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Wm. Joseph Hyde Pratt

# THE UPLIFT

March, 1916.

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## Ain't it Fine To-day?

Sure, this world is full of trouble--  
 I ain't said it ain't-  
 Lord! I've had enough an' double  
 Reason for complaint.  
 Rain an' storm have come to fret me,  
 Skies were often gray:  
 Thorns an' branches have beset me  
 On the road--but say,  
 Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weepin'  
 Makin' trouble last?  
 What's the use of always keepin'  
 Thinkin' of the past?  
 Each must have his tribulations,  
 Water with its wine;  
 Life it ain't no celebration-  
 Trouble? I've had mine--  
 But to-day is fine!

It's to-day that I am livin',  
 Not a month ago:  
 Havin', losin', takin', givin',  
 As time wills it so.  
 Yesterday a cloud of sorrow  
 Fell across the way;  
 It may rain again to-morrow:  
 It may rain--but say,  
 Ain't it fine to-day?

---James Whitcomb Riley.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson  
 Manual Training and Industrial School.

### Concord, N. C.



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# THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VII.

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH, 1916

No. 12

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

That Col. J. P. Kerr, private secretary to Governor Craig, is recovering from his severe illness and will soon return to his important post in Raleigh, brings gladness to a host of admiring friends throughout the state.

## JUST WHAT ANY OTHER WOULD HAVE DONE.

That Governor Craig found it in his heart to save, and felt justified in so doing, from the electric chair that miserable woman, who was convicted in Forsyth Superior Court for murder, is just what every other man in North Carolina big enough and good enough to be governor of this great state would have done had the matter been put up to him as Governor. It is easy to find fault or take issue, and one must admire the courage of the Governor in doing that which saves the state, in after years, that which would have annoyed and made us feel ashamed. In the point of punishment that miserable woman, the victim of a miserable environment, will get a plenty during her natural life as she must spend it, shut out from the world—a living, long-drawn out death.

Like the brave and courageous man that he is, Governor Craig declared the responsibility of commuting the woman to imprisonment for life rather than permit her to be electrocuted he alone assumed. His act can not lie heavy upon him, and the state certainly can look into the future without shame, and justice must feel well satisfied with the heavy penalty of the balance of a woman's life behind prison walls.

## DR. JOYNER.

In this number THE UPLIFT gives a story of one of the state's foremost men, Dr. James Yadkin Joyner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina. This

admirably prepared article on this man of purpose, who has wrought most wonderfully and successfully in the educational and moral life of our great state is the work of Prof. N. W. Walker, of the University of North Carolina.

Since the time of the preparation of this article, Dr. Joyner has refused to be still, and a complete story of his accomplishments in the state would require much more space than Prof Walker found necessary in 1907. Since that time, this distinguished educator has so grown until his powers are recognized in the educational life of the whole nation. It was a great compliment to North Carolina when Mr. Joyner's ability and force in his chosen work became so well known that he was made President of the National Educational Association, with which he has been closely identified ever since, and to whose direction and success he lends faithfully his great wisdom and support. The honor of being president of such an influential body of men and women come to but few states, and rightfully North Carolina is proud of the position her son enjoys in the sight of the educational world.

The splendid article we are copying into the columns of the Uplift was prepared for the series of Biographical Sketches, which were edited by Hon. S. A. Ashe and published by Mr. Charles L. Van Noppen, of Greensboro. By the way a more handsome publication—seven volumes—can nowhere be found. It took faith, courage and patriotism to father such an undertaking in the state. These wonderfully interesting books on the lives of men who have wrought well are in many a library, but THE UPLIFT desired for its many readers, among them are many young boys and girls, who have no access to these sketches, the opportunity to read the inspiring

story of the young life and accomplishments of Dr. Joyner.

## DOGS.

As we advance in intelligence it really seems that the superstition that attaches to dogs ought to disappear. Dogs are the most useless as well as the most dangerous animals in the state. No wild beast (if there be any) that roams the mountain forests or the wide swamps of the coast country is such a menace to the lives and peace of mind of our people as the half starved and mangy curs that wander about without a habitation or a name. A good dog may be worth his keep but his owner is perfectly willing to pay a tax for the privilege of owning him. But the well fed dogs are not a menace to society. It is the lean and hungry curs that do not get a living from their masters and who must make it some other way that do the damage. They kill sheep and chickens and suck eggs for a living and occasionally go mad and set whole neighborhoods in a tumult. They are the dread of the summer time. The public are exposed constantly to these vagrant dogs that do every body harm and nobody any particular good. Why are legislators so mortal afraid to furnish the protection to which the public are entitled from these nameless canines? If we could only get enough men in Raleigh at one time who would rather do right than be re-elected, there would be many wholesome laws enacted that the solons are afraid to tackle. We hoped against hope that sometime some Legislature would summon manhood enough to tax the worthless dogs out of existence. Killing sheep is about the only charge that has been brought against them but this is a minor charge. They are a general nuisance and a perpetual peril to our peace and happiness. We have looked in vain for a single reason why there should not be enacted a rigid dog law. None has so far ever been offered. There is a nameless dread however in the mind of our public men against passing a dog law. Municipalities have done it to their great benefit and no harm has befallen those communities but much good has followed. Let us have a



general law that covers the whole state, and our Legislature will cover itself with glory and future generations will rise up and call it blessed.

The above is what Editor Archibald Johnson says in *Charity and Children*. He is ferninst dogs good and hard. He argues his case vigorously. "Dogs are the useless animals in the state," says this bold man. And here comes Brother Bion H. Butler, of Heke County, the genial man who discovered that North Carolina is slopping over with opportunities," giving testimony that the only way to successfully raise cabbage in his County, for family and for the market, is to have a hound-dog to guard the cabbage patch against the ravages of the rabbit.

A dog useless? Why man, what mean you? Haven't you known what the world calls an utterly worthless and sorry fellow; yet there followed him, and remained with him just an ordinary, unpedigreed dog—that dog worthless, useless! That dog daily performs a task that no living person could duplicate towards man or beast. The dog—why, he sees his master's good qualities and is blind to his faults.

The dog is safe for years to come in North Carolina.

### Parental Training vs. Instinct

We have all heard the old saying, "He was born wild, and nothing can tame him." I doubt whether there is much truth in it, writes a "Companion" contributor; I doubt whether any bird or animal was ever so wild that if taken in time he could not be tamed and domesticated. On the other hand, domesticated animals sometimes revert to the wild state. Here are two cases that are in point.

The first is from the writings of the great naturalist, Wilson: "A friend of mine, who himself made the experiment, says that of several hen's eggs that he substituted for those of the partridge (quail), she brought out the whole, and that for several weeks he surprised her in various parts of the plantation with her brood of chickens; on which occasions she exhibited all her natural distrustful alarm, and practiced all of her usual manoeuvres for their preservation. Even after they were considerably grown and larger than the partridge herself, she continued

to lead them about; but although their notes or calls were those of the common chicken, their manners had all the timidity and alarm of young partridges. They ran with great rapidity, and squatted in the grass exactly like partridges.

By all the laws of heredity, these chickens, having come of a race of fowls domesticated for hundreds of generations, should have been tame; but parental training completely overcame their hereditary instinct.

An opposite case fell under my own observation. Jack Haynes, a blacksmith of O'Neill, Nebraska, found a coyote puppy shortly after its birth. He placed it among a litter of newly whelped bird dogs, and the mother adopted the stranger as her own. The little wolf thrived, toddled about with its foster brothers, and later played about the yard and fields with them. He liked fondling and petting as much as any of the others. When the old dog took her puppies out hunting, the coyote went with the rest. Through her example, the pups had their pointing instinct developed, and the wolf actually showed instinct, too.

Mr. Haynes says it was a queer sight to see the mother "standing" prairie chickens with all her puppies, the coyote among them, stanchly "backing." The young wolf didn't point with the same rigidity as the dogs, but he stood just as quietly, and never broke in until the old dog gave permission by jumping in herself.

At the opening of the prairie-chicken season the coyote bird dog was about eight months old. Mr. Haynes took the little wolf, together with two brothers of the litter and their mother, on all his chicken shooting trips. The coyote had the best nose of the lot; he could wind a bevy of chickens farther and go to them straighter. When he winded his birds, he would stop short until the hunter came up. Then he would creep forward until he was as close as he could get without flushing the game, when he would retreat behind the gun, and follow until the grouse rose.

He never got so that he willingly stayed in front of the gun when it was fired—probably from an instinctive fear of firearms.

Unfortunately, young bird dogs sometimes acquire the bad habit of killing tame chickens. A neighbor complained to Mr. Haynes that a bird dog and a coyote were making depredations on his poultry. Mr. Haynes hardly believed that his dog

or his wolf was doing the mischief, but one day the wolf was missing, and he was never head of again. No one would acknowledge having killed him, but the blacksmith was certain that his "chicken wolf" had been shot.

An odd thing about this tame wolf was that he was just as much afraid of the wild wolves as the bird dogs were. Occasionally at night a pack of wolves would chase the dogs back to the house and under it, the tame coyote with the rest. There he would remain until the danger was over, barking in chorus with the dogs.—Ex.

### A Test Of Courage.

"Onward" tells of two dogs which lived in a certain city suburb. For some reason, they nourished a deep and insatiable dislike for each other. Charlie, the yellow dog, had the freedom of a large yard with a picket fence around it, and a gate that always was kept fastened. Bismarck, the brindle, roamed unchecked in the street outside. Whenever Bismarck came trotting along, Charlie would make a dash at the gate, and, being unable to get out, would stand on the inside and glare at the other on the outside.

One morning Bismarck came along looking more aggressive than usual. Charlie saw him. The hair along his back bristled up, and, with a savage growl he ran down the front walk and charged at the gate in his customary way. This time, however, by some unaccountable accident, the gate had been left unfastened, and the impact threw it suddenly wide open.

For the first time in their acquaintance, there was naught to hinder the two dogs from flying at each other. Nothing was between them but their long-standing grudge. Charlie's impetus had carried him to the edge of the sidewalk and his enemy, Bismarck, was within two feet of him.

It was an exciting moment. But neither dog hesitated the smallest fraction of a second. They acted instantly. With a dismal howl, Charlie turned in his tracks and ran back into the yard at breakneck speed and Bismarck fled for his life down the street, and never again, the neighbors say, did either dog even look at the others.

Both were cowards, and both had been found out.

"Talent without enthusiasm is like the windmill without wind."



## True to Himself.

"Young Mentor can best be spared," was the statement accidentally overheard by Conrad Mentor that made the young fellow stop stock-still behind the thin office partition where he had hung his overcoat and hat for want of a better place during alterations. He could not have been more painfully surprised if the remark had been a whip-lash.

"Then let it be Mentor," boomed the chief's deep voice, which had lately taken on a distinct note of anxiety, due to the business troubles that had forced his firm to make all kinds of retrenchments to reduce expenses.

The office door opened and closed and the chief's heavy footsteps retreated in the direction of the elevator, and after a moment of half-stunned dismay Conrad donned coat and hat and went out to lunch at the humble little place whose prices suited his very limited means. He was busy trying to adjust his thoughts to the shock of what he had overheard, which he could hardly reconcile with the fact that he had been chosen, only half an hour before, to look after the duties of a salesman who had just telephoned that an accident had laid him up for the day. He had list of eight business addresses in his memorandum, to be visited that afternoon, in the salesman's place.

So he was to be discharged because, he could best be spared from the hard-worked office force, the youngest and least valuable worker, probably. That was to be his reward for doing his utmost to help the office through a difficult period of readjustments and retrenchments, by working overtime on occasions of rush orders, by discharging every little duty as faithfully as possible, by arriving a little earlier in the morning than the other clerks, and steadfastly refraining from watching the clock and slighting his work at odd moments to take part in the conversation that invariably broke out among the minor clerks when the manager absented himself for any length of time.

Joe Burroughs, who had just seated himself at one of the little lunch-tables when Conrad entered the restaurant, saw the latter immediately and heckoned him to a place opposite him. Joe had been Conrad's deskmate at the place where he had secured his first employment as an office boy, and they

had kept up their friendly acquaintance by informally dropping in upon each other now and then and lunching together whenever Joe's duties took him within easy distance of that particular restaurant.

"You look as blue as an indigo-bag," commented Joe with a cheerful grin. "Too much work and no play doesn't agree with you. You haven't had any fun lately, have you, Conrad?"

"No," answered Conrad frankly, "but that isn't what makes me blue today. I've as good as lost my job—through no fault of mine, but just because I happen to be the one that can best be spared from the office—because I'm the youngest one there, probably. I do think it's a shabby way to acknowledge my best efforts, though."

"I told you you wouldn't get any thanks for slaving the way you've done since your firm made that big mistake through the old partner's bad investment—which was none of your business and therefore didn't call for extra pains on your behalf," said Joe in a very different voice. "It's a bad time to be thrown out of work just now too, but there's no use wailing about it, so cheer up and make the best of things. I'll ask my boss to keep you in mind for anything that may turn up. Order a good lunch now; don't let this knock spoil your appetite," he added in a voice of gruff sympathy.

"I thought the place was not only permanent, but good for future advancement," Conrad observed somberly, as he half-heartedly buttered a bit of bread to eat with his baked beans. "Then, only an hour ago I was given a task that looked to me as if my efforts had been noticed and appreciated, for any of the other fellows would have jumped at the chance of substituting a salesman's place if only for an afternoon."

"You just happened to know the ropes best—that's all," Joe assured his companion, "and therefore you're expected to cover the most ground; in other words, to do the most work. I'll bet you're got a whole day's work for the afternoon, haven't you?"

Conrad explained the nature of his prospective substituting task, which certainly did not allow for any lagging, for there was a great deal of ground to cover in order to visit the eight addresses and deliver and receive orders. "I thought so," Joe nodded knowingly. "A full day's work for a salesman has been put on

you for a single afternoon. But you needn't be goose enough to break your neck for the firm now that they've turned you down so shabbily. Tell you what, Conrad. I've a couple of hours to spare this afternoon, and I'll take you across town to see a young chap who has just started in a good business and who may want just your kind of help; I'm pretty sure he hasn't got things in good running order yet. He's out of town two days a week, getting contracts, but to-day we'll be sure to find him in."

"But I sha'n't have time, much as I'd like to look for a place right off," Conrad objected. "It's awfully good of you to take such an interest—"

Joe waved away his friend's expressions of appreciation with good-natured abruptness. "Of course you have time," he contradicted matter of factly, "for you're surely not going to be fool enough to fill all those orders as a special favor for a firm that has given you the sack—behind your back at that. They could at least have told you that the place might not be permanent, and then you wouldn't have strained every energy to qualify for future promotion. Look out for your own interest now. Come with me to the office I spoke of, and after that call at as many of your addresses as you conveniently can, and leave the rest. You can tell the manager that you couldn't get around to them all, and he can't prove anything to the contrary. You needn't care if he gets mad now that you're practically fired."

The temptation to follow Joe's logic was strong, for Conrad himself felt that he had been treated unfairly and was almost able to persuade himself that he was no longer bound to do his utmost for an inappreciative employer. Besides, he could not afford to be long without a position nor to risk a too poor-paying one. But before he had quite made up his mind to slight his duty there flashed across his troubled mind the brief fine message given out by that day's calendar leaf which he had read the first thing in the morning: "This above all things: to thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." It was an old message, yet it had left its impression anew to-day.

"Well, Joe," said Conrad after a moment's silence, "it is true that I don't feel toward my employer as I did this morning before I discovered that he intends to discharge me, but



it is still up to me to do my duty, you know."

"I don't see it that way at all, since your employer treated you unfairly," Joe spoke up quickly, "for that lets you out of any great obligation toward him."

"But it doesn't lessen my obligation to be true to my principles. So long as I stay in the firm's employ I am bound to give them the best I can—just to pay my duty debt to myself."

Joe shrugged his broad shoulders. "If everybody lived up to the principle they most admire there'd be some use of putting those high precepts into practice," he admitted carelessly; "but what's the use of missing anything for the sake of principle these days when everybody is looking out for his own interests first and last, and you're sure to get left in the long run if you don't follow the crowd?"

"Still, even if one misses things by sticking to his principles he gains more than he loses by being true to himself. Don't you think so?" asked Conrad a little embarrassedly because it came hard to talk of such things to light-hearted, careless Joe.

Joe did not answer that question. "I see that you're not going to follow my advice," he said meditatively, "so I won't urge you. All I've got to say about the whole matter is that your devotion to principle is thrown away on your present boss. I hope you'll soon get a position where your work and faithfulness will be appreciated. If I can help you in any way just let me know, will you? I'll be going, then, as you are not coming with me. So long, and good luck to you this afternoon in your substitute job."

With a good-bye nod Joe rose and went his way, and Conrad finished his meal in thoughtful silence. Mindful, however, of the business before him, he did not linger over his meal, but soon hurried away. By planning carefully he was able to take just the right cars to shorten the distance between the listed addresses as much as possible, so that he contrived to reach the last office just before business closed for the day, after which he telephoned his own office that things were all right so far as the injured salesman's engagements and orders were concerned.

The rest of that week was busier than ever for Conrad; the adjustment process was nearing the end and the firm members wanted to make a fresh start on the first of the approaching month, when a new partner was to take hold of the busi-

ness in the place of the oldest member, who had recently retired. Conrad stayed a little over time every day because it was simply impossible for him to finish his day's stint carefully by the usual quitting-time. Saturday quitting-time came and he went to the office for his pay-envelope as usual, fully prepared for the announcement that his services would not be needed after the first of the month, and almost reconciled to the unwelcome announcement by that time, though his regret was no less than it had been at first. He was not disappointed in being asked by the manager to walk in the private office for a few moments that he had something to say to him, so he entered the little inner room where the chief sat looking over a formidable list of business reports, wondering why he had been asked to wait for so simple a matter as a discharge.

"Oh is that you, Mentor?" exclaimed the chief the moment he became aware of Conrad's presence. He swung around in his revolving chair with an air of pleased decision as if he had something especially agreeable to announce.

We have decided to send you to our Bayonne office to help the new manager," he told Conrad without preamble. "It is a responsible position for one so young as you, but we think you can fill the requirements acceptably once you get the swing of the work. You are the only competent worker on our force who can be spared from the home office."

Conrad's surprise was so great that the chief mistook it for dismay at the unexpected change. "Why the change is in the nature of a promotion," he exclaimed a trifle sharply. "What's the reason you don't like it?"

"Oh, I do like it, Mr. Aver," Conrad blurted with a rush of grateful emotions, "but it's so awfully surprising after what I expected. You see I overheard what the manager said about my being the worker that could best be spared, and I thought, of course that meant that I was soon to be discharged."

"Oh, you did, eh?" the chief regarded Conrad silently for a thoughtful moment or so. "And still you worked harder than any of the rest during the past week, in spite of expecting your discharge. Why did you do that? You were not under special obligations to the firm were you?"

"No sir. I simply did what looked to me like my personal duty," was Conrad's quiet answer.

"So! Well, I see now that the manager was right, though I confess I rather doubted the wisdom of his choice at first, but consented to give you a trial in the Bayonne office because I could not lay hands on a better man just then. Let me tell you this much, Conrad Mentor. There's a room at the top of our business—of every honestly conducted business in the world—for young men of your kind of principles," concluded the chief with friendly emphasis.—Ex.

### The Worth of Character.

Character is a fortune. It pays better dividends than bank or railroad stocks. The young man who goes forth in the world with an unimpeachable character can never suffer permanent defeat. The blows which he receives from his antagonist will bound back from such a character and the injury they inflict will be upon him who gives them.

In every emergency it is the man of character who is sought. Those lacking this jewel may for a time crowd themselves forward, and so long as nothing of importance in State and social affairs, but when the crisis comes, when Government is threatened, when society is menaced, character is scrutinized and only those whose character is spotless are selected to lead. At such times brilliant reputations fade as the meteor fades and their possessors find that reputations is one thing and character quite another. They then regret that this important difference had not been thought of before.

But the world seems to learn little from these lessons that individuals so often learn under severe circumstances. The world, as a rule, is careful of its reputation; is the outside cover of the heart itself, the object of God's scrutiny, it is deplorably careless. The question is not what I am, but what will the world think of me?

With a knowledge of the advantage of character, both in this world and the next, may all young persons, who read this, strive to live in such a way that they may respect themselves and utterly regardless, so long as they are right in the opinion of the world.—Philadelphia Press.

They that are loudest in their threats are the weakest in the execution of them. It is probable that he who is killed by lightning hears no noise, but the thunder-clap which follows, and which most alarms the ignorant, is the surest proof of their safety.—Colton.



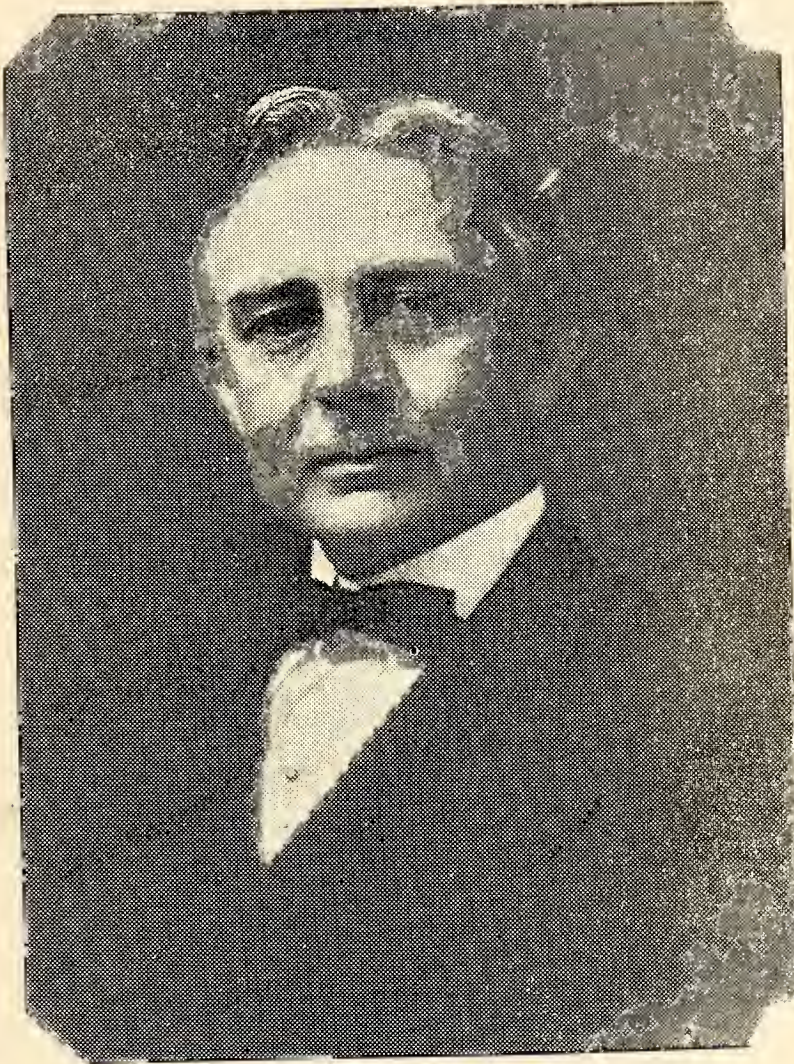
# JAMES YADKIN JOYNER.

James Yadkin Joyner, son of John and Sallie A. (Wooten) Joyner, was born at Yadkin College, in Davidson County, North Carolina, Aug. 7, 1862, whither his parents and his maternal grandparents had moved soon after the fall of New-Bern. While he was yet an infant, only eight months old, his sainted mother died, and six months later his father followed her to the spirit land. The orphan child was taken into the family of his aged grandfather, Honorable Council Wooten. Soon after the war Mr. Wooten returned to his old home, Moseley Hall, in Lenoir County, where the subject of this sketch spent his boyhood and youth.

Mr. Wooten was a fine type of the old-school Southern gentleman. He was a prominent man and a public favorite, and had taken an active part in the affairs of county and state. For six times he had been a representative from Lenoir in the House of Commons of the General Assembly, and he was also one of her two delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1835. In the days of the stage-coach his home was the meeting place for judges, State officials, and other prominent men whose duties called them to this part of the State. It was a convenient stopping place, and guests always found there a cordial welcome and generous hospitality. In later years Mr. Wooten was a strong personal friend of Governor Ellis, and was a member of his Council of State. He was also a member of Governor Bragg's Council of State.

Mrs. Joyner was Mr. Wooten's oldest married daughter and his favorite child. She was a woman of rare gifts of mind and soul. How

natural it was after her death that the old gentleman should become more devotedly attached than ever to her little son. The two became inseparable companions and their companionship lasted until the death of the grandfather, which occurred



JAMES YADKIN JOYNER.

when the boy was ten years old. From this time he was reared in the family of his uncle, Mr. Shadrach I. Wooten, who cared for him as if he had been his own child. The reverence that Mr. Joyner has today for the memory of his grandfather is nothing short of worship. Having known nothing of the fostering care of fond parents, he regards Mr. Wooten's influence upon his young life as perhaps the most potent force that entered into the shaping of his character.

Mr. Joyner's people are of English and German descent. The Joy-

ners came from England and settled in Pitt County. His grandfather, John Joyner, represented Pitt in the Senate five times in succession, and was one of her two delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1835. The Wootens, too, were English, having come through Wales to Maryland, and from there to North Carolina. His maternal grandmother

Isler was of German blood, her ancestors having come over with DeGraffenried. Doctor McIver was wont to jest Mr. Joyner about his landholding propensity. It is said that he never disposes of a piece of land when once he gets it in his possession. He must have inherited this trait from his sturdy, thrifty German ancestors. There are Islers---relatives of his---in Jones County today holding lands under the original grant made in the early part of the eighteenth century.

After preparing for college at LaGrange Academy, young Joyner entered the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1878. He graduated after three years of hard study in the class of 1881, with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. Among his classmates were the late Doctor Charles McIver, Doctor Robert P. Pell, Congressman Charles R. Thomas,

Judge Robert B. Albertson, Honorable Robert W. Winborne, and a number of others who have done splendid service for the State and nation. Leaving the University, he went back home to become a teacher. From 1881 to 1883 he was principal of LaGrange Academy; 1882-83, he was superintendent of the public schools of Lenoir county; 1884-85, he was teacher in the Winston graded schools, which had just been organized by Doctor Calvin H. Wiley. He then studied law at the Law School of Dick and Willard, and was admitted to the Bar, and prac-



ticed in Goldsboro from 1886-89. While practicing law he was, in 1887-89, chairman of the Board of Education of Wayne County. The practice of law was not congenial to him, but the work of the school room was, and it had taken too strong a hold upon him to be shaken off. In 1889 the superintendency of the Goldsboro graded schools was offered to him. He gave up his law practice and accepted the position. He remained at the head of these schools for four years. During this time his success was flattering, and his fame as a teacher and superintendent spread far and wide. In 1893 he resigned the superintendency of the Goldsboro schools to become Professor of English in the State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro. Here he remained until 1902, when, upon the sudden death of Hon. Thomas F. Toon, he was appointed by Governor Charles B. Aycock as State superintendent of public instruction to fill the unexpired term of Superintendent Toon.

His appointment to this position gave the highest satisfaction to the educational forces of the State. He filled the place with such conspicuous ability that he was nominated in 1904 on the Democratic ticket to succeed himself and was elected by a handsome majority. Mr. Joyner has held various other educational positions, in which he has been instrumental in shaping educational policy and educational legislation. In 1896 he was president of North Carolina Teachers' Assembly; he has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh ever since that institution was opened; he has served as secretary of State Superintendents' Association of the Southern States since its organization; 1899-1901, he was a member of the Board of Directors of the Colored Agricultural and Mechanical College at Greensboro; during the same period he was a member of the Board of Alderman of the city of Greensboro, in 1901 he was Chairman of the North Carolina textbook commission; since 1902 he has been ex-officio chairman of the Board of Directors of the Normal and Industrial College. In 1906 he was president of the North Carolina Summer School at Raleigh.

In December, 1887, Mr. Joyner was happily married to Miss Effie E. Rouse at LaGrange. Two children have been born to them, James N., who is now a student at the University of North Carolina, and William

T., who is now in the Raleigh High School, preparing to enter the University next fall.

In politics, Mr. Joyner is a Democrat; in religion, a missionary Baptist. But he is neither partisan nor sectarian in the ordinary acceptance of these terms.

As a speaker he is very deliberate, but direct and forceful. His ideas are always expressed clearly and logically and in pleasing language. Although he has a keen appreciation of humor, he seldom makes use of the anecdote for the purpose of illustration. A lover of literature, he has been a diligent student of its masters. Having their best thoughts at his ready command, he is never at loss for an apt quotation when it is needed.

The splendid progress made in public school work in North Carolina since he became the State's educational standard bearer and the widespread growth of wholesome sentiment for universal education bear most eloquent testimony to his efficiency as a public officer. The state has never had an officer more conscientious and faithful in the performance of duty, nor one of greater integrity, no one in whom the people have had greater confidence. In his recent message to the General Assembly Governor Glenn, speaking of Mr. Joyner and his work, used these words, "The present superintendent, with no disrespect to others, is, in my opinion, the ablest and most efficient the state has ever had." So long as the Commonwealth sees to it that its public offices of honor and trust are filled by men of his type so long will its progress toward civic righteousness be assured.

When the sudden death of Dr. Charles D. Melver, late president of the State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro, was announced, the eyes of all seemed to turn instinctively to Mr. Joyner as logical successor of Dr. Melver. For many reasons he seemed to be the best qualified to take up the work where his friend had suddenly dropped it and carry it on successfully along the broad lines and upon the high plane established by its founder. He is in the prime of life and is eminently fitted for the place, both by training and experience; is in thorough accord with the high ideals and lofty purposes of the Normal and Industrial College; was for nine years a professor in the institution; was an intimate friend and adviser of Dr. Melver and knew all his plans for the larger development of the institution. Nobody was surprised

when, on November 20, 1916, the directors of the institution recognizing these facts, asked Mr. Joyner to become president. Everybody thought the presidency of the institution would be offered him, but nobody, not even he himself, knew whether he would accept the honor or decline it. The college needed his guiding hand, his wise head, and his ripe experience. His heart was with the institution, and it was no easy matter for him to decide what to do. The position appealed to him strongly, indeed; it is divorced from politics; is a permanent position, carrying a salary of \$3000 and a residence—not a large salary, to be sure, yet it is \$1000 more the superintendent of public instruction receives. In this position he would be free to work out his own plans in accordance with his own ideals; he would have unlimited possibilities, and work congenial to one of Mr. Joyner's tastes and aptitudes. And why did he decline such a place? The answer is given his own words: "My heart is with the Normal, but my duty is along other lines." And nobody who knows the man was at all surprised at his declining the position. Here is a man to whom duty is indeed "the sublimest word in the English language."

Before the position had been offered him his co-laborers all over the state had become deeply interested. County superintendents, city superintendents, teachers, college professors, and other friends of education wrote him appealing letters, commending his work and urging him, if he could see that it was not inconsistent with what he conceived to be his duty, to remain at the head of the public school forces. Superintendents' associations, teachers' associations, and college faculties passed resolutions to the same effect. They realize that now is a critical period in our educational life, and that should he lay down his work at this time the cause of education must suffer, however able, however competent his successor might be. All felt that the work he had so wisely planned for the Department of education and which he has so ably executed thus far could not, to say the least, go on without some interruption. Things would necessarily be thrown out of joint and time would be required for readjustment. Says he, "I felt that if I should lay down my work now, I should be as one who, standing shoulder to shoulder with his comrades in battle, had found a chance to run, and had taken advantage of it." His noble de-



cision is indeed gratifying to all who are interested in public education.

There has been no time heretofore in the history of education in North Carolina when the superintendent of public instruction could afford to decline such a position as has been offered Mr. Joyner. Certainly there has been no time when a state superintendent would have been so generally urged to decline such a place in order to remain at the head of the public school work. These facts are significant, and so is Mr. Joyner's decision. Verily and he say, "I magnify mine office." Nothing better has happened for education in North Carolina in many years than this noble, self-sacrificing act. It has united and strengthened the school forces and has given a new stimulus to all our educational interests; it has given to the office of the state superintendent of public instruction added dignity and a new meaning; it has shown, too, that if there is an office in the state that should be divorced from politics, it is the office of State superintendent of public instruction.

Mr. Joyner is not a politician, and we need not be surprised if a politician sometime fail to understand him. He possesses that high sense of honor, that generous sympathy for his fellowman, that intense desire to serve his people, and that comprehensive grasp of educational processes and problems which at once place him above and beyond the petty wranglings of political trickery and stamp him as an educational statesman of no rank. He is highminded and clear-minded, farsighted and patriotic, possessing withal modest, quiet dignity, gentleness of spirit, and charity as boundless as human weakness and human need. He has forgotten self in the service of the state: may the State be wise enough and patriotic enough to make possible the realization of his dream of elevating and educating all the State's children.

N. W. Walker, in the Biographical History of North Carolina, Edited by S. A. Ashe, and published by Charles L. Van Noffen.

### Opening His Eyes.

A certain young minister, serving in his first parish, was hard pressed to find teachers enough for the Sabbath-school. So he went over the list of church members until he came to the name of Judge Adrews, ho, he had been told, was considered the most learned lawyer in the State.

After some days of timid self-ques-

tioning, the minister found courage to call upon the judge.

"I have come to see you," he said, "about a class of boys in the Sabbath-school. They have recently lost their teacher, and I wish you would take them."

"What! I take a class of boys in the Sabbath school?"

"Yes sir. You could hold the boys. They all respect you greatly. You have no idea what a hero you are to them."

"But--but I teach class of boys? No, no; I could not. It's a very busy term in court."

"But it is the busy people, judge, who do the best work, and we need a splendid teacher for that class. Wont you try it?"

"Couldn't think of it. No, no. I couldn't possibly."

And the judge closed the interview rather abruptly.

But Sabbath morning the minister was surprised to receive a call from Judge Andrews. He began with strange hesitation: "I have called to say that I would try that class. I thought it all out after you left. It was sheer pride that made me refuse. I thought I was to great a man to teach a class of boys I tell you, sir, I am a hypocrite. I have tried to play the 'distinguished Christian gentleman,' and I have been worthless in the Kingdom. Put me to work. I do not know how to teach boys: I am to ignorant. But I mean to learn."

At the close of the first year in the Sabbath school Judge Andrews said to the minister- "Teaching that class has been the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I never had any definition of service before. I shall never cease to thank God for opening my eyes to see myself as I really was."

How do you feel about it?

---Adult Bible Class Monthly.

### Man Afraid of His Job.

We are a bunch of Job holdes, no matter the name by which we are known in our work. To work is to be dignified whether it's a shovel or a pen that is hitted to our brain. There is but one worker in all the drama of work who dishonors the whole profession. He's The-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Job. Get this into your head.

Your are "The Man Higher Up!" If you will be but this, from this minute you will grow and gather Power. For The-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Job is the man who fears somebody else above him, behind him' sideways

to him. He has no independence for he is all Dependence.

You are "The Man Higher Up!"

Results take care of themselves. First be Yourself. You may lose your Job. But what of it? You will have then gained a bigger one --Master of Yourself. Cromwell once said that, "A man never rises so high as when he knows not wither he goes." And Emerson says: "Why should we import rags and relics into new hours?" Keep busy.

Believe it and pass on. Honor your Job---be it ever so humble---and it will Honor you. Be positive. Cut partnership with The-Man-Afraid Of-His-Job. Go at your work with the belief that you alone know best your own work and it won't take long for others about you to realize the fact that---Your Are "The Man Higher Up,"

---George Matthew Adams,

### Ages of Animals and Birds.

A sheep lives ten years.  
A cat lives fifteen years.  
A lion lives twenty years.  
A camel lives forty years.  
A bear lives twenty years.  
A dog lives fourteen years.  
A squirrel lives eight years.  
A canary lives six years.  
A crow lives six years.  
An ox lives twenty-five years.  
A guinea pig lives seven years.  
A horse lives twenty-five years.  
A swan lives twenty-five years.  
A whale lives three hundred years.  
A tortoise lives one hundred years.  
An elephant lives four hundred years.

A parrot lives one hundred and twenty-five years.---Exchange.

"How are you coming along at golf now?"

"Oh, fine!"

"Broke any records yet?"

"Well, not exactly, but I've broken thirty clubs, the honeysuckle vine the cat's back and six panes of glass since I began playing, so I'm coming along strong."

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is the more sure you will be to make the world richer.

---Phillips Brooks.

All sin poisons the common waters. Every form of sin befouls the common air. Everybody's soul breathes more heavily because somebody else has been disloyal to God.---J. H. Jowett.

# THE UPLIFT

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## INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

**Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.**

Mr. and Mrs. Boger had a pleasant visit from Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Barnhardt and two little daughters -- Harriet and Sallie of Utica N. Y. Mr. Barnhardt is a brother of Mrs. Boger.

Mr. P. W. Shaw's force has been working on the lawns in front of the First and Second Cottages. We hope to have some pretty lawns by next spring, at least. The grass is sending its tender blades up through the plastered sod and the lawns are kept well watered to prevent the grass from being killed under the scorching rays of the sun.

We had a pleasant visitor here this month. Mr. J. B. Housman, National Field Scout Commissioner who is organizing a patrol of Boy Scouts in Concord. He gave the boys a short talk, full of good advice. His talk was enjoyed by all and we cordially invite him to make

us another visit whenever the opportunity affords.

Several of our boys have had visits from their parents and other kin folks during the past month. Some of the people who visited the school were, Mr. and Mrs. Houk of Newton, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and children, and Mrs. Randolph White, of High Point, N. C.; Mrs. Gregory, of Winston, N. C.; A. W. and H. Lefkowitz, of Greensboro.

Dr. Walter Lingle of Union Theological Seminary came out to see the school. While here he made a talk to the school. Some of the boys caught some enthusiasm from the address made and are endeavoring to put in practice in their conduct here what he said were some of the essential elements of a successful life. Dr. Lingle seemed pleased with his visit and I'm sure that both officers and boys were glad to have had a visit from him.

## COOK LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Cook Literary Society held its election of officers last Tuesday. The officers elected were: President, Frank Hewlett; Vice-President, Fred Costan; Recording Secretary, Harry Baker; Corresponding Secretary, Sheldon Merritt; 1st Reporting Critic, Charles Cullingford; 2nd Reporting Critic, Robert Peatross; Sergeant-at-arms, Robert Klouse; Librarian, O'Dell Gregory; Treasurer, Ralph Sawyer; Prosecuting Critic, Wade Wallace; Reporter, Royall Mumford.

This Society is making many improvements under the administration of its new officers. It has developed several forceful speakers and debaters and the meetings are conducted by the boys of the Cottage. Regular debates are held every Tuesday night and visitors are cordially invited to attend our meetings.

## CONE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Cone Literary Society held its quarterly election of officers at the second meeting in March. The officers were: Joseph Gardner, President; Edgar Laney, Vice-President; Robert Webb, Secretary. James Swaney, Corresponding Secretary; (Jayson Moody was elected as Corresponding Secretary to fill the vacancy when James Swaney was discharged from the institution) George Brady, Treasurer; Elbert Driver, Censor; John Seabrooks, 1st Reporting Critic; Hunter Parker, 2nd Reporting Critic; Morris Lefkowitz,

Reporter and Clayton Houk, Sergeant-at-arms.

This Society is making much progress toward a well-organized and well-developed body of boys. Meetings are held every Monday night and visitors are invited to attend them when visiting the school.

## Gems of Thought.

The lucky man is one who sees and grasps his opportunity.

Misfortunes we cannot prevent are mitigated by resignation.

The finest life lies oft' in doing finely a multitude of unromantic things.

Be not over anxious to obtain relaxation or repose. For he who is so, will get neither.

Responsibility rests on some shoulders--and rests, and rests, and rests.

Wisdom consists in knowing how to use knowledge.

Dry your hay before you pile the stack. Mend the hole before you fill the sack. Beware of ever doing that which you are likely, sooner or later, to repent of having done.

Originality does not consist in saying things absolutely new, or which as one has said before; but in expressing in our own way, from our own mind, what we ourselves have really thought, felt or lived.

Selfish people seek happiness, but I never saw one who obtained it.

The cultivator of the soil may have his fill of good things, but the cultivator of the mind will enjoy a continual feast.

As riches adorn a house, so does an expanded mind adorn and tranquilize the body. Hence it is that the superior man will seek to establish his motives on correct principles.

The greatest forces work quietly. The young person who is going to amount to the most a generation hence is not the one who is making the most fuss about it now.

All the disease of the human race are the result of lack of human knowledge. To know first of all how to think, and afterwards how to eat, drink, breathe, bathe and exercise all are necessary to good health.

Too many young men start out in life facing work and responsibility as a great green dragon. This idea is wrong, and no man will ever know what real happiness is until realizes that all work is useful, honorable and worthy, and that all laziness and idleness is sinful, degrading and disgusting.

"Are you making things or allowing things to 'make' you?"



## WAR NOT WANTED.

The Greensboro News makes the point that not since the war in Europe began has the German government insulted the American flag.

Germany has torpedoed numerous vessels, carrying Americans, but where such loss of life has occurred, the ships thus attacked have not been American ships but have been owned and operated by the enemies of Germany. It may be added that most of the vessels so attacked have been carrying along with passengers, munitions and other supplies for the allied armies.

While not satisfying this country, it must be admitted that Germany has, in the case of every protest, attempted at least, even if feebly so at times, to make amends to the American government.

The case of the Englishman is cited. Several American mule tenders lost their lives when this ship went down. Whether or not the Englishman was resisting or was attacked while standing still is in doubt. One thing is not in doubt, however, and that is that the Englishman was carrying a cargo of horses and mules for the allied armies--a cargo as much of value to an army as a cargo of shot and shells.

On the other hand, however, to this date England and the governments allied with her have not changed their rules one iota. They have not acceded to a single request made from this government. They have politely refused to meet any of the demands made by American government. When the orders in council proclamation was made the United States government protested that this was not a blockade and that any interference with any commerce under its rules would not be legal. Instead of a blockade it is not and has never been anything but a sort of police regulation of certain waters under orders purely of a municipal nature. Since these orders were issued many American cargoes have been seized when destined to neutral ports. The flag of America has been seized by British officials.

American mails have been seized in violation of International Law and when we protested the allied governments have done nothing more than defend their course and announce that their policies would be continued. Only this week the long awaited and frequently requested reply to an American note of protest has reached the state department and while it is not given out in full, it is understood that in this note the

allies refuse to accept the American position altogether, arguing at great length that their course has been legal.

The point is this, those of us who are not pro-British or pro-German or pro-anything save pro-American must recognize from the foregoing facts that both belligerents have violated International Law and there is very little more reason why we should sever relations with one than with the other, and every reason why we should keep hands off unless we are compelled to do otherwise.

In so far as we are concerned we earnestly hope that a way out of the present difficulty with Germany will be found and that war will be prevented.

We do not believe that in the light of the cold facts recited the people of this country feel that the present provocation is sufficient to embroil this nation in the bloodiest and most costly war of all ages.

—Editorial Charlotte News.

## Young Americans Don't Long to Go to Sea Now.

I sometimes wonder, when reading the various schemes for the rehabilitation of our American merchant marine, how the great shore republic thinks that the spirit seamanship is going to be rehabilitated. A merchant marine is far more than a fleet of ships; it is quite as much the men who run them as the ships themselves; but, above all, it is the concrete expression of an extensive maritime impulse and activity in the nation at large. A non-maritime nation may suppose that if it takes the notion so build a fleet of ships, it will have a merchant marine; but nothing could be further from the truth. The ships must compete with the ships of other nations, and for this they must have wise legislation; they must be handled safely and successively, and for this they must have a race of seamen to man them. Wise nautical legislation cannot come out of a non-maritime country; and, as a race of seamen, this is a factor which cannot be created in a day or even in a generation.

In the past we had a splendid race of seamen, but it has now died out; the traditions of the sea have lapsed in those homes where once the sole romantic food for the ambitions of the young. So completely has the era passed by, so alien to our present ways and occupations does it seem, that it is hard for us even to imagine

a day when the major activity of the land was expressed in nautical teams, when old and young lived in a world of shipping, wrapped up in a whole order of duties, affairs and purposes which have now been cast aside. Can such a situation be again brought in full force by any decree of business or desire of democracy? The answer is that it cannot be brought about at all, in the sense of which the country at present conceives the problem if we are to become a maritime people once more, the movement must bring itself about...as it were, through a process of slow and natural growth. To take a few city-bred boys and give them a term on a training ship does not make a seaman of them, and does not tend to attract toward the seafaring profession a body of the most spirited and ambitious young men in the country. It is a grave question if, under present conditions in the nautical world, such a body of young men would ever be attracted toward the seafaring profession. These conditions must first be modified before such a consummation is possible, and this will add still another delay to the normal growth of a sound merchant marine. --Lincoln Colcord, in the North American Review.

## A Thought for the Week.

Never bear more one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds--all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.--Edward Everett Hale.

Amos Whittaker, a miserly millionaire, was approached by a friend who used his most persuasive powers to have him dress more in accordance with his station in life. "I am surprised, Amos," said the friend, "that you should allow yourself to become shabby."

"But I'm not shabby," firmly interposed the millionaire miser,

"O, but you are!" returned his old friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elaborately dressed. His clothes were always finely tailored and of the best material."

"Why," shouted the miser triumphantly, these clothes I've got on were father's!" --London Sketch.

The brave find a home in every land.--Ovid.

Dignity increases more easily than it begins.--Seneca.

## White Lily's Wonderful Easter.

By Grace Boteler Sanders.

"My most wonderful Easter was kept at a fort forty miles from nowhere and without a church or school in sight," remarked grandmother.

We youngsters knew that opening sentence meant a story. Nell threw down her crochet work and made a dive for the stool at grandmother's feet. Niel laid his Latin exercise on the table, and, hands in pockets, sauntered over to the window sill that he might look over the old lady's shoulder.

"When I hear you children grumbling when you are so favorably situated, it makes me think of how we felt when we were obliged to leave our pleasant home with friends and churches and schools, for a home in Kansas, which was then called the woolly West," she continued.

Mother smiled and laid down an old cross which she had been remodeling for her ungrateful daughter, who was none other than myself. She scanned the dear old soul with snowy hair and sunny face, who was like a picture in her white cap and full black gown and ruffled apron. Reverses had come to us, but grandmother was ever a sunshine and a joy. Many times in the last few days she had tried to encourage mother, who had been obliged to deny us luxuries.

Perhaps it was for that reason we were to have a story gleaned from her marvelous collection of gems—the real happenings in the life of a soldier's wife and later his widow. She had been very quiet when she watched us making Easter finery and cutting flowers and carrying plants to the church, which was just across the street. We were anxious to hear what she would say.

"The life of a soldier's wife is like that of a preacher, she must go where she is sent and make no complaint. I knew that when I married Roger, but we had been in Tilton fifteen years and had become a part of the place and people before moving was even mentioned. One winter day the call came to Kansas. Roger left us for seven awful months, then we too received the summons to come. What could we do but pack and go at once?"

"We took everything we had in the way of furniture. We even carried a keg of earth in which I had planted sixteen lily bulbs, which bloomed each Easter and were the admiration of everyone in the vil-

lage. Early one January day we climbed into the car with our furniture and started on a four-hundred-mile trip across the country. The ride was a delightful one."

"It must have been in a freight car," jested Niel. Grandmother laughed.

"We were not accustomed to cushioned autos, and we had never been out of our native State, so everything was lovely," she said. "The train went very slowly, so slow that your mother cried because she could not get the pretty doggie, as she called the deer which came up to the side of the car, when we were lurching, and picked up the crumbs which we threw to it.

"It took us two weeks to make the trip, but we enjoyed it. We had our stove in the car. We cooked meals and baked bread and made trips into the woods and up the hills when the road men were doing construction work. Finally we reached our destination, where your grandfather was waiting with a wagon to take us to the fort, which was forty miles from the railroad. The next day we hauled the goods. He laughed when he saw the old tub, for those lilies were a familiar sight when the spring breezes came, and said, 'That's just like you, Mary. Wherever you go lilies spring.' We enjoyed that ride over the prairie, our goods piled shipshape on big wagons, which were driven by Indian boys. I laugh when I hear you boys talk of the scarcity of rabbits. They fled by us in a frightened, brown procession. Prairie dogs dived into their holes when they saw us coming. At noon father stopped and kindled a fire and gave us our first meal on the prairie. I never tasted anything these days which is half so good. Oh, if I could just have a piece of nice roast vension!"

"Count me in on that," begged Niel.

"I was pretty blue the next morning, but I did not tell the children, who were as happy as little Indians. After things in the house were all in order I invited in a few children who belonged near the fort, and we had school and Sunday school together. The children became as hearty as little pigs. I often think that your mother would have died had it not been for her stay on that wild prairie.

"The Indians were very friendly

at first, but one morning when one of our men was out rounding cattle he shot at a coyote and accidentally killed a young Indian boy. Your father went at once and explained, but they would not accept his apology. The boy was the chief's son; this was a serious offense. They quit coming to the fort. On Christmas day a messenger came with a rattlesnake's skin stuffed with arrows.

"If you don't send your oldest son to be sacrificed as was Kewanee, we will fight you to the finish," he said, and before your grandfather could speak he walked sturdily away. You can imagine how I felt," wailed grandmother. "Kewanee was my oldest, only son."

"Did you kill him, grandmother?" cried Mell, jumping to her feet and standing there, eyes blazing, cheeks aflame. "Oh, what did they do to your poor little boy?"

All of us laughed, for Kewanee was Uncle Edward and Uncle Edward was Nell's father. Nell saw her mistake, and floundered, "Well, what did grandpa do?"

"He stuffed the skin with powder, as the old Puritans had done years ago, and then made ready to fight, but nothing happened. For several weeks the soldiers and their families stayed at the fort. There was no school, no work, no play. Spring was coming. The trees about the place were beginning to bud, and the almanac told the children that Easter was coming. They began to talk of the bunnies' eggs which we had found at home and of Easter lilies and entertainments, and finally, when the other folks didn't say anything, the children grew uneasy. And one day your mother came to me. 'Mother, the Easter lily is about to bloom, and the quarterlies tell us that the glad Easter time is near,' she began. 'When will we celebrate the Christ's resurrection, mother dear?'"

"I was all out of patience. I had been under a nervous strain ever since the trouble, and I snapped, 'I'd like to know how we'd keep Easter away off here, 40 miles from nor where, with Indians all around us—I guess a little child did lead me,'" smiled grandmother, for she looked at me just as innocent.

"Isn't God at the fort the same as he was at home, and haven't we the Easter lily? There will be dozens of them by Easter Sunday. We've plenty of eggs and dye. Why can't we have an Easter entertainment for the Sunday school and a



sermon and a dinner, to which we invite the Indians? They like pale-face cooking. I've heard them say so many a time. We could have an egg hunt--the Indian children would love that--and we could give them a great deal of pleasure.' I was surprised at the child's smartness, but I said, 'They'd expect presents.'

"She was ready for me there." Grandmother gave a low chuckle. "I was looking in the missionary barrel which came last week, and, O mother, it is full of beads and hatchets and hairpins and mirrors. They'd make splendid Easter presents, and maybe if we treat them nicely and tell them about the dear Jesus, who died that we might have peace and happiness, maybe they'd forget their fighting and try to follow Him. O mother, let's try it!"

"I waited. I was impressed, but I didn't know what to say. 'The Indians would be sure to want a dinner,' I objected. 'That would mean lots of work.'

"But all the women at the fort could come, and it's such pretty weather that we could have it out of doors. Let the men get deer and prairie chickens and rabbits, and after we feed them well and give them their presents and have the entertainment, maybe father could get them to sign a peace treaty. Oh, tell father and coax him to try it."

"I told your grandfather, and when I saw that he liked the plan I objected for fear the Indians might come and kill all of us; but he had more bravery and more faith I guess, for he called all the men to gether, and when they agreed, we women began to get ready for that wonderful Easter Sunday. On the day of the hunt the men went to invite the Indians for the dinner. They only grunted and didn't say what they would do, but we went right on with our preparations. We dyed eggs with pokeberry root and pieces of calico and onion skins and clay, and when they were all done, four bushel baskets full, they were as pretty as any I ever saw."

Grandmother paused and looked about the group of eager face. "I'll tell you, Easter in the olden time was fun, if we didn't have all things which you children have," she smiled. "And such a time as the mothers had stewing and haking and boiling! The tables were all made the day before. Very early that Easter morning the fathers and mothers had a service in the chapel, then we went to spread the tables and get everything as nearly ready as possible.

"Oh, how we thought of home when we were setting those tables! We could see the church and hear the singing and the sermons which were offered in honor of the risen King. The sun shone brightly in the blue sky and some birds were singing in the trees within the stockade.

"The day wore slowly on. The rabbits and turkey and deer were roasting. The soldiers wore their uniform of blue and gold, and the children and women their white dresses. Along about noon we saw the procession coming. You should have seen them with their painted faces--they wore full war paint; their necks were hung with bears' claws and necklaces of sea shells. The chief wore his eagle head dress, and all of them had arrows and bows, and even scalp."

"Wouldn't I have liked to have been there with my rifle," boasted Niel. "I would have made a scatterment."

"We did not wish to scatter them. We wished to help them," said grandmother. "We tried to be as pleasant as we could, but they were like so many blocks of wood, and so we set them down to that splendid dinner as soon as we could. How they did eat! Old Red Eye actually smiled. He didn't try to talk. He was too busy stuffing himself. We served them one after another and they ate and ate until they couldn't hold another bit. After dinner we started the egg hunt, and how those old squaws and braves did look when they saw the little brown babies and big boys and girls finding the eggs and filling their little baskets. The men smoked and refilled their pipes and smoked again. Once, twice, three times we heard a cuckoo call, and all the young men looked at old Red Eye, who never budged, so they kept on smoking."

"Was it a signal?" begged Niel. Grandmother only smiled.

"About dusk we invited them into the house. They didn't like to go for fear, I think, of being caught, but we left all the doors open and had all the candles in the place lighted, so after a few minutes they marched in. It did look pretty. We, too, had decorated for Easter"--grandmother looked about the pretty living-room with its books and flowers and birds. "We had wreaths of bitter-sweet berries, which we had gathered in the fall, and bunches of evergreen and artificial holly. We had the dear old lily with its twenty-four blooms, which filled the room with sweetness, and we had paper lilies in

bunches everywhere. The Indians called the white lilies angels. You should have heard them grunt as they touched the petals with their greasy fingers.

"We had organ music, and your grandfather and the boys played on their band instruments. The girls in white dresses sang 'Christ the Lord is Risen To-day,' then Roger talked about the dear Lord, who died that we might live, and how every spring was only a symbol of the death and springing into new life, and when all was over, he said, 'We gave the children Easter eggs as gifts, because we are so glad that the Prince of Peace arose we gave too, in honor of His Resurrection, little gifts to show our gratitude and love for all men'. Their faces didn't even relax, but when your mother handed the hairpins and bead ornaments to the squaws and tucked several in Bright Eyes' shining hair to show her what they were for and held the mirrors before their faces that they might see, the woman grunted and grinned, and when the men received hatchets and more mirrors and beads and toy whistles and pistols, they laughed and whistled and squealed and went about there like a lot of excited children. We had a prayer before they left and immediately after Red Eye came to your grandfather and solemnly handed over his pipe.

"Good man, good squaw, Great Spirit love him. We have peace, be good folks, huh?"

"Roger laughed and shook hands, then we all shook hands, and when Red Eye went to the lily and touched it and said, 'This angel say we shall not fight,' I broke off two and handed them to him. They went away the happiest people you ever saw. The next morning, when I was sweeping up the egg shells and grumbling about the dirt, your mother, who was helping, threw her arms about my neck and began to cry. She cried and cried, until I did not know what to do with her, and finally she told me how she had heard the plot which the Indians had laid massacre all the whites. She knew we didn't have men enough to defend ourselves, and so she had asked God to help her, and immediately after she thought of this plan, and started to carry it out. She was afraid to tell me or her father, for fear we would say it was no use to try, and would fight and be killed.

"After that the Indians came to services every Sunday, and were our best friends, and they acknowledged as well as we, that your mother was

responsible for the splendid state of affairs. So long as we stayed they called her 'White Lily.' "

For three whole minutes after the story was done the children could scarcely realize that the heroine of that far away Easter Day was none other than their gentle, timid little mother.

"Mother," cried Neil, reaching the little woman with a rush and squeezing her tight, "we know you were the best in the world, but we had no idea that you were a hero. Oh, why didn't you tell us of the day when you saved the fort by your bravery?"

"It wasn't brave," confessed mother with a quiver in her voice, "but I had to do something. I was frightened, trembly, all the time, but I kept asking God to help me, and He did."

"Were you afraid?" demanded Neil's disappointed, incredulous voice. The little mother nodded.

"I was but He didn't fail me. I have ask Him many times since that day. 'He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through,' the song says."

"I'll ask Him to help me with the solo I refused to sing. They said the entertainment would be a failure without it, but I said I was afraid," mused Nell.

"I had promised to stay away from church because the boys said I was afraid to play hookey and go fishing," grinned Niel shamefacedly. "I'll tell them that I am afraid to do wrong."

My confession came last. "I just told myself I'd stay away to-morrow because I couldn't have a new hat and dress. It was a happy Easter," she caroled.

"As happy as 'White Lily's Wonderful Easter?'" we cried.

"Much happier," breathed mother and grandmother, in one breath.

### The Man Does Count.

We see men "superseded," as the saying is, by the soulless machine, and are led to wonder if a man is presently to find himself a fifth wheel to every kind of going concern. We hear the hard doctrine preached that no mere creature of flesh and blood is indispensable; and so we are abashed until we put a price mark on ourselves that shows we feel as cheap as dirt. We look round us and we see countless cleverer than we are; more beautiful, more "brainy," more able, casually and as a side issue, in the things of our lifelong specialization. In the

one thing we were proud that we could do we are beaten all to pieces. We look on amazed and see the fingers of another fly over what was a painful exercise for us. All seems spontaneity and inspiration where we drudged. Contrasted with such brilliant fluency and ease our best efforts seem a tallow dip against the arc lamp. If another has the strength of ten, then he takes the place of my poor best and that of nine others who are like me. We are shelved and obsolete. The scrap heap is the place for us. We feel "chilly and grown old;" we are shabby and old-fashioned as a garment out of date. A little while ago we thought well of ourselves; now we cannot think too poorly. The room is taken by our betters. Youth has elbowed old age out of the running.

### THE FOLLY OF EXCUSES.

Have no use for excuses for not doing a thing---there is no excuse for excuses. They weaken character; they make a person after awhile a walking apology instead of a man who has a right to hold up his head and walk fearlessly and have his word count in council.

The world has no use for a weakling with a ready tongue for excuses, but unwilling hands for work. The best word of advice I could give a young man starting out in business is, avoid the necessity for the first excuse. Master the first task that is given you, and the next---don't let them master you.---American Printer.

Muscularity has overpowered weakness; the victor's laurel has gone to the loudest shouter and the tightest fist.

It is easy to sink into a mood of pessimism if we try to rate our own performance in the world. A morbid self-scrutiny finds us null and void. We are unprofitable servants. In our abasement we heap dust and ashes on our heads and utter howls and mournful imprecations by way of a fruitless penance for our sins and shortcomings. But a true penitence will move rather than grieve. "If it could weep it could arise and go." The man does count, he has his place, his life is worth while and his presence makes a difference. Let him not think that if he won't and isn't somebody else will and is. He is wanted in his proper person. The ages hold out their hands to him and the future appeals. If he lies down in the traces the contagion of dis-

couragement spreads and panic may seize an army. The work he can do or the place he can fill is all his own.

A correspondent who wrote that "somewhere behind the rumbling of your huge presses there must be a big heart" perhaps brought more of a stimulus to better effort than he realized. No man relishes the thought that he is a cog in a machine--and no man ever is that soulless, senseless thing. "A man's a man for a' that." The line of Burns is better read with the emphasis thrown upon the last word. And since he is a man, no creature of his own hands shall supplant him. "Things never yet create things;" the animate must continue to rule the inanimate to the end of days. What you wear upon your back, or carry in your pocket, or have in your house is not the friend you are. Your possessions will never put you out of business when it comes to another's need of a compassionate understanding. Nothing but your living, sentient self will do. People in nowise clever have had the genius of sympathy that has made them not simply wanted, but altogether indispensable. They never shot off an epigram in their lives. They do not set the table in a roar with witty sallies. They take and give the refuge of quiet; they are the "balm of hurt minds;" they sustain far more than they create; there is no arresting originality about them. But they make themselves loved because they are human and because they live for the difference there is between humanity and a machine.---Phila. Public Ledger.

### He Was Wise.

He had been calling on her twice a week for six months, but had not proposed. He was a wise young man and didn't think it necessary.

"Ethel," he said, as they were taking a stroll one evening "I---er---an going to ask you an important question."

"Oh, George," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden. Why I---"

"What I want to ask is this," he interrupted: "What date have you and your mother decided upon for our wedding?"---Detroit Saturday Night.

"Well, sonny, did you take your dog to the doctor next to your house, as I suggested?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did he say?"

"E said Towser was suffering from nerves, so Sis had better give up playin' the pianner."---Tit-Bits.



## The Open Door.

An intensely interesting event took place at Tokio, during the Russo-Japanese war when Admiral Togo was summoned before the Japanese Admiralty just prior to the victory of the Sea of Japan. The Admiral came to receive instructions as to the forth-coming conflict then very imminent. The ranking member of the Board discoursed for three solid hours referring to charts and going into the minutest details of maneuvers for the benefit of his attentive listener. Through it all the Admiral asked no question. At its conclusion, Togo said, "Yes, Sir."

Imagine the surprise of the naval officials when they realized that the man was so prepared and had so absorbed the subject that it was unnecessary for him to seek further light!

For Togo, this occasion spelt opportunity, not emergency. Thus did the call of duty find him prepared for the task of the hour! Of individual preparedness, history records no finer example. Yet, who can doubt that in "line upon line, precept upon precept" through years of patient acquisition he had fitted himself to be master of that moment when his name was to be placed upon the roll of the great naval commanders of the world; that each day had added its increment of efficiency so that he was fully prepared for the opportunity of victory when the time came and the hour had struck?

Life presents a succession of opportunities to the man of alert mind and open vision. If a man misses or murders this chance or that, he yet is able to turn a temporary defeat into a greater, grander victory than were possible before. To brood over the earlier disaster but unfits him for preparation to meet the fresh demands of the present hour; and out of the heart rending process of readjustment to un-toward conditions there comes the power to create on the sure foundations of resolve, the structure of a nobler, broader and better future.

It is inspiring to realize that in the theatre of the world there are abundant instances where out of the crucible of defeat have come forth those elements of manhood which meet and command success. It is a dramatic story that the history of such lives reveals. It embraces all ages and conditions of men.

Then, in defeat, there is a great boon in the analysis of cause of failure, without sentimentality, and in

a correct estimate of one's own responsibility for failure. Often it is evident that owing to a false understanding a fancied ability mistaken, as the avenue of opportunity in a desired direction, when the real talent, then latent, is discovered only in the hour of disaster. Truly, "Sweet are the uses of adversity" for it is then that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." And God's opportunity is ours!

And so it is happening again and again that men are rising upon the ruins of the past by making of their dead selves "stepping stones to higher things. And by forgetting the past as a deterrent to the usefulness of the present, as the Apostle Paul, said, one must "lay aside every weight" and press ever onward "toward the mark, the prize of our high calling."

Yet often, under such circumstances the superficial judgement of the well-meaning condemns the man as calous to the wrong inflicted and the sorrow and suffering he had caused. Could anything be farther from the truth or unjust? Does not his only chance to atone lie in grasping and holding the God-given power to meet the opportunity of the present hour with constant, consecrated, watchful activity so that he may truly make up "for frailties past and gone?" And thus, and thus only, does strength succeed weakness!

As surely is it true of opportunity as Maeterlinck said of happiness, that it is seldom absent, but it is we who fail to see it. And as in the "Blue Bird" the thought is beautifully unfolded regarding happiness so is it equally applicable to opportunity that it is knocking at our door, here and now, and yet we, bent upon the non-existent problem of the future, do not hear the sound. Can such a thing be, you say? Yes, a thousand time yes! And from the chancel of the holy of holies of the soul peals forth the majestic words of that ancient hymn of the church as it resounds through the aisles of heavenly harmony:

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform:  
He plants his footstep on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

In this aspect, the door of the penitentiary opens up a grand vista of opportunity and the very bolts and bars become but blessing in disguise, as a new understanding liberates the soul into a nobler interpre-

tation of life. And this life upon the day of our release what wonder may it not accomplish?

The present hour, then, is vitality important as an opportunity and as a preparation for larger opportunity. Longfellow knew this when he gave forth his bugle call for preparedness: "Act, act in the living present!" And so it often happens that we rear the noblest monument of existence as a living memorial to our old suicide selves, as did that grand ruined Oscar Wilde when in the filthy England prison he penned for the world of the coming years that inspired Ballad of Reading Goal, which will ever be a beacon light to the blighted brother battling against the waves of misfortune and rising superior to them. The toiler rises and reaches his haven and entering at the door of opportunity, which ever swings wide open for him, he finds within a life of beauty, of strength and of conquest over the shattered old remnants of misspent time and sordid sense.

To-day is our opportunity. The ticking second points up the path to the open door as surely as it tells of the passing hour. Delay is fatal! The use of the present moment is what counts.— Good Words.

Many children are so crammed with everthing, says Everybody's, "that they really know nothing. In proof of this read these veritable specimens of definition written by public school children:

"Stability is taking care of a stable."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Monastery is the place for monks."

"Tocsin is something to do with getting drunk."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"Canibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible."

"Anatomy is the human body, which consists of thee parts, the head the chist and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five — a, e, i, o and u, and sometimes w and y."

The character is like white paper — if once blotted it can hardly ever be made to appear as white as before. One wrong step often stains the character for life.—Hawes.



## Motto for a Home.

*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. To its decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being is subdued to that service. The 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. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit so much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgment have lost their sting inside this door. Those who come seeking to continue the harmony which these two have won are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome if it brings the joy which these two would learn. Age, is welcome, it will teach them tenderness.---Arthur H. Gleason.*

### The Burden of Effort

A medical man who lectured recently in Philadelphia made the interesting announcement that proper medical treatment will cure children of lying. When the blood circulates freely, and when the brain cells are properly nourished, the child will instinctively tell the truth.

Whether correct or not, the statement is wholly in accord with the modern tendency to seek a cure for all moral diseases in science or in law. The sense of responsibility seems to have become too heavy for human souls to bear. We are forever asking, and forever offering, avenues of escape from it. A well-known professor of psychology complains with some asperity that parents bring uncontrolled, or imperfectly controlled, children to his laboratory to be "made good." They tell him that their boy lies, or steals, or ill-treats his little brothers and sisters, or is passionate and revengeful. They cannot cure him of his faults. What can science do? When the professor says that science can do nothing without the lad's active and persevering co-operation, they shake their heads despondently. He has never been trained to self-discipline. His impulses are strong, his will is weak. They fear he will not "try."

Everywhere the same system is at work, with the same results. If a little child falls into a temper, we are bidden to distract his attention. Something bright to catch his eye, something gay to win his ear, something droll to divert his fancy. He will soon "forget to scream." If a boy at school makes no progress with his lessons, find out what he likes to do and set him at it. He may be reluctant to read or write, but greatly enjoy experimental chemistry. He may refuse to learn his

multiplication table, but listen attentively to stories about wild animals. If a young man at college finds lectures irksome, it is a sure sign, that, for him, lectures are unprofitable. Why waste his time in an enforced attendance!

The deliberate ignoring of the will power affects lawmaking as well as education. We are told that the only cure for drunkenness is prohibition; that the only moral safeguard for working girls is a minimum wage law; that the only cure for war is a reduction of armaments. Those are valuable aids to the weak, no doubt; but the strong do not need them, and we should all be strong. To that end we should remember and proclaim that self-control is the foundation of character, that effort is the road to achievement. Truth, to be of value, must mean a deliberate rejection of falsehood. Lesson, to be of service, must be learned because they are avenues to knowledge. Soberness and morality are worth the struggle they cost. An idiot we hedge in from harm, but the prize of intelligence is freedom. The circumstances of life neither make nor mar the free man; they prove him what he is. "The kingdom of God is within."—The Youth's Companion.

### The Secret of Power.

Man is a transformer of energy. This energy plays through him. In degree he can control it, manipulate it, use it, transmit it. And the secret of being good transmitter is to allow motion to equal emotion.

To be healthy and sane and well and happy you must work with your hands as well as your head. The cure for grief is motion. The receipt for strength is action. To have a body that is free from disease and toxins you must let motion equal emotion.

Love for love's sake creates a current so hot that it burns out the fuse.

But love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry, and work is divine and beneficent beyond words. That is, love is an inward emotion, and if stifled, thwarted, and turned back upon itself tends to gloom, melancholy, brooding, jealousy, rage, disease, death,

But love that is liberated in human effort attracts love; so a current is created and excess emotion is utilized for the good not only of the beloved, but of the race. Art is the utilization of love's exhaust.

The love that lasts is a trinity-- I love you because you love the things that I love.

A lover out of a job is a good man for a girl to avoid.

Safety lies in service. All emotion that takes the form of ecstasy with no outlet in the way of work is dangerous. This way horror lies. Emotion without motion tends to madness and despair. Expression must equal impression. If you study you must also create, write, teach, give out. If great joy has come to you, pass it along, and thus do you double it are the steward of the gifts the gods have given you, and you answer for their use with your life. Do not obstruct the divine current. The college that imparts knowledge, but supplies no opportunity for work is faculty in the extreme. A school that does not supply work as well as facts is false in theory and wrong in practice. Its pupils do not possess health, happiness, or power, except on a fluke.

Emotion balanced by motion eliminates death tissue and preserves sanity. For lack of motion congestion follows. All sickness comes from a failure to make motion balance emotion. Impress and express; inhale and exhale; work and play; study and laugh; love and labor; exercise and rest. Study your own case and decide to get the most out of life. Sickness, unhappiness, ignorance, all tend to inefficiency. And inefficiency is a sin.

Realize that you are a divine transformer. Make motion equal emotion and you will eliminate fear, round out the centure run, and be efficient to the last. And to live long and well is to accept life in every phase ---even death itself---and find it good. ---Elbert Hubbard.

"In Nuremburg before the war eight hundred workmen were employed in making lead soldiers and lead toys. They turned out about 100,000 lead soldiers a day."



## Curious Little Andorra.

For 1,100 years since its foundation as a republic in 805 (and no one knows for how many centuries before that), curious little Andorra has gone its own strange way utterly oblivious to the progress of other nations of Europe. It had its own idea of the meaning of life, and it lives according to that. A traveler entering the republic to-day will find it exactly as it was 1,000 years ago.

It is a republic which has never achieved anything in its long and vague history; a republic which has never produced a page of literature nor a bar of music nor a painting; a republic which has never had a place in the councils of Europe and has never asked for one; a nation which has never produced ambitious men.

Andorra consists of six counties and boasts about a dozen towns. Its entire population is 5,000 souls.

The chief occupation of the people of Andorra is cattle raising, and thousands upon thousands of cows may be seen browsing in the rich pastures yet it has never occurred to Andorrans to milk these cows, and butter and milk are unknown in the republic. Dairy products are non-existent. The only cheese made is that from the milk of sheep. Visitors find it impossible to procure milk or cream for their coffee. Andorrans themselves use brandy instead and think it better than anything else in coffee.

In 805 Louis the Debonair laid siege to the city Urgel, which is to the south of Andorra. The Andorras, led by Marc Almagaver, took up arms to aid the French, and for their assistance Louis gave them a charter and permitted them to be self governing.

As it now exists it is the smallest republic in the world. It is situated in the Pyrenees between France and Spain. It is about eighteen miles wide and sixteen miles long from north to south. It is difficult of access, as there is not a single railroad running through or near it.

Its capital is Andorra la Viella, with a population of 500 and containing the Casa de la Vall, or house of representatives. This is a large sixteenth century building at the extremity of the town, overlooking the valley toward Spain. It is parliament house, town hall, school, palace of justice and hotel for the councilors all in one. It is also used as a temporary prison in the rare cases when a prison is necessary. Crime in Andorra is practically un-

known. The only Andorrans suffering imprisonment are the smugglers of tobacco caught by the French or Spanish custom officers, and these are not looked upon as malefactors by their fellow citizens. Smuggling is regarded as a legitimate trade.

There is no police department and no police. Every citizen has the power to arrest, but this privilege is rarely used.

The territory was once densely wooded and is said to derive its name from the Moorish Aldarra, "the place thick with trees," but almost all the forests have been destroyed for fuel. The climate is generally cold, with very severe winters. The land is chiefly devoted to grazing for the numerous flocks and herds. But on the southern slopes it is carefully cultivated and produces grain, potatoes, fruit and tobacco. The local industries are the most primitive kind and show little or no advance since the middle ages.

The only roads are bridle paths, with the exception of one municipal road connecting Andorra with the high road to Seo de Urgel and Manres by way of the Balira valley.

Andorra is perhaps the truest democracy in the world. There is no nobility, and there is no class distinctions. All men are equal, not only in the eyes of the law but in the fullest sense of the word. The first citizen of the land, the president, is a farmer.

The republic is governed by twenty-four representatives, elected every four years. These representatives choose one of their number as president of the republic. His salary is 80 pesetas, or \$20. Representatives get 10 pesetas, or \$2.50 a year.

There is no such thing as poverty in Andorra. Everyone has enough and has no desire for any more. Though they are hard drinkers, cases of intoxication are very rare. They speak their own language, Andorran, but French is taught at the schools. The school system is regulated by the French, and for this service Andorra pays annually to the French government 900 francs, or \$180. From this it may be seen that taxation is very low. Doctor's services are absolutely free, and drug stores supply their patrons without charge.

Andorrans drink a great deal, and they are untidy in their personal appearance. But they are extremely honest, and theft is unknown in the country. Though descended from an ancient race, they are not good

looking. Their faces are hard and uncomely, but that is because their lives are hard. The women work beside the men in the field, and feminine leisure and paint and powder are unknown.—New York Sun.

## The Road to Grumbletown.

'Tis quite a safe and easy road  
That leads to Grumbletown,  
And those who wish can always find  
A chance to journey down.

'Tis customary for the trip  
To choose a rainy day—  
When weather's fine one's not so apt  
To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until  
You come to Sulky Stile,  
Where travelers often like to rest  
In silence for a while.

And then cross over Pouting Bridge,  
Where Don't Care Brook flows  
down,

And just a little way beyond  
You come to Grumbletown.

From what I learn, this Grumbletown  
Is not a pleasant place;  
One never hears a cheerful word,  
Or sees a smiling face.

The children there are badly spoiled  
And sure to fret and tease,  
And all the grown-up people, too,  
Seem cross and hard to please.

The weather rarely is just right  
In this peculiar spot;  
'Tis either raining all the time,  
Or else too cold or hot.

The books are stupid as can be;  
The games are dull and old;  
There's nothing new or nothing nice  
In Grumbletown, I'm told.

And so I've taken pains, my dears,  
The easiest road to show,  
That you may all be very sure  
You never, never go!

—Exchange.

A visitor in the South had started out early one morning to see the sun rise from the top of a neighboring hill, when she met an old negro woman walking briskly toward her with a basket of clothes balanced on her head.

"Why, aunty," asked the visitor, "where are you going so early?"

"Lawdy, missy, Ise done been where Ise gwine."

"Are you a plain cook?"

"I suppose I could be purtier, mum."—Boston Transcript.

## Crows.

The crow is a social being and a lover of his home. The adult crow is seldom seen alone. After the young crow mates he does not change his residence. Early in April the crows begin to build the new nests of the community and to repair the old ones. The nests are composed of a scaffolding of dry branches and a bed of grass or leaves, bark and roots. The materials are cemented together with clay and the finished nest is lined with wool, fur, hair or moss. Each nest contains from 3 to 6 greenish-blue eggs spotted with olive green. The female alone sits, the male forages for the family. Nothing in bird nature is more remarkable than the devotion of the parent crow. The community mounts guard over the nest until the young are ready for flight. After the young birds have left the nest the different communities or tribes domiciled in the same region assemble with every evidence of systematic organization. Their meetings are held before the dawn and the meeting place is a deserted spot where perfect secrecy can be observed. During the session many distinctly different cries are heard, and in them naturalists find the rudiments of a language. The parley ended, crow scouts scour the country, presumably to make sure that the way is safe, and a little later the tribes set out to forage for the first meal of the day. Toward the middle of the day the foragers collect in groups, seek shelter, and rest and sleep, hidden in the leafage of the tall trees. Their sleep over, they set out again and forage and feed until evening, when they assemble for the night parley. In the midst of the debate the chatter ceases suddenly, and in silence, with infinite caution, the scouts set out to reconnoiter for the night. Assured of safety, the individuals of the different tribes wing their silent flight to their nocturnal hiding places.

The search for food is the crow's chief business, although his love for glittering things causes him to wander from his ordered road when attracted by the gleam of some object at a distance. If the object of his curiosity can be transported, he steals it.

After his young family leaves the nest the gross cravings of a greedy appetite rule his life. Carrion is his preferred delicacy, but worms and all insects are acceptable, as well as the little animals of the fields. Six and seven field mice have been found

**Let a man's labor be proportioned to his needs. For he who works beyond his strength does but add to his cares and disappointments. A man should be moderate even in his efforts.**

in the stomach of one crow killed in a cornfield. Nothing is more delicately modest than the demeanor of the crow when nut-picking. He passes over the branches of the trees, treading his way carefully and in silence. Having cut the nut from its stem with beak and claw, he runs away to some hidden place where he can eat it undisturbed.

The crow is easily tamed, but the work demands patience. Many crows talk as distinctly as parrot. Pliny the elder notes a case where a crow alighted in the Forum and saluted the Emperor Tiberius and his two sons, calling them by name.---Harper's Weekly.

**Live Above the Things That Hurt.**

Do you remember the griefs of your childhood? Very few, you answer. Why is this? It is not because as you grew older you changed your point of view, you accepted new and different ideals, you became absorbed in different interests, and so forgot the sufferings that at the time seemed unbearable. Now, dear reader; I want to make this lesson as practical as possible; therefore, I must say, start right in this moment, to live above the things that hurt. No matter what has happened through your ignorance, or that of others: no matter how hard or bitter has been the suffering, you can forget it. You can displace the pictures of evil with others that are fair and beautiful. But first of all you must forgive those who have caused you suffering. You must forgive yourself, if need be, and when you have done this, that is, when you have taken away, banished from your mind the sting of the memory, you will be able to fill your mind with happier thoughts. You will see yourself in a larger, better light, and begin to realize the childishness of holding a grudge, or of thinking how someone has wronged you. "But," I hear you say, "how can I help it, when I seem to be in the midst of it all the time?"

In this way, dear reader you can deliberately speak and sing words of praise and thanksgiving. What for, you ask? Why, for the very privilege of correction this condition. Is

it not something to be thankful for that you have the privilege of conquering inharmony; of changing the unlovely into the lovely? Is it not worth while to thank God that He has made you able to be master of your moods and feeling?

I am sure that you will think so when you have tried it.

There is never a day but what you can give thanks for the blessings that day has brought you. There is never an hour that you cannot sing a praise song. This will be the way by which you can enter into a new life, and become a new creature. You will no longer be lonely and misunderstood, but you will be radiant and joyous, and angel of sunshine to everybody around you. Life will bring to yourself all that means harmony and happiness. Life will mean love and brightness as it should. Try this, brother, and see if you are not blessed.

**Human Failings That Keep Men Out of a Job.**

In the American Magazine is an interesting article by Hugh S. Fullerton entitled 'Getting and Holding a Job.' In it we are told about new scientific methods used by advanced concerns for determining the fitness of prospective employees.

"The chief reasons workers do not hold their jobs," says Mr. Fullerton, "lie in lying, drinking vicious habit, laziness. But two other classes are responsible for a large percentage of office changes. These are the shifters and the wanderers.

"The shifters are the fellows who are dissatisfied with any job after they have held it for a time and those who have not yet discovered their proper places. These are not wanted anywhere.

"The wanderers are a smaller class of restless ones who move from city to city. They are tramps of business, like the now extinct tramp painter. The class is larger than anyone outside business would imagine. Some of the cards on record at some of the offices where the Employers' Advisos idea obtains show that men have worked in Yokohama, Sydney, Singapore, London, New York, Denver, San Francisco and Chicago in six years, and the expect, glancing over such a card, merely says, 'What is the use? He will be in Boston or Tierra del Fuego next year.'"

The illustration which solves one difficulty by raising another settles nothing.---Horace.









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Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt

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# THE UPLIFT

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April, 1916.

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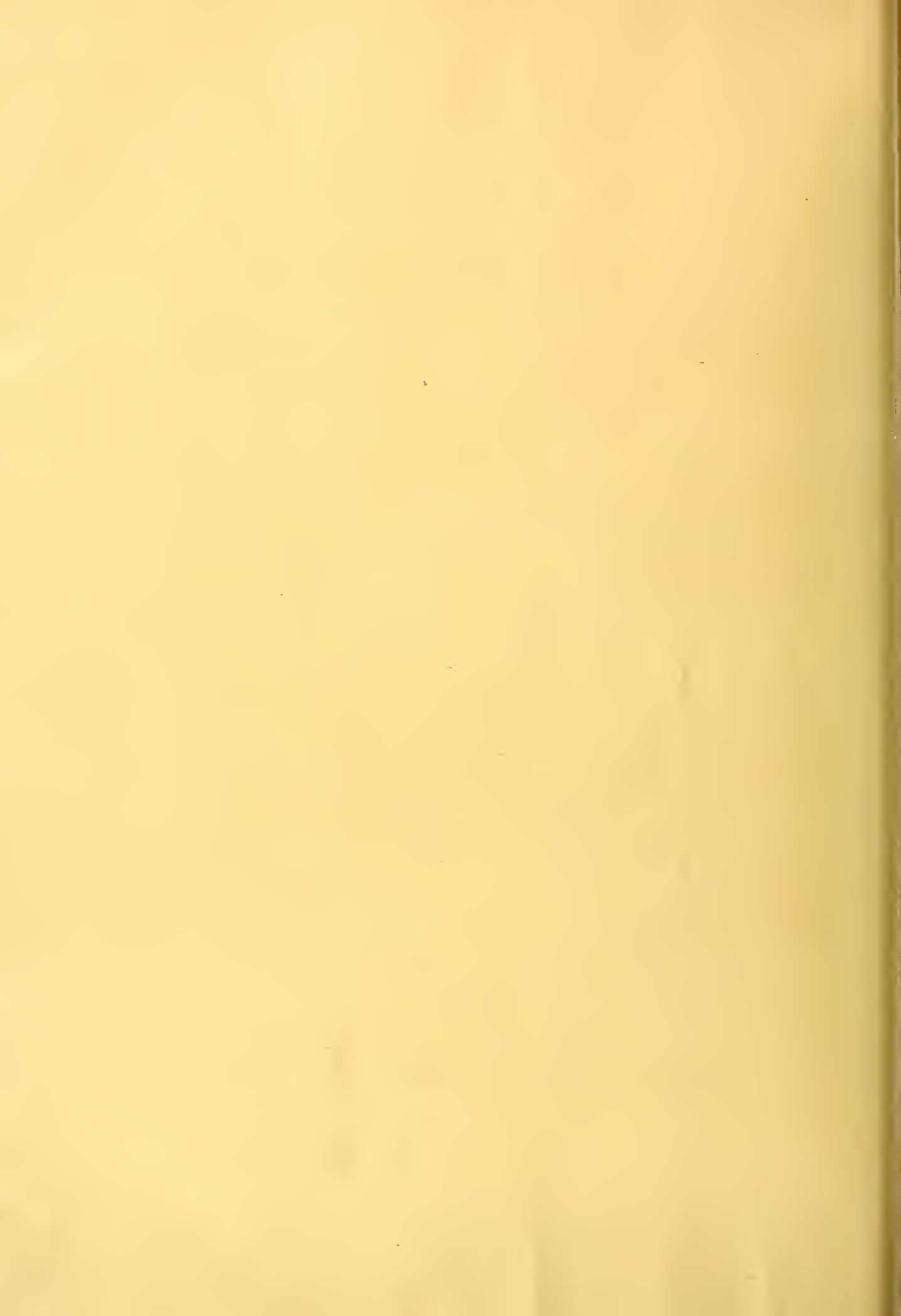
Fragment of the Rock of Ages.

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend, who will stand firm when others fail; in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.

---Dean Stanley.



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# THE UPLIFT.

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CONCORD, N. C., APRIL, 1916

No. 12



HON. OLIVER MAX GARDNER.

See Next Page.



## Hon. Oliver Max Gardner.

### Social Hunger.

State Senator O. Max Gardner, of Shelby, Cleveland County, North Carolina, is one of the state's best friends. He is a friend of the state because nothing can be proposed for the advancement of the state's best interest, for the relief of suffering, for the curing of ills and the strengthening of the educational forces that does not win, at once, his able and enthusiastic support.

The subject of this sketch is a native of Cleveland county, the son of Dr. O. P. and Margaret Gardner. He dates his first appearance in the affairs of his neighborhood from March 22, 1882, and since that good day his presence has been felt, for there is nothing in his physical and mental make-up that tolerates a negative attitude, but is a force that is always active and takes a stand on all matters most positive. He is a B. S. graduate of the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Raleigh, of which he is a devoted trustee. As an athlete, he became recognized at an early age. He was Captain of the football team at the A. & M. and afterwards of the team at the University of North Carolina where he took up his law course. The other side of his life was just as enthusiastically cultivated, for there went to him during his college days two medals that indicate native ability and no little culture, these being the debater's medal and the orator's medal. Following his graduation, Mr. Gardner for two years was Instructor in Chemistry at the A. & M. College.

Mr. Gardner was a member of the State Senate of the General Assemblies of 1911 and 1915, of the latter he was President-Protem, having been nominated in caucus by unanimous vote. During the session it fell to him to often preside. He did it smoothly, firmly, with eminent fairness and fine dispatch.

Senator Gardner is a lawyer; and in this honored profession he has risen to that stage where he is regarded one of the state's most successful practitioners. But his devotion to the law does not shut him out from taking a lively interest in other matters, which are laudable and which appeal to all men with good, rich red blood. Since arriving at manhood, Mr. Gardner has all the time taken a deep interest in political matters, and has always been an enthusiastic worker in the Democratic party, being at this

time a member of the State Democratic Executive Committee.

No man has risen more rapidly, politically, in North Carolina. His genial disposition, his open, frank dealings with all men, his strong friendship, his attractive personality and his marked ability draw men to him, and carry him gracefully into new-made acquaintances. Just recently, without opposition, he was declared the nominee of the Democratic party for the position of Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina. Not having the data at hand to guarantee a certainty, so far as the list extends, it is safe to say that during the past fifty years he is the youngest man to be honored by the people of the state in being named the nominee of his party for Lieutenant-Governor.

The day before last Thanksgiving Day, while enroute to Richmond where he started to witness the annual Virginia-Carolina Football game, Senator Gardner suffered a serious and almost fatal injury in a collision that occurred between two trains at Salisbury. For quite a while his life hung by a slender thread. His strong physique, his great nerve, aided by skilled and brilliant surgical attendance, contributed to his recovery, to the great rejoicing of thousands throughout the state who had learned to love him, and other thousands who applauded a brave and determined fighter. Senator Gardner, while he has not yet regained all his strength from the long and debilitating suffering through which his serious injuries forced him, is practically at himself again, has thrown away his crutches, looks bright out of the eye, has regained his fine, young spirit, walks erect, is full of hope and good cheer---again every inch a man.

The very best act of his life was when he won and married, Nov. 6, 1908, Miss Fay Lamar Webb, daughter of Judge James L. Webb. This union has been blessed by three children.

The future seems bright with promises for this brilliant young North Carolinian, whom thousand just call "Max" (and you know who is meant); a very fine representative of the many very fine people of a very wonderful county---Cleveland.

Years come to us in days, and the day's burden is always bearable.

—Garrett.

A Chicago paper has coined or found the happily descriptive phrase, "the socially hungry." It does not refer, as one might suppose, to the "climbers,"---socially ambitious people who are always seeking the society of those richer or more prominent than themselves,---but persons who, in the daily relations of life, long for more courtesy than they usually receive, and for "the touch of a friendly hand."

Civilization has taught mankind a universal pity for hunger. Even the most methodical member of the scientifically conducted charitable organization will take real money out of his pocket and give it to a man whom he knows to be hungry. We have not yet learned that there is a hunger of the soul no less poignant and harder to satisfy.

It is not uncommon to hear some one say, "Smith is all right at any other time, but during business hours he's a shark." Smith may not know the estimation in which he is held. Very likely if he did he would feel complimented. He does not understand that the brusqueness of manner which his concentration breeds may have sent some one away hungry.

A prominent business man was accosted on the street by a boy who wanted to know where the public library was. The man went a little out of his way to show him, and as they walked, drew the boy out in conversation. He found that he wanted a book on electricity, went with him to the library, and saw that he got it. The little act of courtesy proved to be the means of starting the boy on a road that led him away from the street corner and "gang" and finally landed him in a good technical school.

The busy life of the city is full of such opportunities, and probably richer than is generally known in just such incidents; but the supply never outruns the demand. The social hunger is only a longing for a recognition of the personality; an admission of the claim which the humblest has upon the most exalted; a desire which finds its best answer in the command, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."—Ex.

"Give three reasons for saying the earth is round," confronted Sandy in an examination paper.

"My teacher says it's round, and the book says it's round, and a man told me it was round."



# The Successful Minister

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL OWEN.

The pursuit of success is like the pursuit of the end of the distant rainbow, an endless quest that never finds its goal. Of course we were taught when we were children that if a man in this life attained to a modicum of fame, a fair fortune and a hint at newspaper notoriety, such a man had been successful. So we have had our tired minds harrowed and our own wan spirits distraught by the search after success. Has not much of our personal thinking and planning been just a joining of the chase for the quarry of success? We are jaded today from much following the trail. We are panting on the dusty highway, and the scent, now fresh, now cold, challenges us to pursue ever, though fainting. Hopeless we rest, lured on by the chance of victory. Other fellow-huntsmen have won the chase, we are quite sure, and so the bedraggled body and the fagged brain still are hunting for means to become successful in our life's calling.

## WHAT IS REAL SUCCESS IN THE MINISTRY.

I venture to suggest that we change the future from that of a hound pursuing his quarry to that of the game pursuing the hound. Real success ever seeks for the successful man. For one to have succeeded does not mean, as is the world's account, that he has reached some goal or some ambition in life. Success means that life, fame, happiness, work, responsibility, usability, position, friendship, opportunity have sought out that candidate whom success wishes to honor. The successful man is the man who is sought after most by the things that make for success. Eternal qualities, abiding goodness and unmistakable godliness seem always to crystalize about a real man, in any calling or in any clime. The successful minister is not only successful during his pastorate, but there is a residuum to his life when he goes from one church at the behest of another. There is ever a deposit of his abiding qualities when he has left one field for another. There is a "survival value" when he has left the hunting grounds where the chase was hot to live in the happy hunting grounds after the chase is won. Jess Willard, the champion heavyweight pugilist, seems to be an estimable citizen as

far as the rules for decency apply. He has won wealth, notoriety and distinction in his line. But no one could say that he is a successful man. His failure is much like that of the man who was condemned to the hot flames of hell, but because he had once kicked a dog out of the mire and thus done a good deed his righteous foot was immune from the flames. These things of the champion do not affect a man's success. A preacher may have secured all of the prominent pastorates of his day and order, he may have been receiving the largest salary among his confreres for a quarter of a century; he may have been showered with all the honors of universities, and may have been recognized on the floor of conventions regardless of what lesser light may have been entitled to the floor. But none of these things have made him a successful minister. If he has pride rather than poverty of spirit, if he has gold rather than goodness, dignity rather than deeds, leadership without love, and honors without humility, this preacher has become a grinning ghastly dead-head rather than the glowing, virile human minister he might have been. If men fear him because he rules with a mace they are happy when his so-called successful pastorate has ended, and they seek for a quiet man that cannot do the work quite so well, but whose hounds of success are ever pursuing, though maybe never reaching their goal.

## THE LORDS OF THE CLOTH.

The lords of the cloth walk stealthily at conventions, never thinking to make a motion, but seconding all that other men make, and seeking to ride on the trailing wave of a "seconder" to the artful cabals of a committee room. There they sit about making intrigue to get rid of one pastorate through the plaint of a sick wife in order to land in another pastorate, all the while exploiting their lordship in the kingdom of the cloth rather than practicing the gentle art of exemplifying the secrets of the triumphant disciple of the cross along the highways of the kingdom of God--the lords of the cloth, whom all of us feign to their faces to look upon as successful men, and whom we know have begun the endless rounds of

humdrum pastorates! The best service of friendship we might show to them would be to deflate their balloons, or challenge them to talk with some wastrel of a woman who is dying with a wail of hopelessness in her heart. Maybe we could serve them best with our friendship if we took them to a quiet corner and asked them to tell us the story of their early childhood when as lads they had taught their parents to read and write. The lords of the cloth are more like unto puffer fish than like those who have attained to success.

## THE TRUMPETING PULPITEER.

The much abused word pulpiteer does not mean a great master of the pulpit. It is always used in contempt of the flashy preacher who peddles his platform ability to the crowds for the cheap ware of popularity that they have for sale. To be sure, our worthy preachers are the strongest men we have in the pulpit, and they always will be so. Preaching after all, is the function of the preacher. Every preacher ought to want great crowds to attend his preaching, but he is unworthy of the kingdom if he assumes the role of a demagogic pulpiteer to get the crowds. I have known men to come to churches with a brilliant repertoire of sermons and a scintillant personality. They would carry their churches by storm. They would receive 200 to 400 new members in a single year. I say I have known them. I know them now, these trumpeting pulpiteers who gloss over the eyes of the community with the thin veneer of superficiality, and when the right call comes, off they scamper---scamper is well chosen, my dear reader ---to rehearse the same series of sermons, tell the same "hair raisers," befuddle their folks in the same sophorisms, for the next average pastorate of two years or so. Not all short pastorates are to be condemned. Many who receive hundreds annually are the best sons of the kingdom, but this is a story of the pulpiteer who blows only his own trumpet. And the pulpiteer is not the successful preacher.

## WHO, THEN, WILL SURVIVE THE DOGS OF SUCCESS?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart;  
Who had not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,  
He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah  
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

---Watchman-Examiner.



## THE RUNAWAY HOUSE

The house was moving; Jim Dutton could not doubt it. He had known the house to shake and tremble under the fierce gales that sometimes swept across the lake, but now it was swaying with a regular, rhythmical motion. And outside, the wind was howling. It was an old house,—very small,—hardly larger than a huge packing case, and set on broad, low runners. It was a cross between a house boat and an ice yacht; perhaps, since it lacked sail and engine, you might call it more accurately an ice-house boat. Within, it was a marvel of compactness; along one side were two narrow bunks, one above the other; opposite them was a hinged table; a narrow door was at one end and an oil stove at the other; boxes of provisions stood in the corners; a coffee pot, a kettle, a frying pan, and cups hung from hooks; a three-legged stool stood near the stove; a lantern hung from the roof; in the wall over the table was a narrow window. Everything was almost within arm's reach.

In the floor directly below the lantern was a trap door. Dutton had built the little hut for ice fishing; through the trapdoor, when it was set over a hole in the ice, he could fish comfortably, protected from wind and cold. He generally brought a companion with him, and one or the other of them could watch from the window the little flags that marked their other lines. On this trip he had Jerry Plummer, his young neighbor, with him.

The gale had sprung up with scarcely a warning puff. When the two weary fishermen had climbed into their bunks the night had been dark and still. So it remained for hours—until after midnight, in fact. Then suddenly the wind came tearing fiercely out of the northwest. On the hills the bare trees bent before it; it raced furiously across the smooth ice, and catching the house boat with a rushing, seemed to lift it an inch or two. The wedges that held the broad runners gave a little, and the house moved slowly forward. One runner rode obstacle in its path; the other pushed its wedge aside. The motion of the house increased as the wind gained in power; before the house lay a great stretch of ice, clear of snow.

Jim Dutton, stirring uneasy in the lower bunk, had become vaguely aware that something was amiss. He had raised himself on one elbow

and rubbed his eyes; then he sat up. He noticed the unusual rhythmical swaying of the house; and mingled with howl of the gale and the roaring of the timbers, the creaking of the runners came to his ears. With a bound he was out of his bunk. He peered through the window, but could see nothing; in the intense darkness he could not distinguish even the familiar contour of the hills.

"Jerry! Wake up!" he cried. "The house is running away!"

From the upper berth the boy looked out at the man and asked somewhat unsteadily, "Jim! What—what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much, Jerry." Jim tried to hide his anxiety. "Little puff of wind givin' us a ride, I reckon."

The shriek of the gale grew shriller and the pace of the house quickened. Jim opened the door and thrust out his head; at once he drew it in again and closed the door with a slam.

They were traveling a great deal faster than he had realized; a leap to the ice would be a serious matter—-as risky as a leap from a moving train. Besides, if they jumped and escaped twisted ankles or broken bones, their plight would still be serious, for they would be stranded in mid-lake, perhaps miles from shore or habitations, and in a raging winter storm.

"Guess I'd turn out, Jerry, if I were you," Jim said. "Get into you duds—-all of 'em. Muffle up pretty well."

The boy in the upper bunk lowered himself to the floor. Jim put on his own ulster and cap and returned to the window. He tried to guess their speed, the direction in which they were moving, and their present whereabouts. The darkness was so thick, however and the movement of the boat so erratic, that he could do nothing more than guess.

"Jerry," he said after a moment, "light the lantern."

When the boy had done so, Jim pulled out a pocket map of the lake, and studied it closely. "Let's see! There's Pike Island—-we've surely missed it. And Loon Ledges dodged 'em, too. How about the Three Sisters, on the other side? Must have passed 'em long ago. That means we've been making a bee line for—-for—"

A sudden lurch almost upset Jim, but he recovered his balance. When

Jerry spoke, the tremor was gone out of his voice. "For the Broads, you mean?"

Jim's finger tapped the chart at a place where no mark of either reef or island broke the expanse of lake.

"Yes, the Broads. We're through passengers this trip, Jerry. It's my notion we're more than halfway now."

The boys eyes opened wide. "But that would be fairly flying!"

"Yes, but ice boats do better than a mile a minute. We're not hitting that clip, but we're sliding pretty lively. And it's getting livelier and livelier—-Jimmy!"

A trick of the wind or some roughness in the ice had made the house slue violently. It swung back, careened, shot off at a tangent, lost way somewhat, and then began to spin like a huge, clumsy top. Finally the gale caught it again, and drove it along at a greater rate than ever. Jerry clung to the bunk for support. Jim clutched the window ledge and shouted encouragement.

"Don't worry! It's a tough little house. No matter if we do hit something—-we can stand a tremendous bump!"

"We're not bound for the Broads—-we're there now!" Jerry shouted back.

Jim nodded. "I guess you're right. We're going like a shot now."

There could be no doubt that the house had gathered speed. It rocked violently; the creak of its speeding runners rose shriller and shriller; its timbers groaned loudly. Again Jim shouted lustily. "We're all right! We're all—"

He did not finish the sentence. Without the slightest warning the runaway house drove into an obstruction. The runners splintered; the house pitched forward, turned over, and ground its way over the ice for yards, with its lower side shattered by the jagged rocks upon which it had been hurled.

Jerry crashed against what had been the roof, and fell, half stunned, upon a heap of robes and bedding. His first clear impression was of some one groaning beside him.

"Jim!" he cried. "Are you—-much hurt?"

"Noth—nothing to speak of," Jim answered pluckily. "Shoulder's sort of pipping up—-collar bone I guess. You broke anything?"

Jerry cautiously felt his limbs. "Don't think so," he said. "But—-but my left foot's caught—-something's jamming it."

Jim stirred, and barely repressed a cry of pain. Jerry began to tug



at a stout plank under which his foot was held.

"If I could only move this--" he began.

"Say, Jim, it seems to be getting tighter in here."

The shock of the collision had dashed the lantern to the floor, and for a moment the interior of the hut had been dark. Now, however, there was a flickering glimmer in the room. An acrid odor filled the air.

Jim gritted his teeth, and with a painful effort got upon his feet. He knew only too well what the light and the smell meant. The oil stove had doubtless been smashed; the kerosene had run out, and had found its way to the dying flame in the lantern. He must at once free his young companion from the trap that held him fast.

With his one available arm, Jim pulled at the plank. Jerry helped him as much as he could, but even together they could not move it.

Jim turned, and tried to put out the fire, but a glance showed him that he would have small chance of success. The kerosene, which had caught fire, lay in a pool under a mass of wreckage; through it the light gleamed smokily. The fire was following the course down which the kerosene had flowed and was spreading rapidly.

As Jim tore at the pile of wreckage a jet of smoke shot into his face, and forced him to draw back, half strangled by the fumes.

He groped about with his hand, and his fingers closed over a wooden shaft, "Keep up your courage, Jerry!" he shouted. "I've stumbled on the axe!"

The boy was struggling in vain to release himself. The man turned swiftly and chopped at the window over his head. Most of the glass had been shattered when the house had run on the rocks, but he took time to knock out the wooden frame, he knew that every extra square inch of opening by which the choking smoke could escape was worth while.

Handicapped though he was by his injury, Jim worked rapidly, and in a few seconds turned again to Jerry; yet in those few seconds the fire had gained great headway. The room was bright with the light of the flames, and even through the smoke Jim could see the big drops of sweat on Jerry's forehead. But the boy pluckily kept his head and made no outcry. Jim was a skilled woodsman. If he had had the use of both arms, he would have made short work of cutting through the

plank; but half disabled as he was, he had to work slowly. Every blow that he made with the axe racked his injured shoulder cruelly, and the air he breathed grew more and more oppressive. The axe descended; it rose and fell again and again; the gash in the plank deepened; but the fire crept nearer and nearer, and the smoke became denser and more suffocating.

At last he had almost cut through the plank; he dropped the axe, seized the plank on one side of the cut, and straining every muscle to its utmost, pulled and tugged. With a splintering crack the plank at last gave way, and Jerry, released from the trap, scrambled to his feet. His muscles ached; he breathed with difficulty; but he realized that Jim's plight was worse than his own. The man was reeling dizzily. Jerry caught him, and half led, half drew him to the window above them; he threw his arms about his hips and raised him from the floor. Jim, with a mighty effort, wriggled through the opening. Then he reached down with his sound hand and helped Jerry to struggle through the window.

For a moment they lay on the side of the house, drawing in great breaths of clean, clear air. The sight of near by hills cheered them; luckily they had been wrecked near the mainland, within reach of houses and shelter.

After a moment Jim touched Jerry's arm. "Come on!" he said huskily. "Fire'll be working through in another minute."

Together they made their way to the shore. When they looked back they saw a yellow tongue whip through a shattered corner of the great box and fanned by the gale, burst into a roaring sheet of flame. —The Youth's Companion.

### The Smutty Yarn Teller.

Jocularly is all right when kept within the bounds of decency, but beyond that, deliver us. To some an anecdote or joke is savorless unless it is spiced with obscenity. Unfortunately this is true of some, and they not a few who call themselves Christian gentlemen. They seek out the congenial hearers, themselves often members of the church, and relate things too shocking for human ears to hear. Their use of terms is wretched, and yet they guffaw over it as though it was not saturated with the worst possible. As a boy in the country I have heard sage seniors who were dea-

cons relate things that disgusted even a rustic lad. They would quote the obscenity and profanity of others, and after it was told they would bray over it like mules. It is doubtful that a man's heart is just that which it should be who could relish for a moment thoughts and language so putrid. If from the abundance of the heart one speaks, what about the abundance of the foulness which his words convey?

Say what one may, his language is an index of his character. As he thinks he speaks, and one is that which his thought is. He cannot foster corrupt thoughts and be a pure man. Nor can this be dismissed by being dubbed moralizing. It is life itself. Unless the heart is diligently cared for, the issue will be corrupt. This is not a palatable subject, but it is a practical one. Anything is practical that relates to character and influence, and to these his wanton use of impure chat certainly relates itself.

I have no patience with one who cannot laugh. If one would keep the wrinkles out of his face he must keep sunshine in his heart. The world is full of innocent merriment, but need not be a social scavenger, and some seem to think that this is their peculiar function. They find nothing in innocent jocularly to gratify their miserable taste. They rarely enjoy that which the decent relish---they want something stronger. I recall man after man, as doubtless others do, who retailed filth without limit and who would gather a circle of youth about them while they would dispense it.

To be perfectly plain about it, the whole thing is wicked. It springs from a polluted source. To hear one who fribbles and dawdles in rank obscenity is to hear one who cherishes that which is not clean within his bosom. It may have a certain aspect about it that makes it ridiculous and laughable, but if it has to be smeared with foulness in its relation, better far put it from one.

The story is told of Bunyan---indeed he himself tells it---that he was standing in a street of Elstow relating something vile to a crowd, when an old spinster made her way to his face and said: "You have the foulest lips I ever heard speak." Bunyan says that that ended it, so far as he was concerned. He was so smitten by the rough but timely rebuke that it was one of the elements that led him to a higher life. So may it be with others.---Uneda Hunch in Baptist World.

## A Wee Bit O' Girl's Philosophy

By Harriot Russel, in Houston, Texas, Post.

A little blue-eyed 7-year-old was having rather a difficult time with some food on her plate and her solicitous aunt asked the wee girl if she wouldn't let her cut it up for her.

"No, thank you," she replied, with a determined little line wrinkling her tiny pink nose, "I'll have to do it some time and I might as well learn now," and she cheerfully went on with what she was trying to do. And, after a few minutes, she had done it--not so deftly, perhaps, or so quickly as she will later on, but she had done it.

And just that one little incident is a keynote to that little girl's character--whatever she knows she must learn to do she goes seeriously about doing without wasting either time or words and whatever she does is done creditably for so small and young a person.

And because she has this very splendid quality of doing what she knows she must do with-

out any foolish dilly-dallying she is going to develop into the type of woman who will accomplish many creditable things as she journeys through life.

It is a splendid quality to have, I think, and many of us would do well to follow in the footsteps of this bit of a girl with the firm determination to do what she knows she must do, at the right time, and cheerfully.

So many of us waste precious minutes in rebellion, in useless argument, in silly procrastination, when we should so right to work to do or to learn the thing which we know sooner or later we must do or learn.

She has grasped a worth while bit of philosophy at a very tender age, and it is one of the most wonderful possessions she could possibly have, for it will prove so helpful in all ways and all the days that that her young feet will travel through childhood-land far, far into grown-up-land.

### Listen to the Mocking-Bird.

Not only in the American southland, where the bird seems to sing at its best, but as far north as Ohio, where bird-lovers have been doing so much to encourage the wild birds, a species for long almost exterminated is now returning. People are stopping in their tracks in wood and field and calling to one another, "Listen to the mocking-bird!" In the words of the old familiar song, the mocking-bird is indeed singing "all the day."

Strange as it may seem to those unfamiliar with the history of birds, the mocking-bird belongs to the great thrush family and is first cousin to the American robin.

According to authorities on bird lore, the typical mocking-bird is nine or ten inches long, brownish-ash above and brownish-white beneath. It is considerably larger than its one rival, the nightingale, but its colors are equally modest. It is a migratory bird and usually begins to build

its nest in the Southern States, where it is very abundant, early in April; while in the Middle States, beyond which it seldom goes, it waits for this task until May or even June. The nest is built of sticks, intermixed with straw, hay and fine roots and is often lined with such roots or wool. The eggs are four or five in number.

The great Wilson has penned perhaps what is the best description of the mocking-bird to be found anywhere. He says: "The ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full strong and musical and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the American eagle,

"In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves on them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with the multitude of warblers his admirable song rises preminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various songbirds, are bold and full and varied, seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or at most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glistening white, and the buoyant gayety of his action arresting the eye as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away, and, as my friend, Mr. Bartram, has beautifully expressed it, he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul expired in the last elevated strain.

"While thus exerting himself, a by-stander destitute of sight, would suppose the whole feathered tribe had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effort, so perfect are his imitations.

"He many times deceives the sportsman and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates; even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic and are deceived by the fancied calls of their mates or dive with precipitation into the thicket at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk."

All powerful money gives birth and beauty.--Horace.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure.--Congreve.

Yield not to misfortunes, but advance all the more boldly against them.--Virgil.





## Going Home.



There is no picture which touches the hearts of men more closely or tenderly than the figure of the tired man or woman going home at the end of the day. The fierce heat of the sun has passed, the intense high light of midday has softened into a restful glow, the strain of effort is over and the passion of work has given place to the peace of deserted fields and streets. It is a normal instinct which sent the worker forth, eager and alert in the morning; it is the response to a deep craving which sends him home at nightfall. The reward of labor is the rest which it achieves, and the joy of rest is the sense that it has been earned.

The alternation of day and night is a symbol of the order of life in which work and rest succeed one another in a beautiful and healthgiving rhythm. The worker goes out of himself when he takes up his tools; he returns to himself when he lays them down at the end of the day. He pours out his vitality as the water pours out of a hidden spring; if he is a real worker and not a mere drudge, he gives himself in the toils of his hands and his brains, and when night falls his weariness is not mere fatigue of body, it is depletion of vitality. Before he can give himself again he must find himself; and when one goes home he finds himself.

To a vast multitude of men the thought of going home makes the heaviest burden bearable, the most crushing responsibilities a spur to effort, the most complete surrender of ease and pleasure, not a sacrifice, but a price gladly paid for happiness which is beyond price. The strain of the day is forgotten at the doors which open into peace of perfect understanding, the pressure of hours and tasks is relaxed by the sound of a voice which is musical with love and faith and peace. In such a homecoming there is not only the supreme reward for the work of the day that is ended; there is also the renewal of strength and courage for the day that is to bring new strife and toil.

The joy of going home is not in the ease and comfort that are waiting there; it is in the peace that flows from love, the stillness that follows in the tumult of the storm, the clear atmosphere in which the dust of the highway is laid and the worker sees again the end for which he is striving; in the quietness of

such a home the toil of life is not only sweetened but its spiritual meaning shines clear after the confusion of details has vanished. Under the heat and burden of the day the strongest man sometimes wonders if life means anything but prolonged strain of muscle and brain; in the stillness of the home its blurred ends, its ultimate achievements, shine like the stars above the highway when the dust has been laid.

The home is not primarily a place for life; work lies below and beyond it, but the companionship which transforms a house into a home is a sharing of the reward of work, freedom, repose, refreshment, vision. There are houses full of conveniences and luxuries in which no one is at home; the men and women who live in them are homeless. To such men and women as to the men and women to whom marriage is more social contract and the family a mere social arrangement, there is no going home, no refuge for the spirit, no place of understanding and vision. There is no more pathetic figures in the world of to-day than these homeless men and women; restless, discontented, and unhappy, and utterly blind to the tragedy of a life in which there is no going home.—The Outlook.

### The Metropolis of the World.

New York has now attained the proud distinction of being the largest city in the world. With a population of about five and a half million it is several hundred thousand larger than London, and has about the same population as the nation of Sweden. It is half a million ahead of Australia, and twice as populous as Denmark. Manhattan Island has about the same number of inhabitants as Switzerland, or Norway. According to World's Work, New York city has about as many telephones as the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, and more than all of these six nations: Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Italy, and Holland. New York has more Irish than any city in Ireland, more Jews than any other city in the world, more Germans than any city except Berlin, and more Italians than any city except Naples. Manhattan Island, which was formerly the whole of New York city, is now given up almost wholly to business, tenements and apartments,

Every fourth person living on Manhattan Island is a Jew, and one in every five in Greater New York. The New York subways and tunnels and the water system of the city each represent a greater money cost than the Panama Canal. New York is not only the largest city, but contains the greatest art museum, and the two grandest cathedrals in America, St. Patrick's, on Fifth avenue, and Saint John the Divine on Saint Nicholas Heights, still unfinished. As illustrating the changing currents of commerce and population it is interesting to notice that in 1800 Philadelphia was larger than New York, and Salem, Massachusetts, was the eighth city in the United States in size, and the first in shipping. The war of 1812 and the embargo destroyed the supremacy of New England, transferred the tides of trade to New York, and laid the foundation for its present supremacy.—Exchange.

### Tha Poem in Prose.

I have lived a long time in this valley of tears, and my head has been whitened by hurrying years; I've sized up the world as I toddled along, I've sampled the right and I've sampled the wrong; I have herded with goats and I've frolicked with sheep, I have learned how to laugh, and I've learned how to weep; I have loafed, I have dreamed, I have whacked up some wood, and I'm sure of this fact, that it pays to be good. When'er I do wrong with malicious intent, then I feel for awhile like a counterfeit cent; I would swap myself off for a watch made of brass, I haven't the courage to look in the glass. But when I do right, then how chesty I feel! I feel that a feather is placed in my hood, and I guess I am right for, it pays to be good. Oh, what are the things of particular worth? And what are the prizes we gain upon earth? They are not the gems that go clicktyclank, they are not the bundles we have in the bank. Respect of our neighbors, the love of our freinds, some credit up there where the firmament blends-- these things are the guerden for which we should strive, they give us an object in being alive. And you'll never gain them, as gain them you should, unless you believe that it pays to be good. ---WALT MASON.

All sin poisons the common waters. Every form of sin befouls the common air. Everybody's soul breathes more heavily because somebody else has been disloyal to God.

---J. H. Jowett.



# THE UPLIFT

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## INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Every one at the Training School has been vaccinated for Typhoid Fever. The officers as well as the boys are taking the treatments. We are trying to live up to the maximum that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure".

Services are held here in our Chapel every Sunday evening at 3:00 o'clock by the pastors of the churches in Concord. Our last service was conducted by Rev. S. M. Bennette, of Gills Baptist Church. His topic was: "The Prodigal Son".

Ten of our boys have been promoted from the Primary Room (meant in our School Department) to the Academic Department. We now have 47 boys in each section; 17 in the Primary Room and 30 in the Academic Department in each section.

Our shop-boys have just finished a nice oak desk for the Concord National Bank. Much good work is being done by our shop boys this year;

several cedar-chests, some walnut-chests; two or three tables and the desk being put out by them. Their work is a pride of the Institution.

The work on the Fourth Cottage has come to a stand still because of the lack of brick to continue the work with. On one side the wall has been reared as high as the tops of the windows of the first floor over the basement. We hope to resume work in a few days, when enough brick has been hauled to allow the brick masons to work, unhampered by the lack of brick.

If it is true that "snakes kill rats", we need not fear of being bothered with rats in our barn. One of our barn-boys, John Biggerstaff, caught two pretty King Snakes, about four feet long, and placed them in the hay loft. One of them escaped and crawled under a board back of the barn, but he was promptly returned to his post of duty where he had done such good work of clearing our barn loft of its vermin.

We have a few new boys here now. They are: William Powell, of Morganton; Brady Barrett, of Gastonia; Walter Liverette, of Salisbury; George Bumgarner, of Jefferson; and Jesse Beasley, of Spray. We now have 94 boys on our Roster. They are divided as follows: First (or King's Daughter's) Cottage, 31; Second Cottage, 31; Third Cottage, 32. The School has four more boys than should be placed in three cottages, as only 30 boys are supposed to be placed in each cottage.

Another important out-put here is a little paper called "THE NIGHTMARE." Its editor is John William Sanderford, who assisted by the other boys of the Institution, who write short stories, poems, etc. It has no settled time for publication, only being printed when there is a lull in the regular routine of the printing office. In the language of the editor, it is entered at the Training School as first class dope. It has a special department in which every joke, that has been gotten off on one of our boys, is printed. It is a source of great amusement to our boys, who always look on the bright side of life and are always ready to laugh at a joke—let it be at their own expense or someone else's.

## THREE BOYS THAT HAVE GONE HOME.

On the 10th of April two of our boys—Amos Willis and Howard McCormick were given honorable discharges from this Institution.

Amos Willis, or "Dipp" as he was known among the boys, has made a very fine record at this school. He was foremost in all sports, taking a great deal of interest in the national sport baseball, and was an excellent guard on his cottage football squad. His friends were numerous both among the officers and the boys. His home is in Lexington, N. C., and he was followed home by the good wishes of every individual at the school.

Howard McCormick, known as "Spider", is missed by the boys, in the cottage as well as on the playground. He stayed here several years and made quite a record as a good worker and as a good scholar in school. His home is in Winston, N. C., and every one wishes him good luck and much success in his future life.

The 27th also had an event of the same kind to mark its date on our roster. James Swaney was given an honorable dismissal from this institution. Swaney was a fine boy and his friends were as numerous as the names on the school's roster. He was second baseman on our baseball team and we find it hard to fill his place. His absence is a loss to the team as his jolly spirit it helped the team as well as his many fine plays around his base. He spent twenty months here and made rapid advancements in the school room and made a mark as an excellent declaimer. He carried the good wishes of all with him and we believe he will make his mark in the world sometimes in the future.

## BASEBALL.

Here—as is the case most everywhere now-a-days—baseball is the rage. We have a cracker-jack nine here that has to be showed—in plain words "they are from Missouri." So far only one game can be counted against us, and then the opposing team barely got through with nine innings.

The first game was played with Gibson Mill. This game was loosely played, although the visitors being unable to check our base-runners until we had scored 18 runs. They secured only 3 runs; at first it looked as if it was going to be a complete shut-out for the visitors.

Not being satisfied with one good licking, they bounced back out here the next Saturday, April 16, and let it be known to everyone that we were "in for a good licking." Well, the licking fell upon the self-styled "lickers", and they went back a wis-



er bunch than they came, leaving behind them a score of 9 to 5.

The following Saturday, April 23, we played a six-inning game with Young-Hartsell. They were easy and our pitcher let them down with the score standing 11 to 2 in our favor.

Our next game was played with White Hall School. The visitors were not organized and so that took the edge off the victory. The score was 12 to 1. Everybody expected us to beat them and we came up to their expectations without a blemish.

This game was followed by a complete victory over Cabarrus Mill. They came, but boasting and telling everyone that we had struck a knot, and when the game ended they found that our knot was the harder of the two. The score being 25 to 8 in the Training School's favor.

May 13 found the Gibson Mill team about healed from the effects of her last two games so they sent out a strong team to retrieve the defeats we had put in their year's record. The eighth inning found us staring defeat straight in the face--score 6 to 2--and with the old determination that had so often snatched a victory from what looked to be a disastrous defeat, our players played in earnest. Never was a bat swung at a ball with more force on our grounds than was swung in the last half of the ninth inning of this game. But for the timely catches of the opposing fielders we surely would have tied the score if nothing more. The game closed with a narrow margin--the visitors barely escaping with the larger score, which was 6 to 5.

Our next game was hardly worth recording. They came out shouting and went back a sadder set of "use-to-be" ball players than had yet met our nine on the diamond. This team was known as the Brown's Mill team and we surely did them up brown. When the umpire called the game we had 18 runs made up against their great, round 0. And it was our second nine that did it, too!

The editor of the "Nightmare", which is a little paper printed here by two boys, gives standing in percentage and also that of the other teams that have met here with us:

	WON.	LOST.	PC.
J. T. S. ....	7	1	.858
Gibson Mill .....	1	2	.334
Cabarrus Mill .....	0	1	.000
White Hall .....	0	1	.000
Young-Hartsell Mill .....	0	1	.000
Brown's Mill .....	0	1	.000
Roberta Mill .....	0	1	.000

OUR FIRST NINE IS:

Mumpford...ss. & p. ....

Parker...lf. ....  
 Webb...rf. ....  
 Byrd...cf. ....  
 Hobby...c. ....  
 Russell...p. ....  
 Grier...1b. ....  
 Klouse...1b. ....  
 Sides...2b. ....  
 Moody...2b. ....  
 Fowler...3b. ....

OUR SECOND NINE IS:

Elkins...ss. ....  
 Driver...lf. ....  
 Sanderford...rf. ....  
 Guins...cf. ....  
 Wallace...c. ....  
 Baker...p. ....  
 Phillips...1b. ....  
 Lewis P...2b. ....  
 Brady G...3b. ....

**What the Literary Societies are Doing.**

**CONE LITERARY.**

The Cone Literary Society, of the King's Daughter's Cottage, is steadily progressing upward. The latest move made by this organization was the making up of \$25.00 for literary purposes, etc. \$16.49 was expended for twelve excellent monthly magazines to be placed in our library where they will be of good service in helping the boys to get up some excellent speeches on their debates, which are held every Monday night. Mr. Cæsar Cone, of Greensboro, after whom the society was named made us a most liberal donation of \$15.00. We appreciate this act of generosity on his part more than words can tell. He has always been a great friend to the boys of the Training School; furnishing all the work uniforms that are needed for the boys and always giving them something good to eat on Christmas.

**STONEWALL LITERARY SOCIETY.**

Our society has had three meetings this month. The first was the second election of officers for the second quarter. The officers elected were: Samuel A. Phillips, President; Percy E. Lewis, Vice-President; William A. Elkins, Secretary; William H. Byrd, Prosecuting Critic; Roy W. Gantt, Treasurer; James H. Brower, First Reporting Critic; Aubrey F. Watson, Librarian; Joseph G. Kimball, Press Reporter; and Emory. Belk, Sergeant-at-arms.

The two other meetings were debates. The members take a good deal of interest in debating now, under the new Constitution.

We have been busy lately, collecting money for our magazine fund.

We have ordered almost \$20.00 worth of the leading magazines, of the country. This money was raised by the boys.

We have two new members in our society; one is George Bumgarner, from Jefferson, N. C.; the other is Earl Millsaps, from Taylorsville. We hope to benefit all new members, of our society, as the old ones have benefited.

**COOK LITERARY SOCIETY.**

At our last meeting we elected officers for the next quarter. The officers elected are as follows:

President, Robert Klouse; Vice-President, Wade Wallace; Recording Secretary, Frank Hewlett; Corresponding Secretary, O'Dell Gregory; Treasurer, Joseph Parke; First Reporting Critic, Julian Pope; Second Reporting Critic, Luster O'Dier; Librarian, Robert Peatross; Sergeant-at-arms, David Lee Perrell; Reporter, Charles Cullingford; Prosecuting Critic, Royall Mumford.

Our society is now two years and eight months old--quite young beside the other societies here at the institution. We are growing rapidly, and tho' we have not had a debating contest with the other societies, as is the custom here among us, we are developing some mighty fine speakers that we believe will represent us well when we have to come across with the goods.

We hold meetings every Tuesday night. Visitors are always welcome.

**Ragmen Making Money.**

Look not with scorn now on the rag gatherer as he wends his way about the city streets and over country roads. He is making a margin of profit such as has not been known in generations to men of his humble vocation.

Whereas formerly the buyer for the paper mill perhaps stood aloof and was frigidly distant when the peddler drove up to his door and showed his garnering from the rag-bags of thrifty housewives now he rather fawns upon the vender. For have not European and Asiatic supplies for American paper mill's been shut off so that prices have risen from 40 to 100 per cent?

Now the ragman who brings his goods to the mill practically names his own price and his economic service to the paper trade has just been lauded by the Secretary of Commerce. Owners of rag bags, if commercially inclined, can increase their income.--Christiah Science Monitor.

## The Man Who Cheated Himself.

Parables were the favorite device of the greatest Teacher of moral truth the world has ever seen. He could impress a lesson upon His hearers by means of the story, for a parable is nothing but a story, as He could in no other way. And we were lately told a story which, although it was from an actual happening in real life (as a parable need not be) is so much like a parable in its fulness of moral content that we offer it to our readers in entire confidence that they will have no difficulty in making the application.

As the story came to us, the man who cheated himself was a carpenter in a little city in the state of New York. He was a master carpenter that is, who took contracts for the building of dwellings and had many well-to-do customers. One of these, the rich owner of an estate, in whose hire he had been for many years, called him in one day and said to him:

"Smith (that is what we shall call him) you have been looking after my houses for a long time and have done a good deal of work for me and have done it in the main very satisfactorily. But I have never been far away while the work was going on and I knew that nothing could go seriously wrong when I was there watching. But I have been called to Europe on business which may detain me many months, perhaps a year. I had planned to build a house. I wish still to carry out the plan, and start the work at once, but I shall be obliged to depend on you entirely to look after the thing for me. I wish it to be a very good house—better, to be frank, than we have been in the habit of building. When you come back here to-morrow, I will give you the estimates and the plans, and you will let all the contracts and see that everything is of unusually high character. The specifications call for the very best materials that can be had from roof to cellar. Nothing cheap or shoddy is to be used anywhere. And I am going to trust entirely in you to see that the specifications are strictly lived up to."

The rich owner went to Europe, and for months the carpenter (the story is no reflection on carpenters in general; Smith might just as easily have been a plumber) did not hear of him. Meanwhile the work on the house progressed rapidly but not according to specifications. Smith

"compounded" for bribes of trifling amount with the dealers doing the work and furnishing materials, and allowed them to put in cheap and shoddy materials wherever and whenever there was opportunity. The house when completed was one which outwardly seemed goodly enough but which in reality was cheaply, poorly built, worth hardly more than half the amount of the bill that the rich man's treasurer had to foot on account of it.

In due season the owner returned from Europe, and again sent for Smith the carpenter. "Smith," said he, "I hear that you have completed the job and I hope you have diligently carried out my instruction. You may have thought it queer that I laid so much stress on allowing none but the best material and best material and most lasting construction to get into this particular house. Well, my purpose will now be plain to you. It is your house, Smith. Here is the deed. I make a present of it to you.

Smith was profuse in his thanks, but as soon as he could he hurried from his employer's mansion to the outer darkness and there swore at himself.

We do not know whether or not Smith's disgust has transformed his character, but the chances are he cheats with less enthusiasm than formerly.

We all have difficulty in repressing our laughter at Smith's folly, but how many of those who laugh are every day of their lives committing the same folly? We can make Smith's mistake a thousand times without being once hired to build a house for ourselves thinking it is for the man who hires us. We cheat ourselves everytime we cheat anybody.

The man who lies to injure a rival may or may not hurt the rival (more often, not). But always he hurts himself. Unconsciously, he traces the brand of Ananias across his face, his character, his life so plainly that he who runs may read. And the day comes when he is not believed even though he is telling the truth and its being accepted as truth is necessary to save his fortune, his happiness, it may be his very life.

How woefully a man cheats himself when he takes a mean advantage of another in a business deal! He profits a few dollars, but he loses his self respect, his love for in-

tegrity and nobility of soul, and sentences himself as surely as did Smith to live in a house of shoddy.

When the thief robs another's purse, he takes what he might have got with twice the ease by honest labor and in exchange gives up for it the most precious thing in the world—character.

In short, every soul on earth is by the daily and hourly life building a house to live in, is in other words constantly forming character. And in every case it is self that is cheated if in the building there is not an honest endeavor to follow the plans and specifications given us in the Pattern life, that of Jesus. In no life which disregards the noble, life-enriching, life-uplifting ethics of Jesus is there freedom from patchwork and shoddy.

To the editorial homily for to-day we consider it worth while to add another suggested in general by the metaphor of human character-building and in particular by the expression "You're a brick." Most people suppose that this slang compliment is of very recent origin but the fact is otherwise, as a noted New York preacher pointed out in a sermon to boys. It was first used by the great king of Sparta, Agesilaus. This king had a visitor from abroad, who had heard much of Sparta's strong defenses and was amazed to find that there were no city walls. He expressed his surprise to the king. "Why," said the king, "you have not looked carefully enough, sir ambassador; come again to-morrow morning and I will show you the walls of Sparta." And the ambassador went away more surprised than ever, and was very curious the next morning when he returned to meet the king. Then the king led him to the plains, where were soldiers drawn up in full battle array, with their spears and their shields shining in the sunlight. Pointing to the battle lines, he said proudly to the ambassador, "There, sir, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta---10,000 men, and every man a brick!"---every man a brick---every man loyal and true, ready to defend his country and fight for his king.

"Boys," said our friend the New York preacher, "I want you each to be a brick, to be strong and brave and true not to the king of Sparta but to the Great King, whose law is righteousness; whose kingdom never ends; who will never desert His faithful or leave them comfortless, or fail to punish evil doers according to their transgressions."

---Pittsburgh Press.



## It Is Better.

It is better to lose with a conscience  
 Than win by a trick unfair;  
 It's better to fall and know you've been,  
 Whatever the prize was, square,  
 Than to claim the joy of a far-off goal  
 And the cheer of the standers-by,  
 And to know deep down in your inmost soul  
 A cheat you must live and die.  
 Who wins by trick may take the prize,  
 And at first he may think it sweet,  
 But many a day in the future lies  
 When he'll wish he had met defeat.  
 For the one who lost shall be glad at heart  
 And walk with his head up high,  
 While the conqueror knows he must play his part  
 Of a cheat and a living lie.  
 The prize seems fair when the fight is on,  
 But save it is truly won  
 You will hate the thing when the crowds are gone,  
 For it stands for a false deed done.  
 And it's better you never should reach your goal  
 Than ever success to buy  
 At the price of knowing down in your soul  
 That your glory is all a lie.

---Edgar A. Guest.

## THE PERSONAL PRONOUN.

The big I is hard to keep under. A few newspaper men use it in their columns but not many. A few others make the "we" so prominent that it becomes offensive. The model editor hides himself entirely. Who knows the editor of the New York Times or Sun? The personal element in journalism betrays provincialism. It is a thing of the past. The old way of obtruding "our" joys and sorrows, "our" journeys "our" experiences of various kinds in the editorial columns provokes a smile, but more of pity than of amusement. Even the pesky politician shows a little less of himself than formerly. His wonderful service to the party is no longer an asset. "Is he honest, is he capable?" is asked more frequently now than formerly. Public office is coming to be regarded not so much as a payment for party service as a public trust, but we have yet a good long way to travel before we rid our politics of the big I. "He must increase but I must decrease" said John the Baptist who before the ad-

vent of Jesus had filled the land with his fame. It takes a man to endure the eclipse of his personality with equanimity. Theodore Roosevelt would rather die and be done with it. What is known as "brass" sometimes wins place and power, but in the long run it fails to satisfy the ambition, and leaves one stranded and forsaken. The beloved disciple would not call his own name unless he was compelled to do so. He was "that other disciple." His beautiful modesty crowns his glorious career and gives him a unique place among the illustrious twelve. Peter's bold egotism put him in the fore front but John wears better than Peter. And Jesus gave him a place next his warm and loving heart. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. He may fail to get on the front page of the newspapers, but his place will be fixed by the thinking men of the community whose judgment of men and measures is the standard of public opinion. The modest man or woman may not get in at the first table, may be compelled to take a back seat, may walk while the egotist rides, but in the final summing up in the court of

public opinion the modest man is the one who will occupy the seat of honor. Blowing your own horn is a pleasant occupation, but it is music only to the blower. To other people it sounds harsh and discordant. Humility is a rare flower, but it cannot grow among the weeds of egotism. But it will grow if it gets a chance.---Charity and Children.

### Jacob Riis's Wonderful Letters

Jacob Riis wrote wonderful letters ---full of gayety and humor and the philosophy of life. And he never spared himself in writing. Often, because of the strain on his strength he was urged not to handle them all, but he used to clear his desk every day.

Courage, practical suggestion, enthusiasm---whether to a group of college boys or a civic league in some out-of-the-way village, or a railroad president with a social outlook---these were the things he sent.

"At a memorial service in Plymouth Church recently," says the Survey, "Mr. Riis's son told of a young immigrant who had written asking for funds with which to get to the Middle West. He was stranded at the seaboard. Mr. Riis put it up to him to walk; it was summer and he was young. The lad wrote back in anger, only to get an inimitable letter from Mr. Riis telling of his own experiences in striking out for the West when he himself was an American in the making

He did not give offence, he did not take it. He entered into the boy's scheme of life, and let the youth enter---wide---into that of his own. Whether the young man walked or not is no matter; he got West, working his way and carrying with him a new vision. Two years later a letter came from him to Richmond Hill telling of his strivings and success in one of the Prairie States, and thanking his fellow Dane for the biggest help that ever man gave to him,

There must be scores who know similar stories of the unwritten influence upon the lives of people and work of communities of this man who has gone. There must be hundreds who cherish letters that breathe such spirit. An effort is to be made to collect such letters and to draw out such fragmentary evidences of Mr. Riis's social evangelism as may be fitted for publication in book form.---Selected.

He is all fault, who hath no fault at all.---Tennyson.

## WHAT SCATTERED TAR

## HEEL SONS ARE ACHIEVING.

Thus did Hon. Francis D. Winston pay tribute recently to the variety and greatness of achievement of "Scattered Sons" before the North Carolina Society in Atlanta:

"We rejoice over the achievements of our absent sons. They daily give us cause boastfully to exclaim, when others recite their worthy deeds, 'He was born in North Carolina.' They are at work in every land; in every country of the old world; in the awakening Orient; remodeling the aqueducts of the Caesars, and repairing the abutments of the Bridges of Sighs. In London a North Carolinian is building an electric railway with American capital, and another is there the master of trade the world over.

"A North Carolina drummer sells blankets in Manchester and another more enterprising disposes of razors and blades on the streets of Damascus.

"The fastest train in Continental Europe is engineered by a native of Guilford County, and North Carolina engineers pull the throttle up the slopes of the Andes, in African jungles and across the Island of Japan. A North Carolina contractor has thrown a cantilever bridge over the river to Mandalay. An engineer, graduate of our A. and M. College at Raleigh, installed the machinery which lights the most southern beacon on the habitable globe at the Terra Del Fuego, and a Bertie County sawyer cuts timber to-day in the far North of Sweden in the light of the midnight sun. A North Carolina plumber installed the electric plant at Bagdad which outshines the lamp of far-famed Aladdin. To-day a North Carolinian is carrying laundry machinery to Germany improved machinery for brewing lagger beer. The listless looking Coolie by his tepee in India cools himself with ice made on a Charlotte ice machine, and a North Carolina gin outfit gins cotton in the islands of the seas

"From the coves of Yancey and the mountain fastness of Watauga we are shipping cheese to the soldiers fighting near the Swiss border. The world rocks in comfort in North Carolina chairs, and chambers and palaces of royalty are beautiful and gorgeous with High Point furniture."

### The Way of Wisdom.

A certain man having found a pre-

vious pearl, fastened his eyes upon it, and when he could look no longer he hid the pearl in his bosom (the man was void of understanding).

But each time he looked at it in secret it seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer; and he was sad. Then the man thought that it had only seemed to be bright because it was new.

So he showed it to a merchant, and the merchant said it was a pearl, but of no great value (for that is the way of merchants.) Nevertheless he bought it, and the man went away sorrowing.

But as he looked at the ground, behold! again a pearl, more lustrous than the other.

So he hid that also in his bosom, but, like the other it grew duller and duller. Then, wondering, he showed it to his friend, and the friend said it was, indeed a gem; but it seemed not so to the man (for his eyes were holden); so he gave the pearl to his friend and again went sadly away.

But as he looked upon his doublet, he found in it once more a pearl brighter and larger than before.

Again he hid the pearl (the man was a foolish man), and it also grew dim and shrank. Then he gave it to his servant. The servant said it was a ransom for a king, and the man went away sad.

But as he stroked his beard, lo! a pearl again in his hand, and this time it shone like a star.

Once more he hid the pearl (he had learned naught), but as before it lost its light. Then he gave it to a beggar, and the beggar exclaimed that its brightness put out the sun. The man could not understand.

The man went on, and, as he put his hand to his mouth, again in his fingers he held a pearl.

This time he said, "I will give it away while it is bright," but as often as he gave he found another, and each was more beautiful and precious than before.

The man understood.---Bolton Hall, in *The Independent*.

### "The Best Man."

A few seasons ago, says a prominent crew coach in Outing, two men were competing closely for a seat in the "varsity" boat. One day I called them together, and said:

"Just now you two men are working equally in the boat, but one has a better scholarship standing than

the other, and to me that seems to indicate that one of you has a little more personal pride than the other."

As a matter of fact, the man who was not up to the scratch in his work was a bit the better of the two, as far as smoothness in the boat was concerned. I thought the incident might cause him to pick up in his classes. It did not. When the time came to make a final selection of the eight, I again called the pair in to see me.

"It's still hard to decide between you two. I would just as soon have you throw a coin to decide the winner," I said.

The man with the poor scholarship record was the first to speak.

"That's all right with me," he said. The other man thought for a minute. I saw his mouth go tight. Then he said:

"No, sir, that doesn't suit me. One of us must be the best man. I want to know which, and to know why I am not the best man."

Some people would probably have thought that fellow conceited, but not if they knew what it means for a youngster to put in months and months of hard training for a crew. The second man was of a quiet type, but after he spoke I knew the thing that every coach is most anxious to find out---that he was the kind who would be pulling hardest when his lungs were feeling like bursting in that last hard half mile. You can guess which man got the place. The man who did not was too easily satisfied.---Ex.

### Using the "Conscience Fund."

The latest contribution to the conscience fund is 20 cents, the sender stating that it was for "ham and eggs." Probably an old soldier received and ate more than his share of rations. The conscience fund now amounts to half a million dollars and is used for the ordinary expenses of the government. Someone has suggested that when the contributions are sent in too late to benefit the one wronged, the church should be made the beneficiary. It should have at least some particular use. The first conscience money was used to buy a "potter's field" for the last resting place of the poor. Something of that sort would not be amiss today. At any rate, the fund, whether accruing to the government or not, should have some distinctive application. The fact that it was so applied would serve as a poultice to relieve many at present suffering consciences and incidentally swell the fund.



### Boys Who Rose.

Humble birth counts for nothing where one has the disposition to aspire and the ability to do. Merit and genius will force themselves to the front through all obstacles and in spite of the most adverse circumstances. A large number of the world's most famous men were poor boys, and rose from the ranks with no other help than their forceful personality. A few historic instances cannot fail to be inspiring to the struggling youths of to-day.

Confucius, the Chinese sage and lawgiver, was a poor boy who began life as a stonecutter. With the money he earned by his labor, he went to school and rose by degrees to be the most eminent person in the empire. Æsop, the famous Greek fabulist, and Terence, the Roman comic poet, were slaves in early life, and overcame many difficulties before they rose to fame and affluence.

Virgil, whose "Æneid" is the typical Latin epic, was the son of a small farmer, and his early advantages were very limited. Trajan, the greatest perhaps, of all the Roman emperors was the son of a common soldier, and began his career in the ranks.

Cardinal Wolsey, the famous prime minister of Henry the Eighth, and Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," were the sons of butchers. Christopher Columbus was the son of a wool-comber. "Rare Ben" Johnson, who sleeps in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey was the son of a bricklayer, and Michael Faraday, the celebrated chemist, was the son of a tallow-chandler.

Thomas Moore, author of the "Irish Melodies," and of "Lalla Rookh," was the son of a country grocer. John Keats, author of "Endymion," was the son of a hostler, and Jean Francois Millet, painter of "The Angelus," was the son of a small farmer.

Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the cotton-frame, was a barber. John Bunyan, was a traveling tinker, and Samuel Richardson, the first English novelist, was a journeyman printer.

Martin Luther, the great reformer, was so poor that he often had to sing in the streets in order to gain the pittance to buy his supper. Linnaeus, the famous botanist, was a poor student, who mended his shoes with paper, and often depended on chance generosity for a meal.

Coming to America, we find that seven of our Presidents were born in extreme poverty---Jackson, Lincoln,

## "On The Other Side."

We go our ways in life too much alone,  
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;  
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,  
Too often the weak and helpless blind;  
Too often, where distress and want abide,  
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn  
By footstops passing idly all the day;  
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn  
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.  
Our selfish hearts are for our feet to guide,  
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour  
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;  
To make the smitten and the sick and sore  
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.  
Instead, we look about---the way is wide---  
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,  
Humanity is calling each and all  
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!  
I pray you listen to the thrilling call!  
You can not, in your cold and selfish pride,  
Pass guiltlessly upon the other side.--Selected.

Grant, Johnson, Garfield, Polk, and Buchanan were all poor boys and had to struggle for a living. Their lives shows that the poorest boy has a chance to attain to the highest honors.--Exchange.

### The Superfluous.

Gilbert T. Stephenson spoke an obvious truth at Elon College the other night when he stated that there are too many men in North Carolina holding law licenses, and too few real lawyers; but we do not see why he confined it to the legal profession. There are too many men running newspapers in the State and too few real editors; there are too many storekeepers and too few real merchants; there are too many plough hands and too few real farmers; there are too many mechanics and too few real artisans.

The much sought after quality of efficiency is no more than genuineness under another name. The distinction runs through every trade and profession, every walk of life; the difference between the politician and the statesman is precisely the same difference between the bricklayer and mason. Politician and bricklayer hold their jobs, and are

satisfied whether they really do their jobs or not; statesman and mason do their work first, and consequently do not worry about their jobs.

The State may be full of shysters masquerading as lawyers, as Judge Stephenson complains; but they are no more numerous than bricklayers masquerading as masons, or politicians masquerading as statesmen. They are costing North Carolina a heavy price too, in money and in things worth more than money; but in the end the toll they exact from others is nothing compared to the frightful price they all eventually have to pay themselves. Plated ware is attractive at first, but only your sterling spoon is treasured after 20 years' service.--Greensboro News.

Rich men are indeed but the treasurers, the stewards, the caterers of God for the rest of men, having a strict charge of "dispense unto everyone his meat in due season."---Barrow.

Character is the diamond that scratches every stone.--Bartol.

Moderate pleasure relaxes the spirit, and moderates it.--Seneca.

## THE MAN WHO DELIVERS THE GOODS.

There's a man in the world who is never turned down, wherever he chances to stray; he gets the glad hand in the populous town, or out where the famers make hay; he's greeted with pleasure on deserts of sand, and deep in the aisles of the woods; wherever he is there's the welcome hand---he's The Man Who Delivers The Goods. The failures of life sit around and complain; the gods haven't treated them white; they've lost their umbrellas whenever ther's rain, and they haven't their lanterns at night. Men tire of the failures who fill with their sighs the air of their own neighborhoods; there is one who is greeted with love lighted eyes---he's The Man Who Delivers The Goods. One fellow is lazy and watches the clock, and waits for the whistle to blow; and one has a hammer, with which he will knock, and one tells a story of woe; and one if requested to travel a mile, will measure the perches and roods; but one does his stunt with a whistle or smile---he's The Man Who Delivers The Goods. One man is afraid he'll labor too hard---the world isn't yearning for such; and one man is always alert, on his guard lest he put in a minute too much, and one has a grouch or a tempter that's bad, and one is a creature of moods; so its hey for the joyous and rollicking lad---for the One Who Delivers The Goods.

### True Heroes

All heroes are strugglers. The real praise of the world is for the cheerful, persistent struggler. Harvey knew the circulation of the blood for seven years before he dared state it and when he did, he was called "an addle-pated quack." The missionaries stayed in Madagascar for ten years before they had a convert, but they manifested their ability by the fact that they remianed true to the task. Stevenson spent fifteen years perfecting the steam engine. Gibbon spent twenty years writing the "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." Bancroft spent twenty-six years writing the "History of the United States." Noah Webster spent thirty-six years with words, words, words, but the result was a dictionary.

Cyrus W. Field tried again again and to lay transatlantic cable, but each time he was disappointed. The cable snapped, he was forced to return, organize again, enthuse more

men with his vison, get more money for the undertaking, equip and start again on the treacherous ocean. But at last after struggle, persistence and patience, he succeeded, and the mystical current caught up the message of commerce and diplomacy and reigned supreme until another struggler called out to the world, "give me a chance to use the unseen waves of the air and I will enable you to speak from shore to shore and from ship to ship." and Marconi stood in the midst of men a rewarded servant of God a master who knew the struggle.---Rev. A. A. Stockdale, in The New.

### The Lesson of Drowning Creek.

Drowning Creek is nothing unusual in the way of a stream. It is like hundreds of other streams that run through the Piedmont section of North Carolina into the rivers that flow to the sea. The people that live along its bottoms and in the upland country to either side of it, differ little from the thousands of people that live along the courses of the other streams of the State.

Day after day, month after month, year after year the current of Drowning Creek flows ceaselessly along, eddying about the corners, surging through the narrows, breaking into rapids over the rocky falls, moving calmly down the wider and deeper reaches. Its energy is mighty. It holds in its sinews the power to turn darkness into light, to saw the forest timber, to run factories, but this great energy is now wasted. Man has not yet harnessed it and turned it to his own account.

As great as is the waste of energy of Drowning Creek is the waste of energy of the communities that lie along its course. With but few exceptions have they made an effort to harness and develop the latent energy that they possess, with few exceptions have they learned to cooperate for their own good, to conserve the lives of their children and safeguard their health, to educate them so that they will be fitted to cope successfully with life. With few exceptions have they learned the philosophy that the lives of all the members of the community are inevitably linked together, that no one man can succeed to the fullest extent unless the community succeeds.

We have made an attempt to cooperate here. We have our Credit Union, Sire Owners' Association, our children's Agricultural Clubs, our school. How far we will go with

these will depend on how strongly we pull together, on how effectively we harness the energy that is in us all and turn it to the task of building up our community. The current of our community life can be as effectively harnessed or as completely wasted as is the current of Drowning Creek. That depends on us.---Roger A. Derby in The Drowning Creek Current.

### A False Measure of Value.

In these days we are altogether too likely to get a man mixed up with his bank account or his farm, or his store, or his clothes. Let us put first things first. The man who lives in a cottage may be worth more than the man who lives in the brownstone front. The man who mends shoes may be worth more in heaven's sight than the man who sits at a mohogany desk.

In other words, a man is worth what he is. True values are character values. I know a man who is very poor in this worlds goods and very poor in health. Yet his pastor says that he is the best soul winner in a church of several hundred members. Scarcely a week passes but the pastor receives into the church some man or woman or young person who has been won to Christ through this humble servant of God. He is one of God's princes, and the chariots and horsemen of God wait on his going.

I know a woman. She keeps a boarding-house. She said that she kept boarders, to pay expenses, but her business was to win souls to Christ. It was nothing unusual for her to say to her boarders at the close of the evening meal: "Let us kneel and have prayer together before you go to your room." And then she would pray for each one about the table by name. Every man and woman who came to that woman's house to board, if they stayed any time, would go away converted. In Heaven's sight she was a princess royal, and angels encamped about her, and God's morning stars sang her praises. What need had she of the applauses of the world? Enternal values are real values.---Ex.

The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities.---Macaulay.

A mind that is charmed by false appearance refuses better things.---Cicero.

Economy is a great revenue.---Cicero.



### Slightly Overdue.

"Better late than never" is evidently the motto of the officials of a certain Texas Railway. A contributor to the Railway Magazine tells the strange history of one train on that road which arrived at its destination just a little more than seven years late.

On September 8, 1900, at half past eleven on a stormy morning, a passenger train left Beaumont, Texas, for Port Bolivar, seventy-one miles away. It was due to arrive at its destination at five minutes of two in the afternoon. On this morning the train was running on schedule time. Suddenly, when nearing the town of High Island, the engineer saw a mass of water bearing down on the train. In another moment the engine and coaches were almost buried in the seething, swirling water. It was a flood or tidal wave from the Gulf of Mexico, and it completely inundated the country for many miles inland. The railway bridge ahead was carried away, and before the engineer could back the train out of the danger zone, the tracks behind were washed out. Fortunately, the heavy train kept on the track, and the passengers suffered from the first shock of the flood nothing more serious than a thorough wetting. There is nothing to do except to wait.

The waters receded almost as quickly as they had come, although to the passengers the time of waiting seemed interminable. When the train crew was finally able to investigate the extent of the disaster, they found that the only tracks that had not been carried away were those on which the engine and coaches were standing. The Train was "marooned" in the midst of the silent, devastated prairie.

The passengers and the train crew set out on foot through the mud. When at last they reached a region that the flood had not laid waste, they reported that the train had been abandoned. But the misery and suffering that the flood had caused filled the mind of every one so completely that the unfortunate train was quickly forgotten, and was left to rust and rot.

Some years later, however, the company decided to rebuild the railway between Beaumont and Bolivar, and to follow the same roadbed that had existed before the flood of 1900. Then, one day, a surveying party came upon the abandoned train. The discovery was reported to headquarters. Machinists were sent out, who

carefully went over its rusted engine; they decided that in spite of its seven years of inactivity and exposure; it was still capable of service. When finally the tracks had been laid between Beaumont and Port Bolivar, and connected to the tracks on which the train stood, a fire was built in the rusty boiler of the engine. With many creakings and groanings, the rotting dilapidated train finally got under way, and proceeded on its interrupted run to Port Bolivar. It was some seven years late, but it was none the less heartily cheered on its arrival.—Ex.

### The Man Who Fails.

1. The man who expects to begin at the top, instead of slowly rising to it.

Begin at the bottom and make the bottom stronger because you are there.

If you are the right kind of a worker no place is too small for you.

What you need is not so much elbow room as "elbow-grease" energy and strength. Do your work so well that you make the place bigger by making people see more in it than they ever saw before.

2. The man who spends his evenings seeking amusements and doing society. Every man must have recreation. Recreation means to re-create, but you cannot come to your work recreated if you spend night after night at parties and theaters. If you do you will come to the office in the morning weary and out of humor.

You cannot be in society as a nightly occupation and be in business any more than you can drink rum and stay in business. Neither body nor mind can be fresh in the morning that has been kept at a tension the night before by late hours, or been fogged by indulgence in late suppers. You need more sleep at twenty than you do at forty.

3. The man who never reads books along his chosen line. Few things are more beneficial than good books, both in their effect upon character and in their giving impulse and impetus to one's work. A high-minded author brings the reader's mind into harmony with his hopes and ideals, so that it is impossible afterwards to be satisfied with low and ignoble things. One reason why men rise more rapidly in the business world than the women is because the men are more likely to read books about their business, which opens to them their possibilities, their tendencies, and help them to find their places in life.

4. The man who will not earn more than he gets paid for.

It is more important that you should make a life than make a living. Your work should be a matter of conscience not pay.

Poor work for poor pay is just what keeps thousands of workers where they are.

In the long run the cream will come to the surface in every establishment.

Regard your opportunities as greater than your salaries.

Do as little as possible and never do anything for which you are not paid or which belongs to somebody else to do and you will never rise.

Whatever you do, do it as if you were personally born for the task of doing just that thing. Do it however humble, as though it were the greatest thing you ever expected to do.—M. C. P. in Ex.

### The Editor at Fancy Dances.

Recently we have attended several full dress balls. We could not escape them, for they invaded our hotels. The women flung modesty to the winds, and because of it the men chuckled with delight. One naval officer in a retiring room with other men called the women "fools," with uncomplimentary adjectives attached. The poor, silly, half dressed women did not realize that the very men with whom they danced considered them "fools." At one of these balls, held in a fashionable hotel in Panama, the company was made up almost entirely of Americans in official circles and American visitors. It was a fancy dress ball, and many of the women wore Indian costumes with knee dresses, and many more wore fancy bloomers. While lamenting the whole affair and its influence on our daughters, Dr. John Fox, of the American Bible Society, quietly remarked: "The bloom goes when the bloomers come." When half-drunken men reel around a room with half dressed women it seems a pity that sweet young girls are present.—Editor Curtis Lee Laws.

To abstain that we may enjoy is the epicureanism of reason.—Rousseau.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—Fuller.

To know that which before us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom.—Milton.

### Building Up the Financial Power of the United States.

The importation of gold into the United States continues, and it should be encouraged.

The gathering by foreign governments of American securities held abroad continues, and the purchase by our own people of those offered for sale here is wise and should be promoted.

The arranging of loans here for foreign governments when secured by collaterals of those securities is sound finance, and we hope that every dollar of such securities will come home through sale or as collateral.

It may be safe, it may be prudent, it may be good business to place foreign government securities here at very low prices, provided the funds loaned are expended in this country in payment of commodities of origin here and purchased here by foreign governments.

But beyond that the investors of the United States cannot with either safety, prudence or wisdom go, in view of the rapid approach to national bankruptcy of the belligerent nations of Europe. There is much to indicate that all the American securities which British and French governments and nationals hold today will not cover 40 days' expenditure of those two nations.

Great Britain's expenditures are exceeding \$20,000,000 each day and those of France are more than \$17,000,000 each day, showing a combined expenditure of those two nations of fully \$42,000,000 a day, and in 40 days that would amount to upward of \$1,600,000,000, and there are not American securities held in both those countries to that amount.

Reginald McKenna's recent move for a tax of two shillings extra upon every pound sterling of income from those securities is positive proof of the extreme need of the British government for such securities.

We trust it gets all there are in Great Britain and that they are placed in this country; but after they are so placed, after the government shall in 30 or 40 or even 50 days expend the proceeds of these securities, then what means will be adopted to raise money to carry on the war?

This country cannot furnish the funds to carry on the war upon the financial scale that is the fashion there today, and our bankers, our capitalists and our investors should be very shy of the paper of the spendthrift and reckless nations throughout the world.

Better keep the money here to develop this continent, this republic, than to be lamenting over inability of the nations abroad to meet their obligations.

Better keep our mills, our mines, our shops, our factories well financed to have them looking in vain for cash spent in paying destroying armies and navies of Europe.

Better improve, expand and extend our own transportation facilities and invest our railway securities than to waste our financial strength in foreign paper, subject to penalties of war and dangers of repudiation.—Washington Post.

### Making Manhood.

It is easier to acquire money than character. In the estimation of the better thinking world there is one thing more valuable than property and higher position it is manhood. Better be a man than merely a millionaire.

A few gentlemen are born, far more are made. Old William of Wykeham said: "Manners make the man," but it were nearer the truth to say, "Man makes his manners," and his manners makes his success for lack of it.

Don't turn your boy out to spend the night you know not where. Don't allow him to go out nights to see sights or find pleasure in the amusement of the city unless you go with him until he is grown to man's estate and his habits are formed. If you want to make your boy's destruction sure, give him some unwatched liberty after dark.

There are many things of which ignorance is bliss and wisdom folly—things that a man cannot learn without being damaged all his life. "As an eel, if he were across your carpet, would leave a slime which no brush could take off, so there's many things which no person can know and ever recover from the knowledge of."

Emmerson says: "The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of men the country turns out." "Manhood overtops all titles." A man is rich or poor, not according to what he has, but what he is. "'Tis only noble to be good." Collateral can never take the place of character. Character is capital.

Everybody avoids a repulsive personality. An offensive manner jars upon refined taste. "Virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner." More men succeed in life by their kindliness of manner than by their talents. Good manners, like the sunshine, are welcome

everywhere. The world needs much of this sunshine, and it has great rewards for those that supply its wants. Good manners are the rails on which you can ride into the Union Depot of Success. If your passing provokes a hiss, you have laid the rails wrong; if it wins applause, you are on the right rails and the depot is not far distant.

Anciently the Romans worshipped virtue and honor as gods; they built two temples which were so situated that none could enter the temple of honor without passing through the temple of virtue. Among the Greeks and Romans in their best days honor was more sought after than wealth. Times changed. Wealth became the surest passport of honor and respectability was endangered by poverty. But "Rome was Rome no more" when the imperial purple had become an article of traffic and when gold could purchase with ease the honor that patriotism and valor once secured only with difficulty.

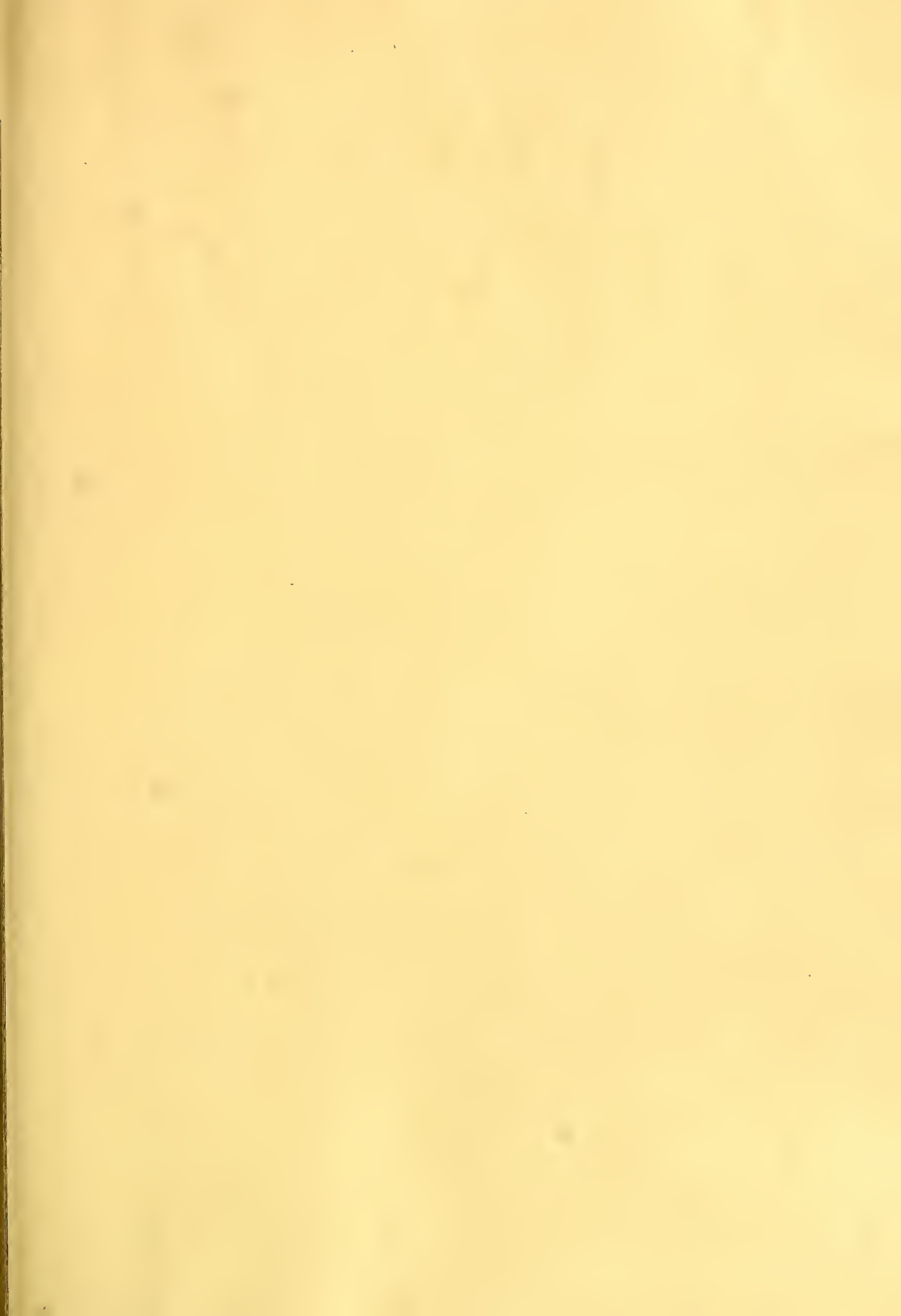
---Ex.

### Preacher's Sons.

That Justice Hughes and Mr. Wilson are both sons of ministers, the former's father being a Baptist clergyman and the latter's a Presbyterian; ought to be some consolation to the sons of preachers who are eternally coming in for their share of public criticism and condemnation simply because of the fact of this relationship. They are generally said to be the worst boys in the community. Sometimes it is said they are the most worthless. Of course, there is not now and never has been any substantial reason that they should be so denominated. They get their reputation largely for the reason that more is expected of them than of other boys because of the influences under which they are reared. They are just as human as the boy next door, just as subject to the wiles of the devil and mayhap, they fall through non-assistance just as deeply and succumb just as thoroughly to the ordinary temptations that be set the flesh. But the sons of ministers generally are found around the top when the roll is called. It is not because they are sons of ministers that they get to the top but because they have to struggle harder than the average boy, find the way to success strewn with a little larger rocks and the path to independence a little harder to follow because of the fact that they do not share the fine fortunes of some in the way of a material start.

---Charlotte News.









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Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt

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# THE UPLIFT

DECEMBER, 1916

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## An Observation.

No wise man stops to consider his by-gone possibilities.

The land of Might-Have-Been is, after all, nothing but a blurred prospect, a sort of dim and distant landscape, where the dull clouds rain perpetual tears.

--Marie Corelli.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson  
Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Concord, N. C.





# THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VIII.

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER, 1916

No. 5

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The newspapers are engaged in picking a cabinet for President Wilson's next administration.

The sale of almanacs for the year 1917 indicates that we are not only due another year, but that it is drawing mighty close.

The smoke is not yet cleared away in some quarters, but that does not keep down the picking of candidates for the next gubernatorial race.

Just look what cotton has done. What it is doing now, in price, foretells an event in the fall of 1917. It is fascinating; and just watch the increase in acreage.

After a long, useful, clean and courageous life, Cyrus Watson, an able lawyer a brave soldier, a true friend, a wise legislator and a patriotic citizen, passed away in November, at his home in Winston-Salem.

Will someone explain what it is that prompts a secret marriage, and the fact not announced until some months afterwards? It is not smart; it is not funny; and it is not brilliant. Just why such a course in such a serious matter is adopted, seems passing strange in these advanced days of our civilization.

If the reports be true, Virginia in the recent election cast less than 100,000 votes, all told. Is it due to the eliminations by way of non-payment of the poll-tax, or did the new condition existing in the state since Nov. 1st take all the snap and interest out of the citizenship of the Mother of Presidents?

The mean, slanderous and relentless criticisms heaped upon Secretary of the Navy Daniels, from certain

quarters, have not phased him. His administration of that high office is comparable with the best and infinitely superior to the majority. Possibly the only trouble with Mr. Daniels is that in his personal life and official conduct he is too clean for some folks to like him.

By the way, some of the most entertaining reading during the past three months is directly traced to the pen of W. Tom Bost, the brilliant correspondent of the Greensboro News. The stories he wrote of the various canvasses in the late campaign were real living things in flesh and blood. Though not illustrated, his articles were full of pictures, true to likeness and character. Bost is a genius.

It's a heavy toll that is being collected by the autos. Scarcely a morning paper can be perused without seeing an account of one or more fatal accidents occasioned by the wreck of a machine. There are more injuries and deaths being caused by autos than are caused by all of the railroads in the state. T. B., pellagra, typhoid, small-pox, and diphtheria, all together, are not destroying as many human beings as are the automobiles.

It is even said that Dr. Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture, is going back to his college work. The business in this department of the government, under Dr. Houston, has enjoyed a marvelous development. Only one serious complaint has been lodged against him---his attitude on the influence of the moon regarding the planting of seeds and doing things, and boldly announced in a Bulletin, cost him the admiration of quite a number who recognize the stunts the moon has heretofore played in the affairs of men. And it is the very same moon now that it was when Houston was a small boy following a mule and plow in Union county.

## GOVERNOR CRAIG.

The splendid administration of Governor Locke Craig, an administration that reflects the ability, the patriotism and high purpose of one of the state's purest-minded, ablest and most courageous men, will come to a close early in January 1917. It will go down in history as a success in every sense of the word. Every act Governor Craig did was for the advancement of what he conceived to be for the best interest of North Carolina. The problem of what to do with ex-presidents and ex-governors is, in the case of Gov. Craig, of no worry. He retires to his home in the "Land of the Sky" to once again mingle with the activities of the times, carrying with him the esteem and love of the state for the honest and efficient manner in which he upheld and directed the affairs of the state for four years. The time will come when North Carolina will again draft the services of this able and courageous man, who shirks no responsibility and evades no issue.

## CHANCE.

If we are to believe what the public prints have had to say, and how can they be doubted when daily the odds on the presidential election were published by Wall Street, gambling ran route during the late campaign.

Rumor has it that prominent men, even in North Carolina, dissipated their financial standing in betting on their favorites. It is believed by many that a semblance of doubt in the result of the election obtained by the efforts of certain powers in order to hold up payment of election bets to give the shorn lambs a breathing spell---to "get their bearing."

It has been published that the bets, that passed through the channels of Wall Street, approximated ten millions dollars, a sum that a

precious few can comprehend. The millions that changed hands in more modest sums but most surely, in other quarters all over this country, challenge the efficiency and the sincerity of the many acts that make the use of money in elections a crime.

It is wrong.

The gilded quarters, the modern dash, the dazzle of fashion, the genius of appearing rich, can not make a thing excusable or tolerable when a being just two generations removed from savagery is yanked up for risking several nickles in a crap game. The proposition attempts to make of good morals and courageous rectitude a piece of hypocrisy.

When folks coming into gain, by winning in an election bet, are heralded as heroes, and are lionized by the populace, public morals is confronted by a stubborn proposition. Gambling, under whatever color, for whatever purpose, in whatever society, is, under law a crime; and the standing of those engaged in the gambling does not condone the crime.

### PRESIDENT WILSON

November 7th, 1916, marks the date of an event that touches at all angles the very best interest of a great people that desire no special privileges, but desire and seek only an unchallenged right to run the race of life without loads and burdens placed upon them by the unlimited and unchecked power of a favored few. Aside from any partisan view, but only in a deliberate and impassioned feeling the re-election of Woodrow Wilson appears to have been the greatest possible national blessing that could have come to the American people.

His victory, in the face of power of organization, influence and money, all seemingly without limit, stands out as a marvel. The election itself broke all bases of calculations and prognostications. That the controlling genius and determined spirit of Wall Street decreed that Wilson should be defeated was a challenge to the American people

that put them on trial rather than Wilson himself. Counting no cost, Wall Street fathered bold gambling offers, at great odds, boosting its choice, knowing full well what influence it would have upon thousands and thousands. The scattered captains of industry, far removed from that locality, had no trouble in reflecting the purposes and determination of Wall Street. The so-called "captains of industry," scattered though somewhat and far removed, were close enough to catch the spirit of their masters and, in turn, whooped it up against that which Wall Street was against. Months before Nov. 7th scattered all over this country were evidences of what Wall Street wanted in the actions and conduct of men, who, without political integrity themselves and no concern for the masses, piped the songs put into their mouths by their masters.

The fact that in these unusual times of world upheavals there has not been a panic that pinched and punished the masses, was sufficient reason for keeping Wilson in power; and the fact that a panic did not occur and could not occur under wise legislation of his administration, was the real reason why Wall Street did not want Wilson. It was perfectly natural for tax dodgers and those drunk with a desire for a financial power to oppose Wilson, who, stronger than his party, demands for all the people a "Justice with a heart in it."

The great man, who ran neck and neck with Wilson, but falling short of victory, was himself of presidential size, and undoubtedly he was the very strongest man that could have opposed Wilson. But in a great measure, in a number of states, party lines were ignored. It was not of parties nor of men, but it was a case where the American people themselves were on trial--whether they desired equal opportunity unfettered by laws favoring the few, or whether Wall Street should again fasten its grip upon the affairs of the nation and dictate its policies.

The American people gained a

verdict, that augurs well for the future.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School was held, in the city of Durham, on October 26th. Attending this meeting were: Messrs J. J. Blair, R. O. Everett, D. B. Coltrane and J. P. Cook, and Mesdames M. C. D. Burgwyn, D. Y. Cooper. I. W. Faison, and G. P. Erwin.

Prof. Chas. E. Boger, superintendent of the institution, was present and gave to the board a full and complete account of the progress and condition of the school and all its interests. This report was so gratifying in every respect that every member of the board expressed a feeling of happiness and took enlarged hopes for the future of the institution under the splendid management of Supt. Boger. This report will be published in full in the next issue of THE UPLIFT.

The biennial election of officers was held at this meeting. There were no changes and the officers for the coming two years are as follows:

Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman

Mrs. M. C. D. Burgwyn, Vice-Chairman,

Mrs. I. W. Faison, Secretary,

Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Treasurer, Executive Committee:

Messrs J. P. Cook, D. B. Coltrane and C. E. Boger.

Other matters that directly affect the interests of the institution were discussed and acted upon, but not of enough public interest to be included here, inasmuch as all of these items will be touched upon and clearly set forth in the splendid report of Supt. Boger, the same to be printed in full in our next number.

One of the yearly meetings of the Board is held at the time and place of the annual convention of The King's Daughters of the state. This organization was in session at Durham in the latter part of October, hence the meeting of the Board being held there.



## STANDING FOR THINGS

Charity and Children thus declares: "This paper stands for any kind of legislation that is against liquor, drastic or otherwise; for the veto power for the governor; for a more equitable system of tax levy; for more stringent divorce laws and for the disfranchisement of dogs."

These are live questions, indeed. Step by step the liquor trade is getting into harder lines, and there seems but little likelihood of any great difficulty drawing lines tighter. There should, however, be some means found by which the officers of the law would be compelled to more rigidly enforce the prohibition laws now on the books. When the idea already advanced takes practical shape whereby rural police are appointed by higher authorities, not dependent on localities for their authority, then some terrible and gross violations that are permitted to exist by officers, who are afraid of their shadows or in sympathy with the lawlessness for one reason or another, will be brought to a speedy end, and, it seems, not until then.

The dog is safe. No trouble about his credentials.

The question of granting the governor the power of veto is a big one in the state. There are splendid minds, far-seeing people on both sides of this question. If North Carolina, which is one of the few states that does not grant to the governor the veto, were sure of always having such men as Governor Craig and Governor-elect Bickett in this high office, it would be a safe proposition to invest the office with the power of veto.

That equitable tax levy matter is the biggest matter that is yet unsettled. The burdens are not placed equitably. The average citizen does more than his part. The so-called rich do not do their part. There are men, who pose as millionaires and live within themselves the lives of millionaires, who, according to the tax-books, pay taxes like poor things. The Federal government has a way of bringing them to law, and has done so. If the state exercised some of the power which the national

government finds it necessary often times to resort to in getting its just receipts there would be fewer tax-dodgers. It will be both interesting and startling if everytime you hear of a "millionaire" in your midst you could take a look at his tax return---you'll find a puzzle.

## THE DELINQUENCY OF A STATE.

The editorial leader in the Charlotte Observer of December 1st is so interesting that we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers. It is:

Last Sunday the father of a Charlotte incorrigible journeyed to the Jackson Training School with a letter to Superintendent Boger, soliciting the interest of that official in behalf of his son, a youth of about 10 years. The father found Superintendent Boger, as all other solicitous parents have found him, a ready and a sympathetic listener, anxious to grasp the merits of the case and to render whatever service the condition of the institution might admit. The story the father had to relate was similar to that which the superintendent hears from hundreds of other parents during the course of the year. The boy was a confirmed truant. All efforts to prevail upon him to attend school had failed and he spent his time in company with a group of misguided companions. The father thought if the boy could be taken into the training school he might be worked over into the sort of a youth who would give promise of becoming a useful citizen, a hope justified by the record of that institution. Superintendent Boger made the best promise possible. The capacity of the school was at the time, as it is throughout the year, taken up, and there was no present room, but the superintendent assured the parent that after Christmas there would be a discharge by which an opening would be made for the applicant. The father returned home Sunday night. The following day his boy, together with three companions, was arrested on charge of larceny and placed in the city prison. It was a clear case of guilt against the boys--and their the city was faced with the old problem. The culprits could not be turned loose upon society;

there is no reformatory institution in the State to which they could be sent, no city institution to receive them, the Jackson Training School full to capacity, and they must be kept in prison or sent to the roads. This is but one instance of many constantly occurring to keep both city and State reminded of their backwardness in meeting responsibility devolved upon them for the proper care of truant youth. Duplication here and there of the Jackson Training School is the solution of this vexing problem---the most practical way in which the State may meet its responsibility. The condition of these Charlotte boys is a condition common in all the cities, and it speaks in the nature of a graphic indictment of the delinquency not only of a community, but of a State.

The above editorial by Mr. Wade Harris is a splendid treatment of a human interest-story. The story is engaging, but a story with a similar foundation can be truthfully credited to over one hundred other communities in the state, during the past year; and actual knowledge of them are on file in the office of the Superintendent of this institution. The publication of this particular article warrants, at this time, a review of the circumstances that led up to the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It has been, permit this writer to say right here, the constant sympathy and support of Editor Harris and his splendid journal and many other newspapers, in addition to the loyal support of others in the state, that made the ordeal, through which this writer and his associates have had to go, at least tolerable. For years, contributing time, energy, money and innumerable sacrifices, laying aside personal aspirations for position or gain, or laying by in store for a "rainy day," without price, a steady struggle has been made to establish firmly into the life of the state a haven of refuge and safety for a class of white boys, who, in many instances, had sorry chances in life---sorry for the want of ordinary intelligence or discretion or sympathy or care or interest or

proper environment, and in many cases the lack of nerve to say the most important word at the right time, No.

The last message of the late Governor Fowle contains the very first expression calling attention to the needs of a Reformatory in North Carolina. That particular paragraph, barring a few words to remove the evidences of a youthful enthusiasm (entirely out of place in an official document,) were penned in an old dilapidated building in the town of Concord. At that very time, there was serving on the chain gang of Cabarrus county a small thirteen year old boy under a three years' sentence for the misappropriation of one dollar and thirty cents, under circumstances that constituted a temptation that would try an older person.

Looking back to that event and recalling the energy of the solicitor, an agent of the great state of North Carolina, who prosecuted that boy in the Superior court vehemently and mercilessly, that the honor of the state might be upheld, and his full fee earned, makes the blood even now grow cold. But it was law and order, and the retribution in history does not and can not palliate the horror of putting a child in chains, with hardened criminals without hope or the hope of a hope. But it was law in North Carolina at that time to do that very thing.

As long as life shall last, this writer shall remember the friendly interest of the late Joseph P. Caldwell, at that time the editor of the Statesville Landmark. He had said, editorially, when the matter was first sprung in North Carolina, that the idea was fine, but the time was not ripe for it (a reformatory). Privately, he said the tyranny of conditions and beliefs and practices in North Carolina will defeat you at this time; the late Jesse H. Page and the late C. M. Payne, a hero of the Methodist ministry and a hero of the Presbyterian ministry respectively,--both of them the salt of the earth, and their friendships still fresh and sustaining--and last but not least

the late Jack Mills, the founder of the orphanage idea in North Carolina, advised "go slow in this good old conservative state, until the time is ripe enough to promise success".

Not until the General Assembly of 1907 did success seem probable. It would not have been possible then, except for the fact that the institution was to be named the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, which gave it character and won the sympathy and support of a number who had followed that daring leader, who knew no fear, in times when manhood counted for most. The story is too long to relate here; but suffice to say that on the 12th day of Jan. 1909 the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School opened with one pupil. Since that day its capacity has been taxed and applicants constantly in waiting. The system has been worked out. It may be of pride to the state at large that this institution is regarded at the head of like institutions in the country. The first superintendent spent days and days in an ideal institution in Pennsylvania and the chairman spent a month in two of the leading institutions of the kind, before a line was drawn, a stick driven, a brick placed or a definite move started. By this means the errors of former attempts were avoided and the successes profited by. When the Jackson Training School started, opened for business, the first superintendent of the institution had worked himself out of everything, including his family horse, and his press agent had his all hypothecated that the work might go on and succeed.

The wisdom of the management from the very beginning demanded an avoidance of debt. No innovation into the life of North Carolina can survive if early in its inauguration it becomes encumbered with debt. For this very reason, and because of this new effort in our educational endeavor, the growth and enlargement of the institution had of necessity, to be slow and cautious.

There are folks in authority, who

by being beneficiaries of other institutions, either by personal help or by marriage ties, ever present to speak with a knowledge of certain institutions; but for an institution, whose student body or population is made up of the "dropped stitches" of a vanished hand from every quarter of the state, there are but few in authority to stress her cause, and hence the meagerness of the financial help, and hence the imaginary slow growth.

For years and years the state knew not the kindly and beneficial influences of such an institution--there is, now, no justified reason to become impatient of the time when the Jackson Training School will have reached a capacity that will accommodate all eligible applicants for its service and aid. The fact that this institution has felt every step it took, moved cautiously, husbanded all its forces, judiciously spent its receipts and sought, in season and out of season, aid from the outside, has given to it, in the sight of these who are familiar with the kind of work that is done in such institutions, the first place among all institutions in the country for the quality of its work, its system, its plans and for the least cost of all institutions in the land.

Every appropriation that has come to the institution for enlargement and maintenance has come through arduous, persistent and ceaseless effort--every inch of ground, where other demands were great and the treasury not overflowing, had to be fought for and prayed for. Others may have accomplished more in presenting a more convincing argument before the members of the General Assembly, and others may have been successful in securing larger and more assistance from without, but the management of this institution has the consciousness that it has done its level best, and it is music to our ears to hear everyone, of the many who visit us, express astonishment over what has been accomplished in just nine years on an old cotton plantation in a new proposition, and with a meager treasury.



The record of reclamations, to those who are familiar with this kind of work, is little short of marvelous. And the record grows better, year after year, as the institution approaches more nearly to that point of efficiency to which the management has set its aim; and the court officials learn more and more to pick out only those that show any promise for the future, under a wholesome influence.

By the first of the year another cottage, built by our officers and the boys--and in this course a carpenter or a brick mason or a painter is discovered among the boys---will have been completed, and which will accommodate thirty more boys. Annually we have been growing, and all the while standing far off from the pit, which debt means for any institution in its making and its development. The fact that individuals have made sacrifices and the citizens of Concord contributed ten thousand dollars for that purchase of real estate for the home of the Jackson Training School, and the King's Daughters have adopted it as the object of their state endeavor, does not carry with it a patent right to exclusively occupy the field for this advanced effort in behalf of youthful offenders. But it occurs to us as eminently wise that this institution should be permitted time, in a safe and sane manner, to reach a capacity, which is in mind and which will at an early day be attained whereby all just demands of the state can and will be cared for. If efforts, sympathy and aid be divided at this stage, the result will only cripple well organized efforts already made if not destroy the great work, which the state has been prevailed upon, after years, to undertake.

We crave the patience and the aid of all, who believe that a youth under sixteen years of age should have a better chance than that afforded by a chain gang, thus hastening the day when North Carolina's every need along this line will be met.

### SOMEBODY'S BOY.

Father had been away for a week

and today he is expected home.

"Papa will soon be here," cried little Willie, in childish glee.

Mother, with quick footsteps went about doing little things for father's comfort, and now the kettle was boiling, and the table set, and in ten minutes' time he would be among them.

"May I go to the bridge to meet him?" said Willie.

"Yes, dear, if you are very careful."

The little boy flushed and happy, ran across the field to the bridge which he knew his father must cross before reaching home. In the excitement of the moment, Willie never knew how it happened, and there was no one else to explain the accident the boy was in the deep water of the creek, screaming in frenzy of despair.

A tall gentleman, turning the corner road near by, hearing the cry, hastened his footsteps into a run.

"Somebody's boy has fallen into the water!" he exclaimed: Throwing aside his coat he made a quick dive and rescued the drowning boy just as he was sinking for the last time.

"Somebody's boy is saved," said the father as he reached the bank, "and, O, God, how gracious thou art; it is my own boy, my Willie."

Somebody's boy is in danger. There is a gilded saloon across the way, and the keeper is anxious to attract him. Last night he crossed threshold for the first time; today he is there again. Oh, what untold misery is this? Somebody's boy is on the way to ruin.

Somebody's boy broke the Sabbath. He had not meant to do it, but his companions plead so hard and he could not withstand them. It was the first step to a life of degradation and somebody's boy was ruined thereby.

Somebody's was tempted to steal. It, will not matter," he pleaded with his conscience "It will not be come known and I will never do it again." The money was taken from the drawer. It was his first step, and somebody's boy ended his life in the State prison.

Somebody's boy told a lie. The world was not seriously damaged thereby, but the boy acquired the habit of speaking the untruth, which clung to him through life.

Somebody's boy has fallen from his high estate which his Master has designed him. Father, mother pause not in your endeavor, for in striving to save the weak erring, somebody's

boy, over whom your heart yearns, your own son may be snatched from eternal ruin and restored again to you. Somebody's boy may mean your own.--Sarah Virginia Du Bois in the Christian Intelligencer.

### Your Girl?

Is she following the fashion set by the undressed chorus girls of the stage?

Is she bedecked in flimsy garments meant to display the contour of a shapely figure?

Is her walking dress cut so low that one would think she was on her way to the opera and so high that the color of her stocking is discernible?

Are her fingers, arms and neck covered with gaudy jewels, cheaply imitated on the 5 and 10-cents counters? Is her face rouged and powdered with freedom of the brazen demi-monde?

Is she dining, drinking dancing with the giddy midnight throng in an atmosphere of excitement?

Is she joy-riding on Sunday and neglecting the Church of her father and mother?

Is the pursuit of pleasure, frivolity and fashion the consuming passion of her heart?

Is she going the pace in a restless desire to shine in the blazing light of the cabaret and to be known as one of the fast set?

Is she walking in the primrose path of dalliance with no thought of the journey's dreadful end?

Are her companions lifting her up or dragging her down?

Is she seeking the love of one true man or basking in the sunshine of many without manhood?

Is her modesty a mockery, the prayer book and Bible relics of the past and mother's advice the played out whim of the antiquated?

Is she no longer a comfort to those at home, the delight of her mother and the pride of the family circle?

If this is your daughter; are you proud of her? Look at her latest photograph. Then take down the picture of mother or grandmother.

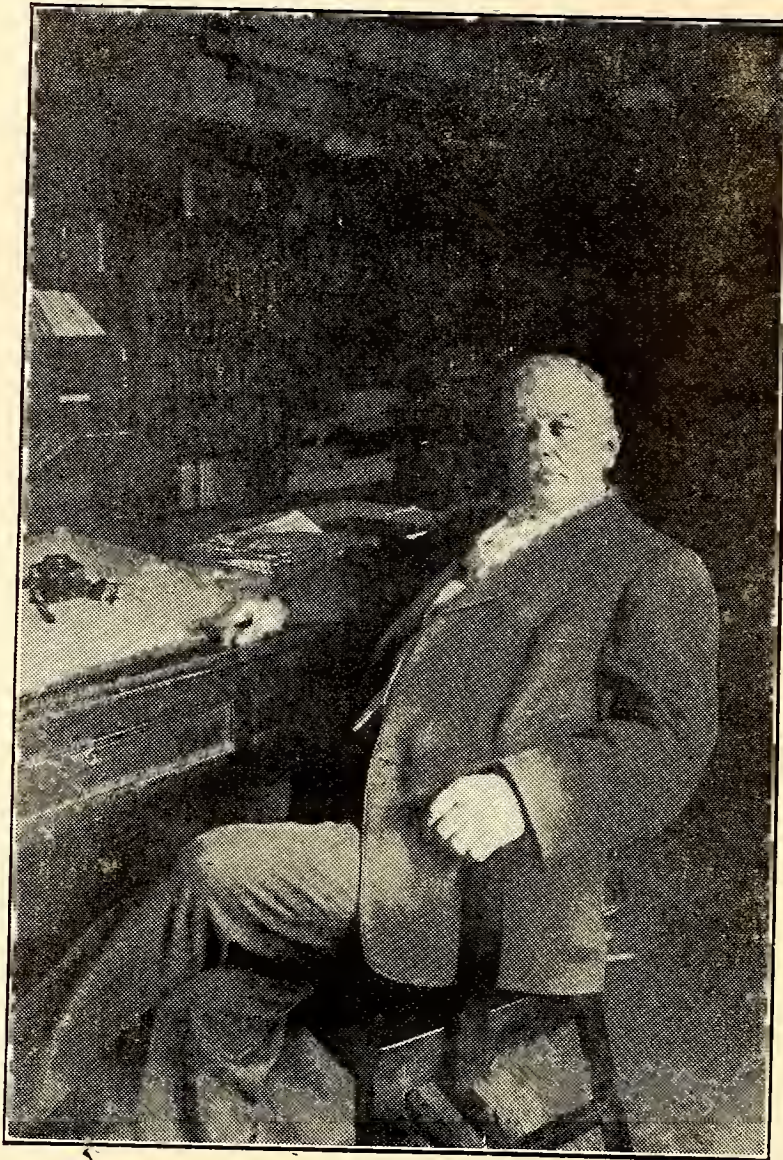
Which do you like the better? And which do the men of real worth prefer?

—John A. Sleicher in Leslie's.

Do not dream of a position where drudgery is unknown, where all hard work is put on. Put your heart in the work and your aspiration will become inspiration.

Be helpful and you will improve and be promoted.





### Attorney-General Thomas Walter Bickett, Governor-Elect.

North Carolina deserves congratulations. The office of Governor is a big and a high honor. The people of North Carolina, by a handsome majority, have commissioned Attorney-General Thomas Walter Bickett to become her Governor for four years. General Bickett is in every respect ably qualified to meet the demands of this high office. His ability years ago was recognized; his zeal for the progress of the state has always been manifest; his love and sympathy for mankind was undoubtedly exhibited when he successfully championed a measure looking to the relief of the unfortunate among us; his generous contribution, in time, study, and labor, to all the agencies that made for the education and progress of the state for eight years, and the betterment of our people in general loudly attest where his heart is. The brilliant conduct of the office of Attorney-General speaks his great natural ability, personal accomplishments and his fidelity.

The nomination, after a spirited contest in which forceful agencies and splendid ability were active, went to General Bickett in such a manner that it bespoke an enviable popularity. In his campaign, brilliant and masterful, he left no sting--he hit above the belt all the time. He abused no one, but he magnified in his logical discussions of the issues and his treatment of men and the purposes of government in such a high and able manner that his cause became invincible.

Here's to Governor-Elect Bickett--the state complimented herself in complimenting you with the highest office within her gift. She feels secure in her knowledge of your ability and your patriotism to the end that the state, we all love, shall continue her marvelous growth and development along all lines, and she knows that under your wise administration of the duties of this proud honor there will be meted out, without partiality and without stint, "justice with a heart in it."



## The Ambuscade

The earliest streaks of dawn were lightening the eastern sky when the creaking of the windlass and the rattle of chains announced that the men were drawing the stop logs from the dam.

With a grand flourish the last log was laid on the platform and the great torrent of green-and-white water went foaming down the slides. Then the boom that held back the logs was drawn aside, and down they came like a flock of sheep heading for the fold. By sixes and sevens they plunged into the pool below, rising again in the swift torrent at various angles; then circling madly around until at last they made their way through narrows and on down the river.

Dave Mordaunt, the foreman, whistled gayly as he watched the logs pass. But suddenly he saw with uneasiness that the men stationed at the narrows could not keep the logs moving fast enough. A jam was beginning to form.

"Shut her her off," he called, "and hustle down here! The narrows are choked!"

The men swiftly swung out the logs. Then shouldering their poles, the ten of them marched after their boss down the narrow path that led to the lower end of the bay.

The path was merely a shelf in the face of the cliff, which rose above it for nearly a hundred feet. Ten feet below was another shelf, the lower path. It was even narrower and more slippery.

The men loosened the jam, and the logs once more hurried down the stream. Then they shouldered the long poles again and started back up the path toward the dam.

"Hark!" shouted the foreman, holding up his hand for silence. From their left, above the roar of the water, came the yelping of a pack of wolves.

"They are after a deer!" cried Ber Ford.

Even as he spoke the deer came in sight. It was hard pressed; clouds of steam rose from its panting sides, and its drooping head and protruding tongue showed that it was completely exhausted.

The men cheered as it passed, but it paid no attention to them. Round the narrow lower path it stumbled,

and on reaching the narrows, which were now free of logs, it plunged in. The rushing current carried it down the river, but it gained the other shore at last lay down, panting.

"Now, boys," cried Mordaunt, "the wolves will follow the path the deer took! Gather a lot of rocks and spread yourselves along the path. When the wolves are past me I will give the signal. Then let go the stones. After that you can go to them with the pike. Don't let one get through."

The men made every preparation to give the wolves a warm reception. In a few minutes the animals appeared, six of them, running close together. As they reached the narrow path they fell into single file without lessening their speed. As they ran they gave occasional short yelps.

Their tongues were hanging out

### In a Mad Rush

We are pulling down our old barns and building greater ones; we are groveling on the ground before a golden image, like that set up of old in the plain of Babylon; we are searching for a vulgar and ignoble philosopher's stone.  
--D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson.

and there was foam about their mouth and gleaming teeth. Without an upward glance they ran in between the wall and the rushing, foaming water.

"Now for them!" shouted Dave. With a yell the men sent down a shower of stones on the unsuspecting pack. With howls of pain and surprise the wolves looked up and saw their foes. Down went their tails and they tried to retreat; but they were in a trap. One by one they were pushed off into the hurling water.

Only the leader of the pack was left alive. He had been knocked into the water by a stone, but had managed to gain a footing on two logs that were floating together. As the logs drifted apart, he mounted the larger, on which he crouched, a picture of abject fear. The log began to move slowly toward the nar-

rows. Nearer and nearer it came to the mighty mass of water pouring out through the gorge. The wolf backed to the far end of the log and crouched there, shivering.

"I hate a wolf worse than poison," said Job Nelson, "but I can't see that brute scared plumb to death before being drowned."

"Neither can I Job," said the foreman, "and he sure put up a good fight for it."

The circling current brought the log to a point just below where the men stood.

With a spring, Job landed on the lower path. He stretched out his pole and drew the log and its frightened occupant to the shore. Then he quickly rejoined his comrades.

"Now, boys," he said, "that beggar must pass you all. Anyone who wants him can have him."

Realizing that he was free, the wolf leaped ashore and slouched along the path with one eye on the men above. Not a hand was raised against him. On reaching the divide he struck off at a swift lope and disappeared from view.

"Come, boys," said Dave sharply, "get those logs going again! We've lost enough time already."--Youths' Companion.

### Set a Mark in Life.

Work for something, not for nothing. It is not wise to live just for the fleeting moment or just for today. Without some aim, one's time and work go for naught. The years go by and he has nothing to show for them. If not advancing, we are falling back. If not keeping alive, growing to something better and higher, we are becoming weaker and of less worth. Even though we never reach the goal, we have made some advance in striving for it. A good aim, a real purpose in life, makes worth of character. All have not the same tastes. There is a wide field from which to choose what one will work for. And this is well. The one universal aim is the same, to live truer, better lives from day to day. A life without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder. Want of motive makes life dreary and monotonous. Nothing satisfies. "Better little talent and much purpose than much talent and little purpose." Aim for something worth while and keep your mark steadily in view. Life will mean much more to you. You will be more useful in the world, you will find more satisfaction in living.

# THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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## INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

The printing office is getting up in addition to the Uplift and job work for the school, the first Biennial Report of the Superintendent of The Jackson Training School. The boys are getting up and putting out some very neat work now.

We have gathered a good many apples from our orchard this year. Several basket full were gathered at one time and the matrons of the cottages have been kept supplied well enough to permit their keeping their cubboards stocked with some very nice apple pies.

The Societies of the school now have magazine libraries that contain the leading magazines of America. They spent about \$40 for magazines altogether. They are proving their worth in helping the boys to prepare good speeches in their debates besides affording good stories for the boys to read.

Our garden has turned out very

well this year after living through the long dry spell and then escaping being washed away in the flood that followed. Beans have been gathered on an average of twice a week, each picking giving us anywhere from 150 to 300 pounds of beans. We have also been abundantly supplied with tomatoes, cucumbers, squashes, cabbage and corn.

We have three new boys here at the time of this writing. Lark Miller, of Rock Hill, S. C.; Ishmael Cook, of Elizabeth City, and Baxter Sheppard, of Concord. All of them have entered the primary department but it is hoped they will prosper, to be three boys that will not long remain in that department. All three are young and promise to grow in mind as they grow in age.

The boys attended Children's Day exercises held in the Rocky Ridge First Methodist Church, near the school last month. The weather was not the very best, and many of the children on the program were absent, but the exercises were enjoyed for all that. The boys here frequently have exercises of the kind but they do not enjoy those as well as they do the ones got up by "outsiders."

We have played seven games of baseball since printing the last Uplift. Two with Howell, both resulting in a victory for us; one with Rocky River and one with Roberta Mill which resulted in victories for our nine and then with Kannapolis two of which we lost. We have won 14 games out of 18 this year which gives us a percentage of 77.8,-- a percentage that we do not believe can be equaled anywhere else in the county.

Visitors riding up to the school and others passing along the National Highway running through our grounds, are now casting their eyes on another cottage--the fourth in number--that is nearing completion. The carpenters are putting up the rafters and it is hoped that we will be able to take in thirty more boys here by the first of next year. The school only has a capacity of ninety boys now but when the new cottage is completed there will be room for thirty more.

The boys of the Training School enjoyed their Fourth of July this year in a "safe and sane" way. They did not use fire-works, cannon, and high explosives, but they had one thing that is dear to the heart of every North Carolina boy-- a

half a day in a swimming hole. It was indeed a sight to be held, to see ninety-five boys, diving, swimming splashing about, some crawling, others hanging on to the edge of the bank, just a little too timid to venture out in the current, where the veterans of former swimming pools delighted to be. The trip was enjoyed so much that the boys are eagerly looking forward to the time when it will be repeated.

## Prehistoric Dentistry.

That the ancient inhabitants of the Southern California coast and not the Japanese, as claimed, were the first dentists, is the assertion of De Moss Bowers, an archaeologist of Santa Monica, Cal., who has discovered a set of primitive dental tools in the beach sand there.

Following the discovery of many bones of a skeleton in an excavation being made by workmen for Col. Thomas W. Prior at the entrance to the Fraser pier, Ocean Park, Mr. Bowers asked permission of Colonel Prior and the local police to dip deeper in the sand and continue an investigation that has led him to dig up more than 7,000 skulls along Santa Monica Bay and on the Santa Barbara Islands.

Mr. Bowers' discovery of bone instruments which he declares were used by the natives not only in extracting teeth, but also in filling them, bears out, he says, his contention that the inhabitants of this coast were the first to practice dentistry in a primitive way.

Here are some of the peculiar discoveries made by Mr. Bowers as the result of his latest find of bones:

That teeth were artificially extracted from the skull he found and not removed by any natural cause.

That several of the teeth had "fillings" of what he calls pulverized stone and asphalt.

That the early inhabitants of this coast used dental tools made of stone, bone and shells.

Mr. Bowers declares that at only one other place have dental tools of such an early period been found. The other find was at Babylon, but the tools were of metal.--Buffalo Express.

Garfield, once he determined on an education, cut wood for fifty days to make \$50 to meet expenses. When he was going still higher he rang the college bell and became general sweeper. A man like that can do anything, and he can go anywhere.



# Thanksgiving and Christmas

While Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages.---Charles Dudley Warner.

## Christmas and the Feasting of the Thousands.

*In the story of the feeding of the multitude, there was more food after the feast than there was in its beginning; for the feast began with what one boy had in a basket, but it took twelve boys and twelve baskets to carry away the fragments left on the tables and the grass. The explanation is given us in the statement that the Divine Lord presided at the out-door table, and made starvation turn into a banquet. The story illustrates well the multiplication of beauty when a great religion and a great philosophy repose beneath it, for what was one basketful when the hungry ones began to eat becomes afterward more basketfuls than many hands can carry away from the blessed field. Christmas is the twelve baskets full found remaining from the first simple arts, and it should be an adequate explanation for us that a great Savior has passed over the banqueting ground.---Swing.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

1916

## Nat's Education

Nat was sitting on the low sill of the barn door, listening eagerly to a few gentle, earnest words his father was speaking at intervals as he worked in the stalls. They were all about Nat's education.

"Your mother and I talked it over last night," his father said. "You know, son, there ain't much money to do with. We'd do more if we could. We never had any education ourselves, but we know that it is for young folks nowadays. We decided your mother and I, that you might have more of your time to yourself, if you can get the chance. Maybe there's considerable work for a strong boy to do at the store down to the Corners. You better ask them. You can do what you like, and maybe if you are careful and saving you can get enough together by spring to pay for a term's schooling at the academy. Then by fall I'll see what I can do."

That was all. Corn must be hauled from the fields and wood brought for the winter fires. There was little time to stand idle and talk.

It is hard to tell what there is in a man or a boy until some earnest purpose takes him in hand and makes him show what he can do. It was so with Nat. Never before in the fourteen years of his life had the days seemed so full to overflowing

with things to be done, never had there seemed so little time for the doing of them.

### Money Will Not Buy Health, Home and Happiness.

Money will not buy health. "Rockefeller starving!" was the headline that sometime ago glared at us out of a newspaper. The article alleged that Mr. Rockefeller was starving of inanition. The report was unfounded, but it is true that with money that would buy all varieties of food and the daintiest and costliest luxuries imported from all quarters of the earth, yet money cannot get nourishment. Another millionaire was reported as saying he would give a million dollars for a good stomach, but a million dollars will not buy that. Many of our millionaires have wrecked their health in the pursuit of wealth, and then all their wealth will not buy back their health. It is true that money may enable us to get some of the means of health, but health itself, a sound body all atingle with life, is not in the market.

Money will not buy a home. But did not money build or buy that magnificent house that stands yonder all splendent in marble walls and costly furnishings do not necessarily make a home. The inmates of that costly house may be torn with domestic unfaithfulness and strife and scattered far. A home is built of domestic purity and love. The plainest cottage or barest room may have these virtues and be a home of peace and love, a nest of joy. Purity and kindness and love are not exposed for sale in any market in the world; millions of money will not buy them; but the poorest and humblest people can have them intunlimited abundance and with them make a home.

Money will not buy happiness. This is about the hardest thing to believe about money, for this is the point where it is popularly supposed to have unbounded purchasing power. Perhaps most unhappy people think that money would quickly cure their misery, and nearly all people think that with money they could get all the enjoyment they crave. There is one class of people, however, who know better than to believe this, and this is the class of the very rich. They can tell us of the impotence of money at this point in bitter words. There is probably as much unhappiness among the rich as among the poor; perhaps more. Wealth often slows down and stops the proper activities of life leaves it without an aim, and such stagnation quickly results in misery. Money can never close up the gap between what we have and what we want: for the more we have the more we want, and thus our unsatisfied wants grow faster than our satisfactions, our misery outruns our money. It consists in a state of heart, and he who has the secret of being content with such things as he has never bought it with money.—Banner.

He must study hard to be ready for the examinations; that was the most important of all. And then every minute of the rapidly shortening days must be economized, for it was the daylight which must be used to bring him his coveted dollars.

Old Mr. Bellaire, who owned the small store at the corners, had listened with sharp curiosity when Nat spoke of work at the store.

"What's made you so keen for work?" he asked.

"Want an education? Well now! That's the way to talk! There ain't many that would try it by themselves. Well, no, there ain't no work here that I know of. Ben and I'll do it all, and have time to rest. Sorry. If there is anything, of course I'll let you know."

Nat thanked him, and was going out when Mr. Bellaire called. "Hold on! Say, Nat, why don't ye pick nuts? There was a fellow here from Detroit yesterday, selling goods, an' he said nuts were scarce down there this fall. Land o' mercy! They are plenty here—beech and walnuts, too. You might do well pickin' 'em an' the next time a traveler comes in here I'll tell him you've some to sell. See?"

Nat was about to answer when the old man broke in again. "An' say! I saw a mink down toward Scanlon's creek yesterday. Muskrats an' rabbits an' squirrels are right plenty, too, an' there's some otter left up toward the timber, if you're smart enough to ketch 'em. Mighty scarce though."

Nat had heard enough to bring up his hopes and courage. With enthusiasm in his heart he bent his small back willingly through the hours of daylight in gathering nuts. He knew where they grew largest and best.

There were traps to be made and set, and he must pass hours in discovering where the muskrat and otters hid themselves. He grudged every minute, too, that must be spent away from his beloved



books.

As the days slipped away and brought Christmas near, it seemed to Nat that there was but little to show for so much hard work. Seven weeks gone since he had begun, and the small box that served as a bank held only twelve dollars, besides a few pennies. It was almost hopeless now to think of swelling the sum to forty dollars by March, but forty dollars, at least, he must have to carry him through the term.

There was Sammy, now; twelve-years old, ruddy, light-hearted brother Sammy. He seemed to have hardly a care or an ambition in the world. He thought nothing of education himself; and yet it seemed the rarest and best of skins were found in Sammie's traps. The animals seemed to hunt for his traps, wishing to be caught! He had actually saved fifteen dollars while Nat, who had a purpose back of it all, had only twelve.

There were no nuts to gather now. They were buried deep under the snow. There were only the skins to depend upon, and he must study hard. That was the secret of it; Sammy gave all his time to the traps, for he had nothing else to do. It was too bad, thought Nat.

A feeling almost of despair had possession of Nat's mind as he made the rounds of his trap one day, with these thoughts uppermost. Why couldn't he get money, when it meant so much? He had passed three of Sammie's traps already that day, which held a further store for that lucky brother. They would add at least another dollar to his savings. Not one of Nat's own traps had been sprung. Why couldn't it have been different?

Why—it was a sudden, half-formed idea which fitted through his mind, but it startled him and brought a swift color to his cheek. It made him feel hot and angry, as though someone had struck him. But there it was again, bobbing up as though it had nothing to be ashamed of. It was more definite this time, too.

"Sammie's skins!" Those were the two words which formed it. Nat set his teeth together and plunged ahead sturdily through the drifted snow, trying to get it out of his mind. It did not seem at all anxious to go, but came up again and again stronger and larger with every appearance.

"Sammy's skins." "Sammy's lucky. Sammy has fifteen dollars, and three more skins in his traps today." "What will Sammy do with his money when he gets it! Just

waste it—spend it for some foolish thing or another. Why couldn't"—

No! Nat wouldn't think of it! And yet he did think of it; he couldn't help it.

"There are Sammy's skins. There is no one to see. Sammy doesn't need the money. You could pay it back to him, anyway, sometime. Take Sammy's skins."

Oh the shame of it! He would not listen. He turned far out of his way after that, so as to avoid Sammy's traps and hurried home as fast as he could, to find relief in his studies.

But when he lay awake in the night, the first drifting bits of thoughts were Sammy's skins, he dreamed of his little brother's good fortune, and in the morning, when he arose and went down to his early hour of study in the kitchen, he could not fasten his mind upon his work, but sat for a long time with his eyes fixed upon the dancing red flames.

To-day the thought did not wait for him to get to the woods before it attacked him. When he left the house it was busy in his brain, and had persuaded him to listen while it argued. Long and persistently it worked; and when he reached the dark shelter of the timber land he was too much occupied in his struggle with it to think of avoiding Sammy's traps today.

The very first one upon which his eyes fell held a beautiful red fox!

Was it ordered to be so? No one can tell. Nat hardly stopped to question. If it had been a rabbit or a muskrat, he might have resisted. Now he did not struggle, but with a sudden fierce determination he released the fox and slung it across his back, then carefully reset the trap and covered all traces of his visit.

He did not care to stop to reason now: it was too late. He only forced himself to say over and over again; "I'll pay Sammy back, some day. Then he won't care."

After that yielding was easier. It is always easier after the first struggle is lost.

Then Nat's dollars increased. It seemed to those at home that some kindly fate must be determined to help Nat on, his little hoard of money grew so rapidly. Sammy's grew, too, but so slowly!

"The beasts have found out it's Nat that wants the education," their father said jokingly: "that's why they've quit coming to you Sammy."

But Sammy had nothing to say; he only looked across at Nat, seated

at the other side of the fireplace, bent over his books. Nat would much rather read the pages of history than look into Sammy's honest brown eyes.

Well, and so it was accomplished. The first of March brought a new sense of living to the ambitious boy, when he realized that he had only three or four more dollars to win. He would trust to good fortune in earning them in some way at Belmont, in odd moments out of school hours. He would certainly not let that keep him at home.

Then came the day of leave-taking. That is a day always clear in the memory of every boy, until boyhood slips into the dreamy shadows of final forgetfulness. Belmont was only twelve miles away, down the river, but there was as much of sorrow and hope in the preparation for leaving home as though it had been in another state.

"Good-bye Nat. Mind what your mother tells you."

There was an unaccustomed warmth and tremor of feeling in his father's voice, it seemed to Nat, and his mother's close clasp and words of counsel and blessing. Somehow it was the sound of voices, more than the words, which hung on his brain as he started bravely down the road toward the station. He thought of this so much that he forgot to look for little Sammy, to say good-bye, until he was far on his way.

Then he was glad that he had escaped it, he was better satisfied not to have to look in Sammy's face.

A sudden sharp turn in the road made his heart sink, for there, a little way ahead, stood Sammy, kicking his feet against a tree to keep them warm. When he saw Nat he stopped exercising.

"Hello!" he said; "been waiting for you. Gimme hold of your valise an' let me help you."

Nat paused, but did not accept the offered help.

"I'd rather go alone, Sammy," he said; "I don't feel like--like talking I'd rather be alone and think. You'd better go back and keep warm."

He spoke with half-averted face. He was willing to be rude to get away from his little brother's kindness. Sammy did not press it upon him.

"Good-bye," he said; "you want to write to a fellow sometimes."

"I will," Nat said hurriedly. "Good-bye, Sammy. I'll write," and again he started on his way. Sammy stood for a moment, irresolute, and then trotted after him.

"Say, Nat," he began. His red

mitten was off and he was tugging at something in the pocket of his old brownjacket.

"I wish you'd take this," he said, drawing out an old leather pouch and thrusting it into his brother's hand. "Tain't much, but you'll need it down at Belmont. It's twenty-two dollars. You take it. I been savin' it for you." Nat stood suddenly still in the roadway, his whitened face turned full upon his brother. Then in a moment more he had thrown himself at full length upon the snow, burying his face upon his arm, sobbing with all the bitterness of a long pent-up feelings.

And this was Sammy! Careless, lighted-hearted thoughtless brother Sammy, who, he had no doubt meant to waste his money foolishly, whom he, the elder brother, had been robbing for weeks together.

Was there not enough in the thought of it without this? Oh, why had it come just now?

Sammy stood by, waiting. There was wisdom in that small head of his, as well as brotherly kindness. He let Nat sob himself calm before he spoke.

"Don't do that, Nat," he said at last. "What's the use cryin'? I didn't want to make you feel bad. You needn't take it if you don't want to. I'll keep it till you need it, an' then you can send for it. What's the use cryin'?"

Nat's passionate burst of crying had set his own honest heart to beating again in his breast. Tears sometimes act so.

"I can't take it, Sammy," he said, lifting his stained face, "you don't know how mean I've been. I stole from you—I've been stealing from your traps all winter. Most of the skins I got since Christmas I took from your traps."

It was plain, blunt confession, with no attempt to shield the wrong.

"There ain't no need cryin' about that," Sammy said, with a warm color mounting to his brown cheeks. "I knowed that. I seen you the time you took the red fox. I was back in the woods. I knowed how you wanted the money. I was going to give it to you anyway, so where's the difference?"

"No, no!" Nat cried, "I can't take it. Help me with this valise, Sammy. I am going back home."

"Home!" the little brother said, with dismay, "oh, my! Nat I wouldn't do that. What! you going to tell daddy and mother?"

"I'm going to tell them the truth," Nat said. He was quite calm now. "I won't make my start wrong and

after this I'm going to tell them the truth.

And at home with his face bowed in his mother's lap, he did tell the truth, from the beginning to the end. Then he went back to his work on the farm again with a fresh and stronger courage and hope in his heart.

"Next fall," he told Sammy, "I'm going to Belmont. Then I can begin honest."

He was not afraid, now, to look into Sammy's brown eyes.—W. R. Leighton, in the Dawn.

#### Running Away.

Two brothers, young boys of Chicago, decided to run away from home and make their own living in the west. They began their under-

#### Has Visions

Man is a forward child who builds mansions out of dreams, and, jockeyed by hope, sets out at a gallop along the visionary road to his desires.—W. Clark Russel.

taking by the dishonorable act of stealing a ride on a freight train.

Before they had journeyed a mile one brother was killed and the other injured. So their adventure ended, and a home is marked for life by their foolish act. The "running away" story used to be popular in certain kinds of story books, but actual life it has rarely paid. People who really accomplish things in this world, young or old, don't run away from the duty that is right in front of them. They stay with that duty until they have performed it and then go on to higher tasks, step by step, until they have reached the goal of their ambitions.

"Runnig away, from father and mother, from duty, is not a smart act, and its termination is usually either ridiculous or disastrous. It was Mark Twain who wrote that "being ridiculous is as foolish as knowingly making a mistake."

It was also Twain who wrote: "the big ones of this world are those who never run away from anything. They stay with unpleasant as well as the pleasant things. They are to be found every day in the year with their faces up against their duty. They win."

If home, school, duty, seem unpleasant, don't run away. Go out into the backyard, sit down on the wood-pile and have a talk with yourself.

You are apt to find out, if you are honest with yourself that the unpleasantness has started through yourself. That being the case, nine case out of ten, don't run away. Stick!--Ex.

#### What Some of the Scattered Sons Are Doing.

We rejoice over the achievements of our absent sons. They daily give us cause boastfully to exclaim, when others recite their worthy deeds, "He was born in North Carolina." They are at work in every land; in every country of the old world; in the awakening Orient; remodeling the aqueducts of the Caesars, and repairing the abutments of the Bridge of Sighs. In London a North Carolinian is building an electric railway with American capital, and another is there the master of trade the world over.

A North Carolina drummer sells blankets in Manchester and another more enterprising disposes of razors and blades on the streets of Damascus.

The fastest train in Continental Europe is engineered by a native of Guilford county, and North Carolina engineers pull the throttle up the slopes of the Andes, in African jungles and across the island of Japan. A North Carolina contractor has thrown a cantilever bridge over the river on the road to Mandalay. An engineer, graduate of our A. and M. College at Raleigh, installed the machinery which lights the most southern beacon on the habitable globe at Terra del Fuego, and a Bertie county sawyer cuts timber today in the far north of Sweeden in the light of the midnight sun. A North Carolina plumber installed the electric plant at Bagdad which out-shines the lamp of far famed Aladdin. Today a North Carolinian is carrying laundry machinery to China and another has carried to Germany improved machinery for brewing lager beer. The listless looking Coolie by his tepee in India cools himself with ice made on a Charlotte ice machine, and a North Carolina gin outfit gins cotton in the islands of the seas.

From the coves of Yancey and the mountain fastnesses of Watauga we are shipping cheese to the soldiers fighting near the Swiss border. The world rocks in comfort in North Carolina chairs, and chambers and palaces of royalty are beautiful and gorgeous with High Point furniture.—Hon. Francis D. Winston before the North Carolina Society at Atlanta, May, 1916.



## NOT HIS JOB

"I'm not supposed to do that," said he  
When an extra task he chanced to see;  
"That's not my job, and it's not my care,  
So I'll pass it by and leave it there."  
And the boss who gave him his weekly pay  
Lost more than his wages on him that day.

"I'm not supposed to do that," he said,  
"That duty belongs to Jim or Fred."  
So a little task that was in his way  
That he could have handled without delay  
Was left unfinished; the way was paved  
For a heavy loss that he could have saved.

And time went on and he kept his place  
But he never altered his easy pace,  
And folks remarked on how well he knew  
The line of the tasks he was hired to do;  
For never once was he known to turn  
His hand to things not of his concern.

But there in his foolish rut he stayed  
And for all he did he was fairly paid,  
But he never was worth a dollar more  
Than he got for his toil when the week was o'er;  
For he knew too well when his work was through  
And he'd done all he was hired to do.

If you want to grow in this world, young man,  
You must do every day all the work you can;  
If you find a task, though it's not your bit,  
And it should be done, take care of it;  
And you'll never conquer or rise if you  
Do only the things you're supposed to do.

### Making Waste Work.

In France, as in Germany, "nothing is allowed to go to waste." That has been the French and German system all along, but since the beginning of the war it has been brought to the limit of efficiency.

The French and German method of putting "waste" to work has been a lesson to England; as it should be America, where so much that might be made of value is thrown away. Of the conversation of waste material in France, the magazine, *Tit-Bits*, says:

What becomes of old sardine boxes, tomato tins, meat tins, fruit tins and tins of all kinds? In France, they gather them up and use them--to cut into tin soldiers. In France, too, the old boots and shoes are collected, and every part is used over again. The work is mostly done by convicts in prison. They take the boots and shoes to pieces and soak them; then the uppers are cut over into children's shoes; or, if they are too far far gone for that, a peculiar kind of pressed leather is made by some che-

mical action. The nails are saved and sold, and the scraps go to the farmers to fertilize the soil.

Who would have thought it possible to make anything out of old saws? Yet it is said that many of the finest surgical instruments and some of those used by engineers are manufactured from the steel that first did duty in saws. The steel of saw is of the very best quality and finest temper; and since it is good in the in the first place it is always good.

What are we accustomed to regard as worthless is made to contribute to every branch of industry. The people are trained to it; it is characteristic of their domestic economy, as of the work of the "gleaners" of the bottlefields, who gather shattered shells, bits of rubber tires--anything and everything which may be reconstructed for future service.

There has been some progress on this line of "making every edge cut" in this country, but there is room for great improvement where, through a system like that of France or Germany, money may literally be

"picked up on the streets" and highways by recognition of the value of what has heretofore been regarded as little or no account.

The national thrift campaign has set the people to thinking and to "taking steck" of their resources, and it will continue to be helpful in every line of national economy.

---Atlanta Constitution.

### Flowers of Mount Rainier.

That the natural flower gardens of Mount Rainier National Park surpass in beauty of color, number of species and luxuriance of growth, those in any other alpine region of the world, is a statement made by J. B. Fleet in a pamphlet entitled "Features of the Flora of Mount Rainier National Park," recently issued by the Department of the Interior.

"These flower beds must be seen and their fragrance inhaled," says Mr. Fleet, "before a full comprehension of them can be realized. The more one sees them the more does he realize their infinite beauty and the full significance of the spiritual lessons which these floral emblems teach.

This pamphlet, which may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, for 25 cents, contains well-selected and finely printed pictures of the common flowers.

Among plants illustrated and discussed are the Italian pipe or ghost plant, which is nowhere more at home than in the woods of Washington; the barber's pole, a beautiful red and white striped plant confined to the Pacific Coast; the Canada dogwood, which is known in the East as the bunch berry; the anemone, which forms beautiful spots here and there; the white rhododendron, whose creamy white flowers are conspicuous in the woods; the twin flower, a dainty and graceful training vine; the squaw grass, used by the Indians in basket making; the avalanche lily, which thrusts its leaves and flowers through the snow; the valerian, which grows in great beds of brilliant color; the mountain phlox, arrayed in large masses of lavender flowers and the heather, with its bell-shaped drooping flowers.

This interesting publication recall John Muir's statement that in the Mount Rainier National Park "specimens of the best of Nature's treasures have been lovingly gathered and arranged in simple symmetrical beauty within regular bounds."

---Washington Times.

## "Give Me a Job."

"I want a job."

The head of the electric lighting concern looking 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--"

"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 for 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 taugth 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 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 the payroll. You've a good plant, sir, and I can see tha' 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 use you," responded the man of the plant. "Although I'm bound to say 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 technical 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 interrupt-

ed 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 keep at it until 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 is 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 car-fare."

"Why, his aunt died the other day and he didn't come for two days; but he sent a substitute and payed 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 the 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 is not 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, for the question.

"Get it and go ahead," said the man after he had glanced over the list.

The laboratory was installed and saved the business a net sum of money.

The day the boy's gratuitous service was up, he appeared 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 but the 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, beside profit in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who has the stuff in him to play the game today as that boy played it will win out. You couldn't keep him 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 in the way of a boy of this kind. The give-me-a-job boy is sure to be distributing jobs sooner or later and generally its sooner.--Chicago Tribune.

### Ten Mistakes in Life.

To fail to yield to unimportant trifles.

To fail to make allowance for inexperience.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

Not to make allowance for the weaknesses of others.

To try to measure the enjoyment of others by their own.

To attempt to set up your own standard of right and wrong.

Not to help everybody, wherever, however, and whenever we can.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To estimate by some outside quality when it is that within which makes the man.--Sel.

Embrace every opportunity. The small end always comes first; it may be good as a handle.--Madison C. Peters in Watchman.



## WHAT A MAN IS.

"Harold is splendid," said a man to his friend. "He belongs to one of the way-up families in this town."

"Oh I don't know," said the friend.

"I tell you it is so. His father is one of the richest men we have, and his mother and sisters have the free run of our most exclusive social sets."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it! Isn't that enough?"

"It wouldn't be enough for me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I can't see that what other folks are throws any light upon what any man is, even though the other folks are his own family."

"That's a queer notion, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is, and the more the pity; but there are a few people, anyway, who never subscribe to the doctrine that what a man is, is what the family is."

"Well, what is your doctrine?"

"My doctrine is that what a man is must be looked for in himself, and not outside of himself. Now we both know that this young fellow swears. Is that splendid? He also smokes cigaretts—so many of them that he carries their sign in his face all the time. Is that splendid? Then he is indolent. He is old enough to work and to have some idea of the value of work and have a worthy ambition to do something for himself and for the community, but he seems to be well satisfied to live off his father and to do nothing but run around town and amuse himself. He is nothing but a parasite; and worse than that, he is content to be one. Shall I call that splendid? Do you call it splendid?"

"A loafer who is poor we call a tramp, or a bum, or a dead-beat. How much better is a loafer that is rich? It takes manly ambition and energy to make a man. If a person is destitute of these what is the use of talking about his family? Do you want my doctrine? I will give it to you: What a man is, is what he does."

"Well, that's pretty harsh, I think," rejoined the friend.

But when he went away and got to thinking about it he found it a hard position to undermine.

His friend had certainly been hard on the young man, but he was compelled to acknowledge to himself that the young man had furnished all the facts for this judgment; and, given the facts, the judgment had to come.

"What a man is, is what he does." He was reminded of the solemn words of the master, to the effect

that every tree is known to bear its fruits; and of the testimony of the great apostle, that when we all appear before the judgement seat of Christ we must give an account of ourselves according to our deeds done.

The more he thought of the teachings of the New Testament on the subject, the more sharply did the conclusion press itself upon him, that our deeds are of tremendous import. They express our character as nothing else can do. Good words are good—and good professions—and good promises and good creeds—and good testimonies—and good songs—and good prayers; but not one of these can stand alone, nor all of them taken together stand, unless the good deeds of the individual furnish them a platform.

This is the meaning of Christianity in its message to man: What a man is, is what he does. If we desire the approbation of God, we must be good and do good. Righteousness is one of the very greatest words in the Bible. A holy life is the ideal that prophets and psalmists and apostles and the Master himself have set before us.

A good family is a good thing; so are good business and professional associates; so are fraternities and social sets; but none of them can have anything to do with determining the character. Only the man himself determines this. The Christian man is he who derives his inspiration from Jesus Christ, and who builds his own character upon the Christ-like model.

The glory of our republic is seen in the freedom whereby every man, even the poor and humble, may be rated according to his own true worth and may have a chance to develop himself as he will. There are no castes and no social orders in this country—at least none that are recognized by law.

We are all free and we are all equal in this respect, and every man is entitled to a judgment, broad and true, upon the basis of his own character. The rich and prosperous may look well to the eye, but if they cannot stand the acid test of character they cannot be approved.

The poor and lowly may not make a striking appearance, but if they do good they are good. Refined tastes and high ideals and quick sympathies mark the noble man—and the only noble man there is.—The Classmate.

**There Were Doctors in Those Days.**

The Greek physicians in Rome

practiced one kind of medicine and the Romans themselves—that is, the majority of them—practiced their own folk medicine which, according to a writer in the Druggist Circular, was a combination of some specific applied or taken with a little magic—what George Eliot called "the medicine given with a blessing." For instance, the roasted liver of a goat was supposed to be good for failing sight, the patient holding his head in such a position that the steam flowed around his eyes. And when mixed with honey the same organ was supposed to be a fine remedy for dropsy; mixed with bran it was supposed to cure dysentery. The sufferer from gout was advised to follow an elaborate treatment. First he was supposed to kill a field mouse according to a prescribed method and to extract from it a tooth. The tooth was then stitched to the skin of a freshly slain lion, and if the gout was in the left hand, the skin and the pain was supposed to cease. Another cure for gout was to bind to tooth was bound to the left leg and the afflicted member the first hair cut from an infant's head.

The bite of a dog was supposed to be cured by application of a mixture of stale axle-grease and horehound. Scrofula was treated by the following method: "Trace a circle around a quince root, pull it with the left hand, state for what and for whom, pull and wear as a charm." And for scrofulous sores the following treatment was resorted to: "Bite off a knot from a fig tree without being seen by any one, then wear it in a leather bag suspended on a string about the neck." A treatment supposed to prevent maladies of the eyes for a year consisted of plucking the calyx of blossom of pomegranite with the thumb and fourth finger, rubbing it on the eyes and swallowing it without touching the teeth. Crocodile hearts wrapped in black wool and worn on the person was supposed to ward off attacks of quail fever, and two bugs wrapped in a piece of stolen wool were recommended as a charm against night fever. Tongue grass, if beaten with axle-grease and rubbed on by three persons of three nations, was supposed to cure tumors. Epilepsy was treated by giving the patient meat from a wild beast killed with a weapon that had slain a man.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

George Herbert said: "Who aimeth at the sky shoots much higher than he that aimeth at a tree."



### The Focus of the Mind

What does it mean to put one's mind on one's work? It means inclusion of a fixed object--exclusion of all else. In concentration there is strength. The successful specialize. The man who arrives keeps hammering on down the dusky pike, steeled against the enticements of the orchards and by-paths. "This one thing I do." Happy is he who in early life knows the role that he is for and adheres to the part. Others with a sense that all times lies out before them like the open sea, dwaddle and drift, veer and haul, on the way to decision. Time is no object and money will come somehow: and we wake from a long spring fever, and the afternoon has marched across the dial to the sunset shadows, and our magnum opus is not begun, and our dream is still of what we mean to do tomorrow, in the more conveniens hour.

A burning glass makes a dazzling point of light on the back of your hand and you are amused; but in a short minute a pain stings there and you snatch your hand away, for it cannot withstand the essence of the sun. Turn that convergent fire on dry and brittle tinder and you will have a conflagration to warm and feed a company. It is so with the power of the mind. The light of our lives was diffusive, and the source of it is far distant, till one of forceful cerebration brought the parallel rays together, bending them on our problems. Then we saw and were sustained by the enkindling.

It is the fashionable still hunt these days that goes questing for an epigram, a catch-clause, something to arrest and hold the eye till the tongue cries, "How witty!" or "How wise!" How shall we give the tired business man the rib-jab or tickle to make him sit up and take notice? By boiling the "verbum sap" down into the relishable sugar, as bees turn a murmuring field or tree of blossoms into a little honey. "Infinite riches in a little room." The world exacts the pith of men and things. An able lawyer dives into a welter of "stories half heard and very badly told," and out of them he weaves a brief and wins a case. An engineer spiders all over the landscape and then with a few rolls of paper thumb-tacked on a drawing board brings months of sweat and fever under the magnificent eye of the man on top. As surely as a steel rail is the congelation of the mill that made it, this

one squalid or admirable act of yours contains the man you are.

Many men are at large from the cradle to the grave without doing a thing that counts: they never get anywhere because they never start, and they never rise high enough to fall. The long row of goose eggs on their scoreboards through the years is set there become they learned nothing profoundly, because they were desultory, because they did the heavy sitting around and the anathematizing while others rolled logs and floated them downstream and sawed them and made bats and clouted the ball over the fence for a home run. To see the thing through to the end from the beginning, to go behind the product to the process, to set one's mind at work and hold it pliant, resilient, indefatigable on the track of truth, is to come not far from the switchboard in the powerhouse of all creation.--Ex.

### Saved by Grasshoper.

If you ever go to London, among the places of interest there you will visit the public building known as the Royal Exchange.

There is a cupola at the top of that building. Rising from the cupola is an iron rod, with a huge grasshopper on it, for a weather vane. And there is an interesting story connected with that grasshopper. It is this:

One day, more than 300 years ago a mother in England had an infant, a few months old, which she wanted to get rid of. She wrapped it up in a shawl, and laid it down under a bush in a field, and left it there to die, unless someone should find it and take care of it.

Shortly after, a little boy was coming home from school. As he passed by the place he heard a grasshopper chirping in the field. He stopped a moment to listen to it. Then he climbed over the fence to get it. But just as he was about to catch it he caught sight of the baby close by. He let the grasshopper go, and taking the baby in his arms carried back to his mother.

She took charge of baby and brought him up. He turned out to be a good, pious boy. He was always decided in doing what he knew was right, and in not doing what was wrong.

When a young man he went to London and entered into business there. He was successful there and became rich. He was not only rich but great. He was knighted, and is well known in history as Sir Thomas

Gresham. The Royal Exchange was built in honor of him. And he had the grasshopper put as a weather vane on the top of it' in memory of the wonderful way in which when an infant, his life was saved by the good providence of God.—Richard Newton in Bible Morals.

### Queer U. S. Town.

On his aruaie down the Potomac abroad the Mayflower, recently, the President and Mrs. Wilson visited Tangier, a quaint old Virginia town, situated on an island of the same name near the mouth of a river in Chesapeake Bay. They passed several hours there, visiting the places of interest in the little community, where fishing is the only industry.

The town of Tangier is peculiar in many ways and interested the President immensely, according to those who accompanied the party from the Mayflower, which anchored a short distance from the island. One of the oddities, they said, is the fact that the yards in front of the houses are the burying places for the family dead.

The yards are small--not larger than two good sized rooms--but in each of them are graves--here four or five and nine or ten, with elaborate monuments and customary head stones. The lawns are green and well kept, with neat walks and fences. Flowers grow all around the graves.

Tangier is one of the few towns in the country--maybe the only town--which never has had an automobile no matter how tiny. There are no horses, or wagons there either, for there is no place for them. The single street which the town boasts is only six feet wide. The only way to get there is by flat-bottom boat for the water is so shallow that even the tender of a yacht cannot be brought to shore. There are no docks.

There has not been a murder in Tangier for more than forty years. The people are so good they do not have a sheriff or any other officer of the law.--N. Y. Herald.

The Ideal determines the character. What right have you to choose a low calling, when a higher one is possible for you? Why stunt your moral faculties in low pursuit when a respectable one is open to you which would enable you?

Ideals, inspired with confidence, clear the conception and transform the life.









SPECIAL: Proceedings of convention of The King's Daughters of North Carolina.

# THE UPLIFT

JANUARY, 1917

\$1.00 Per Annum



## Faith in God and Women.

The saddest thing that can befall a soul  
Is when it loses faith in God and Woman.

Lost I these gems,  
Though the world's throne stood empty  
in my path,  
I should go wandering back into my  
childhood,

Searching for them with tears.

---Alexander Smith.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson  
Manual Training and Industrial School.  
Concord, N. C.





# THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VIII.

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY, 1917

No. 6.

## AN EXPLANATION.

Barring one other, this is the best number of *The Uplift* ever issued. It is edited by the women, who compose the state organization of the *The King's Daughters of North Carolina*.

This organization met the past October in annual convention, holding the meeting in the First Presbyterian church of Durham. What follows is a story of the activities of the twenty five circles of *King's Daughters* in various parts of the state. It makes fine reading. It will touch every soul that sees it. It is a tale of self-forgetfulness, of ministration and, in many instances, of even a sharp and keen self-denial. There is no show about it—no frills—no tyranny of style and stunts—no self laudations—no scheme for gain—no sordid effort for profit. Just the doings of a crowd of good women organized to Do Good To Others.

Any old sinner, high or low, will feel better after reading this story of faithful effort throughout the state to wipe away a tear, to heal a pain, dispel a sorrow, right a wrong. It reads like a novel.

The *Uplift* acknowledges a pride in the fact that the officers of *The King's Daughters of North Carolina* regard this magazine worthy of being the medium through which this annual story goes out to the various members and to others, who enjoy to spend an hour in reading of the acts of the good and unselfish. May we be worthy of a continued confidence at the hands of these uncrowned queens, and aid them, in our feeble manner, in extending their merciful activities.

## 27th ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS

Proceedings of the Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the *King's Daughters and Sons* Held at Durham, N. C., October 1916.

### ANNUAL REPORTS BY STATE OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR'S WORK.

The 27th Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the *King's Daughters and Sons* convened in the First Presbyterian Church in Durham on October 26, 1916, at 10:30 o'clock a. m. Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, state-president presiding. The beautiful music rendered by Mrs. Yancey and Mr. Howerton was an inspiration to us to begin our day's labor for "The King." Dr. E. R. Leyburn, pastor of the church, in which all the meetings were held, conducted the devotional services, and extended greetings of welcome from the church. His honor, the mayor, Mr. D. F. Skinner gave the delegates a cordial welcome in behalf of the city; and the beautiful words of welcome from the Sheltering Home Circle, given by Mrs. J. R. Patton, Pres. made us feel at home in the progressive city of Durham. These were graciously responded to by Mrs. J. P. Cook, of Concord. Fifty-three delegates responded to the roll call. Reports from the Credential and Auditing Committee were read and approved. Reports from State Rec. Sec. & Treas. read and adopted by a rising vote of thanks. The Secretary of the "Silver Cross" and "Uplift" being absent there was no report. Greetings from several of the officers of the State Branches were read by the Secretary.

We missed our co-worker, Miss Easdale Shaw, absent on account of sickness. A motion was made and carried that a telegram of love and sympathy, expressing our regret at her inability to be with us at this convention be sent to her. The convention was greatly encouraged by the splendid report of the Jr. Durham Circle which had just been organized. It was an inspiration to us to go home and do better work for our "King." Mrs. D. Y. Cooper re-

ported sending pictures of our cottage and chapel at Concord to Burlington, Iowa, for the general convention held there in May. Mrs. Kelloway then suggested that we send pictures of any of our local work to *The King's Daughters Headquarters* to be used in their slides for stereopticon views. Circle reports followed which were greatly enjoyed as well as helpful and inspiring. In the absence of our State Organizer Miss Jenn Coltrane, the Secretary read her report, which was upon motion adopted. The President then called upon Mrs. J. B. Cherry, of Greenville, a former State Secretary to close the morning session with *The King's Daughters Prayer*. Her fever and earnestness of spirit impressed the whole convention. After a most enjoyable luncheon served by the Jr. Circle of Durham, the afternoon session resumed work at 2:30 o'clock. Devotional services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Harrell. After the inspiring hymn "Love Divine" led by Mrs. Cherry, minutes read and approved. Then followed a paper, on the subject of a permanent place for holding our annual convention, written by Miss Shaw read by Mrs. Everette. It brought forth much discussion. Mrs. Cooper made a motion which was adopted; that a committee be appointed consisting of Miss Shaw, chairman, Mrs. J. Le Grand Everette and Mrs. Burgwyn to investigate as to the probable cost and location of such a place. One suggestion by Miss Maud Brown, Concord, to make the Training School the permanent place met with applause. Mrs. C. J. Kelloway our member of the Central Council read notes from the general convention held in Burlington Iowa last May. Mrs. Burgwyn told the convention of the generous service that Mrs. Kelloway had rendered to us and emphasized the thanks that were due her. We then adjourned to meet at the Old Ladies Home at 6

o'clock. This Home is maintained by the Sheltering Home Circle of Durham. They gave us a cordial welcome to a delightful tea served in the dining room of the institution. The house throughout expressed comfort and good cheer and is a living monument to "The King of Love." At the evening session it was our privilege to enjoy delightful musical numbers both vocal and instrumental rendered by the choir and organist of the church and devotional services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Bost. Mrs. Burgwyn gave her address in a most gracious manner encouraging us to press forward toward the work of our high calling in "Christ Jesus." The eloquent address delivered by Mr. W. J. Brogden, a former mayor of the city, was a beautiful tribute to woman's work. The evening session ended with a most helpful and splendid address by Mr. Frank G. Warner, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. on "The Boy."

The convention was called to order Friday morning by the President at 10:30 o'clock. Devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. North. After the beautiful solo rendered by Mrs. Yeacle, minutes read and approved. The President then presented to the convention Mr. Elisha Neathery, a boy from the school who aroused the greatest interest and enthusiasm and called forth hearty applause. Then followed Mr. Boger, superintendent of the Jackson Training School, who gave his Annual Report, which was of great interest and aroused the members of the convention to the real need of more earnest and zealous work for this splendid school. Mr. Cook, Chairman of the Board of Trustees also Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Treas. and Prof. J. J. Blair, Superintendent of the graded schools, of Wilmington and other members of the Board of Trustees, were present and made appropriate remarks. Discussion of the state work by Mrs. D. Y. Cooper brought forth an interchange of methods as how best to liquidate the debt on the chapel and provide more room for boys who are now on the roads and confined in jails for lack of room at the Training School. This resulted in a most splendid contribution, with the untiring aid of Miss Ada (Mrs. J. B.) Cherry who made a personal appeal to the Christian womanhood present and won a generous response, the amount pledged for the circles and individuals being \$906.00. Mrs. Duffie was then introduced by Mrs. Burgwyn and thrilled all pres-

ent by her earnest appeal for help for a home for wayward girls.

Mrs. C. M. Freutle made a most earnest talk on Reformatory for Women. After a short discussion, the bill, to be presented to the Legislature, was read, after some further discussion, a motion was made by Mrs. D. Y. Cooper that the N. C. Branch of the King's Daughters and Sons indorse the movement of the Durham Circle of The King's Daughters, for the establishment of a Reform School for girls, which was unanimously adopted. We were then invited to lunch and after enjoying the bountiful hospitality of the dainty housekeepers of Durham, we again resumed our duties, at 2:30 o'clock, to finish the business of the convention. Mrs. C. J. Kelloway presiding and the Rev. Mr. Smith conducting devotional services. First in order was the election of officers which resulted in the unanimous reelection of all State Officers, also Mrs. E. A. Overman, Salisbury was elected Secretary of The Silver Cross and The Uplift. Mrs. Kelloway, member of Central Council and Miss Jenn Coltrane, State Organizer were re-elected by unanimous vote. Executive Committee; Mrs. J. B. Cherry, Greenville; Mrs. J. P. Cook, Concord; Miss Mary Steele, Rockingham; Mrs. R. S. McCain, Henderson; Mrs. J. R. Patton, Durham.

Mrs. J. P. Cook then made the following resolution. "That every circle endeavor during the coming year to organize a new circle and report the same to Miss Jenn Coltrane, the State Organizer, Concord, N. C." Our member, Mrs. C. J. Kelloway, then read a letter from Mrs. Evans, President of the Order, which was helpful and inspiring. Place for the next convention, will be decided by the Executive Committee.

At 4 o'clock an automobile ride to the historic old town of Chapel Hill, seat of the University of the State, was given to the Convention, the courtsey was highly appreciated and the ride greatly enjoyed. The evening service as usual opened with beautiful music and religious services which were conducted by Rev. J. F. Riddick. An intellectual and spiritual treat was given us in the paper, "Christian Womanhood" by Mrs. B. F. Dixon, The addresses of Mr. Boger, Mr. Cook and Mr. Blair, were practical and full of encouragement. We thank God and take courage, for in the saving of one boy we realize, what a grand work we are undertaking for our Master and King. The tribute of Elisha

Neathery to the King's Daughters was indeed most touching for in him we have a demonstration of the uplifting power of love. The Silver Offering amounted to \$108.55. The Report of the Committee on Resolutions was read by Mrs. Kelloway, Chairman, after which "God Be With You Till We Meet again," was sung by the entire congregation, the Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Riddick. The convention of 1916 was declared adjourned by our President Mrs. Burgwyn.

Mrs. Richard Williams,  
State Recording Secretary.

## GREETINGS, SHELTERING HOME CIRCLE.

MRS. J. P. PATTON, DURHAM, N. C.

Madam President, Ladies of the Convention, Ladies and Gentlemen.

As a voice of the Sheltering Home Circle of Kings Daughters of Durham, N. C. it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to our hearts, our homes, and our city. Feeling it an honor, nay a privilege, to have so distinguished a body in our midst ---distinguished, not in flaring of trumpets and blowing of horns, but in loving loyal service to our King. Having as our creed, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." It is with gladness of heart and a quiet unobtrusive way they bring a cup of cold water, visit the sick, and sorrowing, feed the hungry and clothe the poor, comfort the aged and lift up the fallen. Feeling we as humble servants of the Master can do as much in His name. The Sainted Margarite Botome builded better than she knew thirty years ago, she with ten other christian women of New York, realizing the need of personal work in which they could become a blessing to numbers who were destitute, sick, and sorrowing, organized the Chapter of King's Daughters. And at the head quarters of our order on Fifth Avenue, New York, is a beautiful banner, and on it the motto of the entire order: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." And while she has gone to her reward her works do follow her, and now there are similar organizations in every state in the union, and many in foreign countries; Noble women banded together, striving to honor the Father by faithful service to his cause, and our hearts swell with gladness for the life and memory of such a woman. The reports from the circles in our





MRS. M. C. D. BURGWYN, President N. C. Branch of The King's Daughters & Sons.

gates of the 27th annual convention of the King's Daughters and Sons of the North Carolina Branch, I am pleased to make public announcement of the great happiness which we are experiencing at this very moment for the gracious words and evidences of welcome extended, for the pleasing atmosphere of good cheer that surrounds us, and for evident promises that much more is to follow, during our most delightful stay in your midst and in your keeping.

Speaking for myself, individually, I frankly confess that I have just about reached the zenith of my ambition in a geographical survey. Among the very first names I learned, in my young childhood, to write is the name of Durham, this delightful city. It's a sentimental story that loses nothing of interest as the years roll by. And it requires the Southern trains practically thirty minutes to get through this busy city. The many thirty-minutes I have thus spent have only enlarged my desire to see and know Durham, face to face; and now that an opportunity is afforded, coming in a legitimate and affectionate manner, rather than by deliberately breaking in simply to satisfy a longing and a consuming curiosity and desire---coming, as it were, by a loving invitation on a mission of love, of counsel and of duty---I am, like every other member of this convention, supremely rejoiced.

It is a well known fact that Durham---a city of marvelous growth, great activity, of enormous commerce, of broad education, of chivalry, and of beauty---does not and will not mix with small affairs. With premeditation, but without malice, she recently gathered into her bosom the Press Association of North Carolina and sent each member away singing songs of praise for the authors of their good fortune. Other events that interest the good, the brave and the alert, find here a wholesome atmosphere. It is quite fitting and natural, therefore, that Durham, in keeping with her good taste and her hospitality, should find it agreeable, while offering a hearty welcome to all agencies that are doing and making for the betterment of humanity and for the glory of our state, to have in her homes the representatives of an organization that was conceived in love and mercy, born in love and mercy, lives and grows on love and mercy in doing those things where selfishness is unknown, where one's own self is forgotten, even if only to hand out a

own state are but a small portion of what the King's Daughters are doing all over the land, but they move us with pride and gladness of heart for the grand unselfish women of our dear old North State. The lines of William Gaston come to me as but feebly appropriate:

"And her daughters the queens of the forest resembling, so graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling. And true lightwood at heart let the match be applied them, And they kindle and flame as none know but those who have tried them".

Some distinguished writer has said that in all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish, and heroic in the spirit and life of man, and may she ever go on as a beacon light to guide them across the shores of life into a peaceful eternity.

Who are the King's Daughters? The psalmist says they are among

the Honorable women, are glorious within, and as corner stones, shall be polished after the similitudes of a palace. And truly, there can be no title under the sun greater than that of The King's Daughters. And in His name, I welcome you to the hearts you have already filled, homes, be they ever so humble, whose latch strings are on the outside, and to our city of whose progress we are proud. "And when life's journey is over and we, as a band of the King's Daughters stand as perfect women, nobly planned, to warm, to comfort, and command, and yet a spirit still and bright with something of an Angel's light." May each one of us hear the Savior say: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excelleth them all."

**RESPONSE TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME.**

MRS. J. P. COOK, CONCORD, N. C.  
Speaking specifically for the dele-



glass of cold water to quench the thirst of a passing stranger, or to wipe a tear, or to comfort the sorrowing, or to ease the pangs of distress.

Kindred spirits have happily met on this occasion. It is a congenial atmosphere that soothes and makes feel at-home. Durham, forgetting her individual self and asking no monetary returns for great deeds she oftentimes does through her Dukes, her Watts, her Carrs, her Southgates and many other patriotic and unselfish representatives, has large experience in setting up agencies that bring blessings to man and working deeds of helpfulness with a generous hand. And our organization, The King's Daughters Circles, doing modestly though constantly, at our individual home bases the very things that Durham's noble spirits love to do and are able to do on a larger scale, and being the petted and favored guest of such a charming hostess, rejoices in this opportunity of coming together under such an auspicious setting.

Gladdened, therefore, by the proud honor of being this city's guest and revelling in the sunshine of her hearty welcome, we are reminded that Durham has so long been doing things from fine impulses, astute business sense, far-reaching perspective, model system, that for her to do good, be hospitable, always prepared, deserving successes and "renowned the world around," is nothing but a habit with her. This renown is so extensive that this marvelous city is known in all the countries of the earth--in the fatnesses of foreign mountains, on ancient pyramids, upon the Rock of Gibraltar, in the islands of the sea, on the outskirts of Africa, in the very heart of Asia and China, nigh unto the North and South poles--everywhere, where men have gone, the Bull City has a speaking acquaintance.

Among such a fine people, worthy of every good name, the makers of this powerful community a world spot, we have gathered together into our annual meeting to cast up our accounts for the year, to counsel with each other, to catch an inspiration, to renew our resolves, to greet old friends in love and to make new ones, to broaden our influence, to establish new circles in other towns, to enlarge our power for service, to legislate for our common state work, the very pride of our hearts (The Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School,) and last, but not the least, to praise Almighty God, seeking His guidance and His

blessing to the end that we may each become a better and more worthy servant In His Name.

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Madam Chairman, Fellow Workers, Ladies and Gentleman:

The following account of a Woman's Meeting in Japan came to my mind as I thought of addressing a few words to you tonight:

"The door of the Bishop's house stands hospitably open, and as evidence that the hospitality has been freely accepted, the floor of the vestibule is covered with wooden shoes, all pointing into the house. Those same shoes tell another tale, too, all the guests are women. Some belong to old ladies who have ceased to care for fancy colors and fashionable cuts; others belong to younger women, some in the height of fashion, others showing more care for durability than looks; and some show that their owners have walked many miles in them, possibly visiting homes to carry anew the message of Christ, or to cheer and encourage the members of some small striving Church, for there is being held, inside, a meeting of The Woman's Auxiliary of the district of North Tokyo, Japan. It sounds almost like a meeting of a Browning Club, or an anti-suffrage league in America, except that the voices are softer and there is less noise of moving about."

Today the doors of many homes in Durham stand hospitably open, and as evidence that the hospitality has been accepted, The King's Daughters from various parts of the State, are greeting one another, thankful that they have the privilege of meeting once more, under auspices so happy.

Your foot prints, fellow workers, points to Sheltering Homes, where you have carried aid and sympathy to God's needy children, to abodes not meriting the title of home, where you have relieved suffering, to cots in Hospitals where the sick are ministered to by kind and skillful physicians, to paths of degradation, where you have pointed to the straight and narrow way. That we have embraced these opportunities for loving service is the subject, not for pride, but for gratitude. Let us remember that these our privileges have increased our responsibilities. They represent talents committed to our care, which must be doubled if we wish the reward of continuance in service. We claim to belong to The Royal Family glad

in our regal birth right, wearing His Name and Sign, we must prove our lineage by faithful work In His Name. The life of each one of us, is a message for good or evil, transmitted without the aid of pen or wire, and human hearts are the stations where these messages are recorded.

Message come to us today, too, from philanthropic men in Durham, who are giving employment to hundreds of families, in factories which have made the city famous; from Trinity College, where able sons of the State are preparing men and women for the battle of life.

They tell us that the ability to work is the greatest earthly blessing bestowed upon man since his transgression in the Garden of Eden; that only the flowing water is pure and sweet, only the spinning top and the moving bicycle do not fall over;" that success is only successful when used as a stepping stone to something higher; that the rest which is refreshing after labor is that which fits us for further effort.

Let these lessons teach us how to stand prosperity, a greater test of character, than adversity, which begets humility, the root of all virtue.

We must regard the success vouchsafed us in our work at the Stonewall Jackson School, and in our homes, as blessings for which we are debtors to that institution and to our local work. One of the most deplorable instances recorded of the abuse of success, is found in biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte. His brilliant victories over the enemies of France, made him the idol of the French nation, and gave him fame, and power unlimited. Instead of using his power for the good of the people to whom he owed everything in life, he exercised it for personal aggrandisement, until selfish ambition became his master, the human family his slave, and the resultant of these two forces was a man deprived of reason. The end of this military genius was his defeat at Waterloo an event of such vast importance to the world, that the term Waterloo has become a synonym for failure.

I am happy to say that, unlike the meeting in Tokyo, the foot prints at this Convention show that the guests are not all women. The King's Sons, Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, who have left their homes and business to join us, the Superintendent and our young brother from the school, and the other speakers who have consented to address us, will



leave foot prints, at sight of which we will take heart for greater work. At this epoch in the history of our country, when men are called upon to be ready for hardships and bloodshed, we still find them full of tender sympathy for the needs of women, and children exemplifying the spirit of words in O'Henry's last poem:

"Good when the bugles are ranting  
It is to be iron and fire.  
Good to be oak in the foray---  
Ice at a guilty desire.  
But when the battle is over  
(Marvel and wonder the while)  
Give to woman a woman's heart,  
A child's to a child.

I believe that as long as the King's Daughters work In His Name, with such men, for The Stonewall Jackson School, we may feel that we are doing the state some service, and laying up treasure for ourselves.

Let the goal which we have reached today, be but our starting post for the morrow. In our enthusiasm for our State work, we must never forget the International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons, to which we owe our name, our Coat of Arms and our Motto, uniting us all in affection and strength, that we may minister to others. Let us hear the voice of our Mother, the Order, calling to her daughters, the State Branches, in their progressive labor for the good of mankind:

"Glow old along with me,  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made."  
Faithfully yours,  
Margaret C. D. Burgwyn,  
State President.

**REPORT OF STATE RECORDING SECRETARY.**

Again I am called upon to render to you, The King's Daughters and Sons of North Carolina, an account of my Stewardship as your State Recording Secretary. During the four years that I have had the privilege of serving you as secretary it has been a labor of love and one of my greatest pleasures to work for this Branch of the Order. My regret is, that I have not been able to do more, I hope you have been a little blind to my faults and that you will accept my gratitude for your courtesy, kindness and assistance rendered me in my work during the year. It is therefore with much pleasure that I submit my an-

nual report. Since the last convention, there has been but little change in the Circles, one circle, Childrens Charity, Weldon, has disbanded. Three new circles have been added. The Anna Jackson Circle, Charlotte, twenty members (organized in Nov.) The Lookout Circle, Kannapolis, fifty-nine members organized in March, 1916) and the Helping Hands Circle, Tarboro, ten members (organized in January,) making the number of circles in the State, twenty-five with a membership of eight hundred and twenty-eight. The largest circle reported is the Whatsoever, Wilmington, with a membership of ninety, eght of these are members of the Cradle Roll. There are also fifty-one Kings Sons in the state, of whom we are all very proud. The usual number of Ex. Comm. meetings have been held, one in Concord after the Convention. one in Henderson one in Greenville and the last in Durham last night, Oct. 25th. The first of the year letters enclosing membership blanks, were sent to the President of each circle asking for a list of the officers and members of her circle. This request has been complied with by all, except one, whose membership of course, is not included in the present number of the state.

Through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. J. P. Cook, chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, a splendid report of last year's convention was printed in the Oct. number of "THE UPLIFT." The magazine, published by the boys of the Training School, about one hundred and fifty copies of this magazine were distributed among the circles of the state. I feel sure that each member of the Order read it with much pride and deeply appreciates Mr. Cook's unceasing loyalty, co-operation and assistance.

I have sent twenty-five Convention Calls, besides extra calls, to the State officers members of the Executive Committee, Branch presidents and some other interested friends of the Order. Letters and postals written during the year 164. Among the other noble things done by the North Carolina Branch, this year, a letter was written to each circle, requesting that they contribute to the relief of the Flood Sufferers in the western part of the state. This was responded to most liberally in food, clothing and money, aggregating \$1,399.00. A large portion of this amount was given by the Durnam Circle.

For the idea and plan by which

these gifts have been collected and distributed, we desire to make due acknowledgement to North Carolina's distinguished citizen, General Julian S. Carr.

General Carr was first and foremost in giving us the idea, plan and inspiration by which we have been instrumental in some degree in ministering unto the needs of suffering humanity thereby doing unto these as we would they would do unto us. To General Carr, we are deeply grateful and make due acknowledgement for whatever good we may have accomplished, in our effort to relieve those who have suffered by the flood.

It is always interesting to the Convention to know something of the money disbursed by the circles. During the four years that I have served as Sec. I find from the reports of the Journal the following amounts have been disbursed.

1st year, 1913,-----	\$7,150.86,
2nd year, 1914,-----	7,217.29,
3rd year, 1915,-----	7,250.86,
4th year, 1916,-----	12,039.76.

This does not include the total amount of disbursements, as several circles have not reported, neither does this include the silver offering. The total amount of the silver offering for the past four years has been \$527.96.

Let us not be discouraged, feeling that the field is so large and our opportunities and capacity so limited to serve "The King" and our service at best, so imperfect but on the other hand, let this grand showing of figures be an inspiration to us to give, not only of our means, but of self.

Humanity cries out for sympathy. Hungry hearts are every where, pleading for love. This giving of oneself, reaching out to others, far exceeds the power of wealth. And now may we all be encouraged to go forward "In His Name" as members of this Noble Order whose keynote is Love, Love to God and for His Sake, love for the poor, the oppressed and the unfortunate, let us consecrate our selves anew to the work of this "Beautiful Sisterhood of Service" and may each one of us feel assured that as we faithfully discharge our duty here, we will be finally rewarded there, where we will together "Behold the King in His Beauty" and hear the Blessed words.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my Brethern, ye have done it unto me."

Respectfully submitted,  
Bessie J. Williams, State Rec. Sec.



**STATE TREASURER'S REPORT.**

ANNUAL REPORT, 1915-1916.

Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, State Treasurer of North Carolina branch of The King's Daughters and Sons.

Oct. 21, 1915, balance in bank.....	\$128.58
Oct, 23, 1916, collections to date .....	214.76
Oct. 23, 1916, interest ac-credited to date .....	3.00
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>\$346.34</b>
Disbursements .....	\$243.96
Balance in First Nat. C. Bank, Henderson, N. C. ....	102.38
	<b>\$346.34</b>
Oct. 23, 1916.	
Balance by bank book .....	\$188.29
Deposit Oct. 23, 1916.....	1.50
	<b>\$189.79</b>
Checks outstanding \$73.10	
3.00	
11.31	
	<b>\$87.41</b>
	<b>\$102.38</b>

**GREETINGS TO THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.**

BY ELISHA NEATHERY.

To the King's Daughters of North Carolina, in Convention assembled; Madam President, and Ladies: I bring you this evening hearty, happy greetings from the boys of the Jackson Training School.

It is a great privilege as well as a great pleasure for me to come before the King's Daughters' Convention as a representative of the boys of the Jackson Training School, for, since the arrival of the first boy at the King's Daughters' Cottage, now almost nine years ago, the name of the King's Daughters of North Carolina has been held in esteem and reverence by every boy of our Institution. We all know and doubtless you are aware of the fact that the first cottage erected for the care and reformation of the wayward boys of our state was erected by the King's Daughters of North Carolina and is known as the the King's Daughters' Cottage. Hence every boy in our school, from the smallest who is only thirty-six inches tall to the largest who stands six feet and one inch, is ready to raise his hat and give vent to his admiration when the coming of the King's Daughters is announced. Now I hope you ladies will not think

that I am making these remarks in any spirit of flattery, for we boys realize what is being done for us at the Jackson Training School and we know, too, what a great factor the King's Daughters are and have been in this great work.

If there had been no King's Daughters, the hope of the lives of a certain three hundred boys in North Carolina would be dark indeed. You were the way and the means of offering a hope--a chance to them. The first Cottage erected there by you gave accommodations for the first thirty boys and it was the beginning of the salvation of the youth of North Carolina. Had your circles not responded to the call that came up to you, the Jackson Training School would have been a myth. I pray in all humility and weakness that the admirable beginning that has been made shall not abate in its enthusiastic endeavor until every boy who needs its training shall have the opportunity that the school can give.

The thirty boys who are in the King's Daughters Cottage, try to make it the banner Cottage of the School, both on the play ground and in our conduct as boys. The very name, which is placed above its portal where we can see it every time we enter or leave the cottage, is an inspiration to us. I have the honor of being a member of this family and am proud of this honor.

But you did not stop with this great act of goodness but have followed it up time after time with gifts which have been most highly appreciated by every boy at the institution. One act of yours stands out separate, apart and above all others that you have performed at the school. Like a granite that forms its foundation and composes its walls its influence shall endure beyond the years. It was a good day for the boys at the Training School that gave birth to the idea of the erection of the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel upon our grounds. It is a monument to the names of the King's Daughters that will live for years after we have passed into the great beyond. This, perhaps, is the most stately and artistic building on our campus. It was dedicated about one year ago when your convention met in Concord. Since that time services have been held there for the boys. When you are at your various homes when three o'clock comes on Sunday afternoons you can feel assured that the boys of the Jackson Training School are in the Chapel singing glad

hymns and listening to the word that is able to make them wise unto salvation.

We are indebted to you for our library of wholesome books which give infinite pleasure both to those who are just beginning to learn to read and to those in the highest grade. You are also our Santa Claus, and you know how dear Santa Claus is to the heart of every boy and our Christmases have been such that princes might delight in. I cannot refrain from mentioning the Junior Circle of Concord which has made it a custom to give us a treat of ice cream and cake each summer. The boys always look forward with pleasure to these marks of kindness. We cannot express our thanks in words strong enough to these young ladies of Concord for their goodness, and we can only say that we appreciate this act of theirs to the fullest extent.

We could never know all the King's Daughters by name but their deeds will always be a sweet memory to us. On every hand we see some act of goodness of the King's Daughters of North Carolina and the great love they have for us.

Allow me to say in conclusion, ladies, that this is not only a pleasure but a great privilege to have the opportunity of thanking you in a body, for the great interest you take in us. Your every kindness, your financial aid and your prayers are all appreciated. Our hearts, our hope of future years are all with thee, are all with thee, noble King's Daughters.

**WHAT THE VARIOUS CIRCLES THROUGHOUT NORTH CAROLINA HAVE DONE DURING THE YEAR.**

MARGARITE CIRCLE--BELHAVEN.

Paid a poor woman's taxes..	5.25
Paid for Beef Tonic .....	75
Sent Jackson Training School	3.10
Sent a barrel of clothing to flood sufferers, value.....	35.00
Silver offering.....	2.00
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>46.10</b>

Our hearts are with you in this convention and wish you all every possible pleasure and benefit.

Sincerely, I. H. N.

Mrs. M. Eva Way.

HELPING HAND CIRCLE--TARBORO.

A new Circle. No written report, but a very interesting verbal one of work done. A splendid beginning.



## BURDENBEARERS CIRCLE—CHAPEL HILL.

The "Burden Bearers" Circle of The King's Daughters of Chapel Hill sends loving greetings to you, and it is our earnest prayer that this Convention may be a most profitable one.

This year we have helped two families by giving them food and clothing monthly; an old woman was helped during her last illness, and her burial was looked after by one of our members; and an aged man was helped during a severe spell of illness.

We give \$5.00 monthly toward the support of an old man who is helpless from paralysis.

There are two aged women to whom we give regularly each month, one receiving \$2.00, the other \$1.00.

Last spring we were called upon by one of our town Physicians to help temporarily in the case of a man whose wife had triplets and had twins just eighteen months older than these, then two other children. We furnished them with food and clothing.

In order to help two girls and their invalid father pay a mortgage, one of our members bought a sewing machine that belonged to the girls and in this way paid the mortgage, and then allowed the girls to keep the machine to use.

Several of our members frequently visit the sick and carry fruit and flowers.

Early in December we had our annual bazaar from which we realized \$125. To this was added sums from different sources.

The Masons became interested in our work and sent us a check for \$48.50 to be used for local charity; the Health Committee of the Community Club sent \$15.85 made from the sale of Red Cross Seals. There has been several personal contributions added to this amount which is used for tuberculous patients. The proprietors of one of our moving picture theatres offered Mrs. T. J. Wilson \$50 worth of tickets to sell and keep half the proceeds. This she did with the help of other members of the circle, and with this money the extra pledge of \$25 on the Jackson Training School Chapel was paid. We also paid the usual pledge of \$25 on the Chapel Fund.

We are sending \$15 as a silver offering.

Four barrels of clothing, toys and provisions and turned over to the Circle from the Community Christmas Tree, were distributed among

all the poor of Tarboro and Chapel Hill.

A Circle of The King's Daughters was organized at Tarboro with 10 charter members. Seventeen new names have been added to our roll, making seventy members in our circle.

As usual our Cemetery Committee has done good work this year. The town gives us \$100 per year and we have the money from the sale of the plots. This is used to the best advantage in improving and keeping the Cemetery in order.

We have renewed our subscription for five copies of the Silver Cross.

In response to the call from Mrs. Burgwyn for each circle to send clothing to the flood sufferers, we collected and sent to Elkin, N. C. two large barrels valued at \$75.

Our Treasurer has handled \$303.76 this year. Our expenditures have been \$202.65, leaving a balance of \$104.11 in the bank. Our tuberculosis fund balance is \$36.28.

Respectfully submitted,

Mary Pritchard, President.

Mrs. W. D. Patterson, Secretary.

## ANNUAL REPORT OF STONEWALL JACKSON CIRCLE CONCORD, N. C.

The work of the Stonewall Jackson Circle of The King's Daughters, Concord, N. C., from a monetary view-point does not equal that of the immediate past year. While our receipts were not quite so large, our work was immeasurably greater. Our Circle members are obsessed with the spirit of inner-missions, and Concord as a whole is aroused to the necessity of community work, consequently there are more organized channels through which this uplift work is distributed.

There is also more individual work. Many of our good circle members adopted, as it were, during the Summer months some poor, ill child that was in need of most careful nursing, which the parent was unable to give, and saw that it received every needed attention and watched the little one with a mother's interest.

The number of families specially visited this year exceeds sixty, and in many instances food, fuel, medicine and clothing were given where in necessary. The visits to the jail were made when necessary.

The services of three nurses were provided in cases of extreme illness; also five patients were placed in a hospital and all expenses borne by our circle. Railroad tickets were

given to two worthy stranded wayfarers. Through the interest and efforts of Circle members admission was secured for three orphans in an orphanage. When Company L left for Camp Glenn, each young soldier carried with him a new Testament, with the Stonewall Jackson Circle's name inscribed on the first page.

We are now maintaining a young girl, fifteen years of age, at the Lindley Home near Ashville, whose release from jail to be committed to said Home was granted by Governor Craig through the friendly interest of our Circle. This unfortunate child will remain at this institution for two years at the expense of our circle.

Convinced of its need, the Stonewall Jackson Circle, in Jan. of this year, established a Day Nursery at the Gibson Mill section of Concord for the care of children ranging in age from six months to six years, for the accomodation and assistance of those mothers who found it necessary to work in the mills. The Day Nursery has met a real need and not an idle dream. On account of a considerable expense, as the work expanded and enlarged, our circle deemed it wise to unite, in this particular work, with the Civic League, and since that time the nursery has been successfully operated under the direction of a Board of Governors, consisting of eight members, four each from the two organizations. Since the opening of the nursery, thirty children have been cared for thus avoiding the necessity of leaving them at home in the hands of indifferent or irresponsible servants. Standing out conspicuously among these human interest stories we can not refrain from telling of little Franky Corl, nearly two years of age, who had never tasted a morsel of solid food, could neither walk nor talk--sadly neglected in every way --and who was rescued from a fearful environment. We were delighted to see his quick reponse to careful treatment, but necessity required for him a better home, so his admission to the infant department of the Thomasville Orphanage was secured, and General Manager Kestler, of that wonderful institution, says now of little Franky that "he is the pet of the crowd."

Five dollars was contributed to the Christmas feast served the boys of the Jackson Training School, and several members of our circle contributed thirty pounds of cake to the annual ice-cream feast, which

(Continued on Page Ten.)

# THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.  
JESSE C. FISHER, Director,  
Printing Department.

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

## INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Many new additions have been made to the printing office since the summer months. Paxton Toler of Newbern, Cryder of Hickory, Caudle of Raleigh have been placed in the printing office to learn the art of printing.

The school has bought another horse to take the place of one that had become too old for work and had to be sold. Mention must be made of the fact that Mr. Boger has bought a Ford automobile to do his traveling in, in place of his horse which is now spending his time in the barn.

### SEVEN BOYS GIVEN PAROLE.

Royal Mumford was given an honorable discharge this month. His home is in Wilson and no doubt he has many friends who will be glad to learn of his discharge. He was also a third cottage boy and a member of our baseball team. He was our

star pitcher and has won many games and given us victory when we thought defeat was staring us in the face. We wish him nothing but good luck and much success in his future life.

The school gave Hunter Parker of Lillington, an honorable discharge the day before Thanksgiving. He was a member of the printing office force and was a third cottage boy. He held a position on our nine and he will be missed very much next year when the training commences. He was a pleasant boy and was heartily liked by all at the institution. It is hoped by all that he will make as good in his work out in the world as he did here in the Training School.

"Scary William" as William Elkins was known among his playmates here, has gone to his home in Fayetteville having received his parole on Jan. 15th. William was a likeable boy and was always willing and ready to do the task assigned to him. In his school work he was especially quick and rarely failed in his studies. He was placed in the printing office soon after his arrival here and has made rapid progress in this work, and nowhere has his absence been more keenly felt. We all wish for him success in his future life.

Aubrey Watson, also, received an honorable parole on Jan. 15th. His home is in Winston-Salem and back to that town he has gone to again take up life where he left it off upon entrance to our school. Aubrey was apparently the happiest of the five, who were given parole, to leave us on this day. He did his work well on the barn force and seemed to be his happiest when driving 'Ben' and 'George', the two horses given him to work. We know Aubrey will make good in Winston for he made good here.

Another boy, Elbert Driver, from Selma, received an honorable parole this month. The last we saw of him was his number "elevens" as he stepped into the automobile which was waiting to carry him to the station. While here he made his home in the King's Daughters Cottage and was a member of the Cone Literary Society. He cast his lot among the farmers and was assigned to duty on the farm under Mr. Talbert. He proved equal to the occasion, and now Mr. Talbert has lost another good farmer. We are all looking to hear from him as doing well in his future work.

Among the several boys who received their honorable parole recently was Elisha Neathery, who represented us as our traveling speaker. On several occasions he has been invited out to some N. C. City to make an address concerning our school. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a sample of his efforts. He was also local reporter for The Uplift, and in this capacity he made good. He came to us from Rocky Mount, N. C., however during his stay here his parents moved to Richmond, and he has gone there to join them. Elisha will be missed by his numerous friends, both among the officers and boys.

Supt. Roger, under his watchful eye, did not fail to see that O'Dell Gregory, with the name of 'Jocko' given him by his associates, had well earned his honorable parole and along with the other six boys was given his discharge. O'Dell was under the care of Mr. Isenhour in the third cottage. From the moment he placed his feet upon the institution's grounds he grasped the situation in hand and has ever since been climbing higher and higher in the estimation of those in whose charge he has come in contract with. O'Dell wears a smile every day in the week and on Sunday too, and his cherry disposition has won for him many friends. His society, the Cook Literary Society, honored him by choosing him as one of the debaters to represent them in the debate with the other societies of the institution in their Annual Christmas Debate. He was called upon frequently to serve as "Officer of the Day," this being an honor sought after by all the boys. Winston-Salem claims him as one of her citizens and he has gone back to Winston to present himself to her as the same O'Dell but changed in many ways. His parents reside in Winston. He will make good we know.

### THE CHRISTMAS DEBATE.

The Annual Christmas debate was held on the night of the 29th. The query was one that has been discussed and amendments offered in Congress a number of times, "Resolved, That the President of the U. S. should be elected for a term of six years and should be ineligible for re-election." The affirmative was represented by Messers Frank Hewlett, William Elkins and Elisha Neathery. The negative was defended by Messers. Aubrey Watson, Lambeth Suit and O'Dell Greg-



ory. Gordon Kimball and Percy Lewis of the Stonewall Literary Society, presided over the meeting. The judges were Messers. J. W. Van Hoy, Jno. Groff and W. J. Caswell of Concord. The debate was conducted as an intercollegiate debate as the speakers came from three different societies of the school two from each society.

The Judges decided that the negative side won by a unanimous vote for their team work and general speaking ability.

The Judges were also asked to name the best and second best speakers. They gave the first best to Elisha Neathery, of the affirmative, and the second best to Aubery Watson of the negative.

Two very good declamations were rendered by Elbert Driver and Fred Costan. The title of Elbert's was "Christmas" and Fred Costan gave a monologue entitled "Mr. Smith Surprises his Wife."

#### HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS.

The first snow of the season fell here on the 18th of December. It covered the ground to a depth of about one inch, and made a few drifts a little deeper. It started to melting soon but as the nights were cold, it stayed on the ground four days. It left the roads and walks in a most deplorable condition. All work was suspended on the farm and grounds of the institution, and the chief occupation was sitting around the fire talking about the coming of Christmas!

Christmas came, and with it came still worse weather but the boys had one grand time for all that. The Christmas tree was in the Chapel, donated to the school by the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters and Sons, and the boys received a large poke of nuts, candy, fruit, etc. The Christmas exercises were held on Saturday night at which time the gifts were distributed, the contributors to which were as follows: North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters \$10.00; Stonewall Circle, Concord, \$5.00; Christian Reid Book Club, Concord, one box oranges; King's Daughters, Charlotte, one box oranges; Elk's Club, Concord, one box oranges; Mr. Caesar Cone, one box oranges, one barrel of apples, one bag of nuts; Mr. Dallas Pitts \$5.00. The railroad failed to deliver the Christmas goods sent by Mr. Cone in time for the bags, but were delivered in time for a New Year's gift. This coming in at a later date made two Christmases

for the boys and they enjoyed it equally as much or more, than their Christmas treat. Mr. Rapiere conducted the devotional exercises. Several of the boys gave nice Christmas recitations and the school sang several Christmas Carols, in honor of Him that was born 1916 years ago.

Christmas day marked the climax in the general jubilee of the boys, early Christmas morning a choir from Concord came out and sang several appropriate songs and in order that they might know we could sing we sang a Christmas Carol for them. We certainly did appreciate this kind act of these good people. And next in order was the big rabbit hunt held with every boy wearing smiles on the way to the fields, but when they returned every one wore an awful long face, for not a single rabbit had been caught!

But when the bell rang for dinner all of this was forgotten, for visions of turkey, cranberry sauce, cake pie, peaches, ham, pork, pickles, and many other things to be found on a well loaded table, bannished the sorrows of a year's time, leaving all in a frame of mind that could not harbor bad thoughts, or regrets for having missed a rabbit stew.

The weather was so bad that we were compelled to remain within doors so only two days were allowed for the Christmas holidays.

#### The Art of Living.

The art of living is of all human subjects with which we have to deal the broadest and most beautiful. It is well for men and women to dip into it as deeply as their mental equipment and the stature of their souls will allow.

It is an art too much neglected in these hurried days. The tendency toward material gain, the craving for position and personal place, the increasing appetites for fame and fashion are all more or less hostile to its development and growth.

To "get along in the world" seems to be the shibboleth of the present generation, than to live nobly and well, extracting from life its real sweetness.

This is not strange, neither is it a phase of the times to be gratefully feared. As with most things of the sort, time is needed to right it--time and the help of those who see beyond the marsh and above the mountain tops of materialism into the clear sky of common sense and the spirit.

Out of this marsh may grow and

bloom the best flowers of the future. The mistakes of today are the foundations on which we build the lasting towers of tomorrow. As with honesty, kindness loves most to dwell in little things. Both are like the notes of a great organ, honesty the bass and kindness the treble; and out thought the aisles and naves and transepts of the world floats the music.

In perfect harmony they gladden and soothe, their fair melody drowning many discords and marking time to the march of our better selves.--  
Altoona Times.

#### Migrating Instinct.

"Sometime the migrating instinct gets hold of a boy and he runs away. His home may be first-class, his opportunities above the average, but with or without reason the boy strikes out for himself, and disappears from all that ever knew him. Sometimes he stays away. Sometimes his distracted friends find him and induce him to return. Occasionally he emulates the Prodigal Son of our Savior's parable, and comes back penitent. The Star Monthly tells of one such who left his home in Peoria to make his fortune in Chicago. Like many others he failed. Six months after he left, his father one day got the following suggestive note: "Dear Dad: Meet me under the Slough Bridge to-night after dark. Bring a blanket or suit of clothes. I still have a hat. Your loving son,—" "This condition is about the usual result of running away, and not all runaways have a "Dear Dad," to meet them and welcome them home after fortune-hunting fails. This boy learned, as many others have done in the past, that there is no place like home and that no one does as much for you as mother and father.

"Tommy," cautioned his mother, "be sure to come in at four this afternoon to get your bath before you go to the Joneses to supper."

"But, mother," protested the lad, "I don't need a bath for that. They said it was to be most informal."

Hamlet—I see by the papers this morning that our friend Foolits has shuffled off his mortal coil via the suicide route.

Eggbert—Bah! I'll bet that is another one of his schemes to secure a little free advertising.

## THE KINGS DAUGHTERS CONVENTION.

(Concluded from Page Seven.)

the Junior Circle provides for the Training School boys.

We have paid for the year our one hundred dollar pledge to the chapel, and discharged in full our dues to the state and national organizations.

Amount on hand at last report -----	\$173.38
Am't collected this year ---	437.46

Total -----	\$610.84
Amount paid out this year -----	512.83

Balance -----	\$98.01
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We are carrying, also, ten shares of Building & Loan stock, which is practically half matured, and from this nest-egg we hope some day to have the nucleus for the organization of a distinctive and permanent undertaking.

Adelene Morrison, Secretary.

ANNA JACKSON CIRCLE---CHARLOTTE

No Report.

JUNIOR CIRCLE OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS---CONCORD.

The Junior Circle of the King's Daughters of Concord organized December 9th 1914 with ten members, now has a membership of twenty.

We are all school girls and range from eight to sixteen years. Our meetings are held at the homes of our members---two acting as hostess at each meeting. The first Friday afternoon of each month is set aside for this purpose and in spite of our school duties we have very good attendance and have done some good work in the past year.

We have given clothes to 95 persons---groceries to six families and books to ten school children.

To our Day Nursery we gave washrags, towels, linen, a dozen chairs, a table and the required amount of milk for nine months.

To our soldier boys that are now on the border we gave 50 testaments.

To the boys of the Jackson Training School we gave an ice cream treat.

And last, but not least, we have placed in the oval window, over the entrance of the beautiful chapel at the Training School, an art glass window in the King's Daughters' colors, the emblem and lettering "I. H. N. inscribed at the cost of \$35.

Our treasurer's report is as follows:

Balance from last annual report -----	\$51.28
Total receipts for year ----	63.82
Disbursements -----	108.13
Balance on hand -----	6.87

Respectfully submitted,  
Lucy Richmond Lentz, Secretary.  
Elizabeth Black, Delegate-Leader.

"SHELTERING HOME CIRCLE"---DURHAM, N. C.

The Sheltering Home Circle extends greetings and best wishes to the sons and daughters of the Convention, and takes pleasure in presenting their Thirteenth Annual Report.

The Circle; which was organized in January 1903, has grown from sixteen charter members to sixty-two members. The year's work has been very successful, the main object of the circle being the maintenance of the Old Ladies' Home.

Numerous improvements have been made from time to time in both the upkeep of the Home and the method of carrying on the work. Thirty-four aged women have been cared for during the year of which twelve are now inmates. We have had more applications for admission to the Home during the year than we could accommodate. Some of these applicants were not eligible, as we are not in position to care for those who are afflicted and need special care. As yet our Home is not provided with an infirmary. It is the ambition of the Sheltering Home Circle to have this department added to the Home in the future.

An informal reception is given once a month at the Home for entertainment of the old ladies at which music, refreshments, and games are enjoyed.

As is usual in like institutions our Home has experienced some sickness. There has been one death during the year.

While the Old Ladies' Home is the first consideration of our Circle, its interests widen out into other channels. The circle has the following active committee: The Hospital Committee, who visit the sick at the hospital each month and who try to cheer and comfort the afflicted. These visits seem to be highly appreciated by the management as well as the patients; the County Home Committee, whose duties are similar to that of the Hospital Committee; and the Rescue Committee. This Committee finds much work to

be done---but little funds with which to do it. During the year one thirteen months old baby was sent to the hospital temporarily and almost immediately adopted by a childless couple; one seven year old feeble minded child sent to Caswell Training School at Kinston, N. C.; one thirteen year old worthy orphan girl rescued and placed in the Industrial Normal Institute of Salisbury, N. C., where she is working her way through school.

While the Home is not self-sustaining the financial condition of the circle reveals the thrift and activity of its members.

Money has been raised by serving dinners on numerous occasions; operating cafe and fountain during the County Fair and also running a bazaar.

The receipts from all sources during the year amounted to -----	\$2482.33
The disbursements -----	2290.74
The amount on hand ----	191.59

Our Circle is proud to announce the organization of a Junior Circle of The King's Daughters with Miss Claudia Lewis President. This has been affected by our untiring President, Mrs. J. R. Patton. This Circle is composed of ten sweet, charming, ambitious young ladies who have entered into the work with much eagerness which bespeaks success for the Circle.

We feel fortunate in having such helpful co-workers, who are not only a blessing to others but they, themselves experiencing a deepening of spiritual life.

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. Walter Lee Lednum, Sec.

NORA C. DIXON CIRCLE---GASTONIA.

No written report.

PATIENT CIRCLE---GREENVILLE.

No written report.

THE HELPING HAND CIRCLE---HENDERSON, N. C.

The Helping Hand Circle of King's Daughters and Sons of Henderson, N. C., sends greetings to the convention assembled at Durham, and begs to submit their report of work done during the year.

We have been working along the same lines as in former years; sending provisions, fuel and clothes to the needy, medicine to the sick, visiting those in distress and answering all calls for help.

We have assisted in sending six patients to the Hospital, also helped



pay for a nurse in two homes where there was sickness.

One family, consisting of a man, his wife and child, was fed for five weeks. He had tuberculosis of the foot and was unable to work. We paid all expenses of sending them and their furniture to their people in Tarboro.

For several months we have furnished a quart of milk per day and all medicine necessary to a woman with tuberculosis, besides assisting with food and clothing for herself and five children.

On Thanksgiving and Christmas, we visited the inmates of the County Home, taking them their usual amount of good things to eat, as well as papers, magazines etc.

We filled only fifty stockings Christmas for the poor children in the town, the mills having distributed baskets among their mill families.

Our funds are derived from dues, free-will offerings, by serving dinners, banquets and in various other ways.

Hoping to accomplish more during the coming year,

Yours, I. H. N.,

Mrs. N. P. Strouse, Sec.

Treasurers' Report:

Receipts .....	\$279.93
Disbursements .....	258.44
	<hr/>
Balance on hand	\$21.49

Mrs. E. G. Landis, Treas.  
Henderson, N. C.

WHATSOEVER CIRCLE—HENDERSON.

The Whatsoever Circle is a splendidly organized circle with 66 members, six of this number being gentlemen. We have lost, during the past year, five and gained five. Eighteen meetings have been held during the year with an average attendance of thirteen. It is hard for sixty people to remember the meetings and for a great while one of our members phoned to each member the morning of the meeting. As a result our attendance was great. But as our number increased this was too great an undertaking, and it has been omitted. Several meetings ago it was decided to give six of the most active members the names of nine others whom she would inform about the meeting. It is hoped that this may be a great help in increasing the attendance.

Mrs. R. S. McCain, our efficient President for the last 24 months, has filled the office most splendidly and although she almost refused the

Presidency for another year, as there was no one who could do it so well, she finally accepted it.

At the first meeting last fall, the Circle was divided into six Committees for the purpose of making money. Many and various things were undertaken by these chairmen. Some will be mentioned, such as: Receiving a commission from the Bakery for all cakes sold by committee; one picture show manager gave 25 cents for every dozen tickets sold, a dozen tickets being sold for \$1, 20 cents saved to buyer; serving cream and sandwiches at Fair; serving two dinners; selling embroidered goods for a New York house at a large commission. The last was exceedingly profitable; ordering flowers wholesale from Washington and selling at a good profit; and lastly collecting old papers and magazines to sell. The papers have not been sent off as yet. This fall the Committees have been discontinued, and the whole Circle is planning to serve dinners at the Fair.

The Sick Committees have been very active. Nineteen of the members have served on these Committees, two members serving twice. One hundred and twenty-five visits have been made by these Committees.

Several Committees reported that they had visited the sick of our Circle. This should be done. This fall one of the Circle went to see a member of the Circle, who is almost an invalid, to get a contribution for the flood sufferers, and this sick woman most willingly gave, but said she would like for the members to come to see her. Just a reminder to all that it isn't just the needy that the King's Daughters are to help, but all who need comfort and cheer. Henry Drummond has very beautifully said:

"Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists of having and getting and being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others."

Others report they have visited the County Home and taken refreshments to the inmates. Five people have been sent to the Hospital for treatment at an expense of \$49.25.

Nine have been given medicine, 30 people received groceries, 20 people have been sent fuel.

Mr. R. S. McCain very kindly gave the Circle five cords of wood which has been distributed as needed and has been a great help in a financial way to the King's Daughters.

We have contributed \$100 to our Training School in Concord. We are always glad to contribute to this cause which is near to every King's Daughter's heart.

Mrs. Sloop, a missionary in Western N. C., wrote for a contribution of old clothes. Two sugar barrels were sent filled with good clothes.

In September the Circle responded to Mrs. Williams's call for clothes for the Flood sufferers, to the amount of \$75 at the smallest valuation.

Four very troublesome paupers have been given tickets to other places, as we felt we helped them all we could. But alas! the most troublesome one has just returned for the winter. Some prison work has been done. The ladies have visited the jail, carried papers, fruit, etc.

The Circle owns a large lot on Main Street, valued at \$4,000 on which the Circle is planning to erect a building, the lower floor being stores or offices to let, and the upper floor consisting of a hall where dinners may be served, plays given, etc. The Circle also owns a lot worth \$1,000, given by Mr. D. Y. Cooper several years ago, which we will sell when the building is begun. We have in the bank on interest \$25. This year our income has been \$250, and our expenses \$243.

Although we did not come up to our high standard of \$900 which we made last year, we have met every need, and feel as tho' it has been a year well spent. The words of Hegeman: "I expect to pass thro' this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

If these sixty women could catch this vision and follow its leading, Henderson and the community would be a happier, brighter place.

Secretary.

Treasurers' Report:

Receipts during year .....	\$392.14
Disbursements .....	392.14
Box of Clothing valued .....	125.00
Resources:	
Real Estate, two lots .....	\$5,000
Personal Property .....	300
Cash .....	49

Total 5349

Mrs. W. H. Wister, Treasurer.

WHATSOEVER CIRCLE---HILLSBORO.

No report.



LOOK OUT CIRCLE--KANNAPOLIS.

The Look Out Circle was organized at Kannapolis March 10, 1916. We meet once a month at the Martha Washington Inn. We have 44 members. Our work is furnishing medicine, clothing and food to destitute families.

The Cannon Mfg. Co., who operate the two cotton mills in our town cooperate with us and help us in many ways. Through them we are affiliated with the National Red Cross Association and have a Red Cross visiting nurse, who makes about 150 visits per month. Aside from the work of the nurse, visiting committee has helped 19 cases, furnishing a special trained nurse in three cases and sending one woman to a hospital. We have a sewing class, a class in "First aid and home care of the sick," and the Camp Fire Girls organized among the mill girls, with 25 or 30 members of each. We hope by next year to report a Community House and Day Nursery and Kindergarten. We have collected a chest of linen for lending to needy persons. We sent a box valued at \$25.00 to the flood sufferers.

Receipts for year..... \$524.33  
Disbursements..... 473.01

Amount in treasury 51.32

Signed,  
Mrs. R. D. Grier,  
Delegate and Pres.  
Mrs. J. G. Lowe,  
Delegate and Sec.

ANNUAL REPORT OF ST. LUKE'S CIRCLE OF KING'S DAUGHTERS.

It is with great pleasure that I again present to you the annual report of Saint Luke's Circle of the King's Daughters.

We feel that we have accomplished much good for our cause and consider this year a most successful one.

As you know, our principal work is the maintenance of a home for aged women and at present there are eleven inmates, all very happy and enjoying their usual good health.

There has been sickness among the ladies, but only two have been called to the home, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

We have a most thoroughly competent matron in Mrs. M. Bowes, who, with a nurse and two servants, care for the needs of the Home.

There have been repairs and other improvements at the Home. A new concrete sidewalk was laid in front of the Home at a cost of forty-three dollars, also, between Rex Hos-

pital and the Home, a new wood and wire fence built at a cost of forty-eight dollars and eighty-four cents.

The Parlor and hall have been repapered and other new improvements in rugs, furniture and electric fixtures at a cost of seventy-one dollars. We have had gas put in the Home and a gas range for cooking has been installed.

We have sent our pledge of fifty dollars to the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

We gave ten dollars to the Young Men's Christian Association at Raleigh.

The Women Organization of Raleigh undertook the serving of a barbecue and other refreshments to our soldier boys before their departure to Camp Glenn and to this St. Luke's Circle contributed five dollars and a committee was appointed to assist in serving.

We held two rummage sales from which was realized the neat sum of fifty-four dollars and eighty-six cents.

A silver tea was held at the Home and three dollars and fifty-five cents was received at the door.

At the North Carolina State Fair we had the privilege of selling the cups of coffee at the Morara Coffee Stand and the amount of thirty-five dollars and ten cents was realized.

Thursday, Nov. 18th, 1915, was celebrated as Donation Day at the Home and a very generous amount of donation consisting of groceries, bed and table linen, and other articles were received, also thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents in checks and money.

A box of books was sent to Mr. J. P. Cook for the Training School.

The Christmas tree at the Home was thoroughly enjoyed by the old ladies. There were gifts for all and a nice basket of fruit and confections was given to each of them. There was Christmas music and songs to make their dear hearts happy and light at the glad Christmas time.

A box filled with clothing for men, women and children, valued at fifty-five dollars, was sent to the flood sufferers in Henderson County.

Our Circle has twenty-four active members and twenty-three contributing members.

As you know, our greatest desire is to build a new home and now we are beginning to get our heads together to make plans, for our nest egg has grown considerably.

We are very enthusiastic about our work and we look forward to greater accomplishments in the new

year. We ask the prayers of the Circles on our work and feel that all things asked for "In His Name" will be found worthy of fulfillment.

Respectfully submitted,  
Mrs. William T. Ueltschi,  
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report:  
Received during the year  
from all sources ----- \$2,242.13  
Disbursed during the year 2,140.06

Bank Balance, Oct., 1, 1916, \$102 07  
Mrs. H. G. Harrington, Treas.  
Saint Luke's Circle.

SILVER CROSS CIRCLE--ROCKINGHAM

After the inspiring uplift which comes from attendance upon the Annual Convention of the King's Daughters and Sons which met in Concord last Oct, our Circle took up the year's work with renewed interest. Our first was to see that our three young people, Elizabeth Young Mattie and Joe Yates were back at their school with proper clothing, and books of necessary expenses and that Virginia Jernigan has her winter outfit for her stay in the Hosp. under Dr. Stoke's care. To Joe Yates were contributed two suits, a handsome sweater, three sets of underwear, one pair of shoes and two dress shirts. To Mattie Yates one long coat. To Elizabeth Young one blue serge dress, one coat suit, one white serge dress and \$10 in cash for expenses to the Normal and Industrial School in Salisbury. To Virginia Jernigan, three gingham dresses, one long coat, four union suits, four waists, four pair of hose, six pair drawers, one serge skirt, four Middy blouses, four gowns, a hat and expenses to Salisbury. We also devoted to this afflicted girl one whole Sunday afternoon when a committee attended by two small, but gallant, boys, trusted themselves to a Ford machine to carry these supplies to Virginia's home, some fifteen miles in the woods. We pass lightly over their efforts to push that machine out of a mud hole, barely mention how many times the engine lost its breath, just think at a walk this black darkness down a railroad track, because even a Ford cannot run without gasoline, and acknowledge with gratitude their rescue by an over-anxious family at about ten O'clock of a Sunday night.

A handsome Thanksgiving Dinner was served to the inmates of the County Home. All the community joined us in this service to these unfortunates. Railroad tickets back to their homes were furnished two



THE UPLIFT

JANUARY, 1917

girls straying far from good behavior.

We were gratified by a gift of \$5.00 from Mr. Fred Dickinson and of \$50.00 from Mr. T. C. Leak.

The Community Christmas Tree was a decided success, the contributions were very liberal and these were made into packages and distributed Christmas morning to about fifty families whose destitution and need had been priviously ascertained, and twelve large baskets of good dinners were sent to as many other families.

Accompanied by Rev. Mr. T. E. Smith a party of K. D's. held a service of prayer and song at the bed-sides of the shut-ins at the County Home on Christmas afternoon.

We also secured, with much gratitude, the following donations:

Miss Bessie Everett .....	\$15.00
Mr. L. S. Webb .....	10.00
Mr. Lonnie Moody .....	1.00

The Circle was further enriched by the addition of two new members, Mrs. Fred Dickinson and Mrs. T. E. Smith. We sent a soft new mattress, sheets and pillow cases and six warm gowns to a Miss Reader, helpless and bed-ridden at County Home. We continue our care to Mr. Peele and family, supplying them with food and medicine and finally helping him to a hospital when his case was found to be hopeless--ossification of the joints, in our subsequent care of them we have been materially assisted by his relatives and friends. The Circle voted \$1.50 per week in groceries for a widow with four children, until a time of sickness has passed. Two dollars a month to two old ladies, and washing and milk supplied to a third. Suitable food and medicine and fuel supplied to the mothers of three sick children. Shoes provided for three children that they might attend school. Our Christmas Bazaar was only a small sale which was profitable, but not enough of it. Mrs. J. W. Leak and Mrs. H. D. Burkheimer were added to the Circle on Feb. 21, 1916.

A play given in Feb. by the Misses Burkheimer netted us \$62.85. We voted to send a Mrs. Pankey to Dr. Stokes for a serious operation, her husband raising \$10.00 and we afterwards helped this family thro' a siege of typhoid fever, others of the community helping also with food, medicine and a nurse. We sent a man nurse for one week to a man ill with pneumonia and helped feed his four children until he could work again.

Mattie Yates graduated in May at Dr. Stokes Hospital, we gave her

uniforms costing \$27.00 and a neat outfit of clothing to enable her to fill an excellent place offered her. When this term of service expired she received an opening in the school at Valley Cruces at \$50 per month. A young woman from a mill asked for help during an operation for appendicitis, we voted \$25.00 to the case and members contributed hospital clothing. We voted \$24.00 to another case of appendicitis. Sent food and medicines to two cases of sickness, both feeble and old.

In July we served our mid-summer treat of lemonade and cake at County Home. Also contributed \$35.00 to the flood sufferers in a valley above Brevard and added \$6.00 to the sum sent by friends to Linnville Falls and gave clothing to the box sent by other ladies of the churches. For several weeks we contributed delicate food and medicine to a woman hopelessly ill, watched by her dying bed and helped with expenses of funeral and employed a nurse for the last three days of her suffering. Food was supplied for one month to a family whose head has tuberculosis. A nurse was sent for two weeks to a girl sick with typhoid fever and vain efforts made to place several orphans in one of our overcrowded institutions. Ten dollars has been sent to Madame Edward Mercus, a Belgian lady who has become a personal friend. An infant's outfit and some money was supplied to a young mother deserted by her husband. We subscribed to ten copies of the Silver Cross and have paid up our pledge of \$100.00 to the Chapel building at the Jack-Training School. Our meetings are held regularly and are well attended. Our treasury just now closely resembles the widow's cruse of oil, it contains barely enough for our needs, but we lift our hearts in prayer to Him who hears the ravens when they cry, thank God for letting us help Him work and take courage.

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. W. H. Russell.

Receipts.

Bal. on hand Oct. 9th, ----	\$115.90
Pee Dee & Medway Cotton Mills .....	240.00
T. C. Leak .....	50.00
Special Contributions .....	30.00
Sales & Entertainments ..	188.67
Dues--Daughters and sons	140.01
Other Sources .....	21.90

Total 786.57

Expenses.

Hospital Cases .....	357.77
Supplies, Food & Medicine	163.91
Clothing etc. ....	107.69

Merchandise--For Sales ----	20.88
Dues .....	18.50
Cash on hand .....	117.72

Total \$786.57  
Mrs. W. N. Everette, Treas.

THE MINISTERING CIRCLE--OXFORD.

The Ministering Circle of the King's Daughters of Oxford, N. C. sends greetings to our sister circles in convention assembled at Durham with the wish that you may have a most profitable and helpful meeting.

The work of this Circle for the past year has been, as heretofore chiefly in efforts to relieve suffering in our own proximity. A recital of the different cases to which this circle has given aid or relief would be tiresome. We have hired nurses, furnished medicine and nourishment and provided clothing. Only two weeks ago at the request of Mrs. Burgwyn, we sent two large boxes of clothing, valued at \$230.00 to the flood sufferers in our own state. At the present time we are helping a poor sick girl at the hospital. We spend the money we make immediately and never have any on hand. We never refuse a call to aid, trusting a way may be provided, and our faith has never been in vain.

Very Sincerely In is Name,

Jeannette T. Elliott,  
Leader Ministering Circle.

"IN HIS NAME CIRCLE"--SALISBURY, N. C.

Looking back over the year just passing we feel we have been more successful, and a great many more of our members have become more interested in the work of the circle.

We have had so much larger meetings this year, and we think it is because we meet in the home. We take the meetings alphabetically and the hostess is leader for the afternoon. The leader arranges an interesting program, generally selecting something from the "Silver Cross."

In December we had a very attractive booth in a bazaar given by the Relief Circle. In the booth we sold both fancy work and candy. We made \$30.00

Christmas we gave a basket to the Salvation Army for the poor. We helped raise enough money for a Christmas Tree at the Second Presbyterian Church, and also sent a foot-ball to Furman Long, the boy we clothe at the Orphanage.

The Sunday School gave an Oven to the Barium Springs Orphanage, and during the year we have given



them \$10 on the amount to be raised. The circle now owns a Birthday Bank, and when any member has a birthday, she puts in the bank as many cents as she is old.

We send a box twice a year to Furman Long at the Barium Springs Orphanage.

We are helping two poor families in which we are very much interested, for in both families there is Tubercular trouble. We have given them a quart of milk a day for a month, and have sent them clothing, bed linen, provisions and kitchen utensils. We have also paid some on a fund which was raised to send one of these men to a Sanatorium. We have given \$1 a month for some time to two negroes, who are too old to work.

We sold tickets for two moving picture shows, the managers giving us one third of the proceeds. From the sale of these tickets we made \$70, sending \$40 to the flood sufferers, and the balance to local charities. Mrs. Sloop's call for help in her mountain work was responded to, our circle helping to send her a large box.

We helped to support a District Nurse for the summer months, and found this was just what Salisbury needed, and it was regretted very much that she was unable to continue her work. We hope to take up this work again in the future.

Last Spring we gave a Chautauqua ticket to one of the girls at the Normal and Industrial School. We send magazines and books to those who are shut in, and send provisions and bundles of clothing to the needy.

We are now helping a colored girl who has been an invalid for about three years. We have been sending her a quart of milk every day, and one dozen eggs a week. The circle is also helping to send a girl to the Normal & Industrial School.

During the year we have made 232 visits and taken 56 bunches of flowers to the sick. Wishing you all success in the coming year.

Respectfully submitted,

Mildred Brown, Sec.

Treasurer's Report:

Amount in treasury October 1st, 1915	\$8.94
Col. Oct. 1, '15 to Oct. 1, '16	148.55
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$157.49</b>
Clothing orphan at Barium Spring	24.71
State Int. Con. dues, Silver offering	6.20
Salvation Army	6.50

Jackson Training School	5.00
Barium Springs Oven	10.00
Silver Cross--5 copies	3.75
Flood Sufferers	40.00
District Nurse	9.00
Charity at home	44.65

Total amount spent	\$149.81
Am't in bank Oct. 1st, 1916	7.68

RELIEF CIRCLE--SALISBURY, N. C.

The Relief Circle of King's Daughters and Sons submit the following annual report to the State Branch.

In reviewing the work of the past year, we feel that it has been one of the best years in the history of our circle. With the exception of July and August when many of our members were out of town, the attendance has been usually good and the zeal and enthusiasm for the work we are doing has been most gratifying. In Nov. 1915 we held our annual bazaar, realizing more than \$200.00 from it which was used for educational and charitable purposes.

We have given, as always, freely to home charities, have done all we could to make brighter the lives of the sick and sorrowing, by visits, flowers, notes of sympathy and other forms of kindness.

There are three old ladies in our midst, to whom, we always send \$2.00 each at Christmas, and for one who has been sick much this past year, we have supplied food, helped pay the physician in attendance, secured and paid a girl to care for her during her illness.

The congregation of the First Presbyterian Church has given the Orphans Home at Barium Springs an oven costing \$400.00 toward which we have contributed \$50.00.

To Jackson Training School we have given \$100.00 and \$5.00 free will offering, a Scholarship to the Normal and Industrial School of Salisbury, which under the guidance of Mr. Atkinson is doing such a great and good work.

As in former years we have clothed two children a boy and a girl at Barium Springs, contributed liberally to the Salvation Army, have sent five boxes of clothing and other articles to Mrs. Sloop for her mountain work and for several years have paid half the expenses of a young girl, whom Mrs. Sloop interested us in at Banner Elk.

With the co-operation of the Woman's Missionary Society of The First Presbyterian Church we have assumed all the expenses of another girl at the same school.

Through the individual efforts of

our members we were enabled to pay the hospital expenses for eleven weeks for a poor woman who otherwise could not have had this treatment.

To the deep regret of each member of this circle, our beloved Secretary Mrs. Frank Robbins has moved to Charlotte, where she will make her home.

Kindly greetings to the Convention and may we determine to make this year stand for the best work we have ever done and may it all be done, "In His Name."

Respectfully Submitted,

Mrs. Jas. M. McCorkle, Sec.  
Treasurer's Report: Relief Circle King's Daughters Nov. 1st, 1915--to --Oct. 21, 1916.

Receipts	\$617.47
Disbursements	549.91

Bal. on hand \$67.56

Respectfully submitted,  
Mrs. W. B. Strachan, Treas.

THE ENDEAVOR CIRCLE--SOUTHPORT N. C.

The Endeavor Circle regrets very much not to be able to send delegates to the Convention this year.

There has been an increase of membership in our Circle 15 to 35 during the year. Several boxes have been given to the less fortunate.

Sick-Committees have been appointed monthly and have done a great deal of good in our little city.

One box has been sent to Elkin, Surry Co., N. C. to aid the land sufferers.

With increase of membership we trust to do better work next year.

Respectfully Submitted,  
Minnie B. Davis, Sec.

LEND-A-HAND CIRCLE---SOUTHERN PINES.

No Report.

BURDEN BEARERS---WELDON, N. C.

The Burden Bearers of the King's Daughters sends greetings to the Daughters and Sons at the Convention.

We feel proud that we can be a factor in the beautiful work done by the Daughters in North Carolina. Our circle has twenty-six members enrolled. The meetings of the year have been well attended. A visiting Committee, appointed each month, has done special duty. Through the "Silver Cross" we have kept the spirit of the organization, also it has been the source of



a good program. Our funds have been limited, but the individual members have responded freely to the call of the needy. We have given In His Name a few loads of wood, some clothing, drugs, milk, food, groceries; sent trays and flowers to the sick to brighten the home. The practice of giving has been cultivated. We realize the material good has been too limited, but we trust the spiritual good accomplished is greater.

We regret our receipts have been small and we were not better prepared to give more bountifully to the Training School and to care for the children; and we trust that in the future we may catch more cries of distress and give relief.

May the wish of the King's Daughters prosper.

Eunice J. Clash, Sec.

Treasurers Report:

Receipts during year	-----	\$20.70
Disbursements	-----	16.20

Bal. on hand October 1916	\$4.50
Mrs. Capell, Treas.	

HOSPITAL CIRCLE--WILMINGTON,

The work of the Hospital Circle of King's Daughters and Sons, as its name indicates, is for the James Walker Memorial Hospital. The monthly meetings have been held regularly with good attendance and enthusiastic interest--the President, Miss Ann Kidder--presiding.

One of the most important features undertaken by the circle, is the weekly visits to the wards of the Hospital by appointed Committees. The personal touch and words of sympathy to the poor and suffering, accompanied with fruit and flowers are much appreciated by the Doctors and Nurses as by the patients themselves. Special donations of baskets of fruit were given at Christmas with cards for each patient, and all servants. Also at Thanksgiving and Easter the patients were remembered.

In February a surgical carriage was given to the Hospital a much needed article and suggested by the superintendent in charge. In June, to add to the comfort of the ward patients, a Tray Rack was presented which keeps the food hot until it reaches the bedside. Twenty-five dollars was contributed to the Chapel Fund, five dollars to the Silver Fund. One member gave fifteen dollars to be used for the education of a boy in whom the Circle was interested. Ten dollars was contributed to the Baby Hospital during the

summer. Seventy-five visits were paid to the Hospital by the members, and fruit, flowers and books to the amount of fifty dollars were taken to the patients.

Owing to the delay of a call from the State President for clothing to be sent to the sufferers in Western North Carolina, a box could not be sent from the circle, but five dollars was forwarded the secretary to be used as the committee directed. The Silver Cross Magazine is contributed to and read by the members. This Circle has expended for its work for the years 1915-16 one hundred and ninety-two dollars and seventy-five cents (\$192.75).

Respectfully submitted,  
Margaret Iredell Latimer.

WHAT-SO-EVER CIRCLE--WILMINGTON, N. C.

Report to the 27th Annual Convention of the What-so-ever Circle of the King's Daughters and Sons, held October 26th and 27th in Durham, N. C. We have endeavored to lend a hand always and not only to alleviate bodily wants, but to speak a word of love and sympathy, that means so much to poor overburdened hearts. We try to lend a hand to any worthy cause, (and sometimes we fear the cases we aid are not above criticism) but as King's Daughters we refrain from judgment and criticism, remembering that He whom we serve went about ministering unto the just as well as the unjust, being no respecter of persons or rank. During the past year we have payed rents for unfortunate families, giving fuel, clothing, helped to pay and collect a poor woman's funeral expenses, sent dainties, fruit and flowers to the sick. Many cases of illness have been looked after, patients placed in Hospitals and Sanitoriums. Sent a box of clothes to the flood sufferers in Mitchel County valued at \$100, in fact the clothing which we have given away has been valued at over \$300. We sent a nice box of fancy articles to the Margaret Bottome Memorial last December for theirazaar. We have added ten new members. We take five subscriptions to the Silver Cross Magazine and three of THE UPLIFT. Our Mite box is still in evidence at every meeting. We were greatly saddened by the loss of dear Miss Libby and had a memorial service to her last winter. Such a life cannot be wholly taken away, the fragrance and perfume of her life will linger long with all whom it

touches. Our loss is her gain. We have lost one of our charter members this past year, Miss Sarah Rendlatte. We feel that our Circle has sustained a great loss in the death of our beloved sister and each member feels that she has lost a personal friend. How we miss her! Our Christmas work keeps on increasing. We still have our "Cradle Roll." We sent a picture of our last convention at Concord to headquarters in New York. A unit to the Red Cross Society was organized from our circle last summer for Preparedness and we got up a box of bandages for this purpose, valued at \$35. That was our summer work. Our Christmas work as follows: 89 bags filled with nuts, candy, fruit and toy. Some of our Christmas cheer was sent to Catherine Kennedy Home and the Red Cross Sanitorium, making 112 bags in all, besides three cases of new shoes for poor children. Christmas work valued at \$30. We gave a poor widow a set of curtain stretchers. We have contributed to the following: Travelers Aid, \$30, funeral expenses \$5, rent \$7.50, Y. W. C. A. campaign \$5, State and International Convention fee \$19, shoes \$3, Silver offering for State \$5, Chapel at Concord \$35, to relieve distress in various ways \$310.35, miscellaneous \$13 23, total \$428.08, with a balance on hand of \$35. Flowers were sent to 49 persons, 662 visits, and helped in various ways 261. We feel that we have accomplished something for the Master. We have endeavored to do the little things as they came to our notice, rather than to aspire to the big things more difficult and less certain of accomplishment, and all has been done by free will, as we have had no entertainment or anything to make money in the past year.

Mrs. C. J. Kelloway, Secretary.

Officers;  
Mrs. James Howard, President  
Mrs. H. O. Shoemaker, Vice Pres.  
Mrs. P. O'Neal Treas.  
M. s. C. J. Kelloway, Sec.

WHATSOEVER CIRCLE--WINSTON-SALEM.

No Report.

RESOLUTIONS.

Truly the mercies of God have been beyond our imaginations. The joy of gathering together for worship, praise and fellowship has been ours. We would lift our voices in "Hallelujah Chorus" for truly we have been an honored people.

Therefore, in loving recognition

of His guidance, the genuine Christian hospitality and courtesies extended, we, the 27th Annual Convention of the King's Daughters and Sons, of North Carolina, offer the following:

Be it resolved, That our most sincere thanks and appreciation be expressed to all who contributed to the success of this Convention, especially noting the First Presbyterian Church, which has thrown wide its doors to the various Christian ministers of various denominations who have invoked God's blessings on our meetings, to the friends for their handsome cars, who gave us an opportunity to see the progressive city of Durham. To the speakers, for three elegant addresses, both nights of our Convention, which was most helpful to us. To the press for their most extensive and courteous reports of our meetings. To the King's Daughters of Durham, the Sheltering Home Circle for the bountiful and elegant luncheon each day, and to the sweet and pretty girls of the Jr. Circle for their service, to the visit to the Sheltering Home, and the dainty and delicious tea, which was served, and our eyes feasted upon the beauties of the building, inside and out, giving so much comfort for the dear old ladies, especially to our hostesses, surely their hearts must tell them what we cannot express in words. An especial mention must be made of Elisha Neathery, our younger brother from the Stonewall Jackson Training School of Concord, who spoke with such force and power of their gratitude to the King's Daughters, for their part in the work at the Training School. Also his touching farewell words. It is further resolved, that we extend our especial appreciation to the musicians, though we have not command of words enough to express our enjoyment and pleasure of the artistic ability that has added so much to the program, Durham is surely blessed in the talent which it has within its borders. Surely we can take ne heart, to go forward, each with our own part in the uplifting of the Kingdom of God among our fellow men, and work more earnestly I. H. N. after such an inspiring Convention. Again we thank you each and every one.

Respectfully submitted I. H. N.  
Mrs. C. J. Kelloway, Chair.

" J. B. Cherry

" Robt. Grier

" T. J. Wilson

" Alfred Salls

Committee.

### SILVER OFFERING---1916.

Nora C. Dixon Circle, Gastonia, -----	\$1.20
Stonewall Jackson, Concord,	5.00
Junior, Concord, -----	1.00
Margarite, Belhaven, -----	2.00
Whatsoever, Henderson, ----	10.00
Hospital, Wilmington, ---	5.00
Silver Cross, Rockingham, --	5.00
Helping Hand, Henderson, --	3.00
Burden Bearers, Chapel Hill,	15.00
St. Luke's, Raleigh, -----	5.00
Patient, Greenville, -----	3.00
Burden Bearers, Wilson, ---	5.00
Whatsoever, Wilmington, --	5.00
Ministering, Oxford, -----	3.00
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, -----	25.00
Open Collection, -----	15.35
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$108.55</b>

### Flowers and Cheer.

Did you ever stop to observe how the beauty and brightness of flowers is lent to the faces of persons who lovingly care for them? There is a certain relation between the flowers that grow in your garden, and your own spirits. And, whether consciously or not you are affected in no small degree by the blossoms and their state of prosperity. If the flowers come out bravely and bloom as they should, you are correspondingly elated. The sight of them tranquilizes the nerves. The odor soothes the temper. The very presence of the cheerful, growing things make you content with the earth and your lot upon it.

Have you not among your acquaintances some kind soul who revels in her garden or in the pots in her window? In the winter her windows stare bleak and bare in the sullen street. In the summer it is twice as gay, and the woman who tends the garden spot is perpetually hovering over the sweet beds.

Did you ever know such a woman to be peevish, pessimistic or anything but busy and contented with life? She herself is a bright flower, casting beauty and cheer into the world. The secret lies in the fact that we get out of life only what we put into it. We grow only as we give. Love for flowers is sunshine in the soul.

The heart that is devoted to flowers is a flower garden itself, sweetening its atmosphere with immeasurable influence for good. The care of flowers is good exercise for the muscles, and better still for the nerves, for it trains to tenderness of touch; the thought of them is good occupation for the mind; the love for them develops and sweetens the spirit.---Wilmington Dispatch.

### Hunger Moves the World.

An inventor of an important mechanism was asked one day how he happened to think of the thing. He said he was hungry.

The author of one of the most charming novels ever written was asked how he happened to write it. He said that he was hungry.

A man was toiling in the fields gathering the sheaves into little heaps preparing them for the thresh-er. He was asked why he was working in the broiling sun. He said he was hungry.

None of the men was literally hungry at the time. All of them had been fed properly for the time being. None of them would have perished had he not performed the task he worked at perhaps. But all of them gave correct answers. Hunger moves the world.

While many of the world's greatest inventions were not perfected with a view to getting something to eat, while many of the most notable writings of the world have been men who were not thinking of food nor of the lack of it, the fact remains that the bread question is at the bottom of all progress. It can not be ignored at any time.

Our ancestors came to this country to make their homes because they were hungry. They chopped down the forests and cultivated the land and built their factories to obtain bread. They believed they could secure more bread or secure it easier on this side of the ocean than upon the side where they were born. They fought the Revolutionary war because they were hungry, or felt that they would become hungry if compelled to live subservient to an old world ruler. Patriotism itself is based upon bread--and the desire to enjoy food in comfort and free from the disturbance of tyrants.

---Columbus Dispatch.

An absent-minded salesman in a London sporting-goods house recently lost the firm a good customer. The buyer asked to see some dog-collars, selected one and paid for it. Just then the absent-minded one spoiled it all by asking:

"Shall I wrap it up and send it or will you wear it?"

"Now," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can any of you tell me what sins of omission are?"

"Yes, ma'am," came the answer. "They are the sins we might have committed and didn't."





