has. Age has lost most of its confidence and dreams and aggressiveness. It has convinced itself that nobody can do any better than it has done. It abhors change.

Youth is powerful stuff in so much as it disregards these croakings of Age. Youth is unafraid because it is undefeated. It sees the world through a clear eye, and, discerning the many things that need improving, it is stirred to adventures in improvement.

It is in such moments of ambition, idealism and new-fashioned dreams that it shatters precedent and hangs up incredible records.

It has always been able to excel. It always will be. It is now. Today a boy of sixteen had just taken an art award for which artists of all ages eagerly competed, and a girl evangelist of fourteen is drawing thousands to each of her discourses.

The slick-haired sheik and the drugstore cowboy are merely unaware of their capacities and opportunities. They are fed on the "good time" heresy instead of the doctrine that the world belongs to the power of Youth. They are dynamite yet to be exploded.

'Strike God's iron on the anvil, sell God's goods across the counter, put God's wealth in circulation, teach God's children in the school, * * * so shall the dust of your labor build itself into a little sanctuary where you and God may dwell together.'—Phillips Brooks.

THE SWAMP FOX AND SWEET POTATOES.

By Stockton Porter.

I once stood under a big, moss-draped, live oak tree near Georgetown, South Carolina. All around were rice fields, the soft green of the plants showing above the water. In the distance were lovely homes surrounded by flower gardens. A fair and beautiful scene, and, as I looked upon it, with its peace and prosperity, I recalled why the great tree under which I stood was so famed in our country's history.

It was near Georgetown, South Carolina, that Francis Marion, the dauntless Swamp Fox of Revolutionary fame, lived and performed some of his most brilliant deeds. And tradition says that it was under this big, live oak tree that he gave his famous sweet potato dinner.

A young English officer was sent to General Marion bearing important dispatches. He had heard much of the Swamp Fox, and his deeds of daring, so he went forth expecting to meet a very imposing man, all dressed up in a cocked hat and a coat decorated with gold braid. His way led him through the swamp along a path which was formed of tiny hummocks of water grass. Great trees were all about, the muddy water moving sluggishly around their swollen bases.

Deeper and deeper into the swamp did the young officer go, and then of a sudden he came to a patch of solid ground, under a mighty live oak tree, whose swaying streamers of gray moss almost swept the earth. A tiny fire was burning, and beside the fire

was lying a small, shabby man, sound asleep. The faint sound made by the officer's feet brought the sleeper upright at one agile bound, and two piercing black eyes were fastened upon the intruder's face.

"I have dispatches for General Marion," the officer said, not wasting a second glance upon the little smoke-dried man before him.

"I am General Marion," replied a singularly quiet and pleasant voice. The officer forgot his manners, and for a second stared in open-eyed wonder at the tattered man before him; then he regained his composure and presented papers.

After reading the dispatches, and giving his answer, General Marion asked the young man to stay and dine with him. The invitation was eagerly accepted, more from curiosity than anything else. The general invited his guest to a set on a nearby log, and, lifting a small silver whistle to his lips, blew a low note upon it. Instantly from behind the shielding vines and moss came an old colored man.

"We'll have our dinner right here, beside the fire, Pompey," ordered the Swamp Fox.

Then it came, that world-famous dinner! The colored man brought two clean shingles, a pan of sweet potatoes, hot and fragrant from their recent stay in hickory ashes. There was no other food, only a pan of potatoes.

After each had a shingle on his knee, with a fat potato smoking upon

it, General Marion looked at the young officer; he removed his tattered hat, bowed his head, and asked a blessing upon his dinner, the American cause, and his guest. Then, with much enjoyment he proceeded to eat his share of the sweet potatoes, insisting that his guest have the larger portion.

“What can we hope to do with such people?” asked the young English officer next day, when he gave his report to his superior. “Men that live in bogs, wear rags, sleep on the ground, and live on roots, and all for the sake of liberty, deserve to be free!”

TREES.

By W. O. Saunders.

That scholarly priest, Dr. Louis D. Mendoza, Rabbi of Ohef Sholem Temple, Norfolk, Va., declared in a recent address that a tree is indeed more blessed and more wonderful than a man if this mortal life is the end of human personality.

The life of man is rarely a hundred years; a tree may live a thousand years; there are indeed trees with histories of more than a thousand years.

Dr. Mendoza, contemplating the mystery of life, marvels at the frailty of the human body as compared to the sturdiness and longevity of a tree.

Dr. Mendoza is not the first profound thinker to have stood in awe before the tree. Those seious philosophers of old, Plutarch and Aristotle, believed that trees were endowed with the human characteristics of pain, passion and perception.

* * *

And before Plutarch and Aristotle, the wise men of many lands believed that trees were endowed with spirits. The Buddhist prays before putting an axe to the root of a tree; certain Africans follow a like practice. Tree worship has

persisted in many countries from very remote times. But start to cut down a tree on any street in Elizabeth City to-day and the tree worshipping instinct of remote ancestors is revived in those now living and the curses of the populace are heaped upon the head of the one who would fell that tree.

But if the philosophers and priests of remote ages were awe-spined by the majesty and mystery of trees, they were not far behind to-day's men of science. Modern Science also stands reverently before a tree and marvels at its life like qualities and its mechanism that in many ways transcends human ingenuity. Read then these extracts from a bulletin recently read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

“Man is apt to consider the tree according to its uses to him says the bulletin. ‘The home owner thinks of it in terms of lumber, the sportsman looks to it for fish poles or golf clubs, the painter is concerned with the varnish it yields, the musician considers its qualities for rosin or the making of violins, the publisher watches its yield of pulp-

wood, the summer picnicker asks only its shade.

“And so the list might be multiplied, for trees donate literally thousands of commodities to mankind’s use. But what of the tree from its own point of view?

* * *

“A tree pumps a water supply to its crown, even though that crown be 300 feet or more in the sky. Then it completes the cycle of circulation by sending the water back down as sap, loaded with food to build up the living part of the trunk, the sheath of new bark. It also fortifies its bark overcoat with a new layer every year.

“Moreover, the tree is a self-operating chemical laboratory possessing ‘trade’ secrets yet unknown to the best human chemists. With water, mineral matter and carbonic gas from the air it manufactures its food, part of which is stored away as wood. If you would know how much of this product is made out of air and water and how much is mineral matter sluiced through root and cell canals from the ground cut a block of wood, weigh it, burn it and then weigh the ashes. The difference is what a tree manufactures out of insubstantial air and water. The warmth from the fire is literally canned sunshine released by combustion.

“The tree’s chemical laboratory requires in place of gas and electric power, light and heat from the

sun. So it spreads a net of marvelous mesh to catch the sunlight and heat. Man calls the net leaves.

* * *

“In the Temperate Zone, at least, a tree is a more stalwart individual than all members of the animal kingdom. What animal, for example, can go from a New England summer to a New England winter without putting on heavier clothing? Most plants curl up and die. The trees turn off the water system to keep it from freezing, hauls in its sunlight net and faces the music of the bitterest northwest winds.

“Man has taken the olive branch as the emblem of peace but there is little peace in the whole arboreal family. A tree not only fends for itself, it fights for itself. If trees did not fight for themselves man would have little use for them. A tree is a bush on stilts. In the tree world the upper dog wins, so it is usually the tree which battles its neighbor for light and because it is armed with a better and longer stilt it lives and thrives.

“While it is easy to visualize the capture of sun heat by a tree and its release on one’s shins from a fire-place, it is more difficult to appreciate the heat we get from prehistoric trees. Fossil forms in coal show that trees were important and perhaps the chief dwellers of the rank jungles that laid down their lives in the carboniferous age to be fuel for 1926.”

Above all, the pure and benign light of Revelation has had a meliorating influence on mankind, and increased the blessings of society.

—George Washington.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

During the past week, boys of the printing class have been very busy. One of their jobs has been printing a revised edition of The Stonewall Cook Book.

Robert Tucker, of Yonkers, N. Y. and John D. Van Buck, of Lenox, Mass., visited the School last Saturday, on their way to West Palm Beach, Fla., making the trip by auto.

Mr Simpson and a number of the boys have erected the basket ball goals at the base ball grounds. The court will be improved and practice of this game will begin soon.

The boys all went to the ball ground, as usual, last Saturday afternoon. As the baseball season is over they engaged themselves in shooting marbles, kicking the football and other games to amuse themselves.

Since the coming of "the cold weather" the boys have been remaining in the sitting rooms, at their cottages, after supper. Here they may have games such as Rook and checkers. They also spend much of their spare time reading books or the daily papers that are sent to the cottages. Soon the societies will be started by the boys. Though the boys in some of the cottages have kept their societies going "in full swing." The boys in all the societies have excellent programs and delats. Even the smaller boys take part in these programs. These soc-

ieties are carried on in every cottage.

During the championship games between the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals they were broadasted over the radio. The set at the second cottage had "listeners" on several occasions. Not only is this radio used in the receiving of sports, concerts and the like, but it is also used to "bring in" the religious services which are broadasted from the First Baptist church of Charlotte. The boys of Prof. Crook's Sunday School class have "listened in" on these services on several occasions. All of them enjoy the Sunday services which are broadasted, like to be one of the unseen church attenders, which are listening to the regular services.

Rev. R. M. Courtney of Concord, conducted the services in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He read for his scripture lesson the first chapter of John. "The joy of the Lord is our strength." From this verse Rev. Courtney made an interesting talk. In his talk he used several illustrations which helped very much. One of them was: "There was a man, when he got happy, that he would shout, it did not matter where he would be, in the chruch, in his room or anywhere. One day he was visiting a friend, who gave him a geography. When he had read for awhile, he suddenly shouted. The friend was surprised for his religious friend to find something to make him so happy a"

to shout, when he was reading a 'geography. So he asked: What did you find in that book that made you happy? Why, his friend answered, it says that the sea, at the deepest part is five miles deep. The Bible tells us that our sins are buried at the bottom of the sea. I'm sure that my sins can't come back to me. Rev. Courtney's talk to the boys was very interesting. A vocal solo, which was well rendered by two boys was also included in the afternoon services. All the boys singing was of their best.

SETTIN' ON DE FENCE.

A Bit of Negro Philosophy.
 Honey, see dat jaybird dah,
 Settin' on de fence?
 Firs' he lock dis way, den dat,
 Lak he ani't got sense.
 Flap his wings an' crane his neck—
 Ain' no use to try
 Figu'in' from de way he ac's
 Wha he's gwine to fly.

Lookit how dat squirrel am perched
 On dat top-mos' rail,
 See him? how he turn his haid,
 How he flip his tail?
 Watch him close as you can watch;
 Den you ani' begun
 Findin' out which way he's gwine
 When he sta'ts to run!

Sittin' on de fence, mah boy,
 Wond'rin what to do
 Ain' gwine bring no bacon home—
 No suh! Not fo' you.
 Know yo' min' an' go ahead;
 Do de bes' you can!
 Dat's de way you proves yo'self
 An' shows yo'se'f a man!

—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

TWO GUIDES.

President Grover Cleveland took the oath of office on a little pocket Bible which his mother gave him when he was a boy. He must have prized it highly, since it was not only the best Book that could have been given to him but it had also been presented to him by the dearest person in the world—his mother.

If a boy honors his mother and follows the teachings of the Bible, he will not go far astray. He may not become President of the United States, for that office has required slightly more than thirty men during a period of one hundred and fifty years of the nation's history, but he will become a worthy and useful citizen.—Exchange.

* * * * *

GOVERNOR McLEAN.

Gov. McLean, who is making a whirlwind tour of the western part of the state in the interest of the democratic party, honored the Jackson Training School with an all too-short visit. While here he dined in a cottage with the boys, looked over the institution, made a practical and sensible talk to the boys in the auditorium.

It's the first time the Jackson Training School has been visited by a live governor, though the law requires his visitation. Gov. McLean came, not because of legal requirement, but because he is deeply interested in the institutions of the state and desires first-hand information regarding their conduct.

His presence had a wonderful effect on the youngsters.

Accompanying the governor were Messers J. C. Baskerville, a correspon-

dent of several state papers, and Ben Dixon MacNeill, special staff correspondent of the News & Observer. Ben was asked to make an address. He all but fainted at the suggestion and he didn't respond to the request; but the genial fellow, who carries no vile in his soul, is mighty and copious with the pen. He even descends to the "cellar" and rises to the "garret" when he connects with his little typewriter.

* * * * *

THE STRENGTH OF HOME.

There is good reason, says a thoughtful writer, lying back of the present day effort to build better American homes. There are industrial and organizational conditions peculiar to our age which war against the solidarity of the family. There are so many societies and clubs for both parents and children to join. And very many of them are within the Church, or at least sponsored by the Church. We mean well by it, but it does seem that the multiplication of outside-of-the-home societies takes something from the family relationship. Sometimes the members of our families are not together long enough really to get acquainted; I mean in that intimate fashion which is so desirable.

It is impossible to say how much good has been accomplished by the "Father and Son Banquet" and the "Mother and Daughter," but we are sure they sense a need and are strengthening the family bonds. If we sacrifice and lose the home, what is there of our civilization that is worth saving?

The realization of the desperate need in this direction is the first step toward the discovery and application of the remedy. Our great sin is that of neglecting the home ties. We do not mean to let them grow cold and perish, but that is often what happens. To keep them alive and warm requires attention. An affectionate interest dies unless deliberately fostered. A grievous mistake commonly made is to gossip about the members of our family, to reveal the secrets that ought to be kept under lock and key of the home. For a boy to make a confidant outside of the home, while staying shy of his parents, is a wrong procedure. We are never going to build stronger than the home is. That is where we must begin our building. God has set the solitary in families for a wise purpose.

* * * * *

TULAREMIA.

If you are not careful, as the rabbit season approaches, you may contract

Tularemia, a newly discovered disease that has made its appearance in twenty-five states including North Carolina. We hear but little now-adays about hook-worm, and less about pellagra; people have gotten used to hearing about appendicitis, having the tonsils removed and other popular ailments. It is natural that a new disease, as science progresses, should be discovered.

It is, however, a hard blow that Tularemia offers to the lovers of Molly Cottontail, the poor man's fresh meat hope. But if you are careful in dressing the rabbit, using rubber gloves, you run little risk of being inoculated with this new disease. It is claimed that if you have a broken place in your skin and you happen to be dressing a rabbit infected, you are liable to contract the disease; and it may be communicated by the bite of a fly that has had an access to an infected rabbit.

Says the October Health Bulletin:

Tularemia is known to exist among the rabbits of this State. Just how extensive the infection may be is not known. Since it is only beginning to affect human beings it is also impossible to prophesy what the future may develop. No preventive vaccine or curative serum has been perfected. The treatment is directed toward the relief of symptoms. Complete rest in bed is the most valuable measure.

* * * * *

TAKES THE HEART OUT OF IT.

If J. G. G. in the Presbyterian Standard has his facts on right, and there is no reason to doubt same, then it had been better if the authorities had foregone the establishment of "The School of Religion" at the University.

If Dr. Workman, who has been chosen the director of the said school, entertains the views accredited to him, he is a dangerous man to turn loose among a crowd of youths, the average of whom can easily have his head turned by the fascination of being odd and the love of notoriety and an assumed superiority of deep thinking, so-called.

Dr. Workman's alleged position on certain very vital Bible truths makes of him an assassin of the Christian religion—he cuts the very heart out of it.

The recent Presbyterian Synod took, it appears, the sane and safe attitude towards this movement.

* * * * *

HE DECLARED HIMSELF DELIGHTED.

Under the title, McLean sees a good thing," The Charlotte Observer had

this pleasing editorial statement in connection with the official visit of Gov. McLean to the Jackson Training School:

Governor McLean must have received prideful sensations on the occasion of his first visit to the Jackson Training School, at Concord, for this is not only one of the State's most inspiring possessions, but under the management of Superintendent Boger is producing results that delight the people. The full name of this institution for boys is the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, and among the hundreds of boys it has picked up, are nearly as many hundreds turned out and now engaged in useful occupations throughout the State, leading the life of model citizens, some having developed into industrial factors. It is noted, also, that the beauty of the plant grows with each passing year, and the school being fortunately located on the main highway, comes into admiration daily of hundreds of passing people. It is a grumpy sort of individual who cannot take inspiration from the very atmosphere of this excellent institution for the boys of the State.

* * * * *

SHE'S BEGINNING TO LOOK GOOD.

We are beginning to like Queen Marie, of Rumania, who arrived in this country on Monday. Her dress leaves the ground twelve inches, her hair is not bobbed, and she has raised up her daughter to abhor and eschew the use of cosmetics.

This carries us back to the good old days of our dear old grandmothers.

Queen Marie executes no stunts for the movies; she is very conservative in her statements and she craves the good opinion of Americans. If she comes this way—the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce has invited her, and who could ignore an invitation from Clarence Kuester or Col. Kirkpatrick?—we will give her a thoroughly royal reception. Sorry the Queen is unaccompanied by her husband, the king. In the interest of economy of time and thrills, it would be advantageous to entertain the whole family at the same time.

* * * * *

THE CABARRUS COUNTY FAIR.

It actually and in truth was a grand success, in attendance, exhibits, entertainment and in finance.

The officers, who have worked so zealously, are due the plaudits that an appreciative people willingly bestows upon them. The Cabarrus Fair sur-

passed the last State Fair in every respect, and perhaps has not an equal among the various county fairs of the state.

President Joe Cannon and Secretary Spencer only smile when they are told the congratulatory things said about them and the fair—but they are bound to like it.

* * * * *

THE EDITOR'S TASK.

It is his desire and his business to advocate that which will benefit his city. He is, in a very real sense, the high priest of service, acquainting his people with new opportunities, not only to build up their town materially, but also to enrich themselves and others spiritually. In his hand always is the axe of the pioneer, and on his banner the proud device of "Forward!"—Selected.

* * * * *

"WHERE IS MY BOY TONIGHT?"

Is a distress call often heard as we pass through the events of days.

A little more than 400 of us Jackson Training School folks enjoyed the courtesies of the Cabarrus County Fair, last week.

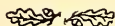
We behaved; we were thrilled; we were benefited; and we were thoroughly appreciative and happy over the goodness of the folks and—

At night, when back home, there was no occasion to exclaim, "Oh, where is my boy tonight?"

* * * * *

Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, a trustee of Peace Institute, Raleigh, which is now in the midst of a drive for an enlarged physical equipment, has sent her check for ten thousand dollars as a starter in the good movement. This is no surprise, for this wonderful and consecrated woman is always doing most generous acts.

1911



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

There ought not to be any homely people in these days with so many "beauty shops" extant over the country. But, then, everybody does not go beauty shopping. Some are perfectly satisfied with the beauty the Lord has given them.

A Durham wit remarked the other day, while reading a paper, that he is not bothered about "International Relations." It's his relations at home that are worrying him.

It's the well-doing man that sits on the rear seat of the limousine. The well-meaning man usually sits in front.

In these political times it is a singular thing that you somehow never really know a man until he runs for office. If he is elected he never knows us again.

A great many homes these days are simply places to change your clothes and your mind. Lots of men never go to church until they are carried there feet first—and then they are not in position to appreciate the good singing.

Haven't you observed it is generally the case that the quietest man usually wears the loudest tie. And the quietest woman—well, I haven't seen one yet.

I've heard of 'em drinking lemon extract, hair tonic, Peruna and all other kinds of liquids to get a "kick"

but it remains for a Pennsylvania man to take a shot at a bottle of furniture polish. He acquired a permanent finish, it is presumed.

In the "good old days" long since passed it was customary to look for jobs. Now everyone is hunting "positions."

Putting our needs first is not selfishness, in the sense that it has no regard for others, and that self selfishness which is so often berated. Then things we need most are the things that give us the greatest enjoyment. Saving money to buy a home is just as much pleasure as saving to buy an aeroplane: and it is far safer for most of us to keep our feet on the ground. Saving money to buy a good bond is just as interesting as saving to buy a worthless oil well, or bunko stocks—and a good deal more so in the long run. You will enjoy the luxuries of life if you save your money as you go along and buy them as you can afford them. Our greatest desires become our legitimate needs when we have money enough to afford them. You can have what you want if you if you save for it.

Ladies! A hint. When you have your hair bobbed take some day other than Saturday. There is an incident related that a Durham married man went to a barber shop three times Saturday, and then could not get his hair cut, so great was the usual run on that day, and the demand of wo-

men waiting for their turn, "next!" So this man's wife cut his hair, at 10 o'clock Saturday night. She put a bowl over his head, just as the mother's used to do in the old days, and trimmed it around with smooth precision, and went "over the top" with all the ability of a professional barber. He appeared Sunday with as nice a bob as any of the ladies.

Enthusiasm is said to be that condition of mind which permits a man to be sure of many things he is mistaken about. My own notion is that enthusiasm is the static in an overweening imagination centered on endeavor, or any particular thing. I am reminded of a story I once heard. A physician had a patient, an old gentleman, 90 years old to whom he gave a prescription of tablets, 3 to be taken 3 times a day. The patient, thinking that if 9 tablets a day would do him good, 25 would be better for him, and he took the whole box of 25 at one time. The next morning his daughter was attracted by a peculiar sound in her father's room and found him weeping as though his heart would break. She asked him what he was crying about, and he replied, "I'm afraid I will be late for school this morning."

In this day of multitudinous and fatal automobile accidents there is greater need for preparedness for the "shuffling off of this mortal coil." No one knows who will be the next victim of a reckless driver. The contemplation of this phase of the uncertainties of life leads me to observe that there is no death to

the soul that lives in God. Mother Nature has reclaimed this body which she loaned for a season. It is tenantless, but the spirit which dwelt here has returned home to God. Man passes through an open door into another more spacious and beautiful room of our Father's house, leaving the body to mingle with the dust from which it came. I came across a little poem the other day which better than any words of mine expresses what I think must be the surprise and joy when the soul "crosses the bar." It is this:

"Think of stepping on shore
and finding it Heaven!

Of taking hold of a hand and find-
ing it God's hand;

Of breathing a new air and find-
ing it celestial air;

Of feeling invigorated and find-
ing it immortality;

Of passing from storm and tem-
pest to an unknown calm;

Of waking up and finding home."

Laughter! Laughter! Seems to me that is a sound I hear when my hat blows off. That is one time when sympathy does not help a fellow much, as he grabs for the rolling hat, and when he thinks he has it, a gust of wind will swipe along and give him a case of disgust. A man feels right foolish chasing a along the street; and I guess the hat must have a feeling that way, too—for it is felt.

I stepped into one of our dry goods stores the other day, in rambling around, just to look around, and see the tone and trend of the Autumn fashions as exemplified in

the new importations. Such a display of party gowns and other gowns all ready for a paragon of beauty to step into—if they step into them. Fairy fabrics! Surely the weaver's fingers were inspired. Surely this delicately airy ripple of shimmery stuff is an artist's fancy. These "trifles light as air" are poets' dreams. The colorful glory of shifting sheen, the richness of rainbow radiance, is all a fleeting fancy, caught and imprisoned within the limits of web and weave and pattern. There were gowns with gorgeously colored floral borders; some were crystal-beaded; the shimmering dew of crystal gave them an indescribably delicate yet elaborate air; others were rich with roses along the edge—they seem bursting through dainty lattice, eager to give out their soft colors. There were others—but what's the use. This is just a brief extract from a whole volume of beauty; any one of which would make a pretty girl look like a queen, and vie with the beauty of the wearer.

Uncle Gabe brought in some of his tobacco Friday to sell on this market and took occasion to drop in to see me as he always does when he comes to town. I extracted from him a few of his aphorisma, as follows:

"De nices' time to talk 'bout de blessin's o' poverty is arter you done got rich.

"De goat and de mule got diff'unt ways o' fightin' an' doin' mis-

chief. De goat takes better aim, but de mule shoot quicker and load faster.

"'Tis 'stonishing' how many folks use to kno' de granddaddy ob a lucky Man.

"Some folks' 'ligion neber got a good stan' at de fus'."

There are some people who imagine evrybody else is always wrong and they only are right. It may even happen that the other fellow is right. People get off of poise. Machinery, and everything that you touch, and even the old auto seems to know when they are off color. Like a piano, your body needs tuning up occasionally. You get all tired out, and then you are out of tune with other folks, and you think it is the other folks that are all wrong, and out of tune with you, and doing wrong. Look into self a little. Take a squeak out of self if you would run smoothly. The cogs of the old mill want grease. One ban to successful service is getting the idea of "indispensable" in your head. Some people will cling to a job until they almost fossilize there. No wonder they lack pep and everything hurts. When people get smitten with mental leanness it dosen't take much to use up the small reserve they have left. Once that's gone you can count on a barrage of bellowings that have neither right or reason. Tune up.

According to Stars and Stripes: "An honest centenarian lives in Connecticut. Asked to explain his advanced age of 100, he said: 'It is all due to the fact that I was born in 1826.'"

DUE TO MANY LAWS.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

"Thirty years ago half the cases on this docket were not crimes," I heard an honest and capable judge tell a grand jury which he was about to dispatch about the business of fetching indictments against sundry of their neighbors for divers infractions of the statutes. The grand jury blinked. I blinked once or twice myself and asked the solicitor to let me see the docket.

"It is not that we have grown worse," the judge added. "It is simply that we have more laws on the books now." None of them were mentioned specifically. The judge contented himself with outlining generally the things and practices that are against the law and left it to the grand jury to exercise its own judgment in such matters as the solicitor brought to its attention.

To me it was an astonishing statement to be made to a grand jury, or to anybody else, for that matter. During the charge he had recalled to them the fact that three hundred years ago it was a capital felony to kill a rabbit on another man's land. The culprit was gibbeted at the cross-roads and his body allowed to hang there until its bones were bleached.

As soon as the solicitor could spare me the docket, I got it and catalogued the crimes that have been committed in the county since the last sitting of the court. Exclusive of six persons charged with murder, all sent up in a body by the coroner's jury, and not listed in the clerk's record, there were 98 people

to be considered by the grand jury.

Classified they ran thus: Assault with deadly weapon, 22; selling or making liquor, 19; larceny, 13; failure to dip cattle, 8; driving a car while drunk, 8; operating slot machines, 6; carrying concealed weapon, 5; seduction, fornication and adultery, fraud, nuisance, slander and trespass, two each; with one each of embezzlement, disturbing church worship, indecent exposure of the person, prostitution and false pretense.

The judge was right about it. Thirty years ago there were no liquor prosecutions. It was not against the law to conduct prostitution, it was not against the law to drive an automobile while drunk, it was not against the law not to dip one's cattle, nor was it against the law to operate a slot machine. These cases very nearly made up half the county's criminal docket for the fall term.

And what is to be done about it? Nothing that I know of. The facts may prove something, but what it is I do not know. They may have something to do with the complained-against disposition of the current generation to flout the law. So many things that used to be more or less a matter of personal taste have come now to be matters that involve the peace and dignity of the State.

There is something preposterous in the reading of a sonorous bill of indictment to hear that John Smith, "with malice aforethought did wilfully and maliciously fail to dip one

red heifer calf, against the peace and dignity of the State and against the statutes made and provided." The peace and dignity of the State appear to be becoming over-sensitive. One might grant that a magistrate might be offended by such malicious negligence, but not a superior court judge.

Undoubtedly there is too much trivial legislation on the statute books. Some of the vast output of the past ten years is unquestionably necessary, because of the growing complexity of our civilization, but in

the light of this necessity people whose business it is to make laws ought to be the more inclined to some thought upon the matter. The books need not be cluttered with so much regulation through sumptuary law.

Still, I have no ready-to-serve philosophy about the matter. It is something that people ought to do their own thinking about, anyhow. It has some relation to the crime wave, if there is such a thing. The legislature has sort of dared people to crime by passing so many laws.

WHY MOTHER CARES.

Why, do you think, your Mother cares
 What Daughter does or Daughter wears?
 Why should it matter so to Mother?
 And yet it seems, somehow or other,
 You sometimes think, from things you say,
 That Mother merely wants her way,
 When days are dark, when nights are lonely,
 That Mother thinks of Mother only.

Why, do you think, does Mother make
 Her own eyes weep, her own heart ache,
 When down the path that leads to sorrow
 You dance today, to pay tomorrow?
 My girl, the grieving she may do
 Is not for her, is all for you—
 Yes, when a Mother hovers o'er you,
 The tears that fall are falling on you.

Why, do you think, does Mother long
 To keep you sweet, to keep you strong?
 It is for you that she is praying,
 It is for you that she is saying
 The things she does. Although you sigh
 At Mother's whims, and wonder why,
 There is one reason, and no other
 Why Mother cares: she is your Mother.

—Douglas Malloch.

THE FAIRBROTHERS.

(Greensboro News).

The Fairbrothers are packing. Before the end of this week, Col. and Mrs. Al will be on their way across the continent to the Pacific slopes, where they will make their permanent residence. Long Branch will claim these two gifted persons.

For over 30 years Colonel Al has been one of the most picturesque figure in North Carolina journalism. He is of the old school, and he knows how to battle for what he believes to be right. He has worked on practically every important newspaper in the country. He has organized numerous publications—the Danville Bee being among his children—and he admits that he has never lost money; that in itself is something not every publisher can boast.

When the Col. and Mrs. F. begin their journey, probably Wednesday, it will mark the 54th trip across the U. S. for the veteran editor.

Now no Greensboro person believes that the Fairbrothers are tired of Greensboro; there is no use wasting words telling the world that. The colonel believes that the climate in California will stand by his health program a little better than the Old North State's. Each fall the Fairbrothers expect to return to Greensboro to spend several months. Incidentally, practically all of the colonel's kin reside in California.

If you think Col. F. is the whole show in the Fairbrother family, just ask any member of the Greensboro Woman's club and she will tell you that Mrs. Al is so far ahead of the

colonel that he never will overtake her. At any rate these two genial persons have won an everlasting place in the heart of Greensboro—and North Carolina. They will be missed. Is there any one in the city who hasn't seen the colonel, with a red rose in his coat lapel, walk slowly up and down Elm street; on these daily walks he manages to meet and talk with many of his old companions.

His Reminiscences.

One day last week a member of the Daily News staff dropped in on the Colonel while he was feverishly packing his belongings.

We told the colonel that we couldn't permit him to fade out of the picture without having one farewell reminiscence chat. He agreed to suspend packing and talk.

We asked him to tell us what he considered the outstanding thing in his career as a newspaperman in North Carolina. Here it is as we jotted it down:

"The greatest thing I ever did for North Carolina—and it may be that this claim will be discounted, but events seem to justify me in its making—was the writing of a resolution that was passed at an immigration convention held in Asheville in December, 1890.

"Being an alien I could not introduce the resolution although I had credentials as a delegate from three different official sources. I wrote this resolution as people understanding my language will at once recognize. I asked one of the Durham delegates,

Mr. R. B. Boone, an able lawyer, to introduce it—and he did.

“The fire works commenced and as we would say in Arkansas, hell broke loose. Colonel W. H. S. Bur-gwyn defended it; others were for it and despite an opposition that to-day would receive vigorous hisses and it passed. Boston newspapermen who were personal friends of mine sent the news to the New England states—and claimed that it was the unanimous voice of the southern people. And the papers of America as I have here ample evidence, took up that resolution and I am going to die in the belief that it had a great deal to do with the almost immediate transformation of the New South. I understand that the immortal Grady had before talked about it—but this resolution helped the Grady thought and that is the only thing for which I care to be remembered. This was the resolution in my language:

The Resolution.

“Resolved, That the war between the sections is ended, and that all bitter remembrances thereof are forgotten.

“Resolved, That on the map of the world and in the southern heart, the United States is one nation, bound together by every tie of commercial interests and of brotherly love.

“Resolved, That we, the citizens of the southern part of this grandest and greatest nation the world ever saw, extended to our brothers of the north and west the right hand of fellowship, and invite them to come and make their homes among us, and aid us in developing this, the richest country in natural resources and

most favored in climate and location, of any section on the face of the earth.

“Resolved, That we here issue a call for 500,000 sturdy sons of toil and 500,000 manufacturers of the north and west to make their homes with us and to join in the development of this land of ours.

“Resolved, That we recognize no political east, no political west, no political north, no political south. That under a common banner and in a common country we pledge ourselves to every honest effort to the upbuilding of this nation of which the south is most favored and by nature’s God.”

Following this resolution in 5,000 copies of the *Globe* (it was the Durham *Globe*, of which Col. F. was owner) a boom edition of 12 pages and one of the biggest ever pulled in the state up to that time, and sent by Durham people all over the country in black type the colonel repeated the invitation by saying:

“And so we say let the 500,000 sturdy sons of toil turn their faces this way; let the same number of manufacturers come; let where now are small towns be large manufacturing cities with wheels in motion and furnaces glowing; let our lands which produce so wonderfully in agricultural products be turned over by the plow; let our forests be fashioned into articles of use, and let our hidden treasures of the Old North state be turned into the clear-ance records of the next quarter of a century—and here, indeed, will be the greatest and richest country in the world!”

With a twinkle in his eyes, the col-

onel said, "A little wild, that prophecy, but you see I saw what I was aiming at."

Always a Fighter.

Colonel Fairbrother has always been a fighter, a fighter for reform and naturally he has encountered some of the most influential persons in the state; but, as he points out with pride, he never hit below the belt, and today some of his staunchest friends and admirers are those men whom he fought to the bitter end in bygone days.

"When I advocated a single standard of morals," said the colonel, "and had a half hundred letters from Crittendon with his homes when I wanted at least fair play for the fallen woman if the fallen man was to wear a badge of honor—and when I poured out my heart's blood as it seemed to me for prison reform, men in this town and this state branded me as a defender of harlots and criminals—and today they are king bees in the reforms I advocated—and I am not even mentioned. As Saint Paul remarked concerning Alexander, the coppersmith, may God reward them according to their works—and I thank Him that I caused them to see the light, even if they don't see me."

Colonel Fairbrother thinks Greensboro will be a great city. "It can't help it," he argued, "though sometimes it looks like it was trying to help it. I bought a dozen pieces of property here, always was told I was stung and while I have cleaned up over a hundred thousand dollars profit on my investments, were I still in the game I do not know of a town where I would rather invest—with a

gamble on the side than right here, Greensboro has an atmosphere which is her own. It isn't anywhere else in North Carolina, and she has location. The only thing I fear is that she now and then, like a kid with three hairs on his upper lip, thinks he is a man and undertakes to establish a mustache. Say, sonny, it will grow. Just wait."

"There is a book case," said Col Al, pointing to a 10-foot solid walnut case with 16 panes of glass in it, "that has a history. When I was a young fellow I bought a daily newspaper—the oldest morning newspaper in Nebraska, the Nebraska City Daily Press. J. Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture in Cleveland's cabinet—author of *Arbor Day*, and once an editorial writer on the *Chicago Times* when the immortal Storey was the greatest editor in America, lived at Nebraska City. He had a home known as "Arbor Lodge" while he was a staunch and uncompromising Democrat and I was Republican he made a favorite of me. He was an 'old man' and I was a kidlette—but he visited me every day.

Buy Books.

"One day he said: "Now Fairbrother, no matter how much money you spend for whiskey, cigars and billiards, cut off part of it and buy books. No matter what schools and colleges do for you, books as Bacon said it will 'make a full man,' and you will thank me for this advice.' It struck me. I went to a German cabinet maker, a good one in the town, and full of big ideas, had that case made. And I finally filled it with books and I shipped it. It went to Ohio, it was sent back to Te-

cumseh, Nebraska, then to Lincoln, then to Omaha, then to Durham, then to Danville, then back to Durham, then to Athens, Ga., then to Greensboro and in several houses here—and there it stands—and never a glass broken.

Im am shipping that to Jim Cook, one of the finest fellows in the world, the genius and the life of the Jackson Training School and I want him to put on it how he got it and what Morton said and what I say about boys buying books. I crate it and pay the freight and hope it will ben an inspiration to the boys who go there.'

That case alone, to say nothing of the books it contained, is worth much money—some of our lovers of antique would give their eye teeth for it.

In the confusion of his packing the colonel pointed to a bunch of letter files—nearly 20 of them containing letters from celebrities of America during a period of 40 years. He values his collection of letters very highly and wonders how he managed to save them in such good condition.

He told of his pictures—autograph pictures and books from persons like Charles A. Dana, John A. Cockerell, Al Field, Bill Nye, James Whitecombe Riley, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Walt Mason, Uncle Joe Cannon,—well a bunch of them all stacked up ready for shipment.

“Like a dream,” he said. “When I came to North Carolina over 30 years ago—Jule Carr had brought me here—I came from the Omaha Bee where I was an editorial writer. The Bee was a big paper in the northwest and we use to call a spade a spade and

not an agricultural implement by a site. I was lurid and lucid—had a lot of fun—and was a boomer from Boomersville. No flowers, please, but I had predicted what has happened. I saw it. Take the files of my Durham Globe and what I predicted would happen has happened industrially and along the line. I have the bound files of that paper and some day will bequeath them to a Durham library—but now I am shipping them and like to read 'em over and say: “I told you so.”

.. **Saw The News Born.**

Continuing his rambling sketch, Col. Al told the writer something of the birth of the Greensboro Daily News. “I saw it born,” he said, “I was there. I saw it when it had all the infant diseases—and have seen it expand into metropolitan proportions. A great paper. And going to be greater. I have seen Greensboro come from a small town—the days of Tammany in front of the old courthouse to a really pretentious city—and I certainly feel a geniane regret in taking my departure. The fact that people in all walks of life are telling me that they are sorry, reminds me of a story.

“A prominent man was telling his neighbors that he was going to leave—that he was going to Smithville.

“Whereupon the old citizen said: ‘Well I am really sorry.’

“‘But insisted the prominent man, ‘I don’t see why you should be sorry. I have nothing to do here. There is nothing to entertain me. Nothing to amuse me. Nothing to engage my attention. I should think you would rejoice to know that I was going where I could enjoy myself and get

some diversion'."

"And then the old citizen said: 'You understand me. I am sorry for the folks at Smithville'."

The colonel admits he never was a jiner. "Because," he said between puffs, "I always felt that a plain-clothesman could sometimes accomplish more. But years ago I did join the men's Bible class of the First Presbyterian church when Dr. Will Smith was its teacher and have been very much interested in it since. E. S. Parker, Jr., is now the teacher and a most interesting one he is. A few Sundays ago the time for the annual election of officers came around and the boys did me proud. They created a new office, that of honorary president—and—elected me to fill the office. I feel mighty proud of that."

In every community you will find a few persons who go about quietly doing his fellow man—the man who is down and out—a good turn.

These men keep the bushel over their light. We happen to know that Colonel Fairbrother has touched the heart of many a man who had turned against the world in despair—all that was needed was a touch of human kindness; a little help, probably financially.

If you would know how a man stands, ask his neighbor, or better still, his competitor. While Col. Al was operating the Durham Globe, the gentleman who now writes under the nom de plume of "Old Hurray-graph" was also running a newspaper in the Bull City. That citizen recently paid the colonel the following tribute:

"I regret the departure of these

two talented people who have made their impress upon North Carolina, and done so much for the upbuilding of the commonwealth, and there will be hosts of warm friends all over the state who will share with me this regret to the fullest extent. The going of Col. Fairbrother is the removal of a peculiarly unique character, and one of the brightest stars in the firmament of state journalism. I may say brightest electric lights, as he is electrifying in his productions, and versatile in thought. His rhetoric has the nature of blooming springtime flowers, the beauty of ripened fruit; and the blasts of freezing winter. All seasons are his own weaving the fabrics of dainty colors in his mind's loom. He has a following in this state few newspaper men can claim. North Carolina will feel the loss of his efforts. Colonel I wish you and Mrs. Fairbrother a long and placid life, with your cups of happiness filled to the brim beside the sparkling, dancing waters on California's golden shores. May the twilight of both lives be golden."

It would be amiss to write a piece about the colonel without saying something of his loyal and brilliant helpmate. While the colonel was born in Iowa, Mrs. Fairbrother is a native of Virginia, but she admits she is about 99 per cent Tar Heel, coming here some 40 years ago. She has been closely identified with all activities that lead to the betterment of life.

A Country Woman.

Mrs. Fairbrother is proud of the fact that she was born and reared in the country and has a just claim for calling herself "a country wo-

man." Being reared in the country where there was more time for contemplation than in the city with its many demands upon those who are willing and able to do things, she looked out over the big world, which she imagined was calling her and dreamed of big projects which seemed to her possible to put over. She entered early upon her business career, teaching school when she was 15 and continuing this work for three years. From the narrow environments of the country schoolhouse she contracted the disease known to the Latins as *cacoethes scribendi* from which she has never entirely recovered. During this period she was a regular contributor to the *Baltimorean*, a semi-literary weekly journal and other southern publications. From this limited experience in writing for the press grew the desire for a publication of her very own in which she could advocate certain reforms which she believed were needed and which she has lived to see come to pass. Her journal was called *The Southern Woman* and espoused the cause of "Woman's rights" as she saw them at that time. These "rights" were the privilege of working in any field for which she was best suited by talents and education, receiving the same remuneration as a man for the same service. She argued that there should be no question of sex in labor, and that capability and proficiency were the only things that should be considered. This was in 1885, before there were any women's clubs or other women's organizations outside of missionary societies south of the Mason and Dixon line, and these

advanced ideas lacked sufficient support to make the venture a financial success. It was while running the *Southern Woman* that Mrs Fairbrother, as Miss Mamie Hatchett, was the only woman member of the North Carolina Press association, she enjoying the distinction of being the first woman in the state to adopt journalism as a profession. Since that time she has been almost continuously in newspaper work until the Fairbrothers sold the *Greensboro Daily Record* in 1919.

Attracts Attention.

Soon after discountinuing the publication of *The Southern Woman* this young southern writer attracted considerable attention over the nation by a proposition to remodel the American government by electing all U. S. senators for "life and good behavior" and from this group of trained statesmen to elect our presidents. She argued that inasmuch as minor government employees were under civil service it seemed absurd to require a man to stand examination before allowing him to handle mail or perform other governmental functions, and then put at the head of the whole works a man with absolutely no training in statecraft, just a "good fellow" or a crafty politician who can on party zeal could get himself elected as chief executive. The articles appeared in the *New York World*, accompanied by an editorial and picture of the writer and caused wide-spread comment by the big papers throughout the country.

Mrs. Fairbrother organized the first suffrage league in Greensboro and was among the very first work-

ers in the state organization. She did not indorse the policy of some of the later leaders in allowing the national suffrage workers to direct the policies for North Carolina, insisting that North Carolina women understood better than outsiders local conditions and the temper of North Carolina men, and if the women of the State were not sufficiently interested to know what they wanted they were not ready for the ballot.

Since her residence in Greensboro Mrs. Fairbrother has been interested and active in every movement for community betterment. She has done long and faithful service in the woman's club, in office and in the ranks. During her two terms of office as president she put on civic parades in which county and city officials took part along with the rural and city schools, the colleges of town and county, the Guilford Greys, mounted police and the men's civic organization at that time. This was an effort to bring the people of town and county into closer touch and was voted by all concerned as distinctly worth while.

In her local and state club work Mrs. Fairbrother has represented North Carolina at several biennial conventions of the General Federation of Women's clubs. The first of these that she attended was at San

Francisco where she served as teller when Mrs Percy V. Pennybacker was elected president of the organization and where she got her first glimpse of a real election. She was afterwards a delegate to the meetings in New York, Des Moines, and in Los Angeles two years ago. At Los Angeles she put North Carolina on the map by administering a sharp rebuke to Rupert Hughes for a very improper address he delivered before the women of the convention. Her article, printed in the Los Angeles Times and extensively copied, brought her many letters of approval and many personal calls, all expressing gratification that it was a southern woman who had the nerve to call him, and several in the extravagance of their praise declaring it to have been "the biggest thing done at the convention."

Another time when Mrs. Fairbrother put Greensboro on the map with the national club women was when she presented to Mrs. Cowles, then president of the General Federation, a gavel made from a piece of Hickory grown on the Guilford battleground, when the mid-winter council met at Asheville. The gavel was made under her direction in the mechanical department of the A. and T. college, Greensboro, and was used by Mrs. Cowles at all the meetings she held following its presentation.

He drew a circle that shut me out—
 Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
 But love and I had a wit to win:
 We drew a circle that took him in.

—Edward Markham.

THIS GREAT SOUTH.

By James Hay, Jr.

This is written to correct a misapprehension and to touch the high spots of a record unsurpassed in American history.

When an editorial appeared in *The Citizen* recently quoting Mr. Herbert Hoover's statement that the South should develop more chemists, engineers, and executives, Dr. J. Howell Way, the well known physician of Waynesville, wrote a letter to this paper, which was published on this page apparently intimating that the Hoover quotation obscured or belittled the past and present achievements of the South along the lines indicated.

Dr. Way's letter concluded: "It is respectfully insisted that when the South is already doing such fine work on technical industrial lines, admonishers ought in fairness to give credit for what is being done.

This paper and this column have devoted much space to doing that very thing. We have repeatedly dwelt on the fact that, not the capital and enterprise of outsiders, but the vision, inventiveness, industry and indomitable courage of Southerners have built the South of today, that they built it out of the ashes of ruin caused by a devastating defeat in war, and that, in the building, they accomplished a feat unequalled by man.

We have also narrated the Southern leadership in many phases of life and work in the past, and, by way of reminder, we give again as many instances of it as space allows

restricting the list to those having to do with engineering, inventiveness and chemistry, the fields emphasized by Mr. Hoover.

Three Charlestonians, Dr. St. Julian Ravenel, Dr. Hume and Professor Holmes, created and expanded the phosphate industry.

The first definite and successful venture in sending a steamboat across the Atlantic Ocean occurred when Savannah sent a "side-wheeler" to England in 1819.

Dr. Gorrie, of Florida, by developing and perfecting the ice machine, made possible the transportation of fruits and vegetables in refrigerated cars.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, another Southerner, proved himself worthy as student and explorer, to stand beside Magellan, Galileo and Newton when he mapped the ocean, top and bottom, and by so doing made the laying of the first trans-Atlantic cable a feasible undertaking.

In 1842 Dr. Crawford Long, of Georgia, invention and used, for the time, anaesthesia in surgery.

Gatling, the North Carolinian, invented the gun that bears his name.

One Southern city alone, Baltimore, had the first electric trolley line, the first city gas company and the first dental college in America.

In the physical science and astronomy, Lewis R. Gibbes, of Charleston, was a star; and Dr. Wells, another South Carolinian, won world-wide fame through his researches.

Virginia had the first coal mines

and North Carolina the first gold mines in America.

The first railroad prepared for steam locomotives ran out of Baltimore, and as late as 1833 the longest railroad in the world was farther South.

—

It is the sons of these men and their fellows who have made the South what she is today. They began it when they had nothing to guide them but the light of their own invincible spirt. They began it when they were living on sorghum parched sweet potato coffee and hominy, and when they had to fashion their very implements out of the odds and ends of destruction.

They had neither aid nor capital from the outside. They had only their ability and an unbounded confidence in the resources of their homeland. They grew their cotton and

tobacco, sold enough of it to get a little money to start small factories and mills, and from that beginning raced ahead to such achievement and such certainty of wealth that, at a late day and after a long time outside money clamored for a chance at the fairy-like dividends.

But these Southerners did another thing. They worked in so many fields and thus established so many industries and undertakings that they did not have enough trained technical men to embrace all the opportunities offered. Moreover, they needed such men to develop still more industries.

They need them now, and the best way to get them is to equip our colleges thoroughly for their instruction and to urge and inspire many of the rising generation to take up that kind of work.

WOMAN AND COTTON.

(News and Observer).

David Clark says women will not wear cotton stockings if they can get silk ones. He does not think they can be forced to do what they do not desire to do. Therefore, he appeals to every woman to buy a smock made of cotton. Women may be reached by such requests but no man can tell them what to wear, not even a husband who manufactures cotton hose and other cotton goods.

“If she will, she will,
And you may depend on it;
If she won't, she won't,
And that's an end to it.”

SYNOD AND UNIVERSITY.

By R. R. Clark, in Greensboro News.

It appears in evidence that the Presbyterian synod of North Carolina isn't satisfied with the state of religion at the University of North Carolina; or more properly speaking, a majority of this church body seems suspicious of the attitude toward religion as revealed in the state institution—religion, that is, as defined by a majority of the synod. First off the synod declined to appoint a representative on the board of directors of the School of Religion at Chapel Hill which is to be an adjunct of the university—as it was invited to do, on the ground that it lacked information as to the scope, character and control of the proposed school. A committee was instructed to investigate further and report. The whole story as to this would probably have disclosed a suspicion of the orthodoxy of Rev. Mims Thornburg Workman, chosen head of the school, if one may judge by publications, in the last issue of the Presbyterian Standard. The Standard story, gathered from other publications, is to the effect that Dr. Workman teaches neither the inspiration nor the infallibility of the Bible, although his earnestness and his Christian character impressed his critics. That publication doubtless had much to do with the synod's holding back for further information.

Then the venerable Dr. McCorkle, of Burlington, whose opposition to modernism is well known, presented a memorial to the trustees and facul-

ty of the university with reference primarily to the McNair lectures, although there was complaint of publications in the Journal of Social Forces. The preamble of the memorial recites the work of Presbyterians in building and supporting the university and the fact that Rev. John Calvin McNair, a Presbyterian minister, left his estate for the establishment of the lecture course, the lectures to be delivered by "some able, scientific gentleman, a member of some one or other of the evangelical denominations of Christians," the object of the lectures to be to show the "mutual bearings of science and theology upon each other" and "to prove the existence of attributes (as far as may be) of God from nature." The memorial is designed to show that in neither the type of men selected as lecturers nor in the subjects discussed is the will of Dr. McNair being carried out. Dr. McCorkle particularly objected to David Starr Jordan; and he also objected to the lecturers generally because they are from the "centers of modernism." The only lecturer selected from the south (Dr. Poteat) made "a controversial assault on fundamentalism rather than a defense of the Christian faith." The memorial asks that some rule be devised that "will hold future lecturers to the line of discussion marked out by Mr. McNair"; and that through consultation with the leaders of the several evangelical denominations in the state "a permanent liaison be created between

the university and the church so as to insure the abstention of the university lecturers and publications from any form of religious controversy and the avoidance of all occasion of offense to the Christian convictions of our people." The Journal of Social Forces is named as the offender in publications.

The memorial is courteous in tone but is entirely clear as to purpose. It was offered near the close of the meeting of synod, when few members were present. There was no division on its adoption, but Dr. Scanlon, of Durham, voiced his opposition. This came when he

declined appointment on the committee to present the memorial. Declaring his belief in the Bible with-
out reservation, in Jesus Christ, His virgin birth and bodily resurrection in the Durham minister was positive in his assertion that the synod was getting out of bounds when it attempted to instruct the trustees and faculty of the university. It is the business of its ministers, he declared, to present the truth as they see it from their pulpits. Dr. Scanlon also criticized the report that atheism is common at the university, an offense against the many earnest Christians connected with the institution.

BEAUTY AND POPULARITY.

(Health Bulletin).

In all the realm of nature there never two objects exactly alike. Each blade of grass, each tree and each human being has some peculiarity all its own. Nature abhors monotony and hence makes no two alike. She makes them so nearly alike there is a family resemblance but always there is a difference. When individuality becomes extreme it then becomes a freak, and while nature abhors "sameness" she also abhors freakishness. Physical beauty is a blending of colors and shapes typifying our ideal average for that family of objects or individuals. The beautiful girl is one who is neither fat or skinny, whose nose is neither long nor flat, whose mouth is neither large nor small, who has, in fact, no freakish feature or expression.

The ugly man, woman or child is the one who we think has a nose

too big, a mouth too little, eyes the wrong color and hair that does not match. But after all who are we to decide this matter? Dare say we the maid from Timbuctoo is less handsome or less perfect than the maid who won our bathing beauty contest. The standard is the ideal average for that family of objects or individuals. So, too, in the realm of character of disposition we love most the one who is most balanced. The person who shows some outstanding trait or mannerism is odd. The odd person does not mix well in the association with others.

All outstanding individual traits or characteristics are the results of environment or habit. There was at first an individual characteristic which environmental conditions developed or permitted to grow until it became a freakish characteristic.

A good illustration of this is the criminal who disregards the rights of others—who robs and commits murder, because as a child the trait of selfishness, common to all persons, was allowed to develop to an extreme, because as an only child doting parents gave in to every whim and wish. So firmly fixed has become the habit of thinking first of self that in later life selfishness overpowers all other considerations.

The little girl who pouts and bites her nails will, if untaught, go on biting her nails and develop other unpleasant mannerisms which will make of her "persona non grata" among her fellows and interfere

with her usefulness in life.

During the plastic period of childhood and adolescence these "lopsided" freakish traits should be purned off while yet they are only buds. At this age the operation of purning produces little pain and no damage. The ideal to keep in mind is maturity which embodies to the greatest possible degree the ideal average.

A tang of individuality, like a grain of salt is charming. Individuality permitted to develop into extreme freakishness is also like salt in excess which causes a dead sea of briny uselessness and isolation.

THE EXPLORER OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

By Houston Odell.

When Jacques Marquette was a boy in Laon, France; he heard tales of adventure that stirred his blood. He was born "within the battle-scarred walls of the Rock of Laon," where there was a fortification in the days of the Romans, and where knights gatherer for attack and for defence a thousand years later. Wonderful stories clustered about the great citadel in his day, just as they do in these later days, when the part played by this same Laon in the Great War is recent history.

When Marquette was twenty-nine years old he crossed the Alantie and became a missionary in the forest. The long voyage ended at Quebec, where he spent twenty days learning of the Indians and the fur traders. Next

he went to Three Rivers, seventy-seven miles above Quebec, on the St. Lawrence, where he was to learn to be a missionary. Within two years he was able to speak in six Indian dialects. He became a real woodsman, and a sturdy paddler in the canoes of the Indians and the traders. He was not a strong man, but he was hardy, and he was determined to endure with the best of those around him.

From the school for missionaries he went to the mission at Lake Superior to work among the Indians. His first station was near where Ashland, Wisconsin, now stands; his next was on the island Michelli-Mackinae, in the strait connecting Lakes Michigan and Huron.

From the Indians at the station Marquette heard much of the mysterious river Mississippi, and he wished that he might be the one to go to it, explore it all the way to its mouth, and so decide whether it emptied into the Gulf of California, into the Gulf of Mexico, or into the Atlantic.

The same problem was in the minds of French leaders who wanted to extend the forts that would keep the English to the Atlantic slope, to extend the fur tract, and to discover mines, as well as to Christianize the Indians. It was felt that all these purposes could be accomplished by finding a passage to the south sea. Did the Mississippi lead there?

Louis Joliet, born at Quebec and trained in the wilderness, was chosen to lead the expedition. Marquette was told to go with him. After a winter spent in preparation, the voyage of exploration was begun at St. Ignace on May 17, 1673. Five French voyageurs (oarsmen) went with them.

The route led along the Fox River, whose many dangerous rapids interred sadly with progress, through beautiful Winnebago Lake, and then on the upper waters of the Fox to a point where that stream was only a mile and a half from the Wisconsin River. The canoes were carried across this interval, and the Wisconsin was entered at the present location of Portage. There the guides "returned home, leaving us alone in the unknown country, in the hands of Providence. There we left the Waters flowing to Quebec, four five hundred leagues from home, to float on those that would henceforth take us through strange lands."

Marquette called the river that was

to carry the party to the Mississippi the Meskansing. On its bosom the canoe floated for seven days, when they entered the Father of Waters where it was a mile wide. Marquette said of the first sight of the river of which he was in search that it caused "a joy that I cannot express."

The monsters of which the Indians warned them were soon found:

"From time to time we came upon a monstrous fish, one of which struck our canoe with such violence that I thought it was a great tree about to break the canoe to pieces. On another occasion we saw on the water a monster with the head of a tiger, a sharp nose like that of a wild-cat with whiskers, and straight, erect ears. The head was gray, and the neck quite black."

Of course the fish described were the catfish—which grow to a great size in the Mississippi—and the tiger-cat.

The voyage was continued to the mouth of the Arkansas. There it seemed best to turn back. They had learned that the river flowed to the Gulf of Mexico, and they feared lest they lose the results of the expedition by falling into the hands of the Spaniards.

On July 17, two months after leaving St. Ignace, the return journey was begun. For days and weeks they struggled against the current, finally entering the Illinois River, and crossing over to Lake Michigan. The western shore of the lake followed to a point opposite Sturgeon Bay where the canoe could be carried across to Green Bay. Four months from the time they had left the mouth of Fox

River, they arrived at De Pere on their return.

At De Pere Joilet and Marquette each prepared a map and a story of the expedition. In the spring Joilet started for Quebec, but his canoe capsized at La Chine Rapids, above Montreal, and his crew and all the outfit were lost. The leader's life was

saved after he had been in the water for hours.

Thus it was that Marquette's map and story are the only documents that tell of the historic voyage. The author remained at De Pere, where he was to do work among the Indians, but he sent his papers on to Quebec.

If we had paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children, we would now be living in a jungle of weeds.—Luther Burbank.

CHILDREN UNDER 14 NOT CRIMINALS.

Raleigh, N. C. Oct. 19—Children under fourteen years of age are no longer indictable as criminals under the North Carolina law no matter how flagrant or heinous the crime may be, while the criminal responsibility of those between fourteen and sixteen depends upon the degree of the crime, Assistant Attorney General Frank Nash advised the State board of charities and public welfare in a formal opinion on the subject.

The ruling was elicited by the case of a boy between fourteen and fifteen name not disclosed, who is alleged to have assaulted a grown man by shooting him with a gun. The welfare board sought to determine whether the superior court or juvenile court had jurisdiction. Mr. Nash ruled as follows, stating first the principles in relation to crimes committed by children and then applying them to the particular case:

“Our Supreme Court in *State vs. Burnette*, 175, N.C., 735, and *State vs. Coble*, 181 N.C., 554, have established the following principles in relation to crimes committed by children

under sixteen years of age.

“1. Children under fourteen years of age are no longer indictable as criminals, it makes no difference how flagrant and how heinous the crime may be. They must be dealt with as wards of the State to be cared for, controlled and disciplined with a view to their reformation.

“2. Children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, when charged with felonies in which the punishment cannot exceed imprisonment for more than ten years, are committed to the juvenile court for investigation and if the circumstances require it, may be bound over to be prosecuted in the superior court at term, under the criminal law appertaining to the charge.

“3. Children under fourteen years and over, when charged with felonies in which the punishment may be more than ten years imprisonment, in all cases shall be scheduled to prosecution for crimes as in the case of the adults.

“4. In matters investigated and determined by the juvenile court,

no adjudication of such court shall be denominated a conviction; and further, no child dealt with under the provisions of the act shall be placed in any penal institution or other place where he may come in contact with adults charged with or convicted of crime.

"A boy between fourteen and fifteen years of age is alleged to have assaulted a grown man by shooting him with a gun," the opinion continued, citing the case submitted by the welfare board. "We are not informed as to the character of the assault. If the assault was committed maliciously in such way as to be a secret assault with intent to kill, under C. S. 4213, then the boy is to

be treated in dealing with the offense as though he were an adult, under rule three stated above, the punishment for such offense being in the discretion of the court as much as twenty years in State's prison.

"If, however, the assault being with a deadly weapon, was made with intent to kill, then the case would come within rule two, is under C. S. 4214 a felony punishable by imprisonment in the State's prison for not more than ten years.

"If the assault was simply an assault with a deadly weapon, then that offense being a misdemeanor, the jurisdiction of it is exclusively within the juvenile court."

NAMES OF THE DAYS.

The old Saxons who settled in England were an idolatrous set of people. They worshipped many idols. The earth, the sun, the moon, and many stars all came in for a share of their adoration. So frequent and regular were their heathenish devotions, that after a time every day in the week took name of their gods, thus:

Sunday—The Sun's day.

Monday—The Moon's day.

Tuesday—The Tiw's (or Tuisco's day).

Wednesday—Woden's (or Mercury's) day.

Thursday—Thor's day.

Friday—Friga's day.

Saturday—Saturn's day

The seven idols, representing these days, had a formidable appearance.

The idol of the sun, set upon a pillar, had a face of fire to indicate

light and heat. He had a burning wheel upon his breast, signifying the course he was supposed to run around the world.

The idol of the moon was in a woman's form, wearing a man's coat and having a hood with two long ears, the significance of which is now unknown. She held in her hand the figure of the moon. Her appearance was strange and ridiculous.

The idol of Tuisco had the form of a man clothed with a garment of long hair, and his name seems to have been chiefest among the Germans, they regarding him as the founder of their nation. They called him Zui, and he was their god of war.

Next was the idol Woden which signifies fierce or furious. The idol had the appearance of a giant in armor with a shield and broadsword.

The idol of Thor was a god of great repute, majestically placed in a spacious court, reposing himself upon a covered bed. On his head rested a crown of gold, set round about with twelve bright burnished stars, and in his right hand was borne a kingly sceptre.

The idol of Friga had the form of a woman, and is thus described: "In her right hand she held a drawn sword, and in her left hand a bow; signifying thereby, that women as well as men should, in time of need, be ready to fight. Some honor her for a god, and some for a goddess, but she was ordinarily taken rather for a goddess than a god, and was reputed the giver of peace and plenty, and maker of love and amity.,,"

Last in order was Seater, or Saturnus, described like this: "First on a pillar was placed a perch, on the sharp, prickled back of which stood this idol. He was lean of visage, having long hair, and a long beard, and was bare-footed. In his

left hand he held up a wheel, and in his right he carried a pail of water, wherein were flowers and fruits. His long coat was girded unto him with a towel of white linen. His standing on the sharp fins of this fish was to signify that the Saxons, for their serving of him, should pass steadfastly and without harm, in dangerous and difficult places. By the wheel was betokened the knit and unity and conjoined concord of the Saxons, and their concurring together in the running of one course. By the girdle, which, with the wind, streamed from him, was signified the Saxons' freedom. By the pail with flowers and fruits was declared, that with kindly rain he would nourish the earth, and bring forth such fruit and flowers.

The week days were first divided into hours 293 B.C., when a sundial was erected in Rome. The word "noon," is said to have come from the word "none," the point in the day when the first hour begins.

Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Theodore Rivers, member of the thirteenth cottage, has been given a position in the print shop.

Some of the boys have been helping some of the barn boys to transport coal from the railroad siding to the laundry.

The only trouble with one of our "mistake finders" in the afternoon section of the print shop is—that

he finds them after our weekly issue has been printed.

Last Saturday afternoon the boys did not go to the ball ground. Rain and bad weather kept them from going.

Last week Mr. Simpson and several of the boys put up the basket ball goals, and fixed the court. Boys have been picked out for trial

practice on the basketball team. We hope to have a very good team this year.

Mr. Grier, several other officers, and a large number of boys have been cutting and shocking corn during the past few days.

A gentleman passing the School saw a good place to toss a football. John Tomasian caught it. John thanks the unknown gentleman for this ball.

One of the new boys who arrived at this institution recently has a great deal to think upon. The fact is—that he arrived here Wednesday 13th, was assigned to the thirteenth cottage, but he happens to have already passed his thirteenth year in age.

Although we have had some cold weather, one of our favorite games has not been left off entirely by the boys and officers of this institution. Most every evening before time for the assembling of the lines on the lawn. Mr. Lisk and other so called "champions" have their usual horse-shoe tournaments.

In the auditorium last Sunday morning a copy of "Man Alive!" a book, was given to every boy at this institution. This book was given to the boys with Compliments of William H. Barnhart. This book is full of interesting reading how other men have succeeded in life. The first account of life is that of Pennington.

"Handicaps, Enthusiasm, Reward

in work, Mark Twain" and "Who does your thinking?" these are titles of the chapters in this book, in which there is much interesting reading. All the boys are very grateful to Mr. Barnhardt for this present to them.

"Moses Honored in His Death." This was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. In this lesson it tells how Moses was honored in his death God told him to go up on the Mount to view the promised land and then he was to die there. Moses died on the Mount Nebo. He was buried in the beautiful valley, and all the people mourned for thirty days. He was one hundred and twenty years of age and still was strong and vigorous. The leading thought and the golden text for this lesson was: "Making the Most of Life." (From our lesson it seems to come into our minds that Moses did "Make the Most of His Life") "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Psalms 116:15.

The Sunday afternoon services were conducted in the auditorium by Rev. Thomas Higgins, of the Forest Hill Methodest Church, Concord.

He read for his Scripture lesson the first chapter of John. He told the boys how to keep out of the shadow of sin. When Moses disobeyed God, he sinned. He went up on the Mount Nebo and died, all because he had sinned. In the olden times it was hard to keep out of the shadow of sin. Jesus came and He kept out of sin, He came to save us, He knew that we were deep in sin and came to mingle with His people in flesh.

One of the many answers which he gave when questioned about himself was: "Follow me and ye shall see." So let us follow Him and see. Let's keep out of the shadow of sin. The talk made to the boys by Rev. Higgins was very interesting. A vocal solo was well rendered by Everett Carter one of the school boys.

Most all the cotton had been picked and other necessary work had been done before Tuesday, the day that had been set, when all the boys would go to the Fair. By the courtesy extended through the management of the Cabarrus County Fair all the boys of this School were able to go to the Fair—and to have a good time. Preparations had al-

ready been made for the boys to spend the day at the Fair and also had seen the fireworks.

The shows and other places were open to all the boys and they all went, all having their fun—just what they came for. Noon found all of the boys with good appetites and under some trees dinner was served to them. Milk and water were also brought from the School to be given to the boys while at the Fair. Horse races after dinner had been finished were witnessed by most all the boys. Afterward shows and the exhibit halls kept their attention. "The fireworks are great," some boy had expressed it that way, we had a fine time and wish to thank the management of the Fair again.

CUT OFF WRONG TAILS.

U. S. Army officials make boast of the fact that they have saved the taxpayers of the nation \$10,000 by cutting off the tails of a lot of butcher's aprons left over from the war to make jackets for army cooks and bakers. What's \$10,000 in the daily cost of an army? It costs \$10,000 to fire one of the big guns used in coast defense. It costs \$20,000,000 to build a battleship to-day that a tiny airplane costing \$20,000,000 may blow to Kingdom Come to-morrow. North Carolina paid nearly 200 million dollars in taxes into the U. S. Treasury last year; 85 cents out of every dollar of that went to the cost of our army, navy, war debts and war pensions. But they saved us \$10,000 by cutting the tails off a lot of butcher's jackets.—Elizabeth City Independent.

**SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.**

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

THE

UPPER T

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VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 30, 1926

No. 48

EMBRACE THEM.

Opportunity, with companion Good Fortune, knocks at every man's door once, said a wise man, but other wise men declare that Opportunity is not easily rebuffed, and comes knocking several times. However, this is not by way of saying that Good Fortune can not be insulted. It is very unwise to slap Good Fortune in the face—and very few do so willingly.—Asheville Citizen.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,
N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

FATE.

By Bright W. Padgitt.

*The pale white rose is restless
In its loneliness.
Rather would it be a tiger lily
And flaunt its brilliant spots
Before the sun
The tiger lily sways backward and forth
In petulant resentment,
Impatient as the wind
That blows,
Envious of the cool beauty
Of the rose*

* * * * *

HE STILL LIVES.

The Monroe Enquirer gives an interesting story about the difficulties Dr. W. B. Wellons encountered in getting out his paper in 1864, during the War Between the States. This brave old gentleman still lives, so does his paper.

Dr. Wellons, a preacher of the Christian Church and once a member of the faculty of Elon College, has passed his 101 birthday. In mind he is clear and vigorous, but in body he is practically helpless. A daughter of Dr. Wellons' wartime chum in Eastern Virginia recently visited the venerable gentleman at the Masonic Home in Greensboro to ascertain some historical facts.

The events of the yesterday years came back to him most readily in time, place and circumstance.

And this be the fruits of an upright, orderly living. Dr. Wellons preached on his one hundredth birthday and then retired awaiting the call to come up higher. But let us see the Enquirer's story:

C. W. Ayscue is the possessor of an old copy of The Christian Sun, published in Petersburg, Va. This particular copy of that publication is of date July 5, 1864—"the beginning of the end" of the War Between the States. W. B. Wellons was the editor, and, according to him, the edition was gotten out under difficulties for he says: "This issue of The Sun has again been delayed beyond the time intended, owing to circumstances beyond our control. The enemy threw a shell weighing 32 pounds so near the Printing Office as to break the windows and produce general confusion, but doing little real damage. Dirt was thrown in our ink, and we are consequently unable to present as clear sheet as usual. Our patrons, we are sure, will excuse both the delay and appearance, under the circumstances. The press and type are now in a more secure place, and those who glory in waging a war upon helpless women and innocent children, may now reach us if they can. The Sun will be continued in defiance of U. S. Grant and his associates in wicked deeds.

"The Office of the Editor, and the house from which his family had just removed, have been penetrated with Yankee missiles and made unfit for use."

Most men under the circumstances would have been willing to call it a day and quit. Not so, Brother Wellons, for at the masthead of The Sun he says of new subscribers: "In the present state of affairs, we would prefer receiving new subscribers for three months only. Send \$2.50, and receive the paper 13 weeks. By the end of three months from the present time, we shall be better prepared to arrange for the future." And The Sun had only four small pages, but at the time was well worth the price.

But the Rev. Mr. Wellons proved poor prophet for he said: "The campaign has thus far been most favorable to us, and all signs point to a glorious victory in the end." And that only a few months before Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox!

* * * * *

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, says the Asheville Citizen, has offered to bet the American Health Association ten to one that this country will be a nation of octogenarians before the close of this century, thereby proving him-

self possessed of the overmastering optimism that characterizes most makers of wagers. The thing that determines whether a person is to remain in good health is, in most cases, the individual's will. Theoretically the Professor may be a good gambler, but human nature has a way of playing hob with many theories.

Physicians and laboratories have done much to rob disease of its horrors. The scientists claim that, by the proper use of sleep, fresh air, food and exercise, any man should be able to rid himself of any and all parasitic diseases. They have announced that every year in this country more than 30,000 young men and women between twenty-five and thirty years of age die from preventable causes. They have told everybody how to preserve health and prolong life.

But many of their audiences are inattentive or unappreciative listeners. Health as a rule is insured or wrecked in the younger years of the individual's life. That is when he, athrob with vigor and spirits of youth, laughs at the idea of illness or weakness. To him his health is a royal treasury that can never be depleted, one which will honor every draft made on it by indiscretion and strain. He goes to the doctor only when he feels a pain.

It is this sort of thing that makes Professor Fisher's bet a poor one. It may very well be that the scientists have secured the information that will enable the nation to become octogenarians, but the eightieth birthday is a long way from his twenty-first, and the youth just beginning his play in the Big Game will require a lot of educating and persuading before he can be made to cherish octogenarianism as an ambition or something to be worked for.

* * * * *

“I WUZ DE KICKER.”

Over in Johnston County they have a fine up-to-date county hospital, with a colored charity ward, for which the Negro people raised over a thousand dollars under the direction of Mrs. Laura J. King, Supervisor of Negro schools, who has been of great help to Mrs. D. J. Thurston, the county superintendent of public welfare.

Mrs. King was making her first visit to the ward, and as she entered a black face disappeared under the sheet. She walked to the bed and gently removed the cover to see who the first patient was.

“Miss King,” came a small voice from the still patient, “‘I sho’ is shame to see you, ’cause when you wuz axin’ fer money to build dis place I wuz

de kicker, and never give nary cent. An here I is—de fust, to git de benefit If the good Lord 'lows me to git out agin. I sho means to work out ten dollars and give to dis hospital.'—Welfare Progress.

That's the way it always happens. The "knocker," if he or she lives long enough, will come face to face with the foolishness of his position. This reminds us of an incident that occurred at Heglar's Ford on Rocky River before the bridge was built by the county.

A mouthy and knowing individual of Eastern Cabarrus was violently fighting the proposed erection of a bridge by the County Commissioners. Early in the campaign this knocker came near drowning at this point, and as he stood before a hastily roaring fire made of cobs, by the late Mrs. _____, and the water running out of his clothes from his submersion, this knocker shiveringly remarked:

"I'm convinced—a bridge is badly needed at that treacherous ford."

It is necessary for a fire, a drowning or a death, sometimes, to knock the selfishness out of some folks.

* * * * *

MUDDLED.

If what Dr. Knight is saying in his articles that not one thousand people in the state read, is correct; if the suggestion of Dr. Highsmith is sound and worthy of belief and following, and if the new theories be correctly reported and the proper way to handle children, then we are completely muddled in an educational way.

Let us not get alarmed. When people, who have really done something worth while in the promotion of the educational cause, rise up and tell us the proper course to pursue in equipping and conducting our schools, then will we have safe and sane direction.

A little more of the 3 R's and gentle, though positive and firm, government being invoked, will improve the chances of school children to grow up with a knowledge that will prove most valuable and keep them out of trouble.

* * * * *

GETTING TOGETHER.

The Charlotte Kiwanis Club is featuring the get-together-idea, by inviting neighboring clubs to put on its program week after week until it has touched all its neighbors. It started with Gastonia, then Rock Hill and last week the Concord Club occupied the boards.

Dr. Frazier and his 105 loyal members gave a hearty welcome to the Com-

mittee of the Concord Club. The outstanding feature of that program was the music furnished by Miss Vernie Goodman and two small youngsters of the Jackson Training School. The Charlotte Club heard some mighty fine singing and called for more. A running history of Cabarrus county, the child of Mecklenburg, was given.

* * * * *

QUEEN MARIE.

We are glad to see Queen Marie having such a time on her American visit. She has practically eliminated Charlotte, Concord, Salisbury and a number of other North Carolina towns from her schedule of visitation.

If she changes her mind and comes amongst us, we'll give her a genuine Southern reception—simmons and possoms will then be ripe—and show her how hospitable we are without resorting to books of etiquette and rules of the snobs, showing that we are used to queens every day and lots of 'em.

* * * * *

THEY ARE BACK WITH US.

There is rejoicing that Revs. Courtney, Higgins and Varner, of the town Methodist churches, have been returned by the Bishop holding the Annual Conference at Gastonia.

These brethren, by their genial personalities and folksy attitude towards their fellow man, have endeared themselves with the population.

* * * * *

If you see the beautiful, the good and worthy—you are wholesomely impressed and profit therefrom. If you see the ugly, the bad and the indifferent—you are also impressed. Better absent yourself from that environment lest it mislead you. Outside of inheriting good blood, the most forceful influence upon a young life is a manly and godly example.

* * * * *

Uplift readers must be impressed with the faithfulness of Old Hurrygraph, who never misses to visit us promptly every week with his pleasing observations and his homely philosophy in his "Rambling Around."

* * * * *

Mr. C. W. Hunt, who spends his summers on Blowing Rock, tells us this week about the subject of vacation in a most readable manner.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The question comes to me: "What form of first aid is applicable when a cow falls down and strains her milk?" In that case Mrs. Cow being utterly helpless, the milk should rub her face with sold cream.

—

The story is told that during the battle of Fredericksburg there was a little patch of ground which was occupied in turn by the contending forces. It was covered with the dead and dying and all through the afternoon of a weary day the cry was heard, "Water! water!" A southern soldier begged his captain to be allowed to answer those piteous cries, but met refusal, "No; it would be certain death." He persisted, however, saying, "Above the roar of the artillery and the crack of the muskets, I hear the cry for water. Let me go." He set out with a bucket of water and a tin cup. For a while the bullets sang around him, but he seemed to have a charmed life. The federals beyond the field perceived his purpose; the firing gradually ceased; and for an hour and a half there was an armistice, while the soldier in gray, in full sight of both armies, went about his errand of merey. Verily, that was the truce of God.

—

Many of the present day girls use lip sticks to apply the carmine. The principle is nothing new. In the good old days, when our forbears were lovers, there were lip sticks, but they were not carmine pencils. It was genuine love that made them stick.

There is a good deal of commotion over the cotton situation with that staple down to about 12 cents a pound, not enough to pay the cost of production. This is unfortunate for the South, and one of its main crops. But what else could you expect, when the people all over the country, and of the south especially, where the cotton is raised, have gone to wearing silk goods almost exclusively. Of course something had to happen when this is the case. The law of supply and demand has been warped and twisted by this wholesale flocking to silk. The supply goes on and the demand has dropped far beyond normal. There's just more cotton goods than the market can consume. Such situations are frequently brought on by a panic. And panic is due to ignorance, largely. Like a doctor, a good doctor, find out what the cause of the malady is, and remove the cause. Fixing prices now is not a lasting or permanent thing. My conception of the situation is that the people should stick to using cotton goods; open more foreign markets for our cotton; and by these means you will see that the demand and the supply will right itself and there will be no cause for the low price of cotton.

—

As a sillycism, a correspondent wants to know of me "Why does a powder puff?" That's the rub. I guess its because it knows whose nose it is going to rub against.

—

Hambone, in his meditations, says: "Life ain' safe 'tall wid folks rid-

in' dem ole murder-cycles 'pop-pop-
ing up en down de road!'"

And "Brother Williams" says:
"De rainbow means dat de stormy
weather is puttin' on his best clothes
an' sayin' he's sorry it happened."

He had met her in the meadow,

As the sun was sinking low,
And they walked along together

In the twilight's after glow;
She stood silently and waited

As he lowered down the bars;
Her dark eyes were turned upon him,
Radiant as evening stars;
But she neither smiled nor thanked
him,

For indeed she knew not how,
He was a country bumpkin—

And she was a Jersey cow.

What's the use of worrying? It
gets you nowhere. It does not make
matters better, but rather worse.
Worry saps your energy. It devital-
izes your strength. Weakens and
demoralizes the mind. It smashes
your concentrating ability, and puts
a sag in your ambition. It confuses
your mentality. It sours the "milk
of human kindness." It puts you out
of humor with yourself and every-
body else. Worry is an enemy of
humanity. Put it up to yourself in
this way: Why should I lay awake
nights thinking over workday cares;
the mistakes and blunders I've made;
the things I cannot help? Cut it
out, and you will not wake up next
morning feeling jaded and worn;
lacking brain energy and force which
would enable you to overcome the
very things which caused your insom-
nia. Let Old Worry stay down the
road, and don't go down to meet

him; or borrow anything he has. If
you are bound to worry, worry just
as little as you can.

Vanity of vanities! Some men as
well as some women. "All is vani-
ty and vexation of spirit," sayeth
the preacher of old. It is so today.
There is a little slip of mirror in
one of the store fronts on Main street,
and it is the most looked-into and
smiled-into thing on that thorough-
fare. Women will stop there and
take a plunk or two at their ear locks,
and touch their lips with a stick, and
smile their blandest. Men will stop
and take a peep at themselves, and
it must give them pleasure, for they
crack a smile and turn away well
pleased with what they beheld. Some
men will even arrange their hats,
and this perogative is not entirely
confined to the ladies. I have look-
ed into that little slip of mirror my-
self, to see if it was still there; in-
animate as it is "doing its bit," by
giving so much pleasure and joy by
the wayside in tickling the fancy and
the vanity of humanity and making
so many inwardly feel happy.

Modest mirror, facing street,

With such a reflecting mien;
Wonder your face remains sweet,

From some faces you have seen.

Of course the generality of us know
that autumn is here. The nose al-
ways know the advent of this sea-
son. There's the smell of burning
leaves in the air—and the odor of
camphor in the flannel undies.

It is perfectly naural that young
people should be more or less excit-
ed when they come to go through the

marriage ceremony. Having never been married before their experience in such affairs is an unknown ordeal. There are many tales of embarrassed bridegrooms, who forgot to have the minister on hand; or forgot the ring, the train ticket, or even the time of the wedding. But the latest incident along this line I have heard goes beyond all these. In this case a certain bridegroom, in his excitement, kissed the minister soundly after the ceremony and pressed into his wife's hand an envelope containing the minister's fee.

Thinking well is all right and commendable; but it does not amount to a row of butter beans that didn't come up unless you act well. Thinking and acting well must go together, hand in hand, if the best results are to be obtained.

There are some people who are such eronic grumblers that they are not even satisfied with themselves. And they really expect the world to like them. Grumble; and you will find plenty of people to grumble with you.

Everyone has a drawback to a certain extent. Here's where one man found his. The head of the firm was dictating to his new, pretty and sophisticated stenographer. He stopped suddenly and remarked "Am I too fast for you?" She consider-

ed him and replied: "Oh, no, indeed; but you are a trifle old."

A man is foolish to disregard the day of small things in this age when everything has a tendency to be done on a big scale. The bigness of projects overshadow the small things. Our Lord magnified the smallest act, and ennobled the smallest gift; but what He emphasized was the end which the giver had in view, and the spirit in which it was given. The gift may be great in itself, and yet, so far as the spirit and motive of the giver are concerned, may be valueless. On the other hand the gift or deed may be insignificant in itself yet when we know its spirit and motive it may be worthy of special honor. Life's most perfect gifts; life's most perfect mercies, are little things. "A cup of cold water." We strive and struggle for wealth and place and fame, and often become untrue to our better selves. It is the common things; the simple things; the most insignificant things, that meet our deepest longings. Not the spiced wines, but the "cup of cold water." Health, work, genuine friendships; the caresses of children; the love that set its hand in your 20, 40, or 60 years ago, which has become deeper, richer, sweeter, as the years passed. God's sweet, simple gifts! These are life's wealth life's perfect gifts—the "cup of cold water."

All the revelations are the gift of stillness. The lake must be calm if the heavens are to be reflected on its surface.—J Brierly.

WHY A VACATION? WHAT OF IT?

By C. W. Hunt.

Most men now passing middle life never had any vacation. The average man who toils with his hands gets no vacation, and such generally live long lives. The real idea of a vacation is a cessation from toil, manual or mental; a relaxation a loosening of the nerve tension in the hope that we last longer at high-powered work, and live longer in the enjoyment of life's good things. But do we rest when we go away? A few really do. The hiker, the golfer, the mountain climber, the preacher who preachers all the harder, the doctor who goes away and practices on strangers; but they all get a relaxation from every-day duties. Even the week-ender gets a thrill though he may have had less bed-rest than when at home. One seldom sees a bored vacationer; especially if he goes to the seaside or a mountain resort and is decently fed.

This writer deliberately quit the stiffening grind five years ago and began going to the mountains in vacation time. Many of his friends could not understand why a 60 odd year old man would quit unprofitable work and spend three to four months of the heated period away from home and its comfort. Well, he belongs to that class who never had a vacation, in fact wanted none, while busy with the things that concerned; the fact is few men with live stock on the place can get away for longer than a day at a time, and taking a vacation, unless help of his own is plentiful, means the giving up of such. Again, the question is

asked: what do you do for 140 to 150 days with no work to do? If one was forced to sit around entertain himself, or if he chose some lonesome hollow in a mountain cove, he would pine and long for the heat and sweat of the table and flat lands, but at mountain summer resort with the greatest climate on earth, where there is a mountain view limited only by the extent of vision, where a continual line of cars from a dozen states pass, where hikers and golfers are ever on the scene, where the daily papers are to be read, and a full fledged home to maintain, the grandchildren to be entertained seven days in the week, and church work on Sundays and at other times, with three times the amount of correspondence there is at home, there is seldom a dull hour; in fact there are times when the pleasures of a hike or mushroom gathering trip has to be postponed. Instead of a wonderment at what he will do on a vacation at vacationers paradise (Of course it is Blowing Rock) the real trouble with those initiated is finding time to take it all in and attend to all the semi-duties of the passing days.

Then, it rains, and it fogs for days at a time, when the fog is so thick it saturates, and you have to put on your headlights in the day time to keep the drivers off you, and it gets cool enough for log fires in midsummer all these are in the diversion class, and one appreciates the blessed sunshine when it comes and shines for days in all its brightness and splen-

dor, making a contrast between it and the green mountains and grass covered golf links. It is not for every one to take and enjoy such, but blessed is the man who can and does; and while many maybe positive prohibited such, yet there are many who can get thrill of a week end occasionally; who do not perhaps for even a camping trip, which sport is growing all the time. Camping is in a class to itself to those who like to "rough it." And of all the folks who need a vacation in camp or at a resort it is the mother of the family who tells the others to

go but she cannot get away; but where the children are able to take care of the home and are willing to sacrifice it is easy to push the good mother away for a rest entirely away from the duties that have tied her. If the price is prohibitive, and a far away camp out of the question, a camp of a few days in the woods or on the streams in reach of home will be a diversion. Next week with the editors permission the writer will tell how he spent a summer on a vacation and worked harder than at home.

LET'S RIDE. A. D. 1200.

Sweetheart awake! the night is spent,
 And cheery is the morn;
 Across the meads in merriment resounds the challenge horn.

The hounds are straining at the leash,
 The eager falcons scream,
 The restless steed would test his speed
 Along the jousts o'Dream.

So come on love, and go with me;
 The skies are clear and blue;
 And on the tilting marches see
 Me break a lance for you.

What matters it aent the skies,
 For whether grey or fair,
 I know I'll win the tourney prize
 If you are only there.

—Kin Council

BEEN FLYING.

By W. O. Saunders.

Back in the days of the eighteen nineties my father hitched the old gray horse to a covered cart at 2 o'clock on a clammy spring morning and started to Norfolk, Va., with a load of smoked herrings. I accompanied him.

We knocked thru Elizabeth City about daybreak, reached South Mills about 11 o'clock, rested the old horse, ate our lunch of fat salt pork, clabber biscuit and yams.

Leaving South Mills after the old gray horse had rested we arrived at Portsmouth just as a boy with a ladder was running thru the streets lighting the gas lamps on the corners. I had never been farther away from home in my life. No thought of the discomforts of the trip occurred to me.

A few years later I went from Hertford to Norfolk on Waddy's train, making the trip in about three hours. I looked with scorn upon the covered cart for long distance transportation after that. I don't think I ever went any place in a covered cart again.

Journeying from Hertford to Norfolk by rail whetted my appetite for travel. Maybe some day I would travel so far as Washington.

About 20 years ago I went from Elizabeth City to Washington. I left Elizabeth City on a Thursday, got to Washington on Friday, spent Friday and Saturday in the capital and leaving Washington Saturday evening got back to Elizabeth City Sunday afternoon. The Tar Heel came out next week and re-

corded the fact that W. O. Saunders had made "a flying trip to Washington." That's all they knew about flying in those days.

Four Hours and Work.

But I actually made a flying trip to Washington this week. I ate breakfast in Elizabeth City Sunday morning, read my mail, motored to Norfolk, had lunch with my mother, flew to Washington, had dinner in Washington, went to a theatre, transacted considerable business in Washington Monday morning.

I left my hotel in Washington at 10 a. m. Monday morning, boarded the P. R. T. Air Service passenger plane at Hoover Field on the outskirts of Washington, at 10:15 a. m. landing in Norfolk at 11:45 a. m. picked up my car, snatched a quick lunch and was at my desk in Elizabeth City at 2 o'clock p. m., same day.

Think of it! Four hours from a hotel in the heart of Washington to my desk in Elizabeth City, and the hardest part of the journey made by motor from Norfolk to Elizabeth City.

No Curves and No Cops.

The time from Washington to Norfolk was actually one hour and 30 minutes. The distance is 145 miles. By boat or rail the distance is about 240 miles. But airplanes fly straight; they make no detours, lose no time in slowing down for curves and rail road crossings; there are no danger signals, no traffic jams, no motoreycle cops in the skies; you go straight thru; over the

housetops, over the treetops, over rivers, over swamps, over towns, over villages, over the map.

And I picked two unlikely days for flying. The weather was thick cloudy blustry. We bucked the wind all the way to Washington. The wind shifted Monday and we bucked it again coming back; bucked it until the air-pilot stuck the nose of his machine in the air and climbed to an altitude of more than 5,000 feet. A mile above the earth there was no wind; he had left all the winds below. We sailed serenely in a clear sky where all was still and all was calm.

And there is nothing more serene than a flight in one of those luxurious Fokker three engine planes used in the P. R. T. Air Service from Norfolk to Washington and Philadelphia.

No Sense of Motion.

When the plane climbed up out of the field at East Camp Sunday afternoon and headed North over Hampton Roads I wondered at its slowness in getting under way. It seemed to just hover over Hampton Roads. Things below moved so slowly. Sitting by the window of a railroad car the telephone poles beside the track seem to fairly whizz by. But the house on the edge of the woods a quarter of a mile away barely moves at all. It's like that in an airplane; you are so far remote from the objects over which you move that you can not time or appreciate the speed you are making.

Passing over Hampton Roads we were already 1,000 to 1,500 feet in the air and going at a speed of 90

miles an hour. But you would never guess it. You are seated in a cushioned wicker chair in a roomy inclosed cabin. You do not feel the rush of the wind. You look out of crystal clear windows of glass at the earth and the works of men swimming leisurely below you.

Greetings in the Skies.

We met nothing in the skies going up. One sees no air flivvers parked in the airways. Coming back Monday we sighted a big Martin bombing plane flying from Washington to Langley Field. It was 2,500 feet below us and going 90 miles an hour. Our airman stepped on the gas, we felt the pick up of the engines, our plane dipped, glided downward.

At a speed of 115 miles an hour we passed the Martin bomber close enough for the pilots of the two machines to recognize and greet each other. This they did. Meeting folks in the skies is an experience not yet common enough to be ignored even by air men. In a moment we had left the Martin bomber far in our rear. We climbed again to an elevation of 5,000 feet. Down where the Martin bomber was flying the wind was stiff and our plane behaved like a small boat riding a choppy sea.

The Higher The Better.

I felt no uneasiness at traveling so high. I had made some inquiries about airplanes; I had learned that a plane can glide ten feet for every foot of its altitude. That means that if any thing happened to our engines a mile up, our pilot would have ten miles in which to glide to a landing place. It is easier to pick

a safe landing place in ten miles than in one or two miles.

But nothing happens in a P. R. T. passenger plane. You can get more kick sweeping around a curve in your little old car on any road in Pasquotank County than you can get in the whole air trip from Norfolk to Washington and return. The uneventfulness of it is monotonous. You marveled for a time at the topography of the earth below you; just rivers and woods and fields; then more fields and rivers and woods. You wonder at the marvelous manner in which nature has disposed her water courses. You tire of the sameness with which man has cleared the wilderness and laid out his field.

And all the fields seem bare; you are so far up that you can't see growing things smaller than trees and bushes. All you see of farms is patch after patch of white, yellow or red earth. Here and there are houses where people dwell. But you do not see people. From the kitchen window of a farm house down yonder a tired-eyed and lonely woman may be looking wistfully upward and waving her kitchen apron at you. But she appears so small upon the landscape that you are not conscious of her; nor of the farm boy who may be leaning on a fence down there and wondering if he will some day pilot an airplane in the sky. You do not even see the fence.

But you do see roads. You trace their white and yellow streaks running hither and yon over the landscape. You see now why roads are laid out as they are: they are not

all built just to make it easy for folks in one place to get to some particular place: they zig zag from farm to farm, serving the people who live in the hinterland; not made just to provide straight ways for joy riders.

Clear on the Airway.

The works of man unfolded from the windows of your P. R. T. plane appear so feeble, so impressive, so inadequate. But everything looks spic and span and clean. Up there in the sky you do not see the dust, the soot, the grime and the dirty imprints of careless humans. You do not see, the ruts in the roads: the farmer's utensils rusting in the fields. The fields, the roads, the housetops, all look as if they had been swept clean and newly washed. You do not see the slovenly remedial emptying slops by the well the small boy chalking short and ugly words on out-house doors. The air is rare and sweet and clean: cleaner than the air of the mountains.

And have you made the trip from Washington to Norfolk in 90 minutes? You traveled at a speed of 90 to 115 miles an hour, 5,000 feet in the air.

"That's nothing," says one of the airmen with a tolerant smile; "I flew a plane yesterday at a speed of 227 miles an hour."

Maybe I shall yet live to look upon my speedy roadster and the passenger plane of today with the same contempt that I looked upon my father's old gray horse and covered cart after I had my first bellyful of cinders on Waddy's train a quarter century ago.

YE OLDEN TIME HALLOWE'EN.

By Evelyn Thorp.

An enlightened age has robbed Hallowe'en of its old significance. It has become the jolliest merry-making season of the whole year, full of harmless revelry and meaningless tests of fate. It finds its greatest response in the spirit of the young folk who are thrilled into lively anticipation through the power of its mystic charms. Whom shall she marry and when? A question of high importance to romantic youth. Such has Hallowe'en become in America.

All of our Hallowe'en customs are borrowed directly or adapted from those of other countries. They are real survivals of ancient merry-making and old superstitions of Ireland, England and Scotland, more or less forgotten in their serious portent in those countries now, but fostered and preserved by us in a lighter mood.

Hallowe'en to the ancient Celts marked the transition from autumn to winter. It was the eve of their New Year, and a season of omens and auguries, which, though believed to be active time, worked best and with undisputed certainty on Hallowe'en.

To the older folk it was the weird night of the year when the wind, "blowing over the feet of the corpses," brought omens of death in eerie sighs to those doomed to pass through the "vale of death" within the year just begun.

These cheerless divinations of their destiny were sought by these simple country folk who earnestly

believed in the power of Hallowe'en charm as a determiner of fate.

In the Highlands of Scotland, it was believed that if any one took a threelegged stool and sat on it where three roads meet, whilst the the clock was striking midnight, a voice from the unseen would tell him the names of those in his neighborhood to die within twelve months.

Another quaint divination custom of North Wales was the great bonfire called Coel Coeth which each family lit on the most conspicuous spot near the house. When the fire had died down, each member of the family threw into the embers a white stone, marked so as to be identified. They said their prayers and retired. Early next morning they sought their stones amid the ashes and if any were missing it was believed that the persons who threw them would die within a year.

In nearly every household a cake was made, into which was put a ring a coin, a sloe and a chip of wood. The person who obtained the ring would be first married, the coin predicted riches, the sloe longevity, and the chip of wood an early death.

One of the favorite forms of prediction in Scotland was for the housewife to fill a thimble full of salt for each member of the family and empty it out in little piles on a plate and leave it there during the night. Next morning the piles are examined and if any of them have fallen down, he whom represented would die before next Hallowe'en.

The women also carefully swept

out the ashes from under the fireplace and flattened them down neatly on the open hearth. If the next morning, a footprint was found turned toward the door it signified a death, but if turned in the opposite direction, a marriage was predicted.

Then there was the livelong ceremony. On midsummer eve it was the custom for each child in the family to gather a green plant and hang in a loft or barn. On Hallowe'en these were taken down and inspected and if found still green and undecayed all would be well with the people of the household for the subsequent twelve months. But if a single plant was withered or destroyed it foretold the death of the one to whom the plant belonged.

They seemed bent on discovering the hour of death. To one of lively imagination and sensitive spirit, it must have been difficult, indeed, to shake the chill and gloom of an ill-favored omen.

But it was not all so somber though it was serious business for old and young; for the old, the fortune of life and death; for the young, the fortune of love: both trustfully accepting the dictum of fate.

Most of the love charms were fanciful and quaint. Some of the best known are these that follow:

A girl, desirous of divining the identity of her future husband, took an apple and stood with it before a mirror. She sliced the apple and stuck each slice on the point of a knife which she then held over her left shoulder while looking in the glass and combing her hair. The spectre of the future husband then

appeared in the mirror and, stretching out his hand, took the sliced apple over her shoulder.

Another curious practice was to take an egg, prick it with a pin and let the white drop into a glass of water. The charm reads "Take some of this in your mouth and go for a walk. The first name you hear will be that of your future spouse."

Sometimes a salt cake was eaten to induce prophetic dreams. After eating it one must not drink nor utter a sound if you would not spoil the charm. In your dream your sweetheart would offer you the desired drink. It was equally efficacious to eat a salt herring, bones and all, in three bites provided no water was drunk nor any word spoken.

Similar was the ceremony of the dumb cake. The maiden kneaded with the left thumb a piece of cake in solemn silence to secure the fulfillment of dream and desire. But should the performer be unfortunately surprised into speech or sound the charm was broken and disappointment thereby became her lot. Amongst the farmers a favorite form of divination was to take a winnowing basket and go through the action of winnowing corn. After doing this three times the apparition of your future wife or husband passed through the barn coming in at one door and passing out through the other.

If a girl leave beside her bed a glass of water with a sliver of wood in it and say before she falls asleep,

"Husband mine that is to be,

Come this night and rescue me,'
she would dream of falling off a

bridge into the water and of being saved at the last minute by the spirit of her future husband.

Besides these trials of fate, half melancholy, half joyous, Hallowe'en was a day of feasting. Every house provided an abundance of the best victuals that could be obtained and apples and nuts were largely consumed. They were the representative fruits: the commonest yield of the harvest. At the Hallowe'en supper "calleannon" was indispensable. It was their favorite dish of mashed potatoes, parsnips and chopped onions. A ring was buried in this mixture and the one who found it in his serving would be married within a year or if

married, would be extraordinary lucky.

An odd but popular drink for this feast was called "lamb's wool." It consisted of milk in which crushed roasted apples have been mixed.

And now, all these things are of the past. The old folk festival of Hallowe'en, with its accompanying associations of destiny and divination, has waned in popularity as superstitious beliefs unworthy of enlightened minds. The march of civilization, with its great intellectual advancement, has replaced the old time superstitions with reason and knowledge. Nothing will restore the faith that has passed from the hearts of the people.

OUR GREATEST RESOURCE.

Our greatest resources are not our factories, but our farms. Without these, our factories would not prosper.

There is a tendency for bankers and business organizations to finance the building of factories that more men may be employed. With the uncertainty of management, output, and market this is often a questionable venture, but in our state we have thousands of men, employing tens of thousands of men, women, and children.

These farm factories are capable of being increased several fold in efficiency through cooperation. Indeed, the very continuance of factories in our cities depends more than we think upon the success of the farm factory.—W. S. McKay, Chairman Agricultural Committee, Pennsylvania Bankers Association.

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS.

By Harry Harrison Kroll.

George Woodward looked gloomily at the list of examination questions before him.

"No use!" he muttered. "I couldn't make twenty-five per cent on it!"

On the other side of the room Lud Hoyd sat in absorbed application. Lud would make it. He was that steady, plodding sort.

"Of course, George Woodward will win the Overby Scholarship!" George still recalled Mazie Thompson's vivid faith in him. "He's always been a success!" added Payton Morgan. That was the way they looked at it. Now, he knew he had always been a big show—a lot of noise—a getter-by.

He had always intended at some vague future day, just before graduation from high school, to get down to the grind that the Overby Scholarship implied. But he had never done it. Now the coveted prize went glimmering.

Again he read Wilber Jason Overby's eccentric words at the top of the sheet. "More men are failures on account of success than on account of failure!" It was a paradox, of course. And yet the statement was miserably true. George was living it now.

George was prepared for the award's going to Boyd two weeks later.

Before school had been out he commenced putting in a crop. His school days likely were over. College never would be for him now. As a sort of brooding self-discipline

he drove himself to hard labor and plenty of it—from gray dawn to vermilion dusk. And he had never cared for farming. All his hopes he had pinned on going to college.

It was hard—terribly hard at times. At night he often retired so sore and weary that he was ready to quit and drift. But when the soreness was gone from his bones, the stronger side of his nature asserted itself and he returned to the fields. Wilber Jason Overby's philosophy went living on, though the man himself had long since moved to the city: "More men are failures on account of success than on account of failure." The words taunted him, challenged him.

So the summer wore on.

Another thing he gradually came to realize: Since he had, in a measure at least, wasted his school years, he must set about to rectify the mistake. He had paid all too dearly for his ignorance when he lost the scholarship; he must not continue paying. Surely, he saw, there is nothing so costly in the end as this same ignorance. Men pay for learning. That is as it should be. But no matter what knowledge may cost lack of it still remains the greater expense.

He felt he would like to know something about civil engineering. It was a vague notion, like predilections peculiar to youth, without much actual foundation. Since he might be barred from college by prohibitive expense, at least kept away for some years until he could get some

money ahead, he subscribed for a correspondence course. Mathematics, both algebra and geometry, he had not found difficult in his high school work, hence, despite his general happy-go-lucky laxness, he had gained something of an intimate acquaintance with them. His first papers having dealt with these preliminary topics, he immediately grew interested. He was working on the seventh assignment one evening early in October when Gus Nord, a senior now, dropped in for an after-supper visit.

"What's the scholar dipping into now?" gayly inquired Nord. Then he added jestingly, "I thought it was against your code to study."

George smiled, glumly enough.

"I changed my code," he admitted.

"So I see. What's the joke, anyhow—cross-word puzzles of a new and improved pattern, since the craze is about to die out?"

"No, graphs."

"Oh, yes, certainly—graphs." Nord was politely obscure. He picked up one of the assignment sheets. The sight of the paper made him purse his lips into a whistle. "Correspondence school stuff—great balls of catfish!"

"Well, why not?"

"Oh, if you run to such! But how and when did you get that way?"

"I fooled away a fearful lot of time," said George, slowly and seriously. "Four years of it, Nord—or thereabouts. But for my foolish lack of vision and industry I might right now be in college, fitting myself for a real career, instead of fiddling over these assignments. Though, for all that, I do enjoy this work. I've never told anybody, not

even my mother and father, before. But I lost the Overby scholarship because I was too trifling and unappreciative of my many opportunities."

"Get out, now!" scorned Nord. You talk like two hundreds pounds of copybook maximums! Why, the whole world is getting by, these latter days. It's the way the game is played. Times have changed from what they were when McGuffey was writing his platitudinous readers!"

"You mean, we'd like to think they've changed. Maybe they have—on the surface. Things are faster, this generation kicks up more dust. But when it comes down to petrified essentials, the cold fact still remains that the guy who has the most brain and the most industry gets there first. I know. For I am one of the guys that didn't get there!"

George mopped his brow with a sheepish grin. But he could not mop off the sincerity of his brow. Howbeit, Nord was not deeply impressed. He merely shrugged his athletic shoulders and laughed.

"I'm satisfied with the formula," he assured George. "It's working for me, and you might as well admit it worked for you—for didn't you get by and graduate with high colors? Of course, you did. And there's nobody blames you because you fell down on the Overby exams. Every one knows an exam is never a true test. It often happens to the most brilliant of students, the strongest in their studies, the best thinkers stumble and lose their heads. It's one of the marks of genius not to know trivial facts. It's another not to be stolid

impossible of rattling. Now, even you will admit that, George!"

George laughed again, ruefully.

"You let me down easy," he conceded.

"And it's kind of you. Only I know better."

The conversation must have been too dry for the visitor, for presently Nord withdrew. George buckled back down to his mathematics. He had long since learned the biggest job of any task is getting down and starting at it.

When George harvested his crop and gathered it in towards the last of October, he sold his cotton on the spot cash market, disposed of his seed in the same fashion, but retained his corn to feed several pigs he had purchased for the purpose. He had two young Jersey cows he had traded for during the summer to come in fresh about this time, and he deemed it right good business to feed the skimmed milk and sell the cream.

He kept books on these activities. It had been part of the curse of his failure that he disdained meticulous details. Bookkeeping was one of the tasks he especially abhorred. Or, so he would have told himself a year before. Think in large terms—such was the motto of his set. Nord had voiced something like this on his visit.

"And it's all very well to think in large terms," George told himself. "But if you don't master the little things, how are you going to be able to think of big ones?"

When he got into the bookkeeping it did not, after all, seem such deadening labor. Indeed, it was at times fascinating.

Meanwhile he stuck to his correspondence course. The regular, after-supper routine, which he had such agony to set up in the beginning, had come to be a pleasurable habit. Now he resented any interruption that tended to upset the established order.

One evening his father came back from the village with elastic, enthusiastic steps. He told the good news at the supper table.

"You know the short line the M. Q. & C. people have been projecting through this region for the past several years?" he reminded them. "Well, I heard a while ago at the post office that the thing is an assured fact. A surveying party is already on the way out from North Fork. It will mean that the farm will increase in value anywhere from twenty to fifty per cent."

But George was not thinking so much of this. Here would be an opportunity for him to see actual engineering at work, for if the road came through the village it would have to come through Rembert Hills, two miles out, and here were enough baby mountains to tax the ingenuity and skill of any set of engineers!

Now he redoubled his energies on his course. He was pathetically remote from an accomplished engineer—that exalted consummation was years away yet, but he was getting a line on how to work his transit, and compute ascending and descending grades. On several afternoons he went over into the hills, tramping long hours studying the topography of the region. As he looked the rock-strewn, elemental land over, which appeared to have been tossed into

a heap by some colossal jokesmith, he did not wonder that the road had been so long delayed. To cut through this ridge would cost money, and lots of it.

It seemed to him in the end that the road would likely cross the main highland at Selkirk's Knob. Not because this was the best place, for George did not believe it to be, but because here was the most likely spot on the direct line of the possible right-of-way. But, he reasoned, if the engineers were of a mind to turn off just before they hit the hills, following Sneed's Creek until they reached the covered bridge at what was known as the Pass, they would have easier work, and at less cost in the end. For four miles George walked the valleys, spying out the way. Such a roadbed would be winding, but only one important cut would have to be made. When the surveyors came out, he would get with them and induce them to look the ground over with him before making a permanent survey.

His father soon brought other news.

"I never knew before," he said, "that the grand mogul of the M. Q. & C. Railroad is old Wilber Jason Overby himself."

George started. The name had a chagrinning connotation. It was never mentioned but George found himself feeling this way. Its synonym in his soul was humiliating and useless, through deserved failure.

"They say the old man himself is coming out here next week when the surveyors come through," added his father. "In fact," he added doubtfully, "there is a whisper that the road is not such an assured thing,

after all. The Rembert Hills are scaring the company. I'm hoping there's nothing to the rumor. You can hear so much these days about things that you never can tell when are you hearing the truth and when you're hearing somebody's imaginings."

George found himself no less troubled than his father. Should the road blow up, his opportunity to get practical training in what he was sure now was his chosen profession would blow up with it, since little would be done except perfunctory glancing over the best right-of-way. All of the business of shoveling out cuts, making fills, working out grades, computing centrifugal force in relation to curves would be omitted. He had set his heart on such an experience, without knowing just how he was going to get it.

On Thursday of the following week the engineering party came into town. Three of them there were nattily dressed gentlemen in smart leather leggings, who wore a blase and businesslike air. They set out immediately for the hills.

George, awed by their cold exterior, followed, but at a respectful distance. When the party halted at the foot of Breed's Mountain, at which point they evidently intended to begin their survey, he crept as close as he felt he dared without violating etiquette. He was helped in a way, though hindered in still another way, by the presence of other of the villagers. Squire Cochran, who knew about as much about surveying as a fish, mixed right in with the visitors, and invented suggestions out of a fertile rural mind. George

marveled not only at the magistrates' affrontery but even more at his ignorance. The engineers, on their part, were polite, but quite unimpressed.

"Straight through the hills," the Squire said at one point. "That's the way we folks out here have this thing settled in our minds."

"It is sometimes difficult to reconcile engineering difficulties with popular wishes," the chief engineer, whose name George established as Mr. Graham, replied guardedly.

"If you are going to get this railroad through here without eating up all your money, you'd better come in by the Sneed's Creek way!" But George had no more than got the words out of his mouth than he went cold and black all over for his own temerity. He was a bigger fool even than Squire Cochran, who at least had the dignity of age and long experience to guide him.

Graham looked at him now in tolerant amusement, yet with eyes that were in no wise entirely unappreciative of the truth of his words.

"You said a mouthful, then, son!" he agreed.

George, however, felt no encouragement to continue the conversation. He had made a break and he felt better when out of sight.

For some days the work went on, George hovering just without the fringe of the engineer's activities. The survey, he saw, was run through the most difficult portion of the hills. But he said nothing. For, after all, this was the logical course. Yet, he dimly felt, the surveyors were not putting the heart into the work that they might. There was a general air

of don't-care that George interpreted as saying it did not make much difference anyway, since the road probably would not be constructed.

On the Friday following, Wilber Jason Overby himself motored out. It was the first time George had seen the magnate and philanthropist since he was a small boy, ten years before. The grandeur and general chill of the great man frightened George worse than ever. Without in any sense being arrogant or overbearing, Overby was at the same time a powerful personality who seemed to carry everything before him with all the weight and power of a steam roller without the roller's ponderous slowness.

"No road through this way!" shouted Overby. "Why, men, it would cost a million dollars a mile! If this is the best route we might as well figure on discontinuing the enterprise right here."

"You might as well, then," smiled the chief engineer.

"No!" interposed George, again forgetful of his inconsequence. "Don't give the thing up till you spy out the route along Sneed's Creek! Its level almost all the way.

Then he nearly fainted again.

Wilber Jason Overby looked at him in a mildly quizzical fashion.

"What do you know about engineering?" he asked amusedly. "Typical farmer, eh? Knows a little about anything that ever happened, eh?"

"I've been studying the thing," George admitted.

"Ah! Well, I'm glad somebody is capable of making a suggestion out of a study instead of imagination."

Thus encouraged, George told of his own efforts, and the conclusions he had arrived at. In the end Overby turned to the engineers.

"The boys' hit on a tip, I shouldn't doubt," he said. "At any rate, go down in there with him and look the ground over before we leave here." He turned back to George. "Interested in civil engineering, eh? What's your name? How did you happen out here, so far from any particularly stimulating environment, to get enough knowledge of engineering to know about this route?"

George felt a sudden swift warmth of liking for this great, unapproachable man. He knew not why Overby was called great. He told him everything as he hiked along beside the railroad king; of his failure to win the scholarship the past spring, of his awaken to his own foolish and mis-spent school years and his frantic desire to atone for the wasted time. There was the correspondence course, and his midnight hours of absorbed study. All the while Overby looked at him with an air of friendly amusement.

"Finally woke up?" he questioned. "Well I'll say this for you. You showed a lot of good sense when you woke up. I know full many a boy that acted the fool and never did wake up to his foolishness. I recall your application for the scholarship now. I usually look over all those applications myself, though not always. I have a pet phrase, borrowed, I believe, from the cryptic philosophy of Elbert Hubbard: 'More men are failures on account of success than on account of failure.' You

appear to have vindicated that truism."

"I'm afraid I did," gloomily rejoined George.

For the rest of the day the survey went rapidly forward. It was well toward the close of the afternoon when it was consummated. Everybody was thoroughly weary after the strenuous task. Instead of returning to the village hotel for the night, however, the party brought from the touring car a camp outfit and shortly the chief engineer was driving stakes while the great railroad magnate was broiling bacon on a sharp stick over a crackling blaze. George had accepted their invitation to spend the night in camp with alacrity.

As the cool late autumn night descended, the men lounged around the camp fire.

"So you fell down on that exam," Overby returned to the topic. "Too cock-sure. Tried to get by on a false reputation. It often happens. When you get up against life in the cold and raw, 'spoofing' doesn't carry you far. I'll have to commend you again for your ability to wake up. I've been thinking, as we spied over the route you looked up, that surely you must have something to you, else you'd never have been able to see what you saw. Of course, our men here would probably have got around to this opening, anyhow. I shouldn't go so far as to admit that you saved the railroad at all. But the fact that you came this way, and discerned the advantages of such a route, reflects genuine credit upon your powers of observation, and the thoroughness of such study as you

have made. Suppose, then, we say this—that if a scholarship should be available to you that you will study engineering and do yourself and the scholarship justice by earnest study and application—that—”

“You don’t mean—” gasped George.

“Sure. Why not? What you have given me today is much better than any written examination you could have turned in. I really like your style, young man. I like your candor in admitting that you failed and made a mess of your opportunity. That’s the presagement of hopeful future. The scholarship is yours, if

you wish!”

George had to wrestle with himself to keep from growing maudlin over the turn of affairs. He wanted to take Overby’s hand and wring it, but that obviously was not advisable. So he held his peace, after thanking the man in the best manner he could.

“More men are failures on account of success than on account of Overby repeat with a reflective smile as he tossed a bit of wood into the camp fire.

“And that’s the honest truth,” George told himself, as he lay happily back upon the ground.

UNCLE SAM GREATEST DISH SMASHER.

By Uthai Vincent Wilcox.

If all the amateur jugglers in the country could be turned loose in our leading crockery stores and permitted to practice their stunts without interruption, regardless of what damage they did, the smash and rattle of plates and saucers, the crash and crackle of chinaware destroyed would be quite like the din and clamor you can hear at Uncle Sam’s Bureau of Standards.

The scientist of the government are testing out the durability and efficiency of all kinds of crockery and glass, in order to tell the manufacturers how to make better dishes.

To step into the laboratories of the ceramics division of the United States Bureau of Standards, where the extraordinary dish-smashing stunts are in progress, the average person might well believe himself in a dishware bazaar of the Far East,

which had but recently been subjected to an attack by a wild elephant. Dishes are broken in a wholesale manner and the accumulation of debris ever grows higher. Great stacks of plates, saucers, and tumblers, plied almost to the ceiling, are on every side awaiting their turns to serve as victims to the investigations of science.

This is all because the most practical method of solving the riddles of how to make the best dish is to break the dishes, keeping accurate tab on the strains and the results, and repeating the tests often enough to make the average correct.

This dish-smashing campaign, that would interest anyone who enjoyed the fun of breaking a bottle by stones or accurate throwing, is in progress because hotels and restaurant managers have found that one of their

most expensive accounts is the replacing of broken dishes, caused by the power washing machine, the waiters and the amateur and professional dishwashers, and the alternate heat and cold. One big New York hotel spends more than \$60,000 annually for new dishes and glassware to replace those broken. A Chicago hotel spends \$35,000 a year for imported chinaware alone, which has to be purchased to substitute for broken plates, cups and saucers. Restaurants add an average of twenty per cent for dish breakage.

Science Smashes 'Em Good

If anyone could tabulate the dish-breakage losses of the thousands of public dining rooms scattered through public dining rooms scattered throughout the United States, the total would run into the millions of dollars annually. And of course, the public—you and I—if we eat out of dishes, pay our share of this somewhere along the line.

When organized science undertakes the task of smashing dishes, her representatives do not merely arm themselves with hatchets, hammers and sledges, preparatory to destroying innumerable crates and barrels of crockery. They do not enlist the assistance of explosives or small artillery. However, they do harness the knowledge of theory and practice and the many mechanical devices they have available to the curious task of destruction.

As a consequence, a machine that is capable of exerting a pressure equivalent to 100,000 pounds is used in some of the glass-testing experiments. It is so arranged as to centralize a tremendous force at one

point in the glass test sample. This force is so great that the huge contrivance can smash pieces of the most resistant wire glass to smithereens. A special pressure measuring gauge keeps track of the power necessary in each case to break the sample of glass.

Finding Out What Winds Will Do.

Other technical apparatus is expressly contrived for determining the wind pressure on window glass, as well as crockery glass. The window glass study is being used by architects and engineers to know about storms and stresses such as are encountered in skyscraping office buildings, lighthouses, and store fronts.

Under the laboratory conditions, wind pressure is simulated by water pressure, which is so regulated that it duplicates the vagaries of storms of all kinds.

The piece of glass under test is supported at its two ends as it lies flat. A saddle is suspended over the unsupported central portion of the glass. This saddle is connected with a swimming arm, similar to the ordinary scale arm. A standard bucket is placed on the far end of this arm so that it will catch all the shot that flow from an adjoining shot tower when the gate is opened. The shot pouring into the bucket that rests on the scale beam which, in turn, is fastened to the saddle, exerts a constantly increasing strain on the glass sample. Finally, when the load becomes excessive, the glass breaks. The instant the glass falls, the shot bucket drops and hits a trigger directly below it, which automatically stops the flow of shot. In this way the strength of that

piece of glass is determined.

In studying dishes of all kinds various machines have been made. Most of them however, use the steel ball attached to the pendulum which the scientist lets fall against the plate, or other dish. If the plate does not break the first time the distance that the ball has to travel before hitting the plate is increased.

A carefully graduated scale, which is a part of the swining pendulum permits of reading arc through which the weight descends as it catapults against the plate. The scientists keep tab on all of these items and are thus able to estimate the strength of the plate. By testing various kinds they are able to learn what degree of harness of china-clay stands hard usage the best, as well as the way that it burned in the kiln.

Many thousands of plates have already been smashed and many thousands more will go through the experience.

For tumblers and glasses the iron ball rams against the bottom of the tumbler until its strength is determined. All the tumblers that withstand the limit of the test have gone through the equivalent to dropping them four feet onto a concrete floor.

There is the nicking test where the steel weighted pendulum hits the edges of the plates, cups, and saucers, something in the way that dishes are hit against each other in restaurants and sinks or against the faucets. Perhaps you have unconsciously tested a few this way yourself.

There have been tests of extreme heat and extreme cold such as most dishes have to stand when in use in

big establishments. Dishes will be taken from boiling water and placed in ice water. They will be taken from a furnace and placed on a draft of cold air. Other tests have to do with proper sterilization, such as is necessary at soda fountains.

These investigators also study the cobwebs of cracks which occasionally appear in dishes. Tests are made of porcelain and enamelware to determine the serviceability of these articles in general usage. Altogether more than 6,000 pieces of plate glass and window glass have been broken and before the investigations are concluded the secret of hotel tumblers and tea-room china will be disclosed and just why and at what point they will break.

The United States Army has already changed its tumbler specifications as a result of experiments, and Uncle Sam now saves large amounts of money annually in his purchase of these supplies, which are used in training camps and army posts.

Thus far the tests have proved that native made American china can withstand more hard usage than foreign made goods. This is because, perhaps, manufacturers in this country have had to learn to make dishes that will go through the hard usage and machine handling which is not so customary in other lands. At any rate, Uncle Sam's investigators are seeking to know, and regardless of the origin of manufacture, they are seeking for the best possible crockery that will stand the hardest possible usage. It will save all of us money, time, and temper when the ideal dish that can be knocked about comes.

“MY PLANS FOR THE FAIR.”

By Clyde Bristow.

For several days before the Fair, most of the boys will be busy preparing for the occasion. On this day the uniforms will be pressed into immediate service, for each boy will wear his uniform to the Fair. The Cabarrus County Fair is held at the Fair grounds at Concord, once each year, generally in the month of October. Shoes are put into service and so are new caps and fancy ties, which I expect to use on that day.

We will assemble at the oak tree, in front of the Cannon Memorial building where Mr. Boger usually speaks to the boys about the Fair, before we begin our hike to the Fair grounds. As we will be in cottage lines we will go in this formation to the Fair, walking, as we did last year.

On the road to the Fair, I know, that all of the boys will be interested in some of the things they will see. We will, undoubtedly, rest by the roadside, as there are many small boys with us that get very tired during the walk. The new shoes will begin to hurt some boy's feet who is near you and then all the way to the Fair you can hear him complaining. Always blammig it on his shoes, of course. I expect to see many things that will interest me, on my way to the Fair.

At the entrance to the Fair grounds is where every boy is glad, after his long walk. As usual, there will be a large crowd at the gates. Some of them will always scrutinize our boys, very closely for some unknown reason. We will undoubtedly go to

some cool shady place where we can rest and eat.

Before dinner most all the boys will walk around the Fair grounds and down the midway. We will go through the exhibit halls, before dinner is served. All the boys will marvel at the beauty of the Training School's booth. This was done last year, and no doubt, but the same thing will happen this year also.

After dinner has been served, the boys will be allowed, as usual, to rest awhile in a shady spot. We then are off for the shows, and off to have our fun, which we have been expecting.

We are permitted to go in all of the shows, free of charge. This is a courtesy extended by the managers of the shows, to all the Training School boys. The races are seen from the grandstand. This place is reserved for the boys. We will go from the races, and walk around or enter the other shows before supper.

Supper is served at the same place that dinner was. All the boys will probably have good appetites, by that time.

When supper has been finished we return to the midway and after walking around or going in the shows we haven't seen, we wait for the opening of the night performances, which all the boys will view from the grandstand.

From the grandstand we are all able to see the "free acts." Time for the fireworks comes and we all watch in astonishment the scenes before us. When this is all over we

will return to the institution by a different route. All the boys will be glad when they get back to the institution. They are all tired. Soon they are ready for the night's rest and are in bed.

For several days after the Fair you will hear some of the boys exchanging stories of what each saw while he was there. All have had a good time, and all are happy.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

We were very glad to have with us last Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon Eugene Kidd, of Concord. At Sunday School services and at the afternoon services several well rendered violin solos. His playing was well enjoyed by all, and all the boys will be glad to have him come out to the institution and play for them again.

Not long ago, when a few days of cool weather came, baseball playing was ceased. It has now started up again, for it is hard to be put in the discard until next season, so the boys all are still playing the old game. Though often the ball will sting the hand through the baseball glove, but this never has any effect on these boys. They stick to this great American game as long as possible then wait patiently for the opening of the next baseball season.

During the past month the boys of this institution have had many courtesies extended to them, and also a gift, one to be remembered. Last week the boys of the thirteenth cottage were presented with a Brunswick vietrola. Mr. C. W. Swink, Cashier of the Cabarrus Savings Bank, of Concord was very generous to these boys. He knew how these

boys in the thirteenth cottage would appreciate this gift. Mr. Swink is one of the many friends of this institution, and takes interest in the boys here. All the thirteenth cottage boys wish to thank him for his gift. A letter has been forwarded to Mr. Swink from the boys of this cottage.

Mr. Thomas Shelton, Boys Secretary Y. M. C. A., Charlotte had charge of the services that were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He brought Mr. Bell a singer, from Charlotte. His solo was enjoyed by all. Mr. Henderson a lawyer from Charlotte talked to the boys. "Living Your Best," was his subject. In his talk he relied upon some of the adventures of Chester Gump, Uncle Bim and his other associates to bring out some very interesting points in his talk. He told an interesting story of how he once got lost when he was out hunting for "a nice fat juicy possum." By the aid of his brother's yelling he returned safely home. He had learned his lesson and obeyed his mother afterwards. His talk was very interesting.

In our lesson last Sunday was about Joshua made leader of the

people of Israel, Joshua was chosen the leader of the Israelites, since Moses had died. Joshua was the son of Nun, and came from the tribe of Ephraim. He was fit for this new task, he had been trained by Moses in the wilderness and God put him in charge of the people. The Lord told Joshua that his servant, Moses was dead; He told him to go into the land of Canaan, the Promised Land. God told all the people that all the ground that the sole of their feet touched should be in their possession. God told the people "to be strong and of a good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."—Joshua—1:9 "Joshua, Israel's New Leader was the subject of this lesson. Living Courageously," was the leading thought; and these people who had traveled thru the wilderness, crossed the Red Sea and other trials. They had to prove that they were in the right way. They were living courageously. These people had faith in their new leader, Joshua.

—

This institution was honored last Tuesday by the visit of Governor McLean. He was accompanied by several newspaper reporters. One of them with whom we are acquainted Ben Dixon MacNeill, of the News and Observer. He is one of the best story writers in this State. And also one of the best in the South. The Uplift has published stories and other articles which were written by MacNeill. The other reporters who accompanied the governor were: C. J. Parker, J. C. Baskervill, manager Raleigh Bureau, N. C. Association

afternoon newspaper. A program was rendered in the auditorium. Governor McLean talked to the boys and told them how to live, how to make their future lives better. He explained to the boys that all of them had the opportunity of their lives here—to make good. To make a better citizen of your State.

"One of you boys here may be governor of our State, while others may only be a private citizen, but you can make yourself a good citizen. Many of you have probably been handicapped but now you have your opportunity. "This talk was a short but an interesting one.

The Gov. called the boys from Robinston county up, and there were seven who answered. He talked to them about how they liked to stay here, and seemed to find satisfactory answers, for he was seen to smile several times while talking to them "I am an American"—by Guy Tucker. Vocal duets rendered by Everett Carter and Guy Tucker were well carried out. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginy," was one of their selections. Seven of the boys all ranging in different heights also sang very well.

Governor McLean seemed well pleased with our program. Later he went about the institution to see what the different forces are doing. The Governor and the reporters, visited all the school rooms, the shoe shop, the print shop, the bakery, the laundry, and other places of interest before he departed. All were glad to have our Governor visit us and hope that he will visit us again soon.

SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE.

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

Caroline

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C.

o, 1926

No. 49

Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

CAROLINA ROOM
U. N. C.

A GENEROUS GIVER.

We have received a vast deal in this life for which we did not labor. We have inherited the results of centuries of human progress.

When we came into the world it teemed with comforts and opportunities for us. When we proudly insist that the world owes us a living it answers back: "I have done my best for you; behold the benefits you enjoy for which you never did a tap."

We would be poor indeed if we had nothing more than that for which we had expended our labor.

The world is a generous giver.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,
N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

FRIENDSHIP.

*W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Just the same are you an' me
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn an' cry 'Hullo'!
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t' other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "Hullo!"*

"FINEST COMMUNITY ASSET."

That describes a hospital in general and the Ellen Fitzgerald Hospital, of Monroe, in particular. Any institution that lends a helping hand when disease and its pangs lay low their victim, without means of fighting back, appeals to the great Christian heart.

No wonder the public regards the Monroe Institution its finest community asset; it is so everywhere when an unselfish hand directs and heart is

attuned to unselfishness. Let us read what the Monroe Journal had to say in its issue October 29th:

“Dr. Charlie Weaver was fond of saying when he lived here that the Ellen Fitzgerald Hospital was the best asset that Monroe and Union county has. He foresaw the day when its service to the community would be widened and widened and its reputation extended far beyond the present bounds.

When Dr. Rankin, manager of the Duke Foundation, made his splendid speech before the woman’s club here some days ago he said that it had been figured down to a most accurate point just how many people in a given number of population is going to be sick each day in the year and how many of those actually sick need hospital treatment daily. He said that 20 per cent of the population is sick every day. This is one out of five. Of those who are sick about five per cent are in bed or need to be, and of the sick ten per cent need hospital care. Upon this basis he figured that 80 people in Union county needed hospital treatment each day in the year. The figures of course include both white and colored. But on this showing every bed in the Ellen Fitzgerald Hospital would be occupied by a Union county patient if all who need treatment received it.

It is the purpose of the Duke Foundation, said Dr. Rankin, to awaken the public mind to this state of facts and to get the public to assume the responsibility. The Duke Foundation is intended to co-operate with the public in this undertaking, and the undertaking is to secure adequate medical and hospital care to the town and rural sections of North and South Carolina. The Foundation does not help private hospitals for the reason that Mr. Duke’s purpose was to arouse the public to its duty of seeing that medical care was placed within the reach of the masses, and private hospitals would not solve the problem.

While here Dr. Rankin visited the Ellen Fitzgerald Hospital and was astonished to find such a hospital here. He was high in his praise of what he found and did not stint words in his expressions of appreciation of the hospital’s equipment, methods, and the work it is doing. The hospital has received no help from the Duke Foundation, but what has been done has been done along the very lines of the policy laid out by Dr. Rankin in his speech before the ladies, which speech was made before he visited the hospital or knew what it is doing.’

This institution has a direct and living knowledge of the capacity, ability, sympathy and great heart of the management of this particular “community asset.” Dr. Mahoney’s personality, professional skill and love for his fellows make it so.

* * * * *

STATEWIDE AFFLICTION.

Eugene Ashcraft in his Monroe Enquirer delivers himself of a little philosophy, which is becoming of general observation. We are feasted on these

functions, and the world is mean enough to side-remark that the person who is putting on that stunt can ill afford it.

But there is a reason. The featured social columns in our papers—the leading dailies—dish up these functions so elaborately and seductively that it sweeps the country like a contagious disease. It makes one feel a shock when the rooms are decorated and the queens presiding over the punch bowls, concluding a card party, where prizes are awarded. The less fortunate in our midst cannot resist it and they, too, must lay bids also for notoriety.

And, of course, the whole downstairs is “en suit.” And, in many instances, the head of the house is out trying to make a living in his old suit.

The thing, however, that seems to affect Ashcraft’s nerves most severely is calling the party “characterized by supreme simplicity,” then declaring the thing brilliant. But hear him:

“I sometimes wonder why our young lady friends in reporting a social event nearly always begin with “Characterized by Supreme Simplicity,” and then proceed to tell how the ball, the reception room, the dining room and the west parlor—all were decorated with profusion of flowers and numerous color motifs—and the sumptuous feed that followed.

But that “west parlor” stuff always did get my goat. We all know it to be the company bedroom, with furnishings temporarily removed during the “functum.”

Then there’s another thing I’ve often noticed. In inspecting or being shown through a new family residence, the proud housewife will invariably say: ‘When we have a reception we can throw this whole floor into one room, or en suite.’

More houses than one in Monroe have been made inconvenient if not uncomfortable for everyday family use because the layout was designed for one or two “receptions” in a lifetime.

But folks are funny. The ‘more dog they assume,’ the more they assure us it is ‘characterized by supreme simplicity,’ and expect us to believe otherwise.”

* * * * *

STANDING ROOM.

A newspaper writer whose words are widely read and given credence says that the sixteen hundred million inhabitants of the world could stand at the same time on Staten Island. The island is 57 miles square and is located in New York bay.

Those with an inclination for mathematics, says the Reidsville Review, may endeavor to figure with the writer to determine how he arrived at such a startling fact, but more interesting still is contemplating that there is standing room on such a speck on the map for the earth’s population.

One can but wonder why there should be any congestion in the wide,

wide world when all the human beings known to live on the earth could be herded together in 57 square miles.

Yet millions of the earth's inhabitants are crowded together in overpopulated cities, living like prisoners, when God's great outdoors is so abundant.

The maddening desire to be in the crowd draws them, but there are still a goodly number who like the quiet and restfulness of the countryside, and the small community, where there is elbow room and a chance to enjoy the beauties of nature.

* * * * *

A TRIED PEOPLE.

When this writer was in charge of a county Armenian Drive, in which our people responded handsomely and successfully a prominent and very successful business gentlemen remarked: "Would it not be better to provide for the removal of these people to another country—I have heard appeals for the Armenians ever since I was a little Sunday School boy."

The hardship which has fallen to the lot of these peoples is most heart-rending, and now at the approach of another winter they have had the addition of a frightful earthquake. This will be the occasion for a renewed effort in their behalf.

* * * * *

HARD PRESSED FOR NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge went to Massachuttes to vote. Nothing remarkable about this. But the A. P. caused the papers to pay toll for this very unimportant news that is not news. And it (the A. P.) took the public into its confidence by further stating: "Mrs. Coolidge seemed especially glad to be home. She waved a greeting through the car window before the train stopped." That has been done by every woman in the land, who ever returned home by train.

If little Hector McLean accompanied his Pa to Robeson county, where the Governor's voting precinct is, we bet the fine little fellow did some waving, too.

* * * * *

From published accounts of invitations being issued it looks like the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce means to be on time. A deserved reception

is scheduled at an early date to do honor to Hon. O. Max Gardner, the next Governor of North Carolina.

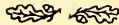
If Queen Marie has eliminated a trip to North Carolina from her tourage, she will return to her little old country with a very inadequate knowledge of American accomplishments, fine citizenship and innumerable queens that are real queens. Marie has some very poor advisers. It's her loss—not ours.

* * * * *

Those of us who accepted the World War as a contest for democracy find it a little embarrassing to get excited over the presence of the Queen of a third-rate country. Why, North Carolina is full of democratic queens, bless their souls.

* * * * *

The election being over naturally suggests the next stop—Thanksgiving. Some agencies, however, are directing you to Christmas.



RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

You don't get those up-standing, two-fisted, high-powered thrills in shaving any more. The safety razor has come to stay, and has eliminated to a great extent the thrills I have in mind: and you remember them, too you old codger, when you shaved back yonder in the dim distance. There was a peculiar thrill when you saw reflected in your mirror, the gleaming blade of your good old straight-edged razor, keen beyond relief, hovering near your palpitating Adam's apple. Have one of the children almost bump your elbow just as you are rounding that manly chin. Thrills! There is no thrill like that of passing its gleaming, glittering edge over your quivering jowl, alive to the fact that a slight deflection would bring you face to face with your Maker. The old-fashioned razor, like old-fashioned people, are passing. So the times and the customs change; and are ever changing.

Whenever we open our lives and look about the world in which we find ourselves, we have to acknowledge the works of God all around us, and "only a fool would say in his heart, There is no God." It is easy for many to enjoy the beauty of sunset sky, or moonlight waters, without a thought of their Creator, but those who realize that all nature is God's work declare with the poet: "Where'er we turn thy glories shine, and all things bright and fair are thine." And they can understand Mrs. Browning when she exclaimed: "Earth's crammed with heaven, and

every common bush is aflame with God, but only he who sees takes off his shoes." One of the most amazing aspects of God's works is their immensity, that makes you feel how small you are, and how brief your earthly life. When you use the telescope to look out upon the myraid worlds of the great universe, you feel yourself a tiny atom in a universe so vast. When you look through a microscope at a little insect or bit of leaf, and see the countless atoms and molecules so wonderfully combined, you are again lost in wonder at the marvelous works of God. Isn't it grand?

October, the harvest month is going out. Spring is the planting time. Summer is the growing time. Fall brings man his reward for the labors of the year, and nature blazes out the harvest season in a brilliant garb of yellow, and purple, and gold—symbolizing the harvest season. Crisp and frosty grow the mornings. There is a nip in the air at sun-up, and a tang that reminds one that up on the ridges there are wild grapes and pawpaws; and down in the bottoms there are pumpkins ready for pies. The sun is beginning to hang away over the South, and sting us some without being very hot. The horizon looks smoky, and makes one think that there will soon be snowbanks in the West. The fodder is in the shock. The large family of apples are being picked. There are big fat porkers in the pen which are ready for sausage cakes right

now. Yes, sir; October has brought us rich blessings which are preparing us for the great event of Thanksgiving which comes in the month of November.

—

You cannot solve an economic problem politically. This is fundamentally sound and fundamentally true. You just simply cannot do it, that is all there is to it. There is another thing that cannot be done. You cannot build real success or prosperity for yourself by tearing down the success or prosperity of some one else.

This truth is enunciated by John G. Holland in these lines:

We rise by things that are under our feet'

By what we have mastered of good or gain;

By the pride deposed in the passion slain,

And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet."

Prosperity or success created or gained at the expense of someone else who has a legitimate right to it is not prosperity or success at all. Therefore, most if not all, of these political projects calculated to solve the farmer's problems and cure his ills will, at best, have only a temporary advantage even for the farmer himself, and in the end they will be injurious to the interest of the country as a whole, the farmer included.

—

You have no doubt often heard of the time wasted in "taking two bites at one cherry." I am reminded of that old saying every time I have to use one of the Sesquicentennial exposition two-cent postage stamps. Of course you get double your mon-

ey's worth in size. It is rather too big for hasty stamping. Too large for your tongue to cover and you have to take two licks at it to get it moistened enough to stick. Metaphorically speaking, Volstead act, or no Volstead act, that's the kind of "licker" Uncle Sam is dealing out to us now while the expo. is exhibiting.

—

If some people would get rid of their prejudices and let their faith take the form of belief in their neighbors, there would be a great deal more mental sunshine in the world where ominous clouds now hang.

—

Here is how it started: He—"Remember when we first met in the revolving door at the postoffice?"

She—"Yes; but that wasn't the first time we met."

He—"Well that was when we first began to go around together, anyway."

—

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been badly beaten on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled. "Cheer up," his opponent said, "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll be burying me some day, I expect." "Even then," replied the preacher; "it will be your hole."

—

The service that satisfies requires the knowledge of knowing the needs of the person to be served, and find out if you have the kind that meets the needs of that person. Any kind of service is not always successful.

What was good service yesterday may be improved upon today. We should, ourselves, be the ones to set the pace for tomorrow. This line of thought reminds me of what Josh Billings, I think it was, once said about advice. His advice was that "if you want a person to think you are the greatest man in the universe, when he comes to you for advice, first find out what kind of advice he wants, then give him that particular kind of advice." This is a great big chunk of human nature.

So many people are lost in this world in their vocations. In other words, they have never found themselves. They are missfits. Drawing is a passion to the draughtsman, someone has rightly said, just as color is to the colorist. Great things are accomplished in art when the artist meets his proper medium and falls in love with it. Certain painters express their passion for pigment; their delight and their ecstasy in putting paint on canvas. Their work possesses a quality of life, of warmth, of radiance that is lacking in the work of men who have never quite completely found themselves in any medium. Ingres's passion was for drawing, and even in his paintings he remained essentially the draughtsman. Michel Angelo's true medium was sculpture—he confessed that it was an art superior to mere painting—so that even in his paintings his feeling for sculpture predominated. I might go through the list of masters old and new and would find that every true artist finally finds himself at home in some particular medium. Because of his individual rediscovery of his medium

his work endures. It is true in all other lines of human endeavor. Try to find yourself. What your talents are best suited for and then fall in love with that particular line. In love with your work is the dynamo that works achievements.

Valuable lessons can be learned from the people and the things around us if we will only be students in this college of observation, and school of experience. Have you ever thought about the fact that even a fish would not be caught if it kept its mouth shut?

An editor of a radio magazine confessed that the mysteries of radio reception were many and that he for one could not explain a great many of them. This is very consoling to some of us who are also very much mystified by radio broadcasting. Receiving and broadcasting are two different things—widely separated. The only explanation I can make about this latest world wonder is that when radio works all right you are in an ecstatic state; and when it works all wrong, you are in the state of static.

A man went into Cohen's book store and asked: "Have you a copy of 'Who's Who and What's What, by Jerome?'" Cohen replied: "No sir; but we got 'Who's He and Vat's He Got,' by Bradstreet."

"There are times when I wish I were a man," she said wistfully. "When inquired her husband. "When I pass a milliner's shop and think how happy I would make my wife by giving her a new fall hat."

BUNCOED US.

(Asheville Citizen).

Man name of Mencken living in Baltimore writes pieces for the paper in order to make a living, and for the same purpose operates on his own hook a certain periodical of literary trend for reading by highbrows.

But highbrows be comparatively few and likewise languid in the matter of paying subscriptions in advance so that peradventure it came to pass that the periodical languished for lack of monetary victuals. The printer came with outstretched hands and the man who supplied the ink and the landlord—oh many others—how many take toll of the publisher only he knows, and so of a Saturday the cupboard would be nearly bare.

Thereupon, seeking to replenish it, M. Mencken besought the plutocratic merchants who are willing to give money for the advertising of their wares, but they cannily demanded what of the circulation of the Mercury-footed magazine. 'Twas vain they said for them to place advertisements in a periodical which few read. "Get circulation," they demanded.

And so the Menckenite took counsel of himself how best to get many subscribers. He first bethought him to soft-soap folks and tell those of each section that they be the brightest jewels of earth and the elect of Heaven. But the publisher remembered that many were engaged in this enterprise and competition was sharp. He could not hope to rival, for example, the seraphic language of rotund ornateness with which Captain Bob Reynolds exalted the people of

Buncombe, Jackson, Madison and other parts of the U.S. to the starry heights of perfection. Anyway people would not pay for the compliment en masse.

It was then that a happy thought came to the publisher. He remembered a fable of Aesop concerning the railway men—no, it was not Aesop because there were no railways in his day, but some other tale-teller. But the important thing was not the teller but the tale.

This was to effect that once upon a time lived a boy near the railway track whose mother, poor but dishonest, bade him go forth and bring some coal, giving him no money but good advice. And so wised, this boy went to the track and made faces at the operatives of passing coal trains and vilely slandered their ancestors and threw rocks at them.

The angry trainmen retorted with bad language and having no rocks, pelted the boy with lumps of coal which he agilely dodged. When the train had passed the boy gathered up the coal and repeated the operation day by day. And at every fresh assault on them the trainmen threw more and bigger lumps of coal.

So the Menckenite gained wisdom and began to throw verbal rocks at the South and his people. "A literary Sahara, you," he shouted. "A region inhabited only by Babbitts and priest-ridden bigots, ancestor-worshippers who among them all have not one who is fit to be dog-catcher in Hanging Dog township." That got quick results. The South

began to hurl back coal in the shape of subscriptions so they could be informed what the scoundrel was saying of it. Circulation swelled and advertisers signed on the dotted line.

And so the game went on. Boobery of the South" yelled the publisher in print and a volley of subscriptions went from enraged folks. "Methodist, Ku Klux, Baptist Boobs, Presbyterian, Psalm-Singers," retorted Mencken, and thereat more money missiles were hurled long range at him. People quoted him, newspapers played him up—and his sal-

ary was raised.

Now this rock-throwing person comes to Chapel Hill which sought to show it liberally by entertaining a savage enemy—one who would excoriate professors and students face to face. And, behold, they find an imposter! He is no savage but a mild-mannered person who has no enmity to anybody. He throws rocks merely for the profit there is in it. And it was long before his hosts realized the situation. Some boobs in this section, yes?

KINDNESS.

One never knows
 How far a word of kindness goes;
 One never sees
 How far a smile of friendship flees.
 The deed forgotten reappears
 Down through the years

One kindly word
 The souls of many here has stirred.
 Man goes his way
 And tells with every passing day,
 Until life's end:
 "Once unto me" he played the friend.
 We cannot say
 What lips are praising us today.
 Whose prayers ask God to guard us well.
 Beyond the memory of him who gives.
 We cannot tell
 But kindness lives

—Edgar A. Guest.

UNCLE BY HECK.

Corn Cracker in Charlotte Observer.

To the Editor of the Observer:

Unfortunately for most of us who write for publication, we are unable to furnish an interpreter to enlighten those who seem to lack comprehension. As I was reared on a farm to really toil in the heat of the day, my sympathies have always favored the honest-to-grandma dirt farmer. He has been exploited by people in favored callings and discriminated against by legislative bodies. While education has helped ameliorate his condition and while rural free delivery, daily mails, daily and farm papers have helped raise him from servile vassalage; much yet remains to be done ere he realizes a square deal. Allow me to say that, in a small way, I am still interested in tilling the soil, live fairly remote from towns, and we raised this year corn, cotton, potatoes and other garden vegetables; have an orchard comprising apple, peach and pear trees: and that we canned and evaporated enough this season to send the wolf from the door for a period of two years. I am painfully aware that cotton in this region is now selling for three cents less a pound than the present cost of production. Often have I called attention to the fact that the farmer, even as grotesque, caricatured in journals and magazines—feeds and clothes the world. Whether mankind feeds on the products of the temperate or torrid region, Uncle By Heck furnishes the fruit, cereals and meats for human consumption; and whether we wear wool, silk or cotton; Uncle By Heck, with his ill-

fitting boots, chin whiskers and grotesque apparel is the source of supply. While not especially gifted, I certainly claim to have acumen and fairness enough not to rail upon or rend my benefactor. The man who I claimed as being opposed to a school of eight months, and who I criticised, is the exploiter, who does not desire that the farmer shall know how he is imposed upon and be ready to foil the spoiler.

So far as a surplus of cotton is concerned, I said and still say, that if the toil worn farmers who produce this staple were paid enough for their cotton to buy all the wearing apparel they need and a sufficiency of bed clothing; every boll of cotton produced would find a ready market, at a living price. Of course, we neither produce all the cotton, nor consume the entire product. Egypt, India, and some other regions enter into competition; and within the last two years several States of the Union have entered to swell the list of competition. But we furnish about three-fourths of the world supply; and England, Germany, France and other European Nations furnish a demand for our product; as do some Oriental Nations. The Southerner claims that cotton is king, that it makes the treaties of the world, and binds the Nations ever to keep the peace; while the Westerner makes the same claim for corn. Whichever may be right, if either, cotton is certainly an important factor.

It is said that Columbus, the grandest sailor who ever trod the quarter

deck of a vessel, found three fortunes in his voyages of discovery and died in poverty and neglect. These were corn, potatoes and tobacco. Two of these are blessings to mankind, while the other is a curse. Corn and potatoes are food crops and therefore, blessings; but tobacco enfeebles both mind and body; besides wasting money for a narcotic poison.

But, bad as the present condition of the farmer is, the diversified farming and other industries that prevail, can not reduce the farmer to former conditions of poverty and squalor. The eagle is no longer the proud bird of liberty; but the demure hen both sits and sets an uncrowned queen. Then consider the cow. Instead of being a wild-eyed pauper she forges and stamps minted and printed dollars. She is recognized as a lady of true gentility and moves in the best society. If the farmer will divide his attentions among cotton bales, dairy and poultry products, he can wear silk underwear, if he so desires, drive a limousine, buy the best radios, books, magazines, pianos, organs, violins, guitars and graphophones; and take on all the airs of the polished urbanite. A good account is all the polish that

is required with most of people; but true gentility makes further demands.

It is hoped my meaning and sympathies are made so clear that he that runneth may read. To seek relief from any species of thralldom, education and intelligence are necessary. The Man with the Hoe is the picture of abject helplessness by reason of his deplorable ignorance, and it is impossible to keep a well-born man of education and culture in servitude. When men learn to study social and economic conditions, the exploitation of one class and condition by another will forever cease. Curtailment of acreage is necessary; because the farmer lives in an isolated condition, especially on large plantations. These large lordly plantations are a menace to prosperous conditions, anyway. Small farms and intense cultivation will do much to ameliorate the condition of the husbandman. The most prosperous rural regions are small farms managed and cultivated by owners of the soil. Large plantations cultivated by ignorant and shiftless tenants do not make for ideal conditions. Consider Denmark and Holland.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED FIRES A DAY.

One thousand five hundred buildings catch fire in the United States every day. That is an average of more than one a minute.—Exchange.

TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

The subject of the Unknown Soldiers, one that interests all. Ever since the remains of that American soldier, who died in France, were brought home and buried in beautiful Arlington Cemetery, the mystery of it has stirred the hearts of the people. And whenever you visit Washington, no doubt you will visit this tomb.

It was in October, 1921, that four coffins were brought into Chalons-sur-Marne, France, and placed in the city hall. They had been selected from the four military cemeteries of Belleau Wood, Bony, Thiaucourt and Romagne. Each contained the remains of an unknown American soldier.

A sergeant, who had been selected to make the final choice, entered the room and placed on the top of one coffin a bunch of white roses. The remains of the other three Americans who had come so near to immortal fame were taken quietly away. The casket on which the white roses were placed was marked with this inscription:

"An unknown American who gave his life in the World War."

From France the remains were brought to Washington, D. C. The coffin lay in the rotunda of the Capitol. Over a hundred thousand people walked past in solemn reverence. On Armistice Day, November 11, 1921, the remains were taken down Pennsylvania Avenue, followed by one of the most impressive processions ever seen in the United States.

On foot came Warren G. Harding, then President, General Pershing,

members of the Supreme Court of the United States, led by former President Taft, members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives. Woodrow Wilson came from his sick room to ride in the procession.

Then, in that historic place. Arlington, the audience listened to President Harding speak, after which the remains were borne to the place prepared a few steps to the east front of the Arlington amphitheatre. Before the coffin was lowered there was placed in the tomb a layer of soil brought from France, so that this hero might rest on the earth on which he fell. The coffin was lowered into the severely simple tomb of marble, and the last journey of the Unknown Soldier was at an end.

Today it is a spot visited by thousands, and nowhere else in all America is the imagination so stirred. Who was this lad? What was his name? Whence did he come? No one can answer these questions.

On that November day, when the funeral ceremonies were held, an American Gold Star Mother, whose son had never returned, sent a wreath of flowers to be placed on the tomb. The thought that he might be her son gave her comfort, and no one knows but that he might have been.

Nearly every convention, conference or assembly held in Washington sends a wreath of flowers to be laid on this tomb. On Memorial and on Armistice Day the President places a memorial wreath on the tomb in the name of the people of the United States.

Of late the question has come up as to the manner in which honor to

such a soldier can be paid. Some say the tomb should have an armed guard of honor and the Secretary of War has recently issued an order that such a guard shall be stationed there.

The present tomb is of Vermont marble, about twelve feet long and four feet high. It was intended merely as the base of a monument to be erected in the future. At the time of the funeral the plans had not been completed. But now a joint resolution is before Congress, authorizing the completion of the monument to the Unknown Soldier. It provides for an appropriation of \$50,000.

Designs have been considered from many sources. A model representing one design was erected on the present site in Arlington. It consisted of a tall shaft with human figures near the top, supporting on bowed shoulders a stone sarcophagus. On the side of the monument was an inscription from the memorial address of President Harding. Although this design was approved by some authorities, the War Department rejected it. The reasons were not given, but others who saw it said it lacked simplicity.

Many other designs have been suggested but none have been seriously considered. Nothing but the beautiful and supremely simple tomb should be erected. There should be no signs, no symbols, nothing to detract attention from the fact that within the beautiful marble walls lies the famous American soldier of the last great war.

Not far from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier is another monument to the unidentified dead, rising over

the remains of 2000 unknown soldiers of the War Between the States. And on the rolling hills of Arlington are more than 35,000 graves. Here lie Sheridan, Sampson, Sehley, Lawton, Peary, Miles, Bryan and Zachary Lansdowne famous men of history: soldiers whose names are unknown. Many of them are in secluded and seldom visited spots of the cemetery. The tomb of the unknown Soldier is in the most public spot in the plot.

Visitors to the tomb should not fail to visit the room in the eastern part of the amphitheatre, filled with objects devoted to the memory of the Unknown Soldier. Above the door is a beautiful American flag that covered the coffin of the Unknown Soldier. There are bronze wreaths from wounded soldiers of France, from French school children, from the President of France. A case filled with mementos presented by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Gold Star Mothers and other patriotic societies.

There is a palm leaf made of aluminum from the first Zeppelin brought down in France during the World War. There is a gorgeous war bonnet, covered with beads and fur eagle feathers, presented on the day of the funeral by an Indian chief, who showed as deep respect for the white brave as did the diplomats with famous names who presented the highest decoration in the gift of foreign governments.

On exhibition are the medals presented to the Unknown Soldier—the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Victoria Cross, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre of Belgium, medals from Italy, Ruman-

ia, Poland and other nations.

On the banks of the Potomac, near the Lincoln Memorial, men are now preparing for the foundations of a beautiful memorial bridge that will connect Washington with old Virginia. From the Virginia side a road will wind up past the Arlington mansion, once the home of Robert E. Lee. On past the mansion the road will lead to the tomb of the Unknown

Soldier.

The spot has become a hallowed one. This unknown Soldier represents to America all of the boys who went forth in the defense of their country—never to return. Shall it be guarded? Of all the thousands who have visited it thus far no one has shown the slightest gesture of discourtesy. We believe a guard is unnecessary.

THE BABY'S NAME.

By Ellen Manly.

I don't believe I like this world—the people are so queer!
 Because a baby doesn't talk they fancy he can't hear;
 And just because he smiles at them and doesn't seem to mind,
 They call him all the names they choose. Now do think that's kind?

If I could just say all I think, the folks would soon find out
 There isn't much that's going on that I don't know about;
 For when they see me sitting still and looking wonderous wise,
 I'm listening with my little ears and watching with my eyes.

There's one thing, though, that puzzles me, that ever since I came
 The more I hear the less I know what really is my name.
 I'm "Bouncer" to my Uncle Tom; I'm brother's "Toby Trot,"
 And Aunt Lousia's "Little Tike," while sister calls me "Dot."

My grandma says I'm "Honey bunch," I'm mamma's "Little Lamb."
 And grandma always greets me with "Hello there, Uncle Sam!"
 I'm mammy's "Precious Little Coon" and "Darlin' Sugar Pig."
 I'll tell what I think of that some day, when I am big!

I'm "Roly Poly," and I'm "Punch," and sometimes "Humpty-Dumpty" too;
 I'm "Daisy," and I'm "Toodlekins," and sometimes "Baby Blue."
 "Cabozzles" is the worst of all—what sort of name is that?
 I wouldn't give it, I am sure, to grandma's pussycat!

My papa always says "Old Man," and that provokes me so.
 If I am old at six months, who's young, I'd like to know?
 I thought and thought about it till I couldn't sleep last night;
 Then, very tired and very cross, I screamed with all my might.

When people wondered what was wrong, of course I couldn't tell,
 And so they said: "Poor 'Tootsy Woo!' it surely can't be well!"
 And never guessed I felt so bad because 'twas such a shame
 That nobody would let me know what really was my name.

HOW A VACATIONER FINISHED AN UN-FINISHED CHURCH.

By C. W. Hunt.

In a former number it was told how one can or does spend a vacation or have a good time at work away from the home base in Summer, promising a continuation that it might be told how the writer found an unfinished church and set out, single handed to raise funds to complete the work; the doing of which sounds like fiction. Five years ago when this writer first knew Blowing Rock, and went there to live during the summer months, he found a small frame church with membership less than 30, with only one male adult member, and he was short on interest in church work. This little Methodist church was ugly and not in keeping with the usual looking Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, which two make provision for regular Sunday services, each Sabbath, instead of the once a month services of each in Fall, Winter and Spring, while the Methodists had no funds with which to provide services for its people each Sunday. Since then this writer has scuffled along getting a preacher when he could; the church is his hobby, all of which was and has been unsatisfactory and entailing more work than one vacationer should have to undertake; however it has gone on with more or less interest. In the Fall of 1925 a Summer dweller from Gastonia offered to put up a small sum if the local membership would raise a like amount, move the church back from the street, and make other improvements; these being the decoration of the bare ceiling

walls on the inside, changing the roof lines, building a rock porch entrance and covering the outside walls with chestnut bark, like so many other buildings there, among which is the Baptist church. In doing a part of this \$1200 was expended.

It was mid June when this writer came on the scene this year and found the house full of debris of the building operations, and that no service had been held since last Fall. He shied at the work of cleaning the trash out with his own hands, but the locals did clean the house, and he found Rev. W. O. Goode, whom many read this know, and who lives at Blowing Rock in Summer, who offered his services when needed to preach for us. A service was advertised, and the writer planned to tell the congregation what was lacking to finish the church, which in short he did about as follows:

“Those of you present, who have worshipped here before see and know what has been done to these bare walls on the inside, this new floor and the rock entrance. We need money to put the bark on the outside, as planned and money to buy the bark with; we have a bid of \$56 to furnish the bark and a bid of \$100 to put it on the walls. We need sixteen new pews like the good ones some of you sit on. I hold in my hand a check for \$10.50, sent me by a lady friend in Charlotte, she having been here for a few hours week before last and accidentally learned that I wanted new pews and that

they cost \$10.50 each. I am sure she was inspired by Providence to send this check, for I had no claim on her nor had I thought of getting the money for new pews in this way, but she has set the pace and every one present who wants a part in this come here to the front at the close of this service and give me a pew. Last night at the supper table three more pews were guaranteed for the work."

One lady gave three, and four others came, giving me eleven of the sixteen at the very first call; and while I was recording the subscriptions, a friend from Thomasville, who had dropped in when the service was half over, with a golf suit on, came to the front to speak to the writer, saying: "If you will excuse me for coming in here, dressed as I am I will give you \$100 to put the bark on." Going out the front door with the check for \$100 in hand it was shown to the man who first started the work, who said he would underwrite the cost of the bark. In two weeks time the bark was on, and at each service help for pews and other needed things was asked until there were more new pews subscribed than

there were pews, and these were made under the church and placed in a short time; the house painted where wood work was exposed with a surplus of approximately \$200 for other work. The writer superintended all this and did his vacation duties about the home as well.

About this time it was suggested that a furnace was needed to heat the place in winter, and the cost was investigated. It occurred that a second hand one which a steam plant has displaced could be had, and a notice to that effect was placed in the Christian Advocate at Greensboro, and a church in eastern Carolina wrote to say it had a furnace it would gladly give for the moving of it out of the way. In all there came to the writer in free will offerings during the season \$636.90 for the making of new and better place for Methodists and friends to worship in. With the furnace installed and a good warm house, it is possible that all the other church congregations in the village can worship there in Winter as none have modern heating plants, and each have a Sunday for preaching; in which case the good done may be quadrupled.

English newspapers, enjoying the visit of Queen Marie almost as much as Americans, call it, among other things, a "royalty spasm," a "national comedy," and an "emotional debauch." Nearly as much so as when Doug and Mary or Jackie Coogan visited England.—Greensboro News.

STORIES IN BLANKETS.

Did you know there are stories in blankets? Have you ever studied very carefully a beautiful Indian blanket and thought that it had queer pictures in it? Edwin L. Sabin saw some of the Indian story tellers weave their legends into blankets and he wrote this lovely little poem about them.

“Out in the land of little rain,
Of canyon, rift, and cactus plain,
An Indian woman, short and swart,
This blanket wove with patient art.

“And day by day through all the
year,
Before her loom, by patterns queer,
She stolidly a story told—
A legend—of her people old.

“With thread on thread and line
on line,
She wrought each curious design,
The symbol of the day and night,
Of desert and the mountain height.

“Of journey long and strong beset;
Of village past and dangers met,
Of wind and season, cold and heat,
Of famine harsh and plenty sweet.

“Now in the paleface home it lies
'Neath careless, unsuspecting eyes,
Which never read the tale that runs
A course of ancient mystic suns.

“To us 'tis simple many-hued,
Of figures, barbarous and rude,
Appeals in vain its pictured lore,
An Indian blanket—nothing more.”

Annie Hobbs Woodcock in Junior Home Missions tells one of the leg-

ends and some of the interesting facts about the Indian blankets:

Once upon a time, moons and moon ago, a “wise man” of the Navajo tribe was daydreaming in the sun, when he noticed a spider throwing her web across the yucca plants. As he watched her spin, filling in her webthreads with order, he becoming fascinated.

Mindful of the native deftness of Navajo women, and of the beautiful things his own squaw might weave, if she but knew the spider's art he began to implore the “Great Spirit” to reveal to her this marvelous skill. As he plead, he looked toward his bogan, and suddenly beheld his squaw being enwrapped in a silvery sheeny halo. Next there appeared billowy folds of soft wools all about her. She then slowly changed to the form of a spider, and the “wise-man” knew his plea was answered. With tense eagerness he watched her begin to weave. The sun's rays shone through the halo, till the colors of the enlarging fabric took on gorgeous hues. Flashes of lighting shot through and wrought added marvels to the design.

Night fell, but since the “weaver” paused not, the sheet lighting gave her its continuous banners of light.

At last the “weaver” ceased, for a finished blanket, with rich hues like the rainbow, filled the loom. Slowly the squaw returned to her former self, but she had the spider's art and taught it to her tribal women. The first she gave them was the “spiders Pattern,” still a favorite with Navajo weavers.

Another is the "flood blanket" or "Mountain Chant," full of meaning, which figures largely in ceremonials. Its design is from a "sand painting."

The Navajos have groups of symbols that stand for their traditions and worship. For these different "symbol" groups, they have distinctive accompanying ceremonials, well known to all their people. When some observance calls the Navajos together, they may not know what one of these ceremonials they are to have.

Instead of announcement by word on the printed page, as with us, he whose duty it is draws a set of symbols on the ground. The people eagerly watch, for a look at the symbols tells them what ceremonials are to be observed. These symbols, that are pictured on the ground, are known as "sand painting." The term may be sometimes be more complex when used in Indian lore, but this is enough now for us.

Whenever you see a "sand painting" design, which is really a portrayal of a ceremonial symbol, you may know that the weaver has had to seek permission from one, or several, "medicine men," and pay to each a sum of money.

Since the "sand painting" designs, like all others, are carried in the mind only, no two of even these are exactly alike, though the same arrangement of symbols will be followed.

Navajo designs have a meaning. If only we could translate them, as you some day your Latin and Greek, you could read many a life-history. Marriage, birth, death, harvest, storm,

mountain, lightning, whirlwind—all these, with countless other things, are thread-woven. But we had begun to talk of that "flood blanket." It symbolizes their story of the "flood," which, strangely enough, in a measure, parallels our "flood" records in Bible history. How and where did they get their story? There is a question for you to grow up with and, when older, find the answer, if you can. But let us trace the rug.

In the center you see what we usually term the Greek cross. This distinctively Navajo symbol is found more often interwoven than any other. Their silver ornaments also bear it, and popular fancy has given it to us as "swastika."

With these people it symbolizes what is known as the "whirling-log-raft," formed by lashing together, at right angles with thongs, two logs. In our Bible account the ark was prepared for the saving of the eight people, with other animal life. This "whirling-log-raft" seems to take the place of the ark. You will see standing by twos, near the four ends of the logs, eight persons, each bearing what looks like a string of lanterns, suggestive of darkness on the face of the waters. The continuous form near the edge of the blanket and around three sides represents their "Rainbow of Promise."

The grotesque-looking "Na-Toi" blanket is a "sand painting" pattern and prized most highly when it is "painted" on the ground at a ceremonial, all knowing that the "dance" to follow will be the most extreme of all their ordeals, and will continue nine days. So exhausting

is it that but few men can continue to the end. To those who do, freedom from poisonous bites of reptiles and insects is given, and power to heal diseases. These are the ones who become the medicine men of the tribe.

The two strange figures in this "Na-Toi" blanket show the Navajo's idea of the shapes of earth and heaven. This white one they call "Nah-San," the earth. On it are their representations of the squash vine, the bean, the corn, and a medicinal herb they call "Zithl-Nut-To," or mountain tobacco.

The dark form they know as "Tah-

Dithl-Kithl," or heaven. On it you see suggested the sun, moon, stars, the north star, and the big dipper, which they worship. The "Et-Sen-Clish" (lighting) is seen on either side of the sun and moon; while those lines on thrasme those lines on the arms of the figures and just below the necks are to suggest the milky way, which they also greatly revere. The "et-sen-clish" (lighting), which is especially sacred, appears again in stripes beneath both "heaven" and "earth." The hands of the two figures are joined, since ever thus has been day and night.

MORE LOVE.

Miss Minnie Smithdale.

From some lonely mountain side.
 From paths so dark and drear.
 From homes where love does not abide
 Our shadows dark with fear.
 How soon the clouds would roll away,
 The sunshine would be brighter,
 For just a little bit o' love
 To make our burdens lighter.
 We would need no dreary prison cells.
 No one behind the bars.
 If 'Love' within our hearts could dwell.
 No more fears—and no more wars.
 Love would drive the gloom away.
 No more weeping, no more sighing.
 For just a little bit o' Love,
 The world today is dying.
 But for selfishness, envy, and strife.
 Our "Love Boat" would sail to distant land.
 But for the crowded ways of life,
 More time, more love, for our fellow Man.

A CLASSIC ON THE COW.

By Angelo Patri.

It is a great misfortune to be a tight-minded person. If a man is ill there is always the hope that he will be better in the morning; if he is poor, there is always the chance that fortune may knock at his door to-day; if he is lonely, there is always the possibility that love will stop and look in at the window if he is grieving there is always the echo of a friendly foot hastening to him from around the corner. But if he is tight-minded, there is no chance in this world for his happiness.

I think of that every time I see old, tight-minded Mullins go by in his racketing spring wagon each wheel doing its best to discredit its neighbor, every spoke speaking for itself and complaining.

No child smiles at his approach; none begs a hitch. No friendly elbows rest upon his old rail fence; no stranger knocks at the weather-beaten door.

It is a droll trick of life that her delightful spirits may be closed out but never in. They may be charmed and beguiled into entering a door set ever so slightly at the crack but they cannot be kept in the tight-shut dungeon of the closed mind.

They love the open way, the clear road, the hospitable gesture. Close the door upon your treasures of love and fortune—they leak through and are gone. If you would keep and increase them, share generously. Bless your one loaf and pass it out to the multitude, and it will feed them and return you seven basketfuls. Hoard it and guard it, and it will shrivel down to a mildewed crust.

There are minds that have not opened to welcome a new idea, to entertain a strange request, to receive a tonic surprise, since the days of childhood. Tight closed against the current of life beating against their doors, they share nothing, have nothing, amount to nothing. Too of life, they have lost the little they had and stand alone, repellent to all who love people and their ways.

Better the open mind that welcomes whatever comes, graciously entertains what stays, blesses what departs and takes from each the gift it brings. No angel, then, will knock and turn away, and there will always be opportunity to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good.

Knowledge cannot be stolen from us. It cannot be bought or sold. We may be poor, and the sheriff may come and sell our furniture, or drive away our cow, or take our pet lamb, and leave us homeless and penniless, but he cannot lay the law's hand upon the jewelry of our minds.

—Elihu Burrit.

TIGHT-MINDED.

Many well-deserved tributes have been paid to man's friends of the animal world the horse, the dog, the birds, but seldom are the virtues and utility of the cow, that foster-mother of the human race, extolled in such impressive phrase as the following: which is a part of a long effusion by Malcolm R. Patterson, former governor of Tennessee.

The cow is an uncrowned queen without a scepter, and her kingdom is all the land between the seas.

When the children are well, she makes them better, and they grow and flourish with her constant benefactions. When they are sick and wasted, she raises them up and starts them right again. Her milk is the one perfect food for the young and old. It holds every element to sustain and strengthen life. The cow works for all humanity without a complaint, and was never known to strike for higher wages. All she wants in exchange for the myriad blessings that she confers is enough to eat and a place to lie down at night.

She is a through democrat in her habits and opinions. She gives to

men and women and the children of all races and is kind to all, and favors none above the rest. She is daintily too, in her tastes. She would rather die before she would feed on flesh. Her feed is clover, grain and succulent things of the vegetable world, grass with which God carpets the earth in living green as it springs fresh from the heart of nature.

The cow is domestic. She loves home. She knows the place where she lives, and is faithful to it.

If she must wander away for feed, when the shadows begin to lengthen in the evening, she will be standing at the gate, asking for admission, and the chance to yield her rich burden which she has stored in daylight hours. The cow is the poor man's chief reliance, his tried and trusted friend.

If all the cows in the world should die or dry up tomorrow, it would bring untold calamity upon mankind. We could get along better without railroads, the banks or the cotton crop, for without the cow the race would sicken, decay, and finally perish. May we honor and praise her as she deserves.

FINISHING G. W'S PROJECT.

The United States government is about to complete a job which George Washington started in 1785.

The department of justice has announced that legal experts have virtually finished the preparation of titles to the Dismal Swamp canal property, connecting the Elizabeth

river in Virginia, with the sounds of North Carolina.

When legal phases of the deal are approved, the government, acting under congressional legislation, will purchase the canal and immediately take steps to improve this water channel for the passage of boats

from Norfolk and adjacent waters, to the North Carolina sounds.

“This move will afford safe inland passage for vessels that otherwise would be subject to the hazardous passage of the open sea in the Cape Hatteras region, where storms are severe and the coast dangerous to shipping,” Attorney General Sargent said.

The present canal has a width of 40 feet and a depth of nine feet. The War Department, authorized to purchase the property for \$500,000, plans to deepen the channel and prepare it for navigation.

The Dismal Swamp region was surveyed by George Washington in 1763. After the Revolution, Washington purchased the tract, organizing the Dismal Swamp Land Company. The original plan to reclaim the swamp was abandoned.

In 1785 Washington wrote to James Madison from Mount Vernon calling attention to the information that the legislative assembly of Vir-

ginia was proposing to connect Elizabeth river to the North Carolina sounds.

Apparently this was one of the first efforts in American history to develop artificial inland waterways. The canal eventually was completed in 1822 at a total cost of \$1,200,000.

The old Dismal Swamp canal was built by Virginia and North Carolina jointly and by private stockholders, among whom were Washington and Patrick Henry. The latter owned a considerable acreage bordering the channel.

Washington declared that “no other country in the universe is better calculated to derive benefits from inland navigation than the United States.

“Certain I am,” he added, “that the consequences to the citizens individually and the source of wealth in the country generally, which will be opened thereby, will be found to exceed the most sanguine expectations.”

THE RANGING POWER OF PESTS.

The boll-weevil has done immense damage to the cotton crop through the South, entailing tremendous financial loss to the people of that section of the country. This pest is rather a newcomer. It was unheard of a few years ago. When, at the first, it was getting in its destructive work in one of the Southern States, the citizens of a certain community in another State, farther to the north and east, which State also depended on cotton growing, came together to consider what steps might be taken to save their fields from the depredations of

the little enemy. One man said there was no need to be alarmed for the reason that the boll-weevil could not live in their State. Whereupon a voice from the audience shouted, “What does the boll-weevil know about latitude?” The inquirer was quite right, for the cotton of that State has also been devastated by the advancing pest.

Which story reminds us of the habit many of us have of saying that if we lived in other localities or had other surroundings we would not be so sorely tempted as we are. And

we, too, would like to ask, "What do sin and temptation know about latitude and longitude?" It is impossible for us to find any location or occupation with those domains they are not familiar. And with Ahab, who thought he could find a place where his sin would not find him, we cry, "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" Temptation is not an animal that can be confined to

a cage. It is as free as the air. It makes its home in the shelter of every human being. It knows no north or south, no east or west. There must be some power resident within us that can successfully meet the advances of the evil one and keep us safe in its presence. To be unacquainted with that power is to suffer eternal loss.—Selected.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

(The Meteor).

The following is the advice of a father to his son, given several years ago, but it is as true today as it was then.

"My son, remember, you have to work, Whether you handle a pick and a shovel, a set of books, or a wheelbarrow; whether you dig ditches, edit a newspaper, ring door bells or sell behind a counter, you must work. Do not be afraid of killing yourself by overworking on the sunny side of thirty. Men die young sometimes, but it is generally because they stop work at six p. m. and don't go home till two a. m. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The works gives you appetite for your meals, lends solidity to your slumber, gives you perfect appreciation of a holiday.

"There are young men who do not work, but the country is not proud of them. It does not even know their names; it only speaks of them as 'So-and-So's boys.' The great world doesn't know they've arrived. So, my son, find out what you want

to be and do. Take off your coat and make dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and the greater the satisfaction of the world with you and you with yourself. In short, you'll be successful, my son.

In order to succeed one must not brood upon his failures but take advantage of every success and push it for all he is worth.

Constant reference to a child's failure and shortcomings will in time break it down completely so it will not have the courage or ambition to learn the things you are trying to teach. It must be taught to disregard little mistakes and failures and strive the harder to succeed.

The runner in a race is often defeated by a second lost in looking back to see where his opponent is. He must make himself feel that he is going to win and bend every effort to accomplish his desire.

The best things in the life of a man or woman are always ahead.

No other belief will sustain the courage to win success.

We are never able to fully realize

our ideals and our greatest and most satisfying dreams are of what we wish and expect to be.

“NAME OF BILL.”

By Vernie Goodman.

It's strange how much suggestion the mere mention of a name can convey, especially to a boy. There's Ferdinand and Adolphus, for instance smacking of royalty and purple and fine linen. To the average boy names like these suggest three types—kings, sheiks, and barbers. Preference is given to the barbers. It is a good and honorable trade, and besides everybody likes a snappy haircut. Then there are names that flavor of blue blood and fine ancestry, solid silver spoons and mahogany furniture. But even these fail to enthuse the average boy, especially if the bearer of the name will hide behind the fence when he is called on for an open fight. His heart may beat little higher when he hears the tales of the achievements of his forefathers and their bravery in the face of awful danger. One's forefathers, it seems, were always mighty men of valor. But if you want to get a real response, you stop some urchin and ask him about Bob and Tom and Jim and Bill. Especially Bill. There a boy's name for you. Everybody has gone to school with Bill Somebody-or-other. Has cut across pastures with him for a swim when all the “old folks” knew good and well it was too hot for a boy to hoe cotton; he has borrowed his slate pencils, swapped his arithmetic sums,

and stood by till the last notch when a licking seemed eminent. He has dug bait worms with him, and divided the catch—if any. He has stood in the ranks and yelled himself hoarse while Bill knocked a home run, or laid a rival low in the dust of the school house yard. In fact, there's no use trying to start an argument about it. Anybody who is named Bill and lives up to his possibilities is a “reg'lar feller”. It matters not whether his mother lives in the biggest house in town and employs a butler, or if she attends to her household duties and eight children besides taking in washing.

The Training School boys are fortunate enough to possess a friend by name of Bill. The fact that he is of an excellent family and is a prosperous young business man is all the more to his credit. But what appeals to the boys is the fact that he seems to have a mighty warm spot in his heart for them, and every once in a while he gives expression to his feeling in a most thoughtful way. It may be a box of books,—real boy books, with the thrill and daring of good clean adventure all through the pages, or books that help a fellow to square his shoulders and set his chin a little firmer. The boys gather round up at the office and exclaim “Hey! we want that one!

My goodness! whoever picked out these knows what a boy likes;" A few weeks ago each boy received a nicely bound copy of Harry A. Blodgett's "Man Alive". Good reading and good ideas in that little volume, and no trifling gift when it is multiplied by four hundred, Precious little ostentation accompanies these gifts. They are usually just handed out to the boys with the mention that the doner is interested and wants to give them a little something. Who could imagine a boy by name of Bill getting up and making a speech to the effect that "He is highly gratified to be able to give this token of

remembrance to the boys?"

But the boys wanted to do something to show their appreciation. So the newest Literary Society at the school will be named the William Barnhardt Literary Society. Of course, it is still in process of organization, and a bit hazy about parliamentary rules and all that. But it is plumb certain about its name. And though one William Barnhardt may be a busy man, we have a feeling that he will appreciate this about as much as anything, especially since the Society is composed of boys who are really going to try to make it worthy of its name.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Paul Lanier, former boy of this institution, was a visitor here last Sunday afternoon.

The trees in front of the Roth building have been trimmed. They are now ready for the oncoming cold weather. Other trees about the institution have been trimmed also.

The "duck" chairs which were made by the carpenter shop boys to be exhibited at the last fair have been put into use. They have been placed on the lawn where they are being used and are very attractive.

Most every afternoon, when the weather is favorable, all the boys in the afternoon school section play basket-ball, football and baseball. All these games are enjoyed by them all. Marble shooting is quite a fav-

orite game among the smaller boys.

The boys of the printing department, shoe shop and carpenter shop and the house boys of sixth, seventh and eighth cottages, wish to thank the War Mothers of Concord, for the delicious sandwiches they donated one day last week.

There was plenty of news for each boy to write to his home folks last week. All the boys were glad that letter-writing day came around again so they could tell of the good time they had at the fair and of the other events that have taken place during the past few days.

"The Evils of Strong Drink," was the subject of our last Sunday's lesson. The story of this lesson is found in Proverbs 23:29-35. The

golden text carries practically all the lesson. "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth liketh an adder."—Proverbs 23:32. The thought that was brought out in this lesson was "The Truth About Alcohol." This was a World's Temperance Lesson.

During the past few weeks "old man weather" seems to be puzzled as which to send, the warm days or to send winter on. The days have been one or two very cold and several have been as summer days. But most every morning, when it is a bit cool, if you'll notice, the boys, and officers will have a sort of fast and springy step, on their way to the "big tree," or in going about their duties about the institution.

Last week Mr. Carriker and some of the carpenter shop boys were very busy working in most every cottage at the institution. They have been pouring cement, into a form, on which a stove will be set, when time comes. This proves to be a very good thing to prevent any accident of fire in any of the cottages. This is very much better than the old way—hav-

ing a large piece of tin under the stove.

During the past week painters, carpenters and other workmen have been painting and repairing the second cottage. Work has also been started on the first cottage. During the time that this work is being done in the second cottage the boys who have been staying there are now occupying the fifteenth cottage. The woodwork and banisters at the Cannon Memorial building are also being painted. This helps the appearance of them very much.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Dr. Richards of Davidson. His talk was mostly about "Christian Character." His text was taken from Corinthians. "Let every man take heed how he buildeth" He told the boys how the man who built his house on the sands; "it was destroyed by the winds and flood, but the man that built his house on the rock; the floods came and the winds blew but his house stood. So does the christian character stand—if built on the foundation of God and crowned with love."

HONOR ROLL.

Room No. One

"A"

Byron Ford, Henry Jackson, Paul Parton, Clyde Bristow, Brochie Flowers, John Hargrove, T. L. Jackson, Chas. Loggins, Robert McDaniels, Homer Montgomery, Chas. Morrow, Washington Pickett and George Stanley.

"B"

David Fountain, Britt Gatlin, John Johnson, Fred John, Jack Mayberry, Don Scroggs, Newton Watkins, Albert Millis, Guy Tucker and Lawrence Vaughn.

Room No. Two.

"B"

Hunter Cline, James Ivey, Ed.

Moses, Burrus Smith, Milton Mashburn and Jack Walker.

Room No. Three

“A”

Marvin Thomas, Roy Lee Lingerfelt, H. Andrews, Hermon Hemrie, Tom Grose, Zeb Hunnusucker, Rexie Allen, Jas. McCoy and Claude Cook.

“B”

Carl Richards, Broncho Owens, Kenneth Lewis, Austin Surrett and Robert C. Lewis.

Room No. Four

“A”

James Williams, Earle Carthron, Hazel Robbins, Everett Cavanaugh, Bill Goss, Samuel DeVon, DeArmand Williams, Warnie Frink, John Hill, Howard Riddle and Ralph Clinard.

“B”

Clifton Myers, Brunelle Fink, Manning Spell, Foy Allen, James Stinson, Howard Smith, Otis Floyd, Claude Wilson and Neola Bristow.

Room No. Five.

“A”

Melvin Cauthran, Arnold Cecil, Vernon Jernigan, Auman Bivans, Wy-

lie Moore, Allen Cabe, Perry Quinn, Chas. McMillan, Leroy Tompkins, Earle Griffin, Herbert Campbell, Tom Parsons, Edmon Hodge, Dalton Lanier, Earnest Pleasant, Cleveland Shaw, Elden Deheart Wendall Ramsey, Leonard Stenson, J. J. Moose, Hubert Grimes, Raymond Lowery, Hays Crarry, Emmet Levy, Robert Chatten, Earl Brown, Woodrow Hines, Chas. Norton, Earnest Carlton, Therman Gladden, Lester Rouse, Albert Stansberry, Charlie Huggins, Lonnie Wright, Guy Thornberg, William Shirley, June Marsh, Lee King, Robt. Munday, Kellie Teeder, Earl Mayfield, Paul Sapp, Roscoe Franklin, Clyde Cook, Walter Quick, Hubert Hines, Wilson Dorsey, Marion Cook, Pinkie Wrenn and Alvin Roberts.

“B”

Roy Brown, Chas. Tant, Ted Stewart, John Huns, Eugene Lewis, Aaron Davis, Eddie Lee Berdeau, Norman Bradford, Dervy Walker, Wheeler Vandyke, William Dobby, Carl Shoaf, John Daughtry and Munford Glasgow.

HOTEL THIEVES.

One reason why hotel bills are so high is the thousands of dollars worth of furnishings that are taken from hotel rooms by guests. That is what Norman S. Hall learned, as he relates in an article in this week's Liberty in an interview with the manager of one of New York's largest hotels.

“I'd like to have you make this clear—the traveling public says,” Hall reports the manager as saying: “If the few who do steal from hotels would stop it,” the hotel manager continued, “I could substantially reduce the price of my rooms and my meals tomorrow and still face my stockholders. The man who takes an article of equipment from a hotel room is picking his own pocket if he ever intends to stay in another hotel, because somewhere that item, has been added to the bill.—Charlotte Observer.

**SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE**

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

Ep 367

U. N. C.
PERIODICAL ROOM

THE UPLIFTER

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VOL. XIV CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 13, 1926 No. 50

BEWARE.

..Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first and second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head the pinchers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—St. Augustine.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

DON'T YOU SEE?

In every flower some bee hums over his laborious chemistry and loads his body with the fruits of his toil, in the slant sunbeam, populous nations of motes quiver with animated joy, and catch, as in play, at the golden particles of the light in their fingers. Work and play, in short, are the universal ordinance of God for the living race, in which they symbolize the fortune and interpret the errand of man. No creature lives that must not work and may not play.—Horace Bushnell.

* * * * *

THE FEELING IS ENTIRELY MUTUAL.

The Jackson Training School was recently honored by City Superintendent Harding, of Charlotte, and a number of his principals and teachers. They came over to the institution and gave us a "once over." We like to have such nice and intelligent folks to come about—folks who have a purpose to know and aid in the great work there is awaiting all of us.

Supt. Harding and his teachers were so pleased with their visit that we take the liberty of printing a letter which, under date of October 28, he had in his heart to write. It is:

"I want to thank you for the courtesies extended to the Principals and Teachers of our Schools and to me when we visited your institution last week. We were greatly impressed with the very fine spirit manifested by the boys and by the members of your faculty. All of us were greatly pleased with the cleanliness and sanitary conditions of every department of your institution.

We feel that you are doing great work, and we wish very much that you had the accommodation for double the number of boys that you have in attendance. We believe that the splendid moral atmosphere of your school is just what is needed for a great many boys in North Carolina who would become better citizens if they had the opportunity of spending some time with you, but who because the lack of this kind of influence may become criminals.

You have the very best wishes of all of us in your great undertaking."

Cordially yours,

H. P. Harding,
Superintendent.

In the Charlotte party of school folks were the following, and they are outstanding, alert professionals, who, forgetting self in the proposition, are interested in all agencies that seek to salvage human units:

Superintendent: H. P. Harding.

Principals: Miss Ellen Brice, Miss Gay Willis, Mr. John M. Dunlap, Mr. F. T. Selby, Miss Ursula Blankenship, Miss Florence Jamison, Mr. W. R. Garrison, Mr. P. S. Carmichael, Mrs. Nettie E. Wearn.

Teachers: Miss Addie Black, Miss Nancy Reid, Miss Marguerite Holbrook, Miss Maie Myers, Miss Viola Frazier, Miss Jean Whisnant, Miss Jessie Hodges, Miss Lillian Bahn, Mr. Charles Whitsell, Miss Mattie Wellons, Miss Ethel Holbrook, Miss Clara Burt, Miss Mary Doll, Miss Adelle Kirven, Miss Lois Bell, Miss Bright Gluyas, Mrs. W. E. Taylor.

Visiting Teachers: Miss Roberta Tarpley, Miss Mary E. Walker.

Quoting Prof. Harding: "We wish very much that you had the accommodations for double the number of boys that you have in attendance," we are constrained to say uncomplainingly and without criticism of any one that it is not the fault of the management or the officials.

As a matter of fact we have room for sixty more boys this very day, but the maintenance fund is inadequate for more than we now have on the roll. Were the state to open up its heart and purse and say again, as it once said "go ahead and get your accommodations in buildings, we'll see that you have maintenance." An official of the institution happily went about this business and secured a number of cottage buildings without cost to the state and without expense; but it's mighty difficult, if not impossible, to receive an appropriation commensurate with the demand and the great cause which the Jackson Training School represents.

The dropped stitches of a vanished hand must depend on the quantity and quality of the unselfish interest of the public for its fellows; this being so, we find a slight improvement as men come to understand more fully the re-

quirements of a perfect civilization. These subjects with which we have to deal—the defeaters of home life, school and church, the products of an absent training and the character of environment—have but few yet to speak for them.

It will not be always thus: the hundreds of boys that have received training here and have gone out in the world upstanding citizens will some day become voluntary advocates of a worthy cause, that played a winning part in restoring them to society as worthy assets.

* * * * *

SETS US RIGHT.

In a recent issue of The Uplift there was a reproduction from the Monroe Enquirer of an article, telling how Rev. Wellons met the difficulties during the War Between the States, incidental to getting out his newspaper at Petersburg.

To add to the interest of the story, as we surmised, we told of a recent meeting with Rev. Wellons, now at the Eastern Star Home in Greensboro, who has passed his one hundredth anniversary and still enjoying a keen and bright intellect. Rev. Wellons is where we said he is and all that but we got him confounded with a brother, who was the editor in question.

Our good friend, Judge Francis D. Winston, who revels gracefully and accurately in historical facts, especially those that are out of the ordinary, writes us in the following words:

“The Uplift, under the heading ‘He still Lives’ is led into a mistake in copying the Wellons article. Rev. W. B. Wellons is dead. He lived in Suffolk, Virginia, and was a preacher of power and a forceful orator. Our brother Dr. James W. Wellons was never married. He came to North Carolina after the war. He lived most of his mature life in Franklin county and is now living at our home (the Masonic Home at Greensboro) where he serves as chaplain.”

At the late meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, Judge Winston in his report on necrology took occasion to refer to Dr. Wellons, whom The Uplift got mixed up with his brother, the editor. We have the pleasure of reproducing on another page what Judge Winston had to say about the grand old man, now at the Masonic Home.

* * * * *

A FINE ACHIEVEMENT.

It is a little outside of the function of the The Uplift to take particular notice of individual local achievements, but an object of superb success is a

theme that has place in our columns. That was made manifest, more than ever, on last Sunday when Trinity Reformed Church held her dedicatory service.

The beautiful structure which a numerically weak congregation, as we number congregations, being less than two hundred, looks like a church. A stranger in passing will notice it, will be relieved of asking what that building is and he will be so impressed that he will want to know what denomination worships in it. Rev. W. C. Lyerly, the pastor, and his congregation have been recipients of many compliments and they deserve them, for theirs is an achievement most wonderful—it attests a faithful, consecrated band of Christian workers. The new Trinity Reformed Church is in truth an outstanding church edifice in Concord.

* * * * *

ANALYZE THIS.

It is understood that language is intended to make clear one's thoughts—not to conceal. This quotation from Glenn Frank, who occupies a conspicuous place in the literary and cultural world is calculated to be too deep for John Smith's comprehension. Who can translate it into a form that it will appeal to a High School graduate? Mr. Frank says:

If we cannot, in the process of our educational system and in the intellectual life of the average American, sink the roots of our intensive specializations deep in the soil of a broader and more liberal culture, the time will come when we shall be turning out of our schools scientific workers too narrow either to conceive or to comprehend those brave flights of the imagination, those far-visions generalizations, those creative guesses which heretofore preceeded and played a large part in producing every great scientific advance.

* * * * *

Nell Battle Lewis, who contributes to the Raleigh News and Observer, in a recent contribution makes evident that she has practically lost hope of organized the women to the sticking point. Their attitude towards voting, at least, is somewhat of a disappointment. By the vigor with which they fought for suffrage one would naturally have concluded that they would, when empowered, show us wicked men what voting is. It is equally as hard to organize and keep organized the good women as it is to line up the farmers to the sticking point.

* * * * *

The Christian Science Monitor, of which we have heard quite a little bit, has appeared with a North Carolina Supplement. Its story as far as it goes

is creditable and inspiring, but it lacks a completeness. Those of us who know the state have lost nothing and there is so much inspiring material in it that it will make others sit up and take notice. Quite a number of towns and near cities are ignored, but they furnished no advertising—their own fault, if the opportunity was afforded them to get their names and faces in that particular issue of the Monitor.

* * * * *

You have heard how Gen. Sherman, who burnt Columbia and burnt his way through the South back in the 60's, regarded war. He knew, and he was right. Though years long gone, history preserves one of the bravest things man ever did. Look up in this issue the story under the title of "Richard Kirkland, the Humane Hero." It is an oasis in the field of death and slaughter.

* * * * *

James J. Montague delivers himself thusly: "Perhaps a rich man cannot get into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he still has a fair chance of getting into the United States Senate—if he lives in the right state.

* * * * *

The Concord Daily Tribune is becoming poetical, editorially, in a slight degree. It resorted to Kipling in making a fitting announcement of the departure of an expert political leader.

INSPIRING PROPHECY.

"It is my firm judgment that the Aristocrat of the future will be the man who has done something for his fellowman."—Gov. O. Max Gardner.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

I awoke Thursday morning to be greeted by a bright light under the crack of the door. It was so bright I thought the electric lights were on in the next room. But not so. A sunbeam had stolen through the window casement and had spread itself across the floor and was peeping through the crack under the door. It was like a bar of gold; a light from the "great white throne." It radiated cheer that filled my soul with rapture. It reminded me so forcibly of the words of the Psalmist: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

—

A news item has it that Queen Marie has cancelled her western trip. This is probably another valueless dollar. This reminds me of what a sweet young thing told me. "Why it cost me \$2.50," said she, "for Queen Marie's recipe for removing wrinkles and pug noses, etc." And she is in no wise looking like the queen yet.

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A dairyman tells me that the best way to get the best results in sweet milk, is never to irritate or fret the cows before they are milked. Keep cows before they are milked or allow them to be driven hard or frightened at anything. Keep them in a placid state and the chemistry of their bodies will produce the best milk. That is reasonable. If that kind of treatment is good for cows, it is good for human beings, to preserve and sweeten the "milk of human kindness." When people talk about being "down in the dumps," having the "blues" and kin-

dred things, they are giving encouragement to thoughts of discouragement, despondency; or when you "fly into rage," and harbor thoughts of envy, hatred and malice, you are giving way to things that sap your vitality by the mental chemistry going on in your brain. Better turn on the "red" stop signal. The "green" go signal of light and courage, hope and confidence is the safer one to go by. Visualize bright days ahead. A sage once said: "I do not worry, because few of the things I might worry about ever happen; and the others I could not avoid by worrying." This is the key to unlock the door to happier living.

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November, the golden month, is with us once again. There are gleams of sunset glowing in golden skies. Diana's golden chariot rides high through the cloud mists of evening; bright stars of gold are sequined against the midnight velvet of the heavens; golden harvest of garnered grain; gold-glinting November, goddess queen of the months, is adorning herself in beauty for the coming of her bridegroom, Winter. November prepares in its marts a lavish array, which in richness and glorious beauty bids fair to rival the fabulous treasures produced for Aladdin by his faithful genii of the magic lamp. November—the month of rewards to the husbandman. The month when we give one day to Thanksgivings, and on that day gorge ourselves to painfulness with good things to eat and think we have done our duty in thankfulness. Some do and some

don't. The don'ts are those who never raise their eyes to heaven in gratitude, or think a thankful thought, for blessings bestowed. The truth of the matter is we should be thankful every day of our lives. One day is not enough to thank and praise the good Lord for His "goodness to the children of men." How good the Lord is—with a world of so much beauty; so much goodness; so many blessings! Only man is vile.

Stately in this world lies on its surface. Danger comes when man is careless; disregards caution, and seeks to conquer lofty altitudes and depths. The air above us is unstable. The regions below are perilous. This fact is impressed upon the mind by the disasters of airships and submarines. The surface also has its dangers and casualties, on crowded highways and other travel routes where speed is sought. But there are other dangers that threaten whenever men cast aside moderation, and enter the field of adventure. Hazards cannot be eliminated from human life, but there is always a clearly defined line of safety, where prudence bids a man go slow or stop. It is found in all of man's activities. It exists in his family life; in his business; his eating and his drinking; in all his habits. But the rewards of danger impel the great majority to take risk which invariably follow when prudence is abandoned. The hazards of business are many and notorious. Speculative buying; entering into excessive indebtedness; granting too much credit; unwise expansion; are all rocks upon which the majority of business enterprises are wrecked. But human beings are so constituted that where

the wise act wisely and save themselves, the foolish pass on and are punished. It has ever been thus; it will ever be, as long as human nature stands as it is now.

In working with zest and giving his best;

It is just for the pleasure of giving,

In hope's song, helping a brother along,

"Old Hurrygraph" finds sunshine of living.

For some time I have been watching the manners and exercises of the Boy Scouts. The manliness and enthusiasm with which they enter into endeavors of their organization inspires a hope for the future of our boys. A Scout is an adventurer; a discoverer. He lives in a tent, but lets nothing escape his notice. He makes maps of a new region. He observes its flora and fauna; its mineral and vegetable resources; its people. His tent cords make everything of interest to him. His tent pins bind the world to his life; makes the world his home. His tent is a moving one for it covers everything of value. It extends until it covers the earth. What a wonderful opportunity boys have. Sent out into the world as Scouts, to find themselves; to build their tents of life with curtains so wide, cords so long and stakes so strong that nothing can pull them down. Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul" A tent 'wouldn't stand up' long without tent-pins. "Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," Isaiah said. What are these stakes? Abraham's were faith. Learn to say "I believe," and don't be afraid to

say it when occasion requires. And find some big object of faith. Have faith in God; in yourself; your fellowmen; the power of truth. Be sure you have in your kit plenty of long tent-pins of faith.

When persons wonder where weeds and thistles, and other unsought crops that mature without special encouragement of the farmers and gardeners, come from, no difficulty is experienced in regard to the answer. It is a foregone conclusion that they do not spring from wheat, corn, and the seed that is planted for legitimate crops. In regard, however, to the crop of crooks produced from season to season in social and business life there seems to be an impression that it is a spontaneous generation. By some mysterious providence righteous fathers and mothers are given vagabond sons and daughters, and honest merchants thieving, reprobate clerks. But this kind of crop grows from seed just as surely as any other. The man who is shady in his business dealings must expect to develop clerks that are not over scrupulous with their employer's time or money; and the father who is not all he ought to be cannot expect his sons to be any better than their dad. The wise man saith: "If a ruler hearkens to lies all his servants are wicked." This is just true as today as three thousand years ago.

A professor of sociology in a New York university declared in a recent discussion of the drink problem, that the automobile has proved a large factor in making America dry. I am of the opinion that this professor has been, like Homer, nodding.

Automobiles may keep America dry in particular spots by removing the liquor from one place to another. A good many of them are drying spots down this way in that manner.

It is announced that new air brakes are wonderful. One firm asserts, facetiously, that "Now our automobile can stop on top of the pedestrian rather than run over him." Not until they get a brake that will stop a car before it reaches the pedestrian will they have the brake perfect.

I see a statement in some of the journals to the effect that 2,500,000 men in the United States are wearing silk underwear. No wonder cotton has gone down to almost nothing. And a Durham man told me the other day he didn't expect to see women wearing cotton goods any more—as long as the skirts were as short as they are. It gets next to a person to talk of their underwear. I have come to the conclusion that when you talk about the underwear of people you are talking about their private business. Certainly you are.

The man who is always looking back can see where he was, but not where he will be, if he does not look forward some.

A Durham man, close observer of things and events, says you ought never to give a man a hat for a wedding present. A week or two later it will be entirely too large. It's the truth.

Queen Marie will not visit North Carolina unless the Southern Railway gives her a normal rate of \$1 for

her train is a news item. Evidently our Southern railroads do not think the queen and her royal party are such a somebody. "Holy smoke!" said a party at my elbow; " \$1 a train —why that's cheaper than paying rent. Who wouldn't travel?"

Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find that she did it with a knife, but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say that she did it with her teeth.

“PRIMITIVE PHYSIC.”

(Asheville Citizen).

Many Methodists are doubtless unaware that the founder of their denomination, John Wesley, sought to simplify the theory of medicine as he did religion. The latter he purged of elaborate formulas and metaphysical abstractions, and so likewise he sought to simplify the science of "physic." He wished to make it understandable to the common people "so that every man of common sense may prescribe either to himself or his neighbor."

So wrote the great church creator in a rare book which reaches The Citizen published in London for John Wesley in 1815—a book which must have been in much demand since that we have—temporarily—is of the 28th edition. This is perhaps explainable by the fact that it was obtainable at "Methodist preaching houses in town or country." Wesley religion and Wesley physic were, however, kept entirely distinct.

Wesley explains how remedial

agents such as herbs and roots were discovered by accident in bygone centuries and beneficial results of experience were handed down from generation to generation. Every man could in a large degree be his own doctor. But men of learning were not satisfied with this good old way and came to "build physic upon hypothesis instead of experience, "till at length physic became abstruse science, quite out of the reach of ordinary men."

The theorizers became a cult-physicians and that it might be a close corporation they introduced technical terms that filled common people with awe. They did away with simples and introduced compounds, some of them being poison in over-doses. The physician stigmatized those who stood by the simples of their ancestors. Those "who understood only how to restore the sick to health, they branded as empirics."

So John Wesley was moved to go

back to the faith of the fathers in physie. He sympathies were with "some lovers of mankind, who have endeavored to reduce physie to its ancient standard; who have labored to explode out of it all the hypotheses and fine-spun theories, and to make it a plain, intelligible thing as it was in the beginning; having no more mystery in it than this—"such medicine removes such pain."

And immediately Wesley plunges into a list of these. The reader is advised to try one and then another since not every person is susceptible to the same remedy, as soon as he knows his distemper which is early, "unless there is a complication of disorders," in which latter case he should apply to the condemned "medicine man" provided the latter is one who "fears God." If he does not, he and his ally, the apothecary, are likely to "divide the spoil."

And what is good for what? Well in case of madness, stand under a waterfall of eat apples for a month. Asthma is curable by living two weeks on a diet of boiled carrots—"It seldom fails." Baldness is cur-

able by rubbing the head with onions. Bleeding at the nose is relieved by stuffing a roll of white paper under the tongue. For cramp, hold a roll of brimstone in the hand—"I have frequently done this with success."

For "settled deafness" a good remedy is drop oil of almonds from a cored red onion into the ear and stop it with black wool—note the onion must be red and the wool black. Tuberculosis specialist will be interested to learn that consumption can be cured by digging a hole in fresh turf and breathing the air from it. In case of lunacy rub the head with vinegar. Colic is curable by drinking "a pint of cold water" or a "quart of warm water"—be careful in measuring.

But not for a moment should it be supposed that Wesley did not have sound medical ideas. He frequently recommends cold water bathing—in a day when this was not customary—insists on fresh air, warns against over eating, prescribes prunes as a laxative and is essentially up to date in urging "bread made of wheat flour with the bran in it."

ADVICE TO VICTIMS OF DISGRUNTLED POLITICIANS.

Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the inuendos, inveracities, insinuations and misrepresentation which are uttered against him.—Henry Ward Beecher.

“RICHARD KIRKLAND, THE HUMANE HERO.”

Nothing appearing in The Uplift escapes the attention of Rev. T. W. Smith, a former citizen of Concord but now a resident of Alanta. Mr. Smith is a great and beloved personal friend, an admirer of The Uplift and thoroughly devoted to the Jackson Training School, which reciprocates his constant interest.

He writes: “I saw in The Uplift of the 30th a very brief and incomplete statement of a very fine incident, and I am enclosing you the account by Gen. Kershaw, who authorized the action. ‘t is recorded in Dr. J. William Jones’s book, “Christ in the Camp, page 399.” The article is as follows

Camden, S. C., Jan. 29, 1880.
To the Editor News and Courier.

Your Columbia correspondent referred to the incident related here, telling the story as ‘twas told to him and writing corrections as such a deed should be recorded in rigid simplicity of actual truth, I take the liberty of sending to you for publication an accurate account of a transaction every feature of which is indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Very truly yours,
J. B. Kershaw.

Richard Kirkland was the son of John Kirkland, an estimable citizen of Kershaw county, a plain substantial farmer of the olden time. In 1861 he entered as a private Capt. J. D. Kennedy’s Company (E) of the Second South Carolina Volunteers, in which company he was a sergeant in December 1862. The day after the sanguinary battle of Fredricksburg, Kershaw’s brigade occupied the road at the foot of Marye’s hill, and the ground about Marye’s house, the scene of their desperate defence of the day before, one hundred and fifty yards in front of the road, the stone-facing of which constituted the famous stone wall, lay

Syke’s division of Regulars, United States Army, between whom and our troops a murderous skirmish occupied the whole day, fatal to many who heedlessly exposed themselves, even for a moment. The ground between the lines was bridged with the wounded, dead and dying federals, victims of the many desperate and gallant assaults of that column of 30,000 brave men hurled vainly against that impregnable position. All that day those wounded men rent the air with their groans and their agonizd cries of “water! water!” In the afternoon the general sat in the north room, up stairs, of Mrs. Steven’s house, in front of the road, surveying the field, when Kirkland came up. With an expression of indignant remonstrance pervading his person, his manner, and the tone of his voice, he said: “General: I can’t stand this.”

“What is the matter sergeant?” asked the general. He replied: “All night and all day I have heard those poor people crying for water, and I can’t stand it no longer. I come to ask permission to give them water. The general regarded him for a moment with profound admiration, and said: “Kirkland don’t you know

you would get a bullet through your head the moment you stepped over the wall?" "Yes sir, I know that," he said, "but if you will let me, Mr. I am willing to try it."

After a pause the general said: "Kirkland, I ought not to allow you to run such a risk, but the sentiment which actuates you is so noble, that I will not refuse your request, trusting that God will protect you. You may go." The sergeant's eye lighted up with pleasure. He said "thank you sir," and ran rapidly down stairs. The general heard him pause for a moment, and then return, bounding two steps at a time. He thought the sergeant's heart had failed him. He was mistaken. The sergeant stopped at the door and said: "General, can I show a white handkerchief? The general slowly shook his head, saying sympathetically, "No, Kirkland you can't do that." "All right," he said, "I'll take the chances," and ran down with a bright smile on his handsome countenance. With profound anxiety he was watched as he stepped over the wall on his errand of mercy—Christ like mercy.

Unharméd he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently upon his own noble breast, and poured the precious fluid down the fever scorched throat. This

done he laid him tenderly down and placed his knapsack under his head, straightened out his broken limb, spread his over-coat over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his purpose was well understood on both sides, and all danger was over. From all parts of the field arose fresh cries of "water! Water! For God's sake, water!" "more piteous still the mute appeal from some who could only lift a hand to say that there too, was life and suffering.

For an hour and a half did this angel of mercy, pursue his labor of love, nor ceased to go and return until he had relieved all on that field. He returned to his post wholly unhurt. Who shall say how sweet his rest that winter's night beneath the cold stars. Little remains to be told. Sergeant Kirkland distinguished himself in a battle at Gettysburg, and was promoted lieutenant.

At Chickamauga he fell on the field of battle in the hour of victory. He was but a youth when called away, and had never formed those ties from which might have resulted a posterity, to enjoy his fame and bless his country; but he has bequeathed to the American youth—yea to the world—an example which dignifies humanity."

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is one eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

HE STILL LIVES.

(The following is an extract from the report on necrology at the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons, by Judge Francis D. Winston, of Bertie county, North Carolina.)

Before entering upon the special duty of the hour, you will permit me I know to say a word of felicitation of our most venerable and much loved brother James W. Wellons, who has been a Master Mason near three quarters of a century.

On January 1st, at Elon College, he celebrated his one hundredth anniversary, where he received an outpouring of love, affection, respect and honor from hosts of friends far and near.

On that occasion he was delivering his valedictory sermon in which he announced his retirement from the Christian ministry.

His useful life has been marked by simple, childlike, yet strong, firm and fixed, faith: faith in the Master. in the Master's works and in the Master's created worlds. He has lived his life in going about doing good.

He serves still as chaplain of the Eastern Star and Masonic Home. His personal life has been beautiful; as gentle and pure as a virgin's. He is passing into celestial Light amid the love, honor and respect of our great state.

We greet him with affectionate felicitations as he passes, the century mark, and I extend to him, venerable and illustrious as he is, the loving congratulations of the Grand Lodge, and recommend that the Most Worshipful Grand Master convey the same to him.

(Note: It is a lingering joy and a memory to contemplate a useful life of a century in the Master's service and for his fellowman, growing old with his mental faculties unimpaired, without grouch and a stranger to venom.)

HAPPENS IN 3'S.

By Ben Dixon MacNeill.

"I've heard old people say it, but I don't believe there is anything to it," said the Governor. I had advanced the ancient superstition that evil things happen in groups of three, and that goodly things come to pass in groups of seven. I have no notion where the belief started, but there is abundant experience to support it.

"Judge Devin hadn't heard the old folks mention it, and so he was even

more skeptical than you are," I countered.

"Have you never heard anybody say when an outstanding citizen in your town died that there would be two more funerals of like kind before many days?"

"Yes, I've heard that, but I pay no attention to such things. What about Judge Devin?"

Not many days before the Judge had embarked with this department

for Raleigh. He wanted to get there in time to make a train to Durham that would get him home that night. It required hard driving, there being some 197 miles between the port of embarkation and Raleigh. But the Judge sits steady and says nothing. Of course, being a judge, he can't pay much attention to speedometers, else he would be plagued to death by his judicial conscience.

Swinging along the road at a little better than fifty miles an hour we came up behind a Ford that had no set ideas about where it was going. At the moment we started to pass it, the driver decided to try our side of the road. For a tenth part of a second we were completely off balance and anything might have happened. The Judge yelled involuntarily, of course, because judges never yell consciously.

"Well," I said with some resignation, "don't let that worry you. It has got to happen twice more before we get to Raleigh."

The Judge said nothing. The next hundred miles passed without event. The car held the road at an even fifty miles an hour and there were no emergencies of any sort. The first fifty of them the Judge was restless and gripped the side of the seat whenever we passed anybody. Then he eased off for fifty miles. He even dozed a little, and was dozing when we got involved in a really close shave with a lumber truck that unaccountably cut in ahead of us.

There was no use trying to stop. There was no use doing anything but swing the car into a sort of ditch beside the road and hope that

it would right itself. It did and the Judge yelled something unjudicial at the truck driver as we came out. I didn't yell. I hadn't the strength left in me to yell, and my stomach felt like a vacuum. "That's the second." I told him. "I don't think much of your superstition," he told me. "Wait," I said.

After that the journey was uneventful for seventy miles that brought us to within a block of the Union Station. "Well, it look like there is nothing to your superstition after all—LOOK OUT." The Judge finished his observation in a yell. A small car had slunk out of an alley directly in our path. It had no lights, and until it was five feet away it was impossible to see it. By means not known to me we missed it.

Scarcely had I concluded the recital of these irrefutable facts when a tire on the Governor's car went flat. "Guess you'll say this has got to happen three times on this trip?" he asked. I said that we should have two more punctures and he wanted to know if I had turned prophet. I said that I had not, but was merely observing things in the light of my experience. "Well, let's hope you're wrong," he said.

That puncture almost caused us to miss the speaking engagement in Hickory. Then Friday morning, coming down out of the mountains and due for a lunch engagement at Barium Springs the second puncture held us for a quarter of an hour. "One more yet before we get home," I observed, and the Governor said I ought to quit prophesying evil.

And then a mile out of Hillsboro Saturday night, hurrying toward

Raleigh where the Governor's supper waited, and where Hector was waiting for his rattle-snake rattles, the car come to a bumping stop again. The third puncture. The

Governor didn't say anything. I am not superstitious, but even coincidences must have something back of them.

NEW STATE HEALTH OFFICER.

(The Health Bulletin)

Dr. Charles O'Hagan Laughinghouse, of Greenville, was formally inducted on October 1st, into the office of Secretary of the State Board of Health and State Health Officer, the office to which he was unanimously elected at a called meeting of the State Board of Health held on June 21. He succeeds Dr. W. S. Rankin who resigned May 30, 1925.

The new State Health Officer is a native of Greenville, N. C., and is now in his fifty-sixth year. He was educated at the University of North Carolina and the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in medicine at the latter institution in 1893. He was licensed to practice medicine in North Carolina the same year, and for the past thirty-three years has been an active general practitioner in Greenville and Pitt County. In 1902 he was elected a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners, serving six years. In 1911 he was elected to membership on the State Board of Health, on which he served until his resignation in June, 1926. Since 1921 he has been a member of the executive committee of the Board. In 1917 the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina made him president. He has also served as president of the Tri-State Medical Society of North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia. During the World War

he served overseas as Lieutenant-Colonel in a hospital unit.

The formality of induction into office was brief and simple. The oath of office was administered by Associate Justice George W. Connor of the Supreme Court in the presence of the members of the executive staff of the Board. Dr. Laughinghouse briefly expressed his pleasure at the honor conferred upon him and a keen appreciation of the responsibilities pertaining to the duties he was assuming.

The following changes in the personnel of the administrative staff were announced.

Dr. G. M. Cooper, who has been acting state health officer since the resignation of Dr. Rankin, at his own request is assigned as director of the Bureau of Health Education, which is concerned primarily with the preparation of the educational publications of the Board. During October Dr. Cooper took a needed rest.

Dr. M. L. Townsend, director of the Bureau of Health Education since December, 1924, is resigning effective November 1st. Dr. Townsend goes to Washington, D. C., where he will conduct a private sanatorium for the treatment of psychopathic cases.

Mr. Ronald B. Wilson is appointed assistant to the secretary. Mr. Wilson has been with the Board since 1918,

serving as publicity specialist.

In assuming the duties of secretary and State Health Officer, Dr. Laughinghouse is the fourth to hold the position as executive officer of a State department now in its fiftieth year, the State Board of Health having been created by legislative act in 1877. The first secretary, Dr. Thomas Fanning Wood, served fifteen years. The second, Dr. Richard Henry Lewis, served seventeen years. The third, Dr. Watson Smith Rankin, served sixteen years.

The secretary of the Board is by virtue of his office, the State Health Officer. He is elected by the Board for a term of six years. The official of the office require that this official should be a man of technical training and experience, and, therefore, should be selected on account of his technical rather than of his political qualifications. It is, therefore, right that he should be selected by a specially qualified committee, that is, the State Board of Health, and not be elected in a general election, as would be the case if the office were political one. The six year term of office is in accordance with the idea of permanency of policies. The law requires that the Secretary, and State Health Officer, shall be a registered physician in the State, and that he shall not engage in private practice, but devote his time and energy to the work of the Board.

The work of the State Board of Health is large and varied. For efficiency of administration, this work is apportioned among a number of bureaus or special divisions, each directed by an administrative head chosen for his special training and ability. These bureaus in the present

organization of the Board consist of the following: the State Laboratory of Hygiene, to examine water and diagnostic specimens, and to produce and distribute biological products, vaccines and sera; the Bureau of Vital Statistics, to secure, correct, tabulate, and publish information as to distribution and causes of death, and as to distribution of births, and to secure reports of communicable diseases and epidemics; the Bureau of Medical Inspection of Schools, to develop interest in the health of school children as it is related to their education, and to stimulate more adequate treatment for their most common defects; the Bureau of County Health Work, to interest county authorities in providing efficient county health departments, and to advise with, correlate, and assist such county departments now totaling 37; the Bureau of Maternity and Infancy, to develop a higher degree of public intelligence regarding the importance and the care of the problems of maternity and infancy; the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering and Inspection, to exercise supervision over the construction and maintenance of public water supplies and sewerage, to inspect and enforce sanitary conditions of privies, jails, convict camps, hotels, and public institutions; the Bureau of Health Education, to prepare and publish educational material and direct the mobile visual education unit.

The correlation of the work of the several bureaus, to insure a harmonious and efficient administration of the work of the Board, is through the supervision and direction of the executive officer of the Board. There are naturally many problems and du-

ties which cannot be assigned to any of the special bureaus, which by their nature must be under the immediate direction of the secretary. These may be briefly stated as follows: (1) to assume primary responsibility for the enforcement of the more important State health laws, (2) to consider and determine, with the advice and consent of the Board, what should be the important to public health policies of the State; (3) to secure the needed legislation that will make possible the adoption of desirable health policies; (4) to supervise and assist in the execution of established policies.

The enforcement of law rests, in a general way and broadly upon the judicial machinery of the State. On the other hand, it is not only the privilege but the duty of any citizen to see that the violation of any law is brought to the attention of the courts and dealt with. The more thorough understanding of the purposes and the character of the public health laws and the keener appreciation of their importance imposes in a special way upon the executive officer of the Board of Health, the duty of seeing that these particular laws are complied with.

The duty of considering and formulating for the action of the Board what should be the more important public health policies of the State rests largely with the executive officer of the Board on account of its primary and general responsibility for the development of an effective program of human conservation.

After the Board has considered and definitely decided upon a course of action it becomes the duty of the executive officer to bring to the atten-

tion of the people generally the need of the course of action approved by the Board, and to so inform, interest and appeal to the public, and reflexively and directly to the General Assembly as to secure legislative approval and provision for the public health policies which have been adopted by the Board.

The efficiency of any agency is largely conditional upon the personnel employed in its activities. The responsibility of finding and securing persons properly qualified by native endowments; training and experience to direct the special bureaus or divisions entrusted with carrying out the established policies of the Board rests largely upon the executive officer.

As has been pointed out heretofore, the organization of the work of the Board embraces a number of special bureaus which are held responsible for some definite state health policy, and which are so organized as to be largely independent of each other. Naturally, these bureaus or divisions in the character of their work are closely related and some means of coordinating their activities is necessary. This means is supplied by the executive officer.

The majority of the calls by letter or person upon the Board for service or information can be and are referred to the special bureau of the Board concerned directly with the kind of service or information desired. However, there are a large number of such calls that are general in character and which of necessity must be handled by the executive officer.

The interest and support of the people in public health is in proport-

ign to their understanding of the problem. To reach people, therefore, with information as to what the public needs of the State are and how the Board purposes to meet the needs is, of all the Board's duties, the most fundamental and the most important. Moreover, the educational work of the Board is of a general nature, dealing with the interests of all the bureaus or special divisions and therefore belongs largely to the officer.

The duty of receiving, disbursing and accounting for the public moneys provided for the work of the Board is a duty that rests primarily upon

the executive officer.

The appropriation by the General Assembly for the work of the Board for the current fiscal year is \$425,000. An additional sum of approximately \$50,000 is secured from other sources.

The organized county health departments and city health departments of the State have budgets exceeding \$600,000 annually, altogether the expenditures in the State annually for public health exceeds \$1,000,000. That these expenditures shall be made wisely, and adequate returns obtained is primarily the responsibility of the executive officer of the Board.

TRAVELING.

Not all may travel to lands afar,
In a palace or a magic car,
But others may travel as I travel, too,
With never paddle nor engine nor crew.

High in the attic when skies are gray—
It's always best on a rainy day—
With a red-cheeked apple and favorite book,
I find my place by the chimney nook.

The raindrops tinkle, the brown leaves whirl;
Quite unafraid, a bright-eyed squirrel
Hides from the rain on the window sill—
His pattering feet for once are still.

A tree taps-taps on the window-pane,
"Come out," it calls. "Come out in the rain!"
But I only smile and shake my head,
And take a trip 'round the world instead.

—Ada Campbell.

NEW ENGLAND SPINDLES GO TO DIXIE.

By Dirk P. De Young, in Dearborn Independent.

In 1880, the South produced 5-761,252 bales of cotton, of which only 221,337 were made up into cloth in Southern mills, while about 1,573,997 bales of that year's crop were consumed in Northern mills.

In 1925, the cotton-growing states used 4,167,596 bales of their staple in their own mills, whereas New England—the great center of the industry in the United States for many generations—consumed only 1,638,774. Furthermore, without wishing to convey the impression that Fall River and other cottonspinning communities of New England are now like Goldsmith's deserted village, it should be noted that during the last ten years the South has increased its spindles four to one, as compared to the North.

A spindle, by way of explanation, is the unit of measurement in the industry—the elemental step in the manufacturing process.

These are remarkable figures taken from Government sources, and others will be given to show what is going on in one of the country's greatest industries. But they should all be taken with a grain of salt. Statistics and Government reports frequently need seasoning.

Without a doubt, the cotton-spinning industry has witnessed a change. New England, once supreme in this line, has yielded some of her prestige to the cotton-growing states. But it is still a great factor in the industry in more ways than one—first as a producer of cloth on its own soil,

and second as a capitalist financing Southern mills. With all this southward trek of the cotton-spinning industry—from 1909 to 1919—the official figures indicate that more than half a billion dollars have been invested in Northern mills during that period, as against a little less than that in Southern mills, with money for the latter coming from coffers of thrifty Yankees.

Thus, as Europe seems to have suffered little from the emigrants which make up our population of 115,000,000, New England still keeps up her cotton industry in spite of rapidly increased spindles in the cotton-growing states and reports of labor troubles, often magnified. Of the 111 mills in Fall River, Massachusetts, operating one-fifth of the spindles of the North, not one has moved South, and there has been no strike of any consequence there since 1904. The great expansion of the cotton-spinning industry in the South it appears on closer examination of the official figures, has therefore not been a movement of mills, as is superficially thought, but the industrialization of the South itself, in which such expansion represents increased cotton-goods production in the United States as a whole, with the South taking the lead for various good and sufficient reasons.

It should be noted here that though the South consumes 2,528,822 more bales or raw cotton than the North the aggregate value of its finished products is about the same. Moreover, in the matter of yardage, the 1923

Government reports show that the Southern mills spun only 4,767,000-000 square yards from the 4,192,985 bales they consumed, whereas the New England States got 3,144,000,000 square yards of cloth from the 2,049,580 bales they used. All of which tends to show that the latter section is making the finer fabrics, concentrating more on quality, while the former, speaking generally, runs more to cheaper or so-called competitive cloths.

Until 1810, the South led New England in manufacturing, although cotton spinning, due to New England climate, with other industrial advantages, was left pretty much to the Yankees. But the invention of the cotton gin, with negro labor turned the whole attention of the South to agriculture—the large cotton plantations mostly—with manufacturing relegated to the background.

Then came the Civil War, with the South depressed for two decades following. Capital was lacking for the expansion of manufacturing industry and until 1880 or later most of the residents of the Piedmont section of the South, where this great cotton-spinning industry now flourishes ate corn bread and blackstrap molasses three times a day.

Outside of occasional employment in the chewing-tobacco factories of that region, about a million and a half of pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon mountaineers were subsisting on a few serawny acres planted to cotton corn, and beans. This mountaineer stock, almost free of foreign blood, is the same type as those who made the textile mills of New England famous.

As the cotton-growing states gradually recovered from the effects of the war, the means of restarting the mills were forthcoming and with it business men who assumed leadership. Into these first mills, established less than fifty years ago, the savings of the community generally went, while from that nucleus as the initial investment, operating funds were built up from whatever source they could be acquired, until of late New England capital running into the hundreds of millions is now behind them.

For perhaps a quarter of a century, the operators in New England took no notice of this growing textile industry in the South. Now, however, they feel it so keenly that they have had to adjust themselves to the southward trend. This has been done, to a considerable extent by constructing mills of their own in the South to take care of their increasing trade. Certain kinds of work can still be done in New England to better advantage than in the cotton-growing states, while many of the operatives of the North bring generations of background to their work. So, as said before, it is largely in the making of competitive cloths that the trek of the industry is southward. New England is still leading in the finer fabrics.

Tremendously rich in the natural resources for a textile industry—power, raw materials, and stable population—the mountain and plateau regions of the South have advanced with the stride of seven-league boots in the past or fifteen or twenty years. The capital invested in Southern mills in 1909 was only \$351,000,000, while

in 1919 it jumped to \$812,000,000 and is probably more than a billion today, representing an investment equal to that in the New England mills, where the industry is as old as the nation.

New England, the birthplace of our textile industry, thrived under high protection and no serious competition with other sections of the country.

Until the beginning of the present century the operatives there were of native or English stock, intelligent, skilled workmen, all speaking in a common tongue. At the same time, without serious sectional competition, wages were generally more easily adjusted by simply adding increased payrolls to the consumer's bill. The textile manufacturer then assumed the public attitude of 'Take our goods or leave them, but you must have them anyway.'

As this was going on in the North the competition of upcoming mills in the South made its appearance. Meanwhile New England's population was rapidly changing. Today more than sixty per cent of her people are of foreign born stock, with as high as 66 per cent in Massachusetts, headquarters of the Northern textile industry.

In Boston, New Haven, Providence, Hartford, New Bedford, Fall River, Lowell, and other cities of New England, only about one-third of the inhabitants are of native American ancestry, while in the textile centers of the South not more than two per cent of the population is foreign-born. And throughout the South as a whole, where the most marvelous industrial progress is on today, the

foreign-born white population is but 2.7 per cent of the people, whereas it is 18.1 per cent for the rest of the country.

With this foreign population in New England have come labor unions a higher percentage of agitators, and a sort of a Babylonian mixture of tongues, which have not added any to the concord or expedition of operation. The finest textile hands, by the way, have generally originated in England, whence few of the present New England immigrants come. Of course, many of the old hands, with several generations of textile skill, are still at work in these mills, which no doubt has much to do with the production of the finer fabrics there.

Cheaper power and nearness of the raw materials for the Southern mills have put New England out of competition with the cotton-growing states in the coarser cloths. With cheaper labor, cheaper materials, and cheaper power, and still other advantages in the South, the Northern operator has to overcome his handicap by giving more attention to designs and adaptability. Instead of manufacturing cloth just as potatoes are grown and selling it in the same way potatoes are sold, they are now featuring certain fabrics and specializing more on goods that do not meet with the Southern competition.

Southern labor, willing, homogeneous, with its background of Anglo-Saxon skill, inured to hardship and satisfied with smaller wages than the New England operative is the greatest contributing factor in the rapid rise of the textile industry in the South—that and the hydroelectrical power development of the hill sec-

tions, such as states within the great mountain range.

Western North Carolina, with the most of these mountaineers as a reservoir of labor supply, and with more natural power development than any of the others, leads the cotton-growing states in the textile industry although it does not rank first by any means in the production of the raw staple itself. According to the 1925 figures it consumed 1,334,794 bales of raw cotton, as compared to South Carolina, its nearest competitor, 1,029,797 while it operates about 700,000 more spindles than the latter.

Half of the textile industry of the South is confined to these two states, with the center of the Southern industry located at Charlotte, North Carolina, on the Piedmont Plateau, where the three prime factors in this remarkable industrial expansion—labor, power, and raw materials—are most abundant.

In the South, skill increased rapidly, with other favoring advantages, including a better climate in which to live at less cost, thus constantly favoring the mill operator in the cotton-growing states, while the row of

his New England competitor became harder and harder to hoe. With so many natural advantages in favor of the former, the adverse human element has been a great problem for the latter to overcome. And the result has been a shift of much of the New England textile industry to the South—a shift in which New England capital and New England management brains have joined hands with the mountaineers workman in the Piedmont area. There still remains much of an industry in the North, however, which for various technical reasons, such as climate, nearness to consumer market, and other manufacturing facilities only acquired through long operation in one center, is thoroughly entrenched.

One drawback of Southern labor, authorities claim, is the tendency to change from mill to mill with practically no provocation. To offset this roving disposition, the mills established in the South have been obliged to erect and maintain entire communities, to house and supply their workers. This was because they were brought down from the mountains where the mills could not be located.

THE IDLE.

(Monroe Enquirer).

There is a class in this country which is often referred to as the Idle Rich. Opprobrium is heaped upon the man who is wealthy and who would enjoy his wealth by leading a life of ease. Why such person should work and gather together more of this world's goods than he

can possibly use does not appear—but in the minds of most of us we are inclined to regard the Idle Rich with contempt.

But actually there are few wealthy men who are idle. The very reason the great majority of persons who have amassed a compe-

tency is that they have diligently worked for it long hours every day, and often including nights and Sundays. Further, if a rich man should cease to work, some sharper would soon separate him from that which he hath.

Now while we sometimes speak disparagingly of the Idle Rich, why is it we never criticise a class we all are entirely familiar with—the Idle Poor?

The Good Book says 'Ye have the poor always with you,' which is all to true, and it might of a truth designated the larger and contemptible class—the Idle Poor. Too, there is a prevelant and false notion among all too many persons that the Bible justifies the poor man. It does nothing of the kind, but on the contrary extols diligence and com-

mends in no uncertain language the man who "looks well to his household, and he be not slothful in business."

Today there are vastly more of the Idle Poor than there are of the Idle Rich. Every town and village has its share of loafers who are destitute, and the wonder is how do they continue from week to week and month to month to subsist without visible means of support.

And the Idle Poor class is not confined to the absolutely illiterate. All to often it is the young man who has had a smattering of an education, not intelligent enough to hold down a clerical job, and has false pride that prevents him from working at manual labor.

Idle Poor—Poor Boobs!

INDIANS WHO BUILT HOUSES.

By N. D. Dunlea.

The Indians of Arizona are some of the most interesting tribes—either extinct or surviving—in America, because they built the most elaborate and permanent homes.

It is the remnants of the cliff dwellings in rocky canyons that have enabled us to guess with more certainty how these people lived, worked and played. The probable age of their civilization has been variously dated several thousand years back. But the limestone cavities of the big canyons have also sheltered trees, whose rings, when cut, reveal almost twelve hundred years. That the Spanish settlers who invaded the southwest in 1540 were indebted to

the cliff dwellings Indians for corn is another fact.

From Southern Utah and Colorado through New Mexico down to the Verde River in Arizona these picturesque dwellings are clustered in great variety. In some communities they are literally rock houses that hang over from projecting cliffs. Again they are constructed of adobe. Both geography and the need for protection undoubtedly influenced their primitive construction. Some, like the famous Montezuma Castle and the Tonto Cliff dwellings, were natural recesses. Others have actually been modernized with glass windows.

But the agriculture bent of all the Pueblo tribes, including the Pimas, Zunis, Navajos and especially the Hopis, was another important influence on their architecture. The high sites, occupied formerly by legendary but more highly civilized peoples, wrested from enemies, had likewise to be protected. Inaccessibility was one safety measure, and a "look-out" for their cornfields was another. The aptitude of the Hopis for farming as their triumph over arid lands reveals, also caused them frequently to build a second dwelling down in the more fertile valley where they could farm.

The government today encourages the modern but conservative Indian to forsake the isolated precipitous cliff dwelling and settle more permanently in mesa communities where it is more practical to get a living.

But the progressive Indian loses caste with the remaining faithful of his tribe, who abide by tradition. To sell beads, baskets, pottery or blankets to pale face tourists at such railway stations as Flagstaff is legitimate "business," but to adopt any of the customs of the enemy is to backside.

In the matter of clothes, for example, the government has encouraged the adoption of the calico wrapper among the women folk. But, in many cases, the squaw slips her picturesque blanket robe on right over it. Oddly, enough the men weave many of the blankets and ceremonial sashes worn in native costume. Buckskin leggings and moc-casins are not worn ordinarily, but are protection against the reptiles and cactus of the desert. Children among

the Hopis, by custom go unclad. Perhaps the unhampered sun bath is the reason for their survival in a very desolate environment. Water is at a premium, despite clever irrigation, and the scorching Arizona sun is only varied by an occasional sand, wind, rain or snow storm.

A large number of ceremonial dances are prayers for rain.

One of the most interesting features of the Indian home in this picturesque region that George Wharton James appropriately calls the "Painted Desert," is that the woman builds and owns the home. Of course, she doesn't do it exactly singlehanded, for the men go long distances for the willow branches used in the framework and for large stones, while the children make a game of mud plastering. But the woman plans and directs it—if there is such a thing as a plan.

Among the Zunis, the cliff dwellings had as many as seven or eight stories, as need grew for more rooms. But the Hopis were content with three or four stories. The older ruins show that there were no doorways on the first story—only a tall ladder, that could be drawn up like a medieval drawbridge, in case of siege. The ladders were invariably much taller than required, so they etched themselves like decorations against the sky. But there were also quaint and crooked stairways connecting upper stories. Even the first windows were merely holes. Poles thrust through batchways led to "kivas" or ceremonial chambers, where secret rites of the tribes were held. The children frequently had a playground on the first or second terrace, for each story

receded from the one below. Some terraces were enclosed, and here one would probably find the weaver loom, an oven or baking stone, cordwood compactly stored, and perhaps a captive eagle with his prized "prayer feathers" whose legend Emma Lindsay-Squier has so romantically told. Ollas were used for more than water carriers and storage purposes. Five or six, with the bottoms broken out, set on top of each other, formed a crude chimney.

Inside, the fireplace was hooded in one general living room which combined kitchen and bedroom as well. The floor consisted of well-packed earth mixed with a little plaster. Outside walls were frequently white-washed with gypsum, while inside they might be colored and decorated with rude symbols.

The ceiling had sustained poles and cross-beams connected with willows and earth. The final touch, in place of any other Lares and Penates, in the real aborigine home, was the cluster of eagle feathers fastened to the center of the ceiling.

A pole to hang blankets and skins upon was rarely omitted as this was the Indian "closet." A shelf for rude utensils, including a dipper of pottery or a gourd, was the principal "cupboard." But several ollas, storing water, and a corn grinding trough completed cooking equipment.

Corn, indeed, was and is a large part of the Indian menu, and is cooked in half a dozen different ways. Dried on the house tops, it was stacked like cordwood in special corn rooms against a hard winter.

The Hopis as peace-loving agriculturist were pioneer dry farmers of

the southwest and have always been ready to experiment with any seed that would promise a crop from their arid lands. Though naturally sedentary, they belie the charge of either laziness or thriftlessness, for irrigation and conservation have enabled them to produce corn, beans, melons, squash and chili from barren soil with results akin to "scientific efficiency." They have acquired peaches, apricots, and wheat and also cultivated tobacco saffron, onions garlic, grapes, pumpkins and tomatoes, introduced by succeeding conquerors. Throughout even the modern corn fields may be seen sun-shelters where the boys and girls sit as "scarecrows" against the depredations of burros and squirrels as well as birds.

The Spanish are thought to have introduced sheep to them, for indigo dyed cotton was replaced by woolen blankets shortly after Coronado came in contact with the Hopis.

A native fiber that they made use of in weaving was gathered from the yucca. Other handicraft included crude jewelry, such as silver rings and bracelets, and necklaces of glass, shell and wampum. Especially prized were earrings decorated with bits of turquoise, and the tourist is also offered these adornments, which are probably more symbolic than the jewelry of any other people.

To approach the Indian in the real intimacy of his home is difficult, but even more obstacles beset the trail leading to these remnants of a bygone race. Nature, herself, has fortified their desire for isolation and yet, it is.

"A strange consolatory land,
So solemn, yet so kind.

The sibilation of the sand,
 Through sifting fingers of the
 wind,
 Makes silence more defined.
 And when the veil of evening
 falls,

Aand voices weird and cadent
 calls,
 * * *
 The mesa phantoms, pattering
 tread,
 Along the trails of races dead."

THE EDUCATION OF A FIREMAN.

By M. P. Chapman.

When you watch the fireman working, occupying perilous positions on the roofs of buildings and upon ladders, and accomplishing daring rescues, you must admire them and wonder at their courage and skill. But perhaps you are not aware that the efficiency of the fireman is the result of training, and a description of that training may be of interest to you.

After a new fireman has passed a physical examination he is gradually "broken in," being taught how to handle, raise and balance the ladders before he is allowed to use them at all. Since the ladders weigh from twenty to sixty pounds, and are from fourteen to twenty feet in length, they are not easily managed. After the novice has mastered this, his opening lesson is allowed to go up to a first window, and then, as his confidence increases, to the second, and so on to the top, but he is kept at each window until all nervousness is past, for the recruit often is very nervous at first. He soon gains nerve however, as he becomes skillful, and when he finds he can reach the fourth and fifth story with comparative ease, he looks down with amusement upon his less accomplished companions.

Upon coming more familiar with the

handling of the ladder, the beginner is taught how to build a chain; that is, a line of ladder from the street to the roof with a man at each story. In this drill, when the first man reaches the top floor, he fastens himself firmly to the ladder he is on by means of large steel "snap" attached to a stout canvas belt which each wears. Then, reaching down, he brings up another ladder, and he passes it out and over a cornice projecting about three feet from the building, and, releasing himself from his own ladder, climbs nimbly up this frail looking affair, swinging to and fro in mid-air. This is one of the most thrilling drills the men have to perform, but it is only indulged in after they are thoroughly proficient in handling the ladders.

"Straddling sills" and "standing on sills" are two other drills which follow. In the first the man sits astride a window-sill, and, holding himself in place by the pressure of his knees against the sides, he pulls up a ladder, and, carefully balancing it, passes its hook into the window above. Then climbing to that window he goes through the same maneuver, and so on to the top and then down again. By this movement one man with one ladder could reach any floor in a

burning building, and, by letting down a small rope that he carries in his belt, haul up a heavier rope and so lower a number of people to safety. In the second drill two men work. One standing on the sill of a window is held firmly in place by another inside the window, who pulls hard upon the steel snap at his belt. The outside man reaches down and, pulling up the ladder, places it in the window above. Both then climb up and their positions are reversed.

Besides the ladder drills the new fireman is taught to come down a rope alone or to bring a person with him how to couple and uncouple hose, how to put into service cellar and sub-cellar pipes, and the use of the tincutter for opening roofs. He learns about the battering rams, axes and hooks, and the hundred and one other appliances carried by the hose wagons and trucks.

An important movement which the recruit must learn is known as climb-

ing !'en echelon." He hooks his ladder on a window at one side of the one just above him, and, while the ladder swings like a pendulum in its place he climbs up. This feat is a valuable accomplishment, for should the fireman in actual service attempt to rescue someone from the upper part of a building, and find above him a window so charged with flame that he cannot enter, it is by this feat that he passes up and around that window and thus reaches, by a round-about course, the floors above.

Finally, the fireman is taught how to jump into the life net and how to hold it in turn to receive one of his companions. When the firemen jump they learn to come down in such a way that by throwing their feet out they may land in a sitting position. Landing in this manner they escape the possibility of their legs or arms going through the net and being injured by striking the ground—a fact that every one should know.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Clinton Floyd and George Pearce Simpson's rooms were busy last Thursday afternoon, picking cotton.

The boys in Profs. Crooks and person's rooms were busy last Thursday afternoon, picking cotton.

The chicken boys and Mr. Lisk have been putting straw in the chicken houses. They have, for the past several months kept the chickens, and chicken houses in first-class condition.

Earnest Rohr and Rommie Thompson were given a position in the print shop last week.

At the ball ground last Saturday afternoon an amateur foot-ball game was played by a score or more of the boys. Other sports such as baseball, and basket-ball were also played by some of the boys. Marble shooting among the smaller boys is still their favorite game. A number of the officers were engaged in playing horseshoes during the afternoon.

The barn boys have been busy the past few days hauling corn, that had been shocked in the fields and storing it away in the barn.

The painting force boys, who have been painting the dairy barn, have finished the outside of this barn. They expect to start on the inside of the barn soon. They have this barn looking a great deal better.

We all know for certain that winter is nearing now. If you'll notice, the leaves have changed on the trees. They were formally a bright green but now, they are different colors, gold, yellow, brown not so many are green. And another thing that will keep our attention is that this month on the twenty-fifth day, is Thanksgiving Day. Then only one month from that date we have Christmas. All the crops of this year have been gathered into the barns, or stored away. We are now looking forward to the twenty-fifth.

Our Sunday School lesson text for last Sunday was: "The Fall of Jericho." The theme deals with the lesson fully. "Overcoming by Faith." This Joshua and the Israelites did when they went over and conquered Jericho—with the help of God. They had faith in God when they marched around the city once each day for seven days. On the seventh day the trumpets blew, seven of them, and the walls fell down. Thus the city was captured and all in it were killed, excepting one old woman, Rahab, who had assisted the spies sent over by Joshua. The golden text for this lesson was: "This is

the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1st. John 5:4. When the people went back to their city, Gilgal, they took neither silver, gold, or any of the spoils. God had commanded them not to take the gold nor the silver, cooper and brass for they were to go to His treasures. He also told them not to take of any of the spoils of the city for they would be accursed. So the Israelites now wanting their camp accursed, did not take any of the spoils.

In the last issue of the "Uplift" an article, "Name of Bill,"—by Miss Vernie Goodman, stated the Literary society that is conducted by the boys of the thirteenth cottage will be named the William Barnhardt Literary Society. As Miss Goodman says, it is true that: "the process of organization will be a bit hazy about parliamentary rules and all that". Just the same the officers have been elected and they are Amaziah Corbett, president; Charles Morrow, vice-president; Jennings Freeman, secretary; Virgil Shipes, program committee; Rex Allen, Censor; Albert Buck; sergeant of arms; Earl Green first reporting critic. These are the officers that were elected last Monday night. These boys are proud that their society has been named after one of their best friends and have planned to carry the society on at its best. Miss Goodman also stated that Mr Barnhardt is a busy man, but we hope that he will take notice of the work that this society—the William ("Bill") Barnhardt Literary Society, has planned to accomplish in the future.

**SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE**

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.



U. N. C.
PERIODICAL

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N. C.,

20, 1926

No. 51

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SOCIAL REFORM.

“Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.” This is a model prayer for the individual, for the industrial group, for the political party, for the nations of the world.

Until it is answered, our lot must continue to be pestilence and war, conspiracy and rebellion.

— PUBLISHED BY —

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord,
N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

*Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod;
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.*

—Carruth.

PAID FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

Mr. Bernard W. Cone, of the Cone Manufacturing and Commission Company, one of the big industries of the state, and he himself an influential and able gentleman, has had an introduction to jury service in the Superior Court of Guilford county.

Mr. Cone was paid by the county fifteen dollars for his week's arduous labors. He has sent it to the Greensboro News to have it judiciously disposed of—that is the fifteen dollars. Along with it he opened up his heart and made known his impressions of a season as a jurymen. It is so cleverly written, and contains so much food for thought, that The Uplift desires that

its family may see what a busy manufacturer and leader among our citizenship thinks of certain proceedings of our courts.

If the courts, including Mayor Jeffries, who is also one of the editors of The News, can't untangle the proposition, the remuneration may be forwarded here to be added to the Boy's Christmas fund. But look up Mr. Cone's contribution—it's good reading.

* * * * *

GETTING LATE.

Up to the time of this writing not a word has come from the President calling us into a spirit of Thanksgiving for the manifold blessings High Heaven has bestowed upon us as a people and as a nation.

It is a fine custom, which the governors of the several states follow in unison, in calling upon the people to set aside their work and give a day in prayer and thanksgiving to the Most High.

The year may not have been one of the President's liking, but a look-about will lead him to see that the nation has been bountifully blessed, and all that we are, all that we have and all that we may hope to have is the direct fruits of the love and care of the Most High.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, if custom is followed.

* * * * *

MORE TALK ABOUT ABE LINCOLN.

In spots there is being renewed an interest in the birth, life, conduct and career of Abraham Lincoln, who, in no sense, was ever a friend of the South. Any man, who figured in those terrible times when the sections were in conflict over what, let us hope, each thought right, was bound to be lionized. And much of the lionizing that has gone to the memory of Lincoln is due, not to anything specially extraordinary, but rather to the fact of his position.

Elsewhere in this number one subject seems to have been answered—his birthplace. There is scarcely any doubt of the accuracy of the contention by the minister in Rutherford county, who is quoted by Editor R. E. Price of the Rutherford County News. This is by no means a late discovery.

Several years prior to the death of the late Gen. Julian S. Carr, it was the privilege of The Uplift to carry a story of Lincoln and his mother, which was compiled from a book in the General's library. That story is in harmony with Editor Price's. Mr. Price, however, fails to tell of the visits of Nancy Hanks she was accustomed to make to friends in Gaston county.

Again, a writer has been trying to solve the puzzle where Lincoln wrote the

famous Gettysburg Speech, if he wrote it at all, which has been frequently doubted by many who knew quite well the literary capacity of Lincoln.

But people and historians are peculiar: They assign more greatness to the great than they oftentimes deserve; and they make sorrier and meaner those, who are classed as such, than they really are—there is good and bad in all of us. It seems, however, a small matter where Lincoln was born. It would give the state but little glory—why, look at the case of Andy Jackson.

* * * * *

WHICH COMES FIRST?

Before Christianity became a dominant power in the world, asserts the Raleigh New and Observer, some nations consented that the aged and infirm and diseased and defective should be “put out of the way.” orphanages and training of poor children was almost unknown; and hospitals as we know them could not be found. The strong and wealthy felt little compulsion to care for the sick and poor, Christianity inculcating the doctrine of brotherhood and care for the weak. It has fallen far beyond the mandate of Christ, but in recent years the command is more and more heeded.

In North Carolina the chief need is public hospitals, supported by taxation. Until that policy is adopted in every county, all hospitals are to be aided. Is the church fully alive to its duty of helping to heal the sick? Evidently Dr. W. S. Rankin, formerly Secretary of the State Board of Health and now head of the Duke Hospitalization Board, thinks not. In an address at the Methodist Conference in Durham last week. Dr. Rankin declared that much of the work done in hospitals is applied Christianity. He expressed the fear that the denominations were spending too much money for costly church buildings and too little for hospitals.

“I fear that the church is becoming like the high priest when he saw the man lying by the roadside, sorely wounded,” he said, “for there is danger of becoming so absorbed in the formalities that it will have no time to administer to the ailments to stricken humanity.”

He told of being in a city in which there is a church erected at the cost of \$350,000, with several others of the same value, and of a visit, together with a physician, to the outskirts of that city, where he saw men lying on beds of suffering and affliction without being able to move. There was no means of diagnosing their cases, he said to find out the nature of their ailments, because of the lack of money. Thousands of dollars were tied up in church property, but there was not a single hospital bed in the county where they

could be carried for proper treatment.

“The churches are building hospitals, but are they building them where needed?” he asked, pointing out that “they have built them in Winston-Salem, Charlotte, and other places where half of the beds are vacant the year round, while in other places the suffering continues without relief.”

Here is food for thought and for reflection. The Good Samaritan had the right point of view. Aid to the stricken before a costly house of worship.

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THEY KEEP FALLING.

Death is in the land—it comes to all. It seems that an unusually large number of our aged citizens are passing.

On Tuesday, this state, lost her oldest and a most distinguished citizen—Capt. F. C. Robbins. For ninety-three years Capt. Robbins has been spared to his friends. He served his state during the contest of the Confederacy; for more than fifty years he honored one of the choicest professions, that of law; and, as a citizen, he was square and sincere—truly a mighty oak has fallen.

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“XMAS” IN THE DISCARD.

The Raleigh Merchants’ Association has taken a most commendable stand against the use of “Xmas” as a substitute for the forthcoming holiday season. The secretary of the association, John Bikle, states and properly so that “there is no justification for use of the word as a substitute for Christmas—a word which can have no substitute and which cannot be improved upon by either a longer or shorter term.”

The love of brevity and the sense of haste are inexcusable.

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“UNCLE JOE.”

One of the most unique characters that ever appeared conspicuous in our public and national life was the honorable Joseph G. Cannon, for many years member of Congress and for a period speaker of the House of Representatives.

Death claimed the distinguished gentlemen last week.

The newspapers made of him, his utterances, true and alleged, fruitful subjects for comment, applause and criticism.

The genius was probably outwardly what orthodoxy would term wicked, but at heart he appeared otherwise; for when the sands began to run low, he righted about and gave full evidence of his faith and trust in the great Creator.

WE CAN COUNT ON HER.

By Leslie E. Dunkin.

"Irene Harris will have this part in the program for that night," decided Janet Parker aloud to the waiting girls.

"Why, Miss Parker!" they all exclaimed. "Katherine can do it far better than Irene ever will."

"That may be true," confessed their teacher, "but we can count on Irene's attending all the practices and doing her best at the entertainment."

There were no further complaints, for all the girls knew from experience that they could always count on Irene, which could not be said of Katherine, who happened to be more skillful at the desired task.

The dependable girl can be counted on to be careful in promising to do things for herself or for others. She knows it is easier to say, "I'll do it!" than it is to do it. She realizes that a broken promise may be an easy way

to avoid a disagreeable task, but it breaks down one's dependability.

The dependable girl can be counted on to reach the desired goal. While others are reveling in their skill and ability, she will be pressing on faithfully and persistently.

The dependable girl can be counted on to leave no task unfinished. Nothing will be so attractive to her as the work she is doing.

The dependable girl can be counted on to do her best. She realizes that others are depending upon her efforts for their success, so she must not fail them.

The dependable girl can be counted on to be in demand all the time for everybody knows, "We can count on her!"—The Girl's Weekly.

And it is so pleasing and encouraging to find in the boy dependability as much so as in the girl.

BAPTIST EDITOR TAKES SHOT.

Wilmington, Nov. 16.—Criticism of Alfred E. Smith, a prospective candidate for the presidency in the next presidential election, was a feature of the opening session of the 96th annual meeting of the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, which convened in the First Baptist church here this afternoon.

The criticism of Governor Smith came when Dr. Livingston Johnston of Raleigh, editor of the Biblical Recorder, took the floor to discuss the functions of the Baptist organ.

"Should Al Smith be nominated his slogan would be 'rum, Romanism and rebellion,'" the speaker stated, amid much applause from the great assemblage. "We do not censure Smith because of his religion," the speaker continued, "but because of what his religion stands for. He believes in a union of church and State, while we Baptists are as far from that as the East is from the West."

The convention passed a resolution endorsing the principles set forth in the address delivered by Doctor Johnston.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

So many people talk at one another instead of to one another. No wonder there so many heart-aches in the world.

A friend of mine writes me that by the last of this month he expects to be in Turkey. He has nothing on me. I expect to have turkey in me on the 25th of this month. I guess both of us will enjoy, severally, the pleasures of turkey. I just dearly love to "knock the stuffin'" out of turkey.

Charles Sumner once said: "A nation cannot afford to do a mean thing." Neither can an individual. But they do. And thereby hearts are stirred up to the highest agony of human hatred.

The frolic of the leaves. Isn't it fascinating? They are floating and winding down from the trees in showers, covering the streets with a yellow mantle. Along rushes an automobile, perhaps two or three, and these crisp, seared leaves, will rise in battalions, like woodland wraiths, and twirl along in the gusts of wind after these cars, until they meet other cars, going in an opposite direction, and then they will jumble up in confusion, like a jazz dance, and then retrace their rolling. Thus they go, back and forth, and forth and back, with every swift-passing vehicle. Thus they spend their last days in such orgiastic revelry until they are carted up and borne away to some incinerator to "give up the ghost" for the sprite-like capers they

have been playing in following every wind that blows, just like some human beings. The frolics of the leaves on the streets reminds me that the leaves are falling, and fall is leaving. Selah!

From time immemorial many people have been saying, and some believe it, "the world owes me a living," and they will sit still and do nothing to collect it. Wait for the world to pour it in their laps. In the Book of Books the admonition is written "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground." I am not one of those believes that "the world owes me a living." I owe the world something. In all of the beauty and grandeur of this universe, with its comforts and blessings innumerable. Whatever talents I may possess were not given me to be wrapped up in a napkin and laid away, and wait for the world to help me along. They were given to be used for the benefit of others, in giving joy to the world as far as I am capable.

Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon is presiding over the North Carolina Methodist conference which is being held in Durham in Trinity Methodist church. I have heard several of his pre-conference-session talks, each morning, which are the talk of the conference and Durham citizens who have heard him. They are gems of thought, inspiration and guidance. Golden words of wisdom fall from his lips like the fully ripe and luscious fruit from the tree of life.

His talks were primarily to the preachers, but could be applied to any one. Not being a Methodist preacher, still I sat within the vision of his aim, and was struck several times by his winged arrows of thought. He may see this and I would like for him to know how much good "Lifting the Veil," and "Looking at all things in the Light of Eternity," did me. The Bishop is a spiritual inspirer; a beacon light to the shores of time.

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In a certain court a physician was on the witness stand, being examined in regard to an automobile accident. He was asked the question: "Where did the car hit the plaintiff?" He replied, "At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae." When the jury came to make up its verdict, one juror, was heard to say: "I've lived in this county for over 50 years, and I know every cross-road, but I never heard of any such place before. I believe it's a made-up case."

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"Brighten the corners where you are?" A cheering sentiment. So much is said these days, and done to brighten the furniture of our homes. That is all right, and proper. But are we brightening and polishing the lives in these homes? Mere things in and of themselves do not constitute the real happiness in this life. People are so prone to say things that sting and hurt. A single word tinctured with bitterness, can take the shine off the most beautiful furniture and furnishings ever seen and hang curtains of gloom on the brightest walls.

Isn't it mockery to hang on walls framed mottos of "God Bless our

Home," and "Love," and such unless you are in the attitude towards God to receive a blessing, and unless love itself adorns the inner rooms of the heart. Homes may lack many things money can buy, but kind words, pure living, loving attention, lights them up and makes them little nooks of heaven. If that isn't so there will never be any brighter heaven for us anywhere in the universe of God.

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The next important stops will be Thanksgiving and Christmas. The latter holiday is one dear to the hearts of childhood, and the former is, perhaps, more welcome to the older ones, as it brings relatives together and makes the day a family blessings as well as one for thanksgiving. Praise and gratitude to God for His manifold gifts is the chief consideration on Thanksgiving Day. It is also well to feast on that day, but the great joy and satisfaction in happy results are lost to ourselves as individuals, if we fail to make the thanksgiving day one of joy to some less fortunate families than ourselves. There are poor, unfortunate little ones all about us. I am sure that when we see their little hungry faces light up when they are given our meager presents, we will be sufficiently rewarded, and it will give an added happiness to our own Thanksgiving. On that day remember and help the poor and needy. "A cup of cold water given to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me," are the Saviour's words.

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Congressman Charles Manly Stedman, who is now possibly in the 80's, has been in state public life for nearly half a century, has been in Con-

gress for 16 years, and the only man in that body, except the speaker, who is honored by the members rising when he comes in, on a recent visit to Durham, was asked who he thought was the greatest man in this state during his day. He said he knew them all and some he did not rate as high as the public does generally. All in all he considered Senator Matt Ransom the greatest public figure he had come in contact with during his day. Senator Ransom was civil war general and rendered valuable service in the reconstruction period; He was also minister to Mexico. North Carolina has a niche in the rotunda at Washington to fill. The question is: Who will fill it? This may be due to one or two facts. We cannot agree on the biggest man we have produced, or have not one big enough to fill it. A number of contemporary figures have been mentioned, among them Senator Simmons and Walter Hines Page. The Romans however, never set up monuments to the living. They waited until their big men were dead.

There is a cause for everything under the sun. Nothing in this world "just happens." If a person succeeds in life; or a man is promoted to a better job, there is a reason. If a man makes a failure of life, or loses his job, there is a cause.

When the queen essayed to comfort sorrowful Hamlet by reminding

him that death is common, he answered as one who thought upon human life: "Ay madame, it IS common." Death and injury through automobile accidents have become so common in America that we are prone, for the most part, to take them for granted. But if we pause to think of the pain, the loss, the woe, then their frequency makes them not less but more grievous. Twenty-five thousand persons killed, and six hundred and ninety-four thousand injured! This, in round numbers was last year's toll as reckoned by the American Road Builders' association. The greater number of such accidents, as that authority declares, are chargeable to carelessness. Exceeding the speed limit, overriding the traffic rules, disregarding others' safety and rights—these are major sources of the rising stream of death. Add the drunken driver, along with the one who tries to beat a train to the railway crossing, and the accounting is about complete. The "rising" stream we say. Two years ago, according to the federal department of commerce, eighteen thousand, seven hundred persons were killed in automobile accidents in the United States. Since then the estimated annual total has increased to twenty-five thousand. Day after day the dark tide mounts. Death IS common, too tragically common, on our highways and streets. And chiefly to blame is the careless driver.

We have seen a new hat, a sumptuous model, its folded brim a metallic glory, making, with the velvet crown, a rich color symphony.

LAWLESSNESS.

W. H. Frazer, President of Queens College.

A distressing condition of the present day is the spirit of lawlessness which is very general.

There is something in humanity which rebels against authority and that rebellion is to be seen in many phases of the social order of the time.

Lawlessness is widespread. For example, an order goes forth from the police department in regard to parking, and numbers of people violate the order every day. The sovereign State of North Carolina displays in big red letters the challenging sign at practically every grade crossing: "North Carolina Law: Stop!" There is something in humanity that reacts in defiance to the law, and people drive on in absolute disregard of the order. These are only instances of the general attitude of mankind.

What is the consequence of lawlessness?

Of course a lowered social order; confusion instead of order. In many cases, disaster to the people for whose protection and benefit the law has been made—sometimes to the very violators themselves. For instance, a parking law is disregarded and an accident occurs which not only injures the property and sometimes the person of an innocent party, but also that of the one guilty of disregard for the ordinance. A grade crossing sign is ignored, and not only are the violators of the law hurt or hurled into eternity, but the property of a great railroad corporation which is striving to serve the interests of the country, is injured and the company is made liable to a suit and given end-

less trouble because of a willful disregard of a statue of the commonwealth.

How can lawlessness be arrested? Certainly not by legislation. It must be done by education. A campaign should be waged in behalf of obedience to constituted authority. The public schools, the institutions of higher learning, the service clubs, and such organizations should take up the matter of educating the rising generation, in regard to the importance of respect for and obedience unto constituted authority.

"To obey is better than sacrifice" should be preached from every school room, luncheon club table, benevolent order of the land. You cannot secure obedience by the policeman's club or the jailer's walls. It must come from the proper instruction in the principles of rectitude. Forbiddings should be as few as possible. Restraints should never be placed where they are not absolutely necessary.

The public is confronted by much useless legislation and people lose sight of the authority of the law, in the presence of the thought of the folly of the enactment. It is no unusual thing to see automobiles whiz by the stop sign at the railroad crossing. People explain their disregard for the sign by saying that it is not a much used crossing, and that the track is visible in both directions. They overlook the majesty of the law which is displayed in the sign. All unnecessary stop signs should be

removed from crossings, and all unnecessary legislation should be removed from the statute book.

It is better not to have some laws than to have them constantly broken and by breaking of them to have the inculcating of lawlessness in the character of the law-breaker. It matters not whether it is a wise law or a foolish one, the majesty of the law should command obedience. It should not be the thought of one's safety, but the thought of the supremacy of law that should regulate the conduct of every loyal citizen in

the presence of a publication of the law.

Make the laws as few as possible, and make them regulate essential things, give the public a thorough education as to the majesty of the law—as thorough as has been that resulting from the thrift campaign, the public health campaign, and other such important things, and then rigidly enforce the law without fear or favor—and without exception. This is the only way that the cure can be effected.

THE SEASONS.

By Bright W. Padgitt.

The Spring is like a lubberly boy,
Boisterous and changeable,
With the laughing lips and moist eyes
Of many mood.

The Summer is like the days of youth,
Sincere and amorous,
With the smiling lips and roving eyes
Of great desire.

The Autumn is like a life mature,
Resigned and beautiful,
With the petting lips and kindly eyes
Of long experience.

The Winter is like an aged man,
Conquered and immovable,
With the trembling lips and wistful eyes
Of many dreams.

A WEEK ON THE JURY.

By Bernard M. Cone, in Greensboro News.

I enclose herewith check for \$15.00 which represents money earned by the sweat of my brow serving as a juror in the Superior court during the past week.

First I wish through your columns to thank my fellow citizens for this magnificent reward for a week's time devoted to their interests. I feel however that having received this money out of the public treasury I ought to give the taxpayers of the county some account of just what I did to earn it. And in the second place I am going to ask your aid and advice as to what to do with it now that it has been so laboriously earned.

Addressing myself to the first issue, as some of the lawyers up there were accustomed to say, I sat on just three cases. I made no extra charge for the time I sat around in between cases, or waiting for the calendar to be called, or listening to lawyers wrangling about postponing trials, or arguing what they called motions but which sounded more like stagnations.

The first case I sat on was an undefended divorce suit. A gentleman testified that another gentleman went automobiling with a lady friend and asked him to come along. He did not say why he asked him to come along. Maybe it was to act as a chaperone, maybe just to be a witness in the case. Nobody asked and nobody told us. Just as the evidence was about to get interesting the plaintiff's lawyer stopped asking questions and as neither the defendant nor his lawyer was there

nobody else asked any questions except I believe the judge did ask what the date was. We gave the plaintiff her divorce so I take it that the law of this state is that a married lady is entitled to a divorce if her husband goes automobiling with another lady regardless of whom, what or why.

Now don't blame me if I gave a wrong verdict. If the defendant wasn't there to defend himself I couldn't very well defend him, And what would the other jurors have thought of me if I had tried. They might have turned around and divorced me, and I don't think my wife would have liked that at all.

The next case was about a cow and thereby hangs a tale.

It was a contested case and when the two lawyers (both of whom have previously sued me and gotten verdicts against me, that is to say the mills out here) let me sit on that jury I knew that they must both be pretty cock sure they were right.

They were.

The fellow who bought the cow alleged there was a warranty. The fellow who soul the cow admitted the warranty. So the judge submitted the first issue: was there a warranty? But he told us to answer that issue yes. So we went out in the jury room and began to argue whether there was a warranty or not. Personally I don't think there was any warranty because it was a public auction and the catalogue said no warranty except title of the owner. But both parties said there was and the judge said to say yes so I didn't

want to be in contempt.

The second issue was whether the warranty was breached. I didn't see how a warranty could be breached if there wasn't any, and there were two other intelligent men on the jury, but the other nine outvoted us, excuse me, I mean over-persuaded us.

The third and last issue was damages and there were 12 different opinions about that so we knocked off about one-third of the price of the cow which I thought was doing pretty well, considering

After we had that all fixed up and answered the three issues and were about to take them in to the judge, some fellow raised a question about interest on the damages. There wasn't any issue submitted about interest so we proceeded to argue and discuss that issue, but as there was no place on the paper to answer it we had to stick it in the damages.

There was only a difference of about a hundred dollars about the cow, and it took the judge, the court clerks, the sheriff, the court stenographer, two lawyers, 12 jurors besides those that were excused or kept waiting, and about 20 witnesses including some of the busiest dairy men in Greensboro a whole day to try that case. It reminded me of the time I spent a whole day going around for the community chest and got only \$85 and I told my partner I would rather have added \$85 to my own contribution than listen to some of the things some of those prospects told us. (But you might think I am almost as poor a solicitor as juror.)

The third case I sat on was about a fellow who bought an automobile on the installment plan and as usual didn't pay for it. He also forgot to

come into court and give a reason for not paying for it—or couldn't think of any or hire a lawyer to think of one, so much to our sorrow we had to answer the issue "yes."

A jury before us on a similar undefended case had come back for further instructions and asked whether there wasn't some insurance company in the deal that ought to pay for it but the judge said that didn't have anything to do with the case. So as our jury couldn't find any insurance company to make pay for the automobile the defendant had bought we let him pay for it himself. At least we hope he will.

The last case I sat on I didn't sit on. It was a suit for personal injuries. This must have been a very important case because the counsel on both sides were very careful about the selection of a jury and didn't want anybody on there like me who wasn't fully qualified to pass on the issue. Some of the questions they asked showed wonderful sagacity about the qualifications of us jurors, especially whether we had paid our taxes. It seems that a man who does not know enough to pay his taxes, doesn't know enough to sit on an accident case. I have learned a dandy good way to keep off of the jury next year, but that isn't the reason the plaintiff's counsel challenged me off that jury. The only question he asked me was whether I was connected with the mills out here and then he challenged me and I began to wonder what the matter was with the mills. I used to think we had nice mills but it seems if you are connected with cotton mills you are not fit to sit on a jury.

The cow traders and divorce lawyer

forgot to ask me that question. Maybe next time they will know better.

Now, Mr. Editor, the last issue is this: Did the county get value received for the \$15 dollars they paid me. I don't know how much they paid the judge and the clerk and the sheriff and the court stenographer and the janitor and for heat, light and water and interest on the courthouse bonds.

I am quite sure the judge could have decided all the cases that came before him this week just as well or better without, us jurors and in just about one-tenth of the time.

I will not say anything about the time lost from my own business or the agony, excuse me, I mean inconvenience, I suffered. My main regret is that after I was generous enough to give a whole week of my time (pursuant to summons duly served on me) to the county that said county made such poor use of it.

From the above you will appreciate my reluctance to accept the generous honorarium with which the clerk of the court has rewarded me. I would feel like I had cheated somebody if I kept it. Indeed I looked all around as I left the courthouse to see if there wasn't some poor devil or deviless hanging around that deserved it more than I did but no such lucky body was hanging around.

So I am sending you the money, Mr. Editor, as a sort of conscience fund. I can't on good conscience keep it. I didn't earn it. I don't want to cheat my fellow taxpayers out of it. So I am passing the buck to you, Mr. Editor. I am leaving it to you to consider the case and dispose of this conscience fund as you think the facts warrant.

Please weigh the evidence carefully and render your verdict accordingly. Take the case.

AT NIGHT.

The sky is a blackboard
 With star writing in it,
 But I never can read
 A word that's upon it.

The clouds are erasers
 That sweep to and fro
 And rub out the writing
 Wherever they go.

—Eleanor Hammond.

“READY: TO DO OR DIE.”

At the First Baptist Church on Sunday last, Rev. C. Herman Trueblood, the pastor, delivered an eloquent sermon, appropriate to Armistice Day, using as his subject: “Ready: To Do, or Die.” The pastor took his text from Acts 21:13: “I am ready, not to be bound only but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.” The word of the text, expressed by the great Apostle Paul indicated at least three things in the life of Paul.

“First, they indicate that Paul was absolutely sure that his cause was a just cause; secondly, they indicated that this just cause, which he had espoused, should receive the very best that there was in him; and thirdly, Paul was ever ‘ready to do, or die.’ for the honor and glory of Christ, the noblest cause of all.

“Likewise,” stated the minister, “our heroic soldier boys, though they did not relish the idea of going to war, to give up loved ones, to have their dreams smashed to pieces to abandon their peaceable career at home, to have their hopes destroyed and perhaps their bodies shattered on the gory battlefield, yet when duty called and honor was at stake, they were “ready: to do, or die.” And many did die. They suffered, and bled, with the glorious consciousness that their cause was absolutely just.

“And since their cause was just, as in the case of Paul, they were ‘ready’ and did make their mission as soldiers, the supreme business of their lives. ‘Winning the war became primarily, all else was secondary. So much was at stake. War was the only way, under the circumstances,

to save to America and to the world, the principals of liberty, free institutions and representative government. Our boys fought to abolish war; it was war upon war, and may God grant that this war may not have been in vain.

Said Paul: ‘I am ready, not to be bound only but also to die.’ In other words, he was ‘ready’ to make the ‘supreme sacrifice.’ So it was with our gallant soldier boys. The sacrifices which they made cannot be expressed in words. May we not be reminded, just here, that everything in this life that is really dear and sacred to our hearts cost something. Sometime, somewhere, somehow, someone had to pay a price for the rich blessings that we enjoy.

“In Scotland there is a battlefield on which the natives and their Saxon foes met in terrible combat. No monument marks the spot, but a little blue flower grows there, and there alone. They call it “The Flower of Culloden” because it sprung from soil in which the bodies of patriots were buried. The seeds were there, of course, but it needed a baptism of blood to make them grow. And now every blue flower on Culloden field, as it bends its head to the breeze, is a tender memorial to the brave spirits who made red the sod with their hearts’ blood. The same is true in Flanders Field where the poppies grow. The roots of those flowers have been watered by the rich blood of our finest young manhood.

“Yes, it has ever been so—the choicest flowers of human civilization are like the poppies in Flanders Field or ‘the Culloden flowers,’ they spring

alone from soil that has been watered by sacrifice. Freedom is one such flower. Religion liberty is another. Christianity itself is another. It sprung from the blood-dewed grounds at the foot of the cross!

Obediance, magnanimity and sacrifice—these are the patriotic graces we should all perpetually cultivate.”

Many visitors attended the service, and one new member was received.
REPORTER.

A NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

It was in July, 1866, that the first permanent Atlantic cable was laid and a number of them have since been laid, each one improved upon: but this summer (1926) the work of laying the world's "fastest cable was begun. It is being laid from the ship Colonia and is to be 3,800 miles (nautical) long, and it is expected to be finished before winter sets in. The shore ends will then be connected and another line of communication will have been established between our country and London.

The strand is to be of copper, as are the twenty other cables which have been laid, and it will have a speed of 2,500 letters per minute. It will be eight times as fast as any cable now connecting New York and London, and a little faster than the one which connects New York with the Azores, which at present possesses the distinction of being the world's fastest cable.

The cable between New York and the Azores is sheathed in wrapping of permalloy and the new one is to be thus sheathed. This is a new metal whose discovery was the result of the growing demand for speed and more speed in trans-Atlantic communication. As the telegraph companies had long been using automa-

tie devices for sending and receiving messages, the attention of cable engineers was turned to the possibilities of improving the cable itself. This resulted in the discovery of permalloy and made possible the new and improved lines.

Permalloy is an alloy of iron and nickel. Under certain conditions it has a magnetic permeability many times that of any other known substance. In the form of a continuous strip of metal one-eighth of an inch wide and six-thousandths of an inch thick the permalloy is wrapped around the 3,800 nautical miles of the copper conductor of the cable. This prevents the leakage of current common to the older types of cables and gives the new line of communication its great speed. While it is not strictly accurate, electrically speaking, to state that the permalloy wrapping increases the speed with which the impulses pass from one end to the other, it makes possible the sending of such sharply defined signals that the intervals at which they follow each other are considerably reduced without overlapping.

While engaged in the laying of this cable, the Colonia must proceed in as straight a line as possible and other ships must keep out of her way.

A detour of a mile or more might result in the unnecessary laying of two or three miles of cable at a cost of more than one thousand dollars a mile. The cable ship, furthermore being attached to the cable is not as free in its movement with respect either to speed or course as an ordinary ship.

When engaged in active duty the *Colonia* flies the cable sign. This is an internationally recognized signal that the ship is engaged in cable laying and must be given a wide berth by all other craft regardless of their ordinary rights. This sign, which was adopted at a conference of the civilized powers, consists of two red canvass globes and a white canvass diamond between them hung vertically in the rigging. The globes are about two feet in diameter and are hung six feet apart. By night the cable sign consists of lanterns hung vertically, red at top and bottom, and white between.

According to international law ships flying the cable sign are supposed to be given immunity in time of war. During the World War, however, the rights of cable ships disappeared. Relying on this presumed neutrality, one was fired upon by a submarine during the early days and badly damaged. Managing to make temporary repairs, she was limping into port when again attacked and sunk. During the remainder of the war the immunity of cable ships was purely fictitious.

While cables usually function without interruption, careful records of cable laying are kept so that if any break occur in the copper strand it may be picked up for repairs with

minimum of delay and trouble. Cable interruptions can usually be traced to one of several causes. In deep water, far from shore, these interruptions are often due to armor decay. The steel protection around the cable becomes rusted, leaving only the gutta percha covering over the copper wire conductor. This protection is subject to chafing and soon the copper conductor comes in contact with the water, is grounded, and communication fails.

Most of the breaks, however, occur in shallow water near the shore, as there is little to interfere with the smooth workings of the cable in the depths of the sea. Near the shore the cable has a host of enemies, both animate and inanimate. The worst of these, especially in the warmer waters, is the toredo, the boring sea worm, against whose ravages ship's bottoms are copper sheathed and wharf piles are concreted. As a protection against the toredo the shore ends of cables have a layer of brass tape wound about them between the gutta percha insulation and the galvanized sheathing wires.

In northern waters icebergs grounding on shoals often grind the cables flat, exposing the conductor or severing it entirely. Once the carcass of a giant whale, entangled in many loops of cable, was hauled up by a cable ship. It was evident that the animal's death struggle had parted the cable. At another time the story of what happened to the insulation was told by the finding of a shark's tooth embedded in the cable's covering. Closer in shore cables are often caught in the trawls of fishing boats, which drag the ocean bottom to a

depth of 1,200 feet or more. The first international cable laid from Dover, England, to Chalais, France, was picked up by a fisherman who thought he had caught a new kind of eel.

To grapple for an ocean cable, when it is known to be broken, seems to many like an impossible task; yet so carefully are the records kept, showing the exact position of every mile of the cable, and so expert have the cable layers become, that it is an every-day task to pick up a particular section of the cable in a depth of two or three miles. The job is always accomplished with difficulties, multiplied by cold and storm.

Sometimes in the course of laying a cable, more often when cable repairs are under way, the cable ship is obliged to cut loose and run before the storm for safety. Cable laying is planned in advance for seasons when fair weather may be reasonably expected; cable repairs have to be made when the break occurs, which is more likely than not to be in mid-winter. The cable ship is always prepared to cut the cable and attach a buoy to the severed end, to be picked up again when conditions permit. Throughout the voyage buoys are

kept ready, slung in the rigging above the upper deck, with the buoys lines—two or three miles of rope—coiled where they can be used with the least delay.

When a break occurs in a cable it is possible to tell from the shore by electrical measurements and calculations how far from either end the trouble lies. A cable ship then hurries to the spot which is clearly indicated on the chart made when the cable was laid or last repaired.

Having arrived at the place where the cable is to be picked up, the cable ship puts over an anchored buoy to mark the point of departure. It then steams back and forth across the line of cable, dragging a grapnel which resembles a five-pronged anchor over the sea floor. In shallow water an ordinary grapnel is used. For depths of a mile or more a special form of grapnel has been devised, which, when it hooks to the cable, cuts it in two and holds one end of severed ends tightly. It is a simple matter, once the cable has been hooked, to splice in a new section and then haul up the other end and splice that on. Thus the lines of communication under the sea are kept in repair.

Some men are possessed of a statistical devil. They can only think in figures; they will ask, in respect of a new acquaintance, how much is he worth; of a library, how many volumes there; of an orchestra, how many pieces; of a college, how many students.—Daniel Coit Gilman.

THANKFUL BECAUSE—

By **Mabel McKee.**

The Grandview State Bank was at the corner of Elm and Cleremont Streets, in the very heart of the city's most prosperous business district. Celemont Street ran down near the lake shore and ended there, where limousines and gorgeous coupes always stood in front of the great houses; but Elm Street made a turn and circled away from this opulence down to the district where there were tenements and need and squalor and suffering.

All day long clinking gold pieces and rolls of green backed paper money passed through the hands of the cashiers of the Grandview State Bank so much that Bethany Hollis, one of the assistants there, sometimes thought that King Midas must have made this spot his headquarters when he came to earth again.

"Gold!" she often sniffed to her mother when she was talking to her in their pretty little five-room flat. "It seems that touching so much money makes the people at the bank greedy and selfish and hard-hearted. Today Marie Wedmore came in wearing a new squirrelcoat. Yesterday I heard her refuse to loan some money to her cousin, who is now out of work.

"Oh, mother," she almost implored "hope and hope and hope that I get into a publishing company's office, or come other place like that, before I get to like money and grow selfish myself."

Mother Hollis merely smiled at Bethany but in her heart she said

that Bethany never could grow like that. Why, she was the support of her widowed mother, her two little sisters, and her old grandmother, and she wore a plaid wool coat instead of a fur coat so that her grandmother could have the treatments the doctor said she needed. She didn't belong to any clubs herself, but she made her sisters join the high school glee club and literary society and she spent almost all her days thinking up things to do to make her family happy.

Still, in spite of what her mother said to the contrary, Bethany's fear that she might get to love money too well still held. That was the reason she first changed her route to work and often walked through that tenement district on Elm Street where need was paramount and where even hard hearts were touched.

She had first become acquainted with that district over a year before the November morning Mrs. McCarty told her they were going to close the Elm Street Mission chapel. There was a mortgage on it, which grew and grew, until now the man who held it said that he would have to change the chapel into a business building and cut it up into a score of little shops to break even with that building. He went to the trustees of the mission early in November to tell them that he was going to foreclose. But because they had money enough to pay some more interest on the note, he agreed to allow them to have the use of the chapel until after Thanksgiving Day.

"We couldn't persuade him to let us have it until after Christmas, so we could have the tree and cantata for the children. He said business in December would be too good to miss," Mrs. McCarthy, who was one of the mission helpers, told Bethany. "When I think of them selling pork and fish and geese Kosher bread where we used to have the altar and the tree and the rooms for the underfed babies it nearly breaks my heart."

However, she said they were going to have a farewell Thanksgiving service at the chapel. The irony of the term, "Farewell Thanksgiving Service," struck Bethany with full force that morning. Outside it was snowing—an early November snow. Women with only thin shawls around their shoulders, schoolboys, without any overcoats, and little girls, whose shoes didn't seem to have any soles at all, all shivered as they walked down Elm Street. Bethany shivered outwardly; inwardly her heart ached for them.

She hurried on to the great stone bank building which there was so much opulence and luxury. Another one of the girls who worked in the bank had on a new fur coat that morning. She was Bessie Jessup, and she showed it with pride to all the girls clustering around her. They discussed grades of fur. Several said they were going to buy coats after Christmas when the prices came down.

Rather pityingly Jane Vance looked at the tan and rose plaid coat Bethany was hanging in the closet of their beautiful rest room. She had called at the Hollis flat, and, though she frankly admitted that it was the coziest, happiest home she

had ever visited, still she thought it was a shame that Bethany had to support her family, and had so little herself.

"Generous to a fault," Jones, head of the savings department, termed Bethany, too. "She never passes any one holding out a hat without dropping some money into it."

While they praised Bethany for her generosity, and felt sorry for her because she had so few luxuries, none of the girls dreamed she scorned them for their selfishness. That is, no one did except the president of the bank, who often visited with all his workers to find out, if he could, without asking questions, whether or not they were contented with their work. Years of reading people's hearts from the expression in their eyes told him that Bethany was seeing only the greed and selfishness and hard-heartedness in the people around her, and that, because of it, she was not happy at Grandview. Each time he saw that expression he sighed, but remained silent.

Then one day, the girls began to talk about Thanksgiving Day when they met in the rest room. Many of them were going home for that day even Marie Wedmore, who complained because her people lived in a little town so hard to reach. She would have to change trains three times on the way home. The short rides between junctions and the long waits at each of these would take an entire night. Still she was going home because Thanksgiving Day, she said, wasn't Thanksgiving Day to her mother unless her children all came home.

"The bank always lets the girls

who live in other towns have Friday and Saturday off as well as Thanksgiving Day," Bethany explained to the timid little new girl, who lived far down near the center of Indiana.

The new girl flashed her a brilliant smile. "I'm so thankful for that," she whispered in her confiding little way to Bethany. "I don't believe I could stand another month away from home."

Bethany felt a little kinder toward Marie and most of the other girls then. Liked them because they all wanted to be with their home folks on Thanksgiving Day. She herself just couldn't imagine a Thanksgiving Day away from mother and grandmother and the three little girls.

Already mother had chosen the two big fat chickens for Thanksgiving Day. One would be baked and put on the Hollis table; the other would go into a basket to be sent down to an Elm Street home. The Hollis family always had chicken instead of turkey on Thanksgiving Day, for two chickens and oysters for dressing and other luxuries for two families could be bought with the price of one turkey. And this family at holiday time always shared of its abundance with the needy.

That evening Bethany went down Elm Street on her way home. She wanted to see how many children there were in the family to whom her mother would send the Thanksgiving basket this year. Always candy and fruit made up the dainty part of that basket, and Mother Hollis wanted to be sure there were goodies enough to go 'round.

Bethany found out all about her family, and then went past the mis-

sion chapel on her way home, just to wave to Mrs. McCarthy. That genial Irish woman waved her inside the plain little mission kitchen where she was working. "We're going to have a wonderful Thanksgiving service," she said. "Special music and speeches! We are so thankful that we can worship in our chapel on that day once more."

Out in the street again, the November wind whipping red into her cheeks Bethany drew her breath in wonder. Mrs. McCarthy said they were thankful over getting to use their Chapel for Thanksgiving Day. If she were wondering where they would have their Christmas tree and cantata, she had not said so. If she hated to give up the baby clinic, she kept still. In short, as Bethany now saw it, they were going to thank God for past blessings and trust Him for future ones.

"The strangest thing right now is that everybody seems to be thankful over something," Bethany drawled to herself.

Down at the bank all day long she had heard the girls say they were thankful because they had a holiday or because the bank examiners had found the books all right and because November this year had not been a bad month and they had stayed well.

It was right then she got the idea for the letter. What a sparkle the idea brought to her eyes! What a glow to her cheeks! She quickened her steps. She fairly ran upstairs at home. But she didn't breathe one word about the idea to her family. She was going to let it simmer until it became real working idea before

she announced it, she said. But that very evening it seemed to work itself out as she embroidered a blouse for grandmother.

Late that night she wrote the form letter which contained the idea—wrote it and rewrote it, changing phrases there, adding phrases here. When it was done she liked the result, but was afraid to follow her plan of sending the letters just yet.

The next day, while she wavered between a determination to send the letters and a fear that she would be the center of laughter if ever discovered, the girls at the bank continued to talk about Thanksgiving Day and their eternal phrase, "I'm so thankful," made Bethany decide to send them, but so covertly that the sender would never be discovered.

"It seems to be a habit here to be thankful at Thanksgiving time," Bethany murmured to Janet Burke. "But no wonder, as fortunate as we are."

Janet rather sniffed. A little later Bethany heard her say to Marie, "people who want to be preaching all the time should hire a church."

The sting of that hurt all day. So that evening she went uptown and talked to the publisher who had her application on file. He told her that now her name was second on the list of applicants and that she would soon be placed, but also warned her that she would have to begin at a lower salary than she received at the bank.

"If I didn't think you wanted to get into book work, I'd tell you to stay where you are," he said. "The officials at Grandview are great friends of mine. You'll never find

any better employers, no matter where you go. They happen to like your work mighty well, too."

For one minute Bethany longed to tell him her fear of becoming mercenary—but just one minute. That would have been disloyalty. Out again into the November chill she went, but on her way home on the "L" she met Mrs. McCarthy, who warmed her heart by telling of the Thanksgiving services and dinner the mission was to have.

That evening Bethany made one hundred copies of the letter. They all told the story of the Elm Street Mission and its work; told of the Christmas tree and the Easter program and the Thanksgiving dinner; told of the little kitchen where the girls learned to cook; and the vestry room which was a child welfare station part of the time.

"The mission will be made into a store right after Thanksgiving Day if friends do not raise funds and save it," she wrote. "Now everybody has something—a mother, a home—something for which they are so thankful their heart just hurts. And because they have let's all put a 'Thankful Because' of them gift of money into an envelope and send or drop it into the special collection on Thanksgiving Day."

She signed the letter "A Thankful Daughter," and addressed envelopes in which the appeal was to be sent. Some were addressed to business men and women who worked not far from Elm Street and who were known to be generous. She sent a few to men and who lived far uptown but were famed for their good works, and some to teachers who had been at Elm Street

school. And there were still ten letters left over. And it was mother Hollis, who, when she had been let into the secret and read one of the letters said, "Why, you haven't sent any to the people at the bank. You surely wouldn't leave them out. You have signed the letters so they will not know you wrote them. Of Course—"

Bethany started to interrupt, "Oh, those people, mother! Why, my letters would be wasted. They would just laugh."

But she didn't. For then her mother would have worried and Bethany didn't want her to have one disagreeable thing to think of on Thanksgiving Day. She wanted her to be thankful because the entire family was happy as well as comfortable. So she followed her directions and sent the ten letters to ten of the bank employes.

Straight from dropping the last ten letters into the corner mail box, Bethany went home to sew on a new black velvet dress her aunt had sent her to make and wear to work. In the letter which came with the gift specific directions had read that dress was to be worn to the bank. Successful in the business world herself, the aunt insisted that Bethany look as well as she could at work.

She wanted to wear it on the Friday after Thanksgiving Day so she could go back to see the publisher about then new job, and she rushed every minute. There were scores of other things to do, too; help mother plan the Thanksgiving dinner order button chrysanthemums for the living room, and make arrangements for entertaining guest. Each of the

little girls had invited a schoolmate who "couldn't go home for Thanksgiving."

"Invite somebody from the bank," Mrs. Hollis insisted. "Some one who lives too far away to go home."

For a day or two Bethany hesitated, Jimmy Jameson, of the Foreign Exchange Department, lived on the west coast. He had often hinted for invitations to the Hollis flat, but Bethany quite ignored his hints. She had heard him mention the name of a fashionable hotel in connection with his Thanksgiving dinner one day, and then a Thanksgiving invitation to the Hollis home was off.

Snow fell almost every day; soft skies and the drifting white flakes gave the city a softer, more beautiful look. The Elm Street chapel, with its spire and roof, always touched with white, looked like a cathedral.

Soon it was not so many days, but so many hours until Thanksgiving. And then it was Thanksgiving morning with Bethany prettier than usual in her new velvet dress, ready to go to the chapel. She kissed every body good-morning that day at the little flat, and sniffed eagerly and happily at the mingled odor of flowers and spices and other savory smells. Her cheeks were pink and her dusky eyes snapping when she walked down toward Elm Street and the mission chapel. Just as she reached the last corner, the little chapel bell began to ring merrily. Minnie York was playing a hymn on the mission piano when Bethany reached the vestibule. She was still playing it when Bethany entered the room and saw that it was completely filled, and that not more than half of the people be-

longed to the mission congregation.

Two school teachers from Grafton High School moved closer together so she could sit beside them. The surgeon who rode to his own sanatorium in a gorgeous limousine was just a seat in front of them. Three lawyers together, two visiting ministers and several merchants Bethany recognized, one after another, as she looked around the room. And then she gave a little start. For, sitting on the opposite side of the room were the dignified president of the Grandview Bank and Jimmy Jameson, of the Foreign Exchange.

They both sang heartily with the other members of the congregation; both bowed their heads with the folks of the mission, and Bethany, for the first time, looked at them as people just as human as herself. But she couldn't see into their hearts any more than she could of other members of the congregation, who, a little later, began to drop checks and bills into the collection box because they had something for which to be very thankful.

There was a big one from an attorney whose little lame girl had been made able to walk that year, almost as generous a one from the great surgeon because his son had decided to follow his father's footsteps. There was not one from the banker but a whole envelope full, one from every person at Grandview, even to the old janitor, who was such a financier that he often loaned small sums to the "boys," as he termed the bookkeepers, near their pay day.

"Your bank people gave the largest amount," the young minister told Bethany after the services were over.

"We have enough to pay the mortgage on the chapel. Some one very wonderful," he looked at Bethany in his most searching way, "decided to write a little note which told of our distress to the business men, and asked them to give to a 'thankful fund.' I wonder—"

But Bethany had slipped away.

She was hurrying toward the bank thought it was a holiday; hurrying because she wanted to get hold of her check book there which recorded a small balance. She wanted to look at the bank, too, with eyes that saw beyond the gold and glitter into the hearts of the people who were generous, though she hadn't known it. Quietly she slipped her key into the door of the bank vestibule. The big room was empty, she thought. She crossed the rotunda to her own desk in the savings department, unlocked a desk drawer and then, looking up, saw Jimmy Jameson sitting at his own lonely desk.

"I came back to write some letters to my home people," he said. "Holidays do make you sort of homesick for them. Everybody gone.

"Why, I'd like to have you come to my house," Bethany began.

Jimmy's face was wreathed in smiles. Like a little boy he blurted out something that he had been told to keep secret. "I was the one to discover that you wrote those letters about the chapel," he said. "Then I told the others, and the president said we'd save the mission now and then help to keep it going. He gives hundreds and hundreds of dollars to charity, anyway, and most of the others don't know it."

"How did you know I wrote that

letter?" She demanded, though the demand was rather weak.

"Why you misspelled generous like you often do," he laughed. "We've laughed at you about that, and I guess you got in a hurry and forgot to correct the letters. Now, I'll just postpone my letter writing until tomorrow if you're going to start home pretty soon."

Bethany asked him to wait just a minute while she wrote a check. The one she had dropped into the basket at the chapel had been a Thanksgiving check for her home. Now she was writing another "Thankful Because" she was one of the employes at the bank which had made possible the continuance of the mission chapel. For she knew now that touching money constantly doesn't make

people Midas-like; that people who seem selfish need something to touch their hearts and awaken the dormant generosity in them; and that any one can be just as selfish with their giving as with their buying for themselves; that the best way to bring Cleremont and Elm Streets together was through her own bank friends.

A minute later she and Jimmy walked up the snow-covered street together. And, quite without realizing that he was using the phrase that had started such a wonderful day Jimmy Jameson said, "I sure am thankful because I'm not having to eat a lonely dinner today."

In her own heart Bethany was admitting, too, that it was "rather nice" not to be walking alone.

ON GUARD.

If war threatens again let us who are Christians strike the first lick, get in our talk before the propagandist gets in his, and not wait as we did the last time until the politicians have woven the web and the militarists have sprung the trap and we find ourselves standing at attention, like fools cheering the work of human butchery under the sanctions of religion and in the name of Jesus.—Dr. A. A. McGeachy.

LINCOLN BORN IN RUTHERFORD.

By R. E. Price.

“The late President Abraham Lincoln was born in Rutherford County, so stated Rev. J. C. Coggins author and writer at the Lincoln meeting on Puzzle Creek near Bostic, October 30, when the community gathered in to hear the story of the early life of one the world’s greatest men. Old and young were present. They had heard for many years that Lincoln was born on the crest of the hill. Many were present who had heard people say they knew his mother well, Nancy Hanks. They had heard the hill called “Lincoln Hill” for many years. One man told how that the late Drury Dobbins, who was 80 years old in 1886 came that year to get rocks from the Lincoln house to go in his chimney because the great emancipator was born there. He felt like that would be good luck. It has been called, “Lincoln Hill” for over 100 years. Most of the people in and around Bostic fully believe that Lincoln was born on the crest of the hill near Puzzle Creek on what is now the farm of Preston Bostic.

Tom Davis, age 82 years who now lives at Bostic helped to tear down the house about 1875. It has a rock basement which is still standing. The second story was constructed of logs. This is the house in which Lincoln was alleged to have been born. When visitors came the baby boy, Lincoln was hid in the basement.

Mr. Berry H. Melton who lived to be 96 years old and died in 1896 was a playmate of Nancy Hanks. He told Rev. J. C. Coggins, author before he died of seeing the baby boy, Lin-

coln, in the arms of his mother and told in detail the story of Nancy Hank’s life and her fleeing to Kentucky in order to avoid trouble in the family of Abraham Enloe. Rev. Coggins conducted the funeral of Melton and has his story recorded in his second book on Lincoln, a North Carolinian. The story told by Melton and others is: that Nancy Hanks was reared in the Enloe family. She was the daughter of Dick and Lucy Hanks. Dick Hanks was a drunkard and a worthless citizen. Lucy had her children, “Bound Out” on account of poverty. A family by the name of Pratt took Manda Hanks while Abraham Enloe took Nancy to rear Nancy was a bright attractive girl. She attended dances with Nancy Hollifield, Aunt Polly Price and the late Dick Martin and others. Nancy Hanks was reared to young womanhood in Rutherford County in the home of Abraham Enloe. Enloes were well to do. A son was born to Nancy while she was in the Enloe home. It was named Abraham in honor of its real father, Abraham Enloe.

Nancy Hanks and her small son were later taken to Kentucky and cared for in the home of a married daughter of Enloe before she was married to Thos. Lincoln. Enloe sent her away to avoid trouble in his family. Michael Tanner, a horse trader took Nancy Hanks and her small son to Kentucky on a mule. They first stopped at Felix Walker’s in Haywood county then to Kentucky. Aunt Polly Price, who lived

to be over 100 years old told before she died that she saw Michael Tanner leave Rutherford County with Nancy Hanks and her small son.

Abraham Enloe owned nine different farms in Rutherford county. He was one of the wealthiest men of his time. There is documentary evidence in the courthouse here which shows that Abraham Enloe deeded to Mark Bird in 1807 one hundred and ten acres of land on both sides of Puzzle Creek.

Nancy Hollifield who was born in 1794 and died about 1900 and Aunt Polly Price who was born in 1790 were both playmates of Nancy Hanks. Many people now living in Rutherford County well remember many conversations with these two aged women. They told many people in this county, after Lincoln became President of the United States that they had often held him on their knees when a small boy. They well remembered his bright face and sparkling eyes.

Nancy Hanks was married to Thomas Lincoln June 12, 1806 in Kentucky. There are four different places in one county in Kentucky that claim the birthplace of Lincoln. All cannot be correct. There are three other been designated as the birthplace of Lincoln. All the reports and traditions conflict.

Rev. Coggins believes beyond any doubt that the great Lincoln was born in Rutherford County. The stories of his early life in Kentucky do not conflict with the dates, etc., of his early days in Rutherford. Rev. Coggins second book on Lincoln will be ready for the printers soon. The author, Rev. Coggins, plans to erect suitable monument at the birthplace of Lincoln and to make it a National Shrine and park. Rev. Coggins is a native of Buncombe County. He was educated at Milligan College, Tenn., and the University of Chicago. He has studied the life of Abraham Lincoln for many years and is sure that he was a native of North Carolina.

RICHES.

It has always been said that riches have wings and fly away easily. Certain books in the Bible contain a great deal about the vanity of riches. A french essayist has said that "Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The care of richest lies heavier upon a good man than the inconveniences of an honest poverty." But with all the wise sayings no one has ever shown a way to keep us all from wanting to take the risk of caring for riches. Sometime we think that most of these wise cracks are gotten off by people who feel a kind of sour grapes way towards the absence of riches. It is said the old Greek philosopher who taught Alexander the Great was once asked by his former pupil after he had become king to name anything that he might like to have and it should be given him, whereupon the old man said to the King, "Stand out of my sunshine, and I ask nothing more of you." But there wasn't so much to buy in Aristotle's day.—Monroe Journal.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

The Literary Societies in most all of the cottages now have been started up again. The Boger Literary Society started last and the following officers were elected. President, Clyde Bristow; Vice-President, James Phillips; Secretary and Treasurer, Boone Sherrill; Program Committee, David Williams and Howard Shaw; Censor, David Swanner; First Reporting Critic; Earle Williams; Second Reporting Critic, Eddie Lee Berdeau. A librarian (James Reddick) was also elected and a program for the following Mouday night was also prepared by the Program Committee officers.

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Dr. Lewis, superintendent of the Scotia Seminary. He read for the Scripture lesson the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Dr. Lewis related the story of Abraham, how he had faith in God. "For twenty-five years he waited for the coming of a son that had been promised by the Lord. Finally the son came and then when the lad was about fifteen years of age the Lord decided to put a test to Abraham. So He told Abraham to make a sacrifice of his son unto Him. Abraham took the lad and went up on the mountain that had been selected by God. When the lad asked what he was going to sacrifice his father answered: 'God will provide.' On the mountain an altar was set up, Abraham had his only son bound upon it and ready to strike him a blow that would kill him when his hand was caught and in a near-

by brush he saw a ram that had been caught by the horns, this was a substitute for Abraham's son. This reminds me of our Lord who came as a substitute, and died on the cross for you and my sins." Several other Biblical stories were related by Dr. Lewis. His talk was very interesting and it was enjoyed by all present.

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Last Sunday afternoon the boys in the Mecklenburg (fifth) cottage were presented, each boy, with a Bible. This present was made by the Mens' Bible Class, of the First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte. Mr. J. A. Fore, Mr. Kidd and Mr. Brown, all came to this cottage to make the presentation of the Bibles.

Mr. Kidd, who was making this his first visit to this institution was asked to speak to the boys of this cottage. Mr. Kidd told the boys a "salt story" and how he once learned to do better. "I don't want to flatter you nor myself, but for the past fifty-one years I have gone to church and have not missed a sermon. All boys were bad—yes, and so was I, but no matter how bad you are or how bad you have been there is always a chance to start over again and make good. When the inspection of the library the Mecklenburg cottage was made and there was found that there were not a sufficient number of Bibles for all the boys, we at once began to see if we couldn't get each boy a Bible. This is my first visit to this wonderful institution and I am really surprised. I'll get Mr. Brown to

bring me out here again to see you boys again. I already know the way."

A vocal solo was then rendered by Everett Carter, a boy of this cottage. "What will You Give To Jesus," was his selection. Mr. J. A. Fore was then asked to speak to the boys.

Mr. Fore stated that: "We have 400 of you fine boys to look after and we are glad to do so, we are now presenting each boy here with a Bible. You all should read them more regularly than you already do." Bibles were then distributed to these boys. Mr. B. J. Brown brought along with him a sack of "mountain apples." These were also given to the boys. It was then suggested by one of these gentlemen that: "the Book of Ruth and Esther were the very interesting books, and that they read these first of all, then be sure and read the other Books of this Bible." All the boys and the visitors joined in singing the hymn: "Leaning On the Everlasting Arm." The first Psalm was then recited by the boys and the visitors were then escorted through the school building, print shop and other buildings of interest. On the inside of the cover of this Bible were the following: "Provided for the Boys of the Mecklenburg cottage by the Mens' Bible Class, of the First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C. 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path'."—Psalms 119:105.

All the boys of this cottage wish to thank these gentlemen for their present, and have promised to read these Bibles every night as a token of their gratitude. We hope that they will visit us again soon.

The subject of our last Sunday's lesson was: "Caleb's Faithfulness Rewarded." When he was promised the land that was to be given to him later to inherit; he waited forty years. He was eighty-five years old when he received this land. When Caleb and Joshua went over to spy out the land, they came back with the good report. They told the people of Israel that they could take the city. But the others that had also gone out to spy out the land told the people that the land was inhabited with giants, that the cities were "fenced" and that they could not take the city. This filled the people's hearts with fear. Joshua told them the truth, that they could take the city with the help of God.**** When Joshua was made leader of the people, after the death of Moses, he carried the people in Israel into war and won. At eighty-five years old Caleb looked back over his life and said: "I wholly followed the Lord my God." This he did and was rewarded for his goodness. All of us will be rewarded if we "follow the Lord, our God." The leading thought of our lesson was: "Following God Whole-Heartedly."

North Carolina has 5,350 miles of railroads, more than 4,000 miles of concrete and asphalt highways and more than 15,000 miles of surfaced roads.

**SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE**

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.

Ep 364

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XIV

CONCORD, N

No. 52

THE TWO WORLDS.

There are two worlds: the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imagination.—Leigh Hunt.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

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

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate.

PROUD OF HER FORM.

The tea-pot boiled somewhat at the recent meeting of the U. D. C's at Richmond, last week. A member, head of a Washington City chapter, furnished the Richmond Dispatch with her picture taken in her bath suit. This shocked the Convention, not only because it thought it immodest (and it was) but because it put a peculiar setting to the aims and purposes of the patriotic order.

The convention flew to the constitution of its order, seeking the method of expelling the offending member from the convention. The rules did not provide for punishment of a member publishing herself in a bath suit, and the resolution that followed was itself severe enough for such vanity and conceit.

The U. D. C's had better not hold a convention at the Atlantic Hotel, in Morehead, until sanity and modesty become restored at this resort. Though the management exhibited signs to the effect that "bathers in their abbreviated (and that's what they were, if not positively vulgar costumes) must not prance through the halls and in the lobby." Not only doing grave violence to a respectful request and snapping their fingers at modesty and decency, quite a number would dip into the sound enough to make their moonshine gauzes stick, then parade in the ball-room, the halls, the lobby and even sit down on chairs on the front porch.

The management was helpless, for women, having lost their sense of modesty and womanly demeanor, did just as they pleased. It is ever thus.

Some of these days, there will be a reaction; and we may confidently look for the day when people will revert to practices that neither shock the sense of propriety in general and such fine aggregations of womanhood as expressed by the U. D. C's.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

The next great event in the year is just around the corner—it is Christmas. People have been mighty good to our boys, for years having provided a bountiful Christmas treat for them.

They are all human; they have Christmas in their bones just as much as you and I. They have no one especially bounded to provide for a thoughtful occasion for them except kind hearts that respond to the appeal of The Uplift. There are over four hundred of these boys—to all intents and purposes, they are orphans, and The Jackson Training School never permits a glad season to pass without making these boys a part of it. We are enabled to do this by the help of great hearts.

The Uplift will receive donations towards our Christmas Fund and make a due acknowledgement. If your contribution is in money the purchasing agent of the institution can and will make it more effective by buying supplies by the wholesale. But should any one find it more convenient to send a bag of English Walnuts or “nigger toes” than their value in money; or a box of oranges than the value in money; or any of the nice things that make the heart of a boy rejoice and make him feel that some one cares for him out in the wide world, it is your pleasure and privilege.

The Uplift would be proud to assemble our Christmas Fund at an early day, and to that end we shall appreciate an early response from those who feel that the Lord has been good to them, in turn, desire to make glad the hearts of these interesting youngsters.

Who'll start the ball to rolling? The Uplift will act as receiving agent, and see that your contribution reaches the right spot. Thanks!

* * * * *

CHARLOTTE AND ART.

The Uplift is simply proud of the honest and frank stand of The Charlotte Observer in back standing the course of Major Robertson and Mr. Grey in vetoing the exhibit of a vile and repulsive show. The manager complained that the attitude of these gentlemen had cut the very heart out of his show.

Think of chivalry, the decency and moral reputation of the average Charlottean countenancing a show in which a bunch of bats (real decent women would never agree to take part in such a show) appearing on the stage in perfectly nude form. The thought in civilization is horrible!

And the Observer rings clear, as we would expect it to do, serving a high-

mind and decent constituency, when it dismisses the miserable subject in these words:

“Even those who oppose censorship of the theater, the motion picture, books or newspapers, are not inconsistent in opposing the showing of nude women in public places, even in the name of ‘art.’ To paraphrase a famous expression, ‘Art, what crimes are committed in thy name!’ If an exhibition of nude women is an ‘artistic performance’ that in the name of art should be immune from interference, why object to such an exhibition elsewhere than in the theater? Why object if some master artist who ‘loves for art’s sake’ should decide to erect a platform on a vacant lot alongside one of our principal streets in warm weather and exhibit a dozen nude women thereon? That would draw a big crowd, which is the basis of most of the argument against interference with such shows as Earl Carrol’s.

Think of a man like Earl Carrol sending along to Charlotte and the South a bunch of New York women who do not mind exposing their naked bodies to the public gaze to teach us what art is! Think of an agent of the same bathtub artist being sent along to insult us by telling us inferentially that we barbarians cannot and do not appreciate the artistic because we object to his public display of a bunch of nude New York women!

Earl Carrol’s naked women show, like his bath tub show, may be all right in New York, but a lot of things are all right in New York that are not all right in Charlotte.

Major Robertson and Mr. Grey are to be commended, not censured.”

* * * * *

ALL BOSH.

R. R. Clark has a fine piece in this number. He takes note of the subject of mental frailties. We attach but little confidence in the accuracy of the work of so-called mental experts—at any rate to the professional ones.

All that we have ever seen impresses us as wanting themselves in the possession of strong minds; not from what they do or say, but most pronounced professional mental experts invariably dress and put on in such a way that a stranger would take them for unfortunate idiots.

Some months ago one of these oddities stopped and looked over our boys. The fact is that every boy, including some of the officers, actually thought him “nutty” and an escape from an asylum. He looked it.

* * * * *

MYSTERY CRIMINAL.

The famous State prisoner, Otto Wood, has made his third escape from the penitentiary. So far as human kindness and consideration seems operative, this fellow is hopeless—only the Lord can save him. If he refuses this intercession, only death can remove him from his wickedness.

You find characters like this about in the land—in all counties. Even in

this favored section may be found men following vice with impunity and maintaining joints that slap decency, law and legal officers in the face. Though some of them have served sentences on the chain gang, in the penitentiary and in jail. It does not jar them.

We wonder at the apparent helplessness of officers and grand juries and courts in dealing properly with these lawless folks. And we wonder at the fact that many so-called good citizens aid and abet these hell holes.

It will not and must not be always so. Are three or four lawless, without pride or shame, mightier than the majesty of the law?

* * * * *

DON'T WRITE IT "Xmas."

Editorially Tuesday's Charlotte Observer gives very fine reasons why merchants, advertisers, and people in general should not name the glad season of Christmas, which is an event that marks one of the high spots in civilization, by the abbreviation of "Xmas," which has no kinship whatever to the word Christmas. See how the Observer regards the practice:

"Whether you write news for advertising copy for newspapers, personal or business letters, cards or what, let's make "Xmas" absolutely taboo this year. Why in the world any Christian or anybody in a Christian community or country ever wanted to leave Christ out of Christmas by substituting an "X" is difficult to understand. In the first place, it is not good English, because "Xmas" can not be a proper contraction of Christmas any more than "X" is a logical abbreviation for Christ or "Y" for Buddha. Why not write "Xian" for Christian, "Xianity" for Christianity and "X-like" for Christlike? Is "X" when used in "Xmas" intended to be used algebraically, as the symbol of unknown quantity?

Effective this season, let's be done with omitting from Christmas the name of Him whose birth the day commemorates and whose advent into the world was proclaimed by the angels on that Holy Night singing 'Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men'."

* * * * *

AN INSPIRING RECORD.

It is with pleasure that The Uplift reproduces a story from the Greensboro News, telling of the inspiring success of Mr. John Shoffner, who a few years ago was a struggling farm boy but now the owner of a successful manufacturing plant down in Alamance county.

It shows, at any rate, the fine opportunities that confront the young and those who desire to make good. It is an answer that a democracy gives to all ambitious youths, especially in the good old North State.



DR. CHARLES O'HAGAN LAUGHINGHOUSE.

Now Secretary of the State Board of Health, and head of health activities of the State. He succeeds the health evangelist, Dr. W. S. Rankin, who now heads the Hospitalization Section of the Duke Foundation.

Dr. Laughinghouse is a native of Pitt county, possessing an attractive personality, of fine intellect, ripe literary and medical training, and brave and courteous.

RAMBLING AROUND.

By Old Hurrygraph.

There is no excuse these days for saying, "I don't know which way to turn." Look at the traffic signals.

I see it stated that in ladies hats hand-painted felts are a popular fad. Hand-painting is *derigeur*, as the French would say. Many of the girls themselves are hand-painted, judging from some faces.

The man who is so busy he has not time to take a little rest, diversion, and recreation, is verily like the man so busy chopping wood that he didn't have time to sharpen his axe.

It is suggested that one reason more young people do not stay at home nights is because they are afraid to be alone in the house. The suggestion reminds me that is one good way to "find people out," as the inquisitive puts it, when they are away from home.

The cotton situation is still agitating the minds of the cotton planters and those interested in that staple. Ways and means are being discussed of financially helping the farmers and bringing them out of this cotton dilemma. Some publishers of newspapers sometimes find themselves in similar dilemmas of not making "both ends meet," or paying expenses yet I haven't heard of people getting agitated about that, or calling on Congress to give financial aid. Not a bit of it. Such publishers work out their own financial salvation with fear and trembling, or go broke. The

Southern cotton farmers simply planted too much cotton the past season, and went beyond the demand. It seems the sensible thing for the cotton planter to do is hold his cotton. Plant one-third less acreage next year. Many already confess that they have nobody but themselves to blame for planting such a big acreage last year.

A motor-traffic cop stopped a female motorist who had passed him at a pretty lively gait. "What is it now?" inquired the somewhat irritated driver of the car. "You were going at 40 miles an hour," the officer replied. "What do you mean? Forty miles an hour, the idea. I haven't been away from home an hour, just lift the house ten minutes ago," said the woman. "Go ahead lady," replied the officer. "That's a new one on me."

It is told that a young lawyer, pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railway company for killing twenty-four hogs for his client. He wished to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury, so he argued: "Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen of the jury. Twenty-four; twice the number there is in the jury box."

A writer in one of the newspapers says: "Knowing how to handle money is an art. It calls for genius of high order." I have it. I can handle money with the greatest felicity, especially the fell. If its greenbacks, I sort out the different de-

nominations; smooth them out carefully and see that the right amount is counted; and then hand them to the other fellow; the fellow who generally gets what I have for value received at the end of each month. If its gold and silver I ring it in on other people. I qualify for handling money. I do it with "dispatch and neatness." The more money the greater the dispatch and the more perfect the neatness.

You know some people delight to be quarantined. It is a source of joy to them. The yellow signs may be seen up at times at different places. Not long ago the house of an old negress was quarantined. After the disease had been checked, and the health officer went around to remove the sign, the old negress protested vigorously from taking the yellow card-board from her house. "You jes' let dat alone," said she. "Dere hain't been a bill collectah, nor a 'stallment man, nor book agent has pestered dis house since dat sign was put up. You let it stay dere."

Every normal person has a desire to be happy. Singing hearts and laughing lips are a joy. So many people hunting for joy. The human heart, in this world, is a fabric of joy and pain woven together in the loom of life. There can be no pattern of happiness without the interwoven thread of pain. William Blake has finely put this strange deep truth in a few lines worth remembering, as follows:

"Joy and woe are woven fine
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine;

It is right it should be so,
Man was made for joy and woe,
And when this we rightly know,
Through the world we safely go!"

Man, ingenious man, who has not yet been able to paint advertising signs on Niagara Falls. That is what keeps them so popular. The marring of the beauty of the Falls' scenery with advertising signs would come Niagara-vating some people to death.

No boy is ever poor who owns a dog. The woman who has only a poodle and husband is not always rich.

A good way to keep a cook is to provide her with a parlor; a piano-player; a phonograph; a radio set; an automobile; and give her every evening off. And everything else she wants. Possibly she might stay then.

I saw in a certain place of business a motto reading: "Be bigger than your job." Some persons are, and some are not. When the whistles of factories blow on Monday mornings, some 14,000,000 persons in America begin their daily tasks at looms, machine lathe, in mine, mechanical trades and some 9,000,000 go to work at agricultural, field and other pursuits. Every man and woman of them desire to better themselves. Not one is earning as much as he or she would like to have—as he or she could use or enjoy if they had it. A good many go up. Many stay where they are, and are glad they do not go backward. The ones that go up are bigger than their jobs. Know more than is necessary to do what is required,

and know how to do it better. They go up either because they make the higher place, or because it is offered to them. In either case the outcome is the same—a step higher. In the spiritual it is the same. We go from “glory to glory.” Are you preparing yourself to step higher; in this life as well as the life to come?

He who observes the signal signs
An’ drives his car in a cautious
way.

Will save himself a lot of fines
And live to drive another day.

In olden times it may have been possible that music had charms to “soothe the savage breast,” or any other savagery, but in these days with radio radiating ‘round with rapture, static makes a savage music.

Kentucky is a great state for great horses; and horse racing is a great topic of much interest. It is told that a Kentucky Colonel, talking to a negro about a horse the negro owned, inquired: “Rastus, you call that

a race horse? Can the nag really run?” And Rastus, looking at the Colonel in surprise, showing large rims of the whites of his eyes, replied: “Run? Run? RUN? Why Kunnel, dat boss kin stan’ still faster dan mos’ hosses kin gallop.”

The happiest merger on this earth is “two heart that beat as one.” If they would only believe as one; see as one; agree as one; and eat as one; and continue as one, one of the big problems of life would be partly solved.

The signs of the times are all along the highways, with green and red lights, alternating, adorning the streets of towns. They mean what they say, too.

The man who is always trying to explain to his wife what the nine men on a baseball team did, and the minutia of each play, is now trying to explain why two football teams seem to be so mad at each other. He’s the static in any kind of a game.

We have reached the point in this country where we should know enough concerning the intelligent control and direction of economic conditions to prevent the occurrence of so-called ‘hard times.’ If people would stop talking about good and bad business and concentrate on normal business many of the evils would vanish. We must direct our energies toward the steady output and purchase of products needed now. The responsibility lies with the purchasing public as well as with the producer. Only by the regular, consistent buying of goods needed at the time can we maintain a logical prosperity.—Henry Ford.

TOO MUCH VINEGAR.

By James Hay, Jr.

Behold, in this virile and versatile republic founded on the principles of liberty and religious freedom, a sad and astonishing spectacle: the vinegar of thought and the verjuice of speech threatening to sour the national life and elabber the milk of human kindness.

Here are men solemnly asserting themselves to be 100 per cent. Americans and at the same time proclaiming with equal solemnity that a political candidate is unfit for office solely because of his religious beliefs.

Here are vocal and vigorous minorities who, provided they are shrewd enough to collect large campaign funds, put forward legislation lifting any neighbor's roof to see what's astir beneath it at any hour of the day.

Here are men with stronger arms than heads throwing stones from the insecure heights of glass houses and getting away with it.

Here, in brief is such an era of long-nosed snooping into the things once called private and sacred in America that the thoughtful observer is forced to a discouraging, humiliating and irrefutable conclusion:

We are short on tolerance, we are shy of kindness; we are lacking in charity.

The thing has an individual, personal application. To the North Carolinian it is not like an earthquake in California or a flood in the Ohio Valley. It is something in the air which, if it infects a man cuts

into his spiritual and practical qualities.

Intolerance, made up of suspicion, envy and hate, is poison to efficiency. Tolerance makes a man bigger, broader and keener of vision. Intolerance, as a national and individual trait, has been tried out and found destructive to every country and person that gave it rein. Tolerance has builded the happy and successful nations and adorned the careers of great and prosperous men.

The man who is intolerant, who thinks that those who disagree with him in essential things are necessarily wrong, who tries to punish those dissenting from his views, who would compel agreement with him, should-ers an extra job.

In addition to making a living and forming himself to bigger stature, he also tries to shape the lives of others, thereby taking valuable time off from his own concerns. Moreover, by entertaining hostility, he withdraws himself from much that is improving, enlightening and enlarging.

It was Thomas A. Edison who declared that he never had time to hate men who stole his ideas because he needed every minute for new work. He added: "There is one thing worse than to be deceived by men, and that is to distrust them."

James Oliver, Philip D. Armour and Andrew Carnegie were three great Americans who, though they were not church members, had a great respect for all religions and contributed largely to many.

When Professor Swing had been tried for heresy in Chicago and a movement was started to build an auditorium so that he might continue to preach in Chicago, Armour told a Swing disciple: "Put me down for a thousand dollars. I don't always understand what Swing's driving at, but that may be my fault. Chicago needs Swing—we need him. Let's keep him here."

The big man knows he is not big enough to know everything about anything. He knows that the only way to preserve his bigness is to be receptive, to listen to all that is said, not close his ears on the assumption that his thoughts are the only thoughts worth while.

The truly delightful man has learned to value others. He perceives the wisdom of the kindly laugh. He recognizes that, in casting up human accounts, the only sure way to strike a fair balance is to make allowances.

It is absolutely impossible for one man to understand another thorough-

ly. Life, in some ways, is a long soul loneliness for every individual.

You can not know what is in another's mind. Even speech, at its most fluent and facile, can not always give accurate expression to a thought or feeling. You can not understand why exactly the same experience may destroy one man's nerve temporarily while keying another's to finer courage.

The hatred, pursuit and disqualifying of a man because his way of worshipping his God is not somebody else's way—it was this sort of thing that the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the authors of the Constitution and the soldiers of the Revolutionary armies worked, fought and died to prevent.

They embodied in this country's basic principles the reminder that the tolerant smile, the gentle irony, the tendency to help are the foundations of growth and power—the same reminder that was spoken two thousand years ago when they brought before Him the woman taken in sin.

MOOD.

These things I would have;
 The smell of woodfire on an open hearth,
 The gold-brown days of raw November gusts,
 And sky, with colors like a plaided scarf;
 The graceful drifting of deep tinted leaves,
 Like bronzed caravans, down woodland ways,
 A quiet comfort and a shelf, close by,
 Stocked with the works of masters, long since dead;
 A pipe, well blackened through its briar core,
 Stuffed with the burnt leaf; maybe at my feet,
 Stretched with his forepaws underneath his head,
 My dog. Scratch pad and pencil for a random thought,
 Rain drip-dripping on the withering leaves,
 Beating the chant of somnolence and peace.

—Jay Emmanuel.

DAUGHTERS AND BATHING SUITS.

(Asheville Citizen).

Not having seen the picture in question we are in no position to offer an opinion as to whether there is on the face of it any justification for the reported action of the assembled Daughters of the Confederacy in deploring as an unfortunate incident, to put it mildly, the publication of the photograph of a member, otherwise apparently in good standing, in a bathing suit. It may be that their by-laws forbid it, but it can hardly be contended, we should think, that the picture of a Daughter in a bathing suit as per se deplorable. We have seen ladies so clad who would be a credit to any organization, just as we have also seen those whose photograph in the same revealing costume would be fit only for the prespectus of a proposed Chamber of Horrors. Obviously it all depends on the individual—what may be deplorable in one may be in another a distinct contribution to the public stock of pleasure, and unless and until we are allowed to view the exhibit we shall be forced to suspend judgment.

Of course it's none of our business, but we have to admit a curiosity to know just why the lady should be so unanimously denounced by her sisters. For all we know from limited observation it may be a fact, as we understand is alleged by the supporters and adherents of the prisoner at the bar, that the majority who have condemned her were governed in their action by no higher mo-

tive than sheer feminine jealousy, but as to that we don't know. It may be equally true that there is not one of her judges who could not triumphantly pass the same searching test, and we have to fall back on the general principles which govern the conduct of a conversation. These principles teach us that if there are any pictures to be published in the papers they should be those of officials or at least those that have been previously authorized for publication by the proper committee, and that for a simple private member to jump without warning and without permission into the limelight is ipso facto to lay herself open to disciplinary action. Otherwise a dignified assembly of ladies, met for whatever high purpose they may be meeting about, degenerates into a mere beauty show, and ever since Paris made the fatal mistake of handing over the golden apple to Venus just because she happened to be good looking there has been no easier way than that of causing wide-spread trouble.

But with the meagre information that we have we must refrain from butting in on a private row. We are sure that the Daughters of the Confederacy are fully competent to handle their own affairs, and we only venture to express the hope that as the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb so they will be merciful to a Daughter in a bathing suit.

Help us, please, to give the boys a bountiful Christmas.

OUR MENTAL FRAILTIES.

By R. R. Clark.

It is said that experts in mental diseases become so accustomed to searching for the weak places in the human mind that they presently come to believe that few are mentally sound. Dr. Edgar A. Doll, director of research at a school for feeble minded, talking at Atlantic City, is evidently of the opinion that the general public is near feeble minded, and it will be admitted that we (all of us) act that way at times. Dr. Doll thinks that "we have the courage to go ahead and do things, but mentally we are not much ahead of the people of the early ages." As evidence of our feeble-mindedness Dr. Doll insists that "we don't take advantage of things as we should." For instance he says we are "morons politically because we don't vote. We are morons in crime because we don't carry out the things suggested by our prison commissions. We know the cause of crime and we know how to curtail it, but we do nothing. We are also morons in traffic, and in many other ways," this mind research man concludes.

The report of his remarks may be at fault, but they are somewhat contradictory. He seems to hold at the outset that we have the courage to do things but don't know. Before the indictment is concluded he is saying that "we know the cause of crime and how to curtail it, but we do nothing." That assertion is a trifle strong. But the doctor man is right in some respects. We know better about many things than we do. As

to some things we lack courage, or industry, the will to do. We'd rather let things rock along than take the trouble to change them, realizing the job is difficult. We act like morons when we are not, when we know better, but lack the will to do. As to some other things we are just ignorant.

Some of the doctor's assertions invite back talk. We act like morons when we refuse to vote, but we show that we are morons in fact by the use we make of the franchise at times.

Neither is failure to make use of recommendations of prison commissions positive evidence of weak minds. The attempt to put into practice some of the theories of prison commissions might be accepted as evidence of intellectual feebleness. Certainly some of the recommendations have not only proved unworkable but they failed to produce the results promised. Instead of saying that we know the cause of crime and how to curtail it and will not make use of the means, it is more exact to say that we are still groping for both the cause and cure. The idea that there is a universal cause and a universal remedy is yet to be established.

To say that "we are morons in traffic, and in many other ways" is so near the truth, if it isn't exactly that, there is no disposition to contest the point. But here is one thing the ordinary layman may notice about the psychiatrists. When they get to thinking that about everybody is mentally off balance—making due

allowance for the mental quirks and foibles that are common in some degree to humankind—when the experts arrive at the conclusion that about all the balance of the population are

morons because they don't do as they should, why, talking among us laymen the experts may be mentally off and don't know it.

Little Bobby, who had been taken into the country for a day's outing, saw a spider spinning a web between two tall weeds. "Hey pop," he yelled, "come over here and see this bug putting up a wireless."

FIRST MAN TO USE BIRDS AS MISSION-AIRIES.

By Prof. E. L. Wright.

Twenty-six miles from Windsor and two miles north from the little town of Kingsville is located the well-known Jack Miner sanctuary, which has not only made Jack Miner internationally famous, but also the town of Kingsville, for which the birds are to be credited.

It is said that Oakland, California, and Atlantic City grew from mere towns to cities by motorists who motored to these places to see the birds which congregated there. Tourists who had first visited Jack Miner's sanctuary are similarly gradually placing Kingsville "on the map."

Tens of thousands of people have visited the Miner farm, proving Emerson's saying: "If any man can 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." So many have visited the property that on Sabbath he has made his home private. When a newspaper man recently approached him as to why he did this, he replied: "Sabbath is the Lord's

day—not a day for visiting Jack Miner."

"A sanctuary for birds and boys," is a term often applied to Jack Miner's home. On one side of his residence may be seen his duck pond; on the other a community ball ground, kept up by "Uncle Jack," as the community boys call him. Although his hair is silver-tipped, he has as much fun in seeing the boys having a good time as they have themselves.

Financially, Jack Miner is a poor man, but his millionaire friends are interested and are in love with what he is doing. Several contribute liberally to Jack Miner to help him provide food for his birds, the cost of which runs into thousands of dollars yearly, and to assist in his study of plant life and insectivorous birds.

Each year he catches several hundred of the birds and places aluminum tags on their legs in order to study their migration and find out where and at what season of the year they are killed. This is not only interesting to Jack Miner personally, but all

this information is sent to both the Canadian and the United States governments.

On one side of the tag is the bird lover's address while on the other is stamped a selected verse of Scripture, in this way using the fowls of the air as winged missionaries. Jack Miner is by no means a religious fanatic. He is, however, a strong believer in Christ's teachings, and spreads the Gospel in this unique way.

Tags have been returned from as

far north as Baffin's Land, they having been removed from the legs of geese which the Eskimos had killed and taken into a Hudson Bay post, from which place they were returned to this great Canadian naturalist. The tags from the legs of several ducks, which were killed by the negroes in the south during the winter, were returned to the man who had placed them there. Thus, Jack Miner is the first man to use the fowls of the air to spread the Gospel.

IN THIS GREAT CATHEDRAL.

Who gives the crown to the clover,
The gold to the meadow weeds?
Who hangs upon the barberry bush
Its rosary of beads?

Who brightens the dawn with silver,
And carpets the heaven with gold?
Who lights the fire-flies' sparkling lamps,
And carries the stars in His fold?

'Tis He who rounds the planets,
And guides them in their flight;
'Tis He who moulds the tear drop
That sorrow sheds at night.

Yet in His great cathedral,
It's golden lighted dome,
I worship with a thousand worlds,
And feel myself at home

—Albert L. Berry

ABOUT BUSINESS.

Henry Ford.

There is little excuse in this generation for what we call bad times. There is none at all for abject poverty. Everything that man can use is in the world waiting to be taken: the minerals within the earth, the foodstuffs on the surface, the air above. The elements all combined to supply humanity's needs. All that is left for man to do is to extract, convert and distribute those things which nature has provided. And yet when man falls down on this job he complains of 'bad times' as though they had been decreed by some hidden force over which he has no control.

In this connection we have been told much about the so-called cycles of business—the theory that because we have a succession of good years it must necessarily follow that we are to have a succession of bad years. A belief has grown up in this country that business must rest either upon a high peak of prosperity or in a canyon of depression. Coupled with this belief is another theory that business is regulated by some occult power beyond the reach of human hands and that it is hopeless to intervene when this power decrees that a reversal of good times is on the way. Nothing in America is quite so distressing as the spectacle of supposedly astute business men running for cover at the first rumor of business depression and not making the slightest effort to analyze conditions to determine whether the predictions are justified. In most cases a thorough analysis would show that they are

merely the product of unwarranted hysteria.

The surprising thing about so-called 'hard times' is that they are—in the beginning at least—largely a state of mind. They are brought about by fear. If people would only stop talking about good and bad business and concentrate on normal business, many of the evils of 'hard times' would vanish. The cry, 'back to normalcy,' is heard, but in reality we should never get so far away from normalcy that we have to get back to it.

By business we mean the medium through which the needs of the people are supplied. Nobody can ever buy anything that is useful and worthwhile but that it does him some good. A steady prosperity is maintained when people buy continuously and regularly what they need now.

A need implies the supplying of a deficiency. A nation's needs are determined by that nation's civilization. The needs in America are far greater than the needs of a Bushman in Africa because America is more highly civilized. And as a nation ascends the ladder of civilization its needs increase. But caution must be exercised in determining just what our present needs are, so that an unbalanced supply of needful goods shall not be produced.

The matter of individual needs must be left to individual persons. A microscope may be a need for one man and an absurdity for another. It is for the individual to determine just

what constitutes a logical purchase—in other words, a necessity for himself. His reckoning must be based on his logical ability to pay, the use to which he will put the article, and whether that use is a matter of the present or the future.

No business can be justified which is not designed primarily to perform some constructive service to society. Yet it must be acknowledged that not all business is conducted upon this basis of service. And therein lies what small justification there is for the delusion of 'bad times'. When people are led to buy things they do not need now and cannot afford, an artificial 'prosperity' is created.

Purchasing beyond ability to pay brings about the exchange of non-essential goods in unprecedented volume and the expansion of debt to the danger point. This gives rise to a wave of hysteria which deludes many people into the belief that we are in the midst of 'good times,' when as a matter of fact we are creating

the very conditions which eventually bring about business reverses. When the natural reaction comes, these people become panicky. The alarm of 'hard times' is sounded and fear grips the buying public. Those who have been buying beyond their necessary limits swing far below the line of common sense and refuse to buy even ordinary essentials. This sudden withdrawal of purchasing power affects all classes of industry. There can be only one result. Factories are closed, men are thrown out of work, business becomes stagnant.

Just as many people need things as ever. Just as many need the work. Yet because of the collapse in the boom on nonessentials, the vital connecting link between production and purchase is broken and everybody suffers. The responsibility lies with the purchasing public as well as with the producer. Only by the consistent buying of goods needed at the time can we maintain a logical prosperity.

That jumping from one thing to another does not pay is illustrated by the boy who started in high school. In his freshman year he elected to take Latin. In his sophomore year he changed to the English course. In his junior year he went in for commercial work entirely, and when spring came he saw a sign, "Boy Wanted." He took the job. He has been taking jobs ever since. Another boy started in high school the same day. He kept to his Latin met the entrance requirements for college, graduated, studied for his chosen profession, and now is enjoying success.
—Our Boys and Girls.

OWN A MILL—A MILL OPERATIVE YEARS AGO.

By Staley A. Cook.

Nine years ago John Shoffner, a typical boy without a chance, was shut in the Alamance cotton mill, five miles south of here, 11 hours a day for \$9 a week. Today he owns it.

The story of this cotton mill boy is without parallel in this part of the country, and is another victory "for him who thinks he can" and does succeed, in spite of discouragement.

When the stork consigned the little pink package of flesh that was John Shoffner to the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Shoffner, it was an inauspicious event, except in the family where, naturally enough, parenthood smiled over the new arrival. To the neighborhood it was simply:

"Shoffner's got another kid."

And for the next few years little John was no more than an urchin on the farm. The farm itself, in the southwestern part of Alamance County, was in itself and inauspicious thing. It was hard for the elder Shoffners to produce out of it enough to feed and clothe the "young-uns." And as they grew bigger, requiring more cloth to "hide their nakedness," and their stomachs required more bread and beans to fill them out, the task grew too big.

Moves Family to Mill.

Elder Shoffner saw but one way out: he would move his family to the mill and put the children to work. In seasons he would tend the farm. The mill was Old Alamance,

founded in 1837 by Edwin M. Holt as the first textile mill in the South to weave a colored cotton goods.

At 10 John went regularly to the mill. He drew 20 cents a day. All of this he gave to his father. Sometimes he was handed back a quarter a week spending money. He never complained. Two of his sisters worked in the mill with him for 12½ cents a day. Theirs, too, went into the parental pocketbook.

"I was never satisfied in the mill, it seemed. The moment I got inside, my thoughts wandered out into the world. I wanted to lift myself out of my position to be somebody, to make money." John Shoffner did not mean to belittle the person of a textile employee when he said: "I wanted to be somebody." He meant it broadly; that he wanted to get above the limitations about him. He loved his fellows in the mill. He loves them still. He will forever be one of them, in the broadest feeling of his sympathies.

Although he kept his thoughts on something better he worked in the mill 14 years. He was 24 when he quit, and he was still handing his father his pay envelope. His energy however, had caused him to take on several "side lines" to work at night—barbering, tailoring, picture enlarging. Most of the work in the village under this classification John Shoffner got.

His barber chair was one that was used at other times for any occa-

sion, as it was an ordinary plain chair. He got on his knees to shave a customer, or give them a "scrape." A shave was 5 cents. Haircuts 10 cents. Two of John's old customers became great athletes a few years ago, Roy and Linwood Homewood, whose names appeared on all Southern selections in football.

His First Big Money.

John's first big money was made in the second-hand automobile business. It netted him \$75. He had the ability to buy and sell. A friend of his was one of the earliest auto mechanics who had an uncanny ability to take a pile of junk, scatter it about in the pines at a secluded spot, that was the garage, and re-assemble it into a working contraption.

Involved in this biggest deal was as near nothing as an automobile could have possibly have been. John admitted. He had his prospect when he bought it at sacrifice. It would never do to let him see it before it had been in the workshop, so he got it into the pines via a round-about way. When it came out it sparkled with new paint, and hit like a sledge hammer. His man grabbed it.

If there was one thing in the world that John Shoffner knew less about than the hosiery business he didn't know what it was. But he wanted to get into it. Others were making money out of it. If they could, he could. He asked hosiery manufacturers their advice. They discouraged him, with very few exceptions. But it only convinced them they were wrong.

When he reached the stage that

he was determined to become a manufacturer of socks, he had \$425. He appealed to his father. At first the elder was optimistic about the venture, but as time drew near for him to secure a loan of \$1,000 with a mortgage on the farm, he cooled to the point that he actually discouraged his son, with the comment that "you will fail and we will lose all, even a place to live."

But the boy had always been to self-sacrificing to be turned down. The loan was secured and not long after the village had a frame building in which John Shoffner was operating 24 machines as his Standard Hosiery Mill. This was 1917.

His beginning was tough enough to drive out a fellow with less determination. He was so little as a manufacturer, that he had to appeal to one big manufacturer, who was his friend to furnish him yarn and sell his goods. Sometimes, to make his small payroll, he had to borrow from as many of his friends as he could induce to let him have the money. He had come up square and honest, and it served him well at this critical period.

Today he has in operation 300 automatic knitters on a novelty line with a production of 12,000 dozen pairs a week. His main mill of brick construction is three stories, 190 feet long and is a model in design, for the manufacturing end and for the comfort of employees. Every convenience surrounds them.

"Whitehouse" brand of socks, sold through a leading New York and Chicago jobbing house, put the Standard mill on the National map and this Mr. Shoffner believes, was aid-

ed much by the fact that this mill was one of the first in the South to produce this novelty hose. It was the second mill, in fact.

Mr. Shoffner was like many of the children that grew up in his day. He had to work. He had little chance to attend school. The little schooling he got was at St. Paul, a little one-room, one-teacher country school. But you would never suspect it. He has the appearance and the personality of a college man. Yet he admits, he is sometimes handicapped with what the little one-room schoolhouse gave him in the way of an education. To the youth of the land he would point to the opportunity of today, in the extensive, city and rural school systems and say: "Seize every precious moment as though it were the last to learn." For the little ones growing up about him today he will see that a better chance than his is there.

An Historic Factory.

Eighty-nine years from the time Edwin M. Holt founded the historic mill three miles east of the Alamance Battleground, where the Regulators of Orange County (now Alamance) fought the crown forces under Tryon in the first battle of the American Revolution, is passed to the ownership of a mill boy with no chance.

Edwin Holt had five sons and one daughter, who heired the property at his death. Finally it came into possession of L. Banks Holt Manufacturing Company, one of the sons, who had stretched his textile holding into a chain, and at his death, several years ago, it passed into the hand of executors, who continued to operate.

John Shoffner was growing rapidly. He loved the mill, its village and its folks. He wanted to buy it. The executors would not, at first, entertain an offer. When they did, they named a figure unreasonable. The village's richest son turned away to the city to build what he wanted the old mill for—a modern finishing plant.

One day the newspapers carried a headline announcing "that Standard Hosiery Mill has bought a valuable piece of business property in Burlington, with the idea of building upon it within a few months a large finishing plant to finish the production of their mill." It was not conceived as a business stroke, Mr. Shoffner declared, but so it turned out to be. The Alamance mill executors saw their opportunity to sell vanishing. They made overtures and got the cash, but it was two-thirds less than their original offer.

Driving from Burlington south via the old Alamance road, one is caught up by the beauty of the landscape, rolling hills, fertile fields, and virgin forest stretching away in one picturesque panorama. Here a sparkling brook dances through a meadow, darts beneath a thicket growth, cascades across a pebble field and races into the gorge of a baby canyon. On yon grassy slope sheep are grazing.

The road now takes a long decline, curves slowly between two hills and then it seems to fling itself into space, with Big Alamance creek 30 feet down in the bed it has carved out of the hills in the years that are gone. But it turns abrupt left. Allowing the vision to jump the chasm of the creek the old mill is

there on the hill, with its village peering through the lines of trees, its company store, its church and its villagers.

It's John Shoffner's old home.

It's all his now.

Prosperity has not brought with her to this young man a soiled spoon. He is just "John" to the folks, the same as he was a few years ago when he had done no more than yearn to get above the second floor in the mill at \$9 a week. He never wants to get "stiff-necked" nor upstartish—and the chances are good that none of the stuff is in him that snobs are made of.

There has come to the mill village since the last bolt of plaids was woven a few days ago a period of transition. The mill building must be turned from the business of weaving to the business of dyeing (from cotton cloth to novelty socks).

It might look like hard times for the villagers, many of them old hands in the mill and knowing nothing but mill work. Until they are absorbed in the knitting mill, or in the finishing mill, not one of these folks will pay a penny rent, and besides, the houses, neglected for some time, are to be repaired and repainted. Sixty houses are in the village, with 100 acres of land.

A few months will mean to all of the people there a new prosperity, for it will mean the little village will have the biggest payroll it ever had in its long history. Cotton mill pay less than a third the average in the hosiery mills of this section. John believes in paying well. It makes his employees happy, gives

them necessities with a little for luxuries, and a little to save, and to him it pays dividends in increased production and better work.

He doesn't consider his success is anything to brag about. Nor has he any theory on how to do it, except as he did; to set the mind on it and to do it—just do it—regardless of how much opposition it met on the way. Meet the blows face forward, keep taking more and pushing on. Never give up. That will carry anyone through, Mr. Shoffner believes.

Nine years is a short time. John Shoffner had nothing just that long ago. Today he modestly says he "reckons he isn't worth more than \$200,000." The truth is, his properties are worth two and one-half times that much. He is still growing.

Lives With Parents.

He is single and lives today, like he has all of his life, with his mother and dad. He is happy to be with them, to keep the wolf out now as he helped to do when a little fellow. His parents are old now, but every comfort is theirs. The elder Shoffner doesn't draw the pay envelope any more. He would have nothing to do with so much money.

From the bridge across Big Alamanee the road climbs through the village, and on the crest of the incline on the left stands "John's hosiery mill," as the folks tell strangers who pause on their way. At the moment John may be in his private office designing a new pattern to spring on the hosiery world. He has fashioned some great sellers. Then the road goes on a mile farther to join the historic Salisbury road over which Tryon marched his

troops from Hillsboro on memorable May 16 1775. Fired the opening shot against British oppression.

John Shoffner, if fate is kind may

soon be the hosiery king of this section, in what is called "the hosiery mill center of the South."

JAPANESE CANDY.

(Selected).

Candy in Japan? Didn't know they knew how to make it?

We haven't a monopoly on cakes and candy. In Japan the girls delight in "bon bons," and those bright little people make excellent sweets, from caramels to fine chocolates. It is the Americans who have sent them chewing gum, one of our western commodities which it would have been better not to serve to our progressive neighbors across the sea.

For our national dish, ice cream, the Japanese have not as yet shown any great enthusiasm, but no doubt before long the cranking of the ice cream freezer will be heard in the flowery islands of Nippon.

In Japan, confectionery and cakes were made long before 660 B. C. Quite a long time ago, isn't it? A little matter of two thousand years or so.

The first emperor of Japan was Jimmu Tenno, and the present sovereign is the 122nd since his time.

When, in 660 B. C., he celebrated a victorious campaign at Mount Takakura, he ordered to be served some "mizuame," a sort of sweet jelly made with millet. The term "kwasshi," which in English means confectionery or sweetmeat, was coined in the reign of Emperor Sujin a few years later. This was made of fruits. As time went on, syrups were introduced, which, mixed with rice or wheat flour, made a sort of pasty cake.

Cakes were originally used only as feast offerings to deities, but came to be eaten at formal teas. White sugar was introduced from Holland, and the Dutch in Nagasaki taught the Japanese how to make sponge cakes and to use sugar for various sorts of cakes. Candy is today eaten in Japan by all sorts of men, poor and rich, and sweetmeats are laid at the shrines of peagan gods.

MONEY-MAKING.

Most men who have made a lot of money do not deserve a great deal of credit for doing it. They have liked money-making and found money-making easy. Once started they could hardly help make it. It takes a finer sort of character to spend money with discrimination. It takes generosity, human sympathy, wise understanding to spend intelligently. It has been said that a miser does nothing well except when he dies.—Selected.

WE WHO SIT APART.

By Helen Keller.

Helen Keller the marvel of the world, is totally deaf and blind. In spite of this great handicap she is probably the most highly educated and the most beloved woman in the world today. She is the great inspiration of the handicapped child and believes that her affliction was sent for a purpose. By infinite patience and perseverance she has overcome obstacles that seemed impossible. She was formerly entirely mute that is, could not speak at all, but has learned to speak with difficulty by placing her finger tips on the lips of the person with whom she is talking. Let all the handicapped see what Miss Keller has accomplished and take courage.

It is not generally known that H. H. Rogers gave Helen Keller to the world. There was a rich man, Joseph of Arimathea by name, who immortalized himself, by giving his new made grave for the Savior. Future generations will immortalize Mr. Rogers, the rich philanthropist, for furnishing the means which made it possible for Helen Keller to become so highly educated in spite of the fact that she is totally deaf and blind.

When Booker Washington was at his wits end with respect to his now famous school—when all his friends had turned him down. Mr. Rogers, listened to his appeal and finally told him to state the amount. This generous gift put the school on its feet.

When Samuel Clemens, (Mark Twain), the great American humorist was financially shipwrecked Mr. Rog-

ers towed him to the shore. Mark Twain said Mr. Rogers was the whitest man he ever saw.

If Helen Keller's misfortunes were sent for a purpose, what of our slight afflictions at The Good Shepherd Home? Read Miss Keller's article carefully.

"The rehabilitation of the handicapped is noble benevolence. It cannot fail to enlist the cooperation of the public. The practical aspect of the work is most encouraging. The endeavor to fit men and women who are halted before the wall of a disability for self-support and happiness must need appeal to the sympathies and good sense of every one. This is a long step from unredeeming charity. There is no doubt in my mind that we render the greatest service to the unfortunate when we enable them to feel that they are useful members, capable of working for others as well as for themselves. It seems to me, the goal of all philanthropy should be to bring about as nearly as possible equality of opportunity. This the only constructive way to help—the only effective way of lightening the heavy, and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world.

"There are a number of things I should like to say to the handicapped themselves. I will speak out of the fullness of my own experience. All my life I have struggled with a triple handicap of deafness, blindness and imperfect speech. The struggle has taught me some precious

truths that have brought me happiness. It has also helped me to understand the problems of other people who have unusual disadvantages to overcome.

"We who sit apart from the larger activities of the world are often inclined to think that our life is peculiarly hard. The thought persists that we have not been given a "square deal"—that we are capable of far greater things than we are doing. We believe that if we were not so cramped in our circumstances we could accomplish much more. Every one we know seems more fortunately situated than we are. We have the feeling of being sundered from society with chasms around heights above and depths beneath. Our sisters, brothers and friends have so many advantages that we have not! They are free to go where they like. They have pleasant companions and interesting adventures. Life for them is full of bright possibilities. The world holds no treasure which they may not hope to grasp, while we are fattered and denied self-expression and initiative.

"It seems to me, there is nothing under the sun more futile than such comparisons. If we could read the minds of those whom we regard as prosperous, fortunate, happy, how often we should find them encumbered disappointed, enduring life with stoicism facing black prospects with enforced gaiety!

"It is a delusion to think that what I cannot achieve now and here, deaf and blind, I could realize under different conditions. Suppose I were suddenly to find myself in a situation which I imagine ideal. How long

would it remain ideal to me? Would I not face new difficulties unprepared? Would not the fancied opportunities and "wider horizons" break up and vanish? We cannot escape limitation in this sense-world. The power of effecting changes for the better is within ourselves, not in the favorableness of circumstances. We differ one from another, not so much in the severity of our handicap as in the way we meet it. If we succeed in wearing our crown of thorns with lifted head and smiling face, we prove ourselves equal to the difficult task of living. Without doubt, the overcoming of limitations develops the qualities we admire most in man—patience, sympathy, courage and magnanimity. The great and the good of all times and places bear witness to the potency of struggle in forming character. For character is like the fire within the flint—latent until it is struck out of the stone. Observing the flint-stone, who would think it contained the possibility of light? And so it is with the dark experiences of life. When they are met with courage, they give out sparks of spiritual light.

"Personally, I find it a great help to believe that my misfortunes were sent for a purpose, even if the purpose were only to discipline an impatient, wilful nature. To conceive of them as punishments or accidents is intolerable. I can work with heart and mind and soul only when I realize that I shall gain spiritual strength by conquering obstacles. In the light of this belief, almost every situation in life offers opportunity for effort and even happiness. To face disaster with cheerful courage and faith

is an achievement in itself, and an enduring triumph. There is the thrill of adventure in the thought that we may be blazing trails through a dark world for those who come after us. With each victory we win we push forward a little the frontier of achievement.

"The years have brought me a deepening sense of the universality of human experience. Every living creature is handicapped in one way or another. They live in nooks and crannies of the universe, and do their

work in hard places. Whether they are happy or wretched depends a great deal upon their point of view. To many the battle is with blind forces, while others feel that they are marching abreast with an invisible army of progress and accomplishment. One conception is chilling and destructive of energy. The other is stimulating and constructive. I have come to the conclusion that we gain from life opportunity, and happiness in proportion to the qualities of mind and heart we put into it."

A DREAM.

A Dream.—Do you know who the Incas are? They were a tribe of Indians who once lived in Peru, and had great silver mines there.

Jack had been reading about their vast treasures until bedtime. Now, as soon as he was snug in bed, a strangely dressed Indian seemed to stand before him and began to speak.

"Come with me," "and I shall help you find the silver key." "The silver key!" said Jack. "I know nothing about it. "It is the key that unlocks treasures. They may be yours if you want them. Come!"

Jack hastened from his bed and followed the stranger, climbing rocky slopes and over rugged paths. A little later he lifted his eyes and saw no Indian. How frightened he was! But coming near was some one far

lovelier. "Where are you going?" this one said to Jack. "To search for the silver key." Opening a book which he drew from the folds of his cloak, Jack saw, between the pages a slender key. On it were engraved the words, "Love to God."

"This is the key you were seeking," said the one with the face of an angel. "It will unlock the treasures to you." Then he put forth his hand and a door was opened. Over it Jack read the one word "Life."

As Jack entered the great hall he saw treasure chests before him. On each was a golden plate. Some of the inscriptions read "Courage" and "Honor" and "Blessedness." Jack found that his wonderful key would unlock them all.

Appearances are important, as they indicate something under the surface. But if character goes no deeper than good manners, it is, of all things, most worthless.—Selected.

TO GLORIFY GOD.

(Asheville Citizen).

Should church edifices be designed solely for the most effective church service in the same way that an industrial factory disregards ornament, or should they be imposing temples lavishly adorned as befits memorials to the Most High?

The old question is brought to the fore by the declaration of the rector of an Episcopalian church in Houston Texas, that the church property, valued at \$1,500,000, should be sold and one-half the proceeds used to erect a church building on a less costly site, the other half being given to more needy churches or to charity. Evidently the view of this rector is that part of God's capital is being tied up in an unproductive property when it could be used to better advantage elsewhere.

This view looks purely to the utilitarian. It considers that the purpose of the church building is to provide a place of meeting for the congregation and for its activities. This means walls and roof, seats, heat and light and everything that is physically essential to church work—assembly rooms for societies and committees and, if desired, kitchens and moving picture equipment. There would be no sparing of money for such practicalities but none would be spent for pure adornment. Not a gold fresco, not a costly painting or sky-aspiring steeple.

On the other hand is the view that the church structure is the temple of the Most High to whom belong all things of earth and therefore this temple should be of imposing pro-

portions and adorned with the most costly decorations. Dedicated to God should the temple be a plain structure, a roof and walls to keep out the wind and rain, and the amount of money spent for equipment to be measured solely by the prospective dividends in the way of increased membership or larger collections?

It is this view of the church structure as a temple to the glory of God which shows in the magnificent cathedrals of Europe—the vast pile of St. Peter's with its marvelous mural paintings by Michael Angelo and other masters. It is this view which is building the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. No one will of course claim that the millions spent on it are necessary to provide a mere meeting place for worshippers—that its lofty ceilings and wonderful carved work are of measurably practical benefit.

The European cathedrals furnish arguments for both views. Some point to them as evidence of man's reverence for his Creator—of his desire to make the temporal house of God far finer than any devoted to mere human purpose. And others scoffing at the reception of the church as a monument, point to the miserable wretches begging at the cathedral door and ask if God would not be better served by providing a hospital for them out of the money spent on church adornment.

There is much to the question in debate. Utility, the serving of God by serving His earthly children, has its appeal, but is it possible to dis-

regard the appeal of the aesthetic? Does not the noble cathedral serve as an inspiration to the inner self—an appeal to something beside the merely measurable? Even business, practical business, does not disregard the aesthetic in its structures. Much structurally unnecessary adornment shows in the modern office building, and is there not some sound motive which actuates the movie theater to spend lavishly on mere adornment?

To be poor is not the greatest misfortune that one can experience.
 --Selected.

STALK OF DEATH SLOWER.

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 21. The grim stalk of death, as certain as the passage of time, was at least slowed up in North Carolina during 1925 with a decrease in fatalities from just three diseases—pneumonia, measles and whooping cough.

The death rate in this state for last year was 1,158 per 100,000 of population as compared with 1,221 in 1924, according to figures just released by the United States department of commerce. The department accounts for the decrease partially by the decreases in the death rates from the three diseases mentioned.

In 1924 a total of 103 persons per 100,000 of population died from all forms of pneumonia in North Carolina as against 86 in 1925. The decrease in deaths from measles was

from 17 to 1 per 100,000 of population and in whooping cough, from 18 to 5.

Other diseases, however, apparently increased in virility in the state. Influenza, which took toll of 28 per 100,000 in 1924, amounted to 39 in 1925. Nephritis, claiming 91 in 1924, carried away 100 living souls for each 100,000 of North Carolina's population last year, Pellagra, less fatal than the others, increased from 10 to 14 persons per 100,000 in death-dealing cases.

Accidents, which claimed 2 per 100,000 in 1924, took two lives in 1925.

Diseases of the heart were responsible for a total of 3,574 deaths in the state last year, leading the entire list of maladies in death dealing potency. Tuberculosis with a total of 2,794, followed in second place.

BADLY NEEDED.

It has been discovered that birds are beasts who can accurately prophecy weather. Why not put some of them to work in the weather bureau?

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Clyde Bristow.

Since shoes have been given to the boys, all the shoe shop boys have been kept very busy at all times repairing them.

A large majority of the boys in Prof. Johnson's room have been working in the gravel pit during the past few days.

During the past week painters have been painting the third and fourth cottages, on the outside. All the woodwork is being painted and now these cottages have a great deal better appearance.

Several mornings during the past week we saw that the ground was covered with a heavy frost. "Old Man Winter" is here at last, and we know one of his companions is "Jack Frost."

The services were conducted in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Thomas Higgins. He read for his Scripture lesson the third chapter of Acts. Rev. Higgins made an interesting talk to the boys, and to the other visitors present. It was enjoyed by everyone present.

Thanksgiving day is celebrated by every boy, officer, and matron of this institution—in fact everybody will celebrate this day, but will they celebrate in the right way? Thanksgiving Day: the last Thursday in the month of November, that was set aside by our first president, George Washington. Each year we cele-

brate this day; for thanksgiving and praise to God for His mercies that He has extended to us during the past year.

The subject of our last Sunday's lesson was: "Joshua Renewing the Covenant." In this lesson Joshua made a very wise choice and then and there proved to the people that he was true to his God. He told the people that they could make any choice, but as for him and his family, he would choose God as his Lord, and wholly follow Him. The people, through Joshua renewed the covenant with God and man.

When all the lines had assembled at the tree last Thursday morning, most every boy had a "hunch," as we would call it, that we were going to have a rabbit hunt. And we sure did have a real one! Every boy was glad that he had a chance to go out and try to get him a cotton-tail, or so called a rabbit.

Most of the boys' had this line in mind, "get your man," but not this particular one, this one probably would suit them better: "get your rabbit." When the boys return from their hunt, they are, as all boys would be, hungry. A chicken dinner with oysters have been prepared for them. All are ready when the dinner bell is sounded and they soon start on their jobs, with great enthusiasm.

In the afternoon the Thanksgiving services were held in the auditorium. The services were conducted by Rev. L. A. Thomas. To all this

enjoyment the boys all saw a picture show. All this was done in one day, and we have thanked our Lord for what He has done for us in the past year. This was the end of our joyous Thanksgiving Day. The next day of celebration that stands out on the boys' program is—Christmas, and that is only one month away.

—
 "Readin', writtin' an' 'rithmetic

happens not to be all the lessons that the boys have in Prof. Johnson's afternoon section. Recently six boys were promoted to the algebra class. The boys who were promoted were: Russell Bowden, David Williams, Donald Pate, Archie Waddell, Theodore Rivers and Hurley. We hope that these six boys make good at the new subject that they have taken up.

THE NEED.

By Maude Waddell.

All day long and through the night,
 The stars shine brightly on,
 Nor just at dark pour down their light,
 Nor dimmed is it at dawn.

But ever glow these gems of sky,
 No change they know in radiance bright,
 Yet to the sight of human eye
 They seem to shine but through the night.

Thus may it be with our own souls,
 The need of some more darkened hour,
 Lest as o'er us the glad year rolls,
 We fail to see Thy loving power!

Microfilmed
 SOLINET/ASER

**SOUTHERN RAILROAD
SCHEDULE**

In Effect June 27, 1926.

Northbound

No. 40 to New York	9:28 P. M.
No. 136 to Washington	5:05 A. M.
No. 36 to New York	10:25 A. M.
No. 34 to New York	4:43 P. M.
No. 46 to Danville	3:15 P. M.
No. 12 to Richmond	7:10 P. M.
No. 32 to New York	9:03 P. M.
No. 30 to New York	1:55 A. M.

Southbound

No. 45 to Charlotte	3:45 P. M.
No. 35 to New Orleans	9:56 P. M.
No. 29 to Birmingham	2:35 A. M.
No. 31 to Augusta	5:51 A. M.
No. 33 to New Orleans	8:15 A. M.
No. 11 to Charlotte	8:00 A. M.
No. 135 to Atlanta	8:37 P. M.
No. 37 to Atlanta	9:50 P. M.
No. 37 to New Orleans	10:45 A. M.





